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A table of contents for *The Earthen Vessel* can be found here:

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THE  
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# Contents.

	PAGE		PAGE
A few words from the Editor	1	Formation of Church at Lamberhurst	91
An experimental answer to the question, "Do the children of God feelingly fear hell," &c.	6	"    "    Ely	295
A corner for Correspondents	42	"    "    Mount Zion, City road	299
A consoling letter	42	Fragments of a pastor's readings	145, 155
A stony ground hearer	59	Fullaway, Thomas, the life and conversion of	193
A sabbath-school child instrumental in convincing her father of the error of his way	64	Foreman, John, portrait of	266
Almost a gospel minister	69	God's justice in degrees of future punishment	111
A few things learned in God's school	81	Griffiths, William, account of	205
Ascending and descending of angels	163	God's love abounding to the chief of sinners	230
A key to the Bible	95	Gospel truth	243
A flood of chastisement and judgment	96	Guildford, growth of the kingdom at	250
A few words about ourselves	126	Hunter, Mr. James, Letters from	54, 165
Arbon, William, memoir of	177	Happy end of a sister in Christ at Dover	62
Aitken, Peter, memoir of	102	Holloway, opening of new baptist chapel at	182
Andrews, the late Mrs.	179	Home mission work	255
A small telescope	183	Happy meeting at Ebenezer chapel, Shoreditch	293
A godly father's counsel to his son	219	Hints to church Members	288
A token for good at Colchester	228	It is high time to awake out of sleep	28
A word to bring to remembrance	246	Is it an easy thing to believe on Christ for life	44
Ancient meeting for the choice of a pastor	263	Irons, Joseph, wishing to jump out of the pulpit into heaven	296
A parson to let	286	John Owen and Joseph Caryl	100
Anniversary at Coggeshall	203	Jesus Christ able to save unto the uttermost	115
"    Chatham	223	Jesus Christ the christian's faithful friend	273
"    Cransford	226	King's Lynn, Norfolk, cause of truth at	48
"    Hulstead	270	Kent and Sussex Association	169
"    Kedington	224	Letter to Hon. B. Noel	38
"    Lee Common	224	Large meeting in Mr. Gadsby's chapel	47
"    Oldham Street, Manchester	20	Letter to a friend on God's decreeing sin	55
"    Orpington	203	Letter from John Berridge	107
"    Stretham, Isle of Ely	225	Letter in search of a pastor after God's heart	197
"    Shipton	227	Letter of encouragement	284
"    Winslow	227	Light thrown on the four gospels	125
Baptising at Mt. Zion, Hill St., Dorset Sqr.	21, 151	London Gospel Mission	128, 133, 135, 169, 181, 188, 221
"    Bridport	89	Liverpool in a gospel sense	131
"    Surrey Tabernacle	127	Luther's exposition of Daniel's Prophecy	3
Bible Men	25, 49, 97	Mysterious path of the righteous ones	13
Bull, Mrs., a brief account of	27	Ministerial Communications	21
Blackmore, prosperity at	92	Mystery and mistress of witchcraft	30
Batchellor, John, the late	217	Matters for the family of God to meditate on	57
Berridge and the Bishop	253	Mystery of a divine call to the ministry	66
Balecombe, a baptist church at	292	Mr. Hugh Mackail	81
Communings of a Pastor and Friends	33	Man's responsibility considered	33
Christopher Waid, the Dartford Martyr	41	Mose's, Jonathan, call to the ministry	137
Cuckfield, rise and progress of the church at	46	Mercy manifested to John Batchellor	217
Commemoration of the first year's pastorate at Jirch, Kingsland	68	Meetings, baptisings, &c.	271
Commemoration of Mr. Moyll's ministry	170	Noel, Hon. B. W., Letter to	38
Church Membership	175	"    "    Reply	45
Christ's feet seen upon the mountains	250	No praying soul ever missed its way to paradise	239
Cast thy bread upon the waters	255	Notting Hill, laying the corner stone at	269
Colchester, Ebenezer Chapel	295	Neeve, Jane, a brief account of	239
Did Samuel appear to Saul?	43, 51, 94	NORRICKS OF NEW WORKS:	
Death of Mr. Blake, 20; Mr. Page, 67; Mr. Rose 67		The warfare ended	8
Mr. Graves 152; Mrs. Gadsby 80; Mr. Danby 95		Anabaptists of Knollysford Dean	48
Mr. Pope 100; Thos. Eason 187; Mrs. Miller 141		Searle's pastoral letter	48
T. Ede 148; Gad Huntington 251; Miss Neeve 289		Wyard's	48
Dying experience of Mrs. Sales	82	Light thrown on the four gospels	71
Deceased baptist ministers	102, 177	The Pot of Manna	71
Don't be afraid of death	265	The bull taken by the horns	71
Ezekiel's vision of the east gate	4	The use of faith if popery should return	72
"    "    dry bones	281	Hope deferred and prayer answered	96
Eternal destruction of the wicked	7	A gracious God and a glorious gospel	96
Election, the doctrine of	14	Pilgrim Papers	96
Execution of first martyrs of the reformation	32	Christian World unmasked	96
Emigration to America	173	Six Sermons by A. Triggs	129
Eternal union to Christ	176	Grove Chapel Pulpit	206
Everlasting love	265	Hillman's, J. C., Life, experience, &c.	206
Faith, hope and patience	35	Bowcock's, William, Life, &c.	232
Fears, freedom and fellowship	65	Ordination of Mr. Brand	152
		"    Robert Shindler	228, 245

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Our God is the same	183	The Christ of God the Christian's life	123
Papal Rome	53	Tunstall, the baptist church at	120
Peter Plain's epistle to his comrade	80	The perseverance of the saints proved and de-	
Palmer, Joseph, a narrative of,	146, 158, 189, 215	fended from the word of God	161, 105
	244, 259, 282	The glorious Lamb of God	107
Pope, the late William	166	The company of two armies	190
Parsons, Funeral Sermon for the late Mr.	181	The Great Exhibition considered	209
Prevailing prayer of Christ	233	Things to be considered by Mr. Wade	212
Portrait of an antinomian	235	The inward musings of one in affliction of soul	236
Progress and effects of the voluntary system	252	Thoughts on Mr. Hunter's Letter	237
Plymouth churches	287	The saint's triumph over death	241, 257
Roberts' W. reply to J. Poynder	10	The love of Christ to his Hephzibah	246
Recognition of Mr. Aldis	150	The Lincolnshire Drillman	254
" Mr. Stringer	290	The origin of sin	251
Ripley, cheerful tidings from	201	The tidings of salvation	276
Review and record	256	The bitterness of Christ's conflict	278
Review of a pamphlet on baptism, by W. Dell	297	Unicorn Yard, fourth anniversary of W. H.	
Re-opening of Mount Zion Chapel, City Road	267	Bonner's pastorate at	292
Short sentences	19, 29, 120	Viney, George, passages in the life of, 203, 248,	256
Salvation, its causes and effects	61	Visit to the asylum at Market Lavington	94
Shipton, Hampshire	88	Where is the Lord God of Elijah?	73
Stoke Newington, Salem Chapel	89	Wood, G., the Lord's dealings with his soul	86
Shutte's, Rev. R., Sermon in St. Paul's	103	What is it to born of the Holy Spirit?	153
Spiritual Communications	118, 207, 261	Wanderings in the wilderness	172, 203, 223
Somers' Town, Zion Chapel	151	Wells, James, a sermon by	185
Sermon by James Wells	185	Wholesome words	208
Salford, Manchester, new baptist chapel	201	Who is it that spends his money for that	
Stretham, origin of the cause at	225	which is not bread	254
Silent messages of mercy	253	Wade's, John, second letter	264
Solemn distinctions	285	Young and his wife, some of their dying words	105
The old covenanters of the Scotch church	9, 60, 113	Yea and nay	214
The heart prone to depart from God	12		
The prey taken from the mighty	17, 36		
Truth triumphant at West Ham	20		
The pastor's address to his spouse	22		
The sin against the Holy Ghost	29		
The spiritual warrior's sword	34		
The abidance of faith in Christ	40		
The present position and prospects of protest-			
antism in England	52		
The power of divine grace	56		
There is balm in Gilead and a good physician	68		
Two faithful servants of Christ gone to rest	69		
The life of faith	70		
The unpardonable sin	77		
The silent preacher	93		
The woman saw Samuel	94		
The work of the gospel ministry	109		
Thoughts on Baptism	85		
Tunbridge Wells, new baptist chapel, &c.	88-9		
" opening of chapel	250		
This is the day the gates of heaven will be			
opened to me	112		
The true tokens of a broken heart	121		

POETRY.

An acrostic	220
A lament—an appeal—and a protest	168
Behold the man	87
Cries of distress and answers of peace	45
Christ the church's covenant head	272
Is mine a true repentance?	85
Jesus smiting the shepherd	16
Lines on the death of Martha Baker	104
On the new year	16
Redemption finished and complete	39
Spiritual sympathy	46
Satan on the stage in different characters	280
The name of Jesus sweet	69
The cry of faith under pressure	114
The dying saints' desire	168
The pastor's experience	200
Temptation	232
The cross is my anchor	238

# THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

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“The priest shall take holy water in an earthen vessel.” Num. v. 17.

“And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter : so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it.” Jeremiah xviii. 4.

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## A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR.

IN commencing the Seventh Volume of *The Earthen Vessel and Christian Record*, it will be expected that we should address a few words to our readers and friends. The original design of this periodical was a simple exposition of that divine experience which all the quickened elect of God are, more or less, the subjects of. We deeply regret any departure from this design. A variety of circumstances have given rise to the introduction of many things which are not immediately connected with that secret and saving work, which we usually term—“THE LIFE OF GOD IN THE SOUL.” We have almost imperceptibly been led into other channels : such as the giving information of the state of different churches ; the ordinations, movements, and labours of faithful ministers ; and occasional controversies on certain points in church practice and christian experience. There has evidently been a favourable reception of these matters by very many of our readers, although, in some cases, great offence has unintentionally been given ; and many have been afflicted to find their communications altogether omitted, while the room has been occupied with matters which, to these aggrieved parties, have been of little or no interest at all. By pursuing this course, we have lost many valuable friends ; we have made many foes ; have received many cutting rebukes ; and have often been greatly distressed in our minds ; and discouraged by the way. We commence this Seventh Volume, therefore, with our hearts lifted up to the God of all our mercies, earnestly beseeching him so to defend, to direct, and to employ

VOL. VII.—PART LXXII.—Jan. 1851.

us, as that no root of bitterness might be nourished by us ; but that we might seek the peace of Jerusalem ; and that we might labour more than ever to be useful unto the living family, in furnishing simple expositions of the holy Word,—connecting these expositions with facts and evidences arising out of a genuine experience of eternal truth ;—in reporting any movements in Zion that may be of general interest ; and, in briefly reviewing such new works as may be worthy of the true believer’s attention. The Lord only knows whether our sphere of usefulness is to be contracted or increased ; whether it will be lengthened out to years, or limited to a few months. These are things over which we have no control ; and which we desire to leave entirely in the hands of Him who hath fixed the bounds of our habitation ; numbered the hairs of our head ; and to all the ragings of foes, to all the risings of fears, to all the heavy waves of sorrows by which we have been afflicted, he has said—“Thus far shalt thou go ; and no farther.”

Beside the maintenance of these more permanent features of the work, the recent and continued advances of Romish Catholicism in our borders, will render it necessary that we should do what we can to sound the alarm ; to expose the manœuvres and movements of the adversary ; to endeavour to stir up the churches to a diligent and consistent resistance of the enemy ; and to administer such wholesome instruction and consolation as may fall within the reach of our limited resources and talent. We shall not, however, occupy much space on the mere subject of pro-

gressive Popeism; being fully persuaded that nothing under the heavens can stop the current that has so suddenly broke forth. It is ordained by the Great I AM that the old harlot shall once more lift up her arm against the saints; and then her final overthrow must come. There is evidently an "hour of temptation which SHALL come upon all the world, to try them that dwell UPON the earth." This hour of temptation is designed for the shaking of the nations; for the sifting of the churches; for the filling up of the measure of iniquity on the side of the apostate race; and for the fuller development of the glory of Christ in the purification, preservation, and ultimate glorification of his mystic bride—the Lamb's wife—the whole election of grace. Our one great concern must be to know that we are "Keepers of the word of his patience:" that we are among the number of those who "FOLLOW THE LAMB, whithersoever He goeth." To all such faithful disciples, JESUS CHRIST says—"Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: the devil shall cast some of you—(perhaps the most devoted and useful servants of Christ) into prison that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days—(come, come; only ten days; a short trial:—but, mark well, both the injunction and the promise)—"BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH; AND I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE."

We so fully agree with some sentiments expressed in a Sermon delivered at Brighton, last September, entitled,

"The Coming Trial of Nations,"

that we quote them here. The preacher said,

"I am no alarmist. I know the evil of unnecessary fear; in making vigilance useless, and throwing caution into contempt. But, that popery has assumed new power in England, has advanced with unexpected rapidity, and has displayed, an extraordinary eagerness for supremacy, in our day, is beyond all question. Its statistics, at least, are undeniable. The number of popish chapels in Great Britain, at the beginning of the century has been stated at 50. The number now is 680! Its colleges are 11; its religious houses, for men, 11; its convents, for women, 51; its missionary priests, 788; its bishops and suffragans, in the British Colonies, upwards of 50. In those 680 chapels, the worship of popery is performed from day to day; and what is that worship? Let it be taken from its highest

example, and taken without prejudice or passion. Many years since, an Englishman, a distinguished scholar, and well known, at least, for the absence of all predilection in favour of the Church of England, visited Romo for the purpose of classical inquiry. He declares, that no man was less inclined to waste his time in ridiculing the lighter parts of its religion. But he entered its churches, and there found, to his astonishment, that he might have spared his researches amongst its ruins and tombs. 'As to my journey to this place,' says the writer, 'it was not, I own, any motive of devotion that occasioned it. My zeal was not that of visiting the 'Holy thresholds of the Apostles.' I knew that their ecclesiastical antiquities were mostly fabulous and legendary, supported by fictions and impostures too gross to employ the attention of any man of sense. For, should we allow that St. Peter had been at Rome, (which some learned men, however, doubted,) yet they had not, I knew, any authentic monument remaining of him; and should we ask them for any evidence of this kind, they would refer us to the impression of his face, on the wall of the dungeon in which he was crucified! or, to the fountain at the bottom of it, raised miraculously by him out of the rock, in order to baptise his fellow prisoners! or to the marks of our Saviour's feet on a stone, on which he appeared to him and stopped him, as he was flying out of the city from a persecution then raging! In memory of which fact, there was a church built on the spot, called St. Mary delle piante, or the 'mark of the feet'."

"His observations on the several parts of the ceremonial extend to considerable length. I give but a mere outline.

"The very first thing that a stranger must necessarily take notice of, as soon as he enters their churches, is the use of *incense* or *perfumes* in their religious offices: a custom derived directly from Paganism.

"\* \* \* \* And in some of their principal churches, where you have before you in one view, a number of altars, and all of them smoking at once with streams of incense, how natural is it to imagine oneself transported into the temple of some heathen deity."

"He next adverts to the use of 'Holy Water,' with which every person, entering a popish church, is either sprinkled by a priest or sprinkles himself—'Now this ceremony is so notoriously and distinctly transmitted to them from paganism, that their own writers make not the least scruple to avow it. The very composition of the holy water, was the same among the heathens as it is now among the papists—being nothing more than a mixture of salt with common water. The primitive fathers speak of it in common, as purely heathenish, and condemn it, as *impious* and *detestable*.' Justin Martyr says, 'that it was invented by demons, in intimidation of true baptism.'"

"The use of candles on the altar is next

traced to paganism: 'no sooner is a man advanced a little forward into their churches, but he will find his eyes attracted by the number of lamps and wax candles, which are constantly burning before the shrines and images of their saints. Herodotus tells us of the Egyptians, who first introduced the use of lamps in their temples, that they had a famous yearly festival, called the lighting of candles. The primitive writers frequently expose the absurdity of the *heathenish custom*. 'They light up candles to God,' says Lactantius, 'as if he lived in the dark; do not they deserve to pass for madmen, who offer lamps to the author and giver of light?'

"In speaking of the wafer, he observes, 'as to the celebrated act, the adoration of the host, I must confess, that I cannot find the least similitude to it in part of the pagan worship. And, as oft as I have been standing by at mass, and seen the whole congregation prostrate, in the humblest posture adoring, at the elevation of this consecrated piece of bread, I could not help reflecting on a passage of Tully, 'But, was any man (says he) ever so mad as to take that which he feeds on for a god?' What an old Roman could not but think too gross for Egyptian idolatry, is now become the principal part of worship, and the distinguishing article of faith in the creed of modern Rome."

We cannot leave this subject without giving our readers a portion of

**Martin Luther's Exposition of Daniel's Prophecy, touching Anti-Christ.**

"And the King shall do according to his will, and he shall exalt himself, and magnify himself above every god, and shall speak marvellous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper till the indignation is accomplished: for that which is determined shall be done. Neither shall he regard the God of his fathers, nor the desire of women, nor regard any God, for he shall magnify himself above all, &c.

"This prophecy as all the teachers do shew, pointeth directly at the Antichrist, under the name of Antiochus; for the same shall regard neither God nor the love of woman; that is, the state of matrimony. Thus it ought to be understood, that the Antichrist shall contemn these two on earth, namely God, (that is religion) and mankind; he will not regard a woman, that is, he will contemn temporal and house-government, he will regard no laws, no jurisdiction, Emperors, or Kings; for through woman, children are born, and brought up, to the preservation of generations and replenishing the world; therefore when the same shall not be regarded, then of necessity, house and temporal government must also be contemned: yea, all Emperors, Kings, their laws, rights, and ordinances must be held of no value or esteem.

"Daniel was an exceeding high and excelling prophet, whom Christ loved, and touching whom he said, 'Whoso readeth, let him mark.' He spake of that Antichristian horror so clearly, as if he had been at that time an eye-witness thereof. Read the 11th chapter throughout.

"He beginneth at that time when Emperor Caligula, and other tyrants ruled, he saith, 'He shall plant the tabernacle of his palace between the seas, upon the glorious holy Mount;' that is, at Rome in Italy. The Turk ruleth also between two seas at Constantinople, but that is not the holy Mount. He doth not honour, nor advance the worshipping of *Maosim*, neither prohibiteth he matrimony. Therefore Daniel pointed directly at the Pope, who accomplisheth both, with great fierceness and severity. The prophet saith further, 'He shall also be forsaken of his Lord;' it is come to that pass already, that Kings and Princes do leave him. Therefore I advise that we give credit to Daniel, and hold for certain that the Pope is the right Antichrist.

"Now concerning the manner of religion under the Pope and the Turk, there is no difference, but only in ceremonies; for the Turk observeth Mosaical, but the Pope, Christian ceremonies. Yet both of them do sophisticate and falsify their ceremonies; for, like as the Turk defileth the Mosaical bathings and washings, even so the Pope staineth and fouleth the right use of baptism, and Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

"The kingdom of Antichrist is described and pictured in Daniel, and in the Revelation of John; where he saith, 'And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them.' This seemeth to be prophesied of the Turk, and not of the Pope. But we are forced to understand this text of the Pope's abominations and tyranny, in temporal respects; as his acts, and our experience witness. It followeth chapter xiii. verse 7, 'That it shall be for a time, times, and a half.' Now here is the question, What that time is? If time be called a year, then it maketh three years and an half, and hitteth just upon Antiochus, who so long exercised tyranny among the people of Israel, and afterwards died in his own filth and excrements.

"In like manner, shall the Pope also be destroyed without hands, and shall die in himself; for he began his kingdom, not through power, but through superstition, and external shining, and seeming authority of scripture; as 'Thou art Peter,' &c. 'Feed my Lambs,' &c. This is the ground on which Popedom is built and grown, and through the same is fallen again; therefore this prophecy, 'He shall be broken without hands,' airmeth chiefly at the Pope; for all other tyrants and monarchs use temporal power and strength; however, this prophecy in general fasteneth both Pope and Turk; for they both began their government almost at one time, under the Emperor Phocas, who murdered his own master, Emperor Maurice, together with his Empress and young princes, 900 years since. At the same time the Pope began to govern in the church, and Mahomet began to increase; but the Pope's temporal kingdom, when he began to jeer and plague Emperors and Kings, hath stood scarcely 300 years.

"I cannot define this prophecy, 'A time, times, and an half.' I would willingly draw it upon the Turk, who began to rule (after Constantinople was overcome) in the year 1453, which is 35 years. Now, when I reckon the time according to Christ's age (30 years), so this sentence maketh one hundred and five years. Well, God knoweth how he will deal with it, and how he will deliver



those that are his; our duty is neither to know, nor to guess at it, but to repent and pray.

"Seeing the Pope is the Antichrist, I believe that he is a devil incarnate; for like as Christ is true and natural God and man, even so is the Antichrist a living devil: therefore it is true what they say of the Pope, he is an earthly god; that is, he is neither a proper God, nor a proper human creature, but two natures mingled together; an earthly god; that is, a god of this world.

"But why nameth he himself an earthly god, as though the only true, and Almighty God were not God on earth? Truly, the Pope's kingdom is an horrible wrath of God; namely, an abomination of desolation, which standeth in the Holy place, as Christ saith, 'Whoso readeth, let him understand,' Matt. xxiv.

"God's wrath must be very great, that a human creature dare presume (now Christ is come) to exalt himself in the church. If it had been done among the Gentiles before the coming of Christ, then it were not so great a wonder. And although Daniel, Christ himself, and his Apostles, did give us warning of that poisoned beast and pestilence; yet we Christians have been, and still are so dotish and mad, as to adore and worship all his idols, and believe that he is Lord over the universal world, under the name and title of St. Peter's successor; whereas neither Christ, nor St. Peter, left any dominion upon earth.

"To conclude, the Pope is the last blaze in the lamp, which will go out, and ere long will be extinguished; he is the last intent of the devil, that lighteth and thundereth with sword and ball, who maketh war through the power and strength of others, as Daniel saith, 'He is powerful, but not by his own strength,' as it now plainly appeareth."

This powerful and dreadful description of Popery, from the noble-minded Luther, requires no comment from us to give it effect. The good Lord hasten the final overthrow of such a system of iniquity, wherever it may be found, is our constant, fervent prayer: that every part of professing Christendom is fearfully tainted with its spirit, is known to every discerning mind.

We had purposed to address ourselves especially and distinctively to Ministers—to our esteemed Correspondents—to our Agents, and Readers generally; but we have already occupied too much of our limited space. While we sincerely thank them for the assistance they have rendered, we earnestly solicit a continuation of that co-operation which is so essentially necessary to the maintenance, and increased circulation of the work.

Should health and strength be given, and means be afforded, we shall neither tire nor tarry in our efforts (under God) to render *The Earthen Vessel* both spiritually, and practically useful in the

churches of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Brethren—pray for us. We trust we have a conscience void of offence toward God and man; only desiring to serve the one great cause of eternal truth with all that fidelity, affection, and purity of motive, which, through grace, may be given to us.

## Ezekiel's Vision of the East Gate;

INCARNATION OF MESSIAH THE PRINCE;  
HIS SITTING TO EAT BREAD BEFORE THE LORD.

"Then he brought me back the way of the gate of the outward sanctuary, which looketh toward the east; and it was shut."—Ezekiel xlv. 1.—3.

THE prophet once more returns to view things as measured in the outward sanctuary, the order, nature, and character of its worship; or public worship of the outward sanctuary of the east gate.

"He brought me," is a favourite acknowledgment of the prophet throughout this vision. In no one instance did he bring himself to see and know what was shewn him; he ascribes the praise of being brought, to his divine Leader. This confession and declaration is the acknowledgment of all who are taught by the same Spirit. Song ii. 4. Free-will, human effort, creature strength, vain boasting, find no room with those to whom the Lord is all in all, to such as are humbled in the dust before him. Necessity constrains them to give the glory as well as the integrity, that the Lord "brought me" to see myself a poor ruined sinner. I had never come to the place of stopping of mouths, or to the place of thanksgiving for all his mercies, or to any other, without his grace. "Then he brought me," &c., or into his spiritual kingdom, which is here mystically expressed in figure by the gate. See chapter xliii. 1. Now, he it observed, into whatever place the Holy Spirit brings his people, under whatever ministry, situation in providence, trials, or circumstances of life, they are directed by the hand of God, which is the Holy Spirit, to behold the glory manifested to them.

"And it was shut."—Sublime mysteries are expressed, as hidden from the mere vacant gaze of the mind. Being shut implies solemnity, reverence, hiding, shutting out all carnality, and nature's speculative knowledge of those mysteries, here symbolically shadowed forth, which declares the mystery of faith respecting the Person of Christ. Much in point of doctrine and discipline had been shewn the prophet; but the great mystery of mysteries must be especially shewn; he is, therefore, brought back; but the gate "was shut." Thus the Lord seems varying his method of instruction, which those will perceive who attentively look into this vision: a deeper knowledge is given of what before he had not easily discovered.

II. *Then said the Lord unto me; this gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter by it, because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered by it, therefore it shall be shut.*

The glory connected with the east gate is great: the greatest glories proceed herefrom. It is difficult to know the mind of the Spirit here; some

have thought the law to be meant by this gate being shut; others, "the way into the church." But the light that I have had on it, and which has in time-past been most sweetly shewn me, was the holy entrance gate of the Lord Jesus, (the Virgin's womb, through which he came into our world;) and I find from Dr. Gill, the ancients received it in this sense. Here, then, is the mystery of the Incarnation expressed. "Then said the Lord unto me: "Who is this wondrous speaker to the prophet? "The Jehovah, the God of Israel;" he speaks, and makes known this mystery. "Then said the Lord unto me, (see chapter xliii. 6,) the gate shall be shut; it shall not be opened; and no man shall enter in by it. Because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it; therefore it shall be shut. It is for the Prince," &c. Man, in all ages would open it, but it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter in by it, this being one of the deep, locked up, shut up secrets of the Lord. O for faith to adore the unsearchableness of it in the manifestation of God incarnate in our own nature! Our near kinsman, in the person of our beloved Friend, the Lord from heaven! "The Prince of the kings of the earth." (Rev. i. 5.) "Because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it." This is also prophetic; and declares the things done, as well as the reason for its being shut. "Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call his name EMANUEL, which being interpreted is, God with us." (Matt. i. 23; Isa. vii. 14.) "His name shall be called WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, THE PRINCE OF PEACE." In Bethlehem's manger, the suffering Son of God and Son of Man, was taken from the womb. "I was cast upon thee from the womb: thou art my God from the womb; thou art my God from my mother's belly." (See Psalm xxiii.) What a scene of humiliation! The mighty God laid among oxen; hanging with all the helplessness of infant weakness upon his mother's breasts, cast upon the Providence of God, (like those born on the highways and hedges,) for preservation. O! what a mysterious birth, and what wonders come in here! O holy wonder, wrapped up in hidden glory! Well may it be said, *it shall be shut*. But I behold other wonders here, as he said to Nathaniel—"Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." Here I see "a new thing in the earth,"—"The seed of the woman,"—and the new creation began—the beginning of the creation of God. In this new birth the Church have their birth and origin—"For we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones;" and Christ (as Adam) says, "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh." How mysterious the birth of these two great heads. The word and power of God, is the beginning both of the old and new creation. The second man is the Lord from heaven—"God manifest in the flesh"—"The word was made flesh." "He took upon him the form of a servant, and made in the likeness of men;" or *the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it*. We might linger a little here in viewing the unspotted and uncontaminated holiness of his nature—"that holy thing." This is our glory and boast; and the devil's defeat. Sin touches us not here—we are holy here. Through this union we

rise immeasurably high, as branches in the vine, growing up into him in all things. Through him we ascend into heaven. We had remained prisoners, had he not released us, Isa. xlix. 9: held in the iron bonds of satan's captivity, had Jesus not freed us, by coming in at this gate, (Isa. xlix. 1—7,) and opened the doors of these mysteries; or, as he died, "ye shall see heaven open."

Now we are getting into the holy mystery of this east gate, which looketh toward the east. The personal entrance of Jehovah was here. From hence the church looked, and prophesied of the "Ruler in Israel." (Micah v. 2; how sweet is Song vii. 8, 9.) The front of the house stood here. "And behold the glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east. (Chapter xliii. 1, 2.) And it is pleasing to know that the Gentiles looked just from this quarter for his coming—saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, AND ARE COME TO WORSHIP HIM." Matt. ii. 2. In the east is the adored Jehovah, the babe of Bethlehem, where "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law." O that with these wise men, we, also, may offer to the young Child, and worship him in thanksgivings and acknowledgments, presenting the Lord's offering in righteousness, which is only from the new birth—"not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

III. "It is for the Prince; the Prince, he shall sit in it to eat bread before the Lord; he shall enter in by the way of the porch of that gate, and shall go out by way of the same."

The Prince of glory, of peace, the Prince of princes, has been into our world; and here is shewn, darkly, the peculiar life he lived until his open manifestation to Israel. The kings of Israel were to give themselves to the study of the word of God. "And it shall be, when he sitteth upon the throne of his kingdom, that he shall write him a copy of this law in a book out of that which is before the priests, the Levites: and it shall be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life: that he may learn to fear the Lord his God, to keep all the words of this law and these statutes to do them: that his heart be not lifted up above his brethren, and that he turn not aside from the commandment, to the right hand, or to the left; to the end that he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he and his children, in the midst of Israel." (Deut. xvii. 18—20.) In what king or prince shall we find this carried out save in "that Just One," whose heart was not lifted up above his brethren? "He shall prolong his days," in whose hands the pleasure of the Lord prospered. Even in this meek and lowly Prince, out of whose mouth, the book of the law did not depart; who meditated therein day and night; who observed to do all that was therein written, as commanded to Joshua. Chapter i. 8.

It can only be said of the Lord Jesus Christ, that he read no other book than the Bible: He wanted no information from man, who knew what was in man. The word of God was his study, or his law, all the days of his life. Christ could refer in an instant to any part of the Scripture, not simply as God considered, but because it was so written in his heart by meditation therein. It formed his bread. *He shall sit in it to eat bread before the Lord*. This sitting posturo

of eating bread before the Lord, refers to that secret, hidden, early life of our dear Lord, previous to that after life of his: hereafter shewn in chapter xlvi., a chapter very much misunderstood, especially the 8, 9, and 10 verses of it, as I have heard the verse quoted—"He shall grow up before them as a tender plant," refers to this eating bread. The *public* life of this Prince is expressed by a different phraseology, as by offering his burnt offering of bullocks, rams, lambs, and all of a public character. But here it is quite of a domestic, home nature, private, "he shall sit in it to eat bread before the Lord." Here, then, if any poor sinner desires to know the life of the Saviour before he shewed himself to Israel, he must look for it here—he was employed in deep meditation in the law and word of God. This part of his life is best and most fully expressed in the Psalms. It was his custom, when a youth, to attend the worship of the synagogue, (Luke iv. 16,) though only known as the carpenter's son, (Matt. xv. 55,) and was well known as such, of whom but little more notice than such was taken. He was quite at home, when a young child, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions." Here he sat with perfect calm, and composure, in the house of God, astonishing all who heard him, by his remarks. This was his bread—"My meat is to do the will of him that sent me."

But, to proceed, *He shall enter in by the way of the porch of that gate.* This gate was the Prince's. And this period of his life I am reviewing, was peculiarly a *porch* state to Christ—a preparatory state: something just to pass through, in which he sat with holy joy and delight, studying his great work, and the prophecies concerning it. He daily waited at the gates of the Lord's house, waiting at the posts of his doors. Prov. viii. 34. I hear him say, "I will wash my hands in innocency: so will I compass thine altar, O Lord: that I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works. Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." Psa. xxvi.

Now, I apprehend, these were some of our dear Lord's private musings, *prophetically* expressed by him who was his great *type* in this particular, of delight in the Lord. This was his eating bread, thoroughly knowing and taking pleasure in it, before we see him in his great public work. He is now offering those sacrifices of joy, (margin: shouting,) that holy singing: "I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord." Psa. xxvii. 6; Psa. xl. 5—10. And so in numerous Psalms is this peculiar porch seen; which was previous to the overwhelming afflictions, sorrows, temptations, grief, trials, which marked his after-life, and are so fully seen in the Psalms. But this is not the life here meant—it was not all sorrow, as many suppose, with "the Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

*And he shall go out by the same.* The same Holy One who entered, the same Holy One goes out. Chapter xlvi. 2, 8. Whether in public or private life he was the same: and the only One that ever did, or ever will do so, and worship God on earth without sin, in Spirit and in truth. Every thought of his was worshipping the Lord, *before the Lord.* It may well be said, "It is for the Prince: the Prince," exclusively his. He is our "true bread" to eat. The delight of Christ

was in the law of the Lord, and in his law did he meditate day and night.

And, now, what significance of meaning is given to these words of his, in Matt. xii. 40; Luke viii. 21., when he stretched forth his hand—"My mother and my brethren, are these which *hear the word of God, and do it.*" And to have this pure mind, this spiritual worshipping mind, is our best evidence of adoption into that same family, of whom Christ is one. What an evidence of being taught by the same Spirit, when made to delight in the same things, and by this known to be a son of God.

HENRY WATMUFF.

### AN EXPERIMENTAL ANSWER

TO THE QUESTION, "DO THE CHILDREN OF GOD FEELINGLY FEAR HELL AND DAMNATION AFTER DELIVERANCE HAS BEEN REALIZED?"

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel.*

By a piece in your *Earthen Vessel* for November, you have invited a little friendly correspondence on the question, "Do the People of God feelingly fear Hell and Damnation after Deliverance, Pardon, Peace, and Assurance of Interest has been given them?" Should an attempt be given to answer the question, I surmise if it should not appear to meet the views of those who assert the affirmative, there would arise a suspicion of it, now not plainly asserted. "Ah he knows nothing about it! He has never had much conflict! He has never been sorely handled by sin and satan. If he had been tried as I have, and left as I have, he would have known what it was to feel hell and damnation too, brought feelingly into his conscience." I would just say, dear brother, stay, do not be too rash, it may be the writer has been as sorely exercised as those who say such things; has felt a depraved nature as sorely; has been as severely assaulted by satan; and has had as dark a path to tread, and can with Job say truly and experimentally, "I was at ease once, but he hath broken me asunder; he hath also taken me by the neck, and shaken me to pieces, and set me up for his mark, and yet I cannot subscribe my hand to such a statement." It may be, they may be anxious to know something about the experience of the writer, that his words may carry weight. I may some day gratify them, but suffice it at present to say, the Lord's dealings both in providence and grace have been singular with me; he opened my eyes, and I trust my heart when about sixteen years of age, my judgment became informed in the doctrines of truth, and from that time, for fourteen years, no tongue nor pen can describe what my soul passed through in the path I was led, that I might experimentally know what my judgment was established in. My whole connection lay in the world, with a disposition calculated to find happiness in pleasure, if it was to be found, with every facility that circumstances could give, with all the craft the enemy could devise to hold me in his snares, rushing on from one degree of sin to another, the ringleader in every specie of evil; yet at the same time an enlightened conscience and the seed of grace implanted inward, I rushed if possible to that damnation which I knew must await transgressors. I never did, nor ever could find gratification in

sin, and was a miserable slave around, and allured by satan, groaning in affliction of soul, often before God, sorely chastized by him, the marks of which I now bear in my body, yet could not break from his yoke. This was the way the Lord led me to know what boasted free will could do. I have bound myself with fetters, but they were broken as fast as made; I found a hell in sin, and if the hills of my native place, could speak, they could tell the groans and misery of my soul God-ward for delivering power and grace; I was so solemnly convinced that none but God's own arm could deliver me, but whether this grace and power would be displayed in my behalf was the question. It would take a volume to record this miserable passage of my life. How tempted to put an end to my existence; how upheld by a secret hope that God would appear; how again plunged in despairing distress. At length, the Lord removed me in providence to that part of the country, where I first heard the word with power. The new features, the exercises of my soul then felt, I then heard the word of truth, a privilege which was denied me before, as there was not a single gospel ministry in my native place, (I would to God this was preached as it ought, humanly speaking, how many years of misery might I have been spared) God's hand of providence and mercy appeared and raised a hope of better things; my Sabbaths were precious days indeed to my soul; I walked nearly twenty miles to hear, and while hearing, enjoyed the feast. After this gloom succeeded, and on my returning home the enemy would beset me—"now you are truly miserable, I would not go home to make all around you miserable; go into the fields and there stay till the Lord delivers you;" and passing one spot in particular, there was a lump of stones which he would point to and say, "throw yourself down there, and do not get up again, till the Lord delivers." Under these distressing temptations, I would stay out till twelve o'clock at night, as long as I dared, but no deliverance came that way; I have no doubt but it was satan's device to drive me to presumption, as he had tried to do so even to despair; but the Lord upheld; at length the Lord's time came. One Sunday, I had been to hear as usual, and it had been with me a blank day. I found no blessing in the word, this in my state of mind made matters very distressing. Upon returning home after tea, I took my Bible and went into my little yard to endeavour to recite the services of the day, in hope that something might bring relief to my burdened mind; it was to no purpose, the book was sealed; the leaves were brass; my heart like adamant; my burden intolerable; the enemy triumphant; and my soul sinking fast. I went in doors, and as God would have it, I was led to take a volume of Romaine's Letters, and while reading one, my mind became suddenly illuminated; the room in which I set, appeared full of light, my burden departed; my guilt was gone, my heart filled with love, joy, and peace. I knelt down with my own family, and commended them to God, they retired to rest and left me to myself, yet not to myself, for my blessed Jesus was with me. The light, love, and power of the heavenly vision increased. I walked the room, wept tears of joy, sang and rejoiced, and thus the hours passed, till near four o'clock in the morning, when my dear wife came to the top of the stairs

to know if I was not coming to bed? I went to bed with Jesus in my arms, my soul then entered for the first time into the experience of the spouse in Solomon's Song. I slept, but my heart waked, for if my body slept, my soul enjoyed communion with Jesus, and what a precious open book did the Bible now appear, especially Solomon's Song. What sweet communion did my soul now enjoy with Jesus; I talked with him as a man talketh with a friend. I poured out my heart to him, and he answered me in the joy of my soul; and for a whole week, I was found to enjoy such sweet communion with him, and realized such deadness to the world, that I would gladly have laid it all down to have gone home, never more to have known what sin, satan, the world, and an evil heart to plague me was; but this was not his will. I have written thus much to satisfy, respecting my deliverance from the curse of the law, and from the bondage and servitude of sin and satan, and if the Lord spares me, I will, at another time state a few of the soul exercises through which I have passed, and then give my reasons for saying that my experience will not allow me to join with those who say that the children of God do feelingly fear a future hell and eternal damnation, after deliverance and interest manifested. There is no accounting for what even good men might say in their dark fits. In a pulpit which I have sometimes occupied, a good man (I believe him to be, was describing how low a child of God might sink) said he might sink so low as to curse the day of his spiritual birth, and quoted this passage, "Then Job opened his mouth, and cursed the day of his birth;" he subjoined, you may say that Job meant the day of his natural birth, but I believe he meant his spiritual birth, and added further, yea he may sink so low as to curse the day he ever was brought into gospel liberty, and quoted 2 Peter ii. 21, which has as much to do with such a subject as the devil has to do with holiness. Some may be pleased to pander to the vitiated taste of a section of the professed people of God, but who in the solid judgment or feeling of a living religion, would ever curse the day of their spiritual birth, which connected them with all that is blessed before time, in the provisions of eternal mercy, and with all that is blessed in time, in Christ their redeeming head and fulness, and all that is blessed throughout eternity; a perpetuated state of glorious happiness with Christ, which their new birth gives them a capacity to enjoy! Much less curse the day of their gospel liberty, when for the first time their interest in those blessings are enjoyed and witnessed in their hearts by God the Holy Ghost, by whom they are now sealed to the day of eternal redemption.

JONATHAN MOSE.

*Crowborough.*

### The Eternal Destruction of the Wicked.

DEAR BROTHER,—I HAVE sent you the copy of a letter on the eternal existence and future punishment of the wicked. My object in doing so is, first, that those of the Lord's family who are in doubt about, and are exercised in mind on the subject of annihilation; might at once see the Word of God on the point, and so be delivered from this delusion of satan. Second, That those

who are settled in this error might, if it were the will of God, see what an awful lie they hold, with its evil tendency; and so turn to the Lord with a pure language and a sincere heart.

Your's truly, in the hope of the Gospel,

J. B. EVANS.

The beloved apostle John hath said, "Try the spirits whether they are of God." 1 John iv. 1. Now as there is a spirit among some at the present time, which calls in question the eternity of the future punishment of the wicked, and teaches, that after some lapse of time, or at some future period, they shall cease to exist; which doctrine is called the doctrine of annihilation; I have endeavoured, in the fear of the Lord, and from the word of his testimony, to prove this spirit is not of God; by shewing that the Word of God represents man as an immortal being. In Gen. i. 26, God said, "Let us make men in our image, after our likeness;" and in Gen. ii. 7, it is said, "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." Who is there that would wish to be thought so foolish, as to infer that the formation of man, from the dust of the ground, can mean the image, or likeness of God? Then to what conclusion can we come, but that the breath of life, *breathed* into his nostrils, was the image, or likeness? And, among other things, and that only to which I shall now refer, was that of its immortality: as a proof that this breath was not merely natural, Solomon says, (Eccles. iii. 21,) "The spirit of a man goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast downward, to the earth." Again, (chap. xii. 7,) "Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Now if it be thus proved that the likeness, or image of God, is in the immortal part, to say—his may be annihilated, is to open a door for saying, that God himself may cease to exist. But the advocates of this doctrine say, this applies only to the lost; but even this mistakeable hope fails them, when brought to the test of the Word of God. Isaiah xxxiii. 14, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Again, (chap. lvi. 21,) "They shall go forth and look upon the carcases of the men, that have transgressed against me: for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched." The expression, "their worm shall not die," is used three times by our Lord himself, Mark ix. 44, 46, 48. As also "their fire never shall be quenched" twice. Mark ix. 43, 45. It being the carcases, or dead bodies of the men; evidently shews it is the soul, which is said shall not die; the body being *already dead* and in connection with this, it is said, their fire shall not be quenched; which is again taken up by Christ, in Mark ix. 43, 44, 45, 46, 48, where it is said the fire is not quenched. In Matthew xxv. 46. At the Judgment here set forth, it is said, "these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." If an objection be raised on account of the difference in terms; if we look to Daniel xii. 2, we find the same term, here used in reference to the punishment of the wicked, as to the life of the righteous, viz., "Many of them which sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting

contempt." This does not look like a cessation of existence. In Mark iii. 29, we read of some being in danger of *eternal* damnation, the same word *eternal* is used in Romans i. 20, in connection with the power and Godhead of Jehovah. Now does not this illustrate what is stated in the former part of this letter; that this spirit of Antichrist would open a door to insinuate that God himself might cease to exist. In Heb. vi. 2, Paul speaks of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, and of *eternal* judgment: Luke xvi. 9. Christ in the Parable of the unjust steward, says, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations. And in Matt. xviii. 8, 9, "It is better to enter into life maimed, halt, or blind, than having all the members to be cast into everlasting fire," which in one of these verses is said to be hell fire.

### Notices of New Works.

"The Warfare Ended: The Course finished: the Crown Put on."

WHAT pretty sentences! How cheering and consoling they appear to a poor worn-down and weary traveller whose warfare is not ended; whose course is not finished; whose crown is not put on; but who is still in the flesh; in the wilderness; in the furnace, and sometimes sunken in most gloomy fears. But, of ourselves, nor of our sorrows, we did not intend to write. The three sentences at the head of this notice, form the leading title of a very beautiful little book which Mr. Joseph Rudman, (the pastor of Bethel Chapel, Trowbridge,) has just published through the medium of Houlston and Stoneman, of Paternoster Row. It is A MEMOIR OF THE LATE WILLIAM EACOTT; who was for some years, the pastor of the Baptist Church, at Southwick, in Wiltshire. We have been endeavouring to select a choice extract or two; but the narrative is so closely interwoven, that we cannot this month spare the room. We earnestly and sincerely recommend the work to the notice of our readers.

"Popery Excludes the Bible, because Popery is not Supported by it."

"A VERY intelligent and convincing discourse, entitled "Popery, and the Present Crisis Reviewed, &c., by A. E. Lord, Minister of the Independent Chapel, Hersham," is at this moment published by Houlston and Stoneman, and James Paul. We would give some valuable extracts from it, if we had room; but the following must suffice:—"A few years ago, an excellent clergyman of the Church of England, of the evangelical, not the puseyite school, paid a visit to Italy. He strove hard to obtain a copy of the Bible; at length he found one in seventy-seven volumes, overlaid with corrupt notes and comments. In a conversation with a priest, he complained that Rome excluded the Bible; the priest denied it. 'Have you one?' said the Protestant minister. 'Yes.' 'Produce it.' A Romish breviary was produced. 'Do you call this the Bible?' 'Yes; you see there is a reference to the Psalms and the Prophets; surely it is the same thing.'

"Thus was this priest deluded; and if a priest was in this condition, what must have been the condition of the common people? Popery, then, forbids the Scriptures; and why? Let the Pope's Nuncio reply. To Dr. Pinkerton, he candidly said, "We forbid the Bible because the papal church has some usages not supported in it!" and this is the secret. Popery is not supported by the Bible nor can it allow a man to form his own opinions from the Word of God. Popery, then, is a sin against man; it refuses him the Scriptures, except as they are poisoned with the streams of its own corruptions."

## THE OLD COVENANTERS OF THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

BEING,

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE TRIALS AND SUFFERINGS OF GOD'S SAINTS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

No. I.

[A dear and highly valued brother has proposed to furnish us with a series of papers, collated from a rich and interesting work, which embodies a history of the persecutions endured by many of the living family of God, in Scotland, under the reign of the Stuarts. We believe our readers will be as thankful for them as we are. The following may be considered an introductory epistle to the series.]

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD—At a time like the present, (in which the true church is called to exist, surrounded on all sides with sloth and carnal ease; and herself, to a very large extent, drunk of the poisonous draught, (worldly mindedness) so that she is become sleepy, and consequently, unconscious of her present state;) it appears to require something more than human to arouse her from that lethargy into which she has fallen. The Lord has visited her in mercy, blessed her with great and precious privileges; permitted her to meet in open day, none daring to make them afraid; for the strong arm of the law of our highly favoured land, under God, protects them from those outward assaults to which our forefathers were subject. Zion is the purchase of the Lord of Hosts; and her God is in her midst to save her from all her foes; and, finally, to place her beyond their reach.

But Zion is in the wilderness yet with all her foes, (which are lively and strong) besetting her on every hand. The enemy may not yet be seen abroad roaring like the hungry lion, that is ready to tear to pieces and devour its victim. But the same artful and destroying devil that has often been seen with bloody persecution without, is as plainly to be seen within the pale of the church now, doing his deadly work; he has put on his cloven foot within, and he is severing choice friends, planting tares, and sowing discord, like so many firebrands; so that she is becoming lean and unfruitful. Like Jerusalem of old, Zion has her enemies without, ready to devour her the first opportunity they have. A stronger than Cyrus is now before her walls, watching more closely, and with a more eager appetite, to destroy her, root and branch.

But is it not a fact, a worse and more hellish foe is to be found within her, which is drawing at her very vitals? And were it not for the assurance, that grace shall reign through Christ for her final deliverance we have no just ground to hope for her escape. But our hope for her is in Christ, her great Captain and Warrior, by whom she shall triumph, for she is clean in him. Solemn fact it is, as manifest as the rising sun on a cloudless morn, that envy, hatred, and malice are taking rapid strides within

VOL. VII.—JAN., 1851.

the borders of our spiritual Jerusalem. At one time they came under disguise; putting on the disguise of faithfulness and honesty: ah, and even of love, bearing beneath that garb the dagger that aims at the very life that God himself hath given. But they now begin to throw aside their covering, and stalk forth in their real costume; and such is the sleepy state of Zion's inhabitants, that, by thousands, these monsters of the hellish deep are unperceived. Yet, such is the mercy of our God, that he has planted, here and there, on her walls, those that cease not to cry day nor night unto her; labouring to arouse her unto a sense of her danger.

But he also visits Zion by judgments; as he did last year by the cholera, and by taking home many of his faithful watchmen, and by family afflictions and bereavements, and by individual and bodily sickness, crosses in providence, and many other ways and means.—And yet she sleeps! Solemn truth! Must the sword of persecution again be unsheathed ere Zion's inhabitants will awake, arise, and call upon her God? Well—if nothing less will do, they must be driven from their apparently comfortable meeting places into the caves and dens of the earth, rather than they shall suffer loss.

Oh, my brethren, arouse ye! Arouse ye! Why do we thus sleep upon a bed of thorns? Shall the Lord be driven to extremities, because of our waywardness? Little children, keep yourselves from idols! "See that ye fall not out by the way," and "Walk in love," sounds again and again throughout the sacred page; and yet they, in many instances, sound in vain. God help us to seek peace and pursue it earnestly, among ourselves in particular; that at home there may be peace, whatever brawls disturb the street. If one link of so great a chain might be broken by a worm through the medium of your *Vessel*, I should be glad; and as the Lord shall enable me, he shall have the glory.

For the strengthening of the weak, confirmation of feeble ones, and to the praise of a covenant-keeping God, I have desired to give you, from time to time, a brief account of the trials and sufferings of God's saints in the olden times, the Covenanters of the Scotch Church. Wherein are shewn the wonderful faithfulness of a kind and gracious God. Many of the Lord's family may not be able to buy the book which is published by R. Groombridge, and yet in your *Vessel* may catch a glimpse of it, if you think them worthy a place there.

The Lord enable us to draw a just comparison between the saints' fellowship, then under their trials—and that which is ex-

B 2

perceived now, under their mercies and great privileges. And having done so, I trust it may be the means of awakening in our hearts a sense of our real state, and of bringing us to a throne of grace, that we may supplicate him who alone can scatter our fears, and bless Zion with peace.

The time these accounts refer to is the sixteenth century, under the persecuting spirit of the Stuarts.

The farm of Bellybright, in the parish of Martan, is situated in a very wild spot among the mountains; and in the time of our suffering ancestors was occasionally visited as a place of seclusion from the fury of their persecutors. In this wilderness there was a lonely shieling, which stood in a moor, encircled with hills; and in its neighbourhood was a deep and rugged ravine: whose precipitous sides were thickly covered with wood, the dark recesses of which afforded a sure and safe retreat.

On one occasion, a company of wanderers, one of whom was one Adam Clark, of Glen-in, had concealed themselves in this solitary haunt. Adam, on several accounts, was generally regarded as their leader; and their movements were usually guided by his direction. In this dreary seclusion they had delightful communion with each other on spiritual things; and here they enjoyed much sweet intercourse with their God. It was to preserve unimpaired the full liberty of worshipping that God, according to the dictates of their conscience, that they withstood the unrighteous usurpation of those who wished to wreath about their necks the yoke, both of a spiritual and political bondage; and hence, they sought, and found, in that solitude, that freedom which could not be enjoyed elsewhere.

But in this place of exile, though secure from the persecuting sword of their fellow men, they were often exposed to the bitter pangs of hunger; and unless food was conveyed to them, by some friend who was acquainted with their situation, they have been obliged to travel in the greatest possible secrecy, to procure it, in order to preserve their lives.

It is related of one dear servant of the Lord, who had thus secluded himself in a cave by the waters—that he was so closely watched by his enemies, that he dared not venture out, night nor day, for a considerable time. But in this extremity, the Lord's hand was not shortened, neither was his ear heavy; for he who caused Elijah to be fed by ravens by the brook Cherith, heard and answered the cry of this exiled sufferer; for, in this trying situation, he commanded a large wild fowl to alight near the mouth of his cell, and deposit an egg among the heather: and this was done every morning; and he was sustained by it during the time of his concealment in the cavern.

Who can deny the kind interposition of providence? The same Lord lives, and

reigns now. Yes, he reigns still; he provides still; and protects; and delivers still his chosen family, who are enabled to acknowledge him. Man would swallow us up; but our God will not permit man, nor any other creature to hurt the hair of our head only as it shall be for our present profit, and his eternal glory.

If spared, and you will permit me, and think it will be profitable to your readers, I will send you particulars of Adam Clark in my next.

Your's, in the Lord,

Oct., 1850.

A STRANGER.—

### W. Roberts's Reply

TO "THE BISHOP OF DANE HILL."

(To the Editor of the "Vessel.")

[We are deeply grieved to find ourselves in the midst of hot water between professing brethren. Letters from different quarters, have reached us, whose writers express astonishment at the apparently "unwarranted attack on Mr. Roberts's unblemished reputation." Well; we are pained to our very hearts that any such misunderstanding should arise. We give brother Roberts's rejoinder; and here, (as far as we are concerned) the matter must end. By God's help, we will keep clear of these vain janglings. We detest them.—Ed.]

THE reprover, reproved; or, the bishop of Dane-hill and Newick, castigating the old prophet, the old soldier, (William Roberts), as the said bishop is pleased to call him.

Well; they who sin before all, are to be reproved before all, is the bishop's motto. Very good; but I beg the Christian reader just to notice the pompous manner in which this warrior announces his approach to the battle-field:—What a mighty display! what parade! what a flourish of trumpets!—wild gourds—death in the pot—dead fly in the pot of ointment, giving such a stinking savour, that the honest-bishop considered it his duty to sound an alarm; and not only so, but to marshal his troops, and come forth—for what, forsooth? Why, to blow to atoms one poor old veteran, who is not worth a single cartridge! Well; the reader will be anxious to know, if the old veteran can parry off this thrust, which is aimed at his heart—his character. The bishop says, "that I have erred exceedingly;" but this he says, "I rather set it down as an unintentional error, and not a designed misrepresentation." Well, how mild, how soft—"Thank you, kind sir!" This was owing to the unskilfulness of the apothecary in mixing the ointment. Well, be it so.

Now, reader, you have been detained long enough; now, let us come to the charge at once. I said, "that when I left Dane-hill, that there was not a shilling debt on either the chapel, at Dane-hill, or the chapel-house; or yet at Newick-chapel." And I say the same now; and Mr. Poynder knows it is a fact, Where are the wild

gourds—the death in the pot—the dead fly in the pot? Why, bless me, the plainest reader of the “VESSEL” can see, by looking over his statement from the minutes of the church-book, and the bond, that the £200 was borrowed for to build the shop, and quite a distant thing from the chapel and chapel-house; and was done years after the debt on the chapel was every farthing wiped off. Pray, where is the misrepresentation? I wonder, sir, that you did not discover this, before you sent the bishop's letter to the press. This was discovered by the poor people in this neighbourhood, before the “VESSEL” came into my hand.

Now, I trust, that I have parried off the deadly thrust, for that is the true character of the attack, I must be allowed to assume the privilege of becoming the assailant. Who was it that dictated the form and words of the receipt, for the money paid for the interest of the £200, October 31, 1850?—the money borrowed to build the shop, not the chapel, nor yet the chapel-house. Ah, my brother, the ointment begins to emit such a savour, that I think your honesty will begin to totter. That receipt states, you say, “it was for interest on £200, advanced for Dane-hill-chapel, during the ministry of Mr. Roberts,” now of Leighton Buzzard. Is this the bishop's honesty which compels him to cast such an insinuation on my character? Let these things speak for themselves! Does not his ointment smell? By the manner in which the receipt alluded to was worded, that honest John wants to make the £200 a chapel debt, and by that means call upon the public to pay it, that his income may be increased. I think those who have not quite lost their smell will be ready to think so.

Now, suppose four or six of the members at Dane-hill, (or any other place,) should say, “We think it would benefit our little cause, and increase our minister's income, if we were to borrow £200, and build a house adjoining to the shop, as there is plenty of ground, and the spot eligible and pleasant.” The proposal is agreed to, and the work is done, and answers a good end; shall they, in the course of five or six years, turn round and say, this is a debt on the chapel? This is precisely the spirit and principle which I have plainly denied; and for this I am an ignorant old prophet, unskilful in botany, &c.—a propagator of falsehoods with my eyes open—I suppose, a proud boaster. I never should have written a line about Dane-hill, had I not seen your remarks in the “VESSEL.”

I beg to say, sir, that I would not have made the foregoing remarks upon Mr. Poynder's letter, because you perceive that he has sadly committed himself. First, that the £200 was borrowed to build a shop; and, then, it appears they had agreed, or he thought it prudent to change the bantling's (debt's) name, and call it a chapel-debt—and even to dictate a falsehood, to be inserted in the receipt. My

friends, who read the “VESSEL,” think I ought to clear myself of the foul imputation of falsehood. If the bishop should say, that the friends at Dane-hill are responsible for the money—true, and they have the property for it; a property worth the money, consisting of a shop, warehouse, a large cellar, two sleeping-rooms over the shop, a stable, and other offices. I also filled up a large pond, added it to the garden, planted a fence round it with quick, and planted fruit trees; all and much more for the £200. I think, after all, the sore has been, Mr. Poynder, and perhaps others, find that they could not saddle the £200 on the poor old soldier. This is not the first time I have had to measure swords with the bishop, (but not through the “VESSEL.”) I have only to say, though I feel no disposition for war, I am not afraid of smoke, and empty bluster. You will have the goodness to insert this rejoinder.

Yours, very sincerely,

W. ROBERTS.

Chelsea, near Leighton Buzzard,  
Bucks.

#### Supplement to above.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am sorry, very sorry to trouble you with this scrap, but a sense of duty impels me to the unpleasant task. I had some hopes that I should spend the remainder of my few days on earth, in this quiet corner, in peace, shielded from the envenomed shafts of the tongue of the malevolent, but it is not so, not to be my lot, it appears. I have received two letters, one from a dear friend in Sussex, to whom my poor labours were useful; the other this morning, from one in Surrey, who appears to be quite delighted by seeing my name, and the few hints I sent you; in the Vessel. But what will they now think, and say? Perhaps as some have already said, they are quite disgusted with Mr. Poynder's letter, and they will not take the Vessel any more, as you ought to have seen you did not exercise your usual acumen, in at once discovering, with whom the exceeding great error rested, and the clumsy manner in which it was done or got up. This was so very glaring, so palpable, that an A. B. C. scholar, could see it. Brother Poynder says, he wishes I could produce documents to shew, shew what forsooth? why that I had paid £200, not that which the chapel cost building, or yet the chapel house, but the shop. No doubt, dear good old man he does, and then he would be able to pocket the neat little sum of £20 per year, arising from the letting of the house and shop, without any draw back. But, because I have said, and he knows it is true, and all the friends in the country (almost) know that there was not a shilling debt on the chapels. Now, sir, I ask you, who has thrown the wild gourds into the pot, who has thrown the dead fly into the ointment? Let a discerning public determine. I have intreated of the friends to wait and watch the issue of this quarrel, or better your bishop at Dane Hill and Newick should have waited before he had come forth clad in armour, until my arm had become too weak to wield the sword of truth. I remain, dear brother, yours, in the sweet Lord Jesus,

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

Chelsea, near Leighton Buzzard, Bucks.

“In glory, our religious differences and disputes will for ever cease; there will be an universal shaking of hands there.”—*S. Wilkes.*



## The Heart prone to Depart from God.

BRETHREN—"Let us take heed, lest there be in any of us an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God;" to dead Popish gods, dunghill gods, and gods of our own making; and, above all, look narrowly to that much-admired household god, our dear self, lest we should be beguiled and deceived. For Satan is very deceitful, and our hearts are deceitful, and when these deceitful ones unite in council, we are sure to be deceived, unless God gives us more light, wisdom, and grace from above to withstand them. Satan so deceived Peter, the apostle, that he did not distinguish Satan from himself, nor himself from Satan. Peter then took upon him to teach, admonish, and rebuke his Lord and Master, but Jesus, with omniscient glance, saw the subtle serpent in Peter, he turned and said unto Peter, "Get thee behind me Satan, for thou art an offence unto me, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." Matt. xvi. 23. Every departure from Christ, as our life, strength, wisdom, refuge, righteousness, and sanctification, &c., to our own wisdom, strength, righteousness, and self-sufficiency, is the work of Satan and unbelief in us, and is departing from the living God.

Since Adam, our first father, departed from God, there is a proneness in us all to depart from God; because our old man is a child of Adam, the very nature of fallen Adam, with the very nature of the devil in our ruined nature—such is sin. Yes, and in the most highly favoured children of God, after the most sweet intercourse and highest state of communion with God, there is a proneness, or inclination, to depart from God. The sun and dews from heaven bring up out of the earth sweet flowers, that fill the air with a delightful fragrance; but there being particles of earth in the flowers intermingled with the sweet odour, these particles fall back to the earth again into corruption. So the eternal holy Sun of Righteousness, together with the dews of God's love, bring out of our hearts prayer, praise, and sweet odours from the soul rooted and grounded in the love, blood and righteousness of Christ, which riseth up a sweet savour unto God, through Christ; and then we hold sweet communion with God, and holy odours fill the spiritual senses of the soul, and our "jug is full." But there is something of flesh, self, and sin, in our earthly nature, intermingled with our highest devotions, and communion with God; (though indeed our prayers and praises, going up to God, through the merits of Christ, are acceptable to God, and our persons too in Christ). Still, as that which is earthly in the flowers fall down back again into the earth, so after the sweetest and highest communion with God, (which is sweeter than honey, and more odouriferous than all flowers,) there is that in our nature, which is inclined to depart from God, and cleave to the earth. And as the

blossoming of a flower is but of short duration in summer; so our communion with God on earth is but at intervals, and of short duration here, and will be so until we unwilingly bloom in the immortal world with Christ.

There is neither sweet savour, nor good fruits rise from us, only from the seeds of grace and eternal life, sown in us by the good Husbandman; and these precious things are only brought forth by the Sun, the eternal Sun. And we are only held in communion with God so long as he holds us up in this holy frame.

And now, brethren, is it so with you as with me? I must speak the truth if it shames me. I say the truth: even when I have been in secret prayer, and even in communion with God, I have felt something in me inclining me to depart from God, as if some one had laid hold on me, pulling me away from God; and even if the chamber door is locked, and no mortal there but myself, I have felt as if some one was with me, hastening me to have done; yea, as if something in me said, make haste, make haste and get down stairs, there is something must be done, even when I had nothing to do.

Thus I have felt my foolish heart departing from God, as that which is earthly falls back to the earth. And as soon as these sweet enjoyments are gone, and the Lord ceaseth to hold communion with me, I return to my place, fall to the earth, and drop into myself again; and sometimes, instantly, soon as the light, comfort, and holy savour is gone, unbelief springs up out of my heart, questioning the reality and truth of the past enjoyment. And then evil thoughts and suspicions, like worms and snakes in dark earth, begin to work in my dark, vile, unbelieving heart; and the caterpillar, locusts, and creeping things come out of their holes, spoiling my blossoms, and eating up every green thing, and the worms begin to gnaw at the very root of my hope. And were not the root holy and divine, they would surely poison it, and destroy it altogether. But as the worms could not breed in, nor fasten upon the precious and holy body of our dear Lord in the grave, nor the old serpent touch his divine nature, those vermin and fiends cannot destroy the holy root of the Church, which is eternal and divine. "The root of the righteous shall never be removed."

Thus in the long dark wintry nights of the soul, when neither leaves, blossoms, nor fruit is seen, the life must remain in the root: the root being imperishably holy, Christ being the root and offspring of David.

The divine nature is a root deeper than hell, sin, or death: and his human nature the offspring, and visible tree of life. And as the literal balm of Gilead bleeds from a wounded tree—Jesus, the Tree of Life, was wounded, and the true and spiritual balm of Gilead—the blood of Christ, is at the

root of every tree which the heavenly Father hath planted in his garden, "Christ in you, the hope of glory;" and your life, hid with Christ in God. Therefore, one look off Christ, and his blood and righteousness, and finished work, to our doings, and to creatures, is a departure from God, and looking for fruit from trees without a root. For separated from the holy root we could bring forth no fruit acceptable to God. "From mo is your fruit found." And while we live on Christ, and in the love of God, satan cannot hurt us.

Keep yourselves in the love of God. "Continue ye in my love," and then ye must love one another. We may as well look for fruits from sare and rotten sticks without root as look for acceptable fruits from ourselves apart from Christ. Satan, the old serpent, cannot creep into the holy root of the tree of life; he has no place there in Christ; and he can have no place in us as we live in the love of Christ.

The old, corrupt, rotten Adam-root of our vile nature, is the place into which he creeps and conceals himself, for that is dust, and dust is the serpent's meat. And there he sometimes stirs up a dust in our lusts and passions to blind the soul.

And when we give place to the devil he begins to cultivate his seeds and roots of sin in our earthly sensual nature, and then the old root of bitterness begins to spring up, and trouble us, and by it many others may be defiled, and through the deceitful poison we become "weak and sickly," and some fall into a state of delirium, not knowing what they say or do. And as satan hates to hear Christ's love, work, blood, righteousness and finished work preached; "he would turn us again unto vain jangling," and make some again desirous of teaching the law, and themselves, rather than preaching Christ and the fulness of the blessing of the gospel; understanding not what they say, nor what they affirm; preaching wrath, instead of the love of Christ to poor sin-crazed mortals; and some in this state are like people in a high fever, or delirium, fight and quarrel with those who come to bring the only antidote for their cure. Like the man among the tombs, he said that Jesus was come to torment him, when in fact sin and satan were his tormentors; Jesus was going to cast the devils out, heal him and bring him to his right mind.

Brethren, we have much need to pray, Lord, keep us; Lord, deliver us from evil, from evil self, and from the evil one; for once we are enticed, led away, and departed from the Lord, there is no knowing where the devil will drive us to if he is permitted. The advice is, "Give no place to the devil."

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, Oct. 14, 1850.

"Is a father to be blamed for striking a cup of poison out of his child's hand, or God, for stripping off those outward comforts, which would run away with our hearts from him?"—Meaden.

THE MYSTERIOUS

## Path of the Righteous Ones.

MY DEAR AND BELOVED BROTHER IN JESUS:—May a triune Jehovah, in his plenitude of mercy, be graciously pleased to shower down into your soul the rich consolations of the gospel of peace. Whoever will live godly must suffer persecution. I find, in history, in all ages, that the devotees to a gospel walk and conduct have had to suffer reproach. I find, in the present day, that such as insist upon real practical godliness will be reviled and cast out of the synagogues, or friendship of the rulers. Have any of the rulers believed on him? was the cry of old; and such it is now. But let me die in a ditch rather than be exalted at the expense of those whose conduct is a disgrace unto the meek and lowly Jesus.

I find, in Scripture, that the saints of God were cruelly used, and vile stigmas heaped upon their character. Yes; himself was called a glutton, a wine-bibber, yea, accused of having a devil. I find that to have a clear conscience is a gem. But those who persecute and revile, say and think that they have a good conscience also. Paul thought so while boiling in wrath toward Jesus of Nazareth. But the grand test to decide all, is the fruit that we bear.

There are fruits of the flesh as well as fruits of the Spirit. The former is earthly, sensual, and devilish; the latter is heavenly and spiritual. The bearers of the former are goaded on in gratifying the flesh, pleasing their own carnal nature, having no regard to the feelings and reputation of those they are cruelly using. But while thus madly pursuing the innocent, think that they are doing right; and generally it is done under a mask of acting scripturally. The bearers of the latter are desirous to please God, to be guided by his Spirit; willing to confess all evils they are guilty of, and to forsake them; they are willing to come to the light; to be tried, searched, and examined; they commit their ways unto God, pray unto him, wait upon him. Yes, they use kindly such as use them unkindly. And when right must not rule, they look unto the God of right, and watch his hand until he appears. The former often triumphs and seems to be in the right, and the righteous favour their cause, thinking them to be just. The wicked are seen in great power, spreading themselves like a green bay tree. (Read Psa. xxxvii. carefully.) The latter are often forsaken—shunned as a pest. They are much exercised, troubled, and distressed. Friends look shy; the world rejoices; the tempting devil accuses; the Lord seems to frown, and our path in all things seems dark and mysterious.

But while the former are riding on, full of majesty, suddenly he disappears. But the latter, whose only hope and refuge had been in God; his head is lifted up out of

prison; and those who before stood aloof from him, now cleave unto him, and are constrained to acknowledge that God is with him." Psa. xxxvii. 39, 40.

Well, my dear brother, cheer up; God is God still; his promises are firm as the everlasting hills; he will plead our cause; yet, I believe, we are anxious to avoid every evil, and concerned to follow God. Flesh wants all good report; but O, my brother, in the Word of my God, I find that the most exemplary were the most reviled. They were not only reviled, but cut assunder, torn from home, cast into prison, hunted like game, but yet counted it a glory to suffer for his sake.

When I look at Rome since the day of Jesus, and witness their cruel usage to John Huss, of Bohemia; and, one hundred years later, witness their treatment to Luther, the Saxon monk, to Zuinglius, the Swiss Reformer, and the beheading, burning, drowning, and otherwise killing the saints of Jesus on the continent, and even in our own land, I can but rejoice that my lot is so much different. But my dear brother, I find in history, divine and profane, and in my own experience, that if called to suffer for Christ, the result is not only trouble and trial, but joy and rejoicing. What a mercy that we are suffering not for our evil deeds. Accusation is not proof. And when I can approach my God, my heart not condemning me, it matters little what others may say. Let us, instead of thinking our lot is the most cruel one, let us think of what others of our Lord's servants and himself passed through. What a mercy that we can meet together that we have the Word of God; that we are not dragged from our beds and cast into the burning flame, or guillotined. And ah, my dear brother, if such is to be my lot yet, that God who supported Joseph, Paul, Bunyan, Luther, and others in prison can support me. That God who defended the three Hebrews in the fire, and Daniel in the lion's den, can defend me! That God who enabled Huss, of Bohemia, Esch and Voes of Zivity Island, to lay down in the flame, as upon a bed of roses, can enable me! I cannot help but pen the lines of Luther, when he heard of the martyrdom of Esch and Voes—

"No; their ashes will not die,  
Abroad their dust must fly;  
And scatter'd o'er earth's farthest strand,  
Raise up for God a war-like band.  
Satan, by taking life away,  
May keep them silent for a day;  
But death has from him vict'ry wrung,  
And Christ in ev'ry clime is sung."

God Almighty bless you, my dear brother. Seek unto him; plead with him. You cannot be banished from the throne of grace! Excuse this scrawl. Peace be with you.

I am most affectionately,

J. GARDNER.

Charley, March 3, 1849.

## The Doctrine of Election;

ITS NECESSITY—AND THE SAFETY OF THE ELECT.

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth!"

ELECTION is a doctrine that has been, and is to this day, everywhere spoken against, although no part of the Word of God is more clearly and positively spoken; although the reason of it is never to be assigned by man until he can comprehend Infinity—and this, I apprehend, will never be. That sovereign election is a prominent and leading doctrine of the Bible, every unbiassed person must allow; and it is encouraging to the hopeful christian—and a permanent support to those who, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil, seeing it is not given for man philosophically to understand, but (by faith) to rely upon and embrace. Only one reason can be assigned why some men implicitly believe it; and that is because it has pleased God that of his grace it should be given unto them to believe and say, with their Lord, "Even so father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Many reasons might be assigned why so many people say they do not believe it, but one reason must suffice, here, namely, that they have never felt the need, or received the benefit of it: hence, choose and love their own ways and works better than the works and ways of God; and worship the creature more than the Creator; and thus are left in their own blindness; and God, hath sent them strong delusions that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned, who believe not the truth.

From this delusion, good God, speedily deliver all thy elect, and send that happy period when thy servants shall all see eye to eye; when there shall be no need for us to teach every man his brother, but all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest.

First, we will notice the necessity of election. Secondly, the safety of the elect.

Election is the rule of Jehovah's actions; the centre of his affections; the harbinger of his wisdom; and the proclaimer of his power. It centres in Christ, the elect's Head, in whom all God's elect have redemption, through his blood, the forgiveness of sin, according to the riches of his grace; and that according as he hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love.

1. Election was necessary to make known the infinite wisdom of God by, in positive promise; as nothing could be positively done if its final accomplishment depended on the will, work, and power of man. Election, then, was necessary to this, and is the foundation of every positive promise made to the elect church in their elect Head.

2. Election is necessary to ascertain the limits of redemption and remove all the grounds of uncertainty in matters of salvation, and to keep the creature in awe and love of his Maker. And this constitutes Jehovah the infallible God, and makes salvation all of grace. Election is Jehovah's covenant engagement. Here, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost unanimously agreed, and severally engaged to have a people, and by their grace,

sovereignly to save and people heaven with them. And thus, before time moved, sin existed, or one atom of Adam's dust was formed, in this engagement the elect obtained the distinguishing love of God, in Christ, and the pledge of redemption, by the suretyship of Christ. And hence they obtained the Spirit's pledge that they should all be taught of God. Hence they are not their own, but God's by covenant love; Christ's by redeeming love; the Spirit's by quickening love; and so the property of Jehovah; and as Paul says, "They are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God had fore-ordained that they should walk in them." In this act every attribute of Deity harmonize; Christ by this act being made wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption to them. By virtue of this union sinners are saved in him with an everlasting salvation.

3. The necessity of this election arises from the consideration that without it all must have been uncertainty, and consequently confusion, and confusion becometh not, and belongeth not to God. The law could not have been fulfilled without it; justice could not have been satisfied but by it; and the sufferings of Christ would be all speculative but for it. By election the curse of the law is regulated; by election the stripes of justice are adjusted; by election all the sufferings of Christ are equalised to the exactest nicety, that Christ, by his blood, blotted out, once for all, all the transgression of his church, past, present, and to come, and not one more, or one less, than all; so that his sacrifice might have its due merit, and his church the sure benefit. Thus election is necessary to display the wisdom of God in the contrivance; the merit of the Son in the performance, and the worth of the Spirit to testify; and thus all Israel are saved, and God honoured, and the devil and free-will frustrated by this virtuous order of election.

The safety of election appears in the relation and suretyship of Christ. We read that though he was a son, yet learned he obedience by the things that he suffered; and being made perfect he became the author of eternal salvation. By this relationship in election, they become children, then heirs, "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ."

In this elect relationship "God commended his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us, the just for the unjust; much more, then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he partook part of the same, that through death he might destroy him who had the power of death, that is the devil; and it became him, of whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering, for both he that sanctifieth, and them who are sanctified are all of one, for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren."

Thus, by God's election the elect have obtained it, and "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is Christ that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ the elect head that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, and thus is become the first fruits of them that slept, and the first-born among many brethren. Therefore

there is no condemnation to them that are thus in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit; for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ has made them free from the law of sin and death." If thus, then, in election, God be for us, who can be against us. Election is that foundation that God laid in Zion and in every justified sinner's soul; it is that rock against which the gates of hell shall never prevail; and that rock which only yields a shadow in this weary land; that rock from whence the waters flowed that followed the Israelites the desert through. And Paul tells us that that rock is Christ; the safety of the church, then, is alone in Christ; if he holds, they that believe on him cannot fall; if he remains, they cannot vanish; if he is made to be sin for them, it is that they may be made the righteousness of God in him; if he endured the wrath of God for them, it is that they might enjoy the love of God through him; if he took their curse, it is that they might take his justification; if he died for them it is that they may live with him.

Thus arises the safety and blessedness of election, by which means he is rescued from all dangers, and made secure to all eternal favours. Blessed indeed is that man "Whose transgression is forgiven, and to whom the Lord will not impute iniquity, and to whom he imputes righteousness without works."

The soul that is once righteously established in those truths may well sustain hardships, scorn, temptation and reproach, enduring as seeing him that is invisible; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to indulge in sin for a season: for how shall those who are made to sin live any longer therein? Those are risen with Christ, and "seek those things that are above:" and though beset with thousands of oppositions from within and without, from reproach and rebuke, from friend and foe; yet, they will be "forgetting the things that are behind, and pressing forward toward the things that are before; counting not their lives dear, that they may win Christ and be found in him," knowing that it is given unto them, on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe, but to suffer for his sake. Thus the elect endure hardness as good soldiers, counting the reproach of Christ better than the treasures of Egypt. "Wherefore (says Paul,) I endure all things for the elect's sake;" and informs Timothy, "that the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lust they will hearken to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and will turn away their ears from the truth, and turn after fables. But, watch thou in all things; endure afflictions; do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry: for the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men: teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lust, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world: looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

JOHN CORBITT.

"The head and members are glorified together, with the same kind of glory, God has not one heaven for his Son, and another for his saints; but one and the same for both."—Dyer.

**On the New Year, by the late P. Blake,**

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

God of my life, thy constant care,  
With blessings crown the opening year;  
This guilty life dost thou prolong,  
And wake anew my annual song.

How many precious souls are fled  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since from this day the changing sun  
This his last yearly period run.

We yet survive—but who can say,  
Or through the year, or month, or day,  
“I will retain this vital breath?”  
Thus far, at least, in league with death.

That breath is thine, eternal God,  
’Tis thine to fix my soul’s abode;  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our spirits we resign,  
Make them, and own them still as thine;  
So shall they smile, secure from fear,  
Tho’ death should blast the rising year.

Thy children, eager to be gone,  
Bid time’s impetuous tide roll on,  
And land them on that blooming shore,  
Where years and death are known no more.

•• Found among his MSS. after his death.

**Justice Smiting the Shepherd.**

“Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and  
against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord  
of hosts.”—Zech. xiii. 7.

FOURTH went the fiat, the mandate was giv’n,  
Go, smite my shepherd, the darling of heav’n;  
Wake up my justice, he’s cover’d with sin;  
Thrust now thy sharp sword his bowels within.

He is mine equal, he only can bear,  
Wrath such as mine is, so hot, so severe;  
He is my fellow, a champion indeed,  
I will pour out all my wrath on his head.

Where is the man that is able to stand,  
Who, that can bear the full weight of mine hand?  
Come, for the flame of my vengeance is high,  
Justice is injur’d, thy life-blood shall pay!

Come forth my holy law, stand for thy right,  
Put in thy just claim, nor spare him one mite;  
He, the great dayman’s engaged to stand,  
And he shall pay all my righteous demand.

Spare not his heart strings, cut every thread;  
Fill the dread cup, for my fury is red;  
Red as a furnace mine anger doth burn;  
Smite him again, till each life thread is torn.

See how he stoopeth beneath the dread load,  
Is there no pity for Jesus in God?  
No! he is pleased to bruise him for us,  
God wrings his life out, to ring out the curse.

Down roll the big drops, they fall to the ground,  
Whence is the cause, he’s received no wound?  
Hush, sinful mortal, the wound is within,  
Wound without equal, the curse of thy sin.

Great is his sorrow, his agony’s deep;  
Wondrous affection, he dies for his sheep,  
Fierce is the wrath which my God pours on him,  
Hard is his struggle, his flock to redeem.

Hark! for a loud voice is heard from above,  
Bear the rude cross for the son of my love;  
Jesus must finish the work I have giv’n,  
Jesus must bring up my chosen to heav’n.

Pour indignation on him from on high,  
Hold the full cup till he draineth it dry,  
Yea, he shall suck, till no last drop remains;  
Flinch not my justice, to deal out his pains.

Ho hath engaged (oh dreadful to tell)  
And he shall conquer earth, sin, death, and hell;  
His arm shall tear from the jaws of the king,  
That which his church dreads, sin’s terrible sting.

Come, all ye dark pow’rs leave your caverns below,  
Haste to the strife, come, and augment his woe,  
Bring all your weapons, your malice unbar,  
Bring all your hosts to assist in the war.

Now, now, the strife is most furious indeed;  
Now, the great shepherd doth languish and bleed.  
Hark! a loud voice cries, “’tis finished, ’tis done!  
I have triumph’d, I’ve triumph’d—the victory’s  
won.”

See, all his foes running backward, they’re fled,  
Hell’s mighty pow’r’s laying vanquish’d and dead;  
Death, the grin tyrant depriv’d of his sting;  
Jesus hath triumph’d, Jehovah is king.

HELEN MARIA ALLINGHAM.

**Spiritual Sympathy.**

DEAR BROTHER, it gives me much pleasure to say,  
Your letter came safely to hand to’other day;  
And though in itself it really was small,  
Yet few words are better than no words at all.  
A few words expressive, may speak a warm heart,  
And sometimes a sentence will comfort impart;  
It yields me a pleasure to hear that my friend  
Through mercy is spared, and willing to send  
His love and love tokens, his wishes for good,  
To distant relations in one brotherhood;  
It cheers me to think my brother can feel,  
At yonder great distance a care for my weal,  
And send up petitions to Jesus’s throne,  
(It may be when I have no heart of my own.)  
And beg of my Saviour some blessing to send,  
To warm the poor heart of his far distant friend;  
Believe me, dear brother, a word by the way  
Of Bible extraction, though simple, it may,  
Drop in at a moment, so fitting the case,  
And fall with such savour, distil with such grace,  
As no word but that which heaven inspir’d  
Had ever attending; till bosom’s are fir’d,  
With warmer affections and purer desires,  
Like fuel fresh added to these kindred fires;  
Which burn with more brightness by heaven’s  
new flame,

And light one another by Jesus’s name.  
’Tis true mid’ a world of such troublesome cares,  
As those which perplex us; which oftentimes bears  
So hard on these spirits; ’tis no friendly place,  
To make over thrifty the seedlings of grace;  
Nor can we expect our enemies should  
Assist us uprising, they would if they could  
Extinguish God’s fire; and oftentimes do  
Exceedingly damp it; but bless him, he’s true,  
And faithful; whatever his children lament,  
And when all the malice of safan is spent,  
He knows in his wisdom, what methods to take,  
The devil outwitting, and always will make,  
His purpose of mercy more blessedly clear,  
By how much the devil and sin interfere,  
And work out occasions his glory to raise,  
And ’tablish his honour, in triumphs of praise.  
’Tis blessed when favour’d by heav’n, we see,  
Our Father is Master and Lord of the sea,  
Commanding the billows, that fill us with dread,  
Directing the tempests that break over head;  
While thunders and lightnings his fiat obey,  
Or hush’d by his whisper, they all die away.  
Mid’ wildest commotions, he treadeth the wave,  
And ruleth its raging, almighty to save;  
He walks in the whirlwind of fury on high,  
Or rides in the darkness which covers the sky;  
Directing, commanding, o’erruling, till he,  
Hath wisely accomplish’d his purpos’d decree,  
And gather’d his ransom’d, and purchas’d from  
pain;  
And brought all his chosen in glory to reign;  
And landed each lov’d one, safe harbour’d in rest,  
To live with their Saviour, eternally blest.

JOHN CUMINGS.

Sunday, November 10th, 1850.

## THE PREY TAKEN FROM THE MIGHTY;

ILLUSTRATED IN THE

EXPERIENCE OF A LADY AFTER A SPIRITUAL CAPTIVITY OF NINE YEARS' DURATION.

[Mr. David Ives, of Goldhill, Gerard's Cross, in Buckinghamshire, has kindly favoured us with the following very valuable Narrative. He says of the writer—"I did not personally know her, but a neighbour of mine can vouch for the fact herein stated having fully known the particulars." We feel much pleasure in giving our readers so striking and unquestionable a testimony in favor of the omnipotent power, and sovereign grace of our ever to be adored Lord.—Ed.]

HAVING, in continued prayer, implored the light and guidance of the Holy Spirit, and set the Lord before me, that I might not willingly err, I would wish to describe, simply, and in the fear of the Lord, some of those remarkable operations which my poor tempted soul underwent for the long period of nine years of my life.

My principal motive for committing these exercises to paper, is, to relieve my memory of what I esteem so precious a trust, that should the Lord, in his future dispensations, enfeeble that faculty, and I should no more be capable of relating to believers, these evidences of the Redeemer's watchfulness and love; by having written them down, I shall know that they still exist; and that, however faintly, they describe the mercy of our God; yet, that I have not, in every sense, hidden under a bushel the light that was vouchsafed to me. I have likewise, a hope that these sheets, in a season that the Lord may furnish, may be put into the hands of those of my family, who observed my heartless performance of my worldly duties, during the time alluded to, and would judge by it that some distress was seated in the mind. To them, I now declare, that "Jesus hath made me whole." That, after having passed years desolate and in misery, enslaved to a sinful mind, his mighty hand and stretched-out arm, have released me from the bondage of satan; and, I humbly hope, will give me, finally, an inheritance "among them that are sanctified."

To relate the particulars of my conversion, and adequately to explain the inward operations of God upon my soul, so as always to render it intelligible to those who may read this, will, I fear, exceed my power. I can only attest, that my gracious Redeemer hath given me to "eat of the hidden manna;" that, when hungry and thirsty, my soul fainted within me, his potent arm has been a defence, on the right hand and on the left, through a course of conflict and temptation; greater, probably, than most of the heirs of heaven have been called to pass through, whilst making that all-important transition from the power of satan to the kingdom and service of Christ.

During many of my earlier and adult years, I never doubted that I was inwardly religious—because the duties connected with a formal profession of religion, were stately attended to, and because the varied wonders of the creation were unheeded by me. My mind, from childhood, was disposed to admire and investigate the works of the Creator; intelligence upon these subjects, was sought for as its natural food; but I was, as I have stated, very far from possessing any more than the general and undefined notions of the world, upon the eternal realities discovered to us by the word of God. The foundation of my religion was built upon the sand. How unfit was such a patched craggy structure to stand against the vanities and temptations of the world; or, what rather belong to my portion—its difficulties and trials. As might be expected, when the rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon my house, it fell; and, but for the peculiar pity of the Lord, would never again have stood. He hath, at length, through much conflict, himself established me upon the rock of salvation; he hath put a new song in my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God.

In undertaking to write these experiences, I am well aware of the painful task that is before me, and if I were to consult my own feelings, I should be glad to draw a veil of oblivion over the past. But my object is to declare what God hath done for my soul; and should it prove a means of consolation to one humbled soul—a means of encouragement to one seeking soul, I shall be recompensed for overcoming my backwardness to make these statements.

I have before noticed, that my religion was slight and of unequal texture, chiefly seated in the feelings; but if, in the confusion of errors that had place in my mind, there was anything which might not be utterly condemned, it was an unfeigned admiration and love of the Lord in his works. It was in this comparatively happy but deluded state of mind, that I began the year 1816. During the course of this year, a family affliction lay with oppressive weight upon my spirits; this was succeeded by other trials, more particularly my own, and their united effects, tended to injure my health, to unsettle my mind, and to lead me into the sinful and dangerous habit of thinking which I am about to describe.

It was at the time just alluded to, of weary days and almost sleepless nights, that I first began to doubt the goodness of God, in permitting misery to abound in the world. Defenceless, and ignorant of the power of divine grace to preserve the soul, satan busily plied me with hard thoughts of God; and, in many instances, represented God as the primary cause of evil. These steps led to what I have had reason to consider, as the most prominent sin of my life; and words could not reach to describe the anguish the recollection has cost me during the course of many years. Satan having thus successfully harassed and entangled my soul, I encouraged his suggestions; or, what leaves me scarcely less guilty, I did not perseveringly resist them: accordingly, I was hurried forward on a dangerous, prohibited path. Looking back from this point upon the past, I saw, with alarm, the progress I had made in sin. I had begun in vexation of spirit to "charge God foolishly;" and now I had reached a height of mental rebellion and wretchedness, from which I could discover no possible return; and being fitted with the basest and most blasphemous thoughts of the blessed God, I began to despair of ever gaining his favour, and to look upon myself as ever the subject of satan's kingdom; and whilst under the influence of conflicting feelings, of doubt, irritation, of darkness and discontent, I DID VOLUNTARILY MAKE OVER MY SOUL TO SATAN! This was the language of my heart, "I will no longer serve God for nought; and if I am cast out of his kingdom, and sent to hell, I shall be satisfied." I did not suppose it literally in my power to dispose of my soul for ever, or to apprehend the measure of vengeance due to my iniquity; for this I knew, I must wait the sentence of the Judge; but I also knew that the law of God charges the intent for the action. And, afterwards, when I came to myself, and in deep sorrow, did desire to arise and go to my Father, I feared he would never reverse this my rebellious act, that he would withdraw from such a guilty, polluted creature, with abhorrence; and, that in his righteous displeasure, he would leave me to receive "the fruit of my doings, and to be filled with my own devices." The Lord, indeed, might justly have permitted my iniquity to prove my ruin, without any impeachment of his goodness; and it was of his pure mercy that I was not consumed, because his compassions failed not. I regarded myself as a lost creature; and was so, in fact: the declaration of our Redeemer that he "came to seek and to save that which was lost" gave me, personally, no ground for hope. I knew he was able

and willing to save sinners; but, the thought that his precious blood was shed for less sinners, not such a sinner as I was. I should here observe, that although I had once, for a few minutes, deliberately joined myself to satan, and acknowledged myself his subject, this detestable and diabolical act was soon followed by such self-loathing, and such deep stirring of remorse, as rendered existence a burdeu.

I now struggled against the inroads of satan; and, from time to time, made the most determined resolutions, often on my knees in prayer, to amend my ways; but, in the ignorance of my mind, I did not know that I had to combat with a nature radically depraved; and that, "without Christ I could do nothing;" that to change the heart, and preserve the soul from the dominion of sin, was the work our Almighty Deliverer had reserved for himself. Of course, my efforts came to nothing, and satan continued to triumph over me. I felt his fetters at all times, while engaged in my daily duty, in conversation, or when joining others in recreation. I felt his fiery darts thrown into my defenceless soul. Horrid blasphemies from within, surprised and tortured me; and, I believe, during the whole of the time above mentioned, there was not one day, or even hour, in which he did not, in this way, cruelly remind me of my wretched thralldom. At times his rage and malice were uncontrollable, so that in the words of David, I might have uttered my complaint, "The enemy hath persecuted my soul, he hath smitten my life down to the ground." From my own experience, I can understand the miserable situation of Saul, when the spirit of the Lord departed from him, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. And here I would attempt to praise my God, for his guidance and care over me, nor finally gave me over to the enemy, that lay in wait for my soul: nor did he leave me, abandoned as I considered myself, to follow, unrestrained, the devices and evil ways I had chosen; he still, in some sense, "held up my goings;" and often sent such checks of conscience, as brought me down low before him in deep contrition of soul. The walls of my chamber have witnessed my shame and sorrow: and with what earnestness I have cried unto the Lord, beseeching him to save me, to make me his child on any terms, and not to banish me for ever from himself. These prayers were offered without a Mediator; but I must think the Lord took pity on my ignorance, and was mercifully pleased to hear, and sometimes to send me a gleam of hope and comfort. These opportunities were afforded me in the intervals of my daily duty; but I was obliged to return, at stated hours, with forced severity and cheerfulness to my occupation. The concealment and deception I thought myself compelled to practice, made part of the trials of this period. While sitting with the members of the house, or others, during the times of relaxation, such thoughts as these would cross the mind: I am received as one amongst them; but how little they know me; if they could tell what has passed, and is passing in my base heart, they, and all the rest of my fellow creatures, would start from me with horror, and I should be left, like Cain, solitary and a fugitive in the earth.

The unhappy state of my body and mind during the gloomy period, caused my parents to interpose their affectionate authority; and I was obliged now, as well as at other times, to have recourse to medical advice. But I was inwardly convinced there was but one Physician understood my case, and could administer the cure, and I despaired of ever again engaging his care. Medicine could be of no use to restore me to health and peace, whilst I carried about with me the accursed thing—the hidden source of sorrow; and on these occasions, when about to begin the conference, I was ready to speak to the physician in words of similar effect to these:

"Say, canst thou administer to a mind diseased?  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?  
Raise out the written troubles of the brain?

And, with some sweet obliivious antidote,  
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?"

I was, in fact, certain that a guilty conscience lay at the threshold of my complaint; and unless he could remove that, every other means must fail. Change of scene and place were also tried; and the result shewed the futility of the experiment. What could it avail to my restoration, that the mere body should be removed from place to place, whilst my spirit remained tied and bound to the chain of sin? My friends were not quite aware that it was the hurtful action of the mind which wore away and enervated my bodily frame; but I felt powerfully the truth of David's remark, "When thou with rebukes doth chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment."

In hope of obtaining relief to my mind, I was recommended to speak with the Rev. Mr. Townsend, of Bray. I made him acquainted with the outlines of my case; but I had not courage to speak of that sin which lay so heavy at my heart; the pungent recollection of which, as it led me to despair of mercy, I doubt not, gave satan his chief advantage over me. Mr. T., in his conversation with me, led me to consider the fulness of the promises made to the greatest sinners; and, after some pious exhortation and prayer, he took his leave. But the time for my deliverance, the Lord's time, was not yet come; therefore, the help intended me by that holy man, availed me little. I was still left longer to endure those distresses of mind, the consequences of my sin. At some season of this dark and dreary period, prayer continued to attract my mental eye, as the star which was to guide me through my inward difficulties, (if ever I were enabled to overcome them). At other times, I had no hope; and feeling that "satan stood at my right hand," and that he was continually injecting blasphemies into my soul, I concluded that I must have wearied the patience of God; that he had long since given me over to a reprobate mind; that he would leave me to perish in my iniquities; and that even my prayer would be turned into sin. I acknowledged the justice of God, if he should send me to hell; indeed, I thought he could not, in justice, reserve me from it; and as I generally doubted that hell would be my portion, I prayed that, even there, I might vindicate his goodness, and be able to confess that my own deliberate and sinful steps had brought me there.

I had, all my life, been particularly anxious to guard my mind from imbibing notions of infidelity. I would never, willingly, read any book that contained sceptical opinions, however gratifying it might seem to be on other accounts. Aware that I had a perverted memory that seldom lost sight of anything evil once committed to its keeping; and now my vigilance, in this respect, was redoubled, with increased necessity. I was also desirous not to hazard general and free conversation, for fear of strengthening the sinful bias of my mind, already too prone to object and doubt, and to turn to poison whatever reached it, in that shape.

At length, the Lord was pleased to look with an eye of compassion upon me, struggling under a burden of misery and sin. In my study of the Scriptures, I met with many things that condemned me utterly, both in principle and practice; such passages as the following especially filled me with uneasiness, "If one man sin against another, the Judge shall judge him; but if a man sin against the Lord, who shall entreat for him?" "Whoever hardened himself against God, and hath prospered?" I was utterly unable to estimate the enormity of my offences. The rebellion of a despicable worm against a just and holy God! I never expected unqualified mercy; and yet I was persuaded that nothing less could reach my extraordinary crimes.

As the time of my conversion drew nigh, my earnestness in searching the Scriptures increased. I reflect, with adoration and love, upon the mercy

of the Lord, in not permitting me to slight this and other means of grace during this time. I see now it made a part of the path through which he led me, though then I saw not the arm that was afterwards so signally revealed to me.

At the moment of writing this, my spirit is overcome at the recollection of the forbearance and loving-kindness of the Lord; and the voice of thanksgiving bursts from my heart. At this time too, the Lord was pleased, occasionally, to manifest himself to the eye of my mind, as altogether lovely, as the only good worth desiring; and this sometimes accompanied with a feeble hope that I might not finally be a cast-away. The earnest desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified, occupied me incessantly; and for the assurance of being one of his true disciples, I thought I should reckon as nothing poverty, sickness, contempt, or whatever of sufferings I might be called to endure for his sake. These earnest aspirations did not subside with time, but increased to an intenseness which left me no repose. Distress, however, and perplexity, took possession of my mind, when I perceived my besetting sins gaining ground upon me, and satan's blasphemous suggestions revived with fresh strength. Again I gave up all for lost: my health gave way under the struggle; and helpless, agitated, and worn out with conflict, I came again to my father's house.

I now concluded that I was irreversibly the slave of satan; that the measure of my iniquities was full, and the judgements of a righteous and long-suffering God were about to overtake me. In the black prospect, my alarmed imagination realized insanity, perhaps suicide, and every species of horrible extreme which could befall a wretch forsaken of God, and become the defenceless victim of satan. In these most deplorable circumstances of body and spirit, I entered upon the last division of that space of time, of which I purposed, in the beginning, with the help and guidance of God's Holy Spirit, to give an account.

The most remarkable of those evidences that were conveyed to my soul, that the Lord had, through all my wanderings, "searched me out," was not shewn me at the beginning of this period of four months; for during this time, my sin was ever before me; and repeatedly have I, in these silent hours, found my way, as it were, to the mercy-seat, where, in the deepest contrition and self-abasement, prayer, similar to this, has issued from my troubled spirit: "Save me, O God, for the waters are come in even unto my soul! I stick fast in the deep mire, were no ground is. I am come into deep waters, so that the floods run over me. Thine arrows stick fast in me; my soul is full of trouble, and my life draweth nigh unto hell. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. O, give me the comfort of thy help, and establish me with thy free Spirit; then thou shalt open my lips, O Lord, and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise."

During this melancholy season, I had occasionally gleams of hope, but they were so transient, they did not relieve my soul of the burden by which it was weighed down. I ought here, perhaps, digress a little, that I may shew the ignorance of my mind, with respect to the peculiar doctrines of the gospel; and, also, my entire ignorance of those communications of the Holy Spirit, which are so exclusively the privilege and comfort of true believers. I was also ignorant that the Almighty ever exercised any other than a general government of the world; and though I knew we should be called to a strict account, even for our thoughts; yet, I never considered that, as God has the command of every heart, he might manifest himself to whom he pleased, as he did not unto the world. I mention this to shew that those operations on my mind, which, with the permission of God, I will attempt to describe, were not any of them the effect of impressions left upon the imagination, by the representations of religious people.

(To be certainly concluded next month.)

## SHORT SENTENCES

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF SOME OF THE SAINTS NOW IN GLORY.

NO. I.

[A Christian brother has kindly promised to furnish us (from time to time) with some of the choicest sentences found among the writings of the fathers. As often as they may be practicable, we shall give them to our readers.—E.D.]

THE sweetest seasons this side heaven are when the soul sinks as into nothing, before the face of God, and is absorbed in the sight of Christ and the love of the Spirit; when we feel the presence of Deity, and silently wait on him at the foot of the cross, with weeping eyes, melting affections, and bleeding hearts.

What coming and what returning sinner need despair of acceptance? No man can be worse than St. Paul was before his conversion; and no man can be worse than St. Peter was after his conversion.

The house that is built partly on a rock, and partly on sand, will fall: and the sinner who rests his hope of salvation, partly on Christ, and partly on his own good works, will be damned.

You may as well trust in the supposed merits, and pretended intercession of the Virgin Mary, or other saints departed, as trust in your own good works, prayers, or any thing you can do and suffer—either as a compensation to God's justice, for your sins, or as conducive towards your acceptance and salvation.

One moment's communion with God, is worth all the controversial volumes in the world.

The world is a nursery of elect sinners; at death God transplants them, one by one, into the garden above, and fills up their places below, with fresh succession of spiritual trees.

Death, to God's people, is but a ferry boat. Every day, and every hour, the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and returns to fetch more.

The best watchfulness I know of, is, a continued looking to, and depending on, the grace of God's Holy Spirit, from moment to moment.—TOPLADY.

My Lord Jesus is kinder to me than he ever was. It pleaseth him to dine and sup with his afflicted prisoner; the King feasteth me, and his spikenard casteth a sweet smell. Put Christ's love to the trial, and throw all your burdens upon it, and then it will appear love indeed. We employ not his love, and therefore we know it not.—Written from Aberdeen Prison by RUTHERFORD.

Divine consolations are the nearest to us when human assistance are furthest from us.—CAVE.

There goes a rumour, that I am to be banished; let it come, if God so will; the other side of the sea is my Father's ground as well as this side.

If God is with you, you will want neither company nor comfort.—RUTHERFORD.

For wolves to devour sheep is no wonder, but for sheep to devour one another is monstrous and astonishing.—FRENCH.

The weakest believer shall partake of such hidden things, such excellencies of Christ, as all the world shall never be able to dive into, reach, or comprehend.—CAUSE.

Whoever hath Christ cannot be poor: whoever wants him cannot be rich.

If Christ be not thy Jacob's staff, to guide thee to heaven—he will never be thy Jacob's ladder, to lift thee hither.

Be willing to WANT what God is not willing to give.—DYEN.

It is impossible that the true church should subsist and be supported without the shedding of blood; for her adversary, the devil, is a liar and a murderer; but the church groweth and increaseth through blood, she is sprinkled with blood, she is spoiled and bereaved of her blood; that is, when human creatures will reform the church, then it costeth blood.

—LUTHER.



## The State of the Churches—and Ministerial Communications.

SOME few of our brethren are preparing historical sketches of the churches over whom they are placed: and we live in hopes of rendering this department of the 'Vessel' more interesting than it hitherto has been. A record of Zion's afflictions and mercies, will be read with profit when we are silent in the dust.

### A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF

#### The Death of the late Peter Blake, Minister of the Gospel.

"Prospect Row, Walworth Road.

"My beloved and departed father has been known for many years as a faithful minister of the gospel of the blessed God. The Lord has been pleased to remove him home in a very sudden manner. He was taken with a bleeding of the nose about ten o'clock on Saturday morning, November 16th; it continued bleeding until he fainted away. He was taken upstairs and put to bed; the doctor was sent for, but medical aid was of no avail; his time was come; he became very much reduced, through the loss of blood, but he seemed to get better on Sunday. On Monday afternoon he became delirious; but this did not alarm the family, as they expected it, from the amazing quantity of blood he lost. He kept in this state, more or less, the remainder of Monday, and all day on Tuesday. Shortly before he died, he sang a verse of the twenty-third hymn, first book of Watts's, which was a favourite hymn of his, especially the last verse, which he often used to quote. Very shortly afterwards my mother turned away from the bed to get something off the drawers; when she turned round again, he was gone, without a sigh, struggle, or a groan—but with a smile upon his countenance. So sudden was his death, there was not time to summons his family to witness the departure of a kind and anxious father. He died on Tuesday, November the 19th, in the sixtieth year of his age; he has left a wife and eight children to mourn his loss. His remains were deposited in Nunhead Cemetery, on Wednesday, the 27th of November. His beloved friend, Mr. James Farmer, spoke over his remains from these words—'An enemy hath done this.' Mr. Moyll preached his funeral sermon from this text—'Friend, go up higher.' He preached it on Monday evening, December 2nd, at Mr. Moody's, East Lane, to a large congregation. JNO. BLAKE."

"Newington Causeway.

"A few of the leading particulars in reference to my brother Blake's ministry.

"He was one of the very many seals to the ministry of the late Mr. John Church. He was brought to hear Mr. Church preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God at Chapel Court; and was baptized by him at Horselydown; he was a constant hearer at the Old Obelisk Chapel, where our acquaintance first commenced. I will recollect his exhortations in the vestry there, at the prayer-meetings, when my lame feet began to leap for joy. There a friendship began that has never been interrupted by time nor circumstance, until my friend was 'called up higher.' We walked in friendship and union at the Surrey Tabernacle, and also at Crosby Row, until the removal, by death, of our beloved minister; when the church divided in the choice of Mr. Goodspeed. A few of the ragged regiment (who loved the whole truth and the ordinances of God's house) chose our brother to be their leader; and we opened our parlour, up a court in the carpenter's yard, Newington Causeway, where many a precious soul has been refreshed with heavenly showers; but the room soon became too strait for us; so we turned a large shop into a house of prayer; and here we continued until the lease expired. Then we had to seek another place of rest. This we found in the

little spot where our friend finished his ministerial career—let down his wings—and was gathered to his fathers; entering into the meaning of the words of the poet, which he often used to quote—

'Then safe arrives the heav'nly mariner;  
The batt'ring storms—the hurricane of life,  
All dies away in one eternal calm.'

"Of late, our dear brother has laboured under much discouragement: he never had a large flock to superintend; but as the few were removed by providence or death, there was no more came to fill up the gap, and this was a source of grief to our friend. His calling, again, used to prey on his spirit; he often said to me, 'My business is against my success in the ministry.' But here his lot was cast, and he could not move from it; through this channel, bread for himself and family came. He would often complain with Isaiah, 'Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?' So few were the attendants, at last, that the friends, with himself, determined to give up the place. But the wise Disposer of events in the church spared us the painful necessity of receiving the resignation of our beloved brother, and separating from each other in point of communion, by 'calling him up higher. In speaking to a friend on the Thursday before he died, he remarked, his faith was firm and fixed upon the Rock, Christ. JAMES FARMER."

#### Oldham Street, Manchester.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.—On Lord's Day, December 8th, Mr. Milner, from London, preached morning and evening; Mr. Palmer, minister of the place, in the afternoon. Monday evening a friendly tea party; speakers—Messrs. Bailey, Palmer, Milner, and Bloomfield, from Cheltenham. Tuesday evening, Mr. Milner; and on Thursday evening a double sermon by Mr. Bloomfield and Mr. Milner.

The above services were richly interspersed with many deep and precious God-glorifying truths, much suited, through the influence of God the Holy Ghost, to arouse, comfort, and establish the wayfaring in Zion; to unite, in oneness of effort, the energies of those who love to see the prosperity and increase of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

#### Truth Triumphant at West Ham.

"West Ham, Nov. 20, 1850.

"MR. EDITOR—One feature in your 'Earthen Vessel' I approve of much; viz., the information given of the cause of God in various places; it has encouraged me to say a little about the cause of God at West Ham. We are known to many, I think, that take your 'Vessel'; they will be glad to know how we get on. It is true we are but few; but there is one principle that seems to be predominant amongst us; that is, an earnest desire for the pure truth of God, in all its various branches. The Lord has favoured us with an honest man for the work of the ministry; and, though he feels his own weakness and inability for so important an office, yet the Lord has, and will shew to us, by signs following, that he makes use of 'weak things, to confound the mighty, that no flesh should glory in his presence.'

"As a proof that the Lord is blessing his people under his ministry, we have several additions this year. We baptised two, last Lord's Day; one of them a dear old saint, who has been a hearer under Mr. Irons for about sixteen years; and has been much opposed to baptising sermons: but when he heard Mr. Southern (our minister) preach on the subject, (when the daughter of this old saint was about being baptised,) all his prejudices were removed; and he was constrained to cast in his lot amongst us, at the sixty-sixth year of his age. What cannot the Lord do! Ah! if Joseph

Irons could experience what some of us have enjoyed in contemplating that ordinance; what it sets forth spiritually to the eye of faith; he would directly throw down his carnal weapons and become a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus!

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

As a church, we are at peace amongst ourselves.

"May the God of peace establish us more and more in the truth as it is in Jesus, and bless his own word to the conversion of sinners, and the building up of his people in their most holy faith; so that 'as a city set upon a hill,' we may be to the praise and glory of the God of all grace. Amen. J. C."

### Baptizing at Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street.

Lord's Day, November 24th, brother Foreman administered the ordinance of believer's baptism to seven females, after a sermon from John xv. 14. Observing, these words were spoken by him who spake as never man spake; they are words of eternal life, righteousness, and peace. They were a part of his last sermon, which (full of excellent things,) contained also this assertion.—"This text may be considered in a fourfold view: 1st, All true godliness consists in friendship with Christ. 2nd, What makes this friendship? 3rd, The associated blessings included. 4th, The benefits arising therefrom. Without friendship, there can be no fellowship. Abraham, the friend of God, an example of this; and our pattern, who are the spiritual seed of Abraham, and who wear the wedding garment of Christ's imputed righteousness; and which garment the natural seed of Abraham does not wear. True prayer is a token and proof of friendship. It is the workmanship of God, producing love to him, and his love and friendship begets ours. 'I called him alone and blessed him,' and so are all called, it is a mental appeal, a speaking to the soul. The dead shall hear and live. Paul and Zaccheus instances thereof. In the first alarm, the sinner tries to set the wrong right, but soon learns his inability. It is a call to fellowship, to glory, to heaven, which, when the sinner learns, he is willing and ready to be friendly. The blessings are negative, positive, comprehensive, and perpetual: including redemption from all ill, advancement to all good; pardon and peace, and all blessings; making the recipient bless in return, like David. A likeness to Bible character, proves brotherhood. A comprehensive blessing to be chosen, called, adopted, kept and preserved. Perpetual: for there is no change in the love of God; no forsaking on God's part; and that secures the perpetuity of every blessing—cannot lead to licentiousness, because 'tis free. Increase and advancement in spiritual life is also assured. All these blessings communicated, makes friends. Where the will is, there the man is, associated, chosen and made to be friends. The benefits are all the blessings connected with the death of Christ. "I have called you friends." Ye are my friends, and I shew it by laying down my life for you: yea, while, we were yet enemies, Christ died for us. "I have not called you servants," for you have peculiar teaching, to you it is given to know, while from others it is withheld: and whatsoever you want, ask for, and you shall have it. I will not leave you comfortless, I will send the comforter. Because I live, ye shall live also. I have overcome the world for you. Where I am, there shall my servants be. My command is, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. This was his farewell sermon to his ministerial disciples; their ordination sermon was preached to them on the Mount. If you are my friends, shew your love by obedience. Did the Lord command baptism? Go, teach and baptize—is not that a command? Can you separate preach and baptize? It is our business to obey, without asking a reason.

How did the apostles obey? Let them be our example; for all other practice is the spawn of popery. There are three remarkable cases recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. The Spirit sent Philip to baptize the eunuch: a vision sent Peter to baptize the household of Cornelius: and the Holy Ghost sent Ananias to baptize Paul. And they never baptized a known unbeliever. And as they did, so do we, we follow them, and by the help of God will continue to do so, asking his continued presence, and ascribing to our Triune Jehovah all the glory." W. H.

### Ministerial Communications.

WE receive, in the course of every month, a large number of letters from brethren in the ministry, labouring in different parts of the vineyard. In most of these letters there are some brief statements as regards either their trials or their mercies. We often get a little comfort in our own souls; and sometimes a little wholesome reproof, from these various epistles. We have no desire to eat these morsels alone; we are thinking of giving some of them to our readers; and commence with the following.

CORNWALL.—Brother Messer, who is preaching the gospel at Hayle and Camborne, in Cornwall, says in a recent note—

"The Camborne people are thinking about making an effort to obtain a place to meet in larger than they now occupy. Hitherto they have met in one of the member's houses, which has become too small. Last night we were so crowded, that the heat was quite overpowering. I expect to baptize on Christmas Day. Our baptistry, through a want of funds, is not yet commenced, so that we shall be obliged to go to the river, or rather the sea, which flows up a creek some five hundred yards eastward of our chapel. I have enjoyed a measure of divine influence lately, whilst exalting our glorious Christ, and hope my labour is not in vain in the Lord.

"We purpose setting apart the 31st as a day of humiliation and prayer. I hope many churches will be found throughout our Baptist Israel, uniting with us on the occasion."

KEDDINGTON.—Brother Powell, (of Keddington near Haverhill,) says—

"Through the goodness of our God we are going on well; the chapel is filled on the Lord's Day: and I believe that sinners are called by the Lord; babes are sucking from the breast of consolation, and the young men rejoicing in the Lord. We have our days of darkness, trial, and temptation, with the rest of God's family; but we dwell in peace among ourselves. I have had some sweet times in the place, and sometimes I have been shut up and could not come forth; but the Lord reigneth.

'All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my constant Friend.'

WOODBURN GREEN, BUCKS.—Young men in the ministry are apt, at times, to cry out most bitterly concerning the darkness, and usefulness for the work which they feel within. But Luther once told Melancthon that God would often leave his servants in these desponding fits, in order to prevent their trusting to, or leaning upon their own native strength, or acquired knowledge. Our esteemed brother William Wilson, after giving us a good lecture, describes his experience, position, and usefulness, in language like this. He says—

"As a church, we have great reason to be thankful for the Lord's goodness to us. Seven have been added to us since I have been here. I trust this has been of the Lord; and I do hope he may still be in the midst of us. As to myself, sometimes I feel that I cannot take another step; I think I never was in such distress of mind before, as I was last night; and this morning I felt in that state that I wished that I had never begun to preach; but to go back now, I dare not: 'he that putteth his hand to the gospel plough and looketh back, is

not fit for the kingdom of God." I cannot describe the distress of my mind at times. There appears such a solemnity in the work that makes me tremble. What the Lord is about doing with me I cannot tell, or whether I am under  *Satan's* temptation to give up the work; for verily I feel afraid that I shall one day or the other run quite away from it. Oh, that the Lord may keep me where I am, if he has called me to the work. If I tell any one my trouble, they only laugh at me; but the Lord knows my trouble, and my groaning is not hid from him. I hope the Lord will be pleased to support me under this trial. I am something like the prophets which the prophet Zechariah speaks of in the 13th chapter 4th verse, 'And it shall come to pass, in that day, that the prophets shall be ashamed every one of his vision when he hath prophesied; neither shall they wear a rough garment to deceive.' If I feel a little liberty in speaking, then after I have done, I seem to sink down into my old feelings."

### The Pastor's Address to his Spouse

ON RECEIVING HER INTO CHURCH COMMUNION.

OUR brother Searle, of Jireh Chapel, Kingsland, has sent us the following truly christian epistle. An extract from his introductory note to us will explain the occasion. He says—

"When I receive members into the church it is my custom to address each separately, and give to each a text of Scripture, to which, in answer to prayer, I may have been directed. After admission, (it may be next day,) the newly received members take tea at my house with my deacons and their wives, when I present each one with a letter of advice and counsel, concluding with the motto given. From some of them it is my happiness to receive replies which refreshes my spirit amid the toils of the vineyard.

"As it was my unspeakable privilege to receive my dear wife into the fellowship of the church, I presented her also with a letter on her admission (with nine other dear disciples); which letter I have sent you, hoping it may not be unacceptable to your readers.

"Your's in the same holy work,  
Jireh Chapel, Kingsland. J. P. SEARLE."

"Beloved wife and sister in Jesus—It has been laid upon my mind that the different position you are now called upon to sustain will fully warrant me in presenting you also (though not by me baptized,) with a token of pastoral counsel—a memorial of deep solicitude and love. Allow me, then, beloved, to tell you it is an honourable, yet an arduous position to which your Lord has now called you; and that in such a way and manner as leaves you no alternative but to acquiesce in his holy behest; and while constrained to fall before him with 'Not my will, but thine be done,' thine eye of faith is lifted in humble prayer, 'Jesus, give me peace and strength to fill the place as thine handmaidens should.' It has been and shall be my prayer; it has been, and will be the prayer of the office-bearers; yea, I am sure of every member of the church, that you may be thus helped. Then to your work, sister; led even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee, and the Almighty, who shall bless thee.' How wondrous are the ways of our God! Who would have even surmised what has come to pass, even two years ago? But how must that letter, which I gave you near fifteen years ago, seeming to whisper what God has now brought to pass, strike again the spirit chords of your days of earliest love; written, as it was too, in the ardent enthusiasm of the heart that had just heard the heaven-directed message—'Behold, I have set before thee an open door?' That thus, after years of waiting, the promise is fulfilled, which now ye see and hear. Ah! since then, my beloved, what deep sorrows have we known! What direful floods have we waded through! What vales of sad affliction passed! In pain of tribulation—trial of anguish—and bereavements bitter, we have

learned, in some little measure, a weaning from the world; 'tis thus our Lord our graces proved: and now, having wept and prayed together, he calls us to walk out together what we have learned in affliction's school. May the lessons he has taught us profit the church of God.

"Your walk, as the pastor's wife, will be marked by expectant eyes; your talk noted down. Some who turn in by the way, may mark a word spoken, sometimes even without thought, and make evil of it, yea, even of a look; and may take occasion to say, some future time, 'O! the minister's wife did so, or said so;' and thus strain at some little gnaw, to swallow down some camel of their own inconsistencies! Oh! how we need the Master's warning—'What I say unto you, I say unto all—Watch.' While, on the other hand, others fired by your example of self-denying labours, and evidenced love, will follow with holy joy, exclaiming 'We must not be behind her in any labour of faith and love.'

Every member will expect your love. The sick will look for your sympathies; the lambs will need your care; you will have occasions of speaking a word for Jesus, when I and my brethren have not. Be much in prayer. Read the book that guides in all things. Bless the Father! Adore the Lord! Honour the Spirit. Thus shalt thou be formed unto honour a vessel meet for the Master's use. May thy reward in thy work, (the love of an affectionate people) make up to you abundantly the loss of his company, who works in the vineyard, as one that must give account. May the time never come when hearts now beating with love to thee—shall e'en grow cold, but that when still united in ties of holiest affection and increased numbers of brethren and sisters in Jesus—even then, may the summons for thy departure come, to thee, sister, when thy work is done—"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

The token the Master sent thee to cheer thee on thy way, is, "Go up in peace to thy house, see, I have hearkened to thy word, and have accepted thy person."

Your affectionate husband and pastor,  
J. P. SEARLE.

### THE WONDERS OF GOD'S GRACE,

IN THE CONVERSION, CALL TO THE MINISTRY, AND LABOURS IN THE LORD'S VINEYARD, OF

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

(Continued from p. 227.)

DEAR BROTHER,—I forward you another scrap, as I have received a very touching, pressing letter from a dear friend, who lives at Cuckfield; is one of brother Arnold's members; and one of the six who formed that church. It appears that my poor labours were useful both to her, and also to her dear father. Well, what amazing grace! But to resume my history; I believe my last note closed, just when it pleased a kind, merciful, gracious God, to direct my steps to Stoke-chapel, and there to speak peace to my poor bewildered soul; hope sprang up, and although I was a little sneered at by my comrades; for refusing to join them as formerly. Yet, the Lord enabled me to keep on attending the means, whenever duty would admit; and about this time our wonder-working God, began in the mystery of his providence and grace, to work upon the mind and heart of one and another, in the regiment, so that I had a very choice companion or two—yes, five or six.

And, now, I will tell you how we managed our matters. In the season of the year, when our evening parade would not admit of our attending the evening lectures, we used to go into the fields;

and we found a very nice place, a very deep ditch, somewhat shaded by shrubs and briars, and there we used to hold a prayer-meeting; and whilst one prayed, another would stand at a gate just at hand, and watch, lest some of our comrades should pounce upon us. But, things did not continue long in this state, for the Almighty, in answer to our fervent prayer, opened a cottage for us to meet in; and the very cottage which was desired, as being so very handy to our barracks. While I, this day, recollect this token of gracious approbation, I am filled with wonder, love, and praise. I beg to say, I must depend upon the aid of the Divine Remembrancer to help me to recollect the way in which the Lord has led me these many years in the wilderness. How many! Oh, how very many have been the helps, the seasonable succours he has favoured me with, a poor, ignorant, stupid, and what is worse, vile, guilty rebel; and after all, if salvation was not all of grace, I should be lost; I should now sink into black despair! But, to return. I remember being greatly exercised in my mind about the doctrine of Election. Oh! what struggles I felt within. At length my mind was in a great measure relieved from its burden, by hearing a sermon from Psalm xxxv. 3.—“Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.” There is another event which I will just mention, as it forms an important link in the chain of unerring Providence. I mostly attended the ministry of a Mr. Davies, at Dairy-lane, Ipswich, his chapel being nearer to our barracks; but on one occasion he sprinkled an infant, and he attempted to defend his practice, which led me to reflect and search the Scriptures—for I should have told you, I had now a Bible—yes, a dear old Bible, which was given me when I left the Sunday-school, (a church school,) February 4, 1794. This dear old book I sent for; and I have just looked at the date. I had used to take it with me, or rather obtain it when on guard at the barrack-guard; and I remember, well, I had used to read it, and lay it under my head, when I laid on the guard-bed, breathing this prayer:—O Lord, I pray thee, write the contents of that blessed book in my heart; and I know, blessed be his holy name, he heard and answered my poor but fervent petition. Well, as I said, I searched, I read, I reflected, and found that the good old man's arguments, if arguments they might be called, were not bottomed upon, nor supported by divine testimony. Thus, from conviction, I became a Baptist in principle.

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

If there are wonders up to that hour, what astounding wonders were before me, which fill my soul with overwhelming surprise and adoring gratitude. Through the help of my covenant God and Christ, I was enabled to brave the scorn of the wicked, and to hold on. “See the spark in ocean live,” while billow after billow dashes over it. “He holdeth our souls in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.” Well, so it was, and I continued my noiseless course, attending every lecture I could, but this I could not do, unperceived and unnoticed by some of the poor of God's people, for of course, no respectable person (so called) would notice a poor soldier. Indeed, there was nothing in me, nor about me,

to attract their attention. “I was unknown, yet well known.” Well, Providence so ordered it, a soldier, one of our little band, whose heart I trust, God had touched, going his round to sell his lace which his friends in Northamptonshire supplied him with, brought news to our Barracks that a few people met for prayer at a village called Rushmer; that a person read a chapter, and made some remarks upon it, and that it was a very well conducted meeting, and he felt delighted and profited; and I said I would go the first evening that duty would admit; but after I had made this promise, I began to fear and shake, for the thought struck me, perhaps some one of the little company may recognize you, as having seen you at places of worship, and possibly they will ask you to pray; well, I thought I will not go, but before the time came on, my courage pressed me to keep to my promise; but whether it was a dream, or what it was, I cannot say, except it was an impression from God, that I must go, and perhaps they will ask you to pray, and possibly the man who reads, may not be there. Well, just so it turned out; go we did, and they soon called on me to pray. I did so with fear and trembling—(I am still a poor nervous creature), and after this the person who read was not there, and they called me to sit down to the table and read, I did, and made a few remarks with all the simplicity of a little child; this, my dear brethren, was the first beginning of my public speaking, and many a time since then, would I have run away and gone to Tarshish, if I could have got a ship, and had had money sufficient to have paid the fare. This was in the year, I believe 1806, but here I must finish this chapter. I remain, dear brother, yours, in Christian love,

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

(To be continued.)

## A Corner for Correspondents.

All around us lay heaps of papers. Some reproach us sharply, others write kindly. We have lived a few years in this cross-looking and crooked world; and we have learned that a good conscience and a good hope through grace are among the best of blessings this side heaven. We trust, with all our infirmities, and sorrows, we have these two; and therefore in patience we desire to possess our souls, and with much prayer to persevere unto the end—with this two-fold desire, to do all the good we can to Zion, while on the way home, and then, to hear our gracious Masters say—“Come in and dwell with me.” We shall notice as many of our communications as our time and space will allow. The others must bear with us.

The suggestion to give “A Critical and Characteristic Review of the different Persons to be found in various pulpits and pews of our Protestant Zion,”—is a very good one. A vast amount of useful information, both cautionary and comfortable, might be embodied in such a work. Whether it can be given in the Vessel; or whether it must be a distinct publication, we cannot yet decide.

A solemn and searching paper by “K. H.” on “Blessed is the Man that trusteth in the Lord, whose hope the Lord is,” and another on the third chapter of Lamentations, we reluctantly leave out this month. Our brother Harris, of Matfield Green, writes to beg that “K. H.” will favour us with many pieces. We heartily join in the prayer, but we think some of them must be published separately. The immense number of claims on our pages make us shy of long articles. Lines from “Pentonville Prison,” by J. Tooley. Con-

tinuation of the experience of James Hillman, of Bethel Chapel, Deptford. Jonah's sweet converse with his Lord, is not rejected. Letter to L. C. Brasier by brother Collis is to appear; some parts of that letter bespeak a deep acquaintance with the Christian's trials. [Almost all our Correspondents express themselves freely on the subject of Popery; but no one seems able rightly to define, either our present position, or what lies before us in the future. In every section of the church, more or less, there is trouble, poverty, coldness, divisions, and but little manifest evidence of the presence and power of the Lord our God. The church may be said to be (indirectly) inviting the Lord to visit her with the rod; the spirit now manifest, the line of conduct now pursued, never can pass unpunished. Thrice blessed will be that man whose heart is upright before the Lord; and who is, by faith, fleeing for shelter to the Rock of Ages.]

Letters from Manchester seem to bespeak, upon the whole, a better state of things, as regards the proclamation of eternal truth. We are determined, the Lord helping, to publish nothing concerning the differences existing among the friends to truth; of this, our friends in Manchester may rest assured; but if any encouraging testimony can be given of good being done, by any good man, be that good man who he may, we shall be the first to publish it. As for instance, one christian brother says, "I attend George's Road, (the late Mr. Gadsby's chapel,) and feel comfortable under Mr. Taylor's ministry: the prayer meetings there are well attended; the vestry is large, and is generally full of a Monday evening: things there seem peaceable and prosperous; above one thousand persons were in the chapel on Sunday night; they say it will seat fourteen hundred; and, to me, it appeared comfortably filled." This looks well; we are truly glad to find the seed sown by Mr. Gadsby is still growing, that it is being watered, nourished, and caused to abound. And much rejoiced should we be to know that other good men in Manchester were as successful. We do sincerely hope there is a breaking forth on the right hand and on the left, in that mighty city, for real good to Zion.

Daniel Shadwell requests us to be a little more explicit; and give the names of the parties who are doing such mischief in the churches. We shall not obey Mr. Shadwell in this particular; but we have well authenticated letters on our files, which are sufficient to convince any one of the propriety of our remarks; and if Mr. Shadwell chooses to appoint a convenient time to call upon us, he shall, please God, see the letters referred to; and Mr. S. will there learn that the minister he mentions was not even thought of in the remarks of last month. We feel grieved at the spirit of Mr. Shadwell's letter; but, for the present, we withhold any comment; further than saying, however weak our efforts may appear, our aim is to do good, in exposing error and in contending for truth.

A pamphlet, under cover, has just come to hand, entitled, "A Catholic Catechism, for the use of Protestants. By F. Silver, Minister of the everlasting Gospel." (London: H. G. Collins and J. Paul.) It is evidently a suitable tract for distribution at the present time. Instead of Romish Popes being the successors of Peter, Mr. Silver, (in several particulars,) proves them to be the direct descendants of Judas Iscariot.

Among some new works, we have one, entitled, "God's Will, the Rule of his Conduct, and the Ground of His People's Confidence; but not the Cause of Sin, either in the Wicked, or in the Righteous. The substance of Three Sermons by James Nunn." (London: Houlston and Stoneman, and Paul.) We have read this pamphlet and trembled: we think it a powerful and undeniable exposition. Objection may be made to some parts; but, to our mind, the doctrines herein contained are founded upon the Word of God. This brief notice is written with unusual caution; and under the influence of deep and solemn feelings.

Edward Smelt's letter is one of the most encouraging we have had lately. We trust the Lord will

give him a rich reward for his labours of love. We have a multitude of things to cast us down; and we often go mourning all the day long; but such cheering news from Hull as Edward sends, is often the means of raising us again. The good Lord bless thee, Edward Smelt.

G. J., (of Preston,) will find that Saul said of David, "It is told me that he dealth very subtilly," as written in 1 Samuel xxiii. 22.

Mr. Gardner's Answer to the Eight Questions we cannot decide upon. A crowd of communications quite make us giddy in our head.

We cannot answer A. Bigg's letter until we have a personal interview with him. Let him come and open his heart.

T. J. G., (of Uppingham,) furnishes some excellent suggestions as remedial measures to meet the progress of Romanism; but England is literally flooded with books, pamphlets, sermons, and suggestions: besides, we think our correspondent will find most of his suggestions have been met. Every body is up and doing now; this looks well, and we thank T. J. G.

"A Short Account of the dealings of God with my soul," by G. Wood, we desire to insert next month: but four long, large, closely-written folio pages frighten us, seeing our space is so little.

"The Savoury Dish of Eternals in the Gospel Feast, &c., by W. House, Minister of Providence Chapel, Cumberland Street, Curtain Road;" is too long for the VESSEL; but will make a useful tract some day.

"Ephraim's" (alias, our brother Aaron Miller's,) paper we thankfully acknowledge; but thirteen thick-set quarto pages of manuscript prevented its insertion this month. We hope to give it to our readers in an early number.

Brother John Epps's letter is received; but not yet examined. The Lord permitting, he shall hear from us soon.

Letter by J. Oakley, being true Christian experience, we hope to print soon.

Robert Claydon, Junr. (of Lynn) has favoured us with another of his anti-christian epistles. We know the spirit of the man; and, therefore, neither his unkind reference to Mr. Munday, nor the "pertinent remark" of his friend, have much weight with us. Our sources of information respecting the state of Lynn, have been such as we could depend upon. (Mr. Munday we know not only by report and from a little correspondence; but we cannot think Mr. M. deserving of the reproach Mr. Claydon throws upon him.) Of Zion Chapel, and its management, a tale can be told; but we wait awhile.

"A Constant Reader's" note respecting the controversy between the Jew and the Gentile, gives rise to painful feelings in our minds. We have before been informed of the public denunciations of hypocrisy: but we cannot be surprised at anything said by a man who makes it his trade both privately and publicly to condemn and slander all that in any degree approach his diocese. The third verse of the fifteenth Psalm must surely smite his conscience sometimes. James says—"Behold, the Judge standeth before the door;" and with that righteous Judge we desire ever to leave matters of this description.

The publication of "A Letter addressed to Mr. W. Skelton, by Mr. B. C. Warren, of Kingston," with "Some Remarks thereon, by Mr. Andrew Niner," could not possibly be productive of any good.

An Experimental Roll in the hand-writing of the Sussex Pluralist, signed "A Second Leprous Miriam; Letter addressed to the Manager of a Chapel, by Thomas Whittle; A valuable Answer to the "Fearing Hell" Question, by "C. J." of Frome; and other papers, are only deferred for the present.

The first No. of "The Protestant Lamp: and Anti-Popish Reviewer" was issued early in December; the second will appear (p.v.) in a day or two.

# Bible-Men :

BENNO,  
AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF PATRIARCHS, PROPHETS,  
APOSTLES, LESSER SAINTS,  
AND  
ALL WHOSE HISTORY THE WORD RECORDS.

## No. IV.

ABEL is the next Bible-Man whose history we have to consider. My desire is, that the *Vessel* might be instrumental in leading your minds up, and into, the mysteries—the holy and fruitful mysteries—contained in that Book of books, the Bible. With this desire I commenced this series of articles, headed “BIBLE-MEN;” and, with divine permission, I do hope to furnish you with some useful matters in this department of the work.

How short and how silent is the record which the Holy Ghost has given us of this man! In the space of about five short sentences the whole memoir of Abel is given; but not one syllable is written that ever escaped the lips of Abel. Let us briefly consider these sentences as they occur in the ancient and holy Word of life.

First,—“*Abel was a keeper of sheep.*”

The word “keeper” is rendered in the margin “a feeder of sheep.” In this he was a beautiful type of our Lord; he is both a keeper and a feeder of sheep. In that heavenly sermon that Christ preached just before he went over the brook Cedron, he speaks of these sheep in terms high enough to make one’s heart leap for joy. No one can question his fondness of his sheep. To his Father he says, “Thine they were, and thou gavest them me. I have given unto them the words thou gavest me; and they have received them. I pray for them, I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine. They hear my voice; they follow me; I give unto the maternal life; they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hands.”

Abel was a keeper and feeder of sheep! Christ is a keeper and feeder of sheep; and every true faithful pastor and minister of the gospel is a keeper and feeder of sheep too, as an instrument in the Lord’s hands; but we cannot keep sheep like Christ. He never let one vessel of mercy fall out of his hands, nor one chosen sheep finally stray from his fold; but we, poor pastors and under shepherds, do often lose many of our sheep. We gather them and keep them for a little while; and they are wonderfully pleased with our manner of feeding them for a time; but after a while they begin to murmur, and often run off to another fold. These things we must bear patiently. After we get through this wilderness there is to be but one fold, and that one fold to be under one Shepherd; and that Shepherd the great, the gracious, the glorious LORD JESUS CHRIST himself. Oh, what a holy day that will be for all the poor weary ministers of Christ! No more jarring church-meetings; no more unhappy tempers; no more empty seats—nor fears that soon the place will be empty altogether; no more visiting the sick, and getting well scolded because you did not come before; no more dismal times in the pulpit, nor dark times in the study.

No. All these trials, my brethren, will soon be over, and earth exchanged for heaven.

“There we shall see, and hear, and know  
All we desir’d and wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.”

I have no doubt but that the poor sheep of Christ do often get starved, and driven out of the fold, through ministers trying to make themselves appear greater men than ever the Lord designed they should be. Now I am run into this point, let me ask you if you ever read that confession that Joseph Hussey made respecting too much studying authors? I will give you his own words: they may be useful to some young minister. Joseph Hussey, in his “Epistle to the ministers,” says,—

“What cause have you to thank Christ Jesus our Lord in that he has counted you faithful, putting you into the ministry? Such of you who are poor and despised, count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations. Such of you who are learned, as to what men call learning, rejoice in this, that you have learned Christ: Christ is more learned than any, and so are they that learn of him. Though he teacheth not the arts and sciences to his ministers, yet you are ministers in better things, in things of a gospel revelation.

“How honourable a relation do you hear to the highest Lord and Potentate! what transcendent service is the service of the gospel, in which you are called to labour! and, as ministers of Christ, I am persuaded, you are not without your ministerial trials.

“The trials of the ministry are some of the greatest of trials! it is therefore a miracle that any stand. For my own part, I have sometimes been upon the brink of laying down all; nor could I find relief from learning annotators or doctors of any denomination, though no sort of interpreters, since the reformation, have escaped my view. Alas! sirs, what is Elijah’s mantle without the Lord God of Elijah! or Elisha’s staff upon the face of a dead child, without the spirit and power of Elisha?

“As my ministry was to be of Christ, and not of myself, therefore his grace hath been sufficient for me. When one temptation had blown over, another beat upon my soul. That was respecting my own insufficiency to keep off from the arminianism of my natural mind, without which all Calvinism and orthodoxy is but form and notion: I felt that the power of grace was necessary to possess and fill up in the soul all sound notions of it. Without this vital principle, all orthodoxy, or dry doctrine, is but a dead burden.

“The occasion of this mischief was owing to my labouring to varnish my faith with human testimonies; and I did it not as some do, who

think they come off well when they have quoted two or three authors; but I thought I came off poorly if I did not quote a whole string of the Fathers.

"Alas! upon search I found them deceivers, in comparison of the Scriptures themselves, like Job's summer-brooks, that deceive the thirsty traveller. And truly, brethren, having tried human testimonies as much as most of you, give me leave to say it is a very pernicious practice, and only serves to bring down the wrath of God upon unsanctified pens.

"The value of all such things vanished with me, when the Lord led me into an experimental knowledge of himself, the everlasting love of the Father, and the operations of the Spirit in my own soul. This sweetly removed the fears of my insufficiency for the ministry, and rebuked the temptation which had held me from going on in the work of Christ: taught me to keep off from arminianism, that too naturally runs through the labours of some. This also calmed the storm raised upon my mind in departing from human testimonies, and helped me to wade through difficulties where no author had ferried over."

With this good word for ministers, we must now return to Abel. The second sentence is descriptive, of his faith in the true Messiah; and of his being under the influence of true godly fear. "*Abel also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel, and to his offering.*" How ancient is the worship of God! How awful the consideration—that when there were but these two sons of fallen Adam, they both professedly came to worship God; but, now, in the days of advanced light and knowledge, thousands of thousands, never make any pretension to divine worship at all. In what manner Abel worshipped God is not said; but the spirit and power that guided him, is distinctly declared. The Holy Ghost hath, (in the Hebrews xi. 4,) in few words, given a most comprehensive testimony as regards the object and nature of Abel's worship;—the honour Jehovah put upon him—the eternal safety of his soul—and the use which the Lord designed to make of the brief, but remarkable history of this ancient patriarch. Do, my dear reader, ponder deeply these words—"*By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts: and by it, he being dead, yet speaketh.*" The name of our first parents are not enrolled among the list of true believers. "The church of God has generally," (says one,) "taken it for granted, that Adam and Eve had repentance, and faith, and salvation granted unto them:—and some have ventured to hope that our first parents,—under the influence of divine grace—instructed their children in the worship of a holy and merciful God. But no positive record of this appears. "Almighty God put no such honour on Adam as on Abel. Abel shed his blood for Christ; and is the first evangelical believer whose name is mentioned; and whose works are spoken well of." John Gill says—"It may seem strange that Adam and Eve are not mentioned (among the list in the Hebrews); this omission (he says) is not because they were not believers." Well,—we cannot tell why their names are omitted, but so it is. If they are in glory; and I must believe they are—

then this omission is, to them, of little moment now. The very fact, that Abel came to worship God at all, bespeaks a divine revelation. Offended and insulted Deity might justly have cut off all intercourse with man for ever. But, God is Love. He has bowels of mercy! He looks with compassion upon the sinful family of man; and while with sternness, He cries out, "*O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself;*" yet, immediately, he throws a heavenly cordial into the dying wound of the apparently ruined sinner—and says—"but in me, is thy help found."

Abel not only offered up a sacrifice—but "*A more excellent sacrifice.*" The Geneva Bible says, it was a *plenteous sacrifice*. A great, and a complete sacrifice. If it was so excellent and so complete, that God could find no fault with it, but accepted it, and him that brought it; then, sure we may be, that it was offered with an entire reliance upon him of whom it was said, "by that one offering, he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

But wherein laid the excellence of Abel's offering? In the first place, I have no doubt but that he was quickened in his soul by the Spirit of God:—he was deeply convinced of the ruin and wretched estate man was reduced to by the fall. I venture to believe that repenting and sorrowing Adam did tell to his sons the melancholy tale of all that took place in Eden's pleasant plains. Ah, me, what days and nights of grief must those two poor out-casts have passed through!

I feel as though I can enter a little into their distress. Like them I have fallen; I have known what it is to walk with some degree of comfort, pleasure, and confidence in the ways of the Lord, and knew not the depths of satan; knew not the deep depravity of my heart; knew not the treacherous, the enticing, the peace-destroying nature of sin. But from that little eminence I awfully fell, and became an outcast—a pest—an awful wanderer—clothed with shame—burdened with guilt; and yet saying (for a length of time,) like Ephraim, "I have loved idols, and after them I will go." Oh, how I looked back with the blackest remorse! I looked around upon my children, and wife, and desolate abode, with inexpressible heaviness of soul: and I looked forward with a fearful foreboding that hell's hottest torments must be by me endured. Fallen father Adam, did you not travail in your soul like this? Did not you look at the gates of Eden's garden, and tremble at the sight of the cherubims, and the flaming sword that there appeared to forbid any approach to Paradise again? Ah, yes! I think I see the fallen parent weeping over the low estate of his sons, and relating to them the coming in, and consequences of that deadly thing called "*transgression.*" But in the midst of this the Blessed Spirit did open the heart and the eyes of Abel. The lovely and dear dove-like Spirit of our God did take of the things of Christ and revealed them in the quickened soul of Abel; and, thus, under a feeling sense of the necessity of a sacrifice, and having confidence in the perfection of that atonement that was to be made, he took of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat, and brought his offering to the Lord.

Abel looked through his sacrifice to the sacrifice of Christ. And did not Cain? No. Had Abel

eyes differing from Cain? Yes; he had spiritual eyes; and his soul was lighted up by God the Holy Ghost; and to him a revelation was made of that covenant of grace; of that wondrous sacrifice; of that now and living way, wherein layeth all the salvation of the believing family. What an ancient and merciful inhabitant of Zion is *faith*! "By faith Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice." What did Abel offer? It was a lamb: a sweet type of Christ, the Lamb of God.

If unbelief object, and say  
That I've no sacrifice to pay;  
Faith views the Lamb from blemish free,—  
Says,—There's a sacrifice for me.

Abel's lamb was a firstling; pointing to him who is the first-born of every creature; it was a fat lamb, expressive of the beauty and fulness of Christ in his person, and in all his manifestations of grace and mercy to his people. From these considerations, my reader, these inferences may truly be drawn; and they are deserving of your deepest consideration. First. There always have been two distinct classes of persons found in the forms of worship. Can you unite with Paul, and say, "We are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh!" If this be thy character, truly thou art safe for heaven whatever evil things betide. Like Abel be you found bringing the Holy Lamb in the arms of your faith. Plead his perfect preciousness. His precious God-like power and glory, his precious, spotless, sympathising humanity, his precious humiliation and incarnation, his precious obedience, his precious bloody sweat, agony, and sufferings, his precious all-atoning blood, his precious substitutionary death, his precious raised-up body, his precious promises to poor sinners spoken, his precious intercession before his Father's throne, his precious gospel, which to you in power has come, and the precious views of him, and visits from him, which, through the Eternal Spirit, you have been favoured with. And having thus brought your sacrifice by faith; and in prayer pleaded these precious properties in the person and propitiation of our Great High Priest, wait and you'll hear him say,

"Fear not, tho' satan should thee tell,  
Thou'rt doom'd to endless fire—  
And that I cannot save from hell;  
For satan is a liar.

"If he suggests, 'altho' I can,  
I may not have a mind:'  
Poor, contrite, broken-hearted man,  
Fear not, for I am kind.

"I died that I might sinners save,  
Which proves I willing am;  
Since that they might a blessing have,  
Their curse upon me came.

"Should satan say, you have no share  
In what I died to gain;  
That you elected never were,  
But under wrath remain.

"If you the least desire now have  
To be redeem'd by me;  
Then it must be the Father gave  
That small desire to thee.

"And whom he such desires doth give,  
He never will reject;  
And surely I will such receive,  
For doubtless they're elect.

"Fear not, thou poor desponding soul,  
O thou, whose faith is small!  
But on me all thy burdens roll,  
For I will bear them all."

Of Abel I can write no more at present; but hope a little more to enlarge next month. Before me at this present moment, lays an ancient engraving by Andrew Sacchi, representing "ADAM DISCOVERING THE DEAD BODY OF ABEL;" and Cain rushing from the scene. A description of this, and reflections thereon, I shall endeavour to insert.

TRIBULATION IN LIFE—AND TRIUMPH  
IN DEATH:

**A brief Account of Mrs. Bull,**

BY THE LATE W. HUNTINGTON.

[From "Epistles of Faith; addressed to Miss Morton;" by the late Mr. Huntington, we select the following; believing many of our readers will find it a sweet cordial to their souls.—Ed.]

"MRS. BULL, who wrote the little pamphlet called *Zion's Ornaments and Offerings*, is no more. She has taken an affectionate and a final leave of all beneath the sun. *Few and evil have her days been*. I shall entertain you a little with an account of her, as I had it from her own mouth.

About ten years ago, she was provoked to jealousy by her husband's indecent familiarity with a young woman, who was at her house at supper, with whom he went from home, and continued out all night, which she judged a sufficient confirmation of her jealous suspicion.

While she lay under the raging of that cruel fire she went into Hyde Park, with an intent to dispatch herself in the Serpentine River; but was instantly rebuked, stopped, and sent back, by the application of this text, *Do thyself no harm*, Acts xvi. 28. She went home, and for some time continued low and melancholy. This being perceived, she was invited by a gentleman and his wife, to Hammersmith, for the benefit of the air.

During her stay there, I had some trouble with the rioters at Thames Ditton, and was obliged to come to London; but had an invitation to preach at Hammersmith in my way, where the gentleman at whose house Mrs. Bull was, asked me to sup and sleep at his house. The evening was spent in telling the gentleman and his wife what God had done for me: under which conversation Mrs. Bull was smitten, and effectually convinced that all beneath the sun was vanity; and, by the happiness she saw in me, she was persuaded that there was a God to be known and enjoyed. This operated on her spirits till she took to her bed, and had the advice of the faculty, who owned that her affliction lay in her mind.

In process of time her horrors abated, and she recovered, and was brought to hear me preach from this text, *The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want*; under which sermon God brought her forth to the light; and at her return home he brought this text with power to her mind, at the threshold of her door, *That thy trust may be in thy Lord I have made known to thee this day, even to thee*, Prov. xxii. 19. Here she found a better husband, who never slighted her affections,



nor took pleasure in provoking her to jealousy. Her husband and his parents had all been professors, and had taken her under the means; but when God made her a possessor of grace, matters were altered; her trials became great, and, as she was an orphan, she had none to take her part.

"She being an heiress: at the death of her father, her husband came in for all. The ready money he soon dispatched; and, after her conversion to God, he sold his life in the land estate, and sold all his furniture to a broker, who came to the lodgings, and took her bed, and all but her wearing apparel; and she was turned out into the street, until a neighbour took her in.

"The husband acted like the good man in the Proverbs, *took the bag of money with him, and returned at the time appointed*, that was, when the last mite was spent, Prov. vii. 20. Then he insisted on her selling her life in the estate, though they had a child living, which his unwearied persuasions brought her to do. He ordered her to put an hundred pounds in my hands, which I gave to my managers, for him to draw it out as he wanted it. In about eight or nine months he drew out and spent the whole of it. Thus, a freehold estate, sufficient to have kept them genteely, went for a mere song. The husband having blasphemed God to his face, burnt two of his wife's bibles, got into debt, and pawned her clothes; left her big with child, and went home to his father and mother, who live on their means at Lisson Green. A gentleman of the faculty, being related to her, took her in, and gave her bed and board, but told her that she could not lie-in there. She got a place at Mrs. Howe's, in Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, at which she was to lie-in.

"Some few days before she died, her husband came to the house in liquor, and abused the woman for harbouring his wife, and others for supporting her. The next day the poor woman took Mrs. Bull in a coach to her husband's father and mother, for them to take care of their daughter; but they pleaded poverty, and told her she could not be there, neither should she: she was therefore obliged to go back again to Mrs. Howe's.

"After this, Mr. B———sent me two letters by his son, which I here inclose to you, that you may see the infernal depths of hypocrisy that an apostate under the influence of the devil is capable of.

"On Monday night, the 17th instant, she was at Providence chapel, and came into the study, and asked me how I did. She seemed remarkable happy, which I was surprised at, as she was such an enormous size, that she must have been a burden to herself.

"On the 18th instant, at nine o'clock in the morning, she was taken in labour; and in the afternoon brought forth a daughter, and said, 'if this is labour, it is nothing to what I suffered in bringing forth my first child.' In about four hours and a half afterwards, she travelled again, and brought forth a son. Mrs. Howe perceiving her to be going, said so; she replied, 'I am going,'—and wished to speak; but the doctor, using every effort to save his kinswoman, rather interrupted her. She said to the doctor, 'The best of blessings be with you, for your goodness to me.'—'God be with you all!—Ere long I shall

be in Paradise. Give my love to Mr. Huntington, and tell him I am gone to Paradise, and he will not be long after me;' then turning round, said, 'My God! my God!'—and with a smile gave up the Ghost. *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.*

"The husband visited the corpse drunk, and wanted her clothes the first day; but never ordered her burial, nor provided for the children. The woman at whose house she died, buried her, and carried the little ones to Mary-le-Bone work-house, for which hospitable act she has been since threatened with a prosecution. So truly verified were the Scriptures—*through much tribulation she entered the kingdom of God.* But God's hand was known toward his servant, and so will his indignation toward his enemies. Surely it is an unspeakable blessing to be enabled to triumph in the jaws of death. God grant that thy end may be like hers—that when thy heart and thy flesh fail, God may be the strength of thy heart, and thy portion for ever."

### It is high time to Awake out of Sleep!

DEAR BROTHER—I feel happy to find you have launched the 'Vessel' once more; and do heartily hope (by the help of the great Master) you will be assisted and directed to steer its course round the world. I know many enemies are laying in wait to make an attack on your 'Vessel' that they might blow it up, and sink the treasure it bears. But, dear brother, fear them not; for by it many have been fed, enlivened, comforted, revived, encouraged, and strengthened; yea, very many of the distressed family of the Most High; so that it is evident that the Great Captain is crowning your efforts with his blessing.

No doubt the enemy will redouble his strength; yet fear not; the 'Vessel' is stored with such weapons that no foe can resist—no, not with all their great canons—which are mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds. And sure I am, that in the end, all who are engaged in the service of the Great Captain of the host will come off victorious.

Those who have been, and are, attentive observers of the signs of the times, may clearly see that many have been assisting the Mother of Harlots in bringing materials for raising up of Babel, which appears almost at the summit. Ignorance and blindness have prevented their discovery of what they were doing. It is high time to awake out of sleep. We have an attack made on the crown, which makes a great stir in the nation; yet it is feared few see that a more serious attack is made at the crown of the King of kings. Still "the Lord sitteth on the floods—the Lord sitteth King for ever." Let us remember our Lord's injunction—"Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." May the Lord help us to stand fast in the day of battle, having our loins girt about with truth; our lamps trimmed; and our lights burning; fearless of danger or death. Blessed be the Lord, provision is made for every soldier of the cross—all needful help, strength, and support; yea, all spiritual blessings are treasured up in Him in whom all fulness dwells. Receiving from this source, they will be able to heat down every enemy, triumph over all foes, and conquer every opposing power; darkness must flee when light ariseth, and error must make room for truth, when the glory of the Lord shall be revealed. Alas, then shall that wicked be revealed (the monster shall be discovered) whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming.

Wishing you every blessing from the Lord of both worlds, I remain,

Your's in the path of tribulation,  
Ivinghoe, January, 1851.

W. COLLYER.

## The Sin against the Holy Ghost.

THE temptation about "the unpardonable sin" is common to almost all persons that are brought to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, wrath, and ruin sin has exposed them to: I laboured long under the same. No sin of the body is that sin; no sin of uncleanness, theft, or even murder is that sin. None more unclean than Mary Magdalen, and some of the Corinthians; Onesimus was a thief, and Moses and Paul were murderers; but all them were saved. It is neither excess, idolatry, nor witchcraft, as may be seen in Manasseh, king of Israel.

The unpardonable sin, is a sin of the mind; the person that commits it must be a professor, and confessor, of the gospel. He must be a man that has been illuminated or enlightened in his understanding to know; the natural affections stirred up, which is called tasting the word of God. He must be one who has been an eye and ear witness to the power and force of God's grace and Spirit in its operations and effects on others, so as to be convinced of the reality and force of it. Nor is it a jealous envying of others, when we seem ourselves to be neglected; the nine apostles were filled with indignation against James and John, for wishing to sit at the left hand and right of Christ in his kingdom. But it is a falling finally away from Christ; not falling into sin, but falling away finally, apostatizing, so as to return no more.

There must be a HATING both God and Christ, as our Lord charges the Jews: "They have no cloak for their sin, for they have seen and hated both me and my Father." This apostate must labour to hinder the work upon others, knowingly, out of spite, which is called "doing despite to the Spirit of grace." There must be a speaking openly against Christ—and this against conviction, truth, and conscience; which is called, crucifying Christ afresh, and putting him to open shame.

The malice of the apostate must go further, in ascribing the ministry of the gospel, and the powers of it in the hearts of God's saints, to satan, and that out of malice, knowing better: and speaking against all convictions, knowingly, as the Jews, who saw our Lord's miracles, and envying him the honour, said, "This fellow casteth out devils, by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils." To which the Saviour replies: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost, hath never forgiveness, because you say, I cast out devils by Beelzebub," &c. So that you see what this sin is. If this short epistle be of any use to you, give God the praise—as for me, I am a sinner.

W. II., S. S.

Vol. xxvii., Letter xxx.

The least sight of Christ is saving; the least touch of him is healing.—*Wilson*.

## Short Sentences

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF SOME OF THE SAINTS NOW IN GLORY.

NO. II.

If thou ever sawest Christ, thou sawest him as a rock, higher than self-righteousness, satan and sin. This rock doth follow thee; and there will be a continual dropping of honey and grace, out of this rock, to satisfy thee.—*Wilcox*.

Let men be ever so great enemies to Christ, yet as soon as he sets up himself in their hearts, they will love him, serve him, and suffer for him.—*Dyer*.

I know the Sun will overcloud and eclipse, and I shall again be put to walk in the shade; but Christ must be welcome, come and go as he thinketh meet, yet his coming would be more welcome to me than his going.—*Rutherford*.

Christ is ever present in and with his people; and while he is on board, the ship cannot sink; he may indeed seem asleep, for a time, and to disregard both the vessel and the storm.—Do you awake him by prayer and supplication.—*Dr. Gifford*.

It is less injurious to Christ, to doubt even of his existence, than to doubt of his willingness to save a wounded, broken-hearted sinner.—*Ryland*.

They who act in the path of duty, and depend on the power of God, are equally safe at all times and in all circumstances, no less safe when surrounded by enraged enemies, than when encircled by kind and assiduous friends.—*Newton*.

The gospel is a sovereign plaster, but Christ's own hand must make it stick.—*Manton*.

Go to dying beds, there you will learn the true worth of deliverance from damnation, by the death of Christ. Ask some agonizing friend; he, and he alone, can tell you what a blessing it is, to have the king of terrors converted into a messenger of peace.—*Hervey*.

If I could lawfully envy any body, I should envy those that are converted to God in their youth; they escape much sin and sorrow, and resemble Jacob, who carried off the blessing betimes.—*Hervey*.

Do you ask, why were God's people elected to salvation? Why were they redeemed? Why justified, called, preserved, and sanctified? and why they shall all infallibly be glorified? The passage of St. John, is an answer to every one of these questions—"God is LOVE."—*Madan*.

Every person that sits under the sound of the gospel, should ask himself these three questions—Do I know any thing of the excellency of the gospel? Do I feel the power of it? and, do I live according to the rules of it?—*French*.

The gospel is a box of most precious ointment; by preaching it, the box is broken, and the fragrancy diffused.—*Romaine*.

It is a great mercy to enjoy the gospel of peace; but a greater to enjoy the peace of the gospel.—*Dyer*.

THE MYSTERY OF  
THE MISTRESS OF WITCHCRAFT.

"Because of the multitude of the whoredoms, of the well-favoured harlot, the mistress of witchcrafts, that selleth the nations through her whoredoms, and families through her witchcrafts." Nahum. iii. 4.

BELOVER, I should have concluded the doctrine of witchcraft to be an idle dream, had I not found it recorded in many parts of holy Scripture, the unerring word of truth. Witchcraft is not the work of God, it is of the devil, that lying, cunning, deceiving spirit, who abode not in the truth, who departed from God and truth, delighting in lies and delusion, and abiding in the lie which is his own, and is of himself. Having made himself a liar, he became the first wizard, and immediately began to practise his witchcraft, lies, and deceit, upon the woman in the garden, deceiving her in this subtle manner; viz., by telling her that she had been deceived in that which the God of truth had spoken to her. Endeavouring to change the truth of God into a lie; and vend his lies for truth, and to believe, serve, and obey the creature (the dragon) rather than the Creator. Rom. i. 25. Thus, the woman was bewitched by satan in the serpent, who was the first wizard that worked witchcraft in the human mind; and the world, ever since, hath abounded with witches and wizards in disguise, working both common and uncommon witchcraft.

Now the manner and maxims of working common witchcraft is only known to those who practice it. Seek not to know the art, lest you should be entangled in the snare of the devil. It is certain that there were such people, "who used curious arts," that is all the Holy Ghost is pleased to say on it. And when they were brought from under the power and deceit of satan, through the power of the Holy Ghost and the gospel of Christ, "they burned their books, and confessed their sins and their deeds." Acts xix. 19. Manasseh worked witchcraft, and encouraged such in his day, but was brought to repentance, and to forsake it. "He that confesseth and forsaketh his sin shall find mercy."

Witchcraft, both common, and uncommon, consisteth in depths of deception, a mental cheat, and delusion, to entice from that which is real, to that which is delusion, said to be strong delusions, that they shall believe a lie, rather than the truth of God. Eve was bewitched by the first of necromancers to leave the truth of God, and follow the lie and delusion of satan. Witchcraft and whoredom are classed together, one is a bewitching work in the flesh, the other in the mind; for the old deceiver worketh in the flesh, and fleshly mind; thus it is called "whoredom and witchcraft. When *Joram* met *Jehu*, he said is it peace? "And *Jehu* answered, what peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother *Jezebel* and her witchcrafts are so many?" 2 Kings ix. 22. This *Jezebel* was a figure of the great whore, the false church, which answereth to *Jezebel* mystical, spoken of in the book of Revelation, where her character is more clearly revealed, as a mystical spiritual witch and adulteress, though she called herself a prophetess. The Lord complaineth that she "teach, and seduce my servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed to idols." Rev. ii. 20. Thus, the great deceiver, satan, the old wizard, is one spirit

with this witch, the great whore, working in the flesh and fleshly mind, seducing some to fleshly fornication, and uncleanness, and others to spiritual fornication and error, which is witchcraft of the most deceivable kind: "With all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish." Satan, the old wizard, works in, and employs this "mistress of witchcraft," and O how anxious she is to bewitch others. She is a very fascinating, fine looking dame, said to be the "well favoured harlot." There is nothing more fascinating and bewitching, and enticing to man, and to the flesh, than a well favoured, finely dressed woman, and both the devil and the harlot, know that right well. And such is the false harlot, Church of Rome, with her external shew, enticing words, and bewitching fleshly religion. She professed to be a prophetess, and the spouse of Christ, yet she lies in the bosom of the devil, every night consulting and studying witchcraft, and deception; and is anxious to entice others into her adulterous bed. She is both a witch and a harlot, and keeps large brothels in all the nations of Europe. Her filthy bewitching ways are amazing. "Now is she without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner." Prov. vii. 12.

Now this harlot and witch, the mistress of witchcraft, is not only at Rome, she is in every street, viz., in every nation of the world, and visits every church and chapel in this, and other kingdoms; yea, you have not discovered much of her, if you have not found her in your own house, in your own heart, flesh, and fleshly mind, working in your flesh and fleshly mind, in a most deceitful, fascinating, manner. For our hearts are so deceitful, that our carnal mind cleaves to the harlot, the flesh. "And all will be deceived, whose names are not written in the book of life, for, they would, if possible, deceive the very elect;" but that is impossible. For Christ is God's first elect, and THE VERY ELECT; and his people are the elect in him. Therefore, neither satan, nor his sorcerers shall deceive the Lord Jesus, God's very elect; and God's people may be deceived for a time, but they shall not finally be deceived to death and hell, for they only stand in him.

Now the witchcraft of satan and his sorcerers, is to beguile with enticing words; to entice the soul from Christ, his love, fulness, and suffering, even as a woman is enticed from her husband; and satan employs the sorcerers, the false church and false professors in this witchery, even as Eve was enticed from God, and from her husband, to hearken to the devil, without asking counsel of her husband Adam, and so was bewitched, beguiled, and deceived. Therefore, women should consult their husbands in all things, as the church consults Christ, lest they fall into the snare of the devil; and if they have no husbands, let them consult the minister, or the deacons of the church, if in great trouble or temptation.

Paul was a faithful, honest, and sober minister of Jesus Christ, preaching the gospel in the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost, with much plainness and simplicity, shewing simply the love, union and oneness of Christ and his church, under the figure of husband and wife. And seeing the subtle workings of satan, in those legal, judaizing, bewitching, fleshly

religion teachers, he saith to the church at Corinth: "But I fear lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve, through his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity of Christ." 2 Cor. xi. 3. Wherever Paul went preaching, in the power of the Holy Ghost, and winning souls to Christ, there the old necromancer, with his enchantments, followed him hard at his heel in those beguiled, unstable, bewitching, flesh-pleasing teachers, to bewitch, beguile, and entice souls from the truth of the gospel of Christ. And this constrained Paul to cry out vehemently to the church at Galatia, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you. This only would I learn of you, received ye the Spirit, by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith? Are ye so foolish, having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?" Gal. iii. 2, 3.

Now, friends, in the above scripture, you have a plain statement of what the worst kind of witchcraft, spiritual witchcraft, is. It is the subtlety and witchcraft of satan to beguile souls, "through the cunning craft and sleight of men," legal, fleshly, religious, and false preachers and teachers, to seduce your souls from the truth of the gospel of Christ, the sufficiency of his grace, and finished work; to entice and draw you to the works of the flesh, the works of the law, (which Christ hath finished and completed); to draw and entice you from Christ and his complete and perfect work to your own dead works and imperfect doings of a vile creature, as if your righteousness and doings would commend you to the righteousness of Christ.

Now the Spirit of truth, which is the Holy Ghost, the glorifier of Jesus, he begins the work of life, repentance, faith, and love in the soul, and it comes "by hearing," not by working; and he, the Spirit of life and truth, carries the work on in the soul, until he leads you to Christ's sanctifying blood, perfect love, complete work and righteousness as your own, made over of God unto you in Christ, "Who is our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;" and being thus united to Christ, are in Christ, and with Christ, you bring forth the fruits of righteousness by virtue of life from him, and union to him. These works are from the Holy Spirit's work in you, called "The fruit of the Spirit," from your holy root, Christ Jesus, even as the branches bring forth grapes by virtue of union to the living root of the vine; and these fruits are acceptable to God, and God is glorified thereby, because he planted "the noble vine," and the Husbandman receives the fruit well pleasing in his sight. Or, if we speak of Christ and his church, under the figure of husband and wife—as the branch cannot bring forth fruit without union to the living root of the vine, so the wife—the woman—the church—cannot bring forth holy, living children, or acceptable fruit to God, only from the holy living Husband, and by virtue of union to Christ. Jesus saith, "From me is your fruit found;" "O Lord," saith the Holy Spirit-taught prophet, "thou wilt ordain peace for us, for thou also hast wrought all our works in us." And if God works all good in us, (as the old version reads) "Both the will and the deed," good works are from a principle of

life and grace in us, and must come out, and be worked out as evidences, and, as the old Bible reads, work to the end of your own salvation, viz., till saved from all evil in this vile world by "the working power of him that worketh in us mightily."

Therefore, to entice and beguile souls from Christ to their "own dead works," (Heb. vi. 1.) those whose consciences through faith are purged from dead works by the precious blood of Christ. (Heb. ix. 14.) This is right down witchcraft, deceit, and delusion. "Who hath bewitched you?" saith Paul to the Galatians. To entice souls from Christ to any thing called good, pious, or excellent in the creature, is a departure from Christ to the works of the flesh, and the works of the law, as if we could complete Christ's perfect and finished work, who hath fulfilled the law, every jot and tittle. What can this be but witchcraft? It is the subtle work of the devil in our legal hearts and fleshly minds, and in all the legal judaizing teachers, to subvert and bewitch your souls, and seduce you from the heavenly Husband—Christ Jesus the Lord. Christ's spouse in herself is a poor, but virtuous, woman; she brought nothing to her Husband when they married and set up housekeeping, and she, of herself, can bring nothing to him now. She now receives all from him, and all she gives to him comes from him; and she saith, "Of thine own have we given thee." While I give up myself and my soul to thee, as thine own, which thou hast redeemed by thine own blood—"Keep me from evil."

Ah! it is to be believed that there is abundance of what are called fruits, that Christ thinks nothing of, because they are from "the wild vine,"—"the vine of Sodom." But the spouse saith, "Let my Beloved come into his garden and eat his own most pleasant fruit." Song iv. 16. Ah! and the "strange woman,"—the witch—the sorceress—hath many children, whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is the right hand of falsehood, (Psa. cxliv. 8.) who are not Christ's offspring, begotten by the word of truth: for in the great day, notwithstanding all the many wonderful works they say they have done, and preached, and prophesied in his name, they will not be owned as his own offspring; he will say, "I never knew you; depart from me ye workers of iniquity." Matt. vii. 23.

O Beloved, as you value your souls, and desire to escape the plagues of the false church—the whore—this "mistress of witchcraft," flee from idolatry, fornication, and witchcraft, and cleave to the Lord, seek counsel of your best Beloved, who intreats you not to seek unto those who "Have familiar spirits, and to wizards who peep and mutter." Isa. xiii. 19. There are abundance of those spiritual witches and wizards in the land, and multitudes are bewitched by them.

I cannot enlarge here, as profuse communications cannot be inserted (I know) in this magazine. I have only just opened the door of this brothel and necromancer's house. Perhaps I may give more hereafter. This is an age of much "whoredom and witchcraft" of different kinds. Multitudes are "bewitched that they should not obey the truth." Some such poor bewitched creatures, who have learned to peep and mutter, sometimes peep in at our old chapel "to spy out our liberty that we have in Christ Jesus," and then go muttering away, and prating

from house to house with sad and solemn faces, sighing, and souping up the wind, "O that Garrard does not preach the law! he does not preach the precepts! he leaves us nothing to do!" Poor souls, they are bewitched, and would bewitch others. Did they know that all their doings without Christ's doings and the doings of the Spirit in them, would destroy them and damn them, they would rejoice to hear Christ's doings proclaimed among the people. Isa. xii. 4.

I must conclude with the words of Paul, "I will not dare to make mention of any thing that Christ hath not wrought by me," nor of anything that Christ hath not wrought in me. "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men." A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

### Execution of the First Martyrs of the Reformation.

(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.)

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—Seeing in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* the name of the first Martyrs of the Reformation, I thought some little account of them would be interesting to some of your readers, who have not the "History of the Reformation" to refer to. I have written out a short account of their last moments, together with Luther's beautiful lines upon their cruel death, the copy of the lines in last month's *VESSEL* not being correct. I wish more of that blessed man of God's character and experience was known than it really is.

Our dear friend and brother, James Dyer, departed this life last Saturday week. You must remember his distress and fears; he was always fearing and doubting; but, blessed be the dear Lord, he proved his faithfulness, by sweetly appearing for him a few hours previous to his death. He requested my husband might be sent for, but he died a few minutes before he got to the house. His conflicts were very great a day or two before his decease; and it is a great satisfaction to my soul that the dear Lord appeared for him, for I was much cast down upon his account, seeing it pleased the Lord to keep him very low, which he often lamented to me and many others.

• That the Lord may bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you, is the sincere desire of my soul, in which my husband truly joins. Your's in christian love,  
MARIA MINIFFE.

Cheap Street, Sherborne, Jan. 22, 1851.

"WE DESIRE TO DIE FOR THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST."

In October, 1522, the storm that had been brewing burst upon them. Three young monks, Henry Voes, John Esch, and Lambert Thorn, eluded, for a time, the vigilance of the Inquisitors, &c.

Esch, Voes, and Lambert, being discovered at last, were thrown into chains, and taken to Brussels. Egmondanus, Hochshaten, and some other Inquisitors summoned them before them. "Retract," said Hochshaten, "your assertion that the priest has no power to forgive sins; and that that power belongs to God alone." He proceeded to enumerate all the other evangelical doctrines; and these, likewise, he summoned them to abjure. "No, we will not retract anything!" exclaimed Esch and Voes firmly. "We will not abjure the Word of God; we would rather die for the faith." The Inquisitor, "Admit that you have been seduced by Luther." The young Augustians, "As the Apostles were seduced by Jesus Christ." The Inquisitors, "We declare you to be heretics, worthy to be burned alive; and we deliver you over to the secular arm." Lambert uttered not a word; he was overwhelmed with, or by, the dread of death, and unbinged by anguish and doubt; "Give me four days," said he with a half choking voice. On the expiration of this delay, Esch and Voes were solemnly deposed from the

priesthood, and delivered over to the council of the Governante of the Netherlands. After which, the Council transferred them, in manacles, to the executioner, Roelstraten, and three other Inquisitors accompanied them to the stake.

On arriving at the pile, the young martyrs calmly contemplated it; their constancy, their piety, and their youth extorting tears from their very Inquisitors. On their being tied up, the confessors drew near, saying, "We ask you once more, will you receive the christian faith?" The martyrs, "We believe in the christian church, but not in your church." Half-an-hour elapsed; their persecutors hesitated; hoping that the immediate prospect of so frightful a death would intimidate these young men; but they, remaining alone at peace, amid the restless crowd that covered the place, sang Psalms aloud; pausing at intervals, that they might courageously say to each other, "We desire to die for the name of Jesus Christ."

"Be converted! be converted!" shouted the Inquisitors, "otherwise you will die in the delusion of the devil." "No!" replied the martyrs, "We shall die as christians, and for the truth of the gospel."

The pile was then kindled. As the flame slowly rose, divine peace filled their hearts, and one of them even said, "It seems to me like roses." The dread hour was come; death was at hand; both martyrs cried with strong voices, "Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon us!" They then began to say over the creed in a grave tone. The flames reached them at last; but they consumed the cords that attached the martyrs to the stake before quite depriving them of the breath of life; one of them availed himself of this freedom to drop upon his knees amid the fire, and thus worshipping his Master, he exclaimed at the same time, joining his hands, "Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon us!" The fire enveloped their bodies; they sang aloud the *Te Deum Laudamus*; their voices were soon stifled by the flames; and all that remained of them was ashes.

This execution occupied four hours; it was on the 1st of July, 1523, that the first martyrs of the Reformation thus gave their lives for the gospel.

All right thinking persons were horror-struck when they heard of it; they trembled for the future. "The work of the hangman is begun," said Erasmus. "At length," exclaimed Luther, "Jesus Christ obtains some fruit from our preaching, and is creating new martyrs."

But whatever gratification Luther experienced from the faithfulness of those two young christians, was marred by thoughts about Lambert, who was the most learned of the three, and had succeeded Probst, as preacher at Antwerp; his mind could find no rest while in prison; he was alarmed at the prospect of death; but still more so by his conscience ever reproaching him with his cowardice, and urging him to confess the gospel. He was, ere long, delivered from those fears, boldly avowed the truth, and died like his brethren. "Your bonds are my bonds," wrote to him Luther; "Your dungeons my dungeons; your stakes my stakes; we are all with you, and Jesus Christ is at our head!" He then celebrated the death of these young monks in a beautiful hymn; and soon throughout Germany, and the Netherlands, alike in the towns and landward districts, notes might be heard diffusing every where an enthusiastic feeling in favor of the faith of those martyrs.

"No! no! their ashes are not lost,  
But blown about from coast to coast,  
They're sown in every land;  
And soldiers from that seed shall rise,  
Who death and dungeons shall despise,  
To Christ a faithful band.

"When satan sends forth fire and sword,  
To stop the preaching of the word,  
His cause he then betrays;  
Far further than man's breath can reach,  
Each martyrdom the truth will teach,  
And sound the Saviour's praise."—LUTHER

## COMMUNINGS OF A PASTOR AND FRIENDS.—No. I.

## A SURVEY OF THE CRISIS ; OR, WHAT IS TO BE DONE ?

MARTHA CAREFUL. As we are now met an hour with our pastor, our communings will be profitable I hope.

Mary Fearful. O, I hope so. And may I ask dear pastor's views respecting the present state of the church ?

Joseph Lions. By all means, sister Fearful, for Zion is most fearfully under the cloud. Alas, I verily believe Popish fires will soon be lit again by the devilish Jesuits.

Titus Positive. Well, really ! for twenty-five years have you been frightening the lambs about the horrors of Popery. Come, cheer up brother, there will be nothing the matter ; 'tis only a squabble between two state establishments—let them alone.

Joseph. Are you mad, man ? I should be easily persuaded you are some Anabaptist Jesuit. I say, Zion is under an awfully dreadful, tremendous cloud.

Mary. So I fear. I do indeed, my friends.

Martha. Let our respected pastor speak, that's dear friends. Do you think, sir, God's people will be burnt again ?

Pastor. That, indeed, is impossible to say. I certainly have not the terror of our friend Joseph. I have no doubt there is a greater feeling of true opposition to Popery in our honored country than was expected by either Protestants or Papists. At the same time, the present aggression of the Romanists, teach us the unaltering nature of the Romish cause, of their sleepless vigilance, and the necessity of serious, wise, and united efforts to withstand them.

Titus. O, sir, let us be quiet, say I. Perhaps the Papists will beat our semi-popish establishment—then the Church will be separated from the State—then—

Joseph. Eggegious blockhead that you are, I could almost—

Mary. Friend, Joseph, Joseph ! do leave Titus to our Pastor.

Pastor. You think, Titus, it would be time enough to use our efforts after Rome had beat—do you ?

Titus. That I do, for I would not petition earthly powers on our religious concerns. Care for none of them, but do all you can to separate Church and State, say I.

Pastor. There is a want of principle in this your talk. You petition Parliament for the separation of Church and State, and very wisely so. You also petition for the removal of the obnoxious church rates, and very properly too. But this was petitioning earthly powers on—

Titus. To be sure I did, for they are great evils and not essentially religious. Religion would be honored more without them ; and 'tis government's province to provide against one sect injuring others.

Pastor. Just so : and on this principle we should enlighten and encourage our government in every proper manner to provide against injuries, deadly injuries, in every way possible, essential, not to religion, but essential to the full development of Popery.

Titus. But how could they do this ? Would you have them persecuted ?

Joseph. Aye, to be sure ; if sending every foreigner of them out of our country, and stopping at once, under heavy penalties, all their blasphemous fopperies and mummeries, is persecution, I would persecute them. Aye, and every one that had the mark of the beast in either head, or hand, as well. For the cursed Papists are, politically, rebels and traitors against our civil and religious liberties—morally, they are enemies of domestic virtue and home comfort—and religiously, they are blasphemous anti-christs.

Pastor. They are all this. But in this honored

land, liberty of conscience in the worship of God is the right and privilege of all. And—

Titus. Excuse me, but my mind is—if we seek to curtail the liberty of the Romanists next Parliament, we deserve to have our liberties cut by the following Parliament.

Joseph. Bar ! Bar ! I really haven't patience to hear such a blockhead—all this, when I have heard there is coming three millions, four millions of Papists, all armed, to murder the Protestants of this land at the Exhibition ! Mercy deliver us ! what a dreadful cloud we are all under !

Pastor. Let us be kept to the point. Popery is as much political as it is any thing else. Yet, as far as is needful for them to meet for their professed worship, the choice of ministers, use of their own chapels and ceremonies, educating their children, as far as they injure no one, let them have their liberty ; we ourselves have, but not an iota beyond this. Beyond this, it is needful for Government to interpose their power, not to persecute the Papists, but to take care they do not as rebels, thieves, deceivers, seducers, murderers, liars, injure us.

Joseph. That's right : and the only way is to send them all back again. Cursed traitors !

Titus. I am not convinced. But I see, pastor, by allowing them this far, they are equal with us, and you would only beyond this put them under the check of the law.

Pastor. Popery certainly stands alone among the sects professing Christianity. It is the most deadly, deceitful, ensnaring, and vile. And certainly in studying it the more closely, which the late aggression has called the nation to do, many upright, deep-thinking men are for the first time deeply cogitating the principle, "whether Popery OUGHT OR CAN BE TOLERATED AT ALL in a free country ?"

Joseph. All honour to such men. May the Lord open their slowly developing perceptions.

Pastor. I certainly entertain serious thoughts, which I never entertained before. But as a matter of Government, it is clear to the great portion of the present generation of our fellow-subjects, that it is our duty to urge, and the Government's to be induced, to save the kingdom from the degrading oppression, the immoral practices, and the defrauding cheats of the Romanists, being allowed with impunity ; just as we interfered to prevent the Hindoos from burning their wives and drowning their children.

Titus. I can't admit I am convinced yet. But what efforts are to be made by us ?

Pastor. Papists are responsible to God, to render unto him the things that are God's : they must not be interfered with in this any more than ourselves ; they, we, all, demand "Liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties."

Mary. Let me see—Ah ! I perceive. You would grant liberty to know, think, believe, and utter. Well, these would not be taking away right liberty, in confining them to the use of that ; and surely there could be no danger in their being so allowed on an equality with ourselves, having, and using, the same liberty, with them equally.

Titus. There's something in this truly. But I am not convinced exactly yet ; for—

Joseph. My heart ! what a jolterhead ! who ever expected to convince a Titus Positive ? Are they not always wiser than seven men that could—

Martha. Never mind friends. Joseph is too warm. I am glad he is not the Pope. Well sir, but what if the Papists are found to be using this liberty we give them, as I believe they will all they can, to entice our daughters to their beastly nunneries, undermine the liberties of this nation, and hasten the time when they would massacre our husbands and sons !

Pastor. I was going to say, leaving them to their responsibility to God, we should see that they be held in such check by law, and be made to render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's; and when under the garb of their religion, or any other garb, they act against the monarch, the laws, our liberties, our persons, or our properties, that they at once be dealt with as evil doers; the same as any other thief, swindler, debauchee, murderer, or perjurer, would be treated, whether baptist, independent, &c.

Titus. Well, I see your principles. I can't say I am clearly convinced yet; but what are the efforts you would have the church of the Lord use in this solemn crisis?

Pastor. The same, my friend, we should use as christians and citizens on other national affairs. As the former, carry it with all solemnity to the throne of grace, and we shall find other things which require removing as well as Popery from Rome; and also to petition, at once, the Parliament to make it beyond a doubt that Papists—(1st.) Must have no hierarchy in this country, which in spirit or letter, is founded on, or is for the purpose of, spreading the supremacy of the Pope, or any foreign priest or prince in themselves. And that all agents of such a foreign assuming TERRITORIAL POWER be sent out of the realm, or give up his illegal pretensions. (2nd.) Must have no secret asylums for lust, which so called convents or nunneries are; but have them open to their inmates to leave when they like: and their friends to converse with them uncontrolled, and free to legal, honest inspection also. (3rd.) Must have no unclean use of the convent, or of the confessional, which Papist priests so awfully abuse, without that severe punishment which falls on other debauched wretches. (4th.) Must have no wills allowed, which, being made on death-beds under the priests' eye, defrauds the relatives in favor of Popish priests, or Popish establishments. (5.) Must not go at large unless they satisfy the authorities that they are not under oath, and do not believe themselves conscientiously bound to pay a higher allegiance to the Pope than to our Queen; and, consequently, will not seek to undermine our civil or religious liberties.

Mary. Well, fearful as I am, let Parliament do this, and then keep them to this point, I trust we shall be safe. And all this can be done, you see, friends, without touching their religion, properly so called, at all.

Martha. I see. It only provides that an infamous sect whose principles lead to robbery, cheating, immorality, and treason, should be under legal check.

Pastor. And a sixth important point we must not omit to urge, equally with the rest, namely—THE WITHDRAWMENT OF EVERY PARTING OF ENDOWMENT, PENSION, SALARY, OR EMOLUMENT GIVEN HITHERTO OUT OF THE PUBLIC PURSE.

Mary, Martha, Joseph, and Titus, all. Most certainly. Most certainly. Oh! yes. Let all our churches, and all parishes now PETITION—PETITION—PETITION for these six points.

Pastor. I must now leave you.

Mary. When shall we meet again? In a few days?

Pastor. I hope to meet you. For after all, Popery is not our worst foe to us at present.

Martha. Well, dear pastor. Let us appoint an evening to commune with friends on the worst foes to the church at the present time. It may be profitable.

Pastor. I agree. Until then, farewell. I go to prepare a Petition for every male of my friends and congregation; and another for the females of my friends and congregation, above the age of sixteen years; and I hope every congregation will have them; for the females are especially degraded by the Popish system.

A PASTOR IN THE WEST.

February, 1851.

## THE SPIRITUAL WARRIOR'S SWORD.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—I feel assured that you will rejoice with me in knowing that God has been graciously pleased to confer honour upon a worthless worm while attempting, in his fear and favour, to wield the warrior's sword; viz., the word of truth, which is the sword of the Spirit.

You will perceive, by the enclosed letters and sermon, that I have been called upon to contend against the principles of Infidelity. And having been earnestly solicited to publish the sermon by many who firmly believe that much good has already been experienced by those that heard the Word preached, and that much more would be accomplished, (by the accompanying blessing of the Lord,) by its being widely circulated through the press; I doubt not, my brother, but you will readily and gladly assist, in carrying out the wishes of the lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus. I, therefore, would suggest the propriety of publishing the sermon\* in the "Bible Preacher," and the following statement in the "Earthen Vessel."

May you and all the dear servants of our adorable Immanuel, be helped to preach the gospel of Christ, with growing boldness, increased earnestness, and abundant success. Wishing you the constant realisation of the Master's presence,

I remain, dear brother, your's in Him,

JOHN STENSON.

### THE STATEMENT.

ON Thursday, the 19th of September, I received the following note, or notice, the envelope bearing the post mark, "Paddington."

"September 18th, 1850.

"Sir—I beg to present you with a copy of the 'Logic of Death,' which you will please to accept, and be kind enough to read it over, and if you can, to answer it. Refute its errors, for by so doing, you will act a nobler part than by burning it. He who would burn a book he could not answer, would perhaps, if he lived in a more barbarous age, not hesitate to consign its author to a similar fate.

"Hoping however, you may see the error of your ways, and that you may yet be brought to a knowledge of the truth, is the sincere desire of your well-wisher, J. W.,

Late a Sunday-school teacher.

"P. S.—I am an Infidel, and will attend your chapel, next Sunday evening, when I shall be glad to hear anything against my principles or opinions."

The Lord having powerfully impressed my mind with the importance of the matter, and necessity being laid upon me, after fervent supplication to the throne of heavenly grace, for divine assistance, I became perfectly satisfied that my path was made plain, by the hearer and answerer of prayer. Accordingly, on the ensuing Lord's Day I was helped of the Holy Ghost to preach the sermon which is herewith forwarded to you. And of which, not a word was written by me, or for me, until three weeks after its delivery; my mind, during that time, not being fully satisfied as to the expediency of publishing it. Believing the Holy Ghost has been my remembrancer, as well as my teacher, I am comforted in the solemn conviction, that not a single important idea, advanced on the occasion is omitted from the enclosed sermon. I make this statement in no vain boasting, but in humble acknowledgment of the helping hand of my covenant God and Father—

"Who doth all needed strength supply,

"When fainting, at his feet I lie."

I must just add, that through excitement of mind, and exertion of body, I was unable the next day to leave my bed. All my strength seemed exhausted,

\* The sermon is published by Houlston and Stoneinan, in No. 13 of "The Bible Preacher," and is entitled "Infidelity Exposed and Truth Exhibited."

and my every power appeared prostrate in the dust. However, I was much refreshed in the afternoon, by the following encouraging testimonial, which was sent me by one quite unknown to me :

"14, Holywell Street, Westminster.  
"Dear brother in the Lord : I am a stranger to yourself, though not, (I trust,) to your beloved Master. As he is my friend and Saviour, so, I trust he is yours. I have to rejoice in the belief that I (however unworthy) am one of his redeemed and saved people, a child of God, by grace, and a member of the heavenly family. Praise the Lord ! And as apologies and ceremonies cannot be requisite between those of the Lord's people who have been led to see that there is only one Head, and all they are brethren, I gladly dispense with them in this instance, as an intolerable burden imposed by the pride of man ; and write to you as a brother beloved, for the Lord's sake sympathizing with you in satan's late attempt to disturb your peace.

"Neither myself nor my beloved wife being very well last evening, we thought a short walk might do us good, so, instead of attending our accustomed place of worship, we came to Carmel. Nor were we sorry, at the close of the service, for so doing, seeing it was quite a refreshing season to us both, and we felt ourselves well repaid for our visit. Three things were particularly impressed on our minds.

"I. The apparent holy indignation felt by the preacher towards the great enemy of God and man, viz., infidelity, the diabolical offspring of creature reason. And should not the indignation of a child of God be roused, when the very being of the father of that child is denied ; and the followers of Jesus branded with all the opprobrium that a devilish mind can vomit forth ? I verily tremble for professors when I see how unmolested this many-headed monster is, in subjugating the world to his God-debasing sceptre. And they, poor souls, are idly dreaming, that by the means of their varied societies, christianity is rapidly (in the hands of its college-bred advocates) overcoming the prejudices of the world, and subjecting them to Jesus. How delusive ! Where is the text of Scripture to warrant such hopes ? I find none. Many are there which predict a reign of infidelity, hidden under a profession of religion. The devil seeks to hide his cloven foot, by shrouding himself in a garment of light, and this effectually deceives a blinded world, nay, almost the very elect. But, bless God, not quite. For it is not destruction to the saint to be 'almost' deceived ; any more than it is salvation to the sinner to be 'almost' a christian. No, no. God's elect will not, cannot be finally deceived, for he will deal with them as with the Psalmist, draw them into his sanctuary, and shew them the end of things. *Psa. lxxiii. 17.*

"I would not spend much time in arguing with infidels, for simple preaching of the gospel is the appointed means for turning a sinner from the error of his ways. Infidelity is fearfully increasing ; but when the Lord is pleased he will cause it to cease. Be not over solicitous, then, of banishing it from the earth ; that is God's work ; but seek strenuously to build up the church by a faithful exhibition of the gospel of the grace of God.

"II. We were favourably impressed with the preacher's apparent forgetfulness of self in his desire to exalt his God. Oh ! how many preach only themselves, and not Christ Jesus the Lord !

"III. Our third impression was that the preacher knew what he was about ; that he had been with Jesus, who had taught him what the gospel is, and what its best evidence. As the Corinthians might know who Paul was by what he had done among them, so believers know the gospel is true by what it has wrought in them. Give not place, no, not for a moment, to infidelity, but proclaim the gospel in all its freeness, fulness, and certainty to all such as shall be eternally saved.

"I heard you preach about two years ago ; I was then an arminian, and sneered ; but I bless God I have been taught better by the Lord himself. Take courage, then, and go forward in the strength of

the Lord. And may he bless your ministry, in the prayer of

"Sept, 23, 1850. "Your's in Jesus, F. MILLS."

After this, I received the following remarkable account, relating to this matter :—

"London, Oct. 4, 1850.  
"Dear Sir—I know your kindness will forgive the liberty I have assumed in addressing these few lines to you ; my motive is entirely pure. The benefit I have received by your ministry demands my sympathy and prayer, that your health may be established, and that as a voice for Christ, your valuable labours in his church may be continued, and crowned with abundant success.

"A short time previous to your receiving the 'Logic of Death,' I was informed by a youth that was aware that I came to your chapel, of the intention of him and his companion to furnish you with one of those copies. It has done my heart good to hear from a friend of mine the noble defence of the truth from your pulpit on the occasion, at which the author of my communication was present to hear ; but now—alas ! alas !—I have a solemn statement to add, of which I wish you to be in possession. It hath pleased Almighty God, that the poor companion of this youth SINCE THEN, should sicken and die, firmly maintaining those awful principles which makes one tremble to think of. The youth is gone to follow his poor companion to the grave this afternoon.

'There is no room for mirth, nor  
Trifling here, if life so soon be gone.'

"Excuse me adding my name, and believe me to be, respectfully, your's in the best of bonds,  
"A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE."

Surely the hand of the Lord is in all these things ! Well has Ambrose Serle expressed the feelings which now fill my wondering soul, in the following lines :—

"Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design,  
Are framed upon thy throne above ;  
And ev'ry dark and bending line  
Meets in the centre of thy love.

"With feeble light, almost obscure,  
Poor mortals thy arrangements view ;  
Not knowing that the least are sure,  
And the mysterious just and true.

"Great God, my soul would daily learn  
To lay her reason at thy throne ;  
Too weak thy secrets to discern,  
I'll trust thee for my guide alone."

That the Lord may widely extend the blessings of his kingdom, and prosper every effort of righteousness, to make known unto the sons of men the salvation of God is the constant desire of my heart. Even so. Amen.  
Chelsea. JOHN STENSON.

### Faith, Hope, and Patience.

[The following lines were composed by a servant maid, nearly a century since.]

SAYS Faith, "Look yonder—see the crown  
Laid up in heav'n above ;"  
SAYS Hope, "Anon it shall be mine ;"  
"I long to wear't," says Love.

Desire saith, "What ! is there my crown ?  
Then to that place I'll flee ;  
I cannot bear a longer stay,  
My rest I fain would see !"

"But stay," says Patience, "wait awhile—  
The crown's for those that fight :  
The prize for those that run the race  
By faith, and not by sight."

Thus Faith doth take a pleasing view—  
Hope waits—Love sits and sings—  
Desire she flutters to be gone—  
But Patience clips her wings.



## The Prey taken from the Mighty.

(Continued from p. 17.)

I CAN confidently say, that I never, in my life, conversed upon the experience of believers; I knew of no such thing: in the pride and ignorance of my mind, I should have treated all remarkable attestations of a religious nature as a delusion. I was, as I have said, more than commonly ignorant of the system of the gospel; not one, I believe, of its particular and vital truths had, as yet, reached my understanding; although I had long been in the way to edification from the best ministerial teaching; and others, with whom I associated, had been confirmed and strengthened in the faith by the same means to which I had access: yet, to me, the gospel was still a strange thing. I had not even learned to any effect, the first great truth, viz., that all mankind are born into the natural world children of wrath; and that unless "born again" of the Spirit, they must remain, to all eternity, heirs of wrath; but that God had devised means whereby our fallen race might be regenerated, and become children of grace, and his otherwise eternally banished ones, brought home, and made heirs of his kingdom.

But, now, the Lord was about to teach me, by the operations of his Holy Spirit, that which I had failed to learn heretofore: he was about to call me out of darkness, and out of the shadow of death, to manifest himself a "God mighty to save;" with his own right hand, to open the prison doors, and to deliver my soul which had long been shut up in the hand of the enemy, and fast bound in misery and in iron. But, before I enter upon that part of my subject which describes my deliverance from spiritual bondage, I would remind any one whose heart is as unprepared as mine had hitherto been, (consequently, unable to receive what I am about to offer,) of the different manner in which the Lord has been pleased, from time to time, to visit the objects of his pardoning mercy. What analogy do the means employed in the conversion of St. Paul, who continued upon earth many years preaching that faith which once he destroyed, bear to that of the thief on the cross, who was converted in his expiring agonies, and whose soul departed almost immediately, to meet his Lord in Paradise? Or, what resemblance is there between the awful and sudden visitation upon the soul of the Jailor, to that of "Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended to the things which were spoken by Paul?" or any of these, to the Ethiopian who was converted whilst reading in his chariot? In all these instances, the effect was equally life from the dead, the external circumstances only different. Contemplating these, and other examples in which divine love has triumphed in reducing the stout-hearted to bow to the sceptre of grace, we may exclaim, What hath God wrought? God has engaged that all his children shall be taught of him; and certain it is, that, in all such, "the Spirit of God beareth witness with their spirits that they ARE the children of God." If this counsel, or this work, be of man, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, it cannot be overthrown. Perhaps the reason why such and such means are employed, is one of those secret things which belong to God: he has shewn us his exclusive right in that saying, "Behold all souls are mine." Is

it not lawful for me to do what I like with my own? Our Saviour has taught us to refer all the apparent inequalities of our present state, implicitly to his faithfulness and love. "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." When that hereafter comes, when faith shall be sweetly lost in sight, the things that shall be revealed, will convince our perfected faculties, that all has worked together for our good: there we shall see there has been nothing to arraign, but everything to adore; that God's ways are equal, and our's unequal.

At the time before alluded to, of returning to my home, I expressed a wish to my sisters, to speak to Mr. B.; but, afterwards added, "perhaps I had better not; for, if I should not avail myself of his instructions, it would only leave me more accountable;" and thus I waited for the present; but, on the following Sunday, Mr. B., from the pulpit, expressed his readiness in the congregation, to give further instruction to those who desired it, than he was able to give them from that place. My hearted seized this opportunity, and said, "I will go—I will not let this opportunity escape." But during the little time that elapsed, I became again reluctant: thus I was hesitating between contrary inclinations, till my doubts and fears gave way to my earnest desire of going; or rather, the pity of Christ prevailed over the wiles of the devil; and I was led to receive, in the right season, that edification and help that my soul so much needed. Mr. B. began his instructions by reading and explaining that part of the 3rd chapter of John, which treats of our Lord's conference with Nicodemus; and now, for the first time, I had a distant idea that a great spiritual change must be undergone by all, before they are removed from the world, or they could not be translated to the regions of glory. Mr. B. concluded, by exhorting me to pray that I might be brought to Christ, cost what it might. I have reason to say, that this visit was a means of blessing to me.

My mind, however, continued to be the seat of inquietude; a thick gloom often rested on my spirit: and sometimes the anguish within was hardly supportable,—after this, some days of mixed tranquility and conflict followed. The experience of the 9th January, 1826, was extremely powerful. The preceding was Sunday, and part of the 95th Psalm was sung in the service: a portion of this Psalm riveted my attention—it seemed to point at me, and to picture my perverse and ungrateful course of life.

"They ne'er will tread my righteous path,  
Therefore, to them is settled wrath;  
Since they despise my rest, I swear  
That they shall never enter there."

I concluded that, in the righteous displeasure of God, his threatenings would be fulfilled in me. Afflicted and tempest-tossed, I entered upon the above-mentioned day, (Monday);—I had never then, I think, more powerfully felt the temptations and oppositions of the powers of darkness. I was alone the greatest part of the morning, and passed it, though little disposed to do so, in prayer. In the middle of the day, such a sweet, I might say, holy calm succeeded, that that precious promise, "peace shall flow into thy soul like a river," was strongly experienced by me. Never could there have been a more astonishing

thing : it brought to my mind, Christ in the days of his flesh, stilling the tempest with a word. I then began to hope I might yet enter the saints' rest. During the succeeding fortnight, my feet seemed to rest upon a solid ground of hope ; but, I was again buried in the depths of despondency, and seemed cast away for ever from the sight of his eyes. Oh, what great troubles and adversities hast thou shewed me ; yet didst thou turn and refresh me ! My peace, false peace, giving way, I made the promise of a new heart and a new spirit, the object of my supplications ; but, oh ! I was soon frightened with a view of the hidden evils of my heart ; every sin of my life was brought before my agonizing imagination : foremost stood that chief, that fatal sin, which I had so long dreaded would sink me into perdition. I implored the mercy of God and my Redeemer : satan suggested that my ruin was irrevocable ; that my other sins might be blotted out, but that never could. I prayed to my Maker to appoint my doom—death appeared to me a most welcome escape from the horrors I endured. I meditated a means of destruction ; but, all glory be to God, he was not so far withdrawn from me ; and though I thought he was regardless of my cry, he was ever mindful of me : " He was about my path, and about my bed." This appalling night will never be forgotten by me ; nor did its terrors end with the night. At every instant of the next day I expected to be taken from the earth, and cast into the dungeon of hell. In the middle of this day, I went into my room and sat down to read my Bible, casting my eyes on the description of one of his miracles of healing a spiritual disease, the name of Jesus called forth the most heartfelt emotions of contrition and love ; I knelt down and offered up what I thought would be my last prayer—it was for the interest of Christ's kingdom on earth ; and that many might be led to inherit that rest which I had forfeited. The evening closed in, and my soul was still beset with horrors. In the hope of composing me, I was recommended to retire early : before I laid down I implored Christ, that he would restrain the fury of satan, that I might obtain a little repose ; my worn-out body now sank into insensibility to awake, shortly, to a renewal of the agonizing conflict. May the blessed Spirit of God guide me, whilst, in his holy fear, I endeavour to depict the accumulating horrors of the succeeding two hours : all that had gone before seemed but as steps to that terrifying crisis. Faint, breathless, and overwhelmed with a weight of horror, my prayers were still groaned forth to the God of my life. I implored him to rescue me from the horrible pit : in his almighty power, to restrain the rage of satan, to appoint me temporal judgments, and not to banish me for ever from his presence ; not to lengthen out my torments on earth, but to look upon me, to bring me to his service, and to the joy of his salvation. During this paroxysm of distress I felt inwardly seized upon, and hurried down, as if to the bottomless pit : in my unutterable fright, and struggling as it were for life, I cried out, " I cling to the cross, and may Christ himself strengthen my hold." After a few seconds a light began to arise in my soul ; I felt revived, and shortly after fell into a tranquil sleep.

From a review of this conflict, and the remarkable inward convulsion with which it

terminated, I believe it to have been caused by the struggles of the soul to enter spiritual life, joined by the opposition of satan to prevent it. During the next day I felt the renewed attacks of satan, and towards evening extreme danger seemed again to threaten me. I retired to pray, and whilst praying I felt the evil spirit cast out. (Luke ii. 20.) ; so that my soul, which had been but a moment before violently agitated, was, in an instant, filled with joy and peace, and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. My burden was so suddenly taken off, and my deliverance so sensibly felt, that it called forth instant thanksgiving, and I said, " Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed and delivered from the hand of the enemy." (Col. i. 13 ; *Ps.* xl. 2, 3.) From this time gleams of the day-spring from on high cheered my new born soul ; " The Lord " guided me by his eye " through every step of my pilgrimage, made crooked things straight, and darkness light before me ; he brought me out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay ; he set my feet upon a rock, and ordered my goings." I was now revived and strengthened by the encouraging smile, and led onwards by the pillar of cloud and of fire. The spiritual life, however, was as yet but in its infancy, and seemed in danger of having its growth hindered by the difficulties and fears that occasionally opposed themselves ; the Lord, however, appeared for me, and the precious and peculiarly administered assistance of his word and Spirit cheered my soul, and supported my feeble steps.

At one time I received! this inestimable admonition,— " Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass." At another,— " Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." In desiring to know the will of God I was led intently to study his written word ; and I may say that I have since, with sharpened eyes, searched this precious mine for " hid treasures : " many passages which had formerly appeared obscure to me, and to which I affixed no precise meaning now shone in my sight, and appeared fraught with the wisdom of God ; many others, as the parables, which I had admired only for their simplicity and beauty, now revealed to me my own personal concern in their sacred similitudes ; the promises, too, seemed to stand forth as if to be laid hold of for strength and support by every weary pilgrim ; in them, likewise, since the scales are fallen from my eyes, I can partly discern, through faith, the countless riches to which I am become heir. Amongst the many gems I draw from this source, and which continue, blessed be God, to sparkle unrivalled in my sight, is one most valued from the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, 7—10 verses, " For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee ; in a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For this is as the waters of Noah unto me ; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah shall no more cover the earth, so have I sworn that I will not be wrath with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." In this precious

portion of Scripture I have over again my misery, when in his wrath, he permitted the water-floods to come over my soul; and in it I see his bow set in the clouds, and know that he is pacified towards me, and that he will no more cause the waters to come over my soul to destroy it.

In considering these experiences, I feel myself in a situation similar to the leper who was cleansed by Christ; and, like him, I desire to return and give glory to God my Saviour, who, in his mercy, healed me when so deeply infected with the leprosy of sin. May the Lord who hath redeemed me from my sins in his own blood, "ever make me deeply sensible that it is to him I owe this blessed work, and may he vouchsafe to keep me ever truly contrite and abased in his sight. Thus the entrance of the word of truth into my soul hath swept away the refuge of lies, and carried off all the feeble props which self-delusion had helped me to raise, and my soul was built on the foundation stone which God had laid in Zion. My gracious Lord has been moved with compassion towards me, and instead of casting me into the eternal prison, he has forgiven me my debt of ten-thousand talents. O my God, teach my ransomed soul to bless thy name for ever; and may I, to the end of life, remember all the way which the Lord my God hath led me these many years to humble me, to show me what was in my heart, and to prove me."

I would close these pages by a reflection, the truth of which is from experience, graven on my heart, that we may walk amongst our fellow creatures free from reproach, receive commendation from them for good works, and even for piety, too, when to the eye of God, the heart is stuffed with iniquity, and is the cage of every unclean and hateful bird.

I now finally beseech the Lord that he will vouchsafe his blessing upon what I have been helped by him to write, and that he will lead those who read this to glorify his name, and to give thanks unto him who "hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over." And thou, my soul, "Bless the Lord, 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, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Bless the Lord, O my soul." Amen. ELIZA.

## A Letter to the Hon. Baptist Noel;

BEING A BRIEF REVIEW OF  
HIS SERMON RECENTLY PREACHED AT DEVONPORT.

To the Honourable Baptist Noel.

DEAR SIR—Having recently been down in the West of England to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, a sermon preached by yourself at Princess Street Chapel, Devonport, fell into my hands; when I perused it, I was filled with astonishment, finding a man of letters and learning like yourself should advance so much error, and so little truth. True it is, that "great men are not always wise." Job. xxxii. 9. I am not writing to teach you. No, sir; I am not competent so to do; but to tell you right from wrong, which any babe in grace might do, after reading your sermon. It would have rejoiced

my heart, if you had before that fifteen hundred people have preached SALVATION, shewing *what it is*, and *where it is*, viz., in the heart and hands of a three-one Jehovah, and entirely at his disposal; instead of placing it in the hands, and leaving it to the free-will abilities (as a contingent matter) of poor finite mortals. The very text you chose, was not spoken by an heathen monarch out of the least approbation of, or one grain of love to, the apostle or his Christianity. It was an ironical speech—"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Christianity is not a mere persuasion, nor a thing into which sinful mortals can be persuaded. It is a solemn and a saving acquaintance with God and godliness, realized in the soul under and by the sovereign tuition of God the Holy Ghost. There never was, nor ever will be, such a thing as an "Almost Christian." God's work is perfect; and we are either altogether Christians, or altogether Christless. No doubt you were sincere in enforcing upon your large audience the necessity of, and their duty to become, Christians; but sincerity apart from spirituality, amounts to nothing before God, however it may be esteemed by men. You must know if spirituality be absent, nothing remains but flesh; and the apostle says, "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." Rom. viii. 8. To analyze your sermon properly, and exhibit all its defects, would fill a volume; bear with me, then, sir, while I just glance at a few of the most prominent features. On page three and four, you have said a great deal about how mortal, weak and sinful men may reasonably and almost determine to become Christians. I could wish those pages shone with a scriptural account of man's ruined and wretched state by nature; his death, darkness, and destitution; and whose work it is to make real, living, spiritual Christians, (or followers of Christ;) reminding your hearers of that weighty scripture—"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," Zec. iv. 6; and "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." John iii. 7. On page five, you say (judging from what is reasonable and right,) a man ought to become a Christian "at once," and there is everything to lead and allure him to be a Christian. You certainly cannot mean, sir, that any man while "Dead in trespasses and in sins," can become a living Christian; or remain as he is, just which he pleases. Mortal man may at once become a formalist, or claim the name of a Christian; but God alone can give him the life, power, and vitality of Christianity;—"The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear, shall live." John v. 25. "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." John vi. 63. On page five, you say, "Agrippa never became a Christian;" you, no doubt, mean he was never made one by God the Holy Ghost; and that "almost" was his ruin. He was never nearer Christianity than that; and that he (I suppose you mean the Spirit,) went off again, and never returned. This, surely, is making the creature omnipotent, and the Creator potent. This is very different to the apostle's statement, "He which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." The fact is, Agrippa never had one spark of grace; if he had, that grace which makes true Christians, would have kept him a Christian; and

landed him safe in heaven at last. None can merit grace; nor lose it when given. On page six, you say "evidence, truth, reason, and conscience, all bid men to be Christians." Why, sir, if all the angels in heaven, and all the saints on earth, were to speak like thunder, and bid men be Christians, (without Almighty power displayed,) it would have no more effect than my asking a dead man to come out of his grave to dine with me. No; the voice that calls the dead to life,

Must be Almighty and divine.

Your sermon abounds with so many glaring inconsistencies, with so much for the creature to perform, that I am obliged to pass it nearly all by. You say Christ said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." True, he did say so, but you should connect Peter's words with it, to present it in gospel uniform, "Him hath God exalted with his right hand a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance unto Israel and forgiveness of sins." Acts v. 31. Of course, sir, you will admit there cannot be an effect without a cause; the gift is the cause; the repentance is the effect. You tell sinners they will not turn to God; but you say nothing about his sovereignty, purpose, decree, and power to turn them. On page eight, you say, there was a time when the people were almost persuaded to be Christians; that there was dew on their hearts then; but it is all evaporated now; and the heart is dry and hard. If you mean by the dew, the Holy Spirit, you have made a sad mistake; for our Lord said,— "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, which shall abide with you for ever." John xiv. 16. Neither he nor his work will evaporate; but *abido* for ever. On page nine, you say, "Every one must come to the entire resolution to be a Christian, or he will be the more criminal for his partial resolves. Thus you make it appear that to become a Christian is only a resolve, and an effort of the creature's; and the work is then done. You have certainly overlooked that text in Eph. ii. 9, 10, "Not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship," &c. You go on to say,— "Submit to that proclamation, and offer of pardon which is made you in the gospel,— submit to the claims of God—take him to be your God,—consecrate your heart to him." O, sir, I do earnestly wish you had reminded your audience of the persons to whom the apostle James wrote, (see chap. i. 1, 2,) he was writing to the living in Jerusalem, not to the dead in sin. Not one line of demarcation is to be found in your sermon; surely you must see the Bible abounds with characteristic distinctions between the living and the dead,—the church and the world. On page ten, you say, "It is not only the mercy, but the duty of sinners to believe in Christ; and to disbelieve in Christ is not a misfortune, but a crime, which perverts the doctrine of God's grace. This appears to me, mere jargon. I do not understand it. My Bible knows nothing of contingencies, nor misfortunes, in the great matter of salvation. No, it reads thus—"I will be their God, and they shall be my people." Jer. xxxii. 38; Heb. viii. 20. Faith is the gift of God, Eph. ii. 8; Heb. xii. 2. "All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me," John vi. 37. "And so all Israel shall be saved, Rom. ii. 26. "Whom he justified, then he also glorified," Rom. viii. 30. You loudly called upon the people to be saved—"this very night, to give up themselves heartily to God, and his service; not to wait till he gives them grace;

but to use every means to secure his favour." Our Lord says, "Without me ye can do nothing," but according to your sermon, he must have made a mistake, for the people are told to do a vast deal, and that at once. I do wish, sir, you had followed the advice of his servant Isaiah, see chap. xii. 4, and declared the great Redeemer's doings among the people: one spiritual view of his work will throw all the work of men and angels at once into oblivion, "His work is honourable and glorious," (Psa. cxi. 3,) and his only; while our's is but dung and dross. On page 11, you seem to beg and pray the people to labour hard for grace, to do it to-night; they may have salvation at once, if they will not, they must be damned; to choose in God's name that which is best, to choose it now, and obtain it this moment. O sir! you have taken all the work of salvation out of the hands of the Great Eternal, and deposited it in the sinful hands of vile, weak, helpless, lost, and ruined worms of the earth; so that God the Father must have chosen and loved Zion in an uncertain way, God the Son agonised and shed his precious blood at random, and God the Holy Ghost begins the work he is not able to finish. Think of these things, sir; and may God Almighty help you for the future to preach in the style and language of his servant Jonab, SALVATION IS OF THE LORD." And may he make you the honoured instrument of placing the crown of honour, praise, and glory upon the head of our most glorious Christ exclusively. So prays, your's truly in the faith of God's elect,

THOMAS STRINGER.

Baptist Minister, Snow's Fields, Southwark.

### Redemption Finished and Complete.

REDEMPTION is complete,  
The glorious work is done;  
Jesus in heaven has took his seat,  
His kingdom is begun.

His conflicts now are o'er;  
And he must ever reign;  
The Lamb appears on earth no more,  
To bleed and die again.

But, O! amazing grace!  
He pleads our cause above;  
And there, before his Father's face,  
Points to his dying love.

There countless armies shine,  
And bow before his throne,  
And in sweet songs of praise divine,  
Him their salvation own.

His mourners here below,  
Shall join that happy throng;  
His boundless grace shall bring them  
through,  
To swell the sacred song.

His constant watchful care,  
Shall guard his chosen well;  
From Satan's power and every snare,  
And all the assaults of hell.

Dear Saviour, let thy love  
Be sweetly known to me;  
Preserve me till I dwell above,  
Thy face in heaven to see.

O, cleanse my soul from sin,  
And wash me in thy blood;  
Then to thy glory take me in,  
To dwell with thee my God.

BRADLEY.

## THE ABIDANCE OF FAITH IN CHRIST.

DEAR BROTHER IN A PRECIOUS CHRIST—Thou saist in the "Vessel" this month, page 251, I should be glad to receive any testimony on this point, from any good man." I think christians should be more desirous to exclaim, "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; and there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." 1 Cor. xii. 4-6. I hope the following will do no hurt, but that it may prove useful.

Altogether conscious that I am totally incapacitated to write anything to have publicity in the christian world, yet I trust I can testify by the real teaching of the Holy Spirit, something what it is to receive a precious Christ as my Christ; it being now more than thirty years since the dear Lord was pleased I should be made experimentally acquainted with conversion, by the intuitive power and operation of the Spirit; still I have not known what it was to receive a personal justification, or to be brought into the liberty of the gospel, only twenty-one years next month, or in other words, to be internally acquainted with the following precious portion, "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." Ephes. i. 13. And notwithstanding the unceasing conflict within, the sore and awful temptations, and the shameful stigmas cast upon me, even by some of the dear Lord's own people, (whom I declare I pity and love for Christ's sake,) who have said, that "many things as stated in my former exercises in last year's 'Vessel,' were only what I had a mind to put in, and that I was a mere notionalist!" This is solemn work! This is awful ground! The Lord knoweth that I have passed through an hundredfold more than is there written, blessed for ever be his holy name! And in the midst of all these things to be divinely supported by the sweet application of such a portion as this, "Whoso toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye," or, "he that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye." Zech. ii. 8. So as on the one hand, to make me humble, meek, broken, and contrite spirited, yet on the other, to raise me up, and above all, even above self, law, sin, death, and hell, by being led to look, trust, rely, and confide in the Person, obedience, and blood of a precious Christ, is God-glorifying work indeed; I consider, and I do now, this day, make the solemn, soul-supporting, comforting, animating declaration, that I have never doubted (amidst all these things by the way,) of the reality of my being sealed, as before stated, under the ministration of the word of the Lord, by that highly favoured man of God, the late Rev. Thomas Tappenden, of Ashford. I have often declared in conversation, I could not doubt the reality of this, if I strove to do it. Impossible! Impossible! Alleluia, amen. Again I would say, alleluia, amen. Then how can such an one fear death and damnation? Blessed be the name of the Lord, I cannot; for what the Lord doth, he doth effectually. I consider we have very shallow discoveries of the Person of the Son of God; looking more to the blessed work of grace within us, than to the finished salvation of a precious Christ for us! Saved in him, saved by him, and saved for him; "For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified," Heb. x. 14. And again, "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." 2. Cor. v. 21. Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever and ever! many times hath he led me to enjoy my union unto Jesus, and interest in him to such a degree, that it beggars all language to describe; so that I have frequently exclaimed, "Lord, stay thine hand!" What I have had to endure for such declarations have been very great. The Lord knows I do not for a moment disparage what J. B., of Frome, has written; but feel very satisfied that what he has written is a real work of grace, and have enjoyed reading the piece; still I think we may err in the great difference between a soul realising pardon, peace, and salvation, and a soul being brought into the liberty of the gospel. Jesus

saith, "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free;" and "if the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John viii. 32, 36. "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death," Rom. vii. 2. To know that he stands, righteousness itself, in the obedience of the Son of God, and that God looks upon him as he doth on Christ, and loves him with the same love as he doth him. O, the depth of everlasting love! The love of God is one of the deepest mysteries of eternity, the miracle of heaven, the wonder in glory! Not a saint or angel will ever be able to express, or conceive the immensity of it! What it is for God to love his people in Christ with an everlasting love, and to be reiterating the thoughts of it in his own infinite mind from eternity to eternity, pleasing himself with, and dwelling with pleasure on, his own knowledge of the love wherewith he hath loved them.

I think for a soul to be taken up with these things—to have the mind carried out after them—to be swallowed up with them—so to receive them as to lead the soul from itself entirely, in every condition, to look wholly, solely, and exclusively to Christ, as Sin-bearer and Justifier, as the consequence of the Father's everlasting love, and that made known to him by the Holy Ghost, so that he receiveth the testimony of his adoption, is more than pardon, peace, and salvation. To be led by the glorifier of a precious Christ—to keep up a clear distinction between what we were virtually considered from all eternity in Christ, and what we are vitally, by the illumination of the same, as the promised Comforter in this time-state is of vast importance, so that we may have it verified in our behalf, that "the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory, by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, establish, strengthen, settle you," (1 Peter v. 10,) in this Christ-despising and God-dishonouring day, because truly it may be said in many places, "for truth is fallen in the street and equity cannot enter." Isa. lix. 14.

I think that a "Believer and her soul," in the October number, sweetly keeps up these distinctions, that is—experimental salvation and an eternal salvation.

Blessed be the name of the Lord, for many years, this I can testify, that all those supernatural exercise I have experienced, have had the tendency, I trust, to humble, empty, crumble me into the dust as in myself; yet the receiving of them, as by the Spirit from the Lord, they have reflected back again to the Lord, the giver, in adoration, thanksgiving, praise and love; as it has often been said, that which comes from God leads to God again; and so far as I know, the result and consequence of receiving the full assurance of faith, how little such an one becomes in his own eyes. And now, thou poor, seeking, longing, panting, desiring soul for salvation, if thou shouldst glance thine eye on these things here mentioned, don't let the expressions alarm thee, for thou art as safe as the strongest, saved with an everlasting salvation, and loved with an everlasting love; if thou art, by sheer necessity, led to cry for mercy; and as secure as God would have you, or as Christ can make you, and in due time, in the appointed time, the Holy Ghost will make it known to thee, because Christ hath declared, "because I live ye shall live also." John xiv. 19. Soon after I wrote my former experience, I received this testimony from a dear minister of the gospel, in reading the same says, "It broke my heart, and melted my eyes into tears, through the anointing power and bedewing influence of the Holy Ghost accompanying its perusal," which proved a very great solace to my poor tried soul; and have often thought, if any reader of the VESSEL could give the least testimony of its being any mark or evidence of the footsteps of the flock of Christ; or, of a real work of grace, as coinciding with their's, would drop me a line relative to the same, in truth, love, and affection, I should be very happy to receive it, as I am passing through deep waters. What cannot God do, seeing he hath done these things for worthless me?

I remain, dear brother, yours in tribulation, praying often for thee, may you do so for me,  
Smeeth, Ashford, Nov. 26, 1850. JOHN ERRS.

## CHRISTOPHER WAID, THE DARTFORD MARTYR ;

AND A BRIEF REVIEW OF

THE TRIALS AND SUFFERINGS OF THE ENGLISH PROTESTANT MARTYRS.

MR. EDITOR—Looking at this month's VESSEL, (for December,) on the cover, this notice caught my eye and attention, "The Popish movement—We are evidently on the eve of a very trying crisis." You then recommend a copious circulation of such works as may lead to a discovery of the hideous nature and cruel despotism of popes, priests, and all the worshippers of the old dragon, &c. And you then call upon your readers to "Do what they can."

To this I would say, Mr. Editor, I can, and I have sent you what I have heard, felt, and read of a most remarkable Martyr, who suffered for the truth's sake nearly three-hundred years ago, (1555,) on a spot which is not more than a mile from the place where I was born; and where, with the exception of a few months, I have all my life time resided; I, therefore, have always felt a deep interest in it; but more so from the remarkable occurrences that took place at his martyrdom, which will be seen in the copy I have sent. And, I believe, that not only Dartford and its neighbourhood, but the whole kingdom, and every believer and lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, will be interested in the relation, as it is recorded in history. It first met my eye when I was very young and went to school, and it made such an impression upon my mind, heart, and memory, which has never been erased. At that time I had an earnest desire to know the exact spot, to see some mark or memorial of it: but for these I sought in vain. One day being in school, one of my schoolfellows said, that on Dartford Brimth there was the marks cut in the turf of a coffin, where he was told a man was buried. I concluded this must be the place where the ashes of the martyr were deposited; but, on further enquiry, I found it was the spot where a soldier was shot and interred, for deserting, or some other misdemeanour, in the year 1789, when there was a camp on Dartford heath; and I was told, there was not only the marks of the grave, but also the place where his head fell and his feet stood. If such an event is worth memorial, how much more so the death of this remarkable martyr, who had not transgressed the civil laws of his country, and deserted nothing but the old dragon—NOT THE TRUTH! And to the memory of such a man a debt of gratitude is due by Dartford, for its present religious liberty and freedom. For though, in those days, it seems to have been the strong-hold of Popery; since the Reformation they have not been able to establish a single place of worship. About twelve or thirteen years ago, I was informed, they did endeavour to obtain a place of worship, but did not succeed; but since then, they have succeeded in building a chapel in an adjoining parish, (two miles from Dartford,) not far from the baptist chapel, and very near the parish church; and sorry was I to hear, that some born of Protestant parents have joined her worship.\* But let all such, and all that may be inclined to follow their steps into the church of Rome, hear that voice which once sounded from the gravel pit on Dartford Brimth, which was the dying testimony of CHRISTOPHER WAID, the Dart-

ford Martyr; and he being dead yet speaketh. Beware of the doctrine of the whore of Babylon! and let all such as be inclined to drink of the wine of her abomination, whether it be under the name of Romanism, Puseyism, or any other Popishism, know that two-hundred and sixty-six years ago, two peaceable, sincere christians, lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ, inhabitants, and, without doubt, respectable tradesmen of the town of Dartford, were torn from their wives, their families and friends, and from following their lawful avocation in life for their support, for no other offence but worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience; to be tried at Rochester, by the Popish bishop; and condemned by him, one to be burned at Rochester—the other to be sent to Dartford Brimth gravel pit, (the common place for the execution of felons). And as if it was not enough that they took a stake to bind him to—a pitch barrel to put him in—faggots to burn him—but they must have a pulpit raised on an eminence, and a Popish friar in it, to annoy and torment him in the hour of death and the day of his sufferings. But did the Lord permit it? NO! The Lord heard the prayer of his servant, and he struck the unbound, unfettered priest dumb, so that he was obliged to leave the pulpit in shame and confusion; while he opened the mouth of his iron-bound martyr to the stake, mightily to admonish the people to beware of the doctrine of the whore of Babylon; which admonition may, I hope, never cease sounding. The light that this martyr kindled in Dartford may it never be put out.

I have often thought that Dartford has been wanting (with its four, and at present, five Protestant places of worship) in gratitude to this remarkable martyr, that no memorial has been raised to such a remarkable event in the history of the Reformation, in the town of Dartford. I have heard the martyrdom spoken of in more than one dissenting place of worship in the town, by resident ministers and strangers supplying; but never once heard of the necessity of a memorial, to bring to remembrance the trials and sufferings of this martyr. For my own part, ever since I read the account, and then I was but a child, I felt the desire to see such a memorial; and the desire has strengthened with me up to the present moment; and last July I addressed a letter to a gentleman, calling his attention to the subject; but as I withheld my name I knew not the result. But the day after, I thought of, and took up my pen to write to the EARTHEN VESSEL. December 8th, a christian friend informed me, that a subscription was, or is about to be commenced, to erect a monument to the memory of Christopher Waid, who was burned on Dartford Brimth. Mention is also to be made on the monument, of Nicholas Hall, who was burned at Rochester. It was with feelings of pleasure I heard it, for what I have long desired is now likely to come to pass; but, if erected, it may be many of your readers may never see it. I have, therefore, for their information, sent you for insertion, the account of this remarkable Dartford martyr.

### The Martyrdom of Christopher Waid,

LINEN WEAVER, OF DARTFORD, KENT;  
WHO WAS BURNED AT THE STAKE ON DARTFORD  
BRIMTH.

ON JULY 12TH, 1555.

THE month of July, especially the latter part of it, was very fruitful in martyrs. Maurice, bishop of Rochester, about the first day of June, condemned Nicholas Hall, bricklayer, and Christopher Waid, linen weaver, to be burned at the stake. Nicholas Hall was burnt at the stake about the 19th day of

\* Dr. Teodor, once an Archdeacon in the Roman Catholic church in Poland, but now a Baptist Minister in England, the Lord seems to have sent, in his providence, (within the last two years,) to bear his testimony and corroborate the dying admonition of the Dartford martyr against the whore of Babylon, by lecturing and preaching against the doctrine, errors, and superstitions of the church of Rome, in the chapels of the three adjoining parishes to that in which this new Roman Catholic Chapel is situated—the Baptist Chapel, Bexley Heath; Lessness Heath Chapel, Erith; and Zion Chapel, Dartford.

July, at Rochester. But nothing particular is recorded respecting it.

But of Christopher Waid, who was appointed to be burnt at Deptford, the following account is recorded by two ministers, (father and son) of the name of Richard Fletcher, who were present and witnessed it.

At the day appointed for the execution of Christopher Waid, there was carried out of town, betimes, in the morning, in a cart, a stake, and therewith many bundles of reeds, to a place a quarter of a mile out of town, called the brimth, into a gravel pit thereby, (the common place for the execution of felons). Thither also was brought a load of broom faggots, with other faggots, and tall wood; unto which place the people of the country resorted in great numbers, and there waited his coming; inasmuch as divers fruiterers came thither with horse loads of cherries, and sold them. About ten o'clock the sheriff came riding, with a great many other gentlemen, and retinue, appointed to assist him therein; and with them Christopher Waid, and Margery Polly, of Tunbridge, riding, pinioned by him, both singing of a Psalm; which Margery, as soon as she espied afar off the multitude gathered about the place where he should suffer, waiting his coming, she said unto Waid, very loud and cheerfully, "You may rejoice to see such a company gathered to celebrate your marriage this day." And so passing on by the place, which joined to the highway, they were straightway carried down to the town, where she was kept till the sheriff returned from Waid's execution.

Mr. Waid being made ready, and stripped of his clothes, in an Inn, a fair, long, white shirt was brought unto him from his wife, which being put on, and he pinioned, was led upon foot again to the aforesaid place. When he was come to the stake, he took it in his arms and kissed it, setting his back unto it, and standing in a pitch barrel, which was taken from a beacon hard by; then a smith brought a hoop of iron, and with two staples made him fast to the stake under his arms. As soon as he was thus settled, with his eyes and hands lifted up to heaven, he spake with a cheerful and loud voice the last verse of the eighty-sixth Psalm, "Shew some good token upon me, O Lord, that they which hate me, may see it, and be ashamed; because thou, Lord, hast helped me and comforted me." Near to the stake was a little hill, upon the top whereof were set up four stays quadrangle wise, with a covering round about, like a pulpit; into which place, as Waid was thus praying at the stake, entered a friar with a book in his hand; whom, when Waid espied, he (Waid) cried earnestly unto the people, to take heed of the doctrine of the whore of Babylon, exhorting them to embrace the doctrine of the Gospel preached in King Edward's days. While he was thus speaking to the people, the sheriff interrupted him, saying, "Be quiet, Waid, and die patiently." "I am quiet," said he, "I thank God, Mr. Sheriff, and so trust to die." All this while the friar stood still, looking over the coverlet, as though he would have uttered somewhat; but Waid mightily admonished the people to beware of that doctrine, which when the friar perceived, whether he was amazed, or could have no audience of the people, he withdrew out of the place immediately, without speaking any word, and went away down to the town. Then the reeds being set about him, he pulled them, and embraced them in his arms, always with his hands making a hole against his face, that his voice might be heard, which his tormentors perceiving, they cast faggots at the same hole; but, notwithstanding, he still, as he could, put them off, his face being hurt with the end of a faggot cast thereat. Then fire being put unto him, he cried unto God often, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" without any token or sign of impatience in the fire; till at length, after the fire was thoroughly kindled, he was heard by no man to speak, still holding up his hands together over his head towards heaven, even when he was dead and altogether roasted, as though they had been stayed up with a prop standing under them.

This sign did God shew upon him, whereby his very enemies might perceive, that God had, according to his prayer, shewed such a token upon him him, even to their shame and confusion.

And this was the order of this Godly martyr's execution: this was his end; whereby God seemed to confound, and strike with the spirit of dumbness the friar, that locust which was risen up to have spoken against him; and also, no less wonderful, sustained those hands which he lifted up to him for comfort in his sufferings.

Furthermore, with the aforesaid Nicholas Hill and Christopher Waid, in the same month of July, three others were condemned by Maurile, bishop of Rochester, and Margery Polley, of Tunbridge; but of the time, and what occurred at their execution, is not recorded.

If any of your readers can give any more information relating to the above, they will much oblige by sending, and you by inserting the same.

Your's in truth,

Dec 7, 1850.

N. S.

## A Consoling Letter

TO ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION IN THE  
FURNACE OF AFFLICTION.

DEAR SIR—The enclosed is a copy of a letter I received from my dear friend, Mr. Collins, of Coggeshall. Publish it in the "Earthen Vessel," if you think it might be of use to any of the tried family of God.

L. C. BRAZIER.

"My dear Friend: I received your's, and I doubt not but you have been expecting to hear from me before now. My not having written before is not because I had forgotten you; for I assure you you lay near my heart; and I truly feel with you under the trials you have to pass through; but I know, and you must learn, that it is through much tribulation we enter the kingdom. The Lord has not given you faith to be an inactive, dormant, principle; therefore he will try it, and perhaps sharply too, but you will find the Lord's promise good, that "he will not leave you, nor forsake you; you will have just strength enough to keep your head above water. You will find your inward and outward trials will be so great that you will stand in need of all the grace the Lord may bestow upon you; and you will also find the Lord sufficient for you. You have come into the furnace; you feel the flames. May you be enabled to glorify the Lord in the fires, by learning submission to his will; and to say with Job, 'he knoweth the way that I take, and when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.' Remember, the Lord sits as 'a refiner and purifier of silver;' this fully proves that his children must come into the furnace; but he himself sits by to see that it is not heated too hot, and that it is hot enough; and also to take care that none of the precious gold is lost. Don't be alarmed, my sister; no strange thing has happened to you. This is the path the followers of the Lord have had to travel in all ages; but you will say, 'My trials are of so keen a nature, and such as the family of God are not in general exercised with.' To this I would say, 'the heart knows its own bitterness; the lot is cast into the lap; the whole disposing of it is of the Lord; he knows the end he has to answer by these things. I believe it is to draw out the life he has implanted, and to make a throne of grace valuable; and that you may see the emptiness of time things, the Lord seems to be blasting all your creature comforts that you may seek your all in him. It may be so with you, at times, that your trials are so great, you feel as though you cannot pray over them. Should such be the case with you, remember the Lord hears the desire of the humble. No doubt the enemy may be powerful upon you, and tell you if you were a child of God, things would not be so trying with you, and that God would deliver you. You may

tell the tempter to his face, 'as many as the Lord loves, he rebukes and chastens;' and if you were without them, you might fear you should be a cast-away. The Lord will take care of you, and see that none shall set on you to hurt you. They may set on you, but not hurt you. The Lord will overrule every weapon, whether from earth or hell, to work for good.

You speak about rebellion; but your trials have not put rebellion in your heart; they have pressed so heavy, they have drawn it out; and so the Lord says, he led his people in the wilderness to give them to know what was in their hearts. My dear friend, 'they who do business in deep waters, see the works of the Lord.' Therefore, to see the works of the Lord, we must come into the waters; yea, and at times up to our chin, but not over our head; for Christ is the head of his body, the church: so our head will ever be above all the waters of affliction; for he says for the comfort of his afflicted and tried ones, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with you.' Now, if we would know the sweetness of this promise, we must come into the circumstances. Had not Jacob had a chequered path to have travelled in, he would not have had so many sweets; nor could he have learnt so much the character of his God as to be so satisfied that when he came to the close of his journey, to desire no other blessing than the two sons of Joseph, which he had been indulged with; for he said, 'the God that has fed me all my life long, the angel that redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads.' Here he viewed his covenant God as having redeemed him from all spiritual and temporal evil, and was satisfied of all the Lord had done for him and with him.

"You regret the loss of your former privileges, when you had the opportunity of meeting with the Lord's people. It is a good sign of life within when the despised family of God become 'the excellent of the earth unto us; for the Holy Ghost says, by his servant, 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.' Where God gives life, there is a longing after the food of the gospel, and there is an appetite given that nothing can satisfy but Christ. They are made so sensible of their emptiness, that they want Christ's fulness; so helpless, they want Christ's strength, and so on. They want Christ in the means he has appointed; therefore, when they are deprived of this privilege, it is a trouble to them, but it is a great mercy you have an appetite for the gospel, if you cannot get the food, for there was a time when it was not so. I hope you may be enabled to stand fast. Remember he that endures to the end, shall be saved. You may feel, at times, that your little strength is almost gone; but we are encouraged to come boldly to a throne of grace; that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need. I hope you will not be carried away after anything that is contrary to God's truth and your own conscience. Remember, we are called upon to part with right eyes, and right arms. These things will not last long. Every day we spend, is advancing us on our journey; and as our days are passing, so our tribulations, temptations, and persecutions are passing also; 'These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;' but this is 'when we look not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen.'

"May you and I, my dear friend, be looking out after eternal things; for we shall soon be done with the things of time. I heartily wish you well, and that you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ. I baptised our brother Potter last Lord's Day. We had a good day. I should have had great pleasure to have had you with him. The friends are all well here. My wife joins in christian love to you, and wishes you soul-prosperity.

"A PILGRIM."

## "Did Samuel appear to Saul?"

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Having read in the December *Vessel*, "Isaac's" thoughts on the question, "Did Samuel appear to Saul?" I was brought to some serious and solemn thinking. The first question that came to my mind was, is this interpretation for the honour of God? And after much consideration, I came to the conclusion, it was not, but that it was rather to the honour of the Pope, or the devil in him, for he (the Pope) has always been a great necromancer; and surely deceit and witchcraft have been found very near neighbours to Popery in all its travels. And how friend Isaac could be found mixing up Jehovah with the devil, the witch, and the good prophet Samuel, putting them all as into a workshop, to concoct or make an answer to this wicked man Saul, which the Lord had refused in every legitimate way, is most solemn. I know from the word, that the Lord sometimes uses the ministry of an evil spirit, as related in the 1 Kings xxii. and Judges xviii; and I will not say he did not do so in this case, but it is altogether improbable that the Lord, who so lately refused to answer Saul by means of his own appointment, should now suffer or commission Samuel to answer him by *Witchcraft*, and which he had so strongly condemned. No, Mr. Editor, I cannot believe it; the soul of the dear old prophet had gone to rest from his labour, was sweetly lodged in Abraham's bosom; his body had been laid in the grave, as in God's repository, until the resurrection, for two years; and no power but that of our Almighty God could have moved either the soul or body, and I do not believe that the Lord would have disturbed his happiness on so miserable an errand, and into such a trio, as the devil, the witch and Saul, and indeed the scriptures give us no example for believing this.

I believe that this spectre was certainly satan, in the similitude of Samuel, which appeared, and on the following grounds:—

First, If it were the true Samuel, then he must come by the will of God, or by the power of satan in this witch. Surely he could not come by God's will, at the call of a witch, for God had forbidden witchcraft in many Scriptures; nor could he come by the will of God by the force of magic, for then must the devil be more mighty than our Almighty God.

Secondly, The circumstances as related, shew to us, I think, that this party in converse with Saul was no good, but an evil spirit, and because he receives that worship from Saul which a good spirit would not. Rev. xix. 10.

Thirdly, This spirit pretends to be disquieted by Saul and his witch, which is not only absurd, but impossible for a good spirit to be, who has entered into peace, nor would he, the true Samuel have said it, if he came in obedience to his Lord's command.

Fourthly, This mock Samuel's answer to Saul, "Wherefore dost thou ask of me? Knowest thou not, that I cannot favour thee, seeing thou art God's enemy; God will do for David, what I told thee of." A man of God, writing on this part of the word about two hundred years ago, says, "That as satan had personated Samuel in his form, shape, and garb, so now in his words, in this conference; and that God had so blinded Saul's eyes, that he verily believed satan was the



very real Samuel raised from the dead, and so no doubt the witch believed;" and I take this to be the reason why he was so often called Samuel in the story.

Fifthly. This mock Samuel in preaching to Saul his funeral sermon, (for so, surely, it might be called,) tells Saul of his sins; but he craftily takes care not to remind him of his greatest sin of all, (1 Chron. x. 14, 15,) to wit, his resorting to a witch for relief, which surely proves him to be a false spirit. And,

Lastly. This mock Samuel says, "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me." Now this, taken in whatever sense it may, seems to be a lie of the devil: the writer above quoted says this is an ambiguous expression, exactly like the devil's oracles at Delphos, which might be always taken in a double sense, either good or evil, to save his credit, however the event happened. The first quibble here is *to-morrow*, which strictly taken, signifies the next day, and so the devil lied, for it was two or three days after this that Saul and his sons were slain: but if to-morrow be largely taken, as it often is, for a time approaching, as Exod. xiii. 14; Deut. vi. 20; Josh. xlv. 21; in all which places it is read the time to come, but in the margin to-morrow. But this is more plain in Matthew vi. 34. In this case satan may have saved his credit. The second of satan's quibbles was "Shall be with me;" that is, in a good state, if understood of Samuel, or in a bad state, if understood of satan. The true sense is *in the state of the dead*, and neither hell nor heaven; for heaven was too good a place for wicked Saul, and hell too bad a place for godly Jonathan.

Many more things might have been advanced, which would have been interesting on this portion, but I have been anxious to keep this communication in a convenient compass; if you, Mr. Editor, shall think it worthy a place in the *VESSEL*, be it so; if not, I shall be quite satisfied; and am your well-wisher.

"GERSHOM."

Jan. 14, 1850.

### Is it an easy thing to believe on Christ FOR LIFE AND SALVATION?

DEAR BROTHER:—Will you give the following quotation from a "Sermon of Gill's," that I have been honoured to republish, and which has been the means of doing good to the Lord's family. I hope it will be extended through the medium of the "*Earthen Vessel*!" Your's truly in the Lord,  
JOSEPH FLORY.

"There are some weak people in our days that talk of a bare belief of the simple truth, and call this faith in Christ Jesus; but it falls greatly short of it; for a man may have all faith of this kind, may believe everything that is proposed and revealed in the word of God, and yet not have that faith which is of the operation of God. Special faith is a spiritual thing; it is a spiritual sight of Christ; yea, faith is the eye of the soul—the enlightened eye of the soul, opened by the Spirit of God, to see the glory, the excellency there is in Christ Jesus, to see his glory as the glory of

the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth; to see him as the ever-willing, all-sufficient, and most suitable Saviour. Faith is said to be the 'evidence of things not seen;' it has a sight of unseen things, as of the unseen Saviour; and in its continual and constant actings is a looking unto Jesus; looking off from every other object, (a man's own righteousness, and everything else,) unto Jesus Christ, the "Lord our righteousness," as the living Redeemer, the only, and all-sufficient Saviour. It is no other than a soul going out of itself to Christ, to lay hold upon him, and trust in him for everlasting life and happiness; expressed often by a coming to him, influenced by his Spirit and grace and the declarations of grace he makes, saying, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Matt. xi. 28. And 'All that the Father giveth me, shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' John vi. 37. A poor sinner sensible of his wretched lost state by nature, and of what he deserves, is encouraged to go out of himself, to lay hold on Christ who is the Tree of Life to them that lay hold upon him. It is, I say, a going forth and laying hold of Christ under a sight of sin, and sense of danger, of ruin, and destruction without him.

"Some people in our day talk of faith as a very easy thing, *only believe—only believe*, say they, but it is to be feared, these persons that talk in this manner, and make such an easy thing of believing in Christ, never saw their lost state by nature, the sinfulness of sin, and the ruin and destruction that it brings; never saw themselves upon the precipice of hell, dropping as it were, into everlasting damnation. Let a person be in these circumstances, and then let him tell me, whether it is an easy thing for him to believe in Christ for life and salvation? and yet this is done; and herein lies the trial of faith. This shows the genuineness of it, when a soul under a sense of all his iniquities, with all their aggravating circumstances, demerits and deserts, can venture his soul upon Christ. Give me this man. It is he that knows what it is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. But he finds a great many discouragements, doubts and fears, a thousand objections before he can do this. He does not find it a very easy thing, it is a work of Almighty power; and efficacious grace."—*From Sermon on the Knowledge of Christ.*" Page 12 and 13.

Ipswich, December 26, 1850.

### Triumphant Death of a Child of God IN A MAD-HOUSE.

[The following fact is narrated in the *Gospel Magazine* for January. It is so valuable we cannot refrain from giving it to our readers.—ED.]

"THE following FACT being an illustration of the gospel truth, is presented to the

reader, in proof, that however low a child of God may be sunk in feeling, and however long the promise may be travelling, 'there is a set time to favour Zion,' and when that set time is come, the Lord 'will hear the groaning of the prisoner, and loose those that are appointed to death.'

"In the mysterious orderings of divine Providence, a prosperous young tradesman of the town of L—, became deprived of reason, and by his family was shortly confined in the nearest lunatic asylum. His eldest brother conscientiously and affectionately watched over his worldly interests, and made it a point to visit him once a year in his sad abode, to make personal enquiries as to his welfare and his wants. It was upon one of these occasions, that being conducted through the extensive building by one of the keepers, he entered into conversation with his guide, by the following inquiry, 'Have you had many cases under your own notice, arising from strong religious feeling?' 'Oh, we have some of all sorts here,' replied the guide, 'not one sort more than another. Some come here from illness, some through study, some through drunkenness, some through trouble, and some through religion; but to my mind the cases are pretty equal; though' continued the man, as if recollecting himself, 'my wife has had care of a very bad case, and entirely from religion. 'Is it one of long standing?' asked the visitor. 'Yes,' said the guide, 'she was here when I came, and that's twelve years ago, and how much longer I can't say. She attempted to destroy herself three times, and the third time her family put her here, and here she will end her days.' 'Is she violent?' asked the visitor. 'Not at all,' replied the man, 'she is quiet enough now, and none of us ever heard her say more than this, *Lost, lost for ever!*' 'Solemn words,' remarked the visitor. 'Yes, indeed,' answered the guide carelessly, 'I assure you melancholy is very catching, my wife was quite in a low way for a long time after she first attended her, but she has got used to the old cat now.'

"A year rolled by, and the brother of the poor captive found himself once more before the spacious building that contained the companion of his youth. In the all-wise appointments of God, the same attendant presented himself as guide on this occasion, who had been his conductor before. The sad case of the old woman rose up to the remembrance of the visitor, as he followed his guide through the long corridors, and he instantly asked, 'What is become of that old woman you had here, who never said more than, *Lost, lost, for ever!*' 'Tis very curious you should inquire after her,' replied the keeper, 'for she died only on Sunday. My wife was with her to the last minute, and quite grieves after her now.' 'And what kind of an end did she make?' asked the visitor. 'She got out of her dumps three days before she died,' said the man, and she got as

frisky as a kitten. She sung psalms and hymns without end, and only stopped just to say to my wife, 'He's come, he's come!' and for two hours before she died, there was no peace in the ward, with her shouting out, 'Victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!'

"Wait for his reasonable aid,  
And though it tarry, wait;  
The promise may be long delay'd,  
But cannot come too late."

### The Hon. Baptist Noel's Reply

TO MR. STRINGER'S LETTER.

[On page 38, of this number, we have given Mr. Stringer's letter to the Hon. Baptist Noel. By the request of our brother, we here give the reply.—Ed.]

DEAR SIR,—It is impossible too much to exalt the grace of God in the conversion of a sinner; it is also impossible too strongly to represent the sinner's responsibility to repent and believe. In your anxiety to fulfil the one duty, I am afraid that you neglect the other.

Believe me, dear sir, with thanks for your well intended strictures.

Yours, faithfully,

BAPTIST W. NOEL.

*Hornsey, Friday.*

### Cries of Distress, and Answers of Peace.

Composed by Miss C. Moody.

"FATHER, I have sinned;"

"Freely I forgive;

I'll heal thy soul's backslidings,  
And bid thy spirit live."

"Father, I have wandered:"

"I will thy steps restore,  
And by thy failure teach thee  
What thou knew'st not before."

"Father, I have murmured:"

"I will chasten thee in love;  
When thou hast learned to profit,  
I will my hand remove."

"Father, I crave thy pity:"

"My compassions thou shalt share;  
If I bring thee through the furnace,  
I'll sustain thee there."

"Father, my spirit falleth:"

"I will thy strength renew;  
Support, console, and comfort,  
And give deliverance too."

"Oh! Father, still direct me:"

"I'll guide thee by mine eye,  
And lead thee for thy blessing,  
On my power to rely."

"Father, I adore thee:"

"I receive the praises due,  
As offer'd in the Spirit,  
Through the Holy, Just and True."

"I plead the name of Jesus:"

"I accept thee through the Son,  
And deal with thee in mercy,  
Through atoning blood alone."

## The State of the Churches—and Ministerial Communications.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF

### The Baptist Church, at Cuckfield, Sussex.

DEAR BROTHER—God helping me, I will attempt to give a concise account of the rise and progress of the little Baptist Cause in this place, so far as I am able. Cuckfield has been a very dark benighted place, destitute of the true light of the gospel of Christ; in the town we have three places for worship, but the truth is not preached in them. In the Church Puseyism abounds; in the Independent Chapel we have free-will, and God and man made co-workers in salvation; the third place was held by the Unitarians, where the Godhead of Christ was denied. I cannot find that this town ever had the pure gospel stately proclaimed in it; yet this parish is said to contain from three to four thousand precious souls. However, in this wilderness God had a few living souls; and the time to favour them with the Word of Truth came. There were seven living here who were members of the baptised church under the pastoral care of Mr. Roberts, who had laboured at Dane Hill and Newick for many years with great success; but owing to the distance of eight miles, they could not go very often. The time, pre-ordained of God, came for this place to be visited with the light of truth. The Lord sent Mr. C. Carpenter (formerly of Somers' Town) to reside in this place; he became anxious that a place should be procured for the dissemination of the doctrines of free grace. At that time the chapel we now meet in was shut up; it is the place where the Unitarians carried on their worship, until (as I am told,) there were but three or four to attend. Brethren! rejoice with us, Dagon is fallen, and the ark of God is set up in his place. After a great deal of trouble, Mr. Carpenter got the grant to open this place for the preaching of the Word, and preached his first sermon from these words, "I am determined not to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

The chapel being in a very delapidated state, he had to lay out a considerable sum to put it in repair; but those who flocked around him being a willing people, put their shoulder close to the wheel, until it became tender, through repeated appeals for money. This made many give way, and the place became very thin. Mr. C. made up his mind to leave as soon as God in his providence should open another door. I do not find that any one can cast a stone at him for anything while he was labouring here, or living in this place. We know there is not a just man upon the earth that doeth good and sinneth not. He preached in this place, after it was opened, about two years and a half, to the comfort of them who had believed through grace. At this time he had a call for a month. He told me the little cause lay much on his heart; he was anxious to place it in the hands of a good nurse. Should this meet the eye of Mr. Carpenter, I ask him how it was he so soon forgot his nurse-child, so as never to send to the nurse in whose hands he placed it, to ask after its welfare?

Mysterious are the leadings of Divine providence in bringing about his eternal designs! Up to this time I had never seen brother C.; I had heard of him; and I believe his knowledge of me was not more extensive: yet, in the providence of God, he was led to send for me to supply the pulpit for him during the month he was called to be away. At the time his invitation came, the same postman brought me an invitation to supply at Horsham, Sussex. I accepted their invitation in preference; but having a second pressing invitation for Cuckfield, I engaged to go the following Sabbath. At this time I stood in membership with the church at Carmel, under the pastoral care of Mr. John Stenson, Chelsea, whom I shall have cause highly to esteem while life shall last, for his work's sake. It was this church that first sanctioned my going forth to tell to sinners what I knew, tasted, and felt of a precious Redeemer; and I was, and hope

I still am cautious not to launch out further than I had measured by my own experience. I preached my first sermon in this place, September 6, 1845; and could truly say, God was with me; for I felt the oil freely flow, and I would that it was with me always as it was on that day; for I, being a stranger, knew no man; and none could say I was personal. The devil has great power over the minds of hearers in this day, to prevent their souls benefitting under the word, so that that word which should reprove, humble, and bring the soul to the footstool of mercy, harrows up a prejudice against the preacher, and thus ends his usefulness to their souls, as they are tempted to think he is personal in his remarks.

There were none here that I knew in the flesh—but soon found an union to a few in the spirit. Up to this time, no church had been formed; no ordinances administered; preacher and people all living in the sin of omission, which is a crying sin in those parts; there are many who profess to own Christ as Prophet and Priest, but disown him as a King; but myself, as a poor, needy, guilty, and helpless sinner, I stand in need of a full Christ; therefore, I must have him, as Prophet, to teach—as a Priest, to cleanse—as King, to reign, to rule, to govern, and defend me.

Mr. Carpenter returned to Cuckfield, and preached his farewell sermon on Christmas, 1845; but as he had taken the chapel on his own hands, and put it in repair, he proposed we should have the place and stand in his shoes, upon our advancing him £20. This sum was borrowed, and paid over to him; and he gave up his claim to us.

From this time I commenced preaching here three Sabbaths in the month, and the congregation gradually increased; and the Lord was evidently blessing his Word, which greatly encouraged a poor halting worm; for sometimes I thought I would give it up, and then I felt invigorated to go forward. The preachings were morning and evening; no service in the afternoon. I soon proposed that we should have a prayer-meeting, Sabbath afternoons; and naming this to a brother, he said, I would try; adding, they had tried before, but could never get a prayer-meeting in this place, meaning Cuckfield. Well, I said, if I thought there were no praying souls here, I could not preach, as I expected, by their united prayer, to be enabled to go in and out before them in preaching God's truth. So we agreed to try, upon this consideration, that providing we could not find enough to fill up the time allotted, in prayer, I was to give an address; and this I did for some time, as we could find but one beside myself that could take an active part in the meeting. Being desirous to augment the number of petitioners, I called upon all I entertained a hope of that they drew the vital breath of life; and so increased the number with those that gave us sorrow of heart—and learnt us a lesson not easily forgotten.

After this, the Lord prepared for us some supplicants; and he dug them out of nature's quarry; some of the roughest stones he polished, and taught to pray from a real sense of need; and we have great cause to magnify and adore the riches of divine grace, that their number is not small—for we have now fifteen or sixteen brethren that can, and do, at times, publicly and acceptably address the throne; so that in this thing, God has graciously given me my heart's desire.

But to return, seeing and feeling the Lord was with us, I became anxious a church should be formed, upon gospel principles; and finding there were a few that had been baptised, and still stood in membership with a baptist church, at Dane-hill and Newick, I gave notice from the pulpit, that those that stood in membership with baptist churches, and would wish to have their dismission, to unite together in this place into gospel union, would signify it by giving me their name and address on a piece of paper. In answer, I had nine names sent me, seven of whom were members at Newick

Sussex; the other two were laid aside. The dismissal of these seven were sent for, together with mine and my dear wife's, making nine in number. These being obtained, I drew up a few items, which I considered were requisite we should believe, receive and maintain, upon our being united together into a gospel church; in calling them together and reading the same for their approval, one who had received his dismission from Newick, protested against one of the main pillars on which wisdom's house resteth: viz, the doctrine of eternal and personal election. Consequently, he was prohibited from being one that was to form the church, reducing us to eight in number.

We then appointed the 19th of May, 1846, to be the day of our uniting together; and agreed to invite Mr. Stenson, of London; Mr. Savory, of Brighton; and Mr. Webster, of Dorman's Land, to take part in the services of the day. As Mr. Savory declined, Mr. Stenson kindly took the part allotted for him. Mr. Webster stated the nature of a gospel church, and reasons of dissent, in the morning; in the afternoon, Mr. Stenson, after solemn prayer to the God of Israel, and a short address, read the dismissals of the eight about to be united into gospel fellowship, and called upon one to give a statement of the faith upon which this church was to be formed. This being done, and approved, four males and four females joined hands, as being united into a visible church of Christ; and after a very appropriate address, Mr. Stenson brake bread to the new formed church; and preached to them, in the evening, from these words, "Now are they waiting, looking for a promise from thee." This day's proceedings met with the sanction of heaven. In two months, the Lord added to us two who had been previously baptised: one by Mr. Savory, at Brighton; the other belonged (as she supposed) to the church under the pastoral care of brother Dickerson, and at her request, I wrote to this church for her dismission, directing the letter to brother D., but never had a reply; I suppose he had the letter, as it did not return to me. However, these two came in by their experience; the former being removed from us, in providence, had her dismission to another part; the latter halted, and is separated.

The Lord, to encourage our hearts, and to strengthen our hands, began to work mightily amongst us, and one and another began to make known their wishes to join the little band. On the 26th of July following, I had the honour to baptise two males and four females, five of whom are with us to this day; one left us for London, and living neglectful of the ordinance of the Lord's supper, after being admonished twice, was separated. This first baptising, the Lord put his seal unto; first, by sending us a refreshing shower of blessings, to cause us to go on our way rejoicing; and, secondly, in plucking the husband of one of the sister's baptised, as a brand from the burning, who started off the morning of the baptising (as he has since told me,) to have a drunken frolic. As we had no place at home where we could baptise, we journeyed twelve miles, to a little new baptist chapel, at Hanley, Surrey; and we were the first to use the pool there. Those were added to us on August the 2nd; and we could experimentally adopt the language of the text I took at the table, "This day we perceive that the Lord is among us." Joshua xxii. 31.

And here I must digress for a moment, to shew the goodness of the Lord in opening the way for me to carry out my desire, to enable me to introduce the gospel into a neighbouring village; the highly favoured vessel of mercy just named, as a brand plucked by irresistible grace, lived in the above village, to whom application had been made by his wife, who was as desirous for me to come there as I was to go; but she met a negative, with a oath, I should not preach in his house. But soon we found, and he too, that his house and heart were at the disposal of the God of Israel; God just got admission into his heart, and then he freely admitted us into his house, with a hearty welcome.

In this place, so destitute of the truth, the Lord has done great things. There he has met with one and another, giving them to taste that the Lord is gracious. This place, for about two years, was crowded; so much so, that we have had from seventy to eighty got together in a room; but since then there has been a great stir about that way, (Acts xix. 23,) and many disliked close preaching, got very ricketty, and ceased coming to hear. May God in his rich mercy reconcile many in that place. There still are a few who love close preaching in preference to being rocked to sleep in carnal security; and to feed their precious souls, I still go, and hope to go, while God has a few desirous of the bread of heaven.

To return, the dear Lord having increased the eight to sixteen in a little more than three months, and blessed us with joy and peace in believing, we walked together in love and unity, and like a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots, striving together for the faith once delivered to the saints. God has been, and still is, gradually increasing the little flock, we hope, with those who shall be eternally saved. I have baptised, since May, 1846, forty-one; received two by dismission; four (who had been previously baptised,) by their experience; making, with the first eight, fifty-six. Two left us for America; one dismissed; two separated; making our present number fifty-one. Our little chapel is but small, holding about one-hundred and thirty; but it is at present quite large enough.

I do humbly hope I may say in truth, that the Lord is still building, grounding, settling and establishing the souls of those already called by grace in the truth, so that these keep close to the crib, while many go and come. Blessed be God, he has been our keeper; hitherto, I do trust, the Lord has given us the spirit of prayer, and many answers to our supplications. I know we are well kept while the Lord is our keeper, and no longer. I judge what the heart of my brothers and sisters is by my own, which is vile indeed, and deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; I find the old man is yet alive. But I, through grace, am desirous he should be more than ever crucified, and that the remainder of my days should be more devoted to him, whose I am and whom I serve. For this end I am led to pray for grace, for me and the little flock over which the Holy Ghost has made me overseer, to keep us day by day from all that might prove destructive to our present unity and peace, and bring guilt on the conscience, and dishonour him who has wrought all our works in us, to whom be all honor, glory, and praise, now and ever. Amen. EDWARD ARNOLD.

*Cuckfield, Sussex, Jan. 9, 1851.*

#### Large Meeting in the late Mr. Gadsby's Chapel, Manchester.

A Correspondent says—"We had a large tea-meeting at Roehdale Road Baptist Chapel School, on New Year's Day evening. I should think more than four-hundred persons assembled to take tea. Mr. Allen, of Cave Adullam, Stepney; Mr. Howe, Baptist minister, Macclesfield; Mr. Taylor, minister of the congregation; Mr. Gill, the secretary; and Mr. Benson, addressed the audience. Several little children recited some very interesting and amusing pieces. The anthems "God is our Refuge," and "the Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel, were sung. There was a superabundance of the food which perisheth; and the friends fared well. Mr. Allen read a sermon; not that he could not deliver one extemporaneously—but on account of its eccentricity; a funeral sermon of a good man, whose wife came from Helsden near Norwich. He said it was composed by the writer of that beautiful hymn—

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying friend."

Mr. Taylor spoke upon the good of Sunday Schools, and a few words about the important times in which we live. And during the evening he would have Mr. Allen to tell an anecdote. He said, it happened, about twelve months ago, that he wanted to sell his pony and chaise, and a gentleman (in appearance) came to purchase it; he put the best harness on to set it off; but got swindled out of them; he had had a covetous fit, (he said,) and took that away which he ought to have given to God's cause, shewing the truth of that Scripture, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

Messrs. Smith and Jno. Kershaw could not attend; or if they had, and yourself, and brother Wells, Foreman, Wyard, Stringer, J. A. Jones, and others had been there, how my soul would have rejoiced! May the Lord be with them at Jireh to-night; let us know how they go on, and tell us in the 'Vessel' some of those important things that they are going to speak about. I have no doubt none of them will forget, 'Him whom my soul loveth,' and the things belonging to him. Well do I remember—and shall do to my dying day, how brother Wells entertained us, some five or six years ago, in a boat coming from Dunbram Park, in telling us 'what he thought of Christ.' He expounded the first chapter of Matthew, and spoke copiously of Jesus and his works."

**BAPTIST MEETING, OLDFHAM STREET, MANCHESTER.**—On the evening of January 1st, 1850, between twenty and thirty brethren and sisters solemnly joined themselves together as a church, upon New Testament principles, and such, unanimously chose Mr. W. Palmer as their pastor. There is a large field for usefulness in this district; may it be the Lord's will to abundantly bless and increase the means to the ingathering as well as the building up of Zion in this populous city. Truly the harvest seems great, but the labourers very few.

### The Cause of God and Truth, at King's Lynn, Norfolk.

FORASMUCH as it hath pleased the Great Head of the church, in his infinite mercy, to put into the hearts of a few of his people, to lay before his throne the ardent desire of their souls, that he would graciously condescend to favour them with the high privilege of a house of prayer, for the honour of his glorious name in the above place, they, having met with encouragement, have attempted to set about the same. I have been, therefore, requested to visit the churches of Christ, and lay before them the state and case of the "poor few;"—that they are not able to perform their enterprise without assistance. I have done so; and now feel pleasure in announcing that my message has been kindly received by several of the ministers in London, who have promised their aid, when called upon so to do. Mr. James Newborn, Bethesda Chapel; Mr. Milner, Stepney Causeway; Mr. Abrahams, Islington Green; Mr. Wells, Surrey Tabernacle; Mr. Banks, Bermondsey; Mr. Foreman; and others.

Several donations are given by individuals who wish well to the cause. A secret friend has sent us a present, who styles himself "A Native of Suffolk." So that the Lord is doing great things for us, whereof we are glad.

Should any friend, who wishes well to "Zion," from this statement, feel disposed to lend a helping hand, any subscription, donation, or grant, will be thankfully received, gratefully acknowledged and faithfully applied, being sent to your very humble and obedient servant,  
W. MUNDAY.

Address—William Munday, Pentney, Swaffham, Norfolk.

**REMOVALS.**—We have received a communication from brother Clark, furnishing twelve reasons for his leaving Doncaster. While they justify him in the step he has taken, we hardly feel at liberty to publish them. We must further consider the matter. Our brother Wilson is leaving his charge at Hull, the end of this month; and brother Albert Brown leaves Colchester shortly. Other pastors are moving.

## BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*The Ana-baptists of Knollysford Dean, or the struggles and trials of Bible Christians, &c.*  
This striking narrative about which so much interest has been excited, has come to hand at last. Mr. William Hawkins, the pastor of the Baptist Church at Bradford, Wilts., is the author of it; and much credit is due to him for furnishing the churches with such a valuable and heart-melting story at this critical and important crisis. It is a small volume exactly suited to the present times; here is nothing flippant; it is a tale "founded on authentic historic facts," and facts recorded with so much primitive simplicity and beauty, as at once to fill your soul with a mixture of sorrow and joy:—sorrow for the cutting sufferings of those dear saints whose lives were sacrificed for the truth's sake;—and joy on account of the holy fortitude, and heavenly triumphs, with which these cruelly treated followers of the Lamb were favoured. We purpose to dip into this little volume next month. In the meantime, we hope its circulation will rapidly increase.

### The First Annual Pastoral Letter.

OUR brother Searle, pastor of the Baptist Church, meeting at Jireh Chapel, Union Row, Kingsland, has just issued his First Pastoral Letter. It is pleasing to see young ministers industrious; and endeavouring to carry their usefulness beyond the walls of the Sanctuary. This Pastoral Letter is expressive of the most ardent affection for the members of the church; and is full of fervent desires for the peace and prosperity of Zion. There can be no question but that a blessing will attend its perusal. Our silent, but sincere prayer is, that our brother may be spared to send forth a score or two of these Annuals in succession, as years roll round; and that the fold, under his care, may be increased abundantly with such as shall not only commence their Christian course warmly; but pursue it steadily. Deep, indeed, are a minister's trials. To be surrounded by a band of firm, faithful, spiritual, God-fearing, truth-honouring believers, is a privilege high and holy beyond compare. We think this Pastoral Letter will be read with interest by many beside the members of Kingsland Jireh.

### Mr. Wyard's Pastoral Letters.

THESE valuable Commentaries on some of the most important articles of our Christian Faith, are now collected and bound up together, forming a neat volume, worthy of a place in every Christian man's library. The following quotation from the Author's preface shews the warm reception these sound and solid epistles have found among British Christians. Mr. Wyard says,—

"The Author of 'Pastoral Letters,' would take this opportunity of acknowledging with deep humility and unfeigned gratitude, the kindness with which these letters have been received, and the wide circulation they have obtained. It may be interesting to the lovers of truth, to know, there have been distributed in the length and breadth of the land, about THIRTY THOUSAND of these Letters—who can tell the amount of good effected thereby? May God still speed their way, and may the churches of Jesus, take an active and deep interest in Tract distribution. Let the rich lay a few shillings out annually in this way."

• Published by Houlston and Stoneman. See advertisement on wrapper.

# Bible-Men :

BEING,

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF PATRIARCHS, PROPHETS,  
'APOSTLES, LESSER SAINTS,

AND

ALL WHOSE HISTORY THE WORD RECORDS.

No. V.

By reference to the first article in last month's number you will find that I there briefly entered upon the history of Abel; stating that the Bible record of him was comprised in about five short sentences; and of the first a few words were written. I also mentioned having an engraving from an old painting by A. SACCHI, representing our fallen father Adam bending over the murdered body of Abel his son. Very striking, and terribly awful, are the lessons which this ancient picture furnishes! Poor Abel lays prostrate on the ground; his left arm is stretched forth to the utmost, and his right hand is placed on the back of his head, as though Cain struck him on the back of the skull, and felled him to the ground. In the distance you see Cain flying away with great speed, his arms lifted up in frantic agonies, and his hair standing erect on his head, as though the very thunder-bolts of justice had entered into his soul, and mad despair had seized his mind. Oh, wretched Cain! Oh, awful man! how powerfully did satan work upon the corrupt passions of thy heart; driving thee on to the bloody deed; and then lighted up a hell in thy soul, which burns until now, and will burn for ever! Close beside the prostrate and lifeless frame of Abel, Adam is bending. He is on his knees. One hand is thrown out, as in terror; the other is wiping the big tears of heavy grief that roll from his eyes. His face is the picture of agony, and the deepest parental sorrow. How direful the effects produced by the fall! how rich the mercy! how sovereign the grace that delivers the truly penitent therefrom!

There is something remarkable in the name Adam gave to his first son—it is ABEL, which, by interpretation, signifies *vanity, a vapour*, a something that quickly passes away, and is gone. This name was truly significant of Abel's existence here; his life here was short; and in the midst of health and strength he was sent out of time into eternity. May I not say he was the first saved sinner that

ever entered glory? Yes, certainly he was! What must have been the joy of elect angels when they witnessed the reception of one of Adam's fallen sons brought into the heavenly chambers, as the first-fruits of that sacrifice which was to be made for sin in the person of the Son of God! And, surely, there was something deep as well as dreadful in Abel's death! His life was sacrificed to the cause of truth; and it seems to teach the great gospel lesson—that it is by the shedding of blood—by the death and resurrection of the slaughtered Lamb—that elect sinners obtain the forgiveness of sins, a meetness for heaven, and an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

Leaving the Old Testament history of Abel, I come down to the honourable and exceedingly gracious testimony which the Holy Ghost hath recorded of him in the New;—“*By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and, by it he being dead yet speaketh.*”

This stupendous portion of Scripture is big with new covenant blessings. Never did I see THE TRINITY more beautifully revealed in the Word than in this place. Here is GOD THE HOLY GHOST working faith in Abel's soul; revealing unto him THE MEDIATOR, the LAMB OF GOD that taketh away sin; and through him, and his sacrifice, leading the ancient worshipper up to THE ETERNAL GREAT I AM; where the highest honours are freely bestowed.

The whole work of the Spirit, the whole kingdom of grace, the fulness of the everlasting covenant, all that God has promised, all that CHRIST has secured, all that the COMPOSER performs, all that the gospel proclaims, all that the ransomed church has ever realised; all, all, stand together here like “*A bundle of myrrh,*” and “*Like a cluster of camphire,*” as the spouse, in ages past and gone, declared she found her Lord to be. Oh, my soul, art thou in the secret of these

most glorious mysteries? Here, in Abel's history, lays the hidden path of life; the only safe and saving way to God. If found in this path, my reader, heaven, glory, eternal blessedness is thine; living and dying a stranger to this thou art undone for ever.

In this comprehensive gospel map, and spiritual portrait, (Heb. xi. 4.) you have

I. Abel as a fallen sinner.

II. Abel as a truly heaven-taught worshipper.

III. Abel as a righteous believer.

IV. Abel as a favourite of heaven; and

Lastly, Abel as an evangelical preacher.

First, you have Abel as a fallen sinner. He is convinced in his soul of these three things:—1. That he is unclean, unholy, and far off from God: 2. That God is righteous, just, and holy; and can in no wise clear *the guilty*: 3. That no reconciliation, no access, no forgiveness, no mercy, no communion can be had, but in and through a Days-man, a Mediator, one that could lay his hands both on the offender and the Offended too. How long conviction of sin and godly sorrow might have worked in Abel's soul; how many times, to himself, he might have asked the solemn question, "*What must I do to be saved?*" is not explained to us. The Holy Ghost takes up his history where divine faith broke forth in a holy exercise upon "the man of opportunity," (Levit. xvi. 21, see margin) who beareth sin away, and brings righteousness near. Look, then,

Secondly. At Abel as a true heaven-born spiritual worshipper, "*Abel brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof.*" Thomas Watson says, "Hypocrites care not what they put God off with; they offer to the Lord that which costs them nothing." There is no agony in their souls; no hard wrestlings in their prayers; no deep searchings of heart in their services; no suffering the loss of all things for Christ in their sacrifices. "It is observable," (says that clean old divine) "the Holy Ghost doth not mention any thing that might commend or set off Cain's sacrifice; he only saith, 'Cain brought of the fruit of the ground;' *some sorry thing, perhaps* pulled out of a ditch; but when he comes to speak of Abel's sacrifice, he sets an emphasis upon it, 'Abel brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof.'" He who

delights in God gives him the fat of the offering, (see Levit. iii. 3, and onwards,) the purest of his love, the hottest of his zeal, and when he hath done all, grieves he can do no more. Three things are observable in Abel's worship; he brought the first and finest of his flock; *this* he offers unto GOD; and that "BY FAITH." Faith must have an object. On what did Abel's faith fasten? On the Second Person in the ever glorious Trinity, on the Paschal Lamb. I do humbly believe in my soul that if Abel was here to give an account of what he, by the eye of faith, beheld when he came to offer his lamb unto God, he would say, as John said in after times, "*I beheld, and lo! in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, STOOD A LAMB AS IT HAD BEEN SLAIN, having seven horns and seven eyes,*" &c. O, what a glorious sight to Abel's new-born soul must this wondrous Lamb have been! he looked, and loved, and sung—

"Love so amazing, so divine—

Demands my soul, my life, my all."

Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee—

Where else can helpless sinners go?

Thy boundless love shall set me free,

From all my wretchedness and woe.

Thirdly, see in Abel, the justified believer: "*He obtained witness that he was righteous.*" No doubt but that heaven kindled a fire on the altar and consumed the offering; as is written in Leviticus ix. 24, "*There came a fire out from before the Lord, and consumed upon the altar, the burnt offering, and the fat:* which when the people saw, they shouted, and fell on their faces." You may see the same thing in Judges vi. 21; "*there rose up fire out of the rock, and consumed the flesh and the cakes.*" What do these fires signify? Certainly they bespeak God's acceptance of the offering presented. And only in this way can seeking sinners know that they are justified and accepted. There is a plain text which says—"OUR GOD is a consuming fire." And when the fire brake forth on the ancient altars and consumed the offerings, did it not shew these three things? First—that Christ would be offered as a sacrifice for sins. Secondly, that the fire of holy wrath, and of divine justice would entirely consume that offering; even so as that his very soul should be poured out, even unto death? And thirdly, as when the offering was consumed, the fire went out, even so, should the fire of wrath and justice cease to

burn, (toward the election of grace,) when Christ by that one offering should perfect for ever them that are sanctified? When the fire consumed Abel's offering, God testified, and witnessed to the fact of his acceptance in the person of the Beloved.

Now, all true worship must stand in these things. The coming sinner must ultimately, (I mean before he can know what access, and communion, and soul-satisfaction are,) he must bring a whole Christ in the arms of his faith; and this, AND ONLY THIS, must he offer unto God as the ransom price of his precious soul's redemption; and if he really come with this offering, and "by faith" do present it to a holy, just, and righteous God, the Holy Ghost will take it up, and take the poor soul up too into nearness; his conscience will get purged from dead works; a sense of pardoning love will be bestowed; the door into the kingdom will be opened; songs of praises will be sung; and God in all things will be glorified.

The honour put upon Abel, the matter and permanency of his ministry, are things I leave for your own meditation. My fervent prayer for the readers of the *Earthen Vessel* is, that they may be followers and fellow worshippers with Abel in the matters of which I have so faintly spoken; and with him walk the heavenly hills, and sing of sovereign, saving grace.

Abel was the first stone laid by God the Holy Ghost on the living foundation. Thousands and millions, I believe, have been added since then. Who will be the last, and when it will be brought up, are secret things belonging to the LORD, and by him alone to be revealed. I close this little bit of paper with a verse they sung at Crosby Row Chapel last Sunday evening, as the very language and prayer of my immortal soul. The verse was this:

"They have fellowship with God  
Through the Mediator's blood;  
One with God, through Jesus one,  
Glory is in them begun:  
Number'd with them may we be,  
Now and through eternity."

#### Did Samuel appear to Saul?

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Should you think the following extracts worthy of a place in the *Vessel*, in answer to the inquiry, (Did Samuel appear to Saul?) they are at your disposal, as I do not consider that either Isaac or Gershom have given any satisfactory reply to the question. I submit the following extracts for your approval.

Sir Isaac Newton, conjectures that the Philis-

times had about this time obtained a great accession to their armies by a vast number of men which Amasis had driven out of Egypt. This with the death of Samuel just before, and the understanding that David was turned against Saul, were considerable inducements to renew the war with Israel; on the latter circumstance in particular, Achish, who appears to have been a very easy, credulous man, seems to have placed much reliance, though his wiser lords, as we shall see presently, thought very differently, but we must now attend to another circumstance which forms the chief incident of this chapter.

Saul, probably in consequence of the previous advice of Samuel, had put away those that had familiar spirits, and the wizards out of the land, as decidedly contrary to the divine law. Deut. xviii. 10, 12. Yet he seems to think that there might be some truth in their pretensions, and being unable to obtain an answer to his inquiries by way of lawful means, he resolves to try their skill, and accordingly goes to a woman at Endor, (1 Sam. xxviii. 7.) who had or was reputed to have a familiar spirit, and who practised necromancy.

This mysterious event has been differently viewed by critics and commentators; the opinion of the late Bishop Howe is that generally adopted and cannot be better expressed than in his own language.

Respecting the transaction at Endor, the case in few words, stands thus. Convinced by proper evidence of the authority of the book in which it is related, we of course believe that the several instances happened as they are there said to have happened. By what power or agency they were brought about, or how the business was conducted, is another question, which is confessedly to us at this distance, of an obscure and difficult nature.

That God should permit evil spirits, employed by a wretched woman, to summon at pleasure his departed servants from the other world is not to be imagined. It remains, therefore, that the whole affair of Samuel's appearance was a contrivance, or that, by the interposition of God, there was a real appearance, which the enchantress did not expect, nor could have effected. The surprise and alarm occasioned in her seem to point us this way, and there are two instances recorded in Scripture of a proceeding somewhat similar. (See the case of Balaam, Num. xxiii., and that of Ahaziah, 2 Kings i.)

When Saul hoped for a kind answer from Samuel, and it is likely would have had a very favourable one from some pretended Samuel, God was pleased to disappoint both the sorcerer and him by sending the true Samuel with a true and faithful message quite contrary to what the woman and Saul had expected, which so confounded and disordered him, that he instantly fell into a swoon, and could no longer bear up against the bitter agonies of his mind.

Mr. Charles Taylor, the late ingenious editor of "Calmet," takes the other side of the question, and considers the whole as a juggle, wrought by the power of ventriloquism, or even some inferior art. He thinks that Saul saw nothing extraordinary, but only judged that what he saw was an appearance of Samuel from her description; and as to the prediction uttered, he thinks it required no inspiration to foretell, deserted as he was by God, and opposed to an enemy very superior in numbers, that both Saul and his sons were likely to be slain.

It must be confessed, however, that the text speaks of Samuel himself as appearing and addressing Saul, and such was certainly the opinion of the early Jews, particularly of the author of the book of Ecclesiasticus, written about three-hundred years before Christ, who speaking of Samuel says, "After his death he prophesied, and showed to the king his end." &c. Eccles. xlvi. 20.

By a sincere friend, and well-wisher of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, and

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.



## The Present Position and Prospects of Protestantism in England

FAITHFULLY CONSIDERED.

EDWARD SMITH, of Bleker,—(who is the Author of "WHAT OF THE NIGHT?" and other works,) has recently written—(and Aylott and Jones have published) a book entitled—"THE DESOLATIONS OF THE APOSTASY—THE REWARD OF ENGLAND'S APOSTASY." In this work, Mr. Smith has reviewed the movements of Popery and Protestantism—and the various changes and conditions through which our nation has passed, from the period when Gospel light first dawned upon this land, and "a Bible was set up in some convenient and open place in every church." It must be acknowledged that Mr. Smith has here rendered very valuable service unto such in our land as have ears to hear; and we trust his labours will be made useful in stirring up many hearts and hands in this day of departure from the faith. With this desire, we quote an extract or two.

From a great variety of sources, and by extracts drawn from documents of unquestionable authority, Mr. Smith certainly shows that the plots for bringing England under the entire influence of Popish domination, have been deeply, determinedly, and successfully laid. After quoting these, he says,—

"These extracts will suffice to shew the strength of the Popish plot, and the stage of maturity which it has reached; they will also, I think, make it plain to the minds of most, that the contrivance of so deep-laid a scheme, which has required so many years to bring it to the present state of ripeness, must have been designed by infernal wisdom many years before ever the instruments used were aware of it. The Word of God shews us that just before Antichrist is judged and cast as a millstone into the sea, never more to rise to any power, he will have gathered all nations under his banner for the purpose of fighting and overcoming, as he thinks, the Lamb and his followers. His power being so weakened at the Reformation, and all attempts to regain it by open force, having failed, his god is put upon inventing a new plan for bringing about that which otherwise he could not accomplish. He, therefore, transforms both himself and his agents, and endeavours, by all the subtlety allowed him, to soften men with flattery, and to stupify them gradually with false charity; so that they should in time become greatly of one mind, at least so far as to answer his design of getting his beloved brat, the Beast, by degrees unto the same exalted position he once before was permitted to reach in the world. This has been going on for many years, and has answered the purpose the great enemy had in view in a wonderful way; but it must be remembered this is an unnatural state for the king of the children of pride, and he will no longer be content to fawn than while he believes the prey is within his net: as soon as he is assured all things are ripe for the hellish end he has been so long awaiting, and permission is given him, his plan will be at once changed, and he will again shew himself in his true colours, as a roaring and ravening lion, and will begin to feast on the torments of the prey he has taken. That text in Rev. xii. 12, may well apply, if ever he is permitted, as we have cause to fear he may, again to wreak his malice upon those who have been the means of keeping him out of part of what he calls and considers his kingdom. "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." There will be a double spur to his hellish rage; the time, he knows, will be shorter now than when those

words were first spoken, and the mortifying recollection of the time he has been kept under, and had to make use of such humbling means to come at the same degree of power he once enjoyed, (if such a word may be used to speak of the greatest excesses of infernal malice against all that is good, and capable of being enjoyed,) these will add fuel to the fire raging within him, and make him stir up his human agents to do worse than ever before, if a stronger than he do not in mercy restrain, according to that promise—"For the elect's sake such days shall be shortened."

"It is certain that Antichrist will gather his forces together for battle throughout the world just before his final downfall, and this appears to be remarkably fulfilling at the present time. His agents have been just sent into many other parts, beside England, to prepare for the next great conflict, which may be either an earnest or the beginning of the last; and many other countries seem as ripe for his infernal purpose as our own. While it is certain the beast will do all in his power to gather his forces for battle, it does not appear to be clearly shown in the word that he will be allowed to hurt the people of God again, though there is ground to fear it may be so. Fleming, Brightman, and Bunyan, incline to the opinion that he will not; Goodwin and some others think he may. Whilst we ought always to prepare for the worst, especially at this time; yet there is some ground for hope that Antichrist may only be allowed to prepare and show his malicious intention, but not be permitted to carry out his designs."

"While the present state of things continues, appearances are almost entirely against us. The darkest night does at times precede the brightest day; and so, we may confidently expect, it will be this time; though what watch of the night it is just now, or whether the day may break in England before the next great change throughout the earth, none seem at present exactly to know; but that the morning cometh as well as the night, is most certain. To this many Scriptures plainly point."

We turn now from Edward Smith, to Alexander Fraser, of Glasgow, whose work on "The Signs of the Times," is the fruit of deep thought, and we would hope of holy meditation and prayer. He says—

"I am not disposed, my friends, to be an alarmist myself, nor would I seek to fill your minds with unnecessary fears. In the freedom of the press; in the increasing enlightenment of the age; in the waning influence of the Pope, and the system with which he is identified, in his own dominions—of which we can entertain no doubt, when we consider that it was not by foreign powers but by his own people that he was lately driven from his throne, and that it was not by Protestants, but by the citizens of Rome itself that the dungeons of the Inquisition were thrown open; and, above all, in the mighty power of Divine truth, and the prophetic declarations of Scripture—we have ample assurance that, however fierce and deadly the struggle of the Man of Sin to regain his ancient ascendancy may be, his final destruction is sure. But notwithstanding the assurance which is thus afforded us of the ultimate triumph of truth over error,—when I think of Popery as a huge spiritual despotism, and one of the most cruel and degrading forms of superstition that ever held the human mind in bondage; when I think of the union, and discipline, and organisation, by which it can

bring its whole strength to bear on any given point of attack; and of the readiness with which it can accommodate itself to the diversified tastes of the human mind, and the varying aspects of society—using the sword where it can do so with safety, and wiles where it cannot—perpetuating ignorance where that may be done—but professing itself friendly to mental enlightenment where that may seem to be demanded by the spirit of the times; when, in fine, I think of its present aggressive efforts, of the progress it is making, in a land which has hitherto been deemed the stronghold of Protestantism, of the assistance it is deriving from the prevalence of Tractarianism in the Established Church of England, and of the disposition which has been evinced of late years by British statesmen, of different parties to treat it as though it were changed in its spirit, if not in its creed, and even to regard the endowment of it a wise policy;—when I think of all this, I cannot regard as groundless, the fears which are entertained by many, who discern the omens of tribulation in the revival of a system so delusive and dangerous as to be justly termed the masterpiece of satan."

"Christianity, far from having been arrested in her progress, is advancing with firm step and majestic mien—the promise of her Redeemer her palladium, his omnipotence her shield. During a period of nearly two thousand years she has had to contend with every form of error and violence; but whatever opposition she may have still to encounter, the announcements of prophecy, and the present aspect of human affairs seem alike to indicate that the period of her final triumph is now drawing near—the period of millennial glory, when the harps of Heaven shall be heard hymning the anthem of victory—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

"Such are the grand characteristics of the age in which we live; such is the era in which our lot is cast. We occupy a position that involves deep responsibility. We are heirs to a rich inheritance of experience and knowledge, which has been accumulating from generation to generation. With all its faults the present age may be regarded as superior to any preceding one,—for it is the product, so to speak, of all past ages. Remember, brethren, it is the will of God that you should serve your own generation, and that this is the only age you can directly serve."

"It has been pointed out as a defect, in the robust piety that characterized the English Puritans, that it was not so expansive as it might have been. But we have reason to fear that the piety of the present day is defective in another way—that it is more diffusive than deep. A good writer remarks—'Religion among us lacks the intense vitality of other days. It intermits, fluctuates, and then, not seldom, evaporates. It lacks depth and strength. It lacks natural warmth, and too often seems to make up for the want of it by friction and excitement. Hence it is often wan and pale, relieved by hectic glows which soon depart. It has not the healthy complexion of more primitive times.' 'We desire something more solid and more solemn; peaceful, but not stagnant; earnest, but not feverish; energetic, but not unstable.' Let us aim to guard, then, against both the defects to which I have adverted."

## PAPAL ROME:

HER PRIESTS—AND HER JESUITS:  
WITH IMPORTANT DISCLOSURES.

## No. I.

We know that the heart of the spiritually healthy child of God sickens at the immense mass of testimonies against the spirit and system of Popery which meet him now at every turn: but, however painful it may be, it is evidently impossible to be silent. Every day discovers more clearly that the Anti-Christian powers are marching upon us;—and our decided opinion is, that a testing crisis is approaching. What it will bring with it, the Lord only knows; but we cannot forbear. We are constrained to lay before our readers all the information that may be safely relied on; and which, under God, may stir some of them up at least, to fervent prayer, that divine faith with supporting power, and a living God-sent, and God-honouring Gospel ministry may be granted unto us.

With this view, we now very briefly notice Dr. Achilli's new work, entitled, "Dealings with the Inquisition," &c., &c., which is just published by Arthur Hall, & Co. We can only bring out a sentence or two in this brief introductory article; but from several volumes now on hand, we hope, if the Lord spare us, to furnish much material for thought, for prayer, and for action in the field, against the greatest outward foe poor Zion ever had.

In the first chapter, where the Dr. gives the history of his imprisonment, he thus speaks of the Church of Rome, which he calls—the Church of Satan. He says,

"An actual hell seems to be at the command of this church; and it may be known by the name of Inquisition."

The doctor gives us to understand that, of late years, it has been pretty generally believed that the Inquisition at Rome had been abolished; but, afterwards gives us proof that so recently as 1849, he with some others paid a visit to the far-famed holy office; and there he found a Dominican friar, who gave him to understand that the existence of the Inquisition was kept a secret; and that it would be dangerous to any one who should be found guilty of divulging the secret. This Dominican friar also gave him to understand that there prisoners, prison-keepers, commissioners, and all officials were still maintained; dungeons, and their miserable occupants, still watched and punished; and that when Pope Pius IX. took flight with his cardinals; the last mentioned Jacques gave orders that not one belonging to the Inquisition should quit his post.

"It is a fact, then," says our author, "that popery is as barbarous as in the middle ages, and as ferocious as in the time of Gregory VIII. Popery always has the same spirit and laws, though it frequently wears a mask; and this present pope Pius, with all his pretended liberality, was always secretly combined with the Jesuits and the Inquisition."

The doctor plainly tells us that he has undertaken the publication of this work for the express purpose of laying open the craft and wickedness of Romanism as it exists in the present day; because he is persuaded that real christianity suffers more under Romish hypocrisy and artful tyranny than ever.

We shall examine this work closely—follow the doctor in his published disclosures; and draw facts and conclusions therefrom for the benefit of our readers.

In "THE ANTI-POPISH REVIEWER," also, we shall notice some part of this work which is exciting great interest at this moment.

## A Spiritual Epistle from Italy, Written by Mr. James Hunter,

BAPTIST MINISTER, OF BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE;

*Who, through ill health, has been constrained, for a time, to leave his native land, and his much-loved friends.*

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD—I feel great pleasure in sending you the enclosed letter for insertion in the "Vessel," if it meets your approval.

You are, probably, not aware that very shortly after the return of that highly-favoured, and sweetly-taught minister of Jesus, Mr. Hunter, to Bradford, after his visit to London, last July, that he was attacked with a most severe fever, his life being quite despaired of for some considerable time: but it pleased the Lord to raise him again from one affliction only to prepare him for another. His medical attendant informed him, at last, that he was most decidedly in a consumption, and that the only thing he could advise him to do, was to seek a warmer climate.

He came up to London, last December, for the purpose of making a journey to Italy. Myself and a valued friend went to see him off for Folkstone, not without serious apprehensions that we should never more see him in the flesh; but I am thankful to find that the means has been blessed, and entertain the hope that the Lord will yet spare him to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to poor sinners.

Believing there are many friends that will be glad to hear respecting him, I have felt induced to ask the favour of its insertion.

I am, dear sir, your's in truth,  
W. WRIGHT.

28, High Street, Camden Town,  
February 11, 1851.

My dear brother in our most glorious Lord Jesus Christ—By the good hand of my God upon me, I have got safely to Italy. The night before I left home, I felt my soul cast down within me at the thought of leaving friends, and going, weak as I then was, amongst entire strangers. These words, however, came into my soul, with some feeling and power, once addressed to Jacob, "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." They were then good words and comfortable words. I thought,

"How can I sink with such a prop?"

Leaning on these words, I left Bradford; and every step of my journey only went to shew me that the word of a covenant-keeping God never had, nor never can fail. There are two Scriptures that have often given me comfort, when I have felt in any way concerned as to what man can do: the first is, "He turned their hearts to hate his people:" and the second is, "He made them to be pitied of all them that carried them captive." In both, we see this one principle—that the hearts of all are in the hands of God, and he turns them whithersoever he will. So I have found it since I left England. He that has "the God of Jeshuran for his help"—an everlasting covenant for his support, need not care where his lot is cast. All that befalls him

"Must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please our heavenly Friend."

One Scripture was sweet to my soul in my last illness; "They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them," and that rock was Christ. The words, "that followed them" were indeed sweet. Yes; this blessed rock will come into a sick chamber; and while friends are shut out, it enters, and the sweet streams that flow from the clefts in its side, refresh the parched soul of the dear child of God. If the predestinated sons go into poverty, it follows them; into persecution, it follows them; into the swellings of Jordan, there it comes, and serves as the ark to divide the stream, the priest to

go before, and the dry ground on which the people stand, a rock of delight; "it hath pleased the Father that in thee all fulness should dwell," and it pleases the many sons who must come to glory too; so that we may well say, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock."

The last time I preached in London you will, perhaps, remember that I dwelt at some length on these words, "The tree of life yielded its fruit every month," and shewed the different months as stages of experience through which the elect of God had to pass. Little did I then know of this long winter month of affliction through which I have had to pass. But now I can still set to my seal that this glorious tree yields fruit for the tried children in every stage through which they pass. There has been glorious fruit brought to my soul, during this illness that more than balances all pain; there has been, indeed, bitter herbs, but there has been the Lamb. "With bitter herbs herbs shall ye eat it," says Jehovah. And so it is; trial comes, and then the deliverer appears. Since I have known the Lord, my experience has been wave upon wave; brought, from time to time, to sail upon a rough sea, and do business in great waters; but when brought to the point of danger, there has been always one appearing on the top of the troubled waves, crying, "Peace, be still;" and by the holes in his hands and side, I have seen that Jesus was the conqueror's name.

God sends affliction, my brother, not to spend his wrath on his people. No; Jesus has drunk it all; and for the elect church, it is no more: "I have sworn I will not be wroth with thee." Affliction comes, then, to lead the people of God farther into the holiest of all; to give them a more distinct view of the golden pot that has manna, Aaron's rod that budded, blossomed, and brought forth fruit, in the Person of our most glorious Christ; to shew them more fully the law hid in the ark, and covered with blood; and when before that ark, and in the sight of that blood, the dear children talk with him one never sees, they find again the truth of that Scripture, "It has been good for me to be afflicted."

My health has improved much since I came to Nice; the climate is delightful, and well calculated, under God, to restore strength to the weak. At the present time it is quite as hot as we have it in England, in summer; everything looks beautiful—only man is vile. Here the man of sin wags his sceptre, and glories in his superstition. The people with whom I stop are Catholics; so that with them I can have no communion; and, in fact, I have not met one, since I left England, that seems to know anything of the Lord's Christ. There are many English people here; and an English Episcopal Church. I have gone once; but the trumpet sounded free-will so loudly that I have never ventured since.

I intend, if the Lord will, to return to England in the latter end of April; may it be in the strength and power of the Spirit; so that, by me, as a poor feeble worm, the flock of God may hear of a risen Christ. O! that the silver trump of free grace may give more loud and solemn sounds, that the cross may be lifted still higher; "the Man, the exalted Man," be set forth under more of the solemn anointings of God the Holy Ghost; for long have I been convinced that this is ought to be the burden of the gospel ministry; other subjects have their place; but our most glorious Christ is the subject; and it is around this subject that satan ever wishes to cast a veil. How many professors at the present day, say, "Preach my experience; or preach more corruption; or more practice." And while all these things ought to have a proper

place in the gospel ministry; yet these things do not shake the pillars of satan's kingdom; do not bruise him under the feet of the little ones; and for these things, single and alone, satan does not care. Such a preacher may glide on smoothly and please many. But let a man ascend the pulpit, and wave the branch of the Lord, beautiful and glorious; let him lift up the stone with seven eyes upon it, and as he exhibits it to the gaze of the wondering church, let him tell that upon that Stone and upon that Rock the church is built, founded on his "Godhead and his blood;" let him tell ont the wondrous scheme that united the living stone and the lively stones from everlasting, and shew the holy cement to be no other than the blood of God; let him, in fact, make Jesus the Alpha and the Omega of his discourse, and talk and speak as if there was only one subject worth talking about, and that—the Man who hung on Golgotha: against such a preacher, satan is sure to collect his troops, and breathe into them all that hostility of which they are capable. "Dry doctrine," says one; "No experience," says another; "No practical exhortations," cries a third. And amidst this confused hissing of the serpent and his seed, the lame take the prey; the souls of the living family ascend the Mount with God, taste the feast of fat things, and find his flesh to be meat indeed, and his blood to be drink indeed. And while others, blinded by the God of this world, are condemning truths as dry doctrines, they rejoice to know that dry as they may be, they have, under the Spirit's power, brought dew to their souls, that often lies all night on their branch. No; Jesus cannot be held up too high for those who have been brought to count every thing in God's universe loss and dross, in comparison with the crucified One; the fatted calf cannot be too often set forth on the gospel table; for it is savoury meat—such as their souls love; and though they cannot always taste its sweetness, yet the desire of their souls is to this precious Christ.

But when the Lamb, so glorious and exalted in heaven, the object of universal attraction, (being in the midst of the throne,) when, the Lamb, I say, is not exalted, and extolled, and made very high in the pulpit, the children must come away with downcast looks and sorrowful hearts, almost ready to say with Mary, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Oratory and well-arranged discourses can be no substitute. Amidst it all, the seeking soul looks round, and asks the same question Isaac once asked his father, "But where is the Lamb?" Here is eloquence and here is much truth; but all, says the hungry child, not large enough to fill my empty soul; "Where is the Lamb?" This is a question every quickened soul is brought to ask, when the law of God enters his conscience, and one that is answered, when the Holy Ghost shews the poor soul One hanging on a tree in agony and blood, and whispers "This is he of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write," Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God. When the soul has been assured of its part in the Redeemer's blood, and has got a full view of the glories of the bleeding Lamb, then it is spoiled for ever for anything but a free grace gospel, in which the Lamb is not an item, but all and in all. Blessed be God, that a seed shall serve him, a generation shall rise, and glory in that which is to all beside, foolishness.

God has a remnant in England whose eyes have been anointed with eye-salve, and who find their heaven begun below only when they gaze on Jesus. To all such I feel a union of soul a oneness of heart, and can say, grace be with all such.

And now, dear brother, may the great Shepherd of the sheep, who, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, was raised from the dead—may he feed your soul, and the souls of all his quickened family with his own glorious Person; then shall peace be within your border, and the finest of the wheat your portion.

I remain, your's in our precious Christ,  
Nico, Italy. JAMES HUNTER.

### A Letter to a Friend on God's Decreeing Sin.

DEAR FRIEND—I have been much exercised in my mind with the things that you advanced at my house on the 9th of May, 1849; namely, that "God decreed the being of sin; that there was no such thing as second causes; and that sin was in the clay of which God formed man."

Now, as I believe it the privilege of every Christian to receive, as well as to give instruction, I will take the liberty to state a few particulars relating to my belief; but, knowing the profoundness of the subject, and the narrowness of my capacity, I shall not speak positively on these points, but only suggest my opinion to you; hoping, if you see differently into the subject, you will communicate to him that teacheth.

First, as to "God decreeing sin," as you roundly assert; I deem it more prudent and consistent with the holiness and attributes of God to say, he PERMITTED sin, than that he DECREED its being. To limit its extent, to overrule its power, to condemn eternally some under it, as the consequence of it, and to save some from the dominion and curse of it, is readily admitted. I think the words, PERMITTING and LIMITING are far more acceptable and in accordance with the love, wisdom, and holiness of God, and for the instruction of sinners in the fear of the Lord, than bluntly to say, that GOD DECREED IT!

I have, as yet, got no farther in this infinite mystery than to say, God did NOT decree to hinder it. If he had, it could not come to pass. And if he HAD decreed its being, and appointed man to the commission of it, how could he, consistent with his holiness, love, wisdom, or justice, punish man for it?

Think, my dear friend, on these things; and lay this important matter before the throne of God, and he will guide you into all truth.

Secondly, "no second causes." I am in full belief that with the Eternal mind there is nothing new or secondary; but that all things are, ever were, and ever will be, before his eternal mind; that there is with him nothing past or future, but one eternal now is ever before him; having, in the divine arrangements of time and things, submitted all things to his own all-wise control, and does, by his infinite mind, comprehend the end from the beginning, and by his almighty power, overrule and make them all work together for the good of his church and his own glory, not sin itself excepted. O, what a profound deep! How cautiously ought mortals of a moment's time tread the steps of these precipices over which thousands have fallen, and been ground to powder. Surely we shall do well to trace our way back to Calvary's rugged scene, and there veil our faces with astonishment, and sit down in pensive silence, or say—

"Even so, Father,  
For so it seem'd good in thy sight!"

For here we behold the worst of all crimes made the means of producing the greatest good;

"Nor Gabriel ask the reason why,  
Nor God the reason gives;"

"Sin pierced the Lamb—out flew his blood,  
And sin is purged by the flood."

But to assert that there is no such a thing as SECOND CAUSES, and that God decreed all things as they come to pass, appears, to me, to be equivalent to saying, God is the author of sin! a doctrine that I could never admit, if I had no other ground of defence than the inward remorse and pangs of my own conscience, when first arrested by the holy law, and brought as a guilty sinner before God. But as you assert,—if God appointed and ordained the being of sin, and the persons to commit it, I see no possibility of any person standing in the upright state that God made him—neither angel or man—unless he was stronger than God's decrees. And if God had decreed the punishment of sin, he then must have decreed to

punish what he appointed, if he decreed man to be a sinner. Taking this view of the subject, we lose all consistency. For what consistency can there be in me making a thing—and so making it that I must hate it and punish it for ever? This, in my opinion, would be doing what has neither consistency, wisdom, nor love in it. And surely however little we may discern of God's mystery, we never ought to attribute to him what has neither love, wisdom, nor consistency in it.

Think on this, my dear friend; and never forget that sin is that sore and bitter thing that God hateth; and ask your own conscience whether it can be possible for God to appoint and ordain to be what he hates, and must take vengeance on for ever? Or ask yourself if, when you were convinced of sin, if you could plead before God his decreeing sin, and you the subject of it, as a ground of excuse? If you can, I must beg leave to dissent from you; for I have not thus learned my religion. O, no! God knows however much I may be branded with being unsound in doctrine for not advocating his decreeing sin, I can never consent to this inconsistency until it can be proved that HOLINESS can produce UNCLEANNESS; DARKNESS—LIGHT; and DEATH—LIFE! That God appointed to overrule it; and, amongst the "all things," to work it together for good to "them that love him, and are the called according to his purpose," is the utmost stretch that I dare go, in this mysterious point of doctrine. Let those who please to say that sin is an holy and wise ordination of God, prepare themselves with Scripture evidence to prove the wisdom, love, and consistency of God in so doing; and it will be very hard to convince me that God ever did, or ever will do anything contrary to himself. And as God is love, wisdom, justice, and truth, you must prove to me that sin is love, wisdom, justice, and truth, before you can make me believe that God either decreed or ordained its being.

Again—you said that "sin was in the dust of which God made man." This, I think, you must admit to be an error, either in your judgment, or expression; and can need no argument from me; for the Word of God says, that "God made man in his own image," (in the likeness of God,) "in the image of God created he them." Sin had not entered—the ground was not cursed. When God formed man out of the dust, he made him upright, holy, harmless, and acceptable to himself in his first created state. But "man sought out many inventions," Eccles. vii. 29. Thus, I believe that not God's decrees, nor Eve's looking upon the tree, constituted them sinners—but her actually taking and eating it; for, thus saith the Word, "the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt die." This is, in my estimation, the commencement of second causes in man's account; and a sad second cause it is—a change from holiness, harmlessness, happiness, and God—to sin, grief, misery, and the devil. But this makes no change in the eternal mind. God foresaw all this, and provided against it, and was not at all inconvenienced by it; his plan was drawn; and his wisdom and power was sufficient to execute his designs, were all the nations dead. God is the Author, Giver, and the first cause of life, happiness, and peace; sin is the first cause of death, misery, and contention; and this is what I mean by a second cause. And if you can set it forth in language more honourable to God, or more sensible to man, I shall be thankful if you will let me have your words on paper that I may thereby receive some instruction.

The God of all grace be with you, guide, govern, direct and comfort you, and fill you with the spirit of truth and love. So prayeth

Your unworthy pastor and brother in the Lord,

JOHN CORBITT.

"There is in the soul renewed a keen appetite for knowledge; every glimpse or distant view of Christ is of infinite worth to the inspired soul; and so is every fresh discovery of his person or works that is made to us in the word of God."

## The Power of Divine Grace,

AS EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE, AND TRIUMPHANT DEATH OF LUDOVICO PASCHALI,

LUDOVICO PASCHALI was a Piedmontese, who imbibed a love for the gospel at Nioe. Abandoning the army, he went to Lausanne to prepare himself by study to preach the gospel. He, and Stephano Negrino, were selected to visit the Waldenses in Calabria. They had not long been in Calabria before they were both arrested and thrown into prison at Cosenza. Negrino was allowed to perish of hunger in prison; but Paschali was dragged, first to Naples, and then to Rome. On the way to the eternal city, and after his arrival there, he was treated in the most barbarous, and even brutal manner. His brother Bartolomeo, who had come from Cuni with letters of recommendation, to endeavour to procure his liberty, or a mitigation of his sufferings, found him in a most horrible state—his head bare, and his arms and hands lacerated by the small cords with which he was bound. No entreaty could prevail on the inquisitors to place him in circumstances of comfort. And yet he wrote to his former hearers in Calabria in the following strain, "My state is this, I feel my joy increase every day as I approach nearer to the hour in which I shall be offered as a sweet smelling sacrifice to the Lord Jesus Christ, my faithful Saviour. Yea, so inexpressible is my joy, that I seem to myself to be free from captivity, and am prepared to die for Christ, not only once, but ten-thousand times, if it were possible. Nevertheless, I persevere in imploring the divine assistance by prayer, for I am convinced that man is a miserable creature when left to himself, and not upheld and directed by God." To his brother he said shortly before his death, "I give thanks to my God that, in the midst of my long continued and severe affliction I have found some kind friends; and I thank you, my dearest brother, for the tender interest you have taken in my welfare. But as for me, God has bestowed on me that knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, which assures me that I am not in error, and I know that I must go by the narrow way of the cross, and seal my testimony with my blood. I do not dread death, and still less the loss of my earthly goods; for I am certain of eternal life, and a celestial inheritance, and my heart is united to my Lord and Saviour."

On the 9th of September, 1560, he was strangled, and then burned in the court of the castle of St. Angelo, in the presence of the pope and the cardinals, who had assembled to witness the spectacle. In a short address which he made when brought to the place of execution he summoned, in the most solemn manner, the pope and cardinals to appear before the throne of the Lamb, and give an account of their cruelties.

The Protestant faith has found a powerful advocate in the person of Sheridan Knowles. In his address to Wiseman, he says,—

"You will say that the Bible sets God above the king; and that God and the Church are one. True! But what Church? Yours? No, Sir; but the Church of Scripture!—that Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. The Church that is one with God is the Church of the Spirit—the Church of God's building! Yours is a Church of the flesh—a Church of man's building—a Church whose every peculiar doctrine smells of the flesh! Not a trace of any one Roman Catholic dogma is to be met with in Scripture! NOT A TRACE."

## MATTERS FOR THE LIVING FAMILY OF GOD TO MEDITATE UPON.

MY DEAR BROTHERS in that high and holy relationship, which is heavenly in its origin, and honourable in its nature; all grace abound towards you, in daily discoveries of the hidden treasures contained in the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ. The Triune Jehovah in infinite, infallible, and inscrutable wisdom, hath eternally ordained that all the time-transactions of his truth-embraced and love-caressed church, shall develop the greatness of his unchanging and unsullied name, "the Mighty One of Jacob, and the Holy One of Israel;"—and not only so, but they shall likewise display the goodness of his Providence, and declare the glory of his government; the honours of his throne, and the marvellous exactitude of all his arrangements; the minutest, even as the most momentous. Through another portion of fleeting time, signalized by many eventful, portentous, mysterious, and inexplicable circumstances, we have progressed in perfect safety, midst alternate hopes and fears, until we have arrived at our new station "Ebenezer, '51." Not to tarry there, but for a short season, while we refresh ourselves by looking around us and beholding the richly variegated scenery that arrests the eye of faith, and addresses the ear of our understanding, saying, "Behold your God!" Standing on the ancient and truth-honoured hill of sovereign grace, where the God of glory commanded the blessing, even life for evermore, we view, with all-adoring awe, the fearful precipices which we have so narrowly escaped, not by strength, nor skill, nor speed, but by the stretched-out arm and soul-grappling hand of him that shields the Christian's vital part from the noisome pestilential arrow that walketh in darkness, and flieth by noonday; and not only so, but spreads around him an invisible and imperforated mantle, dipped in blood, lined with love, and fringed with truth, which renders him invulnerable, for

"While deaths and shafts around him fly,  
In this enwrapped, he cannot die."

While we consider the lower heavens with all the sidereal hosts, and then the nobler heavens with all the angelic attendants waiting their Maker's nod, we wing our way to the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, and with every heaven-born power of our soul laid prostrate at his feet, adoringly exclaim, "*Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that thou shouldst regard him!*" Blessed be his great and glorious name for ever and ever! Forasmuch as he is ever mindful of his covenant; mindful of his Christ; mindful of his church; mindful of his cause; mindful of the cross of sufferings; the conqueror of satan, death, and hell; the cup of salvation, and the cry of the living children; even though they be less than the least of all saints, and greater than the greatest of all sinners.

Let us, therefore, rejoice in believing that the Lord Jehovah, in his mindfulness of his covenant, maintains the honours of his throne inviolate, and the glories of his name unimpeachable; in his mindfulness of his Christ, he manifests his supreme delight in him, and sovereign determination through him of bringing many sons and daughters unto glory, even all the election

of grace, afore prepared unto glory, according to the eternal purpose of him that worketh all things after the counsel of his own will; in his mindfulness of his church, he has magnified his word above all his name. Psalm cxxxviii. 2. His salvation above all our sins, and his mercy above all our miseries; in his mindfulness of his cause he mightily scatters, subdues, and silences the enemies thereof; while he mercifully saves, strengthens, and supports the lovers thereof; in his mindfulness of the cross on which the Saviour suffered, bled, and died, he meets (with pity in his eye, pardon in his hand, and peace in his heart;) the poor fallen, guilty, helpless, trembling sinner, whose publican-like petition, "*God be merciful to me a sinner,*" proclaims phariseism to be a profession of falsehood and gross hypocrisy; in his mindfulness of the conqueror of satan, he multiplies the tokens of his infinite satisfaction with all that he said, did, and suffered, by placing the trophies gained by the illustrious Immanuel, among the sacred treasures of his temple, as everlasting memorials of Messiah's wondrous might; in his mindfulness of the cup of salvation, he mingles it with loving-kindness, tender mercies, sweet compassion, and truthful wisdom; and in his mindfulness of the cry of his children, he ministers unto all their sacred cravings, soul-longings, and spiritual necessities, with a loving heart and a liberal hand, so that he maketh them to sing of mercy and judgment all the days of their life, and to rejoice that their pilgrimage through the perilous paths of the wilderness, affords them ample illustrations of the truth of their grace-taught convictions and inwrought assurance, "*that there is no want of any good thing to them that fear the Lord, and hope continually in his mercy.*"

Seeing then, beloved, that this glorious God is ours, in all his infinite perfections, adorable attributes, covenant relationships, official characters, potential prerogatives, boundless and bottomless treasures, solemn asseverations, and saving names; let us not only review his merciful leadings and dealings with us, his unprofitable servants, in order that we may gratefully record his all-triumphant grace and love displayed in thrice ten thousand instances during the past year, but let us repose all our soul's confidence on his continual guidance, guardianship, goodness and government, who hath graciously assured us that he will never leave nor forsake us, until he hath done all that be hath spoken to us of. Therefore, my brother, be steadfast and immovable; yea,

"When powers of hell your soul infest,  
Upon the Rock of ages rest;  
Abortive all their wiles shall prove,  
Your peace to mar, your feet to move."

Or should your deep experience in divine things lead you to adopt the following lines;—

"Lord God of hosts! my spirit fails,  
The prince of hell my life assails;  
Send forth thy truth, speak home with power,  
A word to save from this dread hour."

Be confident of this very thing, that he who createth the cry in the soul, designs and determines to crown that crying soul with a complete conquest over all that combine and conspire against his peace; while the divine remembrance, as the Spirit of truth, leads our minds

to the contemplation of the immaculate righteousness, immense revenues, and immortal renown, of our incarnate Redeemer; who is, likewise our gracious Reconciler, and glorious Representative, we cannot but rejoice therein, and gratefully record the rising emotions of our soul in some such strain as this:—

“Our heaven of bliss secure remains,  
Since Christ, our Reconciler, reigns,  
And everlasting sustains,  
The honour of each cause he gains.”

Surely we also feel the rising and all-predominant cry within us, “*Lord, increase our faith!*” For faith inspired, increased, and invigorated by the indwelling power and influential authority of the Holy Ghost, will, as in former ages, work wonders, do exploits, climb heights otherwise impassable, demolish the strongest holds of Satan, level Jerichoic walls in the twinkling of an eye, hur! the mighty from their usurped seats, make alien armies flee apace, answer the adversary at the gate, without any carnal amazement, while holding in hand the golden cup, filled with the wine of spiritual astonishment; look at lions fearlessly, as though they were lambs; handle serpents as though they were innocuous straws; walk through flaming fires, as in paths of pleasantness, having unignitable peace with God; wade through floods of trouble and seas of sorrow dry shod, Isa. xi. 15; run through an armed troop, (like David) as through a field of corn, 2 Sam. xxii. 30; ride on the backs of the rising and rolling waves of the sea, not only with in-trepidity almost incredible, but with a countenance serene and smiling, while sweetly singing, “My Father is Lord of the sea;” travel with alacrity in the chariot of Amminadib on the roughest roads, with a velocity far exceeding all that art or ingenuity can ever boast of; sleep soundly and safely in the woods, and on pillows of stones. Ezek. xxxiv. 25. Gen. xxviii. 18. Faith reads God’s righteousness in putting away sin, that he may not put away the sinner; and in breaking the long loved union between sin and the sinner, in order to bring about the never-to be dissolved union existing between the sinner and the Saviour; regards bonds, chains, and fetters lighter than feathers, while viewing him who bears the burdens and carries the sorrows of all his saints; renders a prison a palace, and a pit a pavilion; rejoices in tribulation as therein realizing great gain, discovering precious things hidden in dark places, both rejects and relies on impossibilities, (a paradox)—lives happily while dying horribly, (a paradox)—deems bankruptcy and beggary, holy and honourable signs of heavenly heirship (a problem)—understands wherefore the greatest paupers should be accounted as glorious princes, (a problem)—converts a trembling sinner into a triumphant saint, a worm into a warrior, a child into a champion, (as Paul,) † coward into a captain (as Gideon), rags into robes, five grains of grief into an hundred grains of gold, and an hundred shekels of sorrow into ten thousand shekels of silver;—yea, faith stupifies the wise, and nullifies the nobles, inasmuch as she knows that wise men are mad, while fools become the greatest philosophers; finds that a savoury meal in the sanctuary, or a sweet morsel given in secret, sharpens the appetite more than long abstinence from food; in a word, faith has her eye upon God’s glory, her hand upon heaven’s treasures, and her feet upon

earth’s vanities, so that the devil doth but dream in darily designing to defeat the deep-laid purposes of Jehovah, or in daily designing to devour one of the Lord’s elect family.

“All praise to the Eternal Three!  
The undivided One!  
The truth-embraced church shall be  
Destroyed—impaired—by none.

But I must hasten to a close, by adverting to three things. And, in the first place, you enquired of me, “Are the friends at Carmel in health? Are Brothers Rose and Mulley still fighting, or are they in possession of the crown?” Blessed, for ever blessed, be our glorious Lord, Carmel is in health, for I verily believe that the blood of the covenant circulates freely through the body. Our aged and beloved brother Rose is still in the field, fighting the good fight of faith, with his wonted zeal for the honour of his faithful Lord, who hath led him, and fed him, and kept him all his life long unto this day, and will not let him go.

Our heavenly Father has sent his chariot for his son Mulley; he died very suddenly on Friday, December 13th, aged seventy-six years and nine months. He was buried in the Brompton Cemetery on Monday the 23rd. I found it to be a solemn season while there answering the three following questions:—Who was he? What was he? Where is he? To the first inquiry, Who was he? I felt warranted from the knowledge I had of him, in answering, he was one set apart by God the Father, one saved by God the Son, and one sanctified by God the Holy Ghost; and consequently he was a lover of the undivided Trinity. To the second question, What was he? I felt no hesitation in asserting—he was a partaker of the heavenly calling, a pillar in the courts of the Lord’s house, and a pilgrim through the wilderness, pressing after and panting for “the beloved city;” and, therefore, was a pattern of the Lord’s long-suffering and goodness. To the third inquiry, Where is he? I replied, he is not in the pit of corruption, having been delivered therefrom more than fifty years ago, by the Almightyness of Jehovah’s saving arm; nor is he in purgatory, (some imaginary part of the Pope’s dominions; nor in the prison of hell; but having been rescued from the horrible pit of corruption, and exempted from the pains of death, which he had long feared would be great, dreading more the circumstances connected with dying than death itself; he is now in the paradise above, in the presence of God and the Lamb, in possession of the inheritance of the saints in light, praising God with all his heart. His mortal body rests in the grave, as the redeemed property of the Prince of life, until the glorious resurrection morning; and his immortal spirit reigns in glory, rejoicing evermore in salvation’s finished work.

On the following Lord’s day, I preached his funeral sermon from these words: “*Come up to me into the mount and be there.*” Exod. xxiv. 12. When we more particularly noticed four things.

1st. God’s call of his own children; (*Come up.*)

2nd. God’s delight in his own darling’s or dearly beloved ones; (*Come up to me.*)

3rd. God’s exaltation of his own elect; (*Come up to me into the mount.*)

4th. God’s full favour shewed towards his own family; (*Come up to me into the mount, and be there.*)

Fifty-five years had glided away since our deceased brother first knew the secret reality of the new birth unto righteousness, during which lengthened period of his pilgrimage, God (in the mysterious order of his unerring providence,) had called him to pass through many checkered, changing scenes, and had often caused him to prove his Father's delight in him, by the very many heavenly callings he received in the times of his deep distress, and in seasons of sharp soul sorrows,—

"To come unto the sacred throne,  
And there make all his wishes known."

The last Lord's Day of his earthly career, he was in Carmel, listening with more than ordinary attention to the heart-stirring, soul-strengthening, Christ-exalting, and God-glorifying truths of the everlasting gospel, and seemed to be feasting sumptuously upon the precious subject which was then before us; viz., the intensity of the Saviour's love for his church, not only as shewn in what he has said of her, "*Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee;*" and in what he has suffered for her, but in what he has secured unto her; viz., eight things; an imperishable name,—an immaculate righteousness,—an inalienable inheritance, immutable honours,—in- corruptible riches,—innumerable companions,—infinite pleasures, and immortal songs. He has, doubtless, entered into rest, and into an undisturbed realization and enjoyment of these things, and truly finds that a thousandth part of all the glory, honour, and happiness he now possesseth was never told him, nor thought of by him; for "eye hath not seen, neither hath the ear heard, nor the heart conceived how great things the Lord hath prepared for them that love him." As divine faithfulness had conducted him all his journeyings through the wilderness, so divine tenderness crowned his journey's end, which was peace indeed. For though he had so long, and so much dreaded nature's dissolution, yet he gently laid him down, and slept in Jesus' bosom, not knowing five minutes before his departure, that he was about to change worlds, (an usual expression of his) without the pain of dying, and even without nature's sorrow at parting from nature's chief and choicest companions.

"May our last end, like his, be peace,  
When God our spirits shall release  
From tenements of clay;  
In hope thereof we'll daily seek  
The glories of his name to speak,  
Whom death and hell obey."

In the second place, I must beg your indulgence towards me, by making the best of my bad conduct towards you, in having been so long dumb or silent; perhaps you will have the kindness to put this *one* into your scales, (which I conclude you have neither worn out, laid aside, sold, nor lost; viz., truth and justice,) against your *two*, and let me know what balance is due to you, and if my banker fails not (for all I have is in his hands,) I will give you a promissory note for the same, payable at sight.

And in the third place, let me request you to remember me kindly to your spouse, whom with all earnestness of soul and fervency of spirit, I would affectionately commend to the care and keeping of her covenant God and Father, who hath blessed her with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, before the world began. Give my

Christian regards to your pastor, the worthy Bishop of Rushden, wish him a happy new year, with many truth-warmed friends his heart to cheer; tell him I cherish hope that I yet again shall have his arm, and hear his voice.

Bear me, my brother, still in remembrance before the throne, cease not to cry for the ambassadors of the cross, that they may fulfil their mission faithfully and fearlessly. And, God Almighty bless you and your's abundantly, for Christ's sake, so prays,

Yours in the chamber of good hope,

JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea.

## A Stony Ground Hearer.

A LETTER TO A LADY, BY REQUEST, WRITTEN 1841.

HONOURED MADAM,—ACCORDING to promise, I send you my thoughts upon the man in the Iron Cage, in "*Bunyan's Pilgrim*." And on examining the man, I find but little to deviate from what I said, when I had the pleasure of conversing with you.

You are aware that there are four kinds of hearers named by Christ in the Gospel: "The way side, the stony, the thorny, and the good ground." Mark iv. 4—8. Now, it appears clear to me, that the man was a stony ground hearer; the "fallow ground was never broken up." "There was no depth of earth." The seed never entered his heart, it only fell upon his natural passions, and caused excitement for a time; he never was renewed by the Spirit. He never was any thing more than in his natural state, and so fell away from his profession; and became as "a cloud without water, a tree whose fruit withered, twice dead, plucked up by the roots, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." Jude 12, 13.

Now man, while in his natural state, his heart is compared to a stone; Ezek. xi. 19. Zec. vii. 12; it is insensible to spiritual things; a stone cannot be made to feel, but there may be impressions made upon it, with instruments—and there may be inscriptions written upon it, that may not be defaced, or obliterated for years; but before a stone can feel, there must be a supernatural change wrought upon it, it must be changed to something of a fleshy nature, (Ezek. xxxvi. 26;) before it can be susceptible of spiritual feeling; and no art or device of man can do this. Moreover, a stone may be highly polished, and be made admirable to look upon; and yet a stone still. So this man, there had been something about him pleasing to look upon; by his specious pretence to holiness; and there had been impressions made upon him, by the ministry of the word; and an inscription written upon him; the impression was "*Joy*;" the inscription was "*Profession*." And these sprung from nature and delusion; the natural passions only being excited; not having his heart supernaturally changed; and when the impressions wore off, the inscription became defaced, and he was the same man as before. And satan has no objection to a man becoming religious in this way, or making a profession; he has no objection to a man making his house clean by good works, and garnished with a mere profession, and trusting in it; so long as he remains unsanctified, he will leave him to trust in self-righteousness; he has no objection to him leaving off outward sin, if he



does not hate sin. This man never felt sin to be a burden, and therefore never hated it; he left it off for a time, and thought he was in the road to heaven, but we do not hear him say that he ever embraced Christ as his Saviour; or that Christ was ever precious to him. Oh, no, when his natural excitement had subsided, and his impressions wore off, he became worse than ever. Satan came with other spirits, and his last state was worse than the first. Matt. xiii. 43—45. Luke xi. 24, 25. He left off to watch, and God's spirit left him, as it did Saul. 1 Sam. xvi. 14; As a spirit of restraint, he tempted satan, and he came to him, as he did to Judas. Luke xxiii. 3. He counted the blood of Jesus an unholy thing; as those spoken of in Heb. x. 29. He laid the reins on the neck of his lusts, and this proves he was but a natural religionist, a mere professor, and never had the grace of the Spirit, or the root of the matter in him; and when he saw what a hypocrite he had been, and how he had sinned against light and knowledge, and the terrors of a burning lake before him, he became locked up in the Iron Cage of black despair; and he had no hope of ever getting out, knowing that the Scriptures give no hope any where for such a character. Hence, is verified that portion in Isa. xxxiii. 14, "The sinners in Zion are afraid, fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrite, who among us shall dwell with devouring fire, who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" O that the Lord may guide us with his unerring council continually.

Many, as well as yourself, have thought, and do think, that the man in the cage represents a doubting, downcast, desponding christian; and say with you, that they have often been in the cage; but allow me to say it is a mistake, for there is a wide difference betwixt this man, who was but a mere professor and an apostate, to the renewed, heaven-born, redeemed, and blood-bought child of God in a desponding state. Yes, a child of God expresses himself very different to this said man. The christian has had his stony heart removed; he has a heart susceptible of feeling; he is the subject of much feeling, and often laments that he cannot feel more; and if allowed to sin, and backslide, and wander from God, he never feels much pleasure and delight in it, nor promises to himself great things from it, as the man in question did; for there is a monitor within, which tells him he is wrong, and there is within an "Aching void the world can never fill." He does not lay the reins upon the neck of his lusts, nor does he turn like the dog to his vomit, or like the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire with delight as an "apostate" does; nor does he trample upon the blood of Christ, and count it an unholy thing. Oh, no, in all his wanderings he has some reverence and love for God in his heart. Yes, dear madam, you know this to be a fact, and therefore you never was in the iron cage, whatever you might think, and what is more, I believe you never will. I have no doubt, but you have been in the "*Slough of Despond*," and in "*Doubting Castle*," and many other disagreeable places and dungeons which corrupt nature and satan subject the christian to, and which nothing but the power of God and the light of his countenance can keep from. But, believe me, you never was near the iron cage; this iron cage of black despair was made for a very different character—even an "apostate."

Thus, dear madam, I have given you my thoughts, according to promise; and may the Lord of life, light, and glory, give you light all through this dark valley of tears, and set your feet upon the "Rock" and on your "watch-tower," waiting for your coming Lord; and when heart and flesh fail be your strength and portion, and enable you to say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Even so. Amen."

W. O.

A second letter to the same, on the unpardonable sin, or sin against the Holy Ghost, next month.

## The Old Covenanters of the Scotch Church.

### No. II.

(Continued from p. 10.)

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER—You having kindly permitted me a place in your monthly visitor, and having some little hope that my last was not altogether in vain, I am emboldened, and feel some little encouragement to fulfil my promise then made, in the humble hope that the Lord will deign to bless the effort to the comfort, and if needs be, for reproof, in one and another of his dear family.

That health and strength are invaluable blessings, there can be no doubt. Without them, we cannot really enjoy our food; nor, indeed, any of the temporal mercies the Lord favours us with; or perform the labours of our hands, to which we are called. Yet man, whilst blessed with them, (for the most part,) look upon them as common things, and rarely—too rarely—is led with a heart of gratitude to admire and adore that God whence all our blessings, privileges, and favours flow! But ask the man on whom has been laid some severe afflicting dispensation, whose health and strength has been devoured by fever, and under it has been brought to the very gates of death—but who, through the tender mercies of God, it has left, and he begins to recruit his strength, and feel a relish for his food and drink—ask him what he thinks of health, when, for the first time for weeks, and may be for months, he is permitted to leave the sick chamber and inhale the pure air, and can sit down and partake of some homely fare; would he not tell you that health was no common mercy—would he not speak with rapture upon the beauties and grandeur of creation—and, if he be a christian man, would he not feelingly "look from nature up to nature's God?" But how strange that our mercies must be taken from us ere we can know their worth! But mostly it is so.

For the present we are favoured with the privilege of "sitting beneath our own vine and fig tree, none lawfully making us fearful;" permitted to read the revealed will of God in our own tongue, and publicly supplicate the throne of grace, and hear the sweet sound of mercy, by Jesus Christ, through the proclamation of the gospel; and how long they may be continued we know not; prospects are looking gloomy; Zion is truly under a cloud; but the Sun of Righteousness continues to shine, and the Lord—(O! blessed be his name!)—will not leave his people comfortless. The following, I trust, you will see with me, is a remarkable instance of it. May it, at least, be a means of opening our eyes to see and feel our own mercies, and to value them.

Adam Clark was a strong and active young

man; and, being well acquainted with the locality, issued forth with one or two of his companions, from their hiding place in the night season, for the purpose of providing a meal for the rest who remained in the shieling. Having obtained it, they returned in safety, congratulating one another on their success; the party amounting, in all, to twenty-eight persons.

Having, with grateful hearts, partaken of the welcome viands, were reposing securely within the hut, when Clark and his brother Andrew, who were standing near the door, observed a ewe pass with startling haste, and then another pursued by a swift and powerful dog. "What means this?" exclaimed Andrew. "It is one of Morton's dogs," (replied Adam,) "our retreat is discovered, and the troopers will be here instantly." The party within were aroused to a sense of their danger, and every man had his defensive weapons in readiness.

Scarcely had they accoutred themselves when the dragoons, in thundering haste, surrounded the hiding place. The friends within rushed simultaneously to the beat, for the purpose, if possible, of making their escape. The leader of the troopers commanded them to seize Clark, come of the rest what might. He was instantly attacked by a powerful dragoon; but Clark, having caught his horse by the bridle reins, pushed him backwards, till he stumbled and overthrew his rider. The dragoon was now fully in his power, but he spared his life, content with having come off victorious in the perilous scuffle. In the mean time his attention was directed to another quarter, where he saw his brother Andrew prostrated in a moss, and over him stood a gigantic dragoon, about to hew him to pieces with his ponderous broad sword. Adam sprang to his assistance, and in a moment was at his side. The dragoon turned round to defend himself from his new opponent, and left Andrew uninjured. In the conflict Adam wrested the sword from the hand of the soldier, and having thrown him on the heath, descended, with his companions, into the ravine, or deep gullet, formed by the rushing of the mountain torrent in the basky recesses of which they found a retreat from the vengeance of their foes, who dared not venture after them, lest they should receive a fatal shot by the party unseen, from the heart of the dark bushes in which they were hid.

Thus did their God protect them from the fury of the oppressor without losing one of their number, or even being seriously hurt; and with this satisfaction, in self defence, had not taken the life of one of their foes.

But the raging fever of hot persecution being over, and the sweet and refreshing breeze of civil and religious liberty once more enjoyed, we find Adam Clark, now a peaceful store farmer, among the hills of his native district, permitted to worship his God in quietude in his highland home, instead of the dens and caves of the earth. Oh, liberty, sweet boon of heaven! may thy blessings be long enjoyed and highly prized by us who, for the present, are favoured with so great a privilege.

Adam having occasion to visit Edinburgh with a flock of sheep for sale, as he was strolling along the streets, was accosted by a tall, strongly built man, who asked him if he did not recognise him? "No," said Clark, "I do not know you—you seem an entire stranger to me." "I know

you, however; having once met you in circumstances which I shall not easily forget." "To what do you allude?" replied Clark. "Do you remember the onslaught at Bellybright? Do you not remember the dragoon from whom you wrested the sword, and whom you left prostrate in the moss?" "I do," answered Clark; "and are you the man? "I am; and to you I owe my life; for you had me completely in your power." I am happy beyond measure that I now have the opportunity of rendering to you my cordial thanks for your clemency; and I trust that God, in opposition to whose cause I then fought, has, by his grace, turned my heart to himself. From the moment I escaped from you with my life, I have never lifted a weapon on the side of persecution; and I most sincerely regret that I ever enlisted in that cause; but I, like Paul, did it ignorantly and in unbelief." Our friend Clark was astonished at the relation; and, grasping him by the hand, hailed him as a brother in Christ, and rejoiced that he had been permitted to leave the path of the destroyer, and had found the one that leads to peace and everlasting life. "Have you still the sword," asked the trooper, "which you twisted so yarely from my grasp?" "I have," replied Clark; "and I intend to keep it as an heirloom in my family." "Keep it, then, you bravely deserve it; and may it never more be employed, but in an honest cause."

Thus I have endeavoured to present to your readers the two sides of the picture, viz., the believer under affliction, and after he is recovered; in both of which are richly displayed the goodness and mercy of God, and the power of sovereign grace. May that grace be ours in each time of need; for by it alone shall we be able to stand.

If permitted, and you my, reader wish it, you may expect to hear again from

Your's in Christ,

THE STRANGER.

January 21st, 1851.

### Salvation—its Cause and Effects.

"By grace ye are saved." Ephesians ii. 5.

THE gospel of the grace of God is a mine wherein lies hid the chief things of the ancient mountains and the precious things of the lasting hills, (Deut. xxxiii. 15.) Now it is the work of the Holy Ghost to bring them forth, and give the heirs of grace to participate in them. This he generally does by the ministry of the Word. He alone can, and he does qualify, train and send forth (See Acts xiii. 2, 4.) men to bear this gospel, with its rich and vast fullness, to the hearts of the heirs of salvation; thereby to give the knowledge of salvation to them, through the remission of sins. Luke i. 77.

In endeavouring to lay open a few things from the text with the Lord's blessing we notice—

I. The matter of the text—Salvation.

II. The mode of its display.

III. The effects of sin in the persons saved.

I. In regard to the salvation. It is a great salvation. Heb. ii. 3. Its originating cause is Jehovah in his Trinity of Persons. Its procuring cause is the life, sufferings, and death of God's equal Son in human nature. We were reconciled by his death, and shall be saved by his life. Rom. v. 10. Christ, as the Author of eternal salvation, lives to see all his purchased possession saved in him, by him, through him, and to him. Rom. xi. 36. The sealing or applying cause of this, is the power, love, and anointing of the Holy Ghost. He reveals its greatness; applies it with power; and opens to

view the preciousness, fulness, and grace of Jesus, who "is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him."

This salvation is everlasting; Isa. xlv. 17; its date is from everlasting. In continuance it is eternal; it compasseth all the ages of time, and takes into its comprehensive embrace all the election of grace, saves them completely, freely, everlastingly from sin, death, and hell. It is a temporal, spiritual, and eternal salvation.

1. Temporal. The preservation of God's people whilst in a state of nature, amidst all their enmity and rebellion against the great God: "and account that the long-suffering of the Lord is salvation." 2 Peter iii. 15.

2. Spiritual. All the deliverances experienced by the living in Jerusalem, whilst in the wilderness: all the manifestations of God's glory in the face of Jesus, whereby they are conformed to the image of the heavenly; with the certainty of being brought to enjoy, in a living experience, freedom from sin's reigning power, curse, and guilt. These are fruits of, or so many branches of, the complete salvation. The Lord saves his people from death in two senses—spiritual and eternal.

First, they are saved from death spiritually. By nature, they are dead in trespasses and sins; but they possess life in Christ, being heirs of the grace of life, 1 Peter iii. 7. Hence, in due time, the Holy Ghost quickens them. Before this takes place, they live in sin while they are dead; after this, they die to sin, and live to God. In this is fulfilled the stipulation of the covenant "ordered in all things and sure;" viz., "Thy dead men shall live;" Isaiah xxvi. 19; "for though they are dead, they are the Lord's." "Thy dead men," says the text. And Paul tells us, in the verse before, and the one containing our text, why they are quickened: "For his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins hath quickened us together with Christ." What God does, is done for ever. The work of quickening is carried on effectually till Christ is formed in the heart; till the saints come to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.

Second. They are saved from death eternal. Hence Christ says, "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never die; their life is hid with Christ in God." Col. iii. 3. Consequently salvation is

3. Eternal. The saints shall be raised above the reach of sin, of trials, and of sorrows, not to need salvation, but to sing thereof to the God of salvation. The consummation of salvation will be seen when the whole election of grace shall be raised in incorruption, and body and soul shall be called up to glory everlasting. "The Lord hath made known his salvation." Ps. xcvi. 2. Then shall each heir enjoy his inheritance, and "God shall be all in all." But we pass on to notice—

II. The mode of its display.—By Grace.

Grace appears throughout the whole of this great work of the eternal Jehovah. It appears, in the origin of salvation.

Unasked. Jehovah agreed and determined to save millions of men, who he knew to be awful transgressors of the law, who would hate him and all that is good. He, who is perfect in wisdom—when beheld, at one view, all the transactions of time's ages, from the creation till the consummation of all things,—He knew, then, what would be, and what is in men. And knowing this, and infinitely more, in grace so transcendent and free, that its immense treasures astonish us beyond compare. Ephes. ii. 7. He, the great God, would save them, and appointed all the means to the ends, in a way which should reflect and declare his glory, and be productive of the greatest blessings to the chief of sinners. Grace appears, also, in the objects which this salvation accomplishes. Worms of earth are raised from a state of the deepest woe and degradation to glory beyond conception. The poor are made rich—the rich are made poor: the naked are clothed, after being stripped of a covering which can only be described as "filthy rags." Yes; clothed with a robe of

matchless beauty; to produce which, the Son of God spent thirty-three years and a half on this earth; and that it might be worn by his church, he gave up his life. (See Dan. ix. 24.) This robe confers inconceivable dignity on the wearer;—dressed in it, the beggar appears a king; see Rev. i. 6; and they rejoice greatly, in the Lord, on account thereof, who, clothed with a change of raiment, experience the glad exchange, "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Isa. lxi. 3. "Now this is to and upon all that believe; for there is no difference." Romans iii. 22. This grace is superabundant and marvellous, and its display surprizes the beholder. By faith he traces it to its infinite source, a Three-One Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. We pass on

III. To consider, in a few words, the effects of this salvation, as seen in the persons interested.

1. They are quickened when they begin to feel their state as sinners, their exposure to wrath and condemnation, even everlasting destruction from the presence of God. Then discovering their need of salvation, they enquire after the way of salvation: Christ is revealed a Saviour, and a great one. God's people are led to, and brought to know him. "This is life eternal; that they may know thee, the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." John xvii. 3. Now they begin "to call upon him of whom they have heard," crying, "Lord save, or I perish;" or, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation."

2. They are distinguished. Known as praying men and women. "Behold he prayeth!" was the Lord's testimony of Paul, after he met him in the way. Then they hate sin, and hating it, confessing and forsaking it, at times, they feel it to be a burden: and their language is, "I am oppressed, Lord, undertake for me." It is a felt salvation. They are saved from error; made to love the truth; saved from the world, its pleasures, delusions and cheats; saved from darkness, and brought to the light; saved from condemnation, guilt, and bondage, they live not unto themselves, but unto God; they are saved from living in disobedience, and brought to love the will and keep the commandments and faith of Jesus. Thus, the saving purpose of Jehovah is accomplished, "Israel shall be saved in the Lord, with an everlasting salvation." Isa. xlv. 17. And Jesus will save them completely, and lift them up for ever. Amen.

Mile End.

J. D.

THE CONVERSION AND  
**Happy End of a Sister in Christ,**  
AT DOVER, IN KENT.

In the sixth chapter of the gospel by John, and the twelfth verse, our Lord commanded his disciples to gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. And humbly trusting I am one of the Lord's family, I hope I am not acting presumptuously. The fragments here gathered will, I hope, be to me an encouragement, and to all the living family of God into whose hands they may fall, to speak boldly, fearlessly, with all faithfulness and affection of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, wherever their lot is cast, even when in company with those who are not made manifest to be his. May they speak out freely of his everlasting love, his almighty power, his irresistible grace, his finished work, that glorious sacrifice on Calvary for sinners lost and ready to perish, directing them to that fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness—even the precious blood of Christ, which cleanses the vilest of the vile. But alas! alas! how often does the experience of God's dear children accord with the language of one of our old poets, when he says,

"Before the world who hates his cause  
My treacherous heart has throbb'd with shame;  
Loath to forego the world's applause,  
I hardly dare avow his name."

And what does this arise from, christian? I do hope I know something about it from past experience. It is a feeling sensibly within that we are cold, careless, negligent, and altogether indifferent, living very far beneath our blessed and glorious privileges, as children of God, and heirs of the kingdom.

The subject of these few lines was a native of Dover. When a child she was brought up at the Pentside Baptist Sabbath School; as she grew up into life she disregarded the best things, not often attending anywhere, when she did it was at church. Her mother and sisters were members of the Pent-side Chapel; her husband attended often at the same place; to this she was very much opposed, and in order, (to our view) that he might remove these feelings, and prevail on her to go with him sometimes, he invited Mr. E., the Baptist Minister, to call and see them. This he did, and often held conversation on the things that made for their eternal peace: it appears that these seasons were much pleased to her soul from the first. We have found since that she has often laid and wept for some time after retiring to rest.

At this time the writer had never seen her; but in the order of providence, early in the month of June, 1850, the writer and her husband was returning home from Chapel on the Sabbath evening, and they overtook the deceased and her partner. After being introduced to her, they invited her to walk with them, and see their cottage and garden. The deceased being enciente and very weak, objected to the distance, but after a little consideration they consented.

They viewed the garden, gathered a nosegay, took some refreshment, and returned; and, it appears, that a union was felt, and a great attachment formed from that time in the minds of both the deceased and the writer, which increased their friendship. I think from that time we did not pass a week without seeing her three or four times till her confinement. It appears that from the first of Mr. E.'s visits the Lord had been carrying on his own work in secret, as an under current, till the appointed time rolls round to see it burst forth into open manifestation, that she might give all the glory to God for salvation from death, hell, and sin.

Some time before her accouchement, the Lord laid her much on the soul of the writer; she felt much for her bodily affliction, but much more for her soul; it seemed to weigh heavily on her mind as to her eternal state: longing to know if she had a good hope through grace; feeling a strong persuasion in the mind that she would be called from time into eternity, if not in her trouble it would be soon after. This rather urged the writer to speak at all times, and at every opportunity on the things of death and eternity; and the deceased would often say to me, "How happy for them who know they are safe."

Time passed, the hours rolled round, and days and weeks brought the appointed time. I was with her in her trouble, and often, though not with bended knee, with a soul humbled before the Lord have I raised my poor breathings to him for her. Her sufferings were very great—beyond description. I sometimes feared she would die under the hands of her medical attendant; but the Lord was truly very gracious, and after much severe suffering, borne with christian patience on her part, the Lord gave a happy deliverance on November 8th. And when she found the dear infant was dead, she said "Well, the Lord's will be done; 'The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

I sat up with her that night, and O how often she said, "How good, how gracious is the Lord to me, and how merciful! I am not worthy the least of his mercies." On the following day she seemed very desirous of talking, but I said, "You must not talk, it will do you harm." She said, "Then you must talk." I then took the opportunity to speak of a much greater deliverance, even than that she had now experienced—a deliverance from death, hell, and sin. "Ah," she said, "That's blessed, that's what I want to know for myself. I know," she

said, with much earnestness, "I can do nothing of myself; I have no power to think a good thought."

I believe I saw her each day but one after this, and found her mind quite calm and fixed, not in the least disturbed or occupied on the things of this life, appeared to be looking beyond the things of time and sense.

A day or two after this she said, "Mother, (for that was her usual way of addressing me,) do you think the Lord will raise me up again?" I said, "We know, my dear, his power is great; he is able; but if he has seen fit to order it otherwise, we cannot alter it." She said, "No; nor we ought not to wish so to do. If it had been his will to have spared me a little longer, here below, I hope it would have been for his honour. But he knows what is best for us. I have been a poor wicked sinner," she said; "but he saves sinners like me." I said, "the vilest of the vile, who are brought to seek for life and salvation through a precious Christ, he never will cast out." She looked at me very earnest, and said, "No, never; no never."

Her accouchment took place on the 8th of November; and she seemed to rally till the 16th, when the symptoms were rather unfavourable. Her medical man was sent for, and used all the means in his power to remove the cause. But the Lord, who is a Sovereign still, and cannot err in all he does, had ordered it otherwise, according to his infinite wisdom.

On the 21st she became much worse, and her friends thought her seriously ill; became much alarmed, feeling some doubt as to her recovery, though I felt quite certain, in my own mind, that she would never be raised from her state of sufferings till the Lord should see fit to take her to himself, from this world of sin and pain, trial and sorrow, to a world of joy and blessedness. The Lord gave strength equal to her day; for she murmured not. Once she said, "Why am I punished so? Is it not for sin?" "Yes," I said, "my dear; sin it was that brought pain, disease, and death, into the world." "But," she said, "what did our blessed Jesus suffer on the cross, for you and me, and all his own?" She then asked me, if I thought she was dangerous. I told her, I could not flatter her; for I really did think she was. I observed, "the Lord can and does bring very low, and he sometimes raises up again, even from the borders of the grave—from him are the issues of life and of death." I told her, that "as it regards the body, your state is very precarious." "Ah," she said, "how many mercies I have to be thankful for; I have every comfort that this world can afford me; but that is not all—how great a mercy that God did not cut me off in a moment." She never rallied from that hour to my view; I told her dear partner, on the Monday night when I left the house, "I had lost all hopes as to her recovery." He burst into tears, and said, "Is it possible?" At this time, from outward appearances and circumstances, she did appear something better; and her doctor thought her sister, who was nursing her, might safely lay down by her side. About one in the morning she called her nurse, and asked many times in a very impressive manner, if the doctor thought she was better. She answering in the affirmative, said, "Do you not think if I had not thought so, I should have laid down by your side?" She said "No;" and wiping the sweat from off her death-stricken face, said, "Is that nothing? What does that mean? Is not that sweat of death?" And I believe the Lord, from that moment, gave her to know her time was but short on earth, and was pleased to snap every worldly tie, and helped her to look to him for succour in the solemn hour of dissolution. As soon as possible her dear partner fetched me. I lost no time in seeing her; she looked at me with much glad expression in her countenance, and said, "Dear mother, it is all over with poor Maria now as it regards the things of this life. Now I am dying; do not leave me; whoever comes do you stay; you can talk to me about Jesus, and that's what I want." I asked her why she thought she was dying. She said, "I know I shall die, I shall

not be long with you now." I then said, "What are your thoughts?" "About changing worlds;" and I bless the Lord, I found it was like a fine machine—only wanted the spring touched to set it in motion. She spoke so freely, and so plain, that I was much surprised. "Ah," she said, "you do not know how good the Lord has been to me, how he has blessed my poor soul, how often he has heard my poor prayers, and answered them too. I have not said much to you, or dear father E., but I have felt much, wept much, and prayed much; and," she said "I do believe I have found salvation. Does not the Lord say, 'Come unto me all ye that are weary?'" I here interrupted her by saying you are weary with pain. "Yes," she said, "but I am heavy laden with sin too; is it not for such he suffered?" I replied, "We have nothing in us to commend us to God." "Oh, no," was her answer; "all in Christ—all from Christ—not of us." She continued, I have lived a virtuous life—an honest, upright life; I never injured any one in my life; but this will not do now, I have no merit of my own; it must be something more than this now, it must be the righteousness of Christ I must appear in now, or no hopes of heaven for me." She sent for her husband, whose anxiety was great, and whose feelings were very keen at the thought of losing her. She said, "James, you have been a good husband to me, but it is the Lord's will that I must leave you, but I trust we shall meet again in heaven."

She then sent for her two brothers, and gave orders to them and her partner about her grave, funeral, and little things needful, with much composure, and intreated them to seek the Lord, saying, "And if you find salvation we shall meet again in heaven." She then enquired for Mr. E.; we went for him. She said, "Father, I am dying, will you pray for me, and with me." And after a little conversation he engaged in prayer with her, and found great nearness of access to a throne of grace, and much enlargement of soul on her behalf. Several times that day did he pray with her by her desire, and in fact it was quite delightful to see the happy state of her soul, though the poor body was in such a state of suffering. This was on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of November. Oh how often did she sing

"Tis a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought,  
Do I love the Lord or no?"

"Yes I do—I do," she would say very earnestly. I know he has saved me. I have been a poor wicked sinner, but the Lord has had mercy on me. She often said, "I brought nothing into the world, and I shall carry nothing out. What is all the riches, honour, wealth, and pleasures now of this world? Now! nothing, nothing now. This is a world of sin, sorrow, and wickedness; but the world to which I am fast hastening there will be no more sickness, no more pain, no more sorrow, no more sin, no more death." I said, "What shall I tell the people about you if they ask me?" She said, "Tell them! why tell them I am a sinner well prepared for heaven.—grace, free grace, rich and sovereign. Ah," she said, "mother, that ship will not upset, will it?" I think the last words she said to Mr. E. was, "Sovereign Grace." She was often in prayer to God, though in secret silence, and would often break out and sing sweetly, and loudly, till almost exhausted—

"Guide me O thou great Jehovah."  
"There is a fountain filled with blood."  
"God moves in a mysterious way."

And many others which plainly spoke what was passing in her dear soul.

One day, just before her death, I was watching her closely, thinking her very near the gates of death, when she broke silence by singing,

"There is a land of pure delight  
Where saints immortal reign."

She said, "Then I have seen the valley of the shadow of death, but I do not fear, it will not be long." She kindly thanked Mr. E. for his visits, and what he had done for her. She blessed us all for our kindness to her, saying, we shall soon meet again in heaven, and sing aloud Hallelujah. She often sang before she left her clay mud cottage, but now she has joined the hallelujah chorus above—  
"Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

On the last day in November she closed her eyes on the things of time, though she was sensible to the last, but spoke rather imperfectly. I asked her if she was happy. She said, "Yes, all right, blessed Jesus, blessed heaven, blessed home, come, Lord, come." This she often said in the last two days, and would wave and beckon with her dear hand, as if she could see something not to be seen by those around her.

These fragments I was favoured to gather up during the month. I was with her the last ten days of her life, day and night. Thus, after a month's severe suffering, endured with christian patience, she softly and sweetly breathed out her soul like a lamb, on December 4, at eight in the morning.

May we still be encouraged to let our conversation be such as becometh the gospel of Christ. For we sorrow not as those who have no hope.

E. W. EDGEcombe.

Dover, Jan. 26, 1851.

### A Sabbath School Child

INSTRUMENTAL IN CONVINCING HER FATHER OF  
● THE ERROR OF HIS WAY.

[The following interesting circumstance may be relied upon as correct, it being extracted from a letter sent to us by the friend who was both eye and ear witness of the facts. The writer at the close of a spiritual letter says,]—

"I hope it will lay much upon the people's hearts to have a Sabbath-school at our own place; I know many have said, 'I wish there was a school,' some may say there is no good got by it; but I can deny it, for while teaching children it often causes a deep searching of heart in us teachers; and as regards the children, it is sometimes the means of bringing parents under the sound of the gospel. There is one instance which I will tell you of. I have watched the parties closely for the last fourteen months. A young girl in my class had a drunken father; he was a terror to his wife and those around him; she never knew what it was to have a penny from him, only what she got by her own labour. He did not care about them, whether they came to school or not; he ordered me out of the house once when I went for them; but since then the girl went home, and told him what she had been learning at school. He swore at her, and told her to go. But after that, she was reading to her mother about Joseph, he wanted to know what she had heard at school. She told him Joseph had made himself known to his brethren, as Christ did to those that love him. He from that time took to read the Bible, and has been to hear you; and Mr. Wells, and Mr. Stringer. His wife has got no longer to work for a living; instead of being drunk of a Sunday, he is at chapel. He has told me of his life, and he blesses God that ever his children went to a Sunday School. He does hope the Lord will forgive him as he did the dying thief. He said to me last Sunday, 'Ah, Miss, I cannot do anything myself; Christ is all I want.' This is enough to encourage me to go on in Sunday teaching.

I have only been able to give you a brief outline of this man; but I do hope our friends will do all they can, and raise one; for I am sure the Lord will bless it. I have seen more good this last two years than I ever did before, being so much with them. I could write a good deal about Sabbath School work."

## Fears—Freedom—and Fellowship.

MY DEAR BROTHER—Grace be unto you, and peace from God our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ. I hope your Master's love possesses your soul, and the declaration of his work and glory employ your heart tongue, and lips. O! what a dear, lovely Master have we! What honourable work—what glorious wages! The very interest is more than sufficient to make us live like kings' sons, notwithstanding all the debts, bills, bonds, arrears, &c., which our Old Master, Mrs. Hart, and her intimate *Mr. Mundi*, bring in against us. I know not what sums may be comprised in such bills, &c., which those three broken merchants charge you with the payment of, since you left off dealing with them in the wholesale way. I know their unfair way of trading and making out accounts; I have actually known each of them to make up a long bill for twenty years past, although I have had the receipt for the payment in my register drawer. Therefore, I know you have some such demands except you are on good terms with them, and promise to frequent their warehouses again. Then, indeed, they will let you rest all your lifetime. I can assure you they are often dropping in upon me, and I am one of the most thoughtless beings in the world; for the key of my register drawer being very small, I am always mislaying it; and when any demand is made upon me, I have no other method than to look into the old ledger and bills of parcels, to see if I have dealt in any such commodity; when I really find in each of those, especially in all those which bear date before 1824, that I have contracted such immense sums, that I shudder at the very sight of them; and having, as I said, mislaid the key of my register, cannot tell if I have any receipt for the sum or no; and it is impossible for me to break open the register drawer; and surely never had any person in trade such a gadding fellow as *Mr. Memory*, for their clerk, as I have. He is never at home, and so not to be depended upon for anything of this nature. I view these old debts over and over again; and will you believe me when I inform you that all my natural eyes ever saw — (and that is a great deal) — yet riches, knowledge, &c., cannot pay my debt; no, nor procure a key to open one door of hope, nor hire one person to stand in the gap for me; in short, I know of nobody, in all our country, that can be of any use to me—not even the *parson*, though he is well acquainted with my case. However, he advised me to go to an intimate acquaintance of his, *Mr. Fides*, who he assures me will be of excellent use to me in such cases; for he has given advice and acted with success for thousands; but he is not always to be seen; and many a time did I call before I could see him; but at last I met with him, and he asked me how I did? He said, he had not seen me for a long time. I told him, I did not recollect ever seeing him before. He said, he was applied to once, on my account, about twenty-four years ago, when I was blind and had lost my way; that he gave me one of his perspective glasses; and asked if I had not made use of it on this occasion? I said, “no.” The truth was, I had forgotten it. He said, “Why not?” I replied, “because it was very foggy, damp, cloudy weather.” He said, “Is it not as likely to help your sight in such weather, as it was to give you light when you had none?” adding, “this is all the advice I can give you.”

I returned home; found the telescope lying among the lumber, and without a case, all over dust. I was in two minds whether to use it, or no. “However, (thought I,) it cannot do me any hurt.” I went with it to the top of *Mount Self*, thereby thinking to get high above the interruption of the clouds; but my quick ascent up that bill, my nerves relaxed amazingly, and I was exceedingly weak, so that I could not hold my glass steady, nor could I, indeed, at all take an upward prospect. I looked downward, to the bottom of the hill, when fog and damp made a terrible appearance. I therefore left the *Mount Self*, came down, and going home, thought I would take a solitary walk in the *Vale of Vision*, where, being in deep thought I determined I would present my glass to the top of the cliff, in order to view some uncommon birds that were flying about. I lay down on my back, presenting my glass: that the moment the Sun gave a glance through the clouds, I could then see distinctly through misty clouds and tempests up as far as the third region, where there is only pure air and eternal serenity. I then saw that surprising Fountain of Light, OMEGA; the small light I could receive from him was, however, so strong that it reflected on my glass, and so on my sight, back as far as ALPHA. And what with the light of the one and the other object, I could clearly discern all the intermediate space between the Father giving me a bride to the former, in solemn agreement in the celestial plains, on condition that he should ransom me from prison, (for I was born in prison,) discharge all my debts, feed, clothe, heal, and keep me in an honourable way, all my days—with this, I remembered the days of my espousals; and also what he had paid to redeem me, and where he finished my transgression, and brought in everlasting righteousness; also, when he gave me the evidence of his astonishing love in my heart. At such times I am at liberty, and none of my old traders dare move a finger against me. Yet, O! my forgetfulness of my best Friend and Husband, makes me so ashamed, that I hardly know how to go to him, to see, or speak to him, I am so ashamed I should forget him. But he is so good, at those times he gives me a special call, and always calls me by my original name, *Jack Thoughtless*. I then come near, (nor can I before, if you would give me a mountain of gold!) hanging down my head, with tears in my eyes. But instead of his being angry at my cast down looks, he embraces me, wipes my eyes, sets me upon his knee, bids me cheer up, and watch for time to come; and after many tokens of his love and assurances of his future favours, he sings me a song, called redeeming love, just suited to my case:—

“Mourning souls dry up your tears,  
Banish all your doubts and fears;  
See thy curse and sin remove,  
Cancel'd by redeeming love!”

And now, my dear brother, let me have an interest in your prayers, that I may never grieve, nor offend my dear Husband, your Elder Brother, but love him with all my heart, and you, his dear relation, as my own soul; together with all the ransomed sons of grace, who frequent my Husband's footstool in sincerity and truth.

So prays, WILLIAM DAY.  
*Tunstall, Suffolk.*

THE  
**Mystery of a Divine Call to the Ministry.**

(To the Editor of the *Vessel*.)

In my last, I gave a short account of my arrest, judgment, captivity and deliverance, that I humbly thought might give some little weight to my answer to the question, "Do the people of God feelingly fear hell and damnation after deliverance has been realized." I will now attempt to show that my path has not been a very smooth one, nor free from many painful trials and darkness, sore darkness, so that I can truly say,

"Long nights and dreary days have passed  
With scarce a twinkling ray."

I shall pass over that which is ordinary to the Christian, and speak only of that which shews the dark mysterious way of the Lord with his servants, especially those he calls to be standard bearers in the camp of Israel. Some year or so after I was brought to know the liberty of the gospel, a desire sprang up in my heart that a place might be opened in T— where I lived, for the Gospel to be preached, as there was no place where truth was preached that we could feed upon; and I knew many that were starving upon the husks dealt out at the places that were opened. The Lord went before us and a place was obtained, and the ministers composing the Kent and Sussex Association gave us pecuniary help, and came and preached, but as is often the case under such circumstances, there were disappointments, which we could not avoid, nor did we sometimes know till the people were gathered together, but that our expected supply would be there to speak the word of life. As I had been mainly instrumental in opening the place, when our supply failed, I was called upon to read a chapter and engage in prayer, which with much trembling, I did. As it was often the case that I was the only person present, that would engage, I was constrained to make a few observations on the portions read, which caused me much sore conflict, though mercifully helped and often found much liberty while so engaged, succeeded by distressing trial afterward. About this time, I began to be plunged into most distressing trials, my path in providential things was surrounded with trials, darkness of soul, shut up at a throne of grace, my way hid; I knew not what to do, nor whither turn. I had begun to open my mouth for the Lord, or rather I trust the Lord had opened my mouth; and many of the dear friends from time to time expressed their satisfaction and declared the Lord blessed the word, and often declared it was no disappointment to be disappointed of a supply, as their souls were fed by my feeble efforts. This only increased my misery, go back I could not; go forward, I knew not how, my trials were distressing. I had made engagements in my business for payments to a large amount, and the supplies on which I mainly depended failed, added to this, a house that I did business with, failed, a further demand of £100 was pressed. I was now in deep waters providentially, and the Lord hid himself from me. I cried and shouted, but the Lord seemed to shut out my prayer. Often have I gone up to my chamber with my burdened mind, and knelt and rose again and again, yea twenty times, and never opened my lips, but groaned out my troubles, while Satan stood tempting and saying, "Where is now thy God? you may as well give up, your case is hopeless: and on the days or rather evenings we should meet for worship, my load became almost insupportable. One evening, I shall never forget: the hour of worship came, the place was full, our supply failed; a brother came for me, and told me this was the case; I was walking the room in dreadful distress; he said, you must come. I told him I could not; he again said, you must. I again said, despairingly, I will not; when he actually took hold of me, and said again, you shall. Just then I opened my Bible

that lay on the table, and my eye rested on Isaiah lix. 1, 2; and my mind was solemnly arrested, and I felt compelled to go and make a few remarks on the verses, having in my own soul the solemn reality of the separating cause; and when I had done, the people seemed blessed, while I appeared to be like one that was about to be made a spectacle to men and to angels.

In this state of trial I continued for months, constrained to speak, and yet was like a man with a halter round his neck, expecting every moment some awful catastrophe. I had been in this state some month or more, when, one day, as my mind was most solemnly exercised, these words were spoken to my heart, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him." *Psa. xxxvii. 7.* This was, for a time, like a cordial to a fainting mind. It was a help from my God; and though it did not bring deliverance (for my circumstances were still the same, and the Lord still seemed to hide himself from me,) yet it was such a help that enabled me to look forward with expectation of delivering mercy. And as often as my head was sinking in the review of my distressing position, so did the promise come again and give me help.

This state of trial lasted from June till December, before the Lord appeared and brought me forth from the deep waters. Before deliverance came, often has my rebellious heart fretted against the Lord, and thought I was hardly dealt with: but one solemn season, just before the day dawned, I shall not forget: I had been sadly rebellious in my mind, and ready to break forth in murmuring against the Lord, when I received a note from an aged minister to meet him at a friend's, some little distance from Tunbridge. I went; and my countenance shewed the inward anguish of my mind. When this dear brother took me by the hand and said, "What is the matter?" I could not tell him. "What! (said he,) have you not a house over your head, a bed to lay on, a little tea and bread and butter? What do you want? Does the Lord owe you anything? Bring in your bill, Jonathan, and let us see how much it is." I was confounded! I had all these mercies. "Well, I suppose (said he) you are in trouble, and fear something will happen to-morrow—and that the Lord will not help you; now, my dear brother, do you be thankful for the mercies the Lord gives you, and go forward and preach his Word, and the Lord will take care of you. I find, my brother, you are like the rest of the people of God—you are more cast down with the apprehension of that which may never come, than thankful for the mercies of the day." This was reproof, indeed, for which I am indebted to my aged brother till this day.

Thus struggling on, with my head just above water, the Lord sustained me; and at last the Lord brought me to see that it was a mercy I was out of hell; and if he had dealt with me according to my rebellious and murmuring heart, I must sink for ever; and so dealt with me, that he brought submission and penitence into my soul; and I was content, if it would be for his glory, to become a spectacle. He began to turn my captivity and indulge me with liberty at a throne of mercy, and make my way plain in providence; so that my darkness was turned into light—the shadow of death into mourning—the crooked things were made straight—and the rough places smooth.

I was led to take a review of the path I had trodden, and from the hill Mizar to retrace my wanderings. The Lord now appeared to commune with me upon the way I had trodden.—"You have been in trials very distressing for a long season. What course did you take? Why did you not seek for help in the world?" "Lord I could not; that would have made my misery greater." "Why did you not seek help from friends, they might have assisted." "Yes, Lord, they might have helped my pecuniary trials, but not my soul trouble; besides, I was afraid to tell them my trials." "Well what did you do?" "Lord, I cried unto thee." "But did you find help?" "No Lord, I cried out, but thou didst hide thyself from me." "Then

why did you not give it up?" "Lord, there was not help but in thee, and necessity laid hard upon me." Then said he, "This is your victory, even your faith." Then were those texts opened to me, 1 Pet. i. 7, "That the trial of your faith," &c. and Rom. v. 3, 4, "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope," &c. I can now look back and bless the Lord for thus instructing me experimentally in divine truth, and leading me by those deep waters to know that however dark and trying may be the path of the people of God, still mercy guides all their way, love presides over their path, and faithfulness determines the end. I have often thought there was much mercy mixed with these trials. Being indulged with much liberty in speaking I might have been as proud as Lucifer of the little talent the Lord had given me had he not mercifully led me by these steps to hide pride from man, as Job says, xxxiii. 29, 30. Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man to bring back his soul from the pit to be enlightened with the light of the living. In these exercises the Lord led me to hold communion with Job; at such times this book, fraught with such precious interest to God's tried ones, became my daily meat, such communion have the saints of God with each other.

Here I shall break off for the present. About this time the Lord opened my way to Crowborough, where my path has been peculiarly trying, but yet I do not find hell nor damnation mixed in my cup. No, blessed be the Lord. He has said of the soul that has known his salvation by the forgiveness of sins, "In the floods of deep waters they (forgiven sins) shall not come nigh him."

JONATHAN MOSE.

Crowborough.

#### The Death of the late Mr. Page, BAPTIST MINISTER OF TRING.

The death of this excellent man, and devoted servant of Christ, was announced in last month's *Gospel Herald* in the following manner:—

"Our late brother Page, for whom we always cherished great esteem, had been laid aside from his accustomed labours for some months. His brain had become much affected, and at times he was quite unconscious to all that was passing. On Saturday, the 19th of January, he was taken much worse, and early in the morning of the 22nd, he was called from this world of sorrow and toil to his final rest. The age of our deceased friend was, we believe, about sixty.

"Brother Page was first settled at Horsell in Surrey, in the year 1825; and after some years, removed to Richmond, and from thence to Tring. Our brother was a sincere and faithful advocate of the doctrines of distinguishing grace, and a man of exemplary conduct."

A letter written by his beloved child has been put into our hands; it reads as follows:—

#### "A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LAST HOURS OF MY DEAR FATHER.

"The nature of his affliction prevented our having much conversation with him; and though, perhaps, what he said may not be of sufficient importance to be related in public, yet to us it was sweetly satisfactory. Though his mind was so bewildered about everything, of temporal or spiritual subjects, there was often an astonishing clearness; as an instance, when he engaged in prayer, which he did as often as possible. A person coming in unaware of his illness would not have detected any weakness of mind.

"The Bible was his constant companion; and if left alone for ever so short a time, we were sure to find him mentally supplicating the throne of grace; indeed it was evident that, though the powers of the mind were fast sinking into decay, that the eternal and imperishable principle implanted by sovereign grace was very often as lively as ever.

"The Friday before he died, after being very much lost all day, he had a short return of consciousness. The doctor had just called and had said he could not last long; he said, "I know what he thinks, but that does not concern me:

'A fulness resides in Jesus our head,  
And ever abides to answer our need.'

'The Father's good pleasure  
Hath laid up in store  
A plentiful treasure  
To give to the poor.'

"I said, 'Father, you are one of the poor spoken of in that verse.' He said, 'Yes, I am very poor.' 'But,' I said, 'you are rich to all the intents of bliss.' 'Yes,' he said,

'For thou, O God, art mine.'

On the Tuesday before he died he said to me, 'Oh, my dear, I am very ill.' I said, 'Yes, Father, oh! you will soon be where there is no pain; you are rich to all the intents of bliss, you know.' His countenance brightened directly, and he kept repeating the lines with such sweet satisfaction, it was cheering to witness. Presently after he said, 'I desire, there's a dear,' meaning me to help him to remember. I said, 'I desire to depart, and be with Christ.' 'Yes,' he said, 'that is far better, far better.' Soon after he said, 'No sin, no sorrow, ever with the Lord,' and something about eternal and glory, which I thought meant eternal weight of glory, but am not quite certain. The words,

'Jesus can make a dying bed,'

was very much upon his mind the last few days of his life, when suffering very much. A few hours before he died, and past almost speaking, I said, 'You are going home, father dear, to the mansions prepared for you.' He said, 'Yes,' and soon after sunk into a deep sleep, from which he did not rouse but to struggle a short time with death, and then enter into rest on Wednesday morning, about three o'clock, the 22nd of January; he was buried on the 27th in the chapel ground. He was 59 last December."

#### The late Mr. Rose, of Waddesdon Hill.

THAT firm friend to truth, and consistent Christian, brother Rose, for years one of the deacons of the church at Waddesdon Hill, passed over Jordan on Saturday morning, February the 15th, 1851. Brother Cox thus speaks of his departure:

"I write to inform you it pleased our dear Lord to remove my brother Rose (by death) from time to eternity, on Saturday morning last. I am happy to say that his end was peace, no particular manifestations to his soul, but a steady, unshaken confidence in the truths of the everlasting gospel he had believed in, and embraced for years.

Brother Rose quoted those lines to me several times,

"On the rock of ages founded,  
What can shake my sure repose?"

In reply I should say, not all the powers of earth and hell combined—could not; on the rock, in the rock, who put him in? God the Father, in his eternal love towards him, long before he fell in Adam; as such, he chose him to salvation, and then salvation was his as much as it is now.

Few are my days, and fast they wing,  
'Tis vain to wish their stay,  
This heart must break through every string,  
This spirit soar away.  
But saints behold their Saviour near,  
And feel their crimes forgiven;  
And what have pardon'd souls to fear,  
Who die to enter heav'n?  
Yes; death may choose his keenest dart,  
And give the grave its cloid;  
It only frees the better part,  
And sends it home to God.



## COMMEMORATION OF THE

## First Year's Pastorate at Jireh, Kingsland.

DEAR BROTHER,—I craved a corner in your Vessel, for a little memorial of what the Church of Christ, at Jireh Chapel, have (through grace) been permitted to inscribe on their *Stone of Help* in October last. I am aware it is very much after date, as we number months and weeks among men, but not so with him, who that night poured out such a blessing that there was not room enough to receive it, and loves to bear his children's praises, though the thanksgiving be for mercies in days gone by; so likewise those who love his name will say with us most gladly, "Let the Lord be magnified."

To those dear servants of the most high God, who that night visited us in love, our warmest thanks are due.

The first annual commemoration of my ordination was fixed for Tuesday, October 8th, 1850; as also to be the occasion of presenting me with a token of love and esteem from the members of the Church; and as all the expenses were defrayed by subscriptions, the sum of £3 14s. was kindly handed to me in the name of the church as the proceeds of that night's labour of love.

We had an early and crowded attendance. The chapel was filled to overflowing; the vestry also, so that there was not standing room to accommodate the numerous friends who kindly favoured us with their company; 130, at least, partook of tea. In the evening numbers were unable to gain admittance.

After tea, the service of the evening commenced with singing, when our aged and respected brother Bolton implored the divine blessing. It then devolved on the Pastor to give a short detail of what the Lord had done in our midst. And as (remembering all the way the Lord had led me), I rose to tell the tale of mercy and of love, I felt it indeed to be one of the most hallowed moments of my life. And while then the presence, prayers, and love of ministerial brethren, whose shoes' latchet I am not worthy to unloose, cheered my spirit, and the crowded attendance of many faithful followers of Jesus warmed my heart; I felt that to him who gave the blessing, my soul's language was, Why should I find *this* grace in *thine* eyes.

Brother Banks then addressed the friends shortly (as he had to preach that same evening). He took as the basis of his remarks, a portion from Isaiah lviii. 10; and sweetly and experimentally pointed out what a true minister of Jesus had to do, what his exercises of mind, and his many trials; who and what they were to whom his message would be acceptable; and how his soul should be drawn out towards them, that they might be profited by his ministry; hastily desiring that such might be the happy experience of both minister and people in our place.

Brother J. Wells next addressed the meeting with his usual eloquence, in a stirring speech replete with sound and weighty matter. He gave judicious counsel and advice, as the result of his own observation and experience in the ministry for so many years; and whether we regard the sterling truth advanced, the savoury experimental remarks, or the "*kindly affectioned*" expressions made on that night towards both

minister and people, all tended deeply to embalm him in our grateful recollection. It was one of his master-speeches; and shewed he was quite at home. May we profit by the valued advice he gave!

Brother T. Stringer followed in his usual bold and intrepid style, and while expressing the joy of his soul at what the Lord had done, declared the pleasure he felt in meeting us on such a special occasion, to join with us in thanking the Lord for his mercies, goodness, and grace. Sweetly and powerfully he set forth God's intent and purpose in a preached gospel to the gathering together of his own elect to the praise of the glory of his grace; presenting his fervent prayers on our behalf, that we be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding.

Brother Coles, of Brentford, who unexpectedly favoured us with his company, spoke next. His savoury remarks have not been lost, nor is his visit of love forgotten; and while he set forth some of the exercises of mind which God's servants pass through, told us of a prayer, he once heard, which sank deep in his heart. Just before his own settlement among the people, he went to their prayer meeting, when he heard a brother pray thus, "*Lord, give our brother Coles a Pastor's heart.*" His own soul added the amen thereto; he felt its suitability; so now said he in conclusion, "*May the Lord in all this, give my brother Searle a Pastor's heart.*" We would add, "*The Lord fulfil thy petition.*"

Brother C. Shipway, of Holloway, then followed, in a short yet pithy speech, which found acceptance in the hearts of the friends present, and shewed him to be, though young in years, a bold and determined champion for God's truth in this day of sad declension, not with carnal weapons, but with sling and stone selected from the brook, and told us that in his itinerant labours in the vineyard, he had found many living testimonies of how God had wondrously owned and blessed the labours of our esteemed brother Wells, concluding with heartfelt desires that God would still give increased testimony to the word of his grace among us.

Brother Wells then concluded the meeting with prayer. This closed a day of which the memorial is deeply graven on our hearts; and of which it may truly be said, the Lord was there. To him be the praise, amen.

Yours in the same holy work,

J. P. SEARLE.

Jireh Chapel, Kingsland.

"There is Balm in Gilead; and a Good Physician there."

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have been reading the letter by Jonathan on the fearing hell question; I found it to be a sweet morsel, it caused tears of joy, and although unknown to me personally, I feel a union to the dear man, and can receive him as a brother beloved, and I hope he will again favour us with some more of the Lord's gracious dealings with his soul, for the encouraging of the weaklings. The case he refers to of a minister, saying a child of God may go so far as to curse the day of his spiritual birth is monstrous; such a man ought not to stand up in a pulpit. Bless the dear soul, I have sunk low

indeed in my feelings, and have been very miserable, and have, as I said before, wished I had never begun to preach; but I have never felt any desire to curse that day, and hope I never may. My distress does not lay so much in fearing hell and damnation, as it lays in feeling the great responsibility of the work of the ministry; I believe there are many good men, and aged men in the ministry too, who complain of their bondage, and who have never been brought into liberty; and although their ministry seems to come where the poor sinner is, it does not lift him out. It is like two men meeting together, and telling one another how hungry they both are; but they neither of them are filled. As regards the comfort of the Lord's people, it is the Lord's own work; but I am sure that we are apt to dwell much more upon the disease, than upon the remedy. I have heard that Whitfield went to hear a minister once, and he went on preaching hell and damnation until the greater part of the congregation was melted into tears; upon this, Whitfield got up and said, "Stop, my brother; is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?" Oh, that the Lord may enable us to point to the remedy! What a blessed Physician! no case ever yet baffled his skill.

We had a comfortable tea meeting on Christmas day; 35 sat down to tea: after tea, we sung that beautiful hymn, 309, Denham's Selection,

"Ye pilgrims to Zion, and chosen of God," &c.

Then our brother Howard gave a thrust at the Mormons; they swarm in this place; we then sung,

"Rock of ages, shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

I attempted to speak from Zephaniah iii. 17; I felt a little liberty in speaking; and when we separated, I trust we could say some of us, it was good to be there.

In the Pastor's Hut at  
Woburn Green, January 4, 1851.

### Almost a Gospel Minister.

A BROTHER writing from Manchester says,—“I have heard a young Scotchman preach on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings in an independent chapel in this town; he is uncommonly zealous for the conversion of souls. He is all nrv. He strips sinners of all false dependances and false refuges. He speaks solemnly against trusting to the law, to repentance, prayers, tears, hope, faith, zeal, works, feelings, &c., very ably. He illustrates all these with striking anecdotes which occurred under his own notice during his travels; as also others which he has read, and his idealty furnishes him with. He points the sinner to the Lamb of God 'Who taketh away the sin of the world.' He dwells richly upon the atonement, the substitutionary work of Christ, he seems greatly to rejoice in the same, expatiates pretty largely upon it in melting strains; but! O this but! something is wanting. Once after speaking of Christ hearing away sin, he beautifully depicted in his imagination the supposed position of Sir John Franklin in the Arctic Regions, surrounded with ice-bergs. In vain the crew hoisted the sails; mountains of ice above the vessel, and depths of ice below, prevented

them from moving, and threatened their destruction. Suppose one of our ingenious Englishmen invented a machine to cut through this ice, and they did so, and cleared a way to Sir John Franklin's vessel, that would be bearing the ice away. 'Now,' he said, 'how foolish would Sir John be to say no, I will not go that way, though it is the only way. How foolish to seek for any other.'

"All this is true, who can deny it? But does it reach me? No. Does it deliver? No. Is that all the atonement of Christ does? No. But besides this deficiency an inconsistency is added, viz., though he would not add his preaching to the work of Christ, nor his experience, nor any thing else, as salvation's work is perfect, he declares emphatically it was done for all mankind; it entirely rests with us to receive it, and for rejecting it men are damned eternally.

"O what a quagmire! What poor comfort! What a spoilation! I was going to say. Surely, according to this, there might be no Holy Ghost! Yet he declares that all are entirely indebted to, and dependent upon him; and without him they can do nothing. What do you think of him?"

[We think—(as Mr. James Wells once said in our pulpit)—“truth and love are not yet wedded in his soul. Sometimes (our brother said,) truth enters into a man's soul first, and love comes after; in other cases love comes first, and truth after.” We charitably hope that with some professing ministers there is much love in the heart, while but little knowledge of truth in the mind.—Ed.]

### Two more Faithful Servants of Christ Gone to Rest.

MR. PARSONS, for many years a minister in the Huntingtonian school, at Chichester, very recently departed this life in peace; and on Monday, February the 17th, the venerable JOHN LUCOMBE for many years a useful Baptist Minister in London, fell quietly asleep in Jesus. Further particulars next month.

### The Name of Jesus sweet.

Of all the names my heart approves,  
There's one above the rest;  
It is the name of Christ, who loves  
And sooths my troubled breast.

His name is Jesus Christ, who saves  
From sin, from death, and hell;  
His name shall have eternal praise  
By saints who-with him dwell.

His name is first, his name is last,  
The self-existing He;  
His name doth every name surpass,  
And precious is to me.

There is no name with his can vie!  
His name is God o'er all;  
And at his presence devils fly,  
And saints adoring fall.

Yes! sweet and precious is my Lord,  
He is my all in all!  
My song shall here his praise record,  
In glory—him extol.

And there with all redeemed by blood,  
In coucord sweet and strong;  
My soul shall vent her praise to God  
In one eternal song.

E. H. BAXTER.

## THE LIFE OF FAITH.

BEING AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION—HOW TO LIVE IN THIS WORLD, SO AS TO LIVE IN HEAVEN.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your's I received, and thought on that question, being, "How to live in this world, so as to live in heaven?" It is one of the common pleas of my heart, which I have often occasion to study, and therefore takes me not unprovided. It is hard to keep the helm up against so many crosswinds as we meet withal upon this sea of fire and glass.

That man knoweth not his own heart, that finds it not difficult to break through the entanglements of the world. Creature-smiles stop and entice away the affections from Jesus Christ; creature-frowns encompass and tempestate the spirit, that it thinks it doth well to be angry. Both ways, grace is a loser. We had all need to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation.

The greatest of your conflicts, and causes of complaints, seem to have their original here: temptations follow tempers. As there are two predominant qualities in the temper of every body; so there are two predominant sins in the temper of every heart. Pride is one in all men in the world. I will tell you familiarly, what God hath done for my soul, and in what trade my soul keeps towards himself.

I am come to a conclusion, to look after no great matters in the world, but to know Christ and him crucified. I make best way in a low gale. A high spirit, and a high sail together, will be dangerous; and therefore I prepare to live low. I desire not much. I pray against it. My study is my calling: so much as to tend that without distraction, I am bound to plead for, and more I desire not. By my secluded retirements, I have advantage to observe how every day's occasions insensibly wear off the heart from God, and bury it in self; which they who live in care and lumber, cannot be sensible of. I have seemed to see a need of every thing God gives me, and to want nothing that he denies me. There is no dispensation, though afflictive, but, either in it or after it, I find I could not be without it, whether it be taken from me, or not given to me; sooner or later, God quiets me in himself without it. I cast all my concerns on the Lord, and live securely on the care and wisdom of my heavenly Father. My ways, you know, are, in some sense, hedged up with thorns, and grow darker and darker daily; but yet I distrust not my good God in the least, and live more quietly in the absence of all, by faith, than I should do, I am persuaded, if I possessed them. I think the Lord deals kindly with me, to make me believe for all my mercies before I have them; they will then be Isaac's sons of laughter. The less reason hath to work upon, the more freely faith casts itself on the faithfulness of God. I find that whilst faith is steady, nothing can disquiet me; and when faith totters, nothing can establish me. If I tumble out amongst means and creatures, I am presently lost, and can come to no end; but if I stay myself on God, and leave him to work in his own way and time, I am at rest, and can sit down and sleep in a promise, when a thousand rise up against me; therefore my way is not to cast before hand, but to work with God by the day. "Sufficient to the day, is the evil thereof." I find so much to

do continually with my calling and my heart, that I have no time to puzzle myself with peradventures and futurities. As for the state of the times, it is very gloomy and tempestuous. But why do the Heathen rage? Faith lies at anchor in the midst of the waves, and believes the accomplishment of the promise through all those overturnings, confusions, and seeming impossibilities.

Upon this God do I live, who is our God for ever, and will guide us to the death. Methinks I lie becalmed in his bosom as Luther, in such a case. I am not much concerned, let Christ see to it. I know prophecies are now dark, and the books are sealed, and men have all been deceived, and every cistern fails, yet God doth continue faithful; and faithful is he that hath promised, who will do it. I believe these dark times are the womb of a bright morning.

Many things more I might have said; but enough. Oh! brother, keep close to God, and then you need fear nothing. Maintain secret and intimate communion with God, and then a little of the creature will go a great way. Take time for duties in private; crowd not religion into a corner of the day. There is a Dutch proverb: "Nothing is got by thieving, nor lost by praying." Lay up all your good in God, so as to over-balance the sweetness and bitterness of all creatures. Spend no time anxiously in forehand contrivances for this world; they never succeed; God will run his dispensations another way. Self-contrivances are the effects of unbelief. I can speak by experience. Would men spend those hours they run out in plots and devices, in communion with God, and leave all on him by venturesome believing, they would have more peace and comfort.

I leave you with your God and mine. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit. Pray for your own soul; pray for Jerusalem; and pray hard for your poor brother.

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Lines upon 1 Cor. i. 30.

## WISDOM.

Thou know'st my ignorance, gracious Lord,  
Teach me to read thy sacred word;  
Let light divine shine on my path;  
O let me pray with holy breath;  
And while my guilt I'm made to see,  
Dear Lord, do thou my wisdom be.

## RIGHTHOUSNESS.

Estranged from thee by deeds of sin,  
All pollution and unclean,  
What hope have I in death's dread hour,  
To save me from sin's damning power?  
A sinner vile I must confess;  
Be thou, dear Lord, my righteousness.

## SANCTIFICATION.

Oh, what a mark of special grace  
Is fix'd on some of Adam's race;  
They rise triumphant from the fall  
By Mercy's sweet and gracious call:  
A favoured few in this creation  
Feel Christ is their sanctification.

## REDEMPTION.

Awakened sinner, see the Lamb  
Who for thee "bore the curse and shame;"  
Who shed his precious blood for you,  
"That you might all his glory view;"  
They all are saved, without exemption,  
Who feel the power of his redemption.

Chelmsford.

W. D.

## BRIEF REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

*Light thrown upon the Four Gospels; being a Treatise on the Indispensability of the Distinction to be made between Natural Faith and Repentance, as a Duty according to Law: and Spiritual Faith and Repentance as a Sovereign Gift, or New Covenant Blessing, according to the Gospel. An Exposition of John vi. 27. By William Odling.* London: Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster Row.

THIS Volume—which is printed in a clear bold type, and very neatly bound in embossed cloth,—is the gratuitous contribution to our modern theological literature, of an highly esteemed lay member of the Christian Church; and is destined, we think, to excite considerable interest (and, perhaps, a little warm controversy,) among the thousands in Israel who are seeking food for their regenerate and heaven-bound spirits.

Although the subject herein discussed is deeply profound, the writer has used great plainness of speech; and a tender, humble, loving spirit, doth run so gently through the whole work; and the author's ideas are expressed with such clearness, and so closely followed up with "*Thus saith the Lord,*" that we really feel a pleasure in introducing the work to the notice of our readers. In briefly noticing this work, we shall unhesitatingly affirm our belief in these three particulars: First, we believe that Mr. Odling has, in this production, laboured simply with a desire to be useful to his fellow-man in things that are of the very first importance. Secondly, we believe that our author has (with much prayer, and close, persevering meditation and research,) discovered and traced out some most valuable distinctions in Bible theology; and that a careful, unprejudiced perusal of this work cannot fail of proving beneficial to all faithful ministers, and truth-loving Christians. "*Light upon the Four Gospels,*" must not be hastily, nor partially read: let every paragraph be well weighed up; every quotation from Scripture examined; every sentiment compared and tested by the entire analogy of revealed truth; and, withal, if possible, let the mind be unshackled; let her have free course; let her read and think; pray and meditate; examine and consider; and some good fruit we believe she will thereby gather.

Lastly—We believe that many contracted minds will be disposed to reject some things which this work contains; but to attempt to overthrow the leading principles of this Treatise, we think would be both dangerous and Anti-Christian.

One hundred and seventy-seven pages are occupied with the Treatise itself. Beside which, we have a copious index, describing every paragraph; a dedication; and a lengthened preface which is well suited to prepare the mind of the candid reader for the perusal of the work.

The foundation on which this Treatise is based, we ought to notice, is the 27th verse of the sixth chapter of John's Gospel. "Labour not for the meat that perisheth," &c., &c. And the Author's mode of treating it may be gathered from the following paragraph which we extract from the preface. In future numbers we propose, if spared, to enter more minutely into the details of the subject; but for the present, the following must suffice. Our Author says,—

"He has considered the text as being highly

metaphorical, and that it cannot be taken in its grammatical or literal sense; because if understood so, it has no parallel in the Scripture, but much to contradict it; whereas that cannot be admitted.

"In the fourth division, i. e., the counsel and advice given; it may be thought by some, that there is much in it superfluous, or foreign from the subject; this will be obviated, if it be duly considered that this part of the text (though metaphorical) is analogous with the Old Testament precepts, counsel, and advice given to the Jews by the Prophets, concerning their promised Messiah; and that it embraces the substance of Christ's precepts to the Jews concerning himself, as recorded in the four Gospels. The writer has long been fully persuaded, by sacred truth, that in his youth, he was taught (from the pulpit and otherwise,) to pervert many of these portions, by taking them up abstractedly, and making them to mean exhortations to spiritual things; whereas, if they are taken with their context and parallels, they have no such meaning in them. And if the reader will take the pains to examine, impartially and studiously, every chapter and verse therein set forth; weigh the contexts; investigate and compare the parables; as the writer has done—it is presumed that the conviction will be, that they are not perverted, or used improperly. But be not deceived, it is impossible to understand the sacred volume by a superficial reading; for it requires the most serious and studious attention and investigation to find its beauty and harmony. For a proof of this, and how a knowledge of it is to be obtained, see Prov. ii. 1, 5."

"*The Pot of Manna.*"—London: Houlston and Stoneman; Manchester: W. Bremner.

"THE Pot of Manna" is a new Monthly Journal. We have carefully examined this first number; and consider the title is well maintained in the contents. Pure and precious matter, such as Zion's healthy children love—is here given from the writings of men whose praise is in all the Churches. As we expect almost every active citizen will either buy or borrow this new and welcome visitor, we need say no more than that we sincerely wish our Christian brother (the editor) God speed; and sincerely pray that in his endeavours to set a POT OF MANNA in the midst of the Churches, he may not have to suffer, and toil in tempestuous seas, as some that have gone before him. Surely, the multiplicity of faithful ministers, and religious publications, with which England now abounds, augur much in favour of the continuance and increase of pure Gospel truth in our land. God be praised for every effort purely made.

"*The Bull taken by the horns; or, Papal Aggression Calmly Considered, in a Letter to Lord John Russell.* By W. PALMER, Baptist Minister, Oldham Street, Manchester."

MR. WILLIAM PALMER, (late of Chatteris, but now of Manchester,) is no stranger in the British Baptist Churches, either as an author, or as a minister of the gospel; his ability for writing is extensively known, and by some appreciated. If, therefore, we simply announce that Mr. Palmer has written a letter to Lord John Russell, under

the above title, we do all that we think is necessary to be done. We may add, however, that this letter is long—is written in a clear, bold style, and embodies a considerable amount of information that, at this exciting period, may be read with much interest, especially the copious answer which Mr. Palmer has given to the question—“WHAT IS PUSEYISM?” As regards the church of England, many startling facts are in this book exhibited; such as really made us inwardly tremble to read. One short extract is all we can find room for: it tells a fearful tale as regards the increase of Popery; but administers a cheerful cordial as regards the certainty that no dark, dreadful, black, and bigotted persecution can again stalk through the ranks of true believers. These are nearly Mr. Palmer's closing words:—

“I am not insensible to the increase of popish influence and popish tenets in this country, which I deeply deplore, and would totally eradicate if I could. I remember Francis Borgia, the third General of the order of Jesuits, is reported to have said, with a penetration almost prophetic, ‘We slip in like lambs, we rule like wolves, we shall be driven out like dogs, but we shall wax young again like eagles.’ The storms of the French Revolution were supposed to have swept away, and the political earthquakes which accompanied and followed them to have buried, the last remnants of an effete class. Fifty years since their only retreat was an estate in White Russia, assigned to them by a Schismatic Empress. Now they are everywhere in Europe and America; concentrating their energies where political and spiritual interests are more warmly contested or more momentously related; operating more vigorously and more determinately on all the main points of society, thereby offering substantial evidence that the disciples of Ignatius Loyola are in full activity—keen, insatiable, unwearied, and unchanged.

“And that the permanent tendency of popery is to denationalise all national churches for the sake of a universal supremacy, which shall rule political states—to interweave itself into all national institutes so as to warp, and grasp everything, and when convenient to tamper with civil allegiance, there can be little room to doubt. But though the whole current of history forces on this conclusion, justice compels me to think there are catholics besides the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Beaumont, who will always resist ultramontane doctrines in this country. NEITHER THE POPIH NOR THE PROTESTANT HIERARCHIES CAN EVER PERSECUTE AGAIN IN OLD ENGLAND. This, however, arises rather from incompetency than any change of nature. The wolf may outlive his teeth, and the eagle his talons; and the protestant and popish hierarchies have outlived theirs. Outlived them here I mean.”

“Present and conflicting ideas have battled their way through all ages, and alternated according to the degrees of light and darkness in which they have struggled; one class triumphing in the dark, the other in the light. The great battle has yet to be fought, and is called the battle of the Great God; because those distinctive principles, which have not as yet definition nor value in the minds of many, relate to the reign of God on earth; and because he will decide the contest by his judgments then poured out upon despotic and church-making powers.”

“*The Use of Faith if popery should return upon us. A Sermon, preached May 7, 1680, by John Owen, D. D. Reprinted with a preface by J. A. Jones.*” J. Paul.

We are right glad to find others at work as well as ourselves. England has recently been flooded with books; and we have seen and read many of them; But a grain of sterling truth among a

bushel of your modern tracts you cannot find. How is this? Have we no ministers who love truth in these days? Have we none who can write truth? None who will venture to spread truth? Yes! blessed be God, we have many hundreds; and the most of them are like the virgins, “slumbering and sleeping.” Surely, brethren it is time to awake. Brother John Andrew has just sent us a copy of a Sermon headed as above. We say, brethren, (faithful ministers, we mean, great and small) if you are too lazy to write and publish; or if ye fear your talent is too small to maintain your pride; then, take hundreds of this discourse of good old Owen's, which the venerable Jones has now placed within your reach, and scatter them among your people. Now is the time, or never. We loved John Owen dearly before, but this sermon entitled “THE, USE OF FAITH IF POPYRY SHOULD RETURN UPON US,” makes us love him more than ever. It is just the thing for the present moment. Read the following little bits of it, and may the Lord fire your souls with holy zeal. Owen says,—

“The second difficulty that we have, or may have to conflict with, is the return of Popery into this land. Half the talk of the world is upon this subject. I have nothing to say to some among ourselves; but I verily believe, that those who have the conduct of the papal anti-christian affairs throughout the world, are endeavouring to bring it in upon us. I remember what holy Latimer said when he came to die—‘Once I believed Popery would never return into England, but,’ said he, ‘I find it was not faith, but fancy.’ I wish it prove not so with many of us.”

“The first thing I would exercise my thoughts upon, and that my faith rests in, in this case, is this that there is a fixed determinate time in the counsel of God, when anti-christ, and Babylon, and idolatry, and superstition, together with that profaneness of life which they have brought in, shall be destroyed. It is so fixed that it shall not be altered. All the wisdom of men, all the sins of men, and all our unbelief, shall not hinder it a day; it shall assuredly come to pass in its appointed season. This time is reckoned up in Scripture by days, by months, and by years; not that we should know the time of it, but that we should know the certainty of it; for if it hath but so many days, but so many months, and years, then it must have a certain period.”

“Remember, that if the trial comes, it is a day of battle; and it is not for you, when you should engage in a battle, to be considering of this or that way, or contrivance to escape; no, it is courage and constancy, and faith alone must be set on work, or you will not be preserved. All your wisdom and contrivances will not preserve you; but it being come to the issue between Christ and antichrist, it is the girding up the loins of your mind, and a resisting unto blood against sin, and abiding in it, that is your duty, and must preserve you. Nothing will save you but faith, courage, and constancy.

There are, in the Scripture, intimations that those who, in an especial manner, cleave unto God, and his worship, with faith, love, and delight, shall be preserved and saved. I do not propose this unto you as an object of your faith; all the rest I do; but I say there are intimations that give me some satisfaction that they, who with quick and lively spirits do act faith, and love, and delight in God and his worship, or that are worshippers in the inner court of the temple, shall be peculiarly secured at such a time. But I am afraid few of us shall have it, because I see so much coldness and deadness grown generally upon us, and the churches of Christ; it makes me think exercises will come upon us all; for we have need of them.”

# Where is the Lord God of Elijah?

THE SUBSTANCE OF

## A FUNERAL SERMON FOR THE LATE MR. LUCOMBE,

*For many years a Faithful Servant of Christ, in London.*

PREACHED BY MR. T. D. WOOD, IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, WILDERNESS ROW, ON LORD'S DAY EVENING, MARCH 9, 1851.

[We lay our intended article on "ENOCH," (one of the ancient "BIBLE MEN,") aside this month, to make room for the following record of a "Bible Man" of more recent date. We desire to leave in the *Earthen Vessel*, a memorial of every good man who passes home to glory; and we trust the following will be read with profit by thousands of our readers.—Ed.]

In commencing the discourse, brother Wood says—

Recorded in the 2nd chapter of the 2nd book of Kings, in the middle clause of the 14th verse, we read thus "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"

The question may arise in some of your minds, for what reason am I induced to preach a funeral sermon for our departed brother Lucombe? My answer is, I feel it a duty incumbent to give my testimony, and pay this tribute of respect to the memory of one, who was appointed of God to be an instrument of such importance to my past, present, and future state.

Let us notice briefly, 1st, The words I have just related as a text. 2nd, Speak of my personal acquaintance with the deceased. 3rd, A few remarks concerning his general character.

1st, The circumstances under which these words were spoken, do not unfrequently occur to the people of God, when language somewhat similar emanate from their hearts, and fall from their lips; perhaps under desponding feelings, when the minister from whom they have heard the word of life, and under whose discourse they have often felt comforted, their troubled hearts relieved, their fears quelled, unbelief put to flight, hope revived, joy succeed, whilst realizing the merits of pardoning mercy, and abounding grace, made known to them, as the servant of God has set forth the richness, suitability, and freeness of grace in, and through, the doing and dying of God's dear Son—when, like Elisha, their Master is taken from their head, and him that for a long time had been useful as an instrument in God's hand, is removed; then it is not an uncommon thing for the people of God to say, whilst looking at the instrument more than the God of the instrument, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" as though the God of Elijah was gone

VOL. VII.—PART LXXV.—April.

because the servant was here no longer. The saints at Ephesus were distressed when Paul left them; the disciples of our Lord when his bodily presence was with them no longer; the Israelites when Moses and Joshua were taken; and Joseph's brethren feared it would go ill with them when Jacob was gone. But Elijah and the prophets have been taken—apostles are no more; Luther, Calvin, Toplady, Romaine, Gill, Huntington, with others of God's servants, and our dear departed brother Lucombe have been taken home from the church below: but has the God of all these left too? O no! Still he provides a succession of such instruments as shall preach a precious Christ, in, through, and by whom he will demonstrate the power of the Holy Ghost to the hearts of his own people. Why then should we despondingly cry out, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" as though a change in the instrument made a change in the God of the instrument?

But, who is the "God of Elijah?" In the 18th chapter of the 1st book of Kings, and the 36th verse, we find the God of Elijah to be the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel; a covenant God; the covenant God of his people, who rebuked kings for their sakes, saying—"Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm;" who, as you may see in this chapter, makes a way through Jordan; proves himself their God by sending fire from heaven to work the especial interest he takes in, and for, his own; and thereby separates them from the false worshippers; and when idolatry overspreads the land, has yet his seven thousand that will not bow to the false god, Baal, and whom he will preserve in the famine by the brook Cherith, and ravens, or the widow's last portion of meal and drop of oil, shall daily, like the manna, be replenished to supply their

needs, whilst false worshippers are starved or otherwise destroyed. Here we see him a God of providence, and a God of salvation; the God who cares, and provides for his people in *all* their necessities for body and soul, temporal and spiritual. The God of Elijah then, was the God of Abraham, in whom by faith he realized the God of salvation who took our nature, suffered, bled, died and rose again to provide a way for his people; to go as Elijah did, safe home to glory. In this salvation, he provides for all their needs here, destroys all their enemies, as he did Elijah's; opens a passage *through* the Jordan of death, and that one thing may not be lacking to bring them safe home, sends a chariot of fiery love, to land them safe in Abraham's bosom; which is the perpetual love of their covenant God.

But when trials and afflictions of various sorts attend the child of God, how often is his poor soul assailed from various quarters with such a question as this, "Where is now your God? Now this friend is gone, and the other hope has failed; and you see what a plight you are now in: where is now your God?" And what answer can we give at such times, but the answer of David in the 115th Psalm? "But our God is in the heavens." Or, in the words of the angel to Mary, "He is risen." He is high above, having angels, men, devils, creatures and things, animate and inanimate, at his nod to do his will; and neither winds nor waters, Pope or devil, can do otherwise than move just in the order he has appointed them, to fulfil the infinitely wise arrangements of his eternal purpose. And that purpose is, that all shall harmonize for his people's present and future good; and his honour and glory. Thus the child of God can triumphantly say, "Our God is in the heavens, and doeth according to his will;" so that his hopes are placed above sovereigns, and rulers, senators and counsellors, in him, by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice. Short of this, or apart from hence, the child of God loses his centre; is all disorder; and is terrified, even though it may be no more than a *galanty* show. Again, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" The word of God tells us he is in, and with, his church. The last words of Ezekiel "The Lord is there." Or the last words of our dear Lord on earth, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Thus the

child of God does say, "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God will help her." Psa. xlvi. Then the soul recognising this blessed fact, can say, "Well, this minister is gone—other means are cut off—that help has failed—but the God of Elijah has taken up his residence with his people; he never fails; his means are never limited; he knows no contingencies: but abundance, certainty and continuity of every blessing is found for me, with all his people, in him, the God of my salvation: the Lord God of Elijah, with his people for ever and ever.

Further, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" We say, *in* the word of promise, as it is written, "He swore by himself;" or margin of 6th of Hebrews, "He interposed himself;" in the oath, when he promised, as the covenant God of all his spiritual seed, to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob: blessing them with his divine verities, in Christ, with all spiritual blessings. Thus God is in the promise, yea and amen in Christ, that we may have strong and abiding consolation; as Luther translates the First verse of John's Gospel, and "God was the word," or as our version has it, "The word was God." Then when the devil, or unbelief says, Where is the Lord God of Elijah? faith does respond and say, he is in every promise of the old and New Testament, saying, "I will be with thee in all places; I will never leave thee, I will help thee." Thus every promise shines, and speaks not only God pledging his oath; but God himself in the oath, in the pledge. Thus man lives by every word that cometh out of the mouth of God; that when trouble comes, friends depart; and foes advance, the soul says, "Thou saidst thou wouldst surely do me good." "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me." This was Jacob's and David's rod and staff, that they and we can sing, "Though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil."

Lastly. Where is the Lord God of Elijah? In the hearts of his people by faith. Thus the apostle (Rom. x.) says, "The soul that believeth." He does not say, "Who shall ascend to heaven to bring Christ down; or, who shall descend to bring Christ up?" But, he has him near, even in the heart. Thus with John Newton the believer says,

"Though sometimes unperceived by sense,  
Faith sees him always near."

Therefore, though one minister is taken, and another is removed, the God of Elijah is still the God of Elisha; 'tis not now God in the temple, or God in the tabernacle, or God in the Aaronic priesthood, or in the Levitical ceremonies; but it is God in Christ, unalterably, perpetually, with his believing people; that they can say, and do say, with David (Psalm cxxxix.) "If I ascend to heaven thou art there; if I descend to hell (or the grave)" or fly to the uttermost, or am enveloped in darkness, or the night, "thou art there." "These places are all alike to thee; such knowledge is too wonderful for me," says the astonished believer; that God should still be with me in all the love of his heart, in all the compassions of his nature, in all his goodness, power, mercy, and grace; therefore will not we fear, though the sea roar, and the earth be removed; God is our refuge, a present help in every trouble.

Perhaps this is as much as is necessary for me to say at present upon the words of the text, and will now proceed to speak of my personal acquaintance with the deceased; in doing which I will just introduce a little narrative that he often alluded to with considerable feelings of pleasure. About thirty years ago he was on a visit at Brighton for a few days, on which occasion a minister of that place requested him to preach in a small town,\* about nine or ten miles from thence, as they were in the habit of sending supplies thither at that time to preach the gospel. He consented to go; travelling not being so convenient then as it is now, he had to walk on the Lord's-day morning; and as he travelled on, he kept thinking and saying to himself, how foolish and useless it is for me to go out to a little country place among strangers, and fatiguing myself to no purpose. But still he kept on, and at last got to the place, a little uncomfortable place, and wished he had never come: the service commenced by giving out a hymn; and when they began singing, his feelings began to change, until he felt quite at home, as God was his refuge there. The hymn they sung was

"He that hath made his refuge God."

He then commenced preaching, in a very solemn yet animated manner; and as he went on speaking of the blessedness of the salvation for poor sinners, in

\* Hurstperpoint.

the Lord Jesus Christ, and the vast importance of the same; there was a country lad present, into whose heart the solemn truths penetrated, with convincing force; made him feel the awful state in which he stood as a sinner before God: that country lad is the person who is now addressing you: ah, my friends, I felt what it was to stand guilty; without knowing the remedy for my sore; one sentence he uttered, thrilled through my soul with peculiar terrific effect; "once in hell, in hell for ever." I occasionally heard Mr. Lucombe after that, when he came into that part of the country; and for the most part, with very searching effect; but still I found no deliverance from the guilt or power of sin; a few years rolled on, and in the providence of God, I was brought to London; still the burden of sin, rested on me; and I said, within myself, "I will never return to my native country, until I am happier," but how to obtain that happiness, knew not; having obtained a situation, used to go to different chapels; but like the dove, "found no rest, for the sole of my foot;" and singular as it may appear, felt no desire to hear Mr. Lucombe; but after a time, being requested by friends in the country, thought I would go once or so; went one Lord's-day morning, with a young man, and could not tell how it was; felt I must go again. I continued to do so; and the Lord, through his ministry gradually opened up the work of Christ to my soul, as my surety; whereby I saw, he had removed all my sin before I was born; and my happiness consisted in believing that fact. One Lord's-day in the spring of the year 1828, Mr. Lucombe preached from the words, "Unto you that believe, he is precious;" when I felt what it was to be a "new creature in Christ;" all things now appeared delightful; my load was gone; God appeared to smile as my Father; was baptized 7th June following; and admitted a member of the church, under his pastorate, in Bethel chapel, City Road; continued for two or three years, until an unhappy commotion arose in the church, of which I publicly confess, our departed brother, was not the cause; a separation ensued; and for seven or eight years, I did not see him; but it so happened, about ten years ago, accidentally meeting him in the New Road, our acquaintance was renewed; which led to his urgent request, to my first speaking in the name



of the Lord, in his pulpit, August 1841. Thus he was the means, of impressing the solemn truths he preached, upon my mind; proclaiming peace to my soul, through a crucified Saviour; and then induced me first to preach that Gospel, which is dear to my heart. Sweet we may sing,—

“There is a period known to God,  
When all the sheep redeem'd by blood,  
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin;  
Turn to the fold and enter in.”

We will now endeavour to speak a little of his general character; in doing so, say, 1st,—he was a “tried man,” a very tried man: his trials were great, personal, and relative; domestic and circumstantial; besides, that trial, which he knew, as well as most men, the plague of his heart, a depraved nature, and tempting devil; yet it was his privilege, more than some of the Lord's servants, to be kept; a preserved and consistent man, so that none could say justly of him, there goes an immoral man. I am not about to extol his virtues, or expose his infirmities; on the one, he placed no dependance; the other could not destroy his hope: it was his happiness, not only to know his sin was covered over by the blood of Christ, so that he stood complete in the sight of God; but to have them covered, from creature view. This is a great mercy; and when we consider the power of sin, satan, and the world, it is a wonder that any are kept:

“See a stone that hangs in air,  
See a spark in ocean live.”

But the greatest of all his trials were, when those unto whom the ministry had been blessed, turned against him. “Were it an enemy, I could have borne it; but it was my companion, with whom I held sweet counsel, or communion:” it was this, that gave the sorest pang: and I believe none but those who feel it, can understand the exquisite sensations a minister of Christ feels, when those, with whom they have been spiritually united, turn and speak unkindly, turn up the heel, and not only themselves leave the ministry they before so highly esteemed, but induce others so to do. Yet whilst we regret this was the case; it is a sweet consideration that these things with our departed brother, are for ever over. He has them no more; no more unkind, reproachful, and false charges; now with him, all, all for ever over; he rests in God! He was a useful man! Some may reply; he

was not popular; no, but popularity is no proof of usefulness; if so, John Wesley and the Pope, must be considered useful, for they are popular enough; but popularity is generally useful only to the object admired, rather than the admirers; for it is calculated to promote the aggrandisement of one; instead of the real advantage of many. But not so with our venerable brother; he preached Christ for the benefit of the hearers; and God abundantly owned his preaching to the real advantage of souls; in conviction, conversion, comforting, and confirming the hearts of many, not only in my own case, but some of you here, as well as many who are members of different churches in London, are living epistles of his ministry, written upon their hearts as with the finger of God. He was a faithful man! faithful to God, in preaching the “whole truth;” as far as he was taught, and kept not back “part of the price,” and faithful to the preceptive part of God's Word. He knew what was right, and not only so, but did what was right: not only did he know, that Believers' Baptism was an ordinance of God; but conformed thereto; and declaring the whole truth, doctrine, experience and practice, faithfully shewed to the house of Israel their sins. He was an affectionate man! preaching Christ out of pure love to him, and the souls of the people. He loved to preach Jesus; and even after the infirmities of age had rendered him incapable of publicly doing so; many times have I heard him say, his very soul longed to be again in the pulpit, to speak for his master; some of you know, how affectionately he used to speak to you of Christ in public; and to attend the abodes of many, where he could possibly administer comfort to a troubled mind; it was not poverty prevented his visits; but his was a heart, truly a living one; and certainly a most grateful one, which is the consociate of love. He was a zealous man! Zeal is a very essential part of the Christian ministry; zeal for God, his cause, his people, his truth; it is easy enough to be zealous when carried in the stream of prosperity; borne up by the applause of numbers; but not so easy, when adversity attends us; but our deceased brother continued still to preach Christ with a holy zeal, in adversity, as well as prosperity, and never ceased so to do, while God gave him strength and opportunity. But he is gone, gone to be with him, to

enjoy for ever his smiles, whom he loved and served here below. He is gathered home in a good old age, in his 86th year; "As a shock of wheat in his season." Probably some who are here to night, never were here before; and perhaps we may never in this life meet again. But we shall one day meet! "How shall we meet?" We look into the grave of our departed friends, as I did the other day of our brother; there, in the wooden box, lays that body once so active; that finger once so quickly moving; and those eyes, once so brilliantly expressing the feelings of the soul; now, motionless as the earth, in which it is shrouded. This will soon be my case, and thy case; each one of us will soon be thus: and appear before him that will call all nations to his bar.

Sinner; how will you appear? "O," say some, "I don't believe in a future state!" Don't you? Are you not rather wishing there was none, than really believing it? Or else, how is it when you try to persuade yourself there is not, that thy conscience accuses, which you try to silence but cannot? Ah my friend! think this matter over; how will you feel? When graves burst, rocks split, earth and sea give up their dead, the whole universe reeling, dissolving, and tumbling to pieces; the elements melting, the Son of God coming with the Archangel's trump, separating for ever the sheep from the goats, with a "Come ye blessed," and "Go ye cursed." What will be thy horrors then; when infernal spirits drag thee to their awful confines; whilst the dreadful Majesty of heaven says "These shall go away into everlasting punishment?" Who amongst us shall hear that dreadful sentence?

I must forbear. I have not spoken anything particularly of our brother's last days; and perhaps it is hardly necessary, as I understand more particulars will be given in the *Earthen Vessel* next month. There was one abiding assurance in his heart that the devil could not destroy, and that was, he loved Jesus. This he said he was fully persuaded of: and the last portion I remember his speaking of to me was John v. 24, of which he spoke as peculiarly precious to his soul.

I saw him a short time before his death, when he was very comfortable; and, as I left him, shook me heartily by the hand, said, "Good bye, God bless you, never fear, go on and preach a precious Jesus." These were the last words

I ever heard him speak. Thus he lived and died, with his heart and affections centering in Christ, whom he now sees without a veil between. God Almighty grant we too may love and adore the Lamb of God. Amen.

[The following brief outline is also furnished us by our brother Wood.]

Mr. Lucombe was formerly a hearer of Mr. Huntington's, and of Mr. Bailey, at Zoar, but settled finally under Mr. Stevens, Meard's Court, Soho; under whose sanction he commenced preaching in the Borough, and always enjoyed the friendship of that good and great man, who annually preached for him on the Anniversary day, and whose last Sermon (but one), was preached on his behalf. The church collected together by him, worshipped first, some time in Chapel Court, High Street, Borough, from whence they with him removed to Bethel Chapel, City Road, and latterly in Providence Chapel, Featherstone Street. When incapable of getting about, he resided with his Son with whom he remained the rest of his days, and certainly was very comfortable and happy. There was no particular illness, but a gradual decline of strength; and at last, on the evening of the 15th of February, appeared in a sound sleep, and in that state departed to his eternal home, on Monday the 17th. God Almighty prepare each of us to follow.

Yours in Christ, T. D. WOOD.

99, Upper Street, Islington,  
March 13, 1851.

ON  
**THE UNPARDONABLE SIN,**  
OR, SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST,  
(*The second Letter, see page 60.*)

HONOURED MADAM,—Since I wrote you my first thoughts upon the man in the Iron Cage, I have been looking at him again, examining, and paying more particular attention to what he said; and I find there is one word, which I did not particularly notice; which now appears to me to be the most important of all, and his case seems more especially to hinge upon it.

In my former, I said, the man was a stony ground hearer, the seed fell only upon his natural passions, his understanding only being enlightened, he was but a mere professor, and became an *apostate*; this is an awful state to be in, but he now appears to me, to be in a much more awful state than I have hitherto described, or conceived. What I shall further say of him, possibly may be startling to you at first sight, but I think it will be substantiated by the word of truth.

He now appears to me, to be the character

who has committed the unpardonable sin; or sin against the Holy Ghost! For he had no promise left him, in his favour, in all the Scriptures. All hope of mercy was fled. And we are not to suppose, but that his case was really just what he described, without any deception whatever. For as I have hinted, he is very different to the poor weak, tried, tempted, sighing, groaning, panting, trembling, crying, child of God; who writes bitter things against himself; because waves and billows of trouble roll over him, and mists, fogs and clouds, hide the Sun of righteousness from shining upon him, and darken his evidences. "Darkness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

But this poor trembling, hardened creature, had nothing but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation, that would devour him as an **ADVERSARY**, (a title that is given to Satan); he knew he had been so to God, to his cause, and to his people. Yes, and the unquenchable fire seems to be lighted in his conscience already, while shivering on the confines of perdition; "Oh Eternity! Eternity! how shall I grapple with the miseries I must meet with in Eternity!"

Now that which I had not noticed before, is the word "*despite*," he had "*done despite* to the Spirit;" this is impossible for any Christian to do; it is said, "he cannot sin because he is born of God;" (John v. 18); that is, he cannot sin the sin unto death. We often say, while there is life there is hope, and so there is for all characters and sins but one, which is the unpardonable sin, or sin against the Holy Ghost! And we are forbidden even to pray for it. 1 John v. 16; Matt. xii. 31, 32; Jer. vii. 16; xl. 14. And the man in question was such an one. And was shut up in the Iron Cage, (or dark despair,) reserved under conviction, for eternal death; where neither hope, promise, nor pardon could enter.

You are aware that the word *despite*, means, *envy, malice and defiance*. Now this man had not only sinned presumptuously and wilfully, against light and knowledge, (for he had much of both;) but enviously and maliciously against the Holy Ghost; endeavouring to counteract his operations and designs in the souls of God's people, wherever he saw them. Such is "*despite*." Neither men nor devils can have a more horrid combination of evils within than these, and which is justly termed "*despite*" in Heb. x. 29. And there have been such characters in human shape. I think Judas was not far from being such an one, after knowing, believing and preaching Christ, betrayed him with a kiss. And I cannot think that Christ was mistaken in any thing that he said; he called him a "Devil." I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil. John vi. 70. And the man in the cage, is evidently intended for such an one.

Now the Holy Spirit, which Bunyan means by the *Interpreter*, is the only interpreter and leader into truth, and He led Christian to view this man. And when Christian asked the *Interpreter*, if there was no hope for such a man; he said "ask him;" as much as to say he will give you a true characteristic of himself, without any deception whatever; it is just what he sees himself to be. And if it had not been so, the "*Interpreter*" would have told Christian to the contrary; for the Holy Spirit never deceives those who sincerely ask council of him.

There are some men, who contend that unbelief is the condemning sin. This I have heard from pulpits where I had hoped better things. What! shall man be condemned for not doing that which belongs to God alone; who can give saving faith but God? Who then has an arm like God? Job xl. 9. Man is condemned for his sins and transgressions which he hath done, and not for that which is the work of God's Spirit, and which man in his natural state is incapable of performing. Other opinions there are concerning this sin; but I think there can only be one opinion substantiated by the Word of God. There are others who say it is not possible to commit such a sin, but they surely are guided by human reason, and never read with attention that which Christ said to the Pharisees in Matt. xii. 31, 33; some of which evidently had committed this sin, which made it timely for him to speak of it.

I allow it must be no ordinary character that is capable of committing this sin; it is not every one that can do it; he must be a person whose understanding has been greatly enlightened by the Word of God; and who has acquired a considerable deal of natural light and knowledge in divine things; so as to be convinced that there are three divine persons, (and but one God in essence), that Jesus is the Saviour of sinners, and that the Holy Ghost is the sanctifier and meeter for heaven; and combined with this, he must have the malice and envy of a *demon*, (and as already said) to hate, withstand, willingly, and wilfully, endeavour to counteract the operations of the Spirit of God, wherever he sees them in God's people, and ridicule and hate the Spirit and his operations; the man in question did do all this according to his own words. Hear his own true confession, (after all his profession, with all his natural light and knowledge), "I have crucified Christ afresh, I have despised his person, and his righteousness, and counted his blood an unholy thing;" (and not content with all this *malice* and *enmity* against Christ,) "I have done *despite* to the Spirit of grace." There is not a worse character than this portrayed in all the Scriptures, and I believe it is impossible to find a worse in human shape. If we closely examine all his expressions in his confession, I think it is evident, that he had sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost. Hence he was shut out of all the promises of God; and that is the only character that is.

How near some of those persons came to this man in sin, which are spoken of in Scripture, is hardly at present for me to say, as I have not time now to examine every feature in their character; such as Cain, Pharaoh, Achan, King Saul, Judas, Simon Magus, Ananias and Sapphira, and others too numerous to mention here. But let us just view their most prominent sins, notice their convictions, hear their confessions, and see the end of some of them.

Cain had a knowledge of God, and a profession of religion; but out of wrath and envy slew his brother, because he was accepted of God. Gen. iv. 5; Jude xi. Pharaoh, out of envy, &c., slew all the male children of Israel. Exodus i. Balaam would have cursed Israel if he could, though he knew they were blessed. Num. xxii. 22, 23. Achan, through covetousness, wilfully transgressed God's commands. Joshua vi. 21. Saul out of envy and malice, would fain have

slain David, because the Lord was with him, &c. 1 Sam. xviii. 11, 12; xix. 10, 11. Judas treacherously sold Jesus. Matt. xxvi. 14—16, &c. Simon Magus who was a sorcerer, made a profession, but had neither part nor lot in the matter; and awfully sinned by wishing to purchase the *Baptismal Gift* of the Holy Ghost, with money. Acts viii. 18, 19, &c. Ananias and Sapphira endeavoured to impose upon the apostles, and lie to the Holy Ghost; Acts v. i. &c. These are only a portion of their crimes, and similar to the man in the cage, when they had done much evil, and were put to the test, they were all convicted and convicted, and made confession, like the poor man in question.

Now let us hear their confessions, and see the end of some of them. Cain's conscience so smote him, that he said "My punishment is greater than I can bear." Gen. iv. 13. Pharaoh said, "Take your flocks and be gone; and bless me also." Yet in his rage and malice, pursued them, and was drowned in the sea. Exo. xiv. 4—28. Balaam said "let me die the death of the righteous," though he knew he lived wickedly. Num. xxiii. 10. And "he was slain by the edge of the sword." Num. xxxi. 8. Achan said, "Indeed I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel; and thus have I done; and they stoned him with stones, and all that belonged to him, and burned them with fire." Josh. vii. 20. Saul said to Samuel, "I have sinned; I pray thee pardon me, and turn with me that I may worship the Lord; but he would not, for the Lord had rejected him." 1 Sam. xv. 24.

"And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers wounded him. And he took his own sword and killed himself." 1 Sam. xxxi. 2—5. Judas said, "I have sinned, and betrayed innocent blood. Repented *himself*, and went and hanged himself." Matt. xxvii. 3—5. Simon Magus said, "Pray to the Lord for me, (for it appears he could not pray for himself,) that none of these things which ye have spoken come upon me." Acts viii. 24. Ananias was struck dead at once for his known sin. Sapphira just had time to confess, and was struck dead also. Acts v. 1—10.

These were all not ignorant, but wilful sinners; and some of them malicious ones; and it is evident that those characters were never savingly wrought upon, though many of them were professors; yet awful to say, died and went to their own place. And some of them are alluded to in the New Testament with much censure. Jude 11. Rev. ii. 14. If we were to investigate the characters of those individuals closely, from their birth to their death, the natural light and knowledge they had of divine things, their propensities, their malice and hatred against God's people, (however much they professed,) we shall find that some of them did *despite* to the *Spirit*, and sinned nearly equal to the man in the cage.

Should you ask, was not Saul of Tarsus as great a sinner as those you have described; for he hated and persecuted the Christians even unto death, and compelled them to blasphemous; (Acts xxvi. 10, 11;) I answer, no; there was a wide difference; though he awfully sinned, he did it in *ignorance*; not against *light* and *knowledge*; he was zealous for God, and thought he was doing God service. He thought Christ was an impostor; he acted conscientiously. We have heard

the confession of the others, now let us hear Paul's. He says—"But I obtained *mercy*," (Why Paul?) "because I did it ignorantly, and in unbelief." 1 Tim. i. 13. Implying, *had he done it against light and knowledge, combined with malice, which makes up the unpardoned sin*, he could not have obtained mercy; but there would have been the same fearful looking for, for him, which he himself describes to the Hebrews (x. 26, 27); and would have been shut out of all promise and hope for ever; (like the man in the cage,) and would have committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. And though God sometimes allows some of his chosen vessels to go to great lengths in sin and iniquity, both before and after regeneration, he always keeps them from such a complication of evils as the aforesaid. And Peter after his regeneration, sinned willfully against light and knowledge; but not maliciously; he still loved his master. Now Paul's malicious sin, and Peter's sin against light and knowledge, where they are combined in one person, you find a demon at once, who does *despite* to the Spirit, and sins the unpardonable sin.

While meditating upon this most serious, and awful subject, my mind has been deeply impressed with the thought, that this said sin, is very similar, if not of the same nature, as the fallen angels committed; for their sin must have been against much light and knowledge; and with much *despite*. God could have kept those angels from sinning, as he did the rest, had he been pleased to put forth his power and grace. But he left them, (as he left Adam in Eden, to his own choice,) and they fell. Here we see God's sovereignty mysteriously set forth; and it becomes mortals to be silent. For—

"Not Gabriel asks the reason why;  
Nor God the reason gives."

But they were cast out, and shut up in the iron cage of hell and black despair, without either hope or promise; under the heavy chains of God's *decrees* for ever. But O, the amazing pity, and inexpressible love of God to some mortals. Well, may those preserved and highly favoured mortals sing,—

"Must angels sink for ever down,  
And burn in quenchless fire,  
While God's immortal Son comes down,  
To raise us wretches higher?"

And though some men have an extraordinary degree of light and knowledge in divine things, natural, and acquired by privileges and advantages afforded, yet, notwithstanding, follow "all manner of evil with greediness." Eph. iv. 19. "And God gives them over to a reprobate mind;" Rom. i. 28; takes away the edge of his restraint from their minds and souls, as he did Job's body and substance; and allows Satan to "come in like a flood," and tempt them as he did the man in the cage; and urges them to sin equal to himself and his *legion*, till there is neither promise, pardon, nor hope, either here, or hereafter, any more for them, than for damned spirits, or fallen angels.

Thus dear madam, I have rudely presumed to give you my second thoughts upon the man in the cage; (perceiving that my first, calling him a stony ground hearer, was but a faint description of him). And in so doing, I have thought

it necessary to give you my view, likewise, of what I consider to be the sin against the Holy Ghost; that you may the better understand me.

And now the question arises, "Who maketh us to differ; and what have we that we have not received? Who hath preserved us from such a state?" Had we been left to ourselves, and given up to our own innate corrupt passions, and propensities; and had satan been allowed to come upon us, as he was the said man and the characters I have named, there had been no difference betwixt us and them. We owe it to the rich, sovereign, restraining, pardoning, unmerited, grace and love, of a covenant-making, and covenant-keeping God. Oh that this was more deeply engraven upon our minds! Surely it would make us more often enquire, "How much owest thou thy Lord?" and cause us constantly to sing aloud,

"O, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be;"

And to cry mightily,

"Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee."

And thus keep us near to himself till the day of his coming to deliver us from our corrupt nature and satan; and give us to joy in heavenly things, through Christ Jesus, while here in this valley of sin and sorrow; and drink largely of those streams which flow from the ocean of everlasting love, and which makes glad the ransomed church, both the militant and triumphant above, where we hope shortly to arrive, and to cry with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain; who hath redeemed us to God by his blood; blessing, and glory, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God, for ever and ever. Amen.

WM. ODLING.

### DEATH OF MRS. GADSBY,

WIDOW OF THE LATE MR. WILLIAM GADSBY, BAPTIST MINISTER OF MANCHESTER.

[Our esteemed brother, John Hudson, has forwarded the following solemn, yet truly interesting account. We insert it entire.—Ed.]

MY DEAR BROTHER, — A very solemn circumstance has occurred this morning; though it is a blessed one. May the dear Lord sanctify it to you, myself, and all connected with it, and that may hear of it. It is the death of our sister in the Lord Jesus, Mrs. Gadsby, the widow of our beloved brother of ever blessed memory, the late William Gadsby. Mr. Taylor was preaching from the 10th verse of the 14th chapter of Job, "But man dieth, and wasteth away. Yes, man giveth up the Ghost, and where is he?" After a solemn introduction, he noticed that the king dieth! then, that the beggar dieth! That they are both equalized in the tomb. Then, that the rich man dieth! then, that the poor man dieth! Both the children of God and the children of the wicked one die, whatever may be their position in life. Then he noticed, that by the giving up the ghost, was not meant the immortality of the soul. That the phrase, "BREATH OF LIFE," in the 2nd chapter of Genesis was, in the original, *breath of lives*.

Both the above characters also give up the ghost, but very differently; the one hath hope in his death, the other hath none. Then he (Mr.

T.) came to the question, "Where is he, your late Pastor? he is not here. Where is he?"

At this juncture a message was brought up into the pulpit to the preacher, that sister Gadsby was dead, that she breathed her last at a quarter past eleven o'clock, (it was then about half-past.) The preacher noticed that while we were engaged in prayer for her, at the commencement of the service, she was struggling with pain, but she is now no more. Her memory will be dear to us long. For thirty years she has suffered through mental derangement. But her sufferings, and pains and trials are all over now. And she has entered into rest. (She was a firm and well established Christian, and has gone to glory, to mingle her songs of praise to Christ her Redeemer, along with her tender affectionate and departed husband, and the spirits of just men made perfect.)

After speaking a few moments upon this matter, Mr. T. resumed the discourse, briefly observing, "where are they"? One class in glory, the other is not. God keeps the dust of his saints. Where is the wicked? The question confounds reason. The answer is lost! lost! lost! but the justice of God commands judgment, and what then?

After the concluding hymn was sung, he noticed "that some people have a presentiment about their death, which was the case with Mrs. Gadsby, who thought she should die on a Sabbath day, but if not, on a Thursday; so that as she has died to-day, she will most probably be interred on Thursday.

Manchester, March 16, 1851.

### Peter Plain's Epistle to his Comrade.

A LITTLE half-penny tract of four pages, entitled, "*News from the Army*," &c., &c., (edited, we believe, by brother Thomas Jones, of Chatham; and published by James Paul,) has been forwarded to us. It contains some excellent matter. We esteem it both our privilege and duty to recommend it to our friends as a tract that cannot be read and circulated without effecting much good. It is a letter from a soldier in India to a comrade in England. Take a specimen in the few following sentences:

"Now, my dear brother in Jesus, I have the pleasure of telling you that I, and my beloved partner, are in the best of health; though we have been surrounded by plagues and deaths, the Shepherd of the sheep has kept the evils from our dwelling. Praises for ever to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts, who has said—'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.' He has been pleased to visit this country with cholera, to which many have fallen a prey. We have had sixteen deaths, and about as many recoveries. But now the plague is stayed.

"You certainly struck on the right point where you mention about my taking to myself one of the world to be my companion. I am suffering for it more than I would tell you; I must only tell the Lord of it, and he can make the back strong for the burden. I have as good a wife, in a worldly sense, as a man could have; but she cannot love the things which I am brought to love—she is a stranger to them. I have prayer in my house every night with another poor sinner, Hugh Murdock. The Lord has made him a true child of light. He sends love to you. Though I feel thankful we can meet in our little place, yet seeing she cannot bear it, my poor mind is often distracted, and my peace broken. O! brother, pray for me."

## A Few Things Learned in God's School

UNDER HIM WHO TEACHETH TO PROFIT, AND LEADETH IN THE WAY WE SHOULD GO.

1. WHILE God will not connive at his people's sins, yet will he not cast them off for their iniquities, but will, through the blood of the atonement, magnify his mercy towards them. "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Micah vii. 19.

2. That when the Lord visits his people in a way of Fatherly chastisement, they may be certain he has good and holy reasons for thus afflicting them. "The Lord's voice crieth unto the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name; hear ye the rod and him who hath appointed it." Micah vi. 9. Heb. xiii. 1—13.

3. That God's people may be in many waters, on mountains, on hills, and in holes, on high places or in low, yet he forsakes them not; no, though the mountains are mountains of prey, and the holes be lion's dens, yet will he cause his voice to be heard by them, and his power shall be seen towards them, in gathering them by his arm to his own bosom. Cant. iv. 8.

4. That God's eyes are upon us, and that nothing can be hidden from him. This will operate two ways:—

First. It will be productive of *reverential awe*. Our motives and actions are before him. He knows our aims. His eye is a flame of fire. There is nothing we think, do, or say, but he witnesses it. In the sanctuary whoever may be absent, *God is present*: solemn thought! God knows how we preach and how we hear. May this sober us, humble us, abase us; for how much imperfection he is witness to! This will cut the sinews of pride and hold us back from presumption!

Second. It will afford us *great encouragement*. He is acquainted with all my sorrows, distresses, and exercises. He knows my desires, breathings, and longings. My enemies by the way, as well as the way I take; he knows; and the God who, through supplies afforded, caused Hagar in the wilderness to call the name of the Lord, "Thou God seest me;" Gen. xvi. 13; and through great interposition of his hand, led Abraham to call the name of the place, "Jehovah - Jireh, The Lord will see, or provide;" the same God will in every strait appear, and in every trial support. "He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Job xxiii. 10.

5. From the above it is evident, that the times of our greatest extremity, are the seasons of God's opportunity. While we can do anything, God has no opportunity of doing. When we were *without* strength, Christ died for the ungodly. And much of the Spirit's work is to teach us that without Christ we can do nothing. All our wisdom, strength, and help must fall, come down, and lick the dust. And we are brought then, indeed to confess, as from the ends of the earth, with a heart overwhelmed, "Our fathers inherited lies, vanity, and things wherein is no profit." Jer. xvi. 19. And can we be content with such a heirloom? no: we are brought into real extremity, and it is in pinching places of necessity we are brought to confess our creature insufficiency in every way for our help.

Confession like this, is the result of *solemn*

VOL. VII.

*conviction*. A conviction of a man's utterly lost, ruined, and undone state, arises from the work of the good Spirit of truth on the heart. A man is at a point relative to these things: "I am a poor lost sinner" is his confession, having "erred and strayed from thy ways like a lost sheep."

Renunciation follows real confession. If I am really, solemnly convinced of errors in doctrine or practice; if I am brought to see I have been serving sin, and serving self, and serving Satan, and hating God, and thus doing wickedly, can I confess this, being convinced of this, and yet run greedily after it? No. God's people, with straight feet walk, though they mourn over the plague of their own hearts.

Renunciation of everything of my own, good or bad, counting it all but dung and but dross, will be tantamount to this: "Lord, as these things are not worth retaining, give me something better; give me thyself;" and hence, there will be *supplication*. Convinced, we confess; confessing, we renounce; renouncing, we supplicate our God for blessings.

But he who knows anything of the way, knows that this state of things will be followed by opposition. When the poor blind man in the days of old cried out, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me," a multitude of people cried out, "Hold thy peace," but he cried the more, a great deal, and thus the clamorous mob was defeated: and in how many instances do God's people prove, that though opposition rages, the Lord carries on his own work to its designed end. For that work which begins in conviction, ends in realization and satisfaction; for the Lord's great mercies, are, and will ever be, the delight of every heaven-bound soul, who, however opposed shall win the day, and come off more than conquerors through him who hath loved them.

In conclusion, wherever the Lord has brought a man to his feet, grace shall reign over him through righteousness unto eternal life. Yea, grace shall reign through his kingly authority; "a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom:" through his atonement and priesthood; and through his teachings as prophet: "Thou wilt subdue our iniquities:" "the truth shall make you free:" "And if the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

That the above remarks may be blessed is my prayer,

JOSEPH F. RUDMAN.

*Trowbridge, March 8, 1851.*

### Mr. Hugh Mackail.

AFTER sentence of death was pronounced on him, he said to a friend,—“O, how good news to be within four days' journey of enjoying the sight of Jesus Christ.” And he protested he was not so cumbered how to die, as he had been sometimes to preach a sermon.

To some good women who lamented for him, he said,—“One drop of my blood, through the grace of God, may make more hearts contrite than many years' sermons. Many crosses have come in our way, and wrought but weakly upon us; but here is a cross that hath done more good than all the many that befel us before.”

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THE  
DYING EXPERIENCE OF Mrs. SALES,  
*Late of Orpington, Kent.*

"Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." Psalm xvii. 2.

THE subject of this brief memoir has been known to the writer for the short space of two years, but during that time we have spent many a sweet and precious moment together in talking over some of the many wonders of redeeming grace and dying love, as displayed in the finished work of "Immanuel, God with us," and manifested unto the souls of his dear people, by the teachings and anointings of God the Holy Ghost. While meditating upon these things, and our souls filled with holy wonder, our dear sister would sometimes say with the poet—

"Why was I made to hear thy voice  
And enter while there's room;  
While thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?"

I have been informed that our dear sister was first brought to know and feel her state as a sinner in the sight of a holy God, and was led by a faith's view of our glorious Redeemer in his finished work, by the blessed teachings of the Holy Ghost, to realize that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, under the ministry of Mr. Symons, of St. Paul's Cray, a good old divine of the Hawker school, and a minister of the Established Church. Some time after his death she heard Mr. Cartwright, at Orpington, and sat under his ministry with joy and delight, till in the order of Providence she was led to Foot's Cray, and was there baptized by Mr. Lewis, of Chatham, and continued a member of that church until her death. But the circumstance of the chapel at Farnborough being nearer her place of residence, and from the fact of the Lord making use of my poor labours in conveying a blessing to some members of her family, together with her bereaved husband, she has for about the last twelvemonths communed with us around the table of the Lord at Farnborough. But this happiness on earth was not destined to last long; but the command was sent forth unto our dear sister, "Come up higher."

Perhaps it may be right to observe, that during the forty years of her married life, and her thirty years' call by grace, she had to pass through many afflictive dispensations of Providence; but amidst the loss of children, property, and many comforts of an earthly nature, she was divinely strengthened, and enabled to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "All things shall work together for good to them that love God," &c.

These few preliminary remarks will bring me to the last illness which terminated in the dissolution of her earthly tabernacle. She had enjoyed her usual health up to Lord's Day, 19th January instant, when it became apparent to her friends, on her return from chapel, that she was both mentally and bodily afflicted. And, truly, when we take a retrospective glance at what she passed through and under, during this last illness, we can but say with the Psalmist, "Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness

and judgment are the habitation of his throne." It is a solemn truth, that death shakes his sceptre over all the progeny of Adam, but he can only strike the respective members as he is permitted by the Almighty.

"For not a single shaft can hit  
Until the God of love sees fit."

But some, we perceive, are wafted to the final bourn in one untroubled calm; another driven by the sullen storm; a third is permitted to fall awfully into the hands of the tempter, to be sifted, as it were, in this solemn night of nature's dissolution. This was the case of our departed sister. During the following week it was indeed a distressing time for those around her. Here lay a disciple of Jesus, a brand plucked from the everlasting burnings, who, during a life of thirty years after her call by grace, had during that time been enabled so to adorn the doctrine and precepts of the Gospel, that the breath of calumny could never find a place in the armour wherewith she was girt to shoot the envenomed dart; but all were constrained to acknowledge that if ever there was a good woman, surely this must be one. But it is a solemn truth that "The Lord trieth the righteous," and such was the case here; and although death nor the devil cannot sting the soul of the righteous, yet they may be permitted to sting the feelings in an awful manner, and to such an extent as to rob the soul of all sensible enjoyments, yea, to overwhelm it with trouble. Such was the tremendous conflict with the powers of darkness our sister had to pass through, that her continual cry was, "I am lost! I am lost! I have been a deceiver, and at last am deceived. Oh, woe, woe is me, I must and shall at last be a castaway!" These and similar expressions were her constant theme. Oh, how vain and futile man's boasted powers of accomplishing or working out a salvation by his own performances at such a solemn hour as this appears! How it proves what all the redeemed family must and will acknowledge, that "salvation is of the Lord."

She continued in this state until the next Sabbath, when I received a message, desiring me to come and see her. I went, and what I then saw I shall never forget on this side Jordan's swelling flood. The poor soul appeared to stand on the brink of the river, and yet afraid to launch away. If we spoke of the promises recorded in the word of truth, it appeared only to augment her sorrow. We approached a throne of divine grace on her behalf, still all was dark, all was gloomy. Truly this was the hour, and the power of darkness manifestly felt, and so it continued during the ensuing week. After the labours of the ensuing Sabbath, I felt a strong desire to see our dear sister once more. A bed was kindly offered me by a friend; and on the Monday morning I and my brother Sawyer walked down to Orpington to see her. We found her much weaker in body, but still no better in mind. The scene was indeed awful and distressing in the extreme; but to whom could we go in this emergency but unto him "who hath the words of eternal life?" We went, and laid the case before him, as Hezekiah did the letter of Sennacherib, the King of Assyria; and blessings for ever shall crown his holy name with the same result, for he that lent an attentive ear to Hezekiah, heard the voice of our supplica-

tion. Or shall we say, "the time, yea the set time to favour Zion was come?" Light appeared gradually to dawn into her soul; it was something like the rays of the rising sun dispelling the gloom of darkness before it, until at length she shows herself in all her resplendent lustre as the source of light. The first indications of the powers of darkness being foiled by the display of the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, was by our dear sister remarking, "there is no other way for escape; there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved but the name of Jesus. Salvation is all of grace; by grace are ye saved." Such, and similar expressions she frequently used, intermingled with acknowledgments of the greatness of her sins in the sight of a holy God. But the conflict was soon to terminate. She lay for the space of about half an hour, apparently engaged in deep and silent communion with the Majesty of heaven, when suddenly she lifted up her dear dying hands, and exclaimed, "Shout! oh, shout aloud! Help! oh, help me to magnify and exalt his holy name! Tell our dear pastor that surety 'the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much,' together with many other things, indicating that this visit was indeed owned and blessed of the Lord. Let it suffice to say, the fear of death was now removed; the room appeared to be filled with glory; a solemn and reverential awe pervaded every countenance, while every heart rejoiced in this mighty display of all-conquering grace, ascribing all the glory to him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. On being asked if there was any portion of the word that she would wish to have spoken from by way of improving her death, she chose that recorded in Matt. xi. 28, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She continued in the same happy triumphant frame of mind till the time of her departure, which occurred on the following day, February 4, 1851, when she sweetly breathed out her soul into the arms of Jesus, without so much as a sigh or groan, and entered "into that rest which remains for the people of God." "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Her mortal remains were interred on the following Monday, in a "sure and certain hope of a resurrection unto eternal life;" and on the Sunday following I preached from the text given, to a very large congregation. I have heard that there were nearly fifty people that could not get into the chapel, but stood outside during the service, while we attempted to speak from the words in this way:—

1st. The characters addressed—the burdened and heavy-laden. Attempted to show who this was, and remarked a little by the way upon some of the things our dear sister passed through, and which must and shall be felt, more or less, by the whole election of grace. 2ndly. The gracious invitation given—"come unto me." And here we showed the way in which the poor sinner came to Jesus, even by being drawn by the Father, and taught by the Spirit, &c. Lastly. The promised blessing—"I will give you rest." We looked at this rest in a two-fold view; first, there was a rest for the people of God here obtained, by precious faith in the finished work of Jesus, in the security of the Church, as guaranteed in the ancient settlements of eternity, and manifestly made known in

the hearts of his dear people by the teachings and anointings of God the Holy Ghost; a resting upon his word, and the promises contained therein, &c. &c. 2ndly. The final rest in habitations of eternal glory. But here I must conclude, by praying that those that heard and those that read this brief record of the Lord's dealings with our dear departed sister, may, with the writer, meet her in that blessed region where all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and sorrow and sighing flee away.

R. S. TANNER.

### Man's Responsibility Considered.

MUCH is said in our day, and harped upon, about sinful man's responsibility to his Creator, God; and although the word itself is not in the book of God, yet there are (it will be said) things tantamount to the meaning of the same. The etymology of the word (according to Barclay's dictionary) is from the Latin, *responsus* or *respondeo*, i. e. answerable or accountable, capable of discharging any obligation, the state of being obliged or qualified to answer. Let us now contemplate, for a few moments, this matter two ways; first, temporally; secondly, spiritually. Now, although man is, through the fall, entirely divested of anything that is spiritual, or in a spiritual sense acceptable to God, yet he is not divested of rationality, reason, sense, and the moral use of his faculties, or he would be a perfect idiot, and altogether unfitted and unqualified for the transacting affairs connected with the present life. The evil is here; those who harp so much upon man's responsibility, view him as a creature quite as capable of performing spiritual things as he is temporal. Here lies the mischief; by confounding the two together, they are distinct and clear in neither, and so leave the matter (like themselves) full of confusion. Man naturally knows and understands right from wrong to the extent of his natural abilities or acquirements, and is capable of doing either. The Jews of old had their temporal or national covenant, and, as natural people, were capable of obeying or disobeying the same. And in proportion to their conduct in obeying or disobeying that covenant, they were blest either with prosperity or visited with heavy judgments and deep adversity. (See Lev. xxvi., and Deut. xxviii.) They broke, violated, and disregarded their national covenant, which they were capable of performing, and as natural creatures (endued with sense and reason) qualified to do. I would to God that our responsible parsons, who so much delight in touching that string, would show the difference between nature and grace, and distinguish between the two covenants as clear as Jeremiah has in his 31st chapter, 32nd and 33rd verses. Naturally the Lord takes his national people by the hand, but spiritually he takes his elect people by the heart. The Jews then were responsible to God for their national covenant, or laws, and were accountable for the same, being capable (naturally) of discharging that obligation. When they did right, God dealt with them in a way of national mercy; and when wrong, he dealt with them in justice. Saul was commanded by the Lord, through Samuel, to destroy all the Amalekites, with all their cattle, but refused to do so. (See 1 Sam. xv.) On which account Samuel, solemnly expostulates with him; showing him, as a respon-



sible creature in this matter, the awfulness of disobeying the command of the Most High in temporal or national things. The result was, justice pursued the man; he lost his kingdom, and ultimately committed suicide. And it is said (chap. xvi. 13, 14) "the Spirit of the Lord came upon David and departed from Saul." Our responsible gentlemen tell us, from hence, we may have the Spirit to-day and lose him to-morrow. Let them remember, the Spirit that departed from Saul was that Spirit which qualified and equipped him for an earthly throne, not for an heavenly mansion. David had both the former and the latter: the former as long as he was an earthly monarch; the latter he, with every vessel of mercy, will have for ever and ever. Most of those persons who hold helpless man to be responsible for his present and everlasting welfare, draw their conclusions from, and ground their ideas upon, the 2nd chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, especially the 14th and 15th verses; but the main scope of the chapter is to show that God will, and does, administer judgment or mercy on equitable rules; and the ground of justice, both to Jews and Gentiles, according to their moral or immoral conduct. Nor can I believe in degrees of punishment in perdition. I believe there are degrees of punishment in men's consciences here, according to their deeds, but none in their condition hereafter; hell is hell; and heaven is heaven.

Our Lord says, "These (meaning all the wicked) shall go away to everlasting punishment." (Matt. xxv. 46.) "Suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." (Judg. vii.) Paul says of the saints, "So shall we ever be with the Lord." (1 Thes. iv. 17.) John says, "We shall be like him, and see him as he is." (1 John, iii. 2.) The Pagan Gentiles, who had the law of nature, the light of conscience and reason, and willfully violated that law according to Rom. 1st chapter, will be judged accordingly.

The Jews who had the written or revealed law, the Holy Scriptures, and in many respects, in opposition to that law, acted as did the Gentiles, shall also be judged accordingly; but the condemnation is the same to both, yea to all who live and die without grace. And let a creature's conduct be as moral as an angel's, or as immoral as a "pope's, except he is born again he can never enter into the kingdom of heaven;" in a word, the natural man is responsible to God for the use he makes of natural things, and the spiritual man is responsible to God for the use he makes of spiritual things, just as a steward is to his lord, for the use he makes of his money and property; but his responsibility, or accountability, though never so well carried out and performed, will not constitute him an heir to, nor a possessor of, his lord's estate. For his conduct he is commended, but he must belong to the family by birth, to share in the riches of the inheritance; responsibility therefore is only for time, it must be regeneration for eternity. Kings, queens, rulers, legislators, and magistrates are, in a temporal sense, accountable to God for the use they make of their natural wisdom, knowledge, and understanding, in national matters. The rich, who are blest in providence with a vast abundance of this world's goods, are accountable to God for the use they make thereof. (See James 5th.) Ministers are responsible to God for the use of those talents, or gifts, with

which he has blest them, whether it be two, five, or ten; all are for the benefit of his Church, and the glory of his holy Majesty.

But I no where read of man's responsibility to (spiritually) repent, and (savingly) believe in Christ. No, this would make salvation dependant on the conduct of the creature instead of the purpose, power, and conquering grace of the great Creator, and consequently throw the ancient settlements of Jehovah into awful confusion, of which God is not the author. And beside all this, there is yet God's holy and righteous law in the way; and as the word responsible means a state capable of discharging any obligation, where am I to look for the man, the sinful, weak, helpless mortal who is qualified and capable of answering, or performing, the obligations of that law, which holds fallen man guilty under sentence of death, and in a state of condemnation? Show me the man (apart from "the Man Christ Jesus") who is capable of squaring his whole life with the requirements of the law, in thought, word, and deed, and I will show you a man responsible to God for his own salvation. These responsible parsons might as well tell a man, born blind, that if he will not look at and describe different colours to save his life, he must be responsible for it; or a deaf man, if he does not listen to and judge of sounds to preserve him from destruction, he must be responsible for it. Why both would reply (if taught of God) we, are not capable of doing these things, nor fulfilling these conditions; if it is to be done, it must be done by and through the sovereign favour of God; and if it is not done, he is still just and righteous in leaving us as we are." For "is God unrighteous who taketh vengeance; God forbid! for then how shall God judge the world?" (Rom. iii. 5, 6.) The fact is, cramming responsibility down the throats of the people is more palatable to carnal professors, and keeps the parson's salary up in a much better way than preaching the eternal, electing love of God the Father, the finished work, atoning blood, and imputed righteousness of God the Son, and the absolute necessity of the soul-quickening influence, and soul-regenerating grace of God the Holy Ghost. "Ah," the cry is, by the responsible folks, (you are averse to practice and good works.) We deny it. Show me a person experimentally and savingly possessed of the three preceding qualities, and I will show you a practical Christian. Yea, one "created in Christ Jesus unto good works." (Eph. ii. 10.) Supposing, as some good men do, the drunkard, the adulterer, the swearer, the liar, the thief, &c. as natural men, to be responsible to the Creator for such conduct, being capable of abstaining therefrom, are they therefore on the same principle, capable of performing spiritual acts, as genuine repentance, turning to God, love to God, faith in God, knowledge of God, hope in God, rejoicing in God, &c.—verily not; for "not by works (even) of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." (Tit. iii. 5.) "By grace (free favour) sinners are saved;" and not by their own responsibility.

The fact is, all ranks and classes of men, and grades of society, who live and die under the law, (let their moral conduct be what it may) will be judged and condemned as sinners. And all who are redeemed from the curse of the law, and

called to be saints, will ascribe the vast difference made between them and the rest to sovereign grace, atoning blood, and imputed righteousness. And all, both the called and uncalled, must and shall, to all eternity, exonerate the Most High and holy God from being the author of sin, asking "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" and confessing him to be "righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works." (Ps. cxlv. 17.)

Now, a word or two on the spiritual side of the question. God the Father having chosen and loved a number of the human race from everlasting, gave them to his dear Son. (John xvii. 6, and Heb. ii. 13.) The Lord Jesus, knowing his own competency to redeem, deliver, and save them by his own almighty arm, became, in covenant, responsible for them. He alone was capable of discharging the obligations of the law, and making a full atonement for their sin and transgressions, and having undertaken to redeem and ransom them, (Hos. xiii. 14.) to bring in everlasting righteousness for them, (Dan. ix. 24,) and to bring Jacob again to God." (Isa. xlix. 5.) in the language of Judah (his true type) for Benjamin, he said, "I will be surety for him," &c. (Gen. xliii. 9.) Consequently, "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law," to redeem them (his elect) that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." (Gal. iv. 4, 5.) As then he (Christ) became responsible, accountable, or answerable for their redemption, and to obey and fulfil the law, and satisfy divine justice for them, he accordingly has done so, for he said "It is finished." And he only was (according to his suretyship engagement) obliged, capable, and qualified (as man) to answer for his people. And as God the Holy Ghost, agreeable to covenant compact, stands responsible to quicken them into life, to regenerate, and make them meet for glory, by making them sensible of their real state and need of Christ, and then revealing him unto them, so the dear Redeemer is still responsible to "present the church to himself a glorious church," (Eph. v. 27,) and to "deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father." (1 Cor. xv. 24.)

The Lord Jesus Christ then, the Son of God, equal with the Father and the Holy Ghost, is alone responsible for his people's present and everlasting welfare. To him (through abounding mercy) his dear people are taught to look; on him they are brought to rely, and from him they are led to expect all he has promised and engaged to do for them, give unto them, and finally to bring them into the full possession of. (See John xiv. 3, and xvii. 24.) God the Father first "trusted in Christ," (Eph. i. 12,) as the surety for, and responsible head of his Church—his own eternal honour and glory, in the harmonizing of all his perfections by the perfect obedience and finished work of his dear Son, and the everlasting redemption, salvation, justification, and glorification of all his elect people. The Lord help the writer and the reader to trust here too, (Isa. xxvi. 4,) and we shall do well for time and eternity. Doubtless some will approve, and some disapprove, of what is here written, but "the word of the Lord endureth for ever." (Isa. xl. 8, and 1 Pet. i. 25.)

Reader, farewell. Thine in the Lord,

T. SPRINGER.

### Is mine a True Experience?

My soul desires to know,  
If I am in the way  
In which God's people go,  
And reach an endless day?

Sometimes I think I am;  
At other times I fear  
That the atoning Lamb  
Did not my sorrows bear.

Sometimes I seem to have  
No evidence at all  
That Jesus came to save  
Me from the awful fall.

Sometimes I have a hope  
That Jesus will appear;  
Will all my doubts remove,  
And silence every fear.

Oft' when I hear the Word,  
The Saviour's to me dear:  
I hope then in the Lord,  
But want it yet more clear.

I often do desire,  
(I hope 'tis real too)  
That God would raise me higher,  
Redeeming love to view.

But O, how soon the sweetness  
Of that hope does go away;  
And I feel then quite helpless,  
And cannot see my way.

I want to know if my  
Hope is really true,  
If I shall sit on high,  
With all the ransom'd few.

But I do sometimes fear  
It's nothing but delusion,  
That God will never hear  
My prayer of confusion.

Here's the important point,  
Whether 'tis real or no;  
O Lord, if it be not,  
Then do thou make it so.

If I've a real love,  
O Lord, to thee and thine,  
Descend thou from above,  
And make it more to shine.

O Lord, do thou abide  
In my heart more and more;  
Be thou my guard and guide,  
That I may thee adore.

If I am not sincere,  
Then make me so, O Lord;  
Do thou to me appear,  
According to thy word.

This is my daily cry—  
At last that I may be  
Found in that world on high,  
God's face in peace to see.

Oh may we, my dear reader,  
If it be Jehovah's will,  
See Christ our Interceder  
Standing on Zion's hill.

There to sing redeeming  
And everlasting love;  
God's glory on us heaming  
For evermore above.

A. M. W.

"We have an enemy industrious to entrap us, and we have an Advocate as industrious to protect us, who will either solicit for a reasonable strength to improve it to our spiritual advantage, if he suffers the temptation to meet with some success in its attempt."—CHARNOCK.

## A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE DEALINGS OF GOD WITH MY SOUL.

BY G. WOOD

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL:"

MY CHRISTIAN BROTHER IN JESUS—I have thought it my duty, as a poor and afflicted believer in Jesus, to send you a short account of the dealings of God with my soul, from your painful remarks in the "Vessel" for November. But I can only, in a letter, give you a few of the leadings and teachings of God, by his Spirit, with me, for near fifty years; though, at the age of a school-boy, years before, I had early convictions, at times, of being a sinner, and my parents often talked to me about Jesus Christ.

I was a boy of much sorrow and many prayers; for my dear mother was a God-fearing woman, and no doubt but her prayers were heard for her rambling son, and I shall meet her in eternal glory. That dear man of God, Mr. Coombs once said, in my hearing, that many of God's children could not date the exact time when God began a work of grace in their souls. I said to him, after he came out of the pulpit—"You have stated my feelings; God manifested his divine power to my soul by a sermon preached by Dr. Draper, in Long Acre Chapel, more than forty-two years since, from Malachi iii. 2, "But who may abide the day of his coming, and who shall stand when he appeareth?" O, my dear brother in Jesus, how can I give you an account of my distressed mind then, and for years afterwards?" I saw that Almighty Jesus coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, at the Day of Judgment; many were raised up to him, near me, but I was left behind, trembling, with the words sounding, like thunder, through the territories of my soul, "For hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming," Isa. xvi. 9. And in the chapel I cried bitterly. No doubt, many condemned me for an hypocrite. The eye of Divine justice was so fixed upon me, as a guilty sinner before God, that I expected nothing but his wrath and eternal condemnation; nor could I get any peace of mind for a long time afterwards. I began seeking eternal things among the dead works of legal men, and hearing their awful sermons, and thought it was the only way to obtain deliverance, but all added to my grief; I walked in darkness, often fearing Sinaia's thunders and curses would crush me down to hell; nor could I say it would have been unjust in God in sending me there; I thought I had out-sinned all mercy; I was driven, at last, into a state of despair. But God, in his many mercies, saved me, as it were, by a miracle; he stopped me from self-destruction, or that would have been my awful end; satan appeared to have all power over me; and, most remarkable, all in the house that evening were out but myself. Such a night and place will always be memorable to me. Sleepless nights—and distressed days with grief and sorrow—yet how long I cannot say, before my deliverance; but I toiled hard, and was very diligent in all means.

My deliverance came by hearing one of God's faithful servants at Spa Fields' Chapel. He had not been there for nineteen years before. After making many cheering remarks, he said, "The Lord being my teacher, I will give you the covenant of works this morning, and the covenant of grace in the evening." The text I cannot name correctly; but two such spiritual sermons I never heard before. I was led to the foot of the cross, there to behold my bleeding Saviour hung, dying for me, a guilty sinner; and by it, the bands of satan's cords burst assunder, and down dropped my heavy burden of guilt. Then I felt the blessed effects of the precious blood of Christ sealed home with power on the conscience; I felt like one in a new world; my joys and consolations were great indeed! After that, I felt like the dove—I must have the pure grain of gospel truth laid before me. I found it a pleasure to go with my wants to my

precious Jesus, and tell him what a sinner I then felt I was. But, bless him, I knew he was a greater Saviour, and had revealed himself as such to my soul, by the revelation of his will and the witnessing of his Spirit. The more I learnt, by the Holy Ghost's teaching, the more I was anxious to know and seek after. But to mar my joys, satan came in with the temptation of the unpardonable sin; this cut me up root and branch; I thought all was over with me. I was overwhelmed with sorrow for many months; God's Word, to me, was a sealed book; what I enjoyed before was gone. O! the anguish of my soul! Sleepless nights; no power to deliver myself; though it was not for the want of means in every way. But, at last, God's way and power was made manifest. The dear Lord said, "Without me, ye can do nothing;" and truly it was so. To be brief, Dr. Hawker, in one of his sermons on "The Holy Ghost," was the means of delivering my captive soul out of satan's bondage (by the directing Spirit of the Lord) where he describes who those persons were who did commit this awful sin—the Scribes and Pharisees, who said the miracles Christ did, was by the power of Beelzebub. Such had not the fear of God before their eyes. Suddenly I found, by the light of God's countenance shining into my soul, my fears were groundless; and, like David, I could dance for joy. Bless the Lord, O my soul! I was once more enabled to praise his holy name for his mercies. The lamp of Divine truth brightened up in my soul. These trials and temptations are the poor Christian's exercises to draw his affections heavenwards.

I was now often praying for a full assurance of faith; for there is no solid rest in this heavenly warfare on earth, but in view of that glorious Person, the Captain of our salvation; and in gathering up the sweet promises of his Word, (as Paul said to Timothy,) "Laying up in store a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." Often in my secret prayer did I tell the Lord, I did not care what I suffered if he would do three things for me. (I have thought, many times since, this part of my prayer was wrong: for God answered me by terrible things in righteousness, by laying afflictions upon me for near seven years: and in the year 1830, about the 22nd of December, I was given up as one incurable, by three surgeons and two physicians. And after they left me, satan was permitted to take possession of me, and filled my soul with horror and great darkness. I could feel I had an hell within, and an endless torment before my eyes. To add to my grief—not one portion of God's Word to rest upon. O, my dear brother, this was such a darkness I never felt before or since; and the agitation of my afflicted body and mind was so great, you might have wrung water from the bed-clothes. I was in this state part of three days and two nights, expecting every hour would be my last; and then to hear my solemn and awful doom. But O! the long-suffering of the Lord to me! On the evening of Christmas Day, I had a desire to be lifted up upon my bed, hoping to ease my poor body; and on the bed was Mr. Haslam's Hymn Book, which I opened, not thinking on any hymn; but the Spirit of the Lord must have directed me to the 495th. The poem is too long to repeat. This was the means my God made use of for a cheering blessing to my soul, and every line came with power; spiritual life and light once more shone into my soul. I often look back, with pleasure and delight, to think what my Lord hath brought me through. Satan's terrors and hellish designs were all swallowed up in the love of Christ, manifested to my soul; happy liberty of mind; and full assurance of faith in eternal glory to come. I felt that happiness I cannot express; thinking I should soon depart, and fall asleep in Jesus. Nor have I lost sight of that light (though very dim at times),

from December, 1830, till the first week of September last, 1850; and then I did for near a week, with a despairing mind.

This may appear strange to you, dear Editor, from your remarks in the "Vessel" for November. But at that time my kind friend and brother in Jesus, Mr. Watmuff, lent me "The Arian and Socinian's Monitor," which I felt, more than usual, anxious to see and read, knowing what a deep-taught author John M'c Gowan was; one of the excellent of the earth in his day, whom God had blessed. I had not proceeded with it many pages, before I felt my poor mind shut up in awful darkness, horror of soul, and nothing but gloomy and frightful objects and dismal subjects filled my thoughts; a painful scene appeared to my view; the terrible sight of which has been distressing to my afflicted mind; often thinking over, then, with grief and sorrow, what would be my eternal doom; how shall I for ever endure the banishment which my immortal soul will feel, where the worm dieth not—where the fire of God's wrath will never be quenched. I can truly say with the prophet in his Lamentations, "For these things I weep; mine eye runneth down with water, because the Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me. He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow."

Dear Editor, these are painful lessons, I never expected to experience any more; but Jehovah Jesus is a Sovereign—and shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Yes, bless him, he will; even should it be according to what I then felt, the beginning of an awful eternity with devils and lost souls, plunged into that pit of hell, where hope can never come. A thought did dart across the mind, and that added to my grief, to think I never should enjoy the blessed company of my precious Jesus any more. And this, with the justice of my sentence, as a sinner, I must confess before an assembled world.

How often, with delight, have I longed to depart this mortal life, that I might behold my Almighty Jesus face to face. The thought of these blessed joys and consolations I have richly enjoyed, by faith, in this room, in my long affliction, O, my soul! how it brings distant things near!

But now I mourned like the dove, and lamented over my painful state in the bitterness of my soul, thinking on those intolerable pains, and agonising torments a lost soul must feel. In this state of despair, sometimes all hope of being saved was gone from my view. Then, again, that portion of Manoah's wife was, at times, my companion, (but not in power,) "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have shewed us all these things, nor would, as at this time, told us such things as these," Judges xviii. 23.

Now, dear Editor, I do not regret what I have suffered for nearly a week; I know, in my mind, it was of the Lord; and bless him, he will unfold it for my spiritual good, and, I hope, for his glory, to many of his dear children, who are passing the deep waters of soul-trouble to whom I correspond; God's ways in providence and grace have been very mysterious with me.

The time came for my deliverance; I was led, by the Spirit of all consolation, to read the 116th Psalm. In coming to the third and fourth verses, the glorious Sun of Righteousness, with his spiritual life and light, darted his fiery brightness into my soul; satan was obliged to depart from what he thought was his stronghold; he had been fortifying it with evil thoughts and tormenting views to distress and grieve my soul, and make it feel a hell within, and fear a greater one in everlasting destruction.

I have, at times, been much distressed in my mind from those pointed remarks, which you, my christian brother, have made in the "Earthen Vessel," page 250. Bear in mind, my christian brother, always to keep the precious Jesus in view, and his loving example; for he hath blest his children with a tender conscience; and your words are very wounding to my late experience; I have

felt them as such in my painful affliction. I think your remarks to them who do not see with you, severe; and I know many deep-taught, blessed men of God, both in the pulpit and out of it, that do not see with you; nor can I think, in your more reflecting moments, such would have been your words, when you say, "In my soul I secretly wonder whether such persons ever knew what a sense of blood-bought pardon is."

The Lord hear my poor prayer, dear Editor, for you; and may he bless you with the mind of Christ; and when you take up your pen, be sure to dip it first in the loving heart of the precious Jesus; and then you will find it soft and pleasant in using for the tender and feeble ones of God's children.

Dear brother in Jesus, let me draw your attention to the deep experience of the writer of the 88th and 116th Psalms, and the 119th and 143rd verse. Here the Psalmist, you will say, was a type of the lovely Jesus. That I will grant; and all God's prophets personated him more or less. But surely the Psalmist was led, by the Eternal Spirit, to feel the power of God's solemn words first. And you cannot doubt a moment but what they were living witnesses of the pardoning blood of Christ, before these Psalms were written. How blessedly did the Lord breathe these sweet words into my soul, to heal up the wound that satan had made, "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow." Here I saw I had only been walking in the footsteps of the flock; and Jeremiah, in his Lamentations, expresses himself in the most trying state of mind, where he was led deeply into the mystery of godliness. Our God is a Sovereign; and what line can you draw, from the Word of God, for him to lead his children home to glory by, with regard to the way and sufferings he may please to visit them with? Should the Psalmist be only personating Jesus Christ, does not dear Peter tell us "we must be partakers of Christ's sufferings?" And some of them are what he calls "fiery trials." Yes; and you and I must have them, though we may be assured of our calling and election too. But you, as a minister of Jesus Christ, do not know what trial God may visit you with. But my prayer is—

May the Lord bless and preserve you, comfort you with much of his Divine presence, and keep you faithful in word and doctrine.

18, Penton Place, Walworth. G. Wood.

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

JOHN XIX. 4, 5, 6, 7.

BEHOLD the Man of wrath and woe  
Brought forth conspicuously,  
That all, his innocence may know,  
And all, his sorrows see.

Who but the Chief of woes should bear  
The purple robe of scorn?  
Who but the King of sorrows wear  
The prickly crown of thorn?

The Jews, though perjury they exhaust,  
Could no conviction bring;  
Still, lest the nation should be lost,  
They crucified their King.

'Tis thus alone the guilty gain  
Their hope of liberty;  
Barabbas still must wear his chain,  
If Jesus were set free.

"Away with him!" they loudly cry,  
They all demand his blood:  
And, by their law, he ought to die,  
Because the Son of God.

Brethren! behold the Man once more,  
While passing Salem's doors;  
Think of the heavy cross he bore,  
And that will lighten yours—D. I.

Hymn 313, Mr. David Ives's "Music of the Cross," in M.S.

## State of the Churches in Christendom—Tidings from the Watchmen, *&c., &c.*

### New Baptist Chapel, Tunbridge Wells.

No Christian community, in our knowledge, has had greater difficulties to contend with than has the second Baptist Church at Tunbridge Wells, under the pastoral care of our Jonathan-like brother, Thomas Edwards. "Faint, yet pursuing," is a motto that fits them well. The following intelligence will be read with much interest by many of our readers; and, we hope, to the no small advantage of the cause at Tunbridge Wells. We have been reproached on account of the many appeals we make for help to various causes. The fact is this, co-temporary with the rise of the "Vessel," has been the springing up of many little churches in different parts of the land. When, as is the case at Tunbridge Wells, the hand of the Lord is to be seen in guiding them, we hail them with delight, bid them God-speed, and desire to be found helping them with all the power our heavenly Father gives. We now leave our brother to tell his own tale. He says—

"Dear Brother—Will you kindly announce in your "Vessel," that our friends have now purchased a very suitable piece of ground for a new Baptist Chapel, where, I trust, by Divine help, to be enabled to preach Christ to the people, as God's only acknowledged way of salvation; in whom all the holy verities of our religion centre; where all the glorious doctrines of grace have their existence; where all the perfections of Jehovah harmonise; and in whose precious name we hope to maintain all the ordinances of his house as enjoined upon us by his sanction and authority. We think to name our chapel "Rehoboth," believing, in the best sense of the word, that after much tossing upon a rough sea, our God has now made room for us. 'O, that (as a dear sister expressed herself to me,) we may become fruitful in the Lord, and may nothing like 'Esek,' or 'Sitnah,' be found within its walls.' I am often depressed in my soul, and cast down, but the people are determined to go forward. Moses had to speak to the people that they go forward; mine seems the reverse; the people keep speaking to me to go forward—and I will tell you how: a short time ago, an aged widow called on me, and said, "I never expect to live to see your chapel built, but I beg you will accept this widow's mite;" and gave me a sovereign: another sends a cheque for £5: and another, in answer, as she declares, to many prayers, from her hard-earning gives another sovereign: another consents to pay for the ground till we can pay him again; and then, in connection with another brother, guarantees the loan of a considerable amount of money towards the erection of the house to be built to our triune God: many more have expressed their willingness to join in the encouraging cry of 'Go forward.' Should this meet the eyes of any of those who have it in their power, and wish well to our little Zion, we shall listen with pleasure to their voice, though they only speak to us with copper; but should they speak to us with a silver testimony, we should rejoice; if any should yet go further, and hail us with golden eloquence, we shall leap for joy.

"And now, brother, in closing, I just add that any trifle will be thankfully received by Mr. H. Carr, grocer, Tunbridge Wells; or by myself. Wishing you every blessing in the name of Jesus,

"I remain, your's truly,  
 "2, Montgomery Place. T. EDWARDS."

### Thoughts on Baptism.

DEAR BROTHER—On Christmas Day, 1849, I baptised three persons, (two females and one male,) in the name of the Lord; when the following lines were sung, composed for the occasion. Some of the Lord's family have since expressed a great desire to have a copy of them; will you, therefore, insert

them in the "Vessel;" and may the Lord so put his honour upon them, that some of the living family may say, like their Lord and Master, "Suffer it to be so now."

Hark, my soul! thy Bridegroom calls thee,  
 O, how lowelling is his voice!  
 From the desert he has brought thee,  
 Bids thee in his ways rejoice.

Take his cross—the shame despising;  
 He it is who bids thee bow:  
 Through his Word, I hear him calling—  
 "Suffer it to be so now."

He the cross and shame despised;  
 And to bring thee near to God,  
 Was o'erwhelm'd, and sore baptised  
 Deep in suff'rings, sweat, and blood.

Wilt thou not in this surrender,  
 Since he's done so much for thee—  
 Burst thy slavish chains assunder,  
 And from bondage set thee free?

In the Bible thou canst trace him,  
 In his footsteps deign to tread;  
 'Tis a way of his own making,  
 Therefore follow Christ thy Head.

Though thy enemies deriding,  
 Persecute and scorn the way,  
 Thou canst bear their tantalising,  
 Knowing 'tis the King's highway.

In thy soul thou hast his witness,  
 His own truth's thy two-edg'd sword;  
 Grace alone has giv'n a fitness  
 Thee, to follow Christ thy Lord.

No dependence in the water  
 Canst thou place—'tis all on Him;  
 His own blood's the only laver  
 That has cleans'd thee from thy sin.

In his precious name believing,  
 Consequences thou must leave;  
 To his Word continue cleaving,  
 He will never thee deceive.

Tunbridge Wells.

T. EDWARDS.

### Shipton, Hampshire.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I DOUBT not but that it will rejoice your heart to hear that the Lord is gathering in his dear people from the dark and dreary path in which sin has driven them. It doth indeed rejoice my heart, yea, and angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. Surely there is something in religion! in a poor repenting worm, that his very cry for mercy should be heard among angels: it cannot be a mere fleshly feeling; it is the fruit and product of electing love and blood, whose worth none can ever fully understand, neither saints nor angels, but God himself. It will be our eternal delight above, to view in our precious Jesus the glorious cause of all the mysteries of everlasting love. I had the pleasure of baptising four men yesterday (Feb. 23) at Ludgershal Chapel, (the use of which we borrowed) in that way pointed out by Christ and his apostles. There were many who seemed to say, "We have seen strange things to-day;" and, thanks to Almighty God, there are some here who know the truth, and I see a strong desire put forth for Bible religion, for a soul-comforting ministry.

Thanks to Almighty God our little "Rehoboth" at Shipton is owned by him. Although satan has done much to distress us, Christ has done more to comfort; so that our souls are comforted "with the comfort given to us of God." In the evening we sat around his table to commemorate our dear Redeemer's death, and I can truly say, I felt what I shall never be able to express—such meltings of

heart on viewing before me dear souls that God had been pleased to call, through the instrumentality of such a poor, despised, tempted, tried worm as I am, that they "May speak of the glory of his kingdom, and talk of his power."

If you think meet, dear brother, to take this little packet on board you will oblige me, and if any value can be set upon it, the Lord Jesus shall have all the praise.

ROBERT MOWBR.

### Further Tidings from Tunbridge Wells.

[After the foregoing communication from Tunbridge Wells was at press, we received the following, which we dare not withhold. It must not be said that the Tunbridge Wells friends to truth are backward, after this.—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER—I hope you will not think me encroaching, by requesting the insertion of the following, in connection with what I have already asked; and is what I call a good example. "Not unto us, but to thy name, O Lord, be all the praise." You know, brother, that when the Lord instructed Moses, relative to the building of the Tabernacle, that Moses informed the people of the things that would be required for the completion of the same; the people then withdrew from Moses; as you will find in Exodus, 35th chapter, (not with a view to run away from the work; for the matter was from the Lord); accordingly, they returned, a believing, willing, and working people. And there had been nothing mentioned by Moses, but what an abundance of everything was forthcoming; so that in the next chapter Moses was actually obliged to restrain the people from bringing. I do not expect to be in this position just yet; but I must, for the glory of God, who gives the willing mind, and for the honour of his willing people, tell you the following heart-cheering matter:

On Sabbath Day, March 2nd, I told our friends, about one-hundred in number, that on March 9th, which would be the following Sabbath, that I should want them to give a proof of their attachment to the Lord, to me, as their poor speaker, and to his Zion; and thereby we should know as to their really wanting a house builded to the Lord. And truly astonishing was the result; for with a little that was given me in the week, after I named it on the Sabbath, they actually brought up to my desk (where I spoke to them,) in sovereigns, half-sovereigns, ten-shillings, and five-shillings, a sum over £30. We were all completely overcome with their liberality; for this was from the poor of the people. They said nothing; but worked well: it would have rejoiced your soul to have seen it; we did not expect more than £5. Since then, we have clubbed round, and now we have got beyond £70. But the best remains yet to be told. One of our friends is a glazier; he kindly offers to do that department gratis: another is a carpenter; he offered to work simply for his wages, without any extra profit, if we found the materials: another is a sawyer; and he deeply regretted that he had got no money, but said he would throw off five shillings in the pound, for all the sawyer's work that might be required: another poor weather-beaten brother, who knows what short-commons means, said, though he had got no money, we must have somebody to dig the foundation; and he said he would cheerfully work a week at it for nothing.

I assure you with all this in view, my unbelief was as completely dashed out of countenance, as the devil was, when Job maintained his integrity, in spite of his temptations, and his wife's solicitations.

In the evening I spoke from the words in Nehemiah, "The people had a mind to work;" and truly it was so. Do not these expressions of goodwill speak loudly, "Go forward?" They do, brother; and even now, one and another keep coming forward; so that I have enough to do to look on; and truly, if every hundred people in this realm felt as favourable to Zion, there would not be room for the Pope, for the Cardinals, nor for any that joined affinity with them, in Britain.

I am, in Jesus, your's truly, T. EDWARDS.  
Tunbridge Wells, March 11, 1851.

### Christian Baptism at Bridport.

DEAR SIR—My wife, full eight years ago, was brought to see her need of offering herself to the Baptist Church, for Christian Baptism and Communion. At that time she had been more than twenty years labouring under a dangerous disease; so much that we have scarcely expected her life one day after another. Our minister and myself were afraid, and we both took medical advice; and were informed that, in all probability, it would cause sudden death; and she was admitted a full member in the church, upon her faith of Baptism. But she has never been satisfied in her mind, desiring, every ordinance of Believers' Baptism, to follow her Lord and Master through the stream. In the October number of your excellent "Vessel," a piece headed, "An encouraging Word to Timid and Fearful Disciples," came home very powerfully to my conscience, as I had been the means of keeping my wife from what she so much wished. The following evening we held a special prayer-meeting, to implore the assistance and guidance of the Holy Spirit on the coming Sabbath, when the ordinance of Believers' Baptism was to be administered. At the time I took the opportunity of reading the piece, to encourage those that were about to be baptised, and likewise those of our members that may have to contend with the world, that they may be strengthened with more for argument. My wife, taking the advantage of the removal of all doubt on my mind, determined, in the strength of the Lord to come forward, and be baptised. On November 3rd, she, with two other females, followed their Lord through the liquid grave; and I am happy to be enabled to say, she did not feel even the effect of a cold.

Dear sir, you may make what use you please of this; and should it be the means of good, may the Lord be praised.

From your's sincerely, a constant reader, from the commencement of your excellent "Vessel,"

JOHN DEAN.

Bridport, Dorset, November 16th, 1850.

### Salem Chapel, Stoke Newington.

CONVERSION AND

PEACEFUL DEATH OF MRS. ELIZA WOARN.

THE following account of rich, free, sovereign, distinguishing grace is sent you, in the name of the Lord of the harvest, for publication, with a view to the glory of our covenant Jehovah, who is wonderful in working, whose judgments are a great deep, and ways past finding out. The love, blood, and power of our Immanuel proving more than a match for satan's temptations, sin's fastnesses, and guilt's dread; the horror of great darkness at once flying before his love's sweet approach—the accuser of the brethren before his presence and power—and the guilt of sin sinking like great mountains in mighty oceans, under the absorbing power of his blood.

Oh, the riches of divine grace! heights and depths unfathomed and unknown we are led by the Holy Ghost to prove in time; but the ocean fulness is eternal before us, where

"Not a wave of trouble rolls  
Across each peaceful breast."

Mrs. Eliza Woarn was a native of a village on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, called in these parts, "Brogdish." She was in her 28th year at the time of her removal home to glory amidst a wonderful and glorious display of divine love to her soul. A few years ago she met with a sad accident, whereby her back became sadly deformed, so much so it was painful to behold her suffering in coming to the house of God, and also when there placing her back for support, in evident pain, against an arm of the seat, for support; yet no weather kept her away while she could come. The prayer meetings on Monday evenings became her soul's delight.

She first attracted my notice from the pulpit, by

her sickly sad state, and was brought into a genuine conviction of sin under the ministry of truth in this place. The first day of which we have a distinct and clear account was Lord's-day, September 29, 1850, when the texts of sermons preached were, morning, Heb. xi. 25; afternoon, Deut. ii. 3; evening, Acts xxvi. 28, 29, upon which occasion she was here all day.

The evening sermon she ever afterward spoke of in our hearing, as well as to various friends, as one that left an impression so effectual, it never passed away, and she became the subject of a repentance never repented of. She often after this cried out, "I fear I shall only be almost a christian, but never altogether one." This was the beginning of the divine life with her. On the night of Thursday, October 51st she was, to my surprise, seated at Shacklewell Chapel, where we baptised seven dear sisters, and one brother into the death of Christ, in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and among them the daughter of the author of a very instructive book, called "Wilderness Mercies."

Mrs. Woarn heard with an intense interest and earnestness on that glorious occasion, and often wished to be baptised. In the converse of one of my visits to her she said, "I should like to be baptised as Jesus was, but I feel in my weak state I could not bear it backward." "Do not now trouble yourself," was the reply, "if it should be necessary in your case I will immerse you forward." So she was rendered happy about it ever after. It was never administered, as she rapidly declined in health, until dissolution took place. On the evening of November 6th two of our kind sisters, after worship, spoke to her in my hearing, and she replied in great agony of mind, "I fear I shall die now before my sins are pardoned." A third sister in the Lord replied, "Poor thing! your sins are as much pardoned now as ever they will be; what you want is the evidence of it." The text that evening was Heb. x. 17, a subject crowned by the conversion of one (since baptised) two years before.

Our sister had felt some alarms of a natural conscience, and transient impressions of judgment to come; but like the morning cloud and early dew, all passed away; the natural will was not subdued; the soul was not quickened; all she felt was only an earthquake. In proof of this, when the City Missionary went to see her in his usual round she got him away without prayer on her behalf, practically showing the carnal mind is enmity against God.

But now the work of love and power was manifested in a rapid and powerful manner; divine grace operating on her mind and spirit, in the hand of the Holy Ghost in such a way that we are informed the missionary said, "This is an old-fashioned conversion." The manifest work of God did not occupy more than thirteen weeks.

She first came in Salem Chapel on the occasion of our brother Clark's funeral sermon from Matt. xxiv. 44. Being sickly, and carrying a very fine child, which was restless, this one incident fixed my attention upon her with a peculiar sympathy. This was in November, 1849. The work of faith in power began in September, deepened evidently in October at Shacklewell Chapel, most kindly lent for the baptism. She there sat on the right hand of the pool, and never shall I forget the look and anxiety then displayed by her. Of the time and place I give her own confession—"I felt myself to be the greatest of sinners, and only wished that I could have passed into the floor out of sight, as I felt that all eyes were upon me, and that every one was as convinced of it as myself." Her eyes were then filled with tears, her soul gushing with anguish on account of sin revealed to her mind. I now began by request to visit her; found her in deep distress of mind, increased by not being able to read but imperfectly; I read to her Matt. xi. 28-30; Isa. lv.; John vi. 37. and felt a sweet assurance she was a "Vessel of Mercy," and would soon have a sense of pardon granted, and that her

"Sins and iniquities were remembered no more." By continuing to visit her, at short intervals, myself, and several of our friends, discovered the sweet state of mind into which she was by degrees brought. One sister in the Lord carried her a hymn book, which I found her reading in gratitude of heart. I now led her to the twelfth of Isaiah; the twenty-third Psalm; subsequently to the fortieth of Isaiah; thirty-first of Jeremiah; and thirty-sixth of Ezekiel; reading only those parts suited to her case.

On Wednesday, December 11th, a brother came to me and said that Mrs. Woarn desired to see me immediately. I then, in company with another, waited upon her, and found that day the Lord had manifested his pardoning love to her soul. Now all was joy and peace in believing with her; she was rejoicing in hope of glory, and declaring Jehovah to be a prayer hearing and answering God; her God, pardoning transgression and sin, while she worshipped in spirit and truth her Lord and her God.

She now thought of nothing but dying that night, because, by faith with Simeon, she had embraced the Holy Child Jesus, as the Child born, and Son given; in a word, "Christ was now formed in her heart the hope of glory." She said to our brother and myself at this time, "I now want to be gone home." We felt assured she would not be dismissed at that time. I told her so; her reply was, "I am then sorry for it; for I want to see my dear Jesus." However, on the next Saturday evening, I was sent for in a great hurry, amidst floods of rain, to witness a greater flood in her soul. "The enemy had come in as a flood" to overwhelm her hope and peace, but, blessed be God, it was now "Hitherto, and no farther, here shall thy proud waves be staid." She had sunk into a deep and lethargic slumber, appearing like the sleep of death; it was fully expected no more to wake up on earth. Amidst this, satan made his appearance. The direct assault was thus, "You are now going to hell, for you have distrusted Christ." She came back to full consciousness very sadly terrified. The moment I saw her countenance, it was manifest what sort of battle she was in, (as I am not ignorant of it myself) and that her faith was in trial now, that satan might be bruised under her feet shortly. But out of all her Lord delivered her. I shall never forget her distress,—"Dear, dear Mr. Garritt; oh shall I go to heaven? oh shall I go to heaven? I thought I was going to hell just now! Oh I never expected to suffer this! I thought I was going home as I was happy, but I fear I shall die to-night, and be lost after all." I replied, "That is not by any means possible," as she had witnessed a good confession to many witnesses that "She loved Christ because he first loved her," and he did not change his mind for satan's temptations. She paused, and then said she had seen persons die so quiet, and not tried like her. It was then explained, as they were well known, that, though said to die like lambs, they were insensible to their lost estate, as steel. She turned herself to the sister who knew whom she spoke of, and said, "I am glad you explained that to me, for at that time I thought them happy. As she aroused from the lethargy in which she laid for a time, she cried out, "Thank God I am granted the opportunity of speaking once more, for I thought I was going to hell."

She, in her previous soul-delight and expectation of prompt departure, had called her husband; and after embracing him, said, "Henry I seek the Lord while he may be found." Her great wish was, her husband would attend where she had; but alas, "Lord, what is man!" Once! twice! thrice! while the eye was wet, and no more. To her own sister she said, "Mary, do think of another world. You will never come to heaven, unless your course of life is changed." To her constant attendant, while confined to her bed, "I hope it will be for your profit to have seen and heard all you have in this room of sickness and death." She said to me, "I hope it may prove the

conversion of her soul to God." She was peculiarly happy in her mind; calm in her manner; looked at rest in her soul; cheerful in deportment, except the short interval of her suffering such mortal agony of soul; for had you seen her face, you would have said, "This is a 'horror of great darkness,' indeed!" I told her it was no more than Abraham suffered, and all the faithful sustained, (more or less,) and all Christians were liable to; then read 1 Peter i. 2-9; also 4, 12, 13; telling her, Satan was permitted to assail; and he was doing it in great wrath; for he knew he had a very short time with her; so enraged that she had escaped, at last, from his power and reign, no more captive under his will, he worried, as he could not devour. I now sat down at the foot of the bed, and read 23rd Psalm, and 16th and 17th of John. We went to the ears and heart of the Lord God of hosts; and in a few moments, blessed be his holy name, he sent complete deliverance to her soul: yea, it was so complete, to the last breath she drew, she suffered no more at his hands. Truly that night I saw the scenes of Marah, and then rejoiced over an Hephzibah, and entered afresh the land of Beulah. The 40th of Isaiah became so precious in its first and last parts, and this precious passage in the 26th, "Thou wilt keep in perfect peace;" and also 20th verse, "Come, my people, enter," &c., to our sister beloved; as I assured her we were sent with a certain sound, repeating the first verses of 40th. I now retired from the room, on Saturday, December 14th, and left in a calm state of soul, looking for a morning without clouds, our victorious sister in Jesus. No more could Satan break in; no more break down the hedge, the wall of flame; for "angels elect were sent down to guard an elect of mankind." Hell and death were now at a distance, and the Lord of hosts was with us, the God of Jacob was her refuge, and the glorious angel of the covenant himself encamped round about her; Jehovah-Jesus, in all his grace and power, was her portion. We experienced a sweet bedewing in each constant visit, while in patience now possessing her soul she was looking for the chariot wheels of our Lord to fetch her away to mansions above, to dwell with "Spirits made perfect" in unutterable fruition.

From this time until the morning of December 22nd, she gently declined to the hour of dissolution. At one time she exclaimed, "Glory glory!" so loud as made the sound to ring in the house, though so weak at others she could scarce speak. It was manifest to all who witnessed it, that some of her efforts were superhuman. The blessed Spirit applied, with power, the love of Christ, and she proved the influence of the text, at Shackelwell, which, in the hand of the Holy Ghost, made her see herself the chief of sinners; it was "The love of Christ constraineth us," &c., &c.

The last time I saw her, was on Friday, in the evening. Now it was evident a few more sands were left, as she was so low. She did not open her eyes, but said, "I do pray." And after prayer, she said, "I cannot talk; I am so weak; but Jesus is precious, very precious." She constantly shewed her great love for the people of her soul's choice; and it is remarkable in what way she proved it. There was one Arminian came sometimes to see her; but she told one of our sisters, she could not feel that union and confidence as with others; "as to you, (she said) I know you are my dear, dear sisters in Christ." She felt that the others are a deceitful people; and was glad when alone with her adopted friends.

She was removed Lord's Day morning, December 22nd, half-past three, without a sigh, a struggle, or a groan; having borne such a testimony as, by divine grace, persuades us that she is before the throne, one great monument of divine love.

"Jesus made her dying bed

As soft as downy pillows are;

And on his breast she lean'd her head,

And breath'd her life out sweetly there."

Now, dear brethren and sisters in Christ, we

have placed before you in print, urged on, week by week to do it, a brief outline of Jehovah's work in this case; for if all could be told, it would fill a pamphlet; so much of a deeply interesting character occurred.

It is the Lord's own doing, and marvellous in our eyes. To him, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God of our salvation, be glory, honour, praise, and blessing, both now and for ever, and ever. Amen and amen. •

"To Jesus, the crown of her hope,  
Her soul was in haste to be gone;  
Ye've borne her sweet seraphim, and  
And waf't her home to his throne."

In love to serve,

J. GARRITT.

Victoria Grove, March 14th, 1851.

FORMATION OF THE

**New Baptist Church at Lamberhurst, Sussex,**  
On February 17th, 1851.

THE service commenced in the afternoon, at half-past two o'clock; Mr. Robert Shindler read and prayed; after which, Mr. James Jones, of Wadhurst, stated the nature and constitution of a gospel church from Acts ii. 47, "And the Lord added to the church, daily, such as should be saved."

Mr. Jones first noticed what was not the church of Christ; then proceeded to state that the church spoken of in the text, originated in eternal love, chosen and given to Christ, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, quickened by God the Holy Spirit, united to the Lord Jesus, by faith; those who belong to this church are called to be saints; are faithful in Christ Jesus; they are saints, not by nature, but by grace; sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called by the Holy Ghost from the world; brought to hate sin, love holiness, and fear God; they are faithful in their confession to God, and faithful in their profession of his truth.

Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure then proceeded to recognise the little band of fourteen believers; he congratulated them as being "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, requesting them to signify their willingness to unite themselves together, on the principles of the New Testament, as a Particular and a Distinct Baptised Church of Jesus Christ. He said, you have been in the habit of worshipping within these walls for a long while, but not as a distinct church, only as a branch church, belonging to the Baptist Church, Matfield Green. You have required of them your dismission, are they able to grant you such an one as will justify the ends for which we are met? The church at Matfield responded, granting to each an honourable dismission. They were now requested to hold up their right hand, as public signs of their willingness to give themselves unitedly to the Lord, as his worshipping people; this being done, they were requested to give to each other the right hand of fellowship, and thus give themselves to each other in the name of the Lord. The articles of faith being read, Mr. M'Cure gave the right hand of fellowship to one, representing the whole, recognised them as a church of Jesus Christ, calling upon those, members from other churches, to hold up their right hand, and so publicly acknowledge them as a part of Jehovah's church in the wilderness. A letter wrote by the church, expressing their love to brother Ray, requesting him to become their pastor, expressing their convictions that it was in accordance with the will of God, on the ground of his labours having been made a blessing to their souls. That call being accepted, Mr. M'Cure said there was no occasion to call upon brother Ray to give an account of his call by grace, and to the ministry, he having done that on a former occasion; and having laboured in these parts for so many years, he was well known to be a subject of grace and minister of Jesus Christ. He then requested Mr. Ray to give the right hand



to one of the members who represented the church, at the same time calling upon them to give the right hand to Mr. Ray: that is, the church gave themselves to the pastor, as his flock, and brother Ray gave himself to them as their pastor. Members from Matfield Green, Hadlow, and Wadhurst, then signified their approbation; and Mr. Waterman, senr., on the part of the church at Matfield, handed over the Trust Deeds of the Chapel. Mr. M'Cure then administered the Lord's Supper to the newly recognised church, requesting those members from sister churches of the same faith and order, to unite with them in commemorating the redeeming love of our precious Lord Jesus. This closed the afternoon's service at a quarter past five.

A comfortable tea was provided in the chapel for upwards of one-hundred persons. In the evening brother M'Cure preached to the pastor and church from Acts xx. 28.

After expressing his feelings respecting the solemn engagement devolving upon him, to give a charge to a minister who was so much his senior, proceeded with his subject in the following order:

First, the persons addressed. Second, the work described. Third, the admonitions given.

The persons charged by the apostles are called **OVERSEERS**. An overseer is a servant employed; a minister of Christ; stewards of the mysteries of God; bishops, pastors, labourers in the vineyard.

Second, the work described. First, heed unto all the flock. You will require much patience and forbearance. Many things you have met with to try and discourage; and doubtless you will meet with many more, and think, sometimes that you must give it all up. This you must not do. Take heed unto all the flock. You must not desert them; you must not grieve or distress them; you must not forget or neglect them; and you must take heed unto all of them; you must be impartial: they are the favourites of the Chief Shepherd—they are all loved by the same love, redeemed by the same blood, quickened by the same Spirit, feeding upon the same food, tempted by the same devil, and journeying to the same place—their Father's house above. You must not make some your favourites at the expense or neglect of the rest: the rich man must not be favoured, because he is rich—the poor man must not be forgotten, because he is poor. Remember, brother, all the flock. Your work will be to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. This you can only do, instrumentally. While you are exhibiting the glorious person, the work, blood, and righteousness of Christ, it is the Holy Ghost that carries home the truth with power to the heart, and by his holy unction, makes it savoury meat, such as these souls love.

Third, the admonition given. First, take heed unto yourself; you are a minister—a witness; this pulpit is your witness box; and this place, brother, is a court of justice, as well as mercy. Here you must preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Leave the consequence with the Lord; preach the glorious doctrines of grace scripturally, experimentally, and practically, &c.

Second, take heed unto the ordinances. This is a Strict Baptist Church—and you must not seek to make it an open communion one; the poor will not ask you to do so, and you must not do it to please the rich. No compromising.

In addressing the church, the preacher said—Take heed unto yourselves. The church of God is comprised of all whom Jehovah the Father loved, chose, and ordained to eternal life; whom Jehovah the Son was made sin for, and redeemed from sin, death and hell; those whom Jehovah the Holy Ghost quickens and makes new creatures in Christ Jesus. They are called a flock. By which you will understand the equality and unity there should be among the Lord's people. They are purchased by the blood of him who is the Mighty God, Jehovah's Fellow and Equal at the same time: the Brother, Companion, and Friend of his people,

being one with them: his name is Jesus, which is expressive of his double nature; the union of the two natures—divine and human—qualified him to become the ransoming High Priest of the church of God. Here is the Omnipotent power of self-existent Deity, and a holy human nature capable of suffering, and human blood capable of being shed; God and man in one Person. This glorious Person purchased the church with his own blood.

Take heed, brethren, unto yourselves, that ye fall not out by the way; that ye walk in love one toward another. "Forsoke not the assembling of yourselves together;" and take heed unto yourselves, as to your conduct towards one another; remember ye are brethren, members of his flesh, of his body and bones; and your pastor—he is not an angel, but a man of like passions with yourselves. Do not expect to find perfection in him; he has his infirmities as well as yourselves; he requires your sympathy and prayers. Do all you can to encourage him; the best place you can take him, for safety and profit will be the throne.

The sermon was lengthy, but far from tedious; and comprised, beside the foregoing, much excellent advice to the pastor and church. The chapel was unusually crowded, and it is hoped much good was done.

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### Prosperity at Blackmore in Essex.

ON Lord's-day, December 15th, 1850, our dear pastor, Mr. William Trotman, administered the ordinance of believers' baptism to five brethren. The first who, on this occasion, followed the Lord through his appointed but despised ordinance, furnishes an incontestible proof of the Lord's preserving grace exercised towards his chosen ones before calling. He was driven to the very verge of despair, and about to destroy his life, but a secret whisper from the Lord restrained him. Being a chosen vessel of mercy, and the time to favour him having arrived, the chain that held him was broken, and the lawful captive was delivered from his mighty foe.

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

The second was one who, from a child, had known the truth in the letter; and had for a long period been the subject of convictions, against which he fought with uplifted hand till invincible grace laid him low at the Redeemer's feet, and taught him, as a guilty rebel, to sue for mercy through him.

"Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song."

The third is indeed a trophy of victorious grace. Our brother when first brought to this village was a staunch advocate of free will, having stood long in the ranks of arminianism; but the Lord who, in his providence, led him here had precious mercies in reserve for him at this little hill of Zion. The doctrines of grace are now precious to him, and, to use his own language, the Bible seems to him a new book; his former valued righteousness he now loathes, and can sing with the poet,—

"Nothing of myself I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling."

The fourth is a lisping babe, whose cries for nourishment manifest the life within.

The fifth and last has long followed the Lord in secret, and has been favoured with much of the Spirit's guidance, but through fear has been kept till now from openly avowing his allegiance to the Lord who bought him.

The Lord is causing the shower to come down in his season, and is giving his children here showers of blessings.

E. C.

Blackmore, January 14, 1851.

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THE FIRST NUMBER OF

“THE SILENT PREACHER.”

WE were looking over the contents of the *Earthen Vessel*, and we said, here is something about everything and everybody almost; but nothing about the GREAT MAKER and MASTER of us all. We felt condemned, and dissatisfied with our labour; and thought, amid all the religious printing, preaching, and talking, how little, how very little is said of HIM who is the essential, the eternal, the most glorious FOUNTAIN of life, light, peace, and happiness, both of angels and believing men. While in this mood, we turned to a shelf, and there saw No. 1, of “THE SILENT PREACHER: a Series of Scripture Meditations, connected with Christian Experience. By MISS KERENIAPOUCH HUNT.” This is entirely an original work; it is beautifully printed in a new, clear, and bold type; and is to be published, (the Lord permitting,) monthly, in numbers at Two-pence each, by MESSRS. HOULSTON & STONE-MAN. The work is dedicated “TO GOD.” In the “*Presentment to the Reader*,” the author informs us that her labours are designed principally “for those poor scattered ones, belonging to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, who have vainly sought after earth’s pleasures; who, having the sentence of death, through sin, have found them all marred; who have been compelled to turn from sinful pursuits, and are seeking after the beauties of holiness.”

There is a vein of sterling simplicity and cleanness running through the pages of the work, which will commend itself to the consciences of the Lord’s healthy children. We feel we must tell the truth. Our authoress first began to write a few pieces for the pages of the *Earthen Vessel*; and truly profitable they were to ourselves and to many of our readers; but as her mind became more and more expanded; her pieces became too long for insertion in the narrow compass of our little *Vessel*. We were powerfully impressed with the conviction that the Lord would bless her labours to the encouragement, edification, and consolation of many of his own dear children; especially to such of them as are deprived of the privilege of sitting under the sound of a living and faithful minister. On a fitting occasion we communicated this conviction to her, and prevailed upon her, after consideration and prayer, to give to the church the fruit of that talent which the Lord had evidently bestowed upon her. Reluctantly, at length, and with much humiliation, she consented; and this first number is the result of that suggestion. Most earnestly do we beseech the Lord to let it be seen that his hand is in this small effort, by richly anointing the soul and strengthening the hands of his young and tender handmaiden; and by rendering the work itself a great blessing to thousands of his dear blood-bought family. With this brief introduction, we come now to make one extract as a kind of antidote for the deficiency named at the commencement of this notice.

The first article in the *Silent Preacher* is headed, “*Christ—the Highway of Life, from Misery and Destruction, to Peace and Eternal Glory.*” The following description of Christ, as the Highway of Life, will give our readers a fair specimen of the work.

“A WAY OF PARDON. Christ is the fountain of

life. To be found in sin, is to be subject to death, and doomed to eternal punishment. To be found in Christ, is to be washed from guilt, cleansed from iniquity, freely pardoned, fully acquitted; and this is the only sure way to life. Those poor sinners who have come to Christ Jesus, helpless, needy, poor and destitute, blind and naked, cast out and undone, having nothing to plead but sin and misery; who have found in him, mercy and pardon; who have had their load of guilt removed by a faith’s view of his sufferings on the cross; who have had their iniquities purged away by a sacred plunge into the fountain of atoning blood; who have drawn near and worshipped the Lord, by faith, in his glorious sacrifice for sin; who have poured out their souls in solemn adoration of that grand offering made by Christ Jesus, when he laid down his life, that by his death, sinners might live for ever;—those who have feelingly and savingly entered into these things, are found in the way of life, and they shall never err; their feet shall never finally be turned aside; their souls shall never be lost; they are saved with an everlasting salvation; they are eternally blest; they shall live and reign with God and the Lamb when time shall be no more. O this is life! Come, poor perishing sinners, come to this High Priest, he has pardon to any amount; he requires no human preparation.

‘All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him.’

“Come in the language and faith of the poor leper, who said, ‘Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.’ Bring all your burden of sin, all your fears and doubts, your temptations and distress, lay them down before the mercy-seat, and confess with the poet—

‘Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress,  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Black, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.’

“Not one poor sinner who ever came to Jesus thus truly humbled and broken under a sense of his vileness, has ever yet been denied; your very coming is the work of grace, and the effect of sanctification; therefore it is impossible you can be denied: wait and watch; though the promise for a while be delayed, yet wait for it, at the set time it will come and will not tarry, for the way of life is a way of pardon, and if you are an heir of promise the Great High Priest will come an! lead you through the merits of his sacrifice, cleanse and pardon your soul, and make you eternally blessed.

“A way of peace. All who have found Christ in the way of pardon must know him as their peace. Peace is the fruit of pardon. Oh how great is the peace, how blissful is the joy, how calm the repose of those dear souls who have found Christ in the pardon of all their sins! this is the peace that passeth understanding, joy unspeakable, and full of glory; this is the peace that shuts out the world, sin, and the flesh, draws the ransomed soul into sacred seclusion, into fellowship and intercourse with the glorious Trinity; this is peace that brings together an offended God and a guilty sinner; in the peace made by atoning blood these two widely separated parties meet and embrace each other with the familiarity of reconciled friends. The glorious Mediator stands between: he lays one hand on Almighty Justice, and with the other takes hold of the poor sinner, and brings them together in perfect peace, into a bond of unity which neither sin, death, or hell, shall ever be able to break. This peace proceeds alone from pardon; without pardon, there can be no real peace, and with a sense of pardon and peace in the soul it would be impossible to create sorrow; for this is peace, such as the world cannot give, neither can sin or the world take it away.”

[Want of room compels us to omit much that we desired to insert.—Ed.]

to one of the members who represented the church, at the same time calling upon them to give the right hand to Mr. Ray: that is, the church gave themselves to the pastor, as his flock, and brother Ray gave himself to them as their pastor. Members from Matfield Green, Hadlow, and Wadhurst, then signified their approbation; and Mr. Waterman, senr., on the part of the church at Matfield, handed over the Trust Deeds of the Chapel. Mr. M'Cure then administered the Lord's Supper to the newly recognised church, requesting those members from sister churches of the same faith and order, to unite with them in commemorating the redeeming love of our precious Lord Jesus. This closed the afternoon's service at a quarter past five.

A comfortable tea was provided in the chapel for upwards of one-hundred persons. In the evening brother M'Cure preached to the pastor and church from Acts xx. 28.

After expressing his feelings respecting the solemn engagement devolving upon him, to give a charge to a minister who was so much his senior, proceeded with his subject in the following order:

First, the persons addressed. Second, the work described. Third, the admonitions given.

The persons charged by the apostles are called **OVERSEERS**. An overseer is a servant employed; a minister of Christ; stewards of the mysteries of God; bishops, pastors, labourers in the vineyard.

Second, the work described. First, heed unto all the flock. You will require much patience and forbearance. Many things you have met with to try and discourage; and doubtless you will meet with many more, and think, sometimes that you must give it all up. This you must not do. Take heed unto all the flock. You must not desert them; you must not grieve or distress them; you must not forget or neglect them; and you must take heed unto all of them; you must be impartial: they are the favourites of the Chief Shepherd—they are all loved by the same love, redeemed by the same blood, quickened by the same Spirit, feeding upon the same food, tempted by the same devil, and journeying to the same place—their Father's house above. You must not make some your favourites at the expense or neglect of the rest: the rich man must not be favoured, because he is rich—the poor man must not be forgotten, because he is poor. Remember, brother, all the flock. Your work will be to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. This you can only do, instrumentally. While you are exhibiting the glorious person, the work, blood, and righteousness of Christ, it is the Holy Ghost that carries home the truth with power to the heart, and by his holy unction, makes it savoury meat, such as these souls love.

Third, the admonition given. First, take heed unto yourself; you are a minister—a witness; this pulpit is your witness box; and this place, brother, is a court of justice, as well as mercy. Here you must preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Leave the consequence with the Lord; preach the glorious doctrines of grace scripturally, experimentally, and practically, &c.

Second, take heed unto the ordinances. This is a Strict Baptist Church—and you must not seek to make it an open communion one; the poor will not ask you to do so, and you must not do it to please the rich. No compromising.

In addressing the church, the preacher said—Take heed unto yourselves. The church of God is comprised of all whom Jehovah the Father loved, chose, and ordained to eternal life; whom Jehovah the Son was made sin for, and redeemed from sin, death and hell; those whom Jehovah the Holy Ghost quickens and makes new creatures in Christ Jesus. They are called a flock. By which you will understand the equality and unity there should be among the Lord's people. They are purchased by the blood of him who is the Mighty God, Jehovah's Fellow and Equal at the same time; the Brother, Companion, and Friend of his people,

being one with them: his name is Jesus, which is expressive of his double nature; the union of the two natures—divine and human—qualified him to become the ransoming High Priest of the church of God. Here is the Omnipotent power of self-existent Deity, and a holy human nature capable of suffering, and human blood capable of being shed; God and man in one Person. This glorious Person purchased the church with his own blood.

Take heed, brethren, unto yourselves, that ye fall not out by the way; that ye walk in love one toward another. "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together;" and take heed unto yourselves, as to your conduct towards one another; remember ye are brethren, members of his flesh, of his body and bones; and your pastor—he is not an angel, but a man of like passions with yourselves. Do not expect to find perfection in him; he has his infirmities as well as yourselves; he requires your sympathy and prayers. Do all you can to encourage him; the best place you can take him, for safety and profit will be the throne.

The sermon was lengthy, but far from tedious; and comprised, beside the foregoing, much excellent advice to the pastor and church. The chapel was unusually crowded, and it is hoped much good was done.

### Prosperity at Blackmore in Essex.

ON Lord's-day, December 15th, 1850, our dear pastor, Mr. William Trotman, administered the ordinance of believers' baptism to five brethren. The first who, on this occasion, followed the Lord through his appointed but despised ordinance, furnishes an incontestible proof of the Lord's preserving grace exercised towards his chosen ones before calling. He was driven to the very verge of despair, and about to destroy his life, but a secret whisper from the Lord restrained him. Being a chosen vessel of mercy, and the time to favour him having arrived, the chain that held him was broken, and the lawful captive was delivered from his mighty foe.

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

The second was one who, from a child, had known the truth in the letter; and had for a long period been the subject of convictions, against which he fought with uplifted hand till invincible grace laid him low at the Redeemer's feet, and taught him, as a guilty rebel, to sue for mercy through him.

"Wonders of grace to God belong;  
Repeat his mercies in your song."

The third is indeed a trophy of victorious grace. Our brother when first brought to this village was a staunch advocate of free will, having stood long in the ranks of arminianism; but the Lord who, in his providence, led him heretofore precious mercies in reserve for him at this little hill of Zion. The doctrines of grace are now precious to him, and, to use his own language, the Bible seems to him a new book; his former valued righteousness he now loathes, and can sing with the poet,—

"Nothing of myself I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling."

The fourth is a lisping babe, whose cries for nourishment manifest the life within.

The fifth and last has long followed the Lord in secret, and has been favoured with much of the Spirit's guidance, but through fear has been kept till now from openly avowing his allegiance to the Lord who bought him.

The Lord is causing the shower to come down in his season, and is giving his children here showers of blessings.

E. C.

Blackmore, January 14, 1851.

THE FIRST NUMBER OF

## "THE SILENT PREACHER."

We were looking over the contents of the *Earthen Vessel*, and we said, here is something about everything and everybody almost; but nothing about the GREAT MAKER and MASTER of us all. We felt condemned, and dissatisfied with our labour; and thought, amid all the religious printing, preaching, and talking, how little, how very little is said of HIM who is the essential, the eternal, the most glorious FOUNTAIN of life, light, peace, and happiness, both of angels and believing men. While in this mood, we turned to a shelf, and there saw No. 1, of "THE SILENT PREACHER: a Series of Scripture Meditations, connected with Christian Experience. By MISS KERENRAPUGH HUNT." This is entirely an original work; it is beautifully printed in a new, clear, and bold type; and is to be published, (the Lord permitting,) monthly, in numbers at Two-pence each, by Messrs. HOULSTON & STONE-MAN. The work is dedicated "TO GOD." In the "Presentment to the Reader," the author informs us that her labours are designed principally "for those poor scattered ones, belonging to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, who have vainly sought after earth's pleasures; who, having the sentence of death, through sin, have found them all marred; who have been compelled to turn from sinful pursuits, and are seeking after the beauties of holiness."

There is a vein of sterling simplicity and cleanness running through the pages of the work, which will commend itself to the consciences of the Lord's healthy children. We feel we must tell the truth. Our authoress first began to write a few pieces for the pages of the *Earthen Vessel*; and truly profitable they were to ourselves and to many of our readers; but as her mind became more and more expanded; her pieces became too long for insertion in the narrow compass of our little *Vessel*. We were powerfully impressed with the conviction that the Lord would bless her labours to the encouragement, edification, and consolation of many of his own dear children; especially to such of them as are deprived of the privilege of sitting under the sound of a living and faithful minister. On a fitting occasion we communicated this conviction to her, and prevailed upon her, after consideration and prayer, to give to the church the fruit of that talent which the Lord had evidently bestowed upon her. Reluctantly, at length, and with much humiliation, she consented; and this first number is the result of that suggestion. Most earnestly do we beseech the Lord to let it be seen that his hand is in this small effort, by richly anointing the soul and strengthening the hands of his young and tender handmaiden; and by rendering the work itself a great blessing to thousands of his dear blood-bought family. With this brief introduction, we come now to make one extract as a kind of antidote for the deficiency named at the commencement of this notice.

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[Want of room compels us to omit much that we desired to insert.—E.D.]

### A Visit to the Asylum in Market Lavington.

[We have been requested by a friend to give insertion to the following article from an old number of the "Gospel Herald."—Ed.]

"DEAR BRETHREN.—In perusing the 'Herald' for this month I find a piece written by Thomas Poock, describing a visit to the Asylum in Market Lavington; I felt deeply interested in the account, more particularly the former part, where he alluded to a female friend of his dying there; and as she stood connected with me in church membership, I take the liberty of adding a few remarks to those already stated.

"It pleased the good Lord of the harvest, who I trust has sent me into his vineyard, to become acquainted with the deceased in the following manner:—I was invited to preach once a month on the Sabbath afternoon at Galilee Chapel, Commercial Road; it was on one of those occasions that the word was attended with power to the heart of the deceased; we became acquainted, she attended my ministry, and afterwards was baptised by me in London. We walked in sweet fellowship for about two years, when from severe family trials preying upon the mind caused a mental derangement, and her friends were under the painful necessity of taking her to an asylum in Bethnal Green, from thence to St. Luke's, where she remained twelve months, during which time myself, and several other friends, visited her; she always knew me, and expressed her desire of returning home, but reason only continued for a few minutes. At the expiration of the above period preparations were being made to remove her to the asylum at Market Lavington. An observation she made whilst waiting for the coach deeply impressed my mind; she held a biscuit in her hand, I asked for a piece, and whilst breaking it she said with a smile, 'We have broken bread together before now.' I replied, 'I hope we shall again.'

"From that time (1832,) I saw her no more till November, 1836, when having been to Dublin, I came that way back on purpose to call on her; she was so much altered and reduced that I could scarcely recognise her features, excepting her eyes, which were a beautiful black, and still in that altered state retained their former lustre. I asked her several questions, such as whether she loved Jesus, and whether he loved her! To which she answered, 'Yes,' though very low from very great weakness.

"A remark Mr. Willett (the proprietor of the asylum) made, gave me great pleasure; he said, 'If she was ever a Christian she still remains so.' This assertion was attended with peculiar sweetness to me; I thought what a mercy that covenant interest could never be dissolved, however severe the affliction the family of God are in; no putting away, no separation from Christ, the union is indissoluble, no erasure in the Lamb's book; and as the sentence dropped from the lips of a stranger, and a man in his situation, I was astonished, and followed him through the wards with great solemnity; in passing along there lay a Bible, he laid his hand upon it, and said, 'Some of my patients know the value of that book.' Here I cannot help introducing an anecdote I have read, it is quite applicable to the above remarks: Mr. Wilson, a minister in London, was walking one day in Bedlam, when a female lunatic addressed him as follows:—'Do you know Mr. — of Frome?' naming a godly minister; upon Mr. Wilson's answering in the affirmative, she said, 'He was my spiritual father, he married me to the Lord Jesus Christ; and what do you think was the poetry upon my wedding ring?' 'I do not know,' said he. 'Whom he loveth he loveth to the end.' And with this she burst into tears; and on going to her cell, Mr. Wilson went away not a little affected.

I took leave of my deceased friend for the last time, (as she lived but a few months afterwards) till we meet in that place where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick.

Too much cannot be said respecting the kindness

of Mr. and Mrs. Willett to the unfortunate under their charge; his management is indeed peculiar, his treatment mild; they are supplied from his own table according to their appetites, and wine is administered when needed. I left the asylum with these reflections, 'Who maketh thee to differ?' 'And what hast thou which thou hast not received?' I burst into tears, with a heart full of gratitude that I was not compelled to be an inmate of an asylum: 'In the midst of wrath God remembereth mercy.' Fain would I have knelt down and thanked God for the unspeakable favour of my faculties, and a good hope through grace. Therefore, brethren, indeed 'We are debtors;' to what extent I leave the spiritual taught family of God to contemplate, and conclude with these words of the Poet,—

"The lot is cast where I'm to go,  
And what I am to do below;  
With all the steps I am to tread  
Till I arrive with Christ my head."

Needingworth.

J. WALLIS.

### "The Woman saw Samuel."

[We think the controversy respecting Samuel's appearance to Saul, must close with the following plain, and truly scriptural testimony.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

MY DEAR FRIEND—I have watched with some interest all that has appeared in your numbers upon the question raised; namely, "Did Samuel appear to Saul?" But I have not found anything advanced yet sufficiently satisfactory to my mind. Whatever has been stated on the subject, has been but opinion; and as, mere opinion, I object to it. I have no objection to legitimate speculative reasoning, where God himself has given no definite and precise proposition; but where he has, I humbly conceive, we have no right to obtrude our carnal reason upon the matter, but to take God's proposition for granted, without cavil or dispute. And if there should appear, in the context, some concomitant circumstances we cannot quite explain, not to attempt to square or modify a distinct truth of God with them, but to bring them all into subserviency to the great and defined facts, or propositions of the case, and to believe that these are true, in spite of human judgment, infidelity, and unbelief, because God the Holy Ghost has spoken them.

I have said thus much at the outset, my dear friend, not because I have a single stone to throw at others, but because I have known so much what it is to be tempted by the devil, and carnal reason, and a vile and desperately wicked heart, and a proud spirit, by nature, to reject, or dispute, the plainest and most direct assertion of the Holy Ghost, because I could not analyse and explain all their parts and dependencies. Yes; I remember the wormwood and the gall! I have set up, often, till midnight, contending against the truth of God, and spent my breath and my strength in persecuting, that way, even unto the death; and have vowed that I never would, or could, believe in the sovereignty of a triune God: and, if I had met my just deserts, I should have first found out my error in hell: but, blessed for ever be his holy name, he did not cut me down as a cumberer of the ground, but spread the dung about me, and dug about me, and brought me to account his long suffering, salvation. And, without entering more now into the Lord's dealings with me, I rejoice to say, that my greatest delight is in earnestly contending for the things I once despised; and my only hope is in the sovereign, eternal, electing love of a covenant-keeping, faithful, gracious God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and I have found it suit my lost case and condition so well, that no other hope do I want.

To return from this digression. Let us see what the precise facts or propositions are, which the Holy Ghost states in the narrative under consideration. In the first book of Samuel xxviii. 12, it is stated, "the woman saw Samuel." In verse 14,

"Saul perceived that it was Samuel." In verse 15, "Sammuel said to Saul," &c., and "Saul answered," &c.; and in ver. 19, "Then Saul fell straightway, &c., because of the words of Samuel."

Now really, if we are not to receive these statements according to the plainest rules of common sense, but reject them until carnal reason can prove them by circumstantial evidence, we are dishonouring the divine Author, and are adopting a course of proceeding which would be stamped as insanity in any court of law in the world. I will not attempt to argue the question upon any minor evidences; for in truth, no argument can carry the proof further. But I would only just appeal to the candour and perception of any man, be he who he may, and ask him, when the Holy Ghost says expressly, "The woman saw Samuel, and Saul perceived that it was Samuel; and Samuel spoke to Saul, and Saul to Samuel," can he, in the name of common honesty, return any other verdict than this: Samuel was there present before the woman and Saul?

I remain, my dear friend, your's in the faith once delivered to the saints,

London, March 3rd, 1851.

ALTIQUIS.

"A KEY TO THE BIBLE."

We had purposed to commence, this month, a series of short notices of Mr. Odling's new work, just published by Messrs. Houlston and Stoneman, and entitled "Light Thrown upon the Four Gospels;" the following letter, however, having been put into our hands, we shall let it precede any further comment we may have yet to make.

My Dear Friend—I have read with great care and attention, your book entitled "Light on the Four Gospels," and I consider it well deserving the title. More than that, it throws much important light upon the numerous texts you have commented on in other parts of the Sacred Volume, so that to me it appears a key to the whole Bible. I must inform you, I have much enjoyed the perusal of your statements of man's lost and helpless state; and of the free grace and compassion of Jehovah; for, strange as your ideas once appeared to me, I now quite agree with you upon them; believing them to be supported by scripture and experience. This verse now strikes my mind;

"Our seeking thy face  
Was at first of thy grace.  
No sinner can be  
Beforehand with thee,  
Thy grace is eternal,  
Unchanging and free."

You have not only proved the passages you quote, from the Word itself; but, as a means in the hand of God, you have struck a blow at infidelity; and furnished us both with medicine, and food. May the Lord make it a blessing to many, for their good, and his glory. The extracts are appropriate and excellent; so are the historical accounts you have given of the fulfilment of prophecies. I have reason to be thankful I was ever brought acquainted with you, and your books. I have found my mind instructed and enlightened by your conversation and writings.

I desire to bless the Lord that ever he gave me to see and feel myself a lost sinner; brought me to seek salvation in and through a precious Jesus; that he ever raised me to hope in his mercy; and made Jesus most precious to my soul. I abhor myself on account of my sin, and can say I love his image in his children, and them for his dear

sake. May he "Guide me with his council, and at last receive me to glory."

For the gift of your book, and the kindness you have shewn me on all occasions, I take this opportunity of returning to you my most grateful thanks. May the Lord still bless you, and increase your usefulness; and in his own time give you an abundant entrance into his kingdom and glory, is the prayer of the chief of sinners.—L. Z.

THE LATE MR. STEPHEN DANBY,

Of Crosby Row.

IN respectful remembrance of a faithful and aged follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, we would here briefly notice the departure of the above happy saint.

MR. STEPHEN DANBY, for very many years a resident in Crosby Row, in the Borough of Southwark, was a native of Suffolk; and in very early life was quickened in his soul; was called by divine grace; and became an ardent lover of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. In the course of his time, he had been a hearer of the late William Huntington, and many of the most eminent servants of God, during the last sixty years. He had sustained and stood in the office of deacon, with much usefulness and honour; and in many parts of our metropolitan Zion he was known as a close, clean, and affectionate believer in Jesus. When the church, under the care of C. W. Banks, took Crosby Row Chapel, Mr. Danby became a hearer; and having found the ministry profitable to his soul, he continued steadfastly, quietly, and prayerfully with that people, until his approach to dissolution prevented his leaving his house. Many a Lord's Day morning have we seen his eldest son and our esteemed brother Robinson leading this aged saint, (bent almost double by affliction,) up to the house of God; and many blessed seasons he there enjoyed. But he is now removed to the mansions of everlasting light. Gently did the dear Lord take down his earthly tabernacle; his end was peace indeed.

His mortal remains were laid in the family grave in Old Bermondsey Church, on Lord's Day, March 9th, 1851; and on the evening of that day, the minister under whom he sat for the last few years of his life, made some improvement of his death, by a discourse from Joh. v. 26; "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." This text was strikingly illustrated and confirmed in the life and death of our much beloved brother Danby. He had passed his 78th birth-day; and by virtue of his union to Christ, and his faith in Jesus, he had long waited, without dread or fear for his Lord to fetch him home. Mr. Silver visited him when near the verge of Jordan; which visit was a great comfort to our departed friend. He has left a widow, and many sons and daughters, who keenly feel the loss of such a husband and parent. We are happy to say, some, at least, are looking to the same Jesus for pardon and peace. "Death" (says his son, Mr. Charles Danby, in a letter to us,) "never appeared to convey any awe to his peaceful mind. Years gone by, he used to express a desire that it might please his Heavenly Father to spare him to see his youngest child turn the fourteenth year of her age. Blessed be God he lived to see her grown to womanhood;" and then he gently fell asleep.

**A FLOOD,**NOT OF WATER—BUT OF CHASTISEMENT  
AND JUDGMENT.

JOHN GARDNER, a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, at Chorley, in Lancashire, has written and published a pamphlet, entitled, "A FEW WORDS addressed to the Particular Baptist Congregations (among whom he labours,) in Wallgate, Wigan, Washbrook, Oldham, and Cherry Lane." We fully and comfortably believe in the preservation of the whole election of grace. The true Church of Christ is chosen and redeemed;—she stands in vital and eternal union to CHRIST; through fires and floods she must pass; but safe in glory she shall be housed. This with all our heart and soul we know, and rejoice in. But that dark clouds are now gathering over professing Zion's head, we are as fully persuaded; and sometimes tremble in anticipation of the circumstances attendant upon the bursting of these ponderous hills, which, in their fall, will, doubtless, crush many a speculative theorist, and sorely try even the saints of God. John Gardner has thought—he has prayed—and he has written some deep and heavy things. Oh that thousands in this land saw and felt as he evidently does. We have only room for a sentence or two; but we hope our brother will send some of his "WORDS" to London; that thinking men may read and spread them abroad. Who can tell, but that many a cold and careless heart may be aroused to diligence and prayer? After commenting on past and present things, he says,

"How hard indeed must that heart be, who can let all these manifest tokens of wrath and mercy pass unheeded by. Oh! with pain, shame, grief, and confusion, I must acknowledge that too often such a heart I do possess; but it causes greater pain to find so much indifference in myself. At times I feel with strong cries and tears, that I can call upon God, that he would so powerfully impress my mind, by his Word and Spirit, so as to enable me with full purpose of heart to cleave unto him, that I might shine as a light in this dark night, and so to live every day that I may condemn this sinful generation. What nation under heaven hath been so signally favoured as Israel of old? and may we not say that England, our own land, has been equally, if not, in some respects, more favoured than even Israel was. When we look back to the time that the Lord raised up a band of men to publish his truth on the continent, and in this our own land, it was then we saw error fall, and truth prevail."

"But alas! how is the fine gold become dim! truth is fallen, and equity cannot enter. The true light is almost gone; false doctrines and errors abound on every hand; most who hold the truth, hold it in unrighteousness; their works prove that they have a name to live, but are dead. We seem mostly to be given up of God. Deep sleep is poured out upon us. Because we have rejected the Word of the Lord, we have reason to fear that the Lord hath rejected us."

"Oh! that in the gloomy night, (should I then be alive) that the Lord would give me grace firmly every trial to endure. To stand, and having done all to stand. In this awful day, when iniquity stalks through the length and breadth of the land; when the visible tokens of the Lord's great displeasure are so apparent on every side, there is greater need to fear that most professors are dead in sin, and in the bonds of iniquity. Godly means will be productive of real good, but fleshly and sinful means will be productive of still greater evil, and eventually bring heavier trouble. Few there are upon whom the Lord

has poured out a spirit of prayer suited for the times in which we live; few have got those clean hands and that clean heart, without which we cannot come before God with acceptance; few are to be found who, like David, are grieved for the abominations of the wicked. To have grief mixed with a real dislike of sin in ourselves and in others, is that grief the Lord will notice with a smile."

**NOTICES OF LITTLE WORKS.**

We abound, this month, in notices of new works. There are more yet to come; but we must be brief.

"*Hope Deferred and Prayer Answered. The Conversion and Happy Death of Eleanor White Pope, Daughter of William Pope, Baptist Minister, Meopham, Kent.*" London: James Paul. This neat and interesting little book is adapted to be very useful amongst the young, and such as are seeking the way of life. The subject of this little narrative being, in her genuine conversion and happy exit from time to eternity, an instance of the power of redeeming love, in her was the promise verified—"All that the Father giveth to me shall come unto me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." We hope to make an extract from it in next number of *Cheering Words*.

"*A Gracious God and a Glorious Gospel.*" By D. A. DOUDNEY. London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, Long Lane.

READER!—This little book you may carry with you into cottages, sick chambers, and through all the walks of life.

"*Pilgrim Papers: or, Counsel, Comfort, and Caution for Christian Travellers.* By D. A. DOUDNEY, Curate of Bonmahon, County of Waterford, Ireland." London: H. G. Collins, 22, Paternoster Row.

A HANDSOME volume for that Christian who can sit down in retirement, and meditate on the best things connected with his happy home.

"*The Christian World unmasked. Pray come and peep.* By JOHN BERRIDGE, A. M., Vicar of Eeerton, Bedfordshire, &c. A new Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; T. Brown, Bacup.

Good old John Berridge has done his part toward unmasking "the Christian world," in this book; but the times are coming—(and we write this with fear and trembling)—when more will be done to unmask our professing Zion, than has been done for many generations. Mr. Bacup has produced a very neat and correct edition of this standard work; and, from the advertisement, it will be seen that, considering its style, it is very cheap. We can only, this month, give one extract, but it shall not pass off with this brief notice, if we are spared. Of faith, our author says—

"Faith is the master-key to the treasury of Jesus; it opens all the doors, and brings out every store. A heart well nurtured in this precious grace finds the gospel rest. In times of sickness, danger, or temptation, it flutters not, nor struggles hard to help itself, but standeth still, and sees the Lord's salvation. The eye is singly fixed on Jesus, the heart is calmly waiting for him, and Jesus brings relief. Faith calls and Jesus answers, 'Here I am to save thee.'"

## Bible-Men and Bible-Matters.

WE pass by the notice of ancient *Bible Men*, for the present, in order to make room for some interesting notices of Bible Men, and Bible Matters of the present day. From a valuable octavo volume of sermons by Mr. Henry Cole, formerly a close Huntingtonian; now a preacher in one of the churches in London, we give the relation of

### His Espousals to Christ,

in his own words, and which reads as follows :

“This was the kind of revelation, in mercy vouchsafed unto me, when in the month of February 1827, God was pleased to receive me into reconciliation with himself, to cast all my sins in the depths of the sea, to justify me with a sentence of peace in my conscience, and to bind up my soul with a sweet sense of eternal union (or of eternal life—possessing saints) with the Lord Jesus Christ. I have not time to enter into many particulars now, but I will just stop to state the following.

“For this satisfaction of interest in, and salvation by, the Saviour of men I had been waiting under the galling guilt and fearful power of sin, in the lowest depths of despondency, but with many uplifting and encouraging invitations of drawing mercy for little less than seven years. But when that for which I had waited was coming and come, its greatness, glory, and wonder-filling nature were beyond all conceptions that ever my expecting thoughts had imagined, and had it been in my power I verily believe I should, from what I saw of its secret glory and distinguishing mercy, and of my own vileness, and unworthiness to receive it, have put it from me.

“What becomes of arminianism here? What becomes of working oneself into the favour of God? Here is unmerited, more than thought of mercy, pressed home upon the passive soul after the working arm is destroyed and sunk to despair. This man is made to receive the salvation of God, while he shrinks from its glory, crying, unclean, unclean; behold, I am vile! This man cries, Ne, Lord, no, while God presses home his salvation upon his passively receiving soul with almighty power; his Holy

Spirit whispering within, ‘I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy;’ ‘It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy.’

During about a fortnight previous to my being, by sweet irresistibility, compelled to close in soul with the Lord Jesus Christ for life and eternal salvation, God brought me to his feet, under the breakings in of his love and mercy several times, and each time I thought my release would be proclaimed, though, at the same time, I shrunk back at the glory of the apprehension, and said again, ‘Lord, what does this mean? what does this mean?’

“When thus brought to fall down before God, the Lord Jesus Christ, in all his suitability, and majesty, and power to save was set before me, and the Almighty seemed to converse with me thus,—‘Is there not in my beloved Son all that you need? is not his the atoning blood of God, of virtue, and value, and efficacy sufficient to wash away all your sins for ever? Is not his righteousness, the righteousness of God, sufficient to justify you from every transgression, and render you spotless for ever in my sight? Is he not the Almighty God, able to bring you safely through all that you may meet with unto eternal salvation?’ I answered, ‘Lord, it is all-sufficient, it is all sufficient.’ But all was taken away again without any full reception and union taking place, and I was left in wondering amazement at what was done, or doing, unto me. I know well what was meant by those words, ‘He wist not that it was true which was done unto him of the angel.’ Acts xii. 9. ‘While they yet believed not for joy.’ And also those words of Mr. Hart,—

‘And to our wond’ring view recall  
The secret love of God.’

“During the whole of this time that passage of Isaiah was continually running, with a glorious sweetness, through my mind, ‘That he may do his work, his strange work, and bring to pass his act, his strange act.’ Isa. xxviii. 21. Two or three of God’s people, who were living in the liberty of his children, called during this time, but I did not open to them: heretofore I had always been communi-



cative of these things, and too much so for my own peace afterwards: but now I seemed to have such a glorious secret within that I was resolved to keep it to myself from every mortal, and enjoy it with God alone, and watch what should be the result.

“ Thus these blessed things went on till a Monday evening. On that evening, while sitting at the tea-table, I found the visitation of God return again, and break in upon me. At which I left the table, and went down into a lower room; and when I had shut the door I began, as usual,—Lord, what does this mean? At this time, again, but much more powerfully and manifestly than before, the Lord Jesus Christ was set before me, in all the suitability and saving Majesty of his Person and grace. And this word was spoken to my heart, ‘God shall persuade Japhet.’ Gen. ix. 27. Upon which a powerful instruction passed in my soul, that God was persuading me, by the Almighty power of his own faith, that I was for ever interested in his Christ, his ever-blessed Son, and all the benefits of his person, work, and grace. Upon the back of which glorious manifestation and divine instruction, this word was also spoken powerfully within me, as a satisfactory close to the whole, ‘As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.’ Upon the speaking of which, the Lord Jesus Christ, (as to my experience, for I knew not how to express it better,) descended into my heart in all the gracious substance of his salvation; my affections fully and completely embraced and embosomed him; and that sense of union with him took place, which I believed with my whole soul would never be dissolved. For I felt fully and divinely persuaded that whatever should befall me in this world, I should be everlastingly saved in him, should stand, in the end, eternally united to him, with all the just, and be found in him in that day, safe in his everlasting salvation. What I felt in my soul at the speaking and instruction of the word, ‘power’—‘As many as received him to them, gave he power to become the sons of God,’ &c., no mortal language can ever describe. I felt it was the Almighty power of God put forth in me, bringing me up from the depths of the earth, and landing me safe for ever on the Rock of eternal ages.’ While faith thus persuaded

me of my everlasting interest in God’s dear Son, while my affections embraced him, and I felt him dwelling in the substance of his salvation in my inmost soul, as the hope of everlasting glory, my heart was bowed down, and my eyes were filled with tears, under the unspeakable feeling of my being a worthless, vile, self-loathing, passive recipient of eternal salvation, from the hands of the Sovereign Majesty of heaven. This unutterably glorious sense and sensation of a passive reception of salvation, pressed home by the sweetly irresistible Omnipotence of a Sovereign God and Saviour, never touched the heart of an Arminian, nor of a natural gospel professor, nor of any mortal under heaven, save of a redeemed sinner, an elect member of the mystical body of the Lord Jesus Christ.

“ I cannot much enlarge, but I will first observe that, what I have mentioned of my justification, washing by the grace and atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, &c., were employed in *substance*, only at the immediate time of the revelation and reception I have mentioned. It was afterwards I was instructed distinctly and particularly into those blessings of the work and person of Christ, and of the grace-serving work of the Holy Spirit within me. It was a few days afterwards that I was instructed into my sonship and adoption; which was also blessedly cleared up and confirmed by a sermon which Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester, preached about that time, at Providence chapel, Gray’s Inn lane. About a fortnight after this, I was instructed into the particulars of my justification, which was divinely confirmed under a sermon of Mr. Beeman’s of Cranbrook, from Isaiah xxxiii. 13, 14. ‘Ye that are near acknowledge my might,’ &c. And what I felt while he was speaking upon this part of the text in particular, I believe I never shall forget in this world. I was brought near indeed: and acknowledged, with all my soul, the might of God therein, and that power that was given me to bring me near. The main thing that I experienced at the time of the immediate revelation itself, was a reception of the Lord Jesus Christ into my heart, in all the substance and benefits of his everlasting salvation.

“ The divine instructions which I received from the word of God, within about two months after this my deliver-

anco, were great and blessed indeed. At one time, this word was sealed upon my heart, 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean.' Ezekiel xxxvi. 25. Under the anointing teaching of which, I saw, and divinely felt, to my satisfaction, that I was washed clean from sin for ever, by the received grace and atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. At another time, this was with divine power spoken within me, 'Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son.' Col. i. 18.

"The blessed substance of this translation I was then enjoying. I was walking in the light and liberty of the gospel; which when compared to my former state, made the latter appear the kingdom and power of darkness indeed. I felt myself a new creature, in a new world of divine and spiritual things; and indeed of natural things also; for all nature was arrayed in a garment of the same glorious beauty and praise that I felt within. And while I walked the streets of this City, and thought upon my being chosen out of the miserable fellow mortals around me, to see the salvation of God; when I reflected upon my being a redeemed and adopted child of God, safe for ever, and ever! the views that I had of distinguishing and sovereign mercy, filled me with silent and weeping adoration! To these anointing instructions by the word, I might add many more, but must not now proceed farther.

"Among many other blessed manifestations, however, I cannot avoid mentioning one, with which I was favoured, respecting the adorable Trinity. About a fortnight after God had thus revealed himself to me in his ever-blessed Son, I awoke on a Sunday morning, in darkness and desertion; I missed my everlasting friend, and knew not if he would ever return; in this forlorn state, I arose and walked out, not being able to endure house or home. After an hour or so, I returned, I had not prayed, nor could, nor felt any inclination; for a stubbornness seemed to say, I could not; but in this state, I was going up stairs to breakfast; and, while on the stairs, I felt an impulse of the Holy Spirit within, prompting me to seek the face of God; this had almost become a strange exercise with me now; for praise and adoration, and blissful encouragement, were my chief

employ! I resisted and disregarded the impulse at first, but at length turned back and went into my study, to bemoan my desolation and entreat the Saviour's return. I had scarcely fallen on my knees, when all the blessedness and glory of my salvation was renewed within me: and I felt my soul, under an overwhelming freedom of approach, reverence and adoration drawn out to worship and contemplate, and adore God as a heavenly Father in his Son Jesus Christ. After being some time absorbed in the worship of the person of the Father, I was led in the same divine manner to worship the person of the Son, as having been revealed in me, and by whose salvation work, and grace, I was saved for evermore. After this worshipping the persons of the Father and the Son, separately, I was drawn out in the same manner to worship the person of the Holy Spirit; while my soul was at the same time instructed, and felt, that it was by his divine agency, and revelation, and power, that I was enabled thus to worship the Father and the Son. At this manifestation of himself in his Trinity of persons, which God thus vouchsafed unto me, my heart was overwhelmed with adoration, worship and reverence, and I felt such a humbling weight of glory upon me, for some time, as I can never describe; I went up at length to breakfast, but none could I eat, I could only lay my aching head upon the table, there being only one person with me, and bless and adore the Almighty, that he should ever favour a mortal worm like me with such an undeserved, unexpected, unthought of, unconceived, manifestation of himself, in his Trinity of divine persons in Israel's one adorable, ever-blessed God!

"Many a deep trouble and sore trial have I been in, since these saving works were wrought in me; but out of them all the Lord Jesus has 'hitherto' delivered me: and many times have I lately enjoyed, in my measure, the contents of this blessed hymn of Mr. Hart, throughout all the regions of my soul:

"Blessed are they whose guilt is gone,  
Whose sins are washed away with blood,  
Whose hope is fixed on Christ alone,  
Whom Christ hath reconciled to God."

"Though trav'ling through this vale of tears,  
He many a sore temptation meets,  
The Holy Ghost this witness bears,  
He stands, in Jesus, still complete!"

**JOHN OWEN AND JOSEPH CARYL,**

THE UNION OF THEIR TWO CHURCHES.

[Two noble Bible Men were Owen and Caryl. We have not forgotten that we owe our readers the remainder of John Owen's life. Perpetual labours, afflictions, and trials, have done much to keep us from making the EARTHEN VESSEL what we have long desired. But patience must be exercised. From a sterling volume of Owen's sermons we now furnish the following interesting record of the two churches under the care of those faithful and useful men—John Owen and Joseph Caryl. It is appended to a sermon preached by Owen on "Gospel Charity," and reads thus:—]

"JOSEPH CARYL, so well known from his 'Exposition of the Book of Job,' was born in 1602. He studied at Oxford, and entered into holy orders in 1627. After preaching for some time in Oxford, he came to London, and preached with much acceptance before the Society of Lincoln's-Inn. He was a member of the Assembly of Divines in 1643; and in 1645 he was appointed to the charge of St. Magnus,' near London Bridge. Along with Dr. Owen, he accompanied Cromwell to Scotland in 1650; and towards the close of 1653 he acted on the Commission of *Triers*, for removing ignorant and scandalous ministers. He attended the conference at the Savoy in 1658, when several Independent divines endeavoured to agree on a Confession of Faith. He was again in Scotland with Major-General Whalley and Colonel Goffe, in order to confer with Monk on the state of public affairs. After the Restoration, he was ejected from St. Magnus,' in 1662; but continued to preach to a congregation of his former hearers till his death, which occurred in February 1672-3. The public duties to which he was often called to, speak his ability, and the confidence reposed in him by the leading men of his day. The savour of his piety yet remains in his works; which consist chiefly of sermons, and his bulky but precious commentary on Job. He had some share in the preparation of an English-Greek Lexicon for the New Testament; and his qualifications for the task must have been considerable, when they extorted from Anthony Wood the commendation of their author as 'a learned and zealous Nonconformist.'

"Before his death his congregation had been for some years worshipping in Leadenhall Street. The church under the care of Owen had been in the habit of assembling for worship at no great distance from them. About four months after the death of Caryl the two churches

united. It appears that, previously to the union, Owen's congregation consisted only of thirty-six members; in the Leadenhall Street congregation there were 136 communicants. In this small number, however; amounting only to 172, there were many whose names deserve to be held in remembrance for their rank in society and public services, and still more for their eminent christian worth. See 'Life of Owen,' vol. i. p. 90.

"On the 5th of July, 1673, the two congregations met together for the first time under the ministry of Owen; and it was in these circumstances he preached his first sermon,—very suitable to the occasion, and rich in suggestions for the cultivation of christian unity and love."

"At this time many eminent servants of Christ, who had been associated with Owen in the Christian ministry, and in important public duties during the eventful times of the Protectorate, were passing into their eternal rest. In 1679, Thomas Goodwin, President of Magdalene College, a member of the Westminster Assembly, a happy expositor of Scripture, and, according to Anthony Wood, 'one of the Atlases and Patriarchs of independency,'—was removed from this world, and became, in the highest sense of his own phrase, 'a child of light.' It was but two months before this sermon was preached that Stephen Charnock died. He had been Senior Proctor in the University of Oxford during the Protectorate; and left behind him manuscripts, from which two large folios of posthumous works have been published,—works held in such estimation, that besides the detached issue of particular treatises, they have been, in their collected form, four times reprinted. Others might be mentioned who died about this period, such as Matthew Poole, author of the 'Synopsis Criticorum;' and Theophilus Gale, author of 'The Court of the Gentiles.' Such facts may help to account for the touching and solemn tone of these discourses on preparation for death, as well as for the particular allusion in the paragraph above."

**DEATH OF A BIBLE-MAN:**

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM POPE,  
Of Meopham.

THE demise of this lamented minister of the gospel took place on Saturday, March 22nd, 1851.

He was a man well known and highly esteemed by the churches in Mid Kent, a lover of truth, and preacher of a free grace salvation, and one whose life was uniform with his profession; a man evidently raised up and fitted, by God, for the station he was called to occupy, and which he honourably sustained for the space of eighteen years, commencing his labours there on Lord's Day, December 9th, 1832. And having accepted an invitation from the church for six months, arrived there, with his family, on March 22nd, 1833, at five o'clock in the evening: it will be seen that his death was just eighteen years from his arrival there with his family, and at the same hour of the day. For some years after he commenced his labours, the Lord worked with him, and the church gradually increased under his ministry. This was a source of great consolation to his mind; after which, for a few years, there appeared to be but little or nothing doing. This greatly exercised his mind, and led him to conclude his work was done; when, after much up-hill work, he proved what the Lord's people often have, that he was too hasty in his conclusions, for there appeared, much to his encouragement, evident signs of good; some were added to the church, bearing testimony that his ministry under God, had been the means of their conversion. The last year of his labours appear to have been greatly blessed; perhaps, warranted to conclude, beyond any former year; and surrounded by an affectionate people, who greatly lament his loss. How mysterious are the ways of God! and their illustrations of the fact, "That clouds of darkness are round about him, while justice and judgment are the habitations of his throne." It is evident that he died in the midst of his usefulness; better that for any minister, than to outlive it. It is evident, in too many cases, if he outlives his usefulness, he outlives the affections of his people, and painful has been the result. He was a laborious man to promote his Master's cause; preaching three times on Lord's day, and three or four times in the week; going out miles round into the neighbouring villages, over hills and dales, stones and dirt, sometimes taking his stand in the open air, and preaching Christ to the people, that while he tenaciously held the fact, "the Lord will have his own," he manifested a willing desire that he should have them. He evidenced

a willingness to serve and aid the cause of God, in whatever way he could. It cannot be said of him, gone, but not missed. As a minister, his heart was in the work; there was evidently a desire instrumentally to do the people good, and the Lord honoured him above many. He was only laid by from his work one Lord's Day, during the period of eighteen years; and this, his last on earth. The Lord's Day before, he only preached once, which was the conclusion of the words he had preached from the previous Lord's Day, viz. "He hath done all things well;" an honourable testimony to close his ministerial labours with. That his sickness was unto death was not the conclusion of his friends and relations till within a few days of his death. Short and easy was his passage to the tomb.

His mind, at the commencement of his illness, appears to have been much beclouded, but afterwards much favoured with light and peace. It appears he felt the responsibility of his office, "Give an account of thy stewardship," are solemn words. Likely, feeling this, he asked his wife if she thought he had preached the whole truth of God, according to the ability which God had given. Being answered in the affirmative, he further asked, do you think I ever preached to please men? to this the same answer was given, and hundreds could have borne the same testimony. Honesty was a peculiar trait in his ministry. "But," he said, "the ministry is not the chief point. I shall be saved, a poor guilty sinner, alone by the grace and mercy of God." Being spoken to on the probability of death, he observed slowly and deliberately, there are seven points belonging to that—1st., the Lord has no more work for me to do on earth; 2nd. assuredly there is a mansion prepared for me above; 3rd., dying is but going home; 4th., we shall there realise all we have expected; 5th., we shall there enjoy the company of the Lord's people without sin; 6th., we shall realise the preciousness of Jesus and his people together; 7th., we shall bask in an ocean of bliss for ever and ever.

To a friend calling to see him he said, "How would you like to be in my place? I am on the verge of eternity; I am the Lord's waiting servant." To another he said, "What should I do now without personal religion." He expressed a desire, if the Lord's will, to be spared for the sake of his wife, family, and the

church. "But," said he, "The will of the Lord be done."

On Thursday he was evidently much worse, and hopes of his recovery vanished. Friday morning, he rallied a little, and conversed with Mr. Cox on past scenes and ministerial labours. Mr. Cox quoted the verse

"Thou dear Redeemer," &c.

It seemed to cheer and comfort him. He desired it to be sung. His request was granted; and his voice was distinctly heard singing it. It was an afflicting scene to all present; but the hope of meeting again, mingled with the thought of parting, and enabled them to rejoice while they wept.

The last day arrives; morning light dawned upon an enfeebled body. At eight o'clock he appeared sinking very fast, and it was thought he would speak no more; but after some sleep he rallied, and called his wife to him, took his farewell of her, and gave a parting blessing,—*"The good will of him that dwelt in the bush be with you, and underneath the everlasting arms."* And calling his children around him, like Jacob of old, gave them good advice, with prayer for their welfare; after which he said, "I am going home; I shall soon leave you; farewell, farewell." After which he sang,—

"Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright realms of endless day;  
And sing with rapture and surprise  
His loving-kindness in the skies."

In him was verified the promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." There were expressions indicative of the want of more comfort; that he had felt more, sometimes, in preaching than he now felt, yet his confidence was not shaken. A few hours before he died he said to his wife, "Shout, shout the victory." At his request they sang together the last song on earth,

"Shout, shout the victory,  
Our Jesus lives on high."

Which he sung with a strength surprising all. What a victory to obtain! but it is what God hath promised, "They overcame by the blood of the Lamb."

After dozing for some time he woke up, and began to repeat,

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm."

Strength failed, and without a struggle the spirit was separated from the body.

Thus died William Pope, of Meopham, on March 22. His mortal remains were deposited in the burial ground of the chapel where he had laboured, on Friday, March 28. The neighbouring ministers attended his funeral, and took part in the service. Brother Jones, of Chatham, improved his death the following Lord's Day, from the word chosen by himself, Psalm lxxi. 17. He was called by grace when young; was baptised by Mr. Warburton; was a native of Wiltshire.

J. NEVILLE, *Baptist Minister.*

*Sutton-at-Hone, Dartford.*

MEMOIRS OF

### Deceased Baptist Ministers.

NO. I.

WE are still thinking about "THE BIBLE MEN;" and although our engagements in the ministry are so numerous as to prevent a regular course of articles in monthly succession, still, we shall, the Lord permitting, return to them as often as possible; and every opportunity shall we embrace of furnishing our readers with interesting records of faithful men of God, who have passed home to glory; after having honourably and usefully finished their course below. A new monthly issue has just appeared, published by B. L. Green, in Paternoster Row; entitled "BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF DECEASED BAPTIST MINISTERS, from 1800 to 1850." Edited by BENJAMIN SWALLOW, and W. A. BLAKE. The first number is neatly printed; and we should think it will be both interesting and useful to the Baptist Churches in this country. We shall watch its progress; examine its contents; and now and then furnish our readers with a choice extract or two. Take for instance, the following abridged account of PETER AITKEN.

"AITKEN, PETER was pastor of the Particular Baptist Church at Liverpool. From his first consciousness of good and evil, he had convictions of sin; but did not feel the need of Christ till fourteen years of age. The truth and fulness of the gospel then gradually opened to him, and he was enabled to embrace the Saviour as his righteousness and strength. In 1779 he left Glasgow to supply a church at Newcastle during the absence of the pastor; and at the conclusion of his engagement visited an uncle at Canterbury. Here he became acquainted with Samuel Rowles, Baptist minister, to whom he mentioned his unsettled state on the subject of Baptism. After mature deliberation and much prayer, he saw distinctly Scripture Baptism; and on the 5th of December, 1779 was baptised. As the church was satisfied of his ministerial gifts, they gave him a call to preach the everlasting gospel. Early in 1800 the church in Canterbury being without a pastor, he laboured diligently for six

months amongst them, and then proceeded to Liverpool to undertake the pastorate of a newly formed church.

"His piety was deep, warm, and experimental. Writing to a friend from Accrington, 25th December, 1800, he remarks, 'I find Jesus the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. His name is still as ointment poured forth. His beauty is lasting like himself; the virtue of his blood the same to wash a spotted, guilty conscience, to silence an accusing enemy, and to pacify a righteous sin-avenging God. . . . Oh, what a Christ! A precious, full, and an abiding Christ! What should become of us, if it could be made appear that Jesus on whom we trust, has lost even one specific grain of his inestimable grace? . . . In him we are complete. To be found in this Saviour then is certainly our greatest possible bliss; for in him we are filled with all the fulness of God. What is knowledge, but ignorance; honour, a lie; riches, a dream; the whole world, but a toy; when compared with Christ? Blessed be God, you and I know, that a foolish gospel, the reproach of Christ, the naked cross, and the Redeemer's blood, are indeed substantial words. . . . To live on a thing beneath the Son of God, is to despise his fulness, to starve my soul, and to depart from grace.'

"Mr. Aitken was ordained to the pastoral office in June, 1801, having just passed his twenty-first year. He gave promise of eminent usefulness. His mind was of the highest order. A close student, he brought his extensive knowledge of human learning to the feet of Jesus, determined alone to employ it in his Master's cause. Singularly serious, modest, and reserved, he shunned, rather than sought attention. And his habitual thoughtfulness indicated his desire to possess his conscience void of offence. The disease which terminated his mortal existence was consumption, which was confirmed by his indefatigable application. His friends becoming alarmed, suggested a voyage to Scotland, and he returned apparently well. On Sabbath evening, 20th of September, he had occasion to improve an instance of sudden death. He selected as his text, Matthew xxv. 13: 'Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.' He was more than usually impressive, fervent and solemn; and few expected that it would be the last time

they would hear his voice. But so it was ordained. At the conclusion of the service he remarked, that he was more than ordinarily strong. The next morning he was attacked with a discharge of blood. Other unfavourable symptoms appeared in the course of a few days. But he was serene, resigned to the divine dispensation, enjoying that solid support which the truths he preached were calculated to afford. On the 29th and 30th he seemed better. A restless night was passed, when the spirit longing to depart, gently left its earthly tenement, and found a refuge in the upper skies, 1st October, 1801."

### Mr. Shutte's Sermon

IN SAINT PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

IT certainly must be considered a mercy that in the very midst of this great Babylon the Lord has been pleased to set up a faithful witness to his truth, and that, too, in the Church of England. Many of the living family of God have been specially favoured to feed under Mr. Shutte's ministry; and although much opposition is manifest against him, we sincerely trust the Lord will keep him firm and faithful in the good way wherein grace has been given him to stand. From a letter received referring to Mr. Shutte's Sermon in St. Paul's, and to the present state of things, we make the following quotations:—

"Meldreth, Cambridgeshire, April 13, 1851.—My dear brother in the Lord Jesus: It is encouraging to find in the midst of an ungodly professing world that we have a few faithful men valiant to fight for the honours of the Lord God of Israel, and who are not ashamed to boldly put their hands to the gospel plough, and fearlessly declare the whole counsel of God.

"God hath reserved his faithful witnesses in every place; and St. Paul's Cathedral has once more re-echoed with a gospel sermon, which will doubtless do good. I have read the Sermon with much pleasure, and when I heard Mr. Shutte twelve months since I fancied I was hearing that good and great man—Mr. Nunn, of Manchester, long since in glory, whose ministry the Lord peculiarly blessed to me, and many souls, when he visited the different churches in London, fourteen years since; and in whose death, (like that of Toplady) his frame was

nearly transparent with the overwhelming love of a covenant-keeping Jehovah.

“Mr. Shutte has entitled his sermon, ‘Believers kept by the power of God.’ We may add unbelievers are ‘Kept by the power of God’ too. For, however blessed it is to contemplate the believer’s security in union with Christ, it is also important on the other hand to consider a little the pressure without the camp. I mean that enormous pressure of empty religionists and proud fashionable Pharisees, who are in every village and town, and with their ‘much fair speeches,’ aiming to eradicate and utterly extinguish the truth.

“How awful is the state of the professed world, and how necessary for the church’s safety that such people, ‘Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their consciences seared with a hot iron,’ should be kept in subjection by the power of that God who hath his way among the armies of heaven, and the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand.

“I am fully convinced that there are not many persons within seven miles of me who savingly understand the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the operation of the Holy Ghost, though we have thousands upon thousands of professors, who have nothing to look to in a dying hour but their own filthy rags and righteousnesses! Is not this an awful state of things?

“Looking at the clouds of darkness hovering around the Church of Christ, I am not surprized at your sounding an alarm on the covers of the *Vessel* of this month, under the head of ‘The West Kent Mission.’ We truly live in a day of awful blasphemy and corruption of the truth of God; when every sect and party are trying to convert all the world with their lies, customs and priestcraft: and to add to this gloomy picture the few men of truth we have seem rather to study their own personal ease than the welfare and prosperity of Zion. Is there not a woe pronounced against the shepherds who feed themselves and not the flock? Is there not a woe to those who handle the Word of God deceitfully, and who shun to declare the whole counsel of God? How awful, then, is the sentence of Jehovah in the closing up of the fiftieth Psalm, to many professed ministers of the gospel,—‘What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldst take my covenant

into thy mouth? seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee.’

“Trusting we may not find this sentence recorded against us, and that the Lord may stir up his own people to a sense of their true position, and keep them looking out of the pit from whence they are digged unto the Rock of their salvation, prays your unworthy servant in bonds,  
SAMUEL SIDDEES.”

LINES ON THE

Death of the late Mrs. Martha Baker,  
Of Camden Town,

Many years a member of Christ’s church in Meard’s Court, Soho, under the pastoral care of that late eminent minister of Christ, Mr. John Stevens, respectfully addressed to the surviving husband, Mr. G. Baker.

WHERE’S thy wife—thy dearest wife,  
Sole partner of thy breast,  
Who comfort mingled during life,  
And sooth’d thee when oppress’d?

She’s gone; alas! she’s gone from earth,  
True to th’ appointed time;  
Predestin’d, long before her birth,  
To inherit th’ ethereal clime!

Ah, death! thou ugly cruel foe,  
That no distinction make—  
Thou hast perform’d thy part, we know,  
For her’s and Jesu’s sake.

Low in the grave, full twelve feet deep,  
She slumbers with the dead,  
While many a bending willow weep,  
Around her peaceful bed.

Long in affliction’s thorny maze,  
Her griefs she calmly bore;  
Delighted such on Christ to gaze,  
And on his sufferings pore.

Of! she sought relief from pain,  
And wander’d far and wide;  
But found, at last, affliction’s gain,  
Since they were sanctified.

A mother’s part she well perform’d,  
Train’d up a numerous seed—  
Shew’d them the way to fear the Lord,  
And how his word to read.

Now with Christ, enthron’d on high,  
In robes of dazzling light,  
She swells the chorus of the sky,  
With saints and angels bright.

There true joys unceasing flow,  
There rivers pure and bright;  
No adverse zephyr there can blow,  
And there no tiresome night.

Grac’d with Christ’s glorious image there,  
She drinks full draughts of bliss;  
She looks like him—divinely fair!  
And ever will be his!

Dry up thy tears, wise man of God,  
Thy loss, her endless gain;  
And He who bought her with his blood,  
Will soon the husband claim.

Then thou with her, and she with thee,  
Will join the blood-wash’d host,  
To praise, throughout eternity,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Till then, may blessings rich attend,  
And you in Christ abide,  
And Israel’s God his mercy send  
On each your family tribe.—F. F.

ROMP OF

THE LIVING AND DYING WORDS OF MASTER YOUNG AND HIS WIFE,  
Late of Newhaven, Sussex.

It is written "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." And I believe the souls of the spiritual readers of the *Vessel*, often can say the same, when they see and hear of the grace, power and faithfulness of the Lord clearly manifest in the dying testimony of one and another released from a world of sin and sorrow. I hope this will prove acceptable. I venture to pen a few of the last words of H. Young, of Newhaven, Sussex. It was but little he said, but that little expressive of inward peace and rejoicing, in the prospect of a happy release from a body of sin and death. He was ill but a few days; most of the time in a kind of stupor; none thought him so near his end; the evening before he died, he said to a person, "What, are you come to sound the jubilee? the last I expected." The friend said, "Is Christ precious?" he answered, "*He is precious. He is the blessed Rock.*" The friend said to him, "Here is your daughter, Mercy." He answered, "Ah Merey, my child, and grasped her hand, as if to express his joy of soul, and kindly enquired for the rest of the family that were not present. Then he quoted,

"What can helpless sinners do,  
When temptations seize us,  
Nought have we to look unto,  
But the blood of Jesus."

At another time,

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

After this, his speech seemed to fail; but he waved his hand as well as he could, and smiled. Then again, he uttered the following, which seemed to come from his very soul.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll,  
Across my peaceful breast."

After this, he often waved his hand and smiled; his mind seemed in perfect peace; the enemy was not suffered to molest him; he fell asleep in Jesus, (the name that was so dear to him in life, having such a rich experience of his acceptance and completeness in him) about seven o'clock, January 20, 1851, in the 74th year of his age, leaving his family and many friends to lament the loss of one

VOL. VII.

so dear, I may truly say a father in Israel, as he had been about fifty years in the footsteps of the flock. He suffered much for years, under a spirit of bondage, knowing nothing of the way of salvation, until he heard the joyful sound of free grace from Mr. Jenkins, and at times Mr. Huntington, and since Mr. Vinall, where him and his dear partner truly fed on the sincere milk of the word. Here they abode; could go nowhere else; they passed through great trials in providence, and also in soul; and after some years of conflict, wading through fires and floods, were brought to a most blessed establishment as to their souls' interest in a dear Redeemer. Mrs. Young after a long affliction with a cancer in her breast, departed in peace June 29th, 1835, but I desire Sir, to send you a little of the rich, savoury language of our dear departed friend, and also of his dear wife. The following was found in his Bible; it appears to have been his meditations on "The Father is greater than I."

"May 5th, 1843.—O thou blessed Lord, what is it? And canst thou say, 'the Father is greater than I?' seeing thou art equal with the Father. Blessed Jesus, was it in that thou becamest man to die for thy people? What, Lord! is this the mind of the benign Spirit? I am but dust, and cannot understand. Is it that the body thou hast taken is not yet glorified? May I understand it so? that thou art inferior, since thou art become Man as well as God. O my soul! what couldst thou do, if not so? No hope for thee, my soul, only in dear Gethsemane! No hope, only in the God-Man Mediator! O what a scene of wondrous love—love that surpasses thought or sense! I am lost in meditation! My soul loves thy precious name: here I may sit, as before God, without fear—yet fear, love, and adore what must be the unutterable display of love in heaven! for this vile body to be made like unto thy glorious body, so as to be able to bear unchangeable bliss. Here am I, so vile, so polluted, so degraded by sin, vain thoughts, polluted, beastly, and devilish, not fit to name to mortals, yet wondrous that such creatures may and can tell all their wickedness, wretchedness, and deformity, to a gracious God, mingled with grief, anger, self-aborrence, self-condemnation, while Jesus is glorified and very high, shouting, singing glory to God. O, my soul! dost thou know these sweet moments, when all boasting is excluded; when, in thyself, justly condemned; nay, to clear God of all injustice; nay, to plead thine own sin against thyself, and set forth its nature, and aggravating

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abomination? Yet thou said, 'This is my name, the Lord, gracious and merciful,' O, what love! enough to break a rock, indeed. How I ran to find a dark corner\* to pray, but I could only bless thee; and am now sitting meditating before an unchangeable God, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever! And all this love to be brought before me! And is this the manner of man, O Lord? No; but it is God-like glory—boundless bliss, that rests in a gracious God, while the sensible sinner may sit before a gracious God, weeping, blessing, adoring, and rejoicing in his precious blood."

Sir, I will pen a few sentences that dropped from the lips of Mrs. Young during her illness, chiefly extracts from letters written to Mr. Vinall, I know it is such as your soul loves to hear.

H. P.

"March 22nd, 1835.—Sir: As the blessed triune God has been pleased to make us of one spirit to glorify himself, I shall try to pen a few lines, that you with us may once more sing of mercy. You know what a world of trouble we have been called to grapple with all our days, and the powers of darkness constantly assailing our souls. And you are not ignorant of the many deliverances we have had; so that I and my wife have sung aloud of mercy; and now it appears my dame's time is short, and her soul is on the wing to enjoy her God to all eternity. The cancer makes rapid strides; her pains are keen; her strength nothing but weakness in all senses.

"I found her very ill after I got home on Sunday. She said, 'The blessed Lord knoweth he hath won my heart to himself,' adding, 'but when my pains are sharp I am very impatient, and am forced to cry, Lord, give me patience to wait thy sovereign will. When I get a little ease then my soul pants for his dear presence, which is more than life. He knoweth I have enjoyed his blessed presence, and then I can leave myself in his blessed hands, come life or come death.'

"One day she seemed very dark. I asked her how her mind seemed. She said, 'I am very dark; as helpless as ever; no going out of soul in prayer; I seem dead as to feeling; but I know in whom I have believed, and I cannot live without him.' I said, 'Does that book try you?' meaning Bunyan's Barren Fig-tree. She said, 'I know in whom I have believed, he will carry on his own work to perfection.'

"March 24th.—A young person came to see her. She thanked her for her kindness, with such a lively sense of the approbation of the Almighty on her spirit, and said, 'The blessed Lord is able to raise me up again, but I can fall into his hands,

\* Our departed friend here alludes to a special deliverance, many years ago, almost in despair; when he says, (for he has written down many particular things that occurred in his life,) I took my Bible for the last time, or once more, and if no hope arose, I must jump into the river."

either for life or death. I know his ears are not heavy that he cannot hear my cry, nor his power abated that he cannot save. Oh, how many times has he delivered us out of trouble, in providence and grace! how many times have we sung praises to his name when the world knew nothing of it! He is merciful; I know he hears me, and so he will all that call upon him.' She addressed me, saying, 'When you see me in great pain, and not able to speak, and appear to you very low, don't you think I am afraid to die. No, my dear, the blessed Lord knoweth that he is mine in heart and affection, and I am his. Never more do I doubt of his love. O what a mercy he does not suffer the enemy to come in and destroy my soul.'

"March 31st.—A person came to see her, when she was easier than common, when she spake with freedom of God's goodness to her all her days, and justified the Lord in laying his afflicting hand upon her, saying 'Before this I was a poor backslider, and deserving of ten times more than I suffer;' but such a train of God's goodness broke her heart and ours to hear; she said she had many ups and downs as to whether she should recover; but at all times this claim, 'I know in whom I have believed.'

"April 9th.—Mr. F. came to see her, and when he delivered the kindness of our friends, it broke her heart with thankfulness and gratitude; she asked after Mr. Vinall, sending her love to him and all, saying, 'My greatest troubles have been at home, and so has my deliverances, but truly I can say, of all men I ever heard, that blessed man, I have been more established by than any—more comforted;' meaning she did not set any at nought, but she had the privilege of hearing you, Sir, more than others.

"April 27th.—I found my dear wife for some days very still, and seemed more dead in her feelings. I found my mind going out to the Almighty mingled with a distrust of his goodness toward her. I went up stairs, asked her how she did, she replied, 'I am free from pain, I have just had a little hope.' I said, have you that you will get better? 'No, no, she said, I do not mean so, did I say hope? I have had a taste of the Lord's goodness to me all my life long; I may say with dear Jenkins,

'How can I sink with such a prop,  
As hears the world and all things up.'

"She asked me, 'Can Christ die.' I said, 'No, my dear.' 'Then neither can I. No, never want for a Saviour, a God, a King, an Advocate. No, bless the precious Lord, he is all that I want.' Then addressing me, saying, 'My dear, if it should be his blessed will at my last moments not to grant his comforting presence, don't you despair of me. 'For his Spirit witnesseth with my spirit that I am his,' and he is mine. I have had a good share of his comforting presence. You don't forget the birth of my dear Mercy, what precious days! Don't you remember how precious was the word to me for months! my cup would run over; my soul was like a bottle that wanted vent. Don't you forget

the condescension of God at the birth of my child? My desire is, that she may be kept under the word. Very few have enjoyed more, so it may be I shall feel trying moments at last.' Then she spoke in that gratitude of soul of the blessed Lord, and what he was to her, of her being founded on the Rock, saying, 'If Christ cannot die neither can I die,' evidently anticipating a state of glory, and I am lost to express the many precious words that dropped from her lips.

"May 22nd.—My dear wife woke me in the morning, saying, 'I want my breast dressed. Ah,' she said, 'I was in such hopes that this night would have been my last; I thought I was going sometimes, but it was not his blessed will. Oh, my weakness! how can I live another day; can you pray for me?' I said, surely I can, but my prayer is mixed with praise; I cannot pray the Lord to reveal himself as a God that pardoneth iniquity, this you have got. I am grieved to hear you mourning through pain, I am forced to cry, Lord give strength according; give sweet resignation to thy will. Then she said, 'I have for many years been a woman of a sorrowful spirit, seeking my election. My soul could not rest, no doubt with much legality.' I had many precious deliverances, but still the cry of my soul was, give, give me more, till the birth of my last child; the Lord then so turned my captivity, that I lived on that for many days and years; the word Jesus, was my soul. Don't you remember how that dear man Mr. Vinall, used to speak of death beds of God's saints, after great deliverances! You read but little of them, but some gathered up their feet in their bed, and gave up the ghost; and so I long to do; I have nothing to do more; something seems to say I shall.' Once she said, 'How can I stand in this my affliction?' I said, my dear, we have all been astonished to see you so passive, as you have been laying on your back so many weeks. 'Ah,' she said, 'what a mercy if the blessed Lord would come; but I cannot talk, and your voice hurts me.' So I left her in peace in believing. At another time, she said to her daughter, 'I was afraid I should not live the night out.' (Then recalling it,) 'Afraid, did I say? No, blessed be God I am not afraid, I long to go, come Lord Jesus, and receive me to thyself.' At another time she said, 'My poor heart trembles at the thought of entering the vale, but the Lord has promised, 'As thy day, thy strength shall be,' and surely he will never forsake me. Oh, that he would come with his endearing presence. Come down blessed Jesus into thy garden, and gather thy lily home to thyself, for I long to be gone.' At another time she said, 'My dear, I do not wish when I am gone, the passing bell to be rang, the Lord hath prepared the way for me to pass to his heavenly kingdom by his precious blood; he hath clothed my poor soul with his spotless righteousness.' One day, a lady called to see her, she told her her time would be short, but expressed her confidence in God, in the most sweet manner. After I expressed my surprize at her speaking so free to one that was

a stranger to what she was speaking of, she replied, 'My dear, it was for the honour of God, that they may know that the God whom we confessed in life, doth not forsake us in the hour of death.' At another time she tried to sing a few words of the last hymn she heard in chapel:

'Our Captain stood the fiery test,  
And we shall stand through him.'

This blessed claim, my God, was heard to the last, when in the agonies of death, such as 'Oh, my Father! Oh, my gracious God, help me.' Then gathered up her feet in the bed, went to sleep a few minutes, and breathed her last in her sleep, leaving this blessed testimony, 'The memory of the just is blessed.' Thus, sir, may you have another testimony of your labour being blessed, which I know will cause you to shed a silent tear of gratitude to the God of all your mercies.

"To Mr. Vinall.

HENRY YOUNG."

### A SPIRITUAL LETTER

FROM THE LATE JOHN BERRIDGE TO  
LADY MARGARET INGHAM.

MADAM—Thursday last I received a bill value £15, conveyed by Mr. Romaine, but presented by your ladyship; which was immediately converted into cloth, for the use of lay preachers; and for this donation, I send you my hearty thanks; the Lord has promised to return it an hundred-fold into your bosom, and I believe you can trust him.

I wish you had sent along with it a few minutes of your life of faith; you might then have taught me whilst you were clothing others; for, indeed, I am one of those strange folks who set up for journeymen without knowing their Master's business, and offer many precious wares for sale, without understanding their full value. I have got, as a Master, too, a most extraordinary person, whom I am supposed to be well acquainted with; because he employs me as a riding pedlar, to serve near forty shops in the country, besides my own parish; yet I know much less of my Master than I do of his wares. Often is my tongue describing him as the fairest of men, whilst my heart is painting him as the witch of Endor; and many big words have I spoken to his credit; yea, I am frequently beseeching others to trust him with their all, whilst my own heart is afraid to trust him with a groat. Neither, madam, is this all: such a profound ignoramus am I, that I know nothing of myself as I ought to know: I have often mistaken

rank pride for deep humility, and the workings of self-love for the love of Jesus.

When my Master first hired me into his service, he kept a brave table, and was wondrous free of his liquor. Scarce a meal passed without roast meat and claret! Then my heart said, "I love Jesus," and was ready to boast of it too. But at length he ordered his table to be spread with meat from above and water out of the rock. This my saucy stomach could not brook; my heart thought it pernicious fare, and my tongue said it was light food.

Now my love for Jesus disappeared, and I followed him only for the loaves and fishes, and like a true worldling, loved his larder much better than his Person. Presently my Master detected me in a very dirty trick which discovered the huge pride and amazing impudence of my heart.

Hitherto I had been a stranger to the livery my Master gives his servants; only I knew that he had many rarities, such as pearls and diamonds, and plenty to dispose of. Accordingly I begged a bracelet of him, a necklace, ear-rings, a nose-bob, and other pretty things, which he readily parted with, being of an exceedingly generous nature. And will it not amaze you to hear that I had the vanity to fix these odd ornaments about my old face, intending to make a birthday suit to appear in at court? Well, to be sure, while I was thus busy about mending my old rags, and putting on my pearls, &c., in comes my Master, and gives me a sudden grin, which went to the very heart of me, and said in an angry tone, "Varlet, follow me." I arose and followed him, trembling whilst he led me to the house of correction, where he first set my feet in the stocks, and stripped me of my ornaments; he then took his afflictive rod and laid upon me very stoutly, till I cried for mercy; but he declared that he would not lay aside the rod until he had scourged every rag from my back; and indeed he was as good as his word.

Think, then, how amazed and confounded I must have been to stand naked before him; especially when I saw myself a leper, with an Ethiopian skin, which the rags had hitherto concealed from my sight. I kept on my legs though overwhelmed with shame, till at length, being almost choked with the dust and stench that came out of the rags in beating, I

fell down at my Master's feet. Immediately the rod dropped from his hand; his countenance softened; and, with a small still voice, he bid me look up. I did; and then I got the first sight of his robe, "the garment of salvation!"

Truly, madam, it was a lovely sight! a charming robe, reaching from the shoulder down to the feet, well adapted for a "covering and defence; yea, excellent for beauty and glory." "There, prodigal Jack," he said, "put this on thy back, and then thou mayest shame even an angel; it was wrought with my own hand, and dyed in my own blood; wear it, and then embrace me." I thanked him and bowed. But madam, I must tell you, (though I do not desire you to be my confidant,) when my Master opened his robe, he gave me a hasty glance of his Person; it was divinely sweet and glorious, and withal, so exceedingly humane, that I fell in love. And now, would you think it of me, an old fool as I am, near fifty, and swartly as a negro, nothing would content me but a wedding: nay, I have oftentimes proposed the match to my Master, who sometimes replies, "When you can leave all others I will take you." The other day, having asked him when he would take me to his bosom? he answered, "When I could humbly lay at his feet;" and then he also graciously promised to set open his cellar and larder, and to keep them open for me.

I am now removed out of the book of Proverbs, which I have long studied, into the book of Canticles; but am got no farther than the first chapter, and the beginning of the second verse—"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth." I seem to want nothing now but a close communion with the dear Redeemer.

The world, at times, strives to divert my attention from the chief object of my affections; but my soul is ever panting after him; yea, "my heart and flesh cry out for the living God," "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

The Lord strengthen your union and communion with the Prince of peace. Amen.

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"In the best estate free-will was but a weathercock which turned at the breath of a serpent's tongue; it made a bankrupt of our father Adam; it pulled down the house; and sold the land; and sent all the children to beg their bread."—RUTHENFORD.

## The Work of the Gospel Ministry.

“And the Lord said unto me, Son of man, mark well, and behold with thine eyes, and hear with thine ears all that I say unto thee concerning all the ordinances of the house of the Lord, and all the laws thereof; and mark well the entering in of the house, with every going forth of the sanctuary.”—Ezekiel xlv. 5.

In the writings of the different prophets, we may discover the diversity of the gifts and operations of the Holy Ghost, some writing with great plainness, others with much obscurity; there is much of the latter in this prophet, especially in the beginning and end of the book, enough to make the wisest feel their ignorance, and lead them to cry out, “Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. “Ezekiel was a priest by office, chap. i. 3; but being in captivity at Babylon, he could not discharge that office; the Lord therefore calls him to be a prophet, and favours him with some very wonderful visions, one of which is a city and temple commencing at the 40th chapter, leaving which, I would write a few things upon the above portion, as the Lord shall enable me.

“And the Lord said unto me.” Here we learn where the Lord’s servants get their message, viz., from their Master, the consciousness of which will give them a holy boldness in delivering that they have received from him, and with the message there will be an opening of the word, and a revelation of the mind of the Lord; when this is the case, a man will be like Ezra, who read the law, and gave the sense, Nehemiah viii. 8. Here is something expressive of familiarity also; and O how much this is needed in the work of the ministry. I feel a great desire to live in close intimacy with him who has called me to speak in his name; here the mind becomes solemnized with the importance of the work, and spiritualized to feel the blessedness of eternal things. “Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ,” said John. And such a ministry will have a tendency to bring the Lord’s dear people into communion with himself, and if a man is formal with the things of the Lord, the people will discover it. Further, as the Lord alone can know the different cases of his people, a word in season must be given by him, and a word in season, how good it is; without this intercourse the ministry will become very

dry and barren to the preacher, and quite unprofitable to the hearer; while on the other hand, with it, there will be a freshness, savour, fulness and power with the word. Again, I would add, what comes from God’s mouth will be easily confirmed from his word, and to the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.

“Son of Man.” In the original, it is Son of Adam, which may be to remind him (for his humiliation) of his mean origin, as well as to let him know the condescension of the Lord in using an earthen vessel like him to convey such treasure to others; for we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us; doubtless, ministers need something to keep them humble before God; Paul had a thorn in the flesh, and a messenger of satan to buffet him, lest he should be exalted above measure. It is well when like John we can say, “He must increase, I must decrease,” willing to be nothing that Christ may be all in all. “Mark well,” or set thine heart—the heart must be in the work then; sure I am that man is not fit for the ministry whose heart is not in it; preaching must be both heart work and about heart work, for the heart is the seat of vital godliness. Hence we read of a new heart, a broken heart, &c., &c. The heart is that at which God aims, and in which he fastens convictions. “Thy arrows are sharp in the hearts of the King’s enemies.” Psalm xlv. 5. The religion of some lies in the head, they know much, and can talk very fast. The religion of others is in their feet, and a consistent walk as they term it, is quite enough. But the religion of a child of God is felt in the heart, and then his head will be right, and his feet go right too.

“Mark well.” When God so speaks, the mind becomes intently fixed upon divine things, and we then find our minds fitted for meditation. The preparation of the heart is of the Lord, for we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; are ministers then to make this a pretext for idleness? if so, they will become a pest to any people, and that very soon, and therefore the Lord sets eyes and ears at work.

“Behold with thine eyes.” God’s precious word cannot be read too much by a minister; their work is not an idle one,

but a laborious one ; and it is to be feared many make very easy work of it, and the consequences are too visible, the words of the Lord to Joshua i. 8, are worthy of notice : "The book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth ; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein : for then shalt thou make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."

"And hear with thine ears all that I say unto thee." How often are the Lord's servants listening and crying, "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth," and sometimes they wait listening, and it is not till the last minute they hear their Master's voice ; and their ministry is to include in it all that he makes known unto them ; no part of the counsel of God is to be kept back, no truths are to be held as fire side truths, and yet never brought forth in the pulpit ; some I have known to say, they believe in the doctrines of grace when spoken to about them in private, but never does the word election come out of their mouths in public. What saith the Scripture to such ; "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully." Jer. xlviii. 10. Happy that man who in the closing scene of his life can say, "I have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God;" and as there is to be nothing omitted, so neither is there to be any thing substituted in the place of that which the Lord hath appointed. We have a pattern as well as Moses, and every thing is to be according to that pattern.

"Concerning all the ordinances." Baptism and the Supper are the two ordinances for believers to attend to. In the Church of England (so-called) we find an awful perversion of the one, in the Church of Rome an awful perversion of the other. And it seems one of the many strange things that men professing to make the Word of God the rule of their practice, should sprinkle infants when they have neither command nor example. But so it is ; most people like their own way better than the Lord's.

"Of the house of the Lord." Such is the church called, formed of living stones, which have been taken out of the quarry of nature to form a spiritual house. In which idea we have a change of state set forth. All this building is resting upon one and the same foundation ; for no other can be laid, and no other is

needed ; for the building must stand secure ; it being on "a tried stone, a sure foundation." "The house of the Lord ;" he is the Architect ; he drew the plan in his eternal mind, and chose the whole of the materials, all which will be required, and none others needed. He is the Builder. He shall build the temple of the Lord ; the work is going on, and shall be completed ; for "the head-stone shall be brought home with shoutings, crying, grace, grace unto it." He adorns it with his grace, and beautifies it ; so that it is "all glorious within." He resides there—"Ye also are built up for an habitation of God, through the Spirit, by whose operations and influence, God is worshipped in spirit and in truth ; acceptable sacrifices presented, and incense offered. This building being raised from the ruins of the fall, reflects God's glory ; for "he is glorified by the work of his hands." But I must pass on.

"And all the laws thereof." The word, "law," signifies "instruction." By them the doctrines of the gospel is meant, which is the law that was to go forth out of Zion ; which doctrines "drop as the rain, and distil as the dew" upon the thirsty souls of God's people, and "cause the tender herb (the weak believer) to revive." Covenant love, redeeming blood, and triumphant grace are truths dear to those who know the truth. But as the readers of the *Vessel* are continually having these glorious verities set before them, I need not enlarge. The Lord make his precious truth dearer to our hearts than ever.

"And mark well the entering in of the house ;" which we may notice in a three-fold sense. First, vitally—in regeneration. A minister cannot be too particular here upon the new-birth. This is the starting-place. And if there is not a good beginning, there cannot be a good ending. A person must either be in the church, or in the world ; and he cannot be in the former unless he is born of God. Second, experimentally—by faith in Christ Jesus, who is the door, and "by whom, if any man enter, he shall be saved." Third, professionally—by baptism, which is the only way into a church of Christ. We read of believers being "baptised and added to the church."

"With every going forth of the sanctuary ;" which may include every step of the divine life, and takes in the sorrows, trials, desertions, temptations, and cares

of the children of God, with their comforts, joys, manifestations, deliverances, and supports; shewing how the Lord keeps his people from day to day, and how he carries on, and will complete the work he has begun.

Peace be upon Israel, prays their well-wisher,

W. L.

Northampton.

GOD'S JUSTICE IN

### Degrees of Future Punishment.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—It was formerly said, "What shall he do who cometh after the king?" and, in matters of *scripture* exposition, I may say, "What more can be said, than that which is said by Dr. Gill?" In meeting therefore, on page 84 of this month's "*Vessel*," with the following lines, "Nor can I believe in degrees of punishment in perdition," with its connection, I thought, well, I will say *nothing* myself, nor will I refer to "Guyse's Exposition," nor Boston, nor any other author living or dead, but will see what Dr. Gill says, in his "Body of divinity," under the article, "Of the final state of the wicked." Here, having spoken of the *place* and *punishment*, he comes to the *degree*. I give it *verbatim*.

"The *degrees* of this punishment; for it seems such there will be, since wicked men will be judged, and *so* punished according to their evil works, whether *more* or *fewer*, *greater* or *lesser*. But then these cannot be understood of the punishment of *loss*: one cannot *lose* more or less than another; all are equally excluded from the presence and communion of God, and of Christ, and of the Spirit; and from the company of angels and saints, and from the kingdom of heaven and the glories of it: but it can only be said of the punishment of *sense*; some are *lesser* sinners, and others *greater*; some are only guilty of original sin, and not of actual transgressions, at least of very few, and so are deserving of a *milder* punishment only, as before observed; and of actual transgressions; some are guilty of more, and more heinous ones; see John xix. 11; and their guilt and punishment are in *proportion* to them; some are attended with greater aggravations, and so are deserving of a *greater* punishment; some are done in *ignorance*, and others against *light* and *knowledge*: one knows his Master's will and does it not, and so deserves to be beaten with

*many* stripes; and another knows it not, and yet does things worthy of stripes, and therefore to be beaten with *few* stripes, Luke xii. 47. Some have had the advantage of a written law, the law of Moses, as the Jews had, and this explained with the sanctions of it; when others, as the Gentiles, had only the light of nature and the law of it to guide them; and as both will be judged according to their different laws, so will they be punished in a *different* manner, Rom. ii. 12. Some have had the advantage of a preached gospel, and have despised it, and have been disobedient to it, which is an aggravation of their condemnation; so that it will be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon, for Sodom and Gomorrah, than for them, Matt. xi. 20, 21. The scribes and Pharisees who, against the clearest evidence, and the conviction of their own consciences, denied that Jesus was the Messiah, and blasphemed his miracles, which were proofs of it; and under a pretence of religion devoured widow's houses, justly receive the greater damnation, Matt. xii. 25—32; and those who have treated contumeliously their great doctrines of the gospel, respecting the person and blood of Christ, and the grace of the Spirit of Christ; of how much *sorer* punishment shall they be thought worthy, than those who have only broken the law of Moses? Heb. x. 29. Some have been favoured with greater mercies in providences than others, and have abused them, and despised the goodness of God extended to them, and so have treasured up *more* wrath against the day of wrath; and having their good things here, will have their evil things hereafter, with *redoubled* vengeance. Rom. ii. 4, 5. Luke xxi. 25."

I close in the language of good old Robert Hall of Arncliffe, and I think it will be received in affection by every preacher and every writer.

"The servant of the Lord is not to *strive*, *strike*, and *bravo*, but to be *gentle* unto all men, *patient* in meekness, *instructing* those that oppose themselves. Some you are to reprove *sharply*, but none *sourly*. Make it evident that your reproofs arise not from a *captious*, *peevish* temper, but from a *conscientious* regard for *purity* and *truth*.—In order to which,

"Study *self-government*, or the rule of your own spirit. A man's influence and importance will certainly *sink*, in proportion to the rising of his *turbulent* pas-

sions, or *peevish* temper; the wrath of men worketh not the righteousness of God. Take care you discharge not the artillery of *heaven*, with the *fire* of hell. Remember, the angels employed in pouring out the vials of divine vengeance, had their breasts girded with *golden girdles*! Endeavour in all things to shew a peaceable disposition to your neighbours, your people, your brethren and fellow workmen."

I leave what has been written for the sober consideration of the reader, praying that God will sanction truth and confound error, remaining dear Mr. Editor,

Yours in the best of bonds,

JOSEPH F. RUDMAN.

Trowbridge, April 3, 1851.

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THIS IS THE DAY THE GATES OF  
**Heaven will be opened unto me.**

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DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—As a lover of the precious truths in the *Earthen Vessel*, permit me to send you this little scrap of what the Lord can, and will do for his honour, and the comfort of his dear children. I have read with peculiar pleasure the accounts given of the triumphant death of many of God's people, and I wish to tell you of one in my family. My son, JAMES DAVIS, died at Dover, on May 27th, 1850; he was known only to a few who knew and feared the Lord; those were his delight; and they would say that they "*saw the grace of God, and was glad.*" My son's disease was consumption, under which he laboured for three years; he was always a strictly moral youth, but did not always know that he was a sinner. By matchless grace, he was made to know and feel it too; he was confined to his home for the last eight months, he employed much time in reading; and it pleased his heavenly Father as he brought him nearer his end, to greatly enlarge his views of divine truth; and to break in upon his mind with kind and quickening rays; so that he was enabled to say to his mother—"*If I am not able to say a word to you in death, be assured, dear mother, that I am safe. I know whom I have believed. I can, and do rest on his word.*" His Holy Spirit is my teacher; you know I have had none to teach me but himself; it is true, when I was able to walk to chapel, I have heard the word of God read; but, thanks to his name, he has made me

to understand it; and one discourse was blessed to my soul at the Pent Side chapel. CHRIST IS MY SALVATION." During his long confinement, a few of the friends came to see him, and talked with him with great satisfaction. I was obliged to be away from him in London, and only saw him three times for the last twelve months; I was compelled to leave him in the care of his mother, two days before he died, feeling confident I should never see him again in this world.

I took my last farewell of him on Saturday evening, committing him into a faithful Creator's hands; he spoke with all confidence of his salvation. It was sorrowful travelling to London for me; but the dear Lord sustained me under it, and amidst all my bitters it was great joy to think how the Lord had instructed him, and how boldly he spoke, which was contrary to his former manner. I did not think he would go home to glory so soon.

On the following day, being the Sabbath, his mother said, "You seem in much pain, my dear." He said, "I am now brought to know why it was my grandfather used to pray to be taken home, and which used to sound so strange in my ears; but O, I know it now." They had sweet converse together upon the word of God, and the goodness of the Lord in keeping him from many outward sins, remarking at the same time that had he not been kept he should have run into them.

In the evening his mother said, "*Is it dark with you my dear?*" He said "*It is.*" She said, "The Lord will give you light." In a few minutes his countenance brightened, and he tried to whistle a hymn tune. His mother being fearful of his hurting himself, he having an abscess in his neck, she said, "My dear, you cannot whistle." "Then," he said, "I will sing; and must; for my dear Lord is here with me;" and he began that sweet hymn,—

"Begone unbelief,  
My Saviour is near."

He continued until the next day singing and praising God; and in the morning he said to his mother, "*This is the day the gates of heaven will be opened to me. I shall go, and be with my blessed Jesus. To day my heavenly Father will take me home.*" He spent the day in exhorting, and prayer to God and the Lamb; in the

evening he spent three quarters of an hour in fervent prayer to God, and for all that had rendered him any service, and his mother wiping the sweat off his face: then he said, "O Lord, forgive the sins of this hour." And he said, "Do not say I am dead, I am not; shall not; I only sleep in Jesus; he will raise my body." So he departed without a groan, aged 24 years.

Much more might be said: but of what has been said we can testify of being the truth.

J. DAVIS, *late of Dover, Kent.*

THE OLD

**Covenanters of the Scotch Church:**

BEING,

*A Brief Account of the Trials and Sufferings  
of God's Saints in the Olden Times.*

NO. III.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.— Herewith I take the liberty of sending you some further particulars of the covenanters of Scotland, of whom it might be said in truth, they lived in perilous times; deemed the very pest of society, hunted like partridges upon the mountains, and like the wild beast of the desert shot at in their attempt to escape from their merciless pursurers; truly in the world they had tribulation, but they had also that which far outstrips it, in Christ they had peace. What glory redounds to the majesty of heaven, that amidst all the attempts made by the prince of darkness to quench the fire of God's grace in a poor sinner's heart; hitherto his attempts have been and ever will be without effect.

As it is my desire to lay before your readers, that, that shall set forth his divine interpositions, and care for his oppressed family, and which (in his hands,) may be for the encouragement of the fearful ones amongst the flock of slaughter, I again send you another instance of Jehovah's watchful care. May the Lord bless it, and our hearts be led to admire his hand!

It was in the neighbourhood of Muirkirk, near to the Moorland stream of Greenock water, (the solitudes of which were frequently crowded with the scattered flock of Christ, when driven by the rod of violence, from those pastures on which they had been formerly nurtured,) that the following account refers.

The wilds of Muirkirk afforded a spacious hunting field to those whose occupation it was to shed on the flowery hearth, without a tear, the blood of God's saints. The deep mossy trenches on the mountains' side often flowed with their blood, who for the truth's sake jeopardized their lives, and whose death groans mingled with the soft wailings of the gentle lambs on the moors. But in the absence of all human condolence, the consolations of the blessed Spirit was not wanting to sooth their dying moments, and fortify their hearts in the parting hour.

In an easterly direction of this part of the country near Hartfield, lived one William Moffat, whose heart the Lord had touched with the power of his truths, the sweetness of which had fired his soul with love towards his fellow-man, and anxious to impart a knowledge of the truth to others, he formed little conventicles among the hills, and prayed with and instructed them that resorted to him. This wild locality, in the midst of which providence had fixed his abode, was favourable to the object he had in view, as there was less danger of meeting with interruption. Secluded however, as this situation was, it was not so secluded but the flying parties of troopers would occasionally visit it, and scour moss and mountains in all directions, and at all seasons. One day William Moffat had met with a few friends in a retired glen in the vicinity of his dwelling, for the purpose of worshipping their God, and to read his holy word; whilst thus engaged, the large flock of sheep that was quietly grazing on the dark slanting brow of the neighbouring height, was on a sudden observed to be in motion, and then spread in all directions, as if furiously attacked by a pack of ravenous dogs. "We are in danger," cried the honest Shepherd, these sheep are not scattered without a cause." And they were in danger: for a company of dragoons were descending the hill, and the terrified sheep had fled before them, and fled as if to announce to the little flock of worshippers who were as helpless as themselves that the enemy was approaching.

Whether these troopers were inadvertently passing or had come to make special search, we are not informed, but they were descending straight on the timid handful who had met in the desert to pray. What was to be done! they



could neither fight nor flee, and humanly speaking, therefore, must fall a prey to the destroyer; thus reason speaks, all hope is cut off, they tremble at their perilous condition, they shake like the aspen leaf, and know not but the next moment may be weltering in their blood; it is their extremity, it is their God's opportunity. They cry unto him in their trouble, and he saveth them in their distresses. "Oh that men would praise the Lord, for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men, for he maketh the clouds his chariot, he walketh upon the wings of the wind, he maketh his angels spirits, his ministers a flaming fire. Oh give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people."

To those who are acquainted with the mountainous tracts of the country, it is no uncommon occurrence, for mists suddenly to fall on the summits of the lofty heights, sometimes instead of descending in a body like a large snowy cloud, spreading itself along the ridges and down the slopes of the hills, it comes edgeways trailing along, and, like a thin white veil, extending from the clouds to the earth. On the present occasion, the vapour that had been encircling the brow of the mountain, and occasionally stretching out in long defiles into the narrow gisens beneath, came like a lofty and impervious wall, between the worshippers and the dragoons. This covering, which was thus thrown from the clouds, secured this little band of sufferers from the view of the soldiers, they marching past the misty curtain, not more than a hundred and fifty yards from the place where they had assembled.

Thus did God protect this little flock of spiritual sheep, that had convened in the wilderness to gather the manna that might be rained from his hand—shewed them his special care by sweet experience, raising for them a sure defence, when the foe, like the rushing of the tempest, swept past them on the other side.

What grateful emotions must have warmed their hearts when they remembered him who had shielded them from so great a danger. This and similar deliverances emboldened the shepherd and his friends to hold frequent meetings for spiritual edification, and the glory and honour of their God, notwithstanding the hazards to which they were exposed.

On another occasion, this same William Moffat was surprised twice in one day

by the dragoons, and narrowly escaped. But here I pause, and join with the Apostle Paul, and say, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" for

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

Man, the agent of satan, may shoot out his arrows, may draw his sword, and exercise his puny power to slay the upright in heart, but until permission is obtained, (and when that is given, it is for wise purposes) not an hair of the head shall be hurt.

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

May this may be our happy experience, under every cross we may have to bear, stand in firm reliance and humbleness of soul upon him who has said, to his tried ones, "I will never leave thee."

Yours in the gospel,

A STRANGER.

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### The Cry of Faith under Pressure.

Two' numerous foes obstruct my way,  
Methinks I hear my Jesus say,  
"I'm stronger than them all."

With this I'd boldly venture on,  
And wrestle as I pass along,  
Uphold me, else I fall.

Short of thyself, I find no rest,  
All evils lurk within this breast,  
I dare not trust my heart;  
Come, Holy Ghost, thy seat assume,  
With mighty influence break the gloom,  
And never more depart.

Give me a glance of Jesu's face,  
'Tis this enlivens every grace,  
And all my foes retreat;  
My only trust is in thy name,  
I sink, with humble grief and shame,  
In rev'rence at thy feet.

Quicken my faithless, lifeless soul  
My powers subdue, my thoughts control  
To heaven's eternal will;  
Let faith in lively action be,  
While toss'd and driven on life's sea,  
Lord help me to be still.

When fled from this terrestrial scene,  
No gloom thy smiles shall intervenc,  
Nor pain pervade my breast;  
But one eternal day to spend,  
Gazing upon the sinner's Friend,  
With peace celestial blest.

J. P., BLACKMORE.

**JESUS CHRIST ABLE TO SAVE EVEN UNTO THE UTTERMOST.**

London, November 12, 1845.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND:—It is for that sincere and disinterested friendship which I have experienced from both you and your truly affectionate wife, that I feel bound to acknowledge with all christian love, and which is far beyond my power to return in any other way. But in order to requite, if such indeed were possible, for the many obligations I owe you both, I would present you with a few of my thoughts; as a testimony of my regard for that glorious cause in which you are so devotedly espoused—the cause of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, the best, the grandest, and the most glorious cause in earth, or in heaven.

Being far advanced in years, and hastening to the end of time, I will endeavour to give you some few ideas of my very limited experience in the principles of religion. I say *very limited*, because my christian course has been a very short one, which will bear no comparison with my age; but thanks be to God,

“Whilst the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.”

“For I will make my people willing in the day of my power,” saith the Lord, or words to that purpose, (Psa. cx. 3.) and such has been the Lord’s dealings I trust with me, the most unworthy of his people.

Through grace I am enabled to say, I love his Word, his people, his cause, the house where his honour dwelleth; and with trembling Peter I hope I can both feel and say, Lord, thou knowest, yea, yea, “Thou knowest I love thee.” And, blessed be his holy name, who has brought me out of darkness into his marvellous light, and has given me to know the preciousness of the Saviour, “Unto you, therefore,” says the Apostle Peter, “which believe, Christ is indeed precious.” And, “Be ye ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear; having a good conscience,” &c. 1 Pet. iii. 15.

Seeing then, dear friends, that there are but two characters with God, the believer and the unbeliever; the former “Chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world;” (Ephes. i. 4,) the latter, who not being included in the covenant of grace made between God the Father

and Jesus Christ his Son, is like unto Esau, passed by. I would not say HATED, for after the common acceptation of the word hate, as in the English version, God cannot hate the work of his own hands, that is to say, anything that he has created, especially mankind, which is the noblest work of the Creator; because he has endued man with such grand ideas, such noble powers, such rare faculties, and such refined discernment, so superior to all other beings, that I think it impossible for so wise, so gracious, so good, and so merciful a God; yet it may be truly said by the sublime Dr. Young in his Night-Thoughts that

“A God all mercy is a God unjust;”

of such unbounded love to man as to give “His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but should have everlasting life.” John iii. 16.

But I doubt not that I am writing to a christian friend who knows more of these good things than myself. But I will, however, proceed a little further; and will trust, dear friend to your candour, and beg you will excuse the many imperfections you may meet in so long and rambling a letter as this may turn out. I need not say that in the two characters of believer and unbeliever there are comprehended several characteristics, namely, the godly and the ungodly, the righteous and the unrighteous. And what saith the Holy Spirit in Rev. xxii. 11, on the departure of either of these characters? “He that is unjust let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous let him be righteous still; and he that is holy let him be holy still.” “But man in his best state is altogether vanity.” Psa. xxxix. 5. And seeing that upon every man’s coffin is inscribed this motto,—“Vanitas vanitatum diomnia vanitas,” “What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness; looking for, and hastening unto, the coming of the day of God.”

But to these two characters I must say another word, and tell out my feelings as a believer; and whilst I do that I would pray the Lord to “Help my unbelief,” that he would graciously be pleased to eradicate every evil imagination, and cleanse every vain thought, that he would mould my heart according

to his own will, make it after his own image, and fit me for his own purpose, to teach me his counsel, and after grant unto me an abundant entrance into his heavenly kingdom.

To the believer, Jesus Christ is everything that the soul can imagine or desire; to him our glorious Lord will be "A place of broad rivers, and springs in the desert." "This Lord is our Lord, our Judge, our Lawgiver, our King." "He will save us." Isaiah xxxiii. 21, 22. Yea, his characters are so many that I have not room here sufficient to enumerate them. They are more than two hundred in number, and so glorious, that if all the world were believers they could not give expression to such titles. Not only is our dear Lord, as Dr. Watts says,

"All over glorious,"

In the views of the believer, but he is the "Fairest of ten-thousand, and altogether lovely." Solomon attempted to extol Christ and his bride to the highest pitch of human eloquence. But Solomon with all his wisdom, gifts, and graces, fell far short of the praises of his own, and the christian's, best beloved.

As for the unbeliever, our blessed Lord and Saviour is but as "a root out of a dry ground," in his estimation; and to his views of Christ, there is neither form or comeliness, neither beauty or attraction that the unbeliever feels a desire to enjoy. But not so with me; to me Christ is all that I can desire; whom have I in heaven but him? and on earth I desire no other.

"He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And he's my rising sun."

The glorious Sun of Righteousness arising in my soul with healing in his wings, to heal all my backslidings, which I have much to lament. But hence my consolation—The Holy Spirit assures me in his blessed Word that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," of whom conscience, that faithful monitor, tells me I am the chief. Nor would I flinch to dispute the question with the apostle Paul, however much before his conversion he might have done despite to christianity, in persecuting the people of God, and consenting to their death. I know that Jesus Christ is "mighty to save," and as "willing to save even to the uttermost," yea, even a blood-stained Manasseh, a reviling thief, an apostate Peter, an abandoned Magdalene, with a

persecuting Paul. And would the Lord ever have implanted his love for his name in my heart, a love to his people and his cause, and then intended to cast me away for ever and ever from his presence? I think not. Such was the confidence of Manoah's wife. See Judges xiii. 23. And thus all who are brought under the influence of the Holy Spirit, are made willing to embrace the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. See Psalm cx. 3. Thus by sovereign grace, free, unmerited grace, shall I be saved, and by that alone: being washed in the blood of a once crucified Christ, to whom else can I go? I want peace, that peace which the world cannot give; I want comfort, which none but the Comforter, even the Holy Spirit himself, can give; I want consolation: dear friend, I ask, to whom can I go? to what other source but to Christ? Without him I want everything, with him I have all things; hence the confirmation—"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, (who truly believe,) how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" 1 Romans viii. 32.

As such, I can place implicit confidence in his word, and can trust all my immortal interest, all the vast concerns of my soul in his gracious hands, because he is not only mighty, but willing to save.

"Jesus has all my powers possess'd,  
My hopes, my fears, my joys,  
He, the dear Sovereign of my breast,  
Shall still command my voice."

Dear friend, excuse apology, I cannot stop here, for I must tell you, that when I take a retrospective view of past years, I am utterly astonished at the kind condescension of God, ever to have looked down upon me at all, ever to have manifested the thousand times ten thousand mercies and unnumbered blessings towards one so unworthy; even me, who have forgotten him days out of number. Nay, many years have I been "unmindful of the Rock that begat me." And when I call this to mind, my soul is troubled within me; for my transgressions are as mountains heaped upon mountains, so that I cannot hold up my head, mine iniquities are as a heavy burden, they are too heavy for me, I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning every day, when they come into my thoughts. In the very agony of my soul, time after time, as I passed through the streets, as well as upon my knees, on week-days and on Sabbath-days have I

cried to the Lord, "O Lord, how long, how long shall I continue to sin against thee? How long wilt thou not grant me grace to restrain from sin to which I was a slave for years, sinning and sorrowing, sinning and grieving the Holy Spirit, and not daring to read my Bible but seldom, lest I should on opening it, drop upon some word in which I should read my own condemnation." So you see here dear friend, the perturbation of mind and the struggles between nature and grace, and a deeply wounded conscience under which I laboured. I do not write thus to tell you of my sins, or because I love to confess my iniquities to any man; but I love to tell a pardoning God, and spread my sorrows before a compassionate and loving Saviour. I write thus to show you what the Lord has done for me, what his gracious dealings have been towards me, and lastly what a dear Saviour I have found. A volume would not suffice to tell you all. I am fully convinced that the Lord hath heard my cry, and hath inclined his ear to my supplications, and as often has he answered my poor feeble prayer. By this, I know, that praying breath was never spent in vain, and likewise, I can set to my seal the Lord is holy, just, and true.

What a blessed consolation is this, dear friend, to a poor, seeking, cast down sinner, that the Lord both hears and answers prayer, and that he has taken upon himself to pay that mighty debt of ours, which we have contracted by our iniquities, which are all imputed to our Lord Jesus Christ, whilst his obedience and righteousness is imputed to us, and that by his death we are saved, and by his precious blood we are cleansed from all our sins; "Having redemption through his blood," says the apostle, "even the remission of our sins." See Ephesians i. 7. By this time my friend, I thought to have closed my epistle to you, but a few other happy thoughts yet transpire, and I cannot help trespassing a little longer on your patience in the contemplation of our dear Lord's sufferings, but in which I must be very brief. I would first take a slight glance into Gethsemane's Garden; and then up to Calvary's dreary mount.

Gethsemane! Blessed sacred spot! thou needs no lordly bishop's consecration. Ah, no; no such unhallowed feet ever trod thy sacred soil. This sacred spot was consecrated by the Lamb of God, and watered with his tears! Yes,

with tears he shed, for you, dear friend, and me. Can I forget the scene? Oh, no! Can you forget his pain? Why, surely not, if you say with David, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord;" if you can say with me, "Lord, thou knowest I love thee." If so—

"Come, then, my brother in the Lord,  
Who long to feel his cleansing blood;  
In pensive pleasure join with me  
To sing of sad Gethsemane."

"Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" I search him from tree to tree—from flower to flower. I pursue his footsteps along the meandering path, to that secluded spot which he himself had chosen; whereon he knelt, and poured forth his burdened agonising soul for sinful man! Methinks I see him still—"the fairest of ten-thousand!" but lovelier still, amidst those heavenly tears, yea, drops of bloody sweat, which trickle, in quick succession, down his marred visage and his furrowed brow! I still gaze on in silent sadness; I listen; and I hear—a groan! His spirit is "exceeding heavy!" O, what a groan was there!—a cumbersome load of guilt, and not his own. O, no; 'twas mine—not his. "The just for the unjust, to bring us to God."

There I behold that "Man of sorrows!" "Him whom my soul loveth!" "The Friend of sinners!" borne down beneath that ponderous weight of my transgressions;—I see his agony; and hear him say, "O, my Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; but not my will, but thine be done." Yes, Lord, it needs be that thou shouldst drink it all—this cup of sorrows—even the very dregs at the bottom, turned upside down, that not one drop remains for me—not even one—I could not drink it, and my poor soul could not be saved; for, if I am ever saved, it must be by a perfect and complete salvation. Yet, notwithstanding all these weighty sorrows of my Lord, my heart is as callous and as cold, as unfeeling and obdurate as the adamant stone, or as a rock of ice; whilst mine eyes are almost dried up, that scarce one tear of sympathy can flow for him who shed so many tears for me! "Oh! that my head were waters, and my eyes fountains of tears, that I might weep day and night for Him who has suffered in my stead, and never ceased to weep for wretched me;" who was a "Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;" suffering all the insults and indignities

that the powers of hell and darkness could invent; and thus "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth;" "When he was reviled, he reviled not again." Dear gracious Lord, will not this melt my stubborn heart?

But I turn to Calvary's mount. There faith points my anxious eye; and there would I follow my dear dying Lord. But O how futile the attempt! How weak and feeble! Not much unlike that of Peter's; but I fear at greater distance far: and with all my boastings, like Peter's, in his Master's cause. Yet more than this, my love, my professions of love to Jesus—my charity, yea, my sympathy for his sufferings, without which "I am nothing but sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," when put to the test; so deceitful is this wretched heart of mine!

But, alas! I venture on, and take my standing at some humble distance; my mind's eye directs me to the middle cross—the loftiest and most conspicuous of the three, and of all the malefactors; the dear beloved Son of God; the most detested; "He was despised, and they esteemed him not," and "hated without a cause," by that ungenerous band, the Roman soldiers, and more spiteful Jews!

I still gaze upon "Him whom my soul loveth." I hear his groans, his sighs, his exclamation, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" And now behold his pangs—"I thirst," the dying Saviour cried, but would not drink. Again I hear him expiring cry, "Father, forgive them! O, forgive them!" I listen with astonishment; I feel his dying love! It is now my heart expands; it kindles to a flame of sacred love! It melts—it breaks! I hear his last dying groan! How deep!—how deep! "It is finished!" He dies. Heaven wept; hell howled; angels and saints let fall their tears.

"Sure never, till my latest breath,  
Can I forget his look;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word be spoke.

"My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,  
And plung'd me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And help'd to nail him there."

He dies! He yields up his righteous and holy life. "He endures the cross, despises the shame," pours forth his precious blood; it stains the cross, and saturates the soil of Calvary. His body all besmeared with gore; his vesture

dipped in blood—his own heart's blood! and thus held up to the scorn and derision of upwards of one-million of spectators. He wears on his sacred brow a wreath! A wreath, say you? A wreath of flowers? O, no! A crown of thorns! that you and I, and "all who shall love his appearing," may wear "a crown of glory!"

"O let me kiss his bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my tears;  
The story of his love repeat,  
In ev'ry drooping sinner's ears."

Yes; there would I weep; there pour forth my soul, and lay my sorrows there, even at the foot of his dear sacred cross, or bury them in his tomb.

May this be your happiness and mine, is the prayer of, dear friend,

Your's most sincerely,  
E. S. TURNER.

*Mr. R. Caldwell.*

### SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS

BETWEEN A PASTOR AND HIS PEOPLE.

#### NO. II.

MY DEAR AND MUCH-ESTEEMED PASTOR:—Great grace be with you; many thanks for all the kind expressions your letter contains, which you gave me after my admission into the church over which, in the order of God's providence, you are placed. I do rejoice to say, for your encouragement, that I never enjoyed hearing the gospel as I do now, though I am often in great pain and weakness, but still there is something secret sweetens all.

The gospel you are enabled to preach from time to time bids me look to Jesus as the only Mediator, who has reconciled me to God—the High Priest who put away my sins by the "Sacrifice of himself, and now liveth to make intercession within the veil,"—the Advocate who pleads my cause—the Friend who never forsakes me, though, alas, I often forsake him—'tis this blessed gospel, in the power of it, subdues the evils of my desperately wicked heart, heals my backslidings, and wipes away the tears it causes to flow, strengthens my faith, revives my oft fainting hope, points me to the heavenly city as my abiding home, and fills me with all joy and peace in believing through the Holy Ghost.

I feel I cannot thank my Lord enough, till I see him as he is, for plucking me as a brand from the everlasting burnings, and directing me to that Bethel, for such indeed has "Jireh Chapel" been to me, yea, none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven to my soul. It has truly been to me a banquetting-house, and his banner over me has been love, while often my soul has been constrained to say, "Why have I found grace in thine eyes?" &c. Truly I have said, and do say,

"he is all my salvation and all my desire," though I see myself nothing but sin and unworthiness, and have to come to him day by day with sins as numberless as the sand, with many doubts and fears; yet feeling there is nothing will suit my case but the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanses from all sin, and that it has cleansed even my soul.

Dear Pastor, I often feel astonished at the mercy that has borne with me so long; and yet at times I think I can see why he has borne with me, namely, that he might in me shew forth the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness towards me, the guiltiest of the guilty, for the glory of his own grace, and the encouragement of my fellow sinners. I have often wondered what all my trials could mean, but have lived to see a needs be for them all. Yes, they were necessary to shew me my own helplessness and need of supporting grace, and to bring me into experience of the goodness, grace, and compassion of him who is the Friend of them who cannot do without him.

I have often thought all the sermon was for me, (though unworthy of the least mercy) and that if you had known my thoughts, feelings, and desires you could not have more fitly expressed them. Oh, with what power and unction has it come home to my soul! yea, "Handfuls on purpose for me." Oh, the comfort derived from those words from which you spake some months back, "They shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day when I make up my jewels." Well might you say, "Oh marvellous! the day of final making up, when not one jewel stone should be lost; but that as the stones hid in the earth come not out of themselves, so the Lord alone seeks and searches out his people that have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day." Ah, from all places too!

Indeed it was a golden day for me when you preached from those words. I knew I was scattered; I felt I had been searched out in his own time. It was then well with me indeed; nothing but "Bless the Lord, O my soul," and with the apostle, "That I may know him," &c. Truly "There is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved," nor do I desire any other, for had I ten-thousand souls I would trust them all with Jesus.

Dear Pastor, I never felt, till I sat under your ministry that I could not pray, but sin is mixed therewith, my confession of sins are aggravations of them; yea, my very repentance needs repenting of, and my tears need washing in the precious blood of my dear Redeemer. Oh,

"That precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Is saved to sin no more."

But again, dear Pastor, that memorable night will never be forgotten by me.\* We have reason indeed to say that a blessing was poured out upon us most abundantly. Then did I fully realise the promise which my Jesus gave me when first I

went to Jireh, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" again "my presence shall go with thee;" again "thou shalt glorify me." These sweet promises have been enough for all in heaven, why not for me in time? Lord, it is enough, my soul would say, "I do believe, help thou my unbelief."

But the more to seal home the blessing, that solemn night of memorial when admitted into the communion of the visible church on earth, you preached from Mal. iii. 10. Oh, that "You," in your text, as if there was no one else in the place: it came in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power to my soul. What I then felt I better know than I can express; and then came the "Love-token" you gave me, "Blessed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of the things which were told her from the Lord." It was such a night of redeeming love to me; I saw the fountain of blood to wash my guilty soul, a glorious robe to adorn me, the Blessed Spirit to guide me, and all things treasured up for me for time and eternity. I then enjoyed much of the presence of my heavenly Father, found his love to be my rest for ever, could say amid all my trials and sorrows, "Goodness and mercy had followed me all the days of my life." Oh, then my cup did run over, my earthen vessel could hold no more.

This happy frame lasted me many days, so that I cried out,—

"More frequent let thy visits be,  
Or let them longer last."

But, bless his dear name, he has not left me without some sweet tokens of his love, so that I can still feel, "My Beloved is mine, yea, he is the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely."

You ask me, dear Pastor, "For an interest in your prayers." Believe me, I have thee in remembrance in every prayer of mine, making request to God on thy behalf. I know your work is great; no power but that which is divine can enable you fully, faithfully, and affectionately to declare the whole counsel of God; and while your own strength is perfect in weakness, may his presence be with you, and own and bless his word from time to time. May many seals be given you, and precious souls for your hire: may God Almighty be with you, and anoint your soul with the rich anointings of the Holy Ghost, and lead you into increased knowledge of the work of Jesus, and the Father's eternal love and choice: may you be led into such sacred fellowship with each Person in the Godhead, as revealed in the face of Jesus, as shall melt your heart and transform your heaven-born soul into his lovely and sacred image more and more. May your life be spared, dear Pastor, if it be the will of God, for many years to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and display to poor sinners the glories of a crucified Jesus. May the God of all consolation comfort and bless you and yours through life and in death, and afford you an abundant entrance into his heavenly kingdom. Amen.

\* See Earthen Vessel for October, 1850.

Pray for me, dear Pastor, that the dear Lord would sanctify to me more and more my present affliction, that I may live in more habitual nearness to him, and feel more of the power of vital godliness, living a life of prayer and watchfulness, till my dear Jesus call me home.

I would pray that heaven's best blessings may also rest on your dear partner and all your children, and may God reward you ten-thousand fold for all your works of faith and labours of love towards me. So prays, dear Pastor, your sincere and affectionate sister in Jesus.

JEMIMA S. C.

### SHORT SENTENCES

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF SOME OF THE SAINTS NOW IN GLORY.

#### NO. III.

"ALL the disputes between us and the Arminians, may be reduced to these two questions—First, is God dependent on man; or is man dependent on God? Second, is man a debtor to God, or God a debtor to man?"—**TOPLADY.**

"The most convincing argument, and most infallible demonstration that the Scriptures are indeed the Word of God, is to feel their enlivening, enlightening, and transforming power in our hearts."—**TOPLADY.**

"A Christian too conversant with people of the world, resembles a bright piece of plate too much exposed to the air; which, though in reality it continues plate still, yet grows tarnished, and loses its fine burnish, and needs a fresh cleansing and rubbing up."—**TOPLADY.**

"Inward holiness and eternal glory are the crowns with which God adorns and dignifies his elect, but they are not the cause of election. A king is not made a king by the royal robes he wears, and by the crown that encircles his brow, but he therefore wears his robes, and puts on his crown because he is a king."—**TOPLADY.**

"When thou art at the greatest pinch, strength has come; when the last handful of meal was dressed, then was the prophet sent to keep the widow's house."—**GURNALL.**

"Faith takes God at his word, and depends upon him for the whole of salvation. God is good, and therefore he will not—he is true and faithful, therefore he cannot deceive me. I believe that he speaks as he means, and will do what he says; for which reason, let me be strong in faith, giving honour to God, and rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."—**RYLAND.**

"Vigorous faith is not governed by sensible appearances; it looks through all the terrifying aspects of things to an invisible, ever-present God, a God who has left nothing to an after-thought in his decrees, nor is ever a moment too late in his actions."—**RYLAND.**

"That Saviour which natural free-will can apprehend, is but a natural saviour, a saviour of man's own making; not the Father's Christ; not

Jesus, the Son of the living God, to whom none can come without the Father's drawing. John vi. 46."—**WILCOX.**

"A true believer lives upon free grace as his necessary food. And, indeed, he who has really tasted the sweetness of grace, can live upon nothing else."

"There is no difference between the brightest archangel in glory, and the blackest apostate spirit in hell, but what free grace has made."

"If I might not have both, I would rather have grace without learning than learning without grace. I would rather be a Bunyan than a Grotius."

"Grace cannot be severed from its fruits. If God gives you St. Paul's faith you will soon have St. James's works."

"Gifts may differ, but grace, as such, is the same in all God's people, just as some pieces of money are of gold, some of silver, others of copper; but they all agree in bearing the king's image and inscription."

"The way to heaven lies, not over a toll-bridge, but over a free-bridge, even the unmerited grace of God in Christ Jesus."

"Even on earth the 'Joy of harvest' is great, but what infinite joy will ensue when the number of the elect is accomplished, when the bodies of the saints are all retrieved from the grave, and Christ celebrates his harvest home."

"As the sails of a ship carry it into harbour, so prayer carries us to the throne and bosom of God; but as the sails cannot of themselves speed the progress of a vessel unless filled with a favourable breeze, so the Holy Spirit must breathe upon our hearts, or our prayers will be motionless and lifeless."

"The Word of God will not avail to salvation without the Spirit of God. A compass is of no use to a mariner unless he has light to see it by."

**TOPLADY.**

"I am resolved, in the strength of grace, to preach all the truths of the gospel, so far as I know them, and leave God to take care of the consequences."—**TOPLADY.**

May the Lord, of his infinite mercy, enable all his servants, in our day, to come to the same determination, and to stand up boldly for the truth once delivered to the saints, regardless of all consequences; they have the God of heaven on their side—why, then, should they fear the frowns, or court the smiles of dying mortals? If ever there was a time when it behoved the ministers of Jesus Christ to come forth and to declare the truth boldly as it is in Christ, it is now. And may private Christians, as well as ministers, come forward, like Joshua of old, and boldly declare on whose side they are. May there be a glorious down-pouring of the Spirit of the living God, both amongst minister and people. May they be enabled to plead with their heavenly Father, as a man pleadeth with his Friend, against the abominations of the land.

**J. F.**

Long Lane, April 8, 1851.

## Notices of New Works & Records of recent Events.

REAL usefulness to the church of God and to the fallen sons of men at large is our aim. We watch, therefore, closely every opportunity of furnishing our readers with such facts, either from new works, or GOD'S providential dealings with his Zion, as are calculated to arrest and inform the mind, and to encourage seeking hearts to trust in, and to labour for, the GOD of our salvation. We have an idea that the holy truths of the gospel may sometimes be thrown into the minds of men who would not read dry essays and long sermons, but who will read interesting facts. In the plain illustration of divine truth by solemn circumstances every day occurring, we desire to render our little *Vessel* increasingly and lastingly valuable.—Ed.

THE

### True Tokens of a Broken Heart.

[Among the many volumes which have this month come to hand, we find none so essentially useful to heaven-born souls, as the one we are now about to notice. It is entitled "The Broken Heart. By the Gospel Cottage Lecturer." Printed at the City Press, by Mr. Collingridge; and published by Seeley's, Fleet Street. It is a neat little thirty-two mo; and is dressed in becoming attire. It contains sterling matter without mixture. We cannot possibly too strongly recommend it to all who are concerned to know if their spot is the spot of God's children. But we shall not content ourselves with a mere commendatory notice. The Author, as well as our readers will, no doubt, thank us for giving, in monthly succession, a few extracts from the work itself; which, if the Lord permit, we shall certainly do.]

The first chapter is headed—"NO SALVATION WITHOUT A BROKEN HEART." The second speaks of its Nature and First Symptoms. The third treats of some of the Difficulties in tracing its Early Progress; and so on, until we come to Chapter Nine; where the "True Tokens" are traced out. The following is from that important Chapter.]

"FIRST, 'what *carefulness* it wrought in you' (what *haste*, *diligence*, *earnestness*, *industry*.) Now, poor, tried, tempted, broken-hearted one, let us see if we can discover this 'true token.' (Josh. ii. 12.) 'A burnt child dreads the fire.' So wherever the Lord gives the sinner a new heart, that tender, broken, holy thing, will ever be brooding over the ten thousand arts of its wicked companion, who, in conjunction with satan, is ever plotting its ruin; it will sigh, it will groan, it will have in continual remembrance the many cups of wormwood and gall with which it

has been drenched from time to time, by 'the abominations done in the land' in which it is compelled to dwell; and as a faithful lover of its Divine Author and his will and ways, how *carefully* does it watch against every wicked device, how *carefully* does it inquire into every secret movement, how *carefully* does it shrink from contact with that which would defile, how *carefully* in its daily walk and conversation, does this *clean* one 'pick its way,' how *carefully* does it keep every door in and door out, lest by any means the enemy surprise by his craft unawares; and when by any means the enemy does surprise—and alas! how often does this occur—with what *haste* does this troubled one fly to its refuge for help! and with what *diligence* does it cry until help comes—with what *earnestness* does it sigh to the Lord, and how untiring in its *industry*, though with 'fear and trembling' does it labour to overcome its foe. But again, on the other hand, what *carefulness* does this 'new man,' this 'new heart,' this broken, contrite one, treasure up the jewels which from time to time the Spirit drops into its little treasury! With what *carefulness* does it seek to hold its long-sought King when it meets him in the galleries (Cant. vii. 5.)—with what *haste* does it follow after him when the precious cords of love gently draw—with what *diligence* does it run the way of his commandments, when blest liberty is proclaimed, and the poor often bound one is set at large. How *industriously* does it labour when a heart full of love blessedly constrains! And all the time it knows the treasure is hid in the field, how *earnestly* does it labour to get at it, and when it is found, with what *carefulness* is it hidden! (Matt. xiii. 44.) These are a few of the sure tokens in connection with *carefulness*, the knowledge of which proves the possessor to have a new, a broken heart.

Secondly, 'Yea, what clearing of yourselves' (this signifies a defence—a speech in defence.) 'The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth' (Psa. xxxvii. 12.) But how, says a poor broken-hearted sinner, can I clear myself? Am I not every moment condemning myself? Yes, in-



deed, and rightly too; but the Lord help you to distinguish between things that differ! Observe Paul's prayer for the Phillipians, as given in the margin of our Bible, (Phillip. i. 10.) 'that ye may *try* things that *differ*.' You never have to condemn that poor, sighing, troubled, desiring, yea, HOLY broken heart. No. It is that wicked *old* heart, which, like Esau the elder of old, is ever plotting against poor halting 'worm Jacob' the younger, and in his malice and hatred against him, gnashing upon him with his teeth, because he will not, nay, rather because he *cannot*, join hands with him in his wickedness. For, bless the Lord for his mercy, he has not left this seed of the second Adam to sin away his life if he chooses to do so, like poor Adam the first. Eternal praises to his wisdom! No! He has *hid* it in Christ, in God; and that is a stronghold where satan can never enter. Cheer up, poor tossed one; we shall sing about this immortal blessedness by-and-by, when we understand it a little better!

"How do you read Paul's testimony? 'For that which I do I *allow* not; for what I *would*, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. If, then, I do that which I *would* not, I consent unto the law—['the soul that sinneth it shall die']—that it is good. *Now, then, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me,*' (Rom. vii. 15, 17)—Yea, what clearing of yourselves! What a speech in defence! But not only so. Paul's new heart stood by, like every poor broken heart now, while the old heart and its wicked companions—sons of Belial—were bent on the commission of any evil, or while—which is too often the case—they were attempting to counterfeit the voice of humility in religious matters, and like a noble unbending witness for God, although its feeble voice may have seemed to have been buried by the din and bustle of its boisterous foes, continually cried out, '*I give not my consent,*' '*I allow it not,*' '*Yea, what clearing of yourselves.*' Yet does this poor, feeble, sore broken one, groan and cry out mightily for help, 'Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?'

'What tongue can fully tell  
That Christian's daily load,  
Who would do all things well,  
And walk the ways of God,  
But feels within  
Foul envy lurk,  
Aid lust, and work  
Engend'ring sin?'

Nevertheless, when the great summing-up time comes, this feeble one shall be as David, and in the fulness and overflowing of the joy of his then bound up, broken heart, shall conclude his speech of defence with the sweet Psalmist of Israel's triumphant song, 'Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; for this is all my salvation and all my desire, although he make it not to grow. But the sons of Belial shall be all of them as *thorns* thrust away' (1 Sam. xxiii. 5, 6); 'Out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to fight the armies of the aliens.' (Heb. xi. 34.) Again, then, we have a second spiritual token of true brokenness of heart, which none but spiritual minds can possibly enter into, for where all is carnal ease, where is the warfare? Where no charges are brought, where the need for a *speech in defence*?

"Thirdly, '*Yea, what indignation,*' or, as the word from which this comes signifies to be *weighed down with grief*, to be angry, or, as it is translated (Matt. xxi. 15.) '*sore displeased.*' Here, again, is another unmistakable feature of a *new*—a truly broken and contrite heart. The *old* heart will be ever running after his idols. He will be ever thrusting sore at the new heart, that it may fall—he will be ever laying a confederacy with satan, and bringing his '*wicked devices to pass,*' (Psalm xxxvii. 7.), in spite of all that the '*new man*' can oppose to him. But all this only tends, under the Spirit's blessed teaching, to exhibit the immortal distinctness between the *old* heart and the *new*; for while the wicked old heart would be rejoicing and revelling in his abominations, or his pride and vain-glory, this unbending, *holy*, though babe-like little one, full of *indignation*, will be ever rushing into the midst of the ungodly confederacy, and shouting out his faithful denunciations. He is *angry*, and sins not! or else, after every attempt has been made to get this unyielding one to consent or be quiet, it is at last chained down, as it were, while satan and the flesh press bustlingly forward in some pursuit, determined to carry their point by storm. Still, although *pressed down by grief*, sorely displeased that he cannot rise up and overpower his oppressors, this holy one cries and groans, sighs and weeps, and calls aloud and mightily to 'Him who is able to keep him from falling,' to come and help him,

to come and deliver. Nor does he cry in vain. The Great Deliverer comes, and then with what anger, with what *indignation*, with what heart-rending griefs does this 'new man' fall down and confess all the evil things which have brought him into the dust! But with what wonderful compassion is this poor wounded one 'Holpen with a little help.'"

THE

### Christ of God the Christian's Life.

FROM the second part of "THE SILENT PREACHER;" a new work noticed in our last—(from the pen of Miss Kerenhappuch Hunt, and now in the course of publication by Messrs Houlston and Stone-man—) we make the following extract. There is a sterling purity of doctrine, a deepness of genuine experience, and contention of holy fruit, running through Miss Hunt's writings that must commend them to every chaste Christian mind.

After writing most solemnly on the humiliation of Christ, our author says,—

"But he was God; he possessed all-sufficient power: yes, as God, he prevailed with infinite holiness; as God, he satisfied all the attributes of divine justice. As man, he went into all the necessities, laid himself under all the obligations, took upon him all the weight of condemnation, sorrow and suffering, due to the fallen mortal creature, man. Here it is we, his church, put in our claim. Here it is we have reconciliation with God, peace with heaven. Our great High Priest put his shoulders underneath our burden and bore it away. He held out his hand, and offered justice a full price, the utmost demand of all our offences. He conquered every foe; triumphed victorious over every yawning enemy, whose thirsty mouths were open to devour until the very last; then, with the holy incense of his perfect obedience, he ascended up into heaven, and perfumed the regions of the blest with his glorious sacrifice, his sacred and noble offering; and there he lives to plead the cause of his redeemed ones until the last vessel of eternal mercy shall be gathered in. Then will he come again in triumphant glory, to celebrate the nuptial feast. Then will he 'see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied,' and say, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world.'

"The implantation of divine life, is the first step in which the true disciples follow

Christ. As he was born pure, holy, righteous, free from the taint of sin—so is the true christian; as a child of Adam, he is born in sin, and a partaker of iniquity; made under the law, and subject to the curse of God: but when born again of the Spirit, that is a birth of holiness; the principle of life given, springs from a holy source; it is holy breath; heavenly life; opposed to sin; a stranger to corruption. When first this life is given, it is tender, small, weak, needs nourishing. In appearance too, it is like a root springing up out of a dry ground. Look at a sinner, black, base, corrupt, vile, totally depraved, an enemy to God and holiness: sure, that man's heart must be barren ground indeed, for the grace of holiness and spiritual life, to spring up in, and grow. Marvellous mystery! that he who once reviled the name of his Maker, should turn and fall down and worship him, and cry out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Yes, indeed it is; but this is the effect of the Saviour's merits; the seed of divine grace has fallen there, has sunk deep, has worked thoroughly, has produced a revolution in the soul, better felt than described. Now this divine life given, leads on to the next step. As soon as a poor sinner is born again of the Spirit of God, separation takes place; he is separated from the world and all its pursuits, vanities, pleasures, customs, and enticements; not to say that he has nothing to do with it; but, as being in the world, yet not of it; whilst dead in sin, the pursuits of this world, the gratification of the flesh, and the pleasures of sin, were the whole bent and aim of the mind; but now that grace is come into the heart, the mind, soul, desires, and affections of the new man, are set upon seeking after a new and living principle, with holy fruits, altogether opposed to, and at variance with, the course of the old man of sin. Now this change causes satan and his kingdom to rage against that poor soul. It is despised; despised by its possessor, despised and condemned by the world, and in some cases, despised and looked sparingly upon by the people of God, but it is grace for all that; and it is a following Christ too.

"'Well,' says the poor sinner, 'how is my poor soul oppressed; what a weight of guilt I carry; how black is my heart; can it ever be possible that God should look in mercy on such a base wretch as I am? Can it be that the grace of God

is in my heart? why there is nothing that looks like it! grace is so comely, holy, pure; but I am most degraded, black, defiled; sure there never was such a monster of iniquity as I am; my life is a misery and a burden. I cannot go into the world and drink of pleasures there as I once did: no, it is an aching void, a mortal sting; O sin, eternal death, divine justice, how your terrors drink up my spirit! I hear of mercy in the word, and in the preaching of the gospel; my heart longs for it to reach me; but O, I fear my case is too desperate to expect that such grace should be extended unto me; yet I feel an inward thirst, an insatiable desire for something to meet my lost and ruined state.' Here grace is despised, and looked upon as having neither form or comeliness, even by its own possessor. The world despises this poor thing. 'O,' say they, 'what a strange creature that is; there it neither sense or reason to be found in him; he is society for nobody: not any one cares to take notice of such a dull stupid being; surely madness, or something like, has entered into the poor deluded creature!'

One morsel more from this precious epistle, is all we can give now. We have read the "SILENT PREACHER" with peculiar pleasure; with real soul-profit, and hope our readers may be privileged to do the same. In a most encouraging strain, the writer says—"Now, when Christ is closed in with, and the matter is settled, we can but follow him as our loving Husband, and sure Guide to eternal bliss. How true and fair is the description of the church and Christ's fellowship one with the other, given by Solomon in that sweet book of the Canticles, where she follows him with an ardent love; and so she does now; this is the service our Lord calls for: and see how closely he connects these followers with himself, for 'where I am, there shall my servant be.' What love on the part of Christ! Only let this love be dropped into a sinner's heart, and then the willing feet in swift obedience move. Now we follow him in those holy features, those pure footsteps! Was he tender-hearted? grace makes us so. Was he prayerful, watchful, obedient to God? grace makes us so. Was he reproached, and reviled without cause, yet bore it patiently? grace causes us so to do. Was he forsaken of men, deprived of domestic comforts and enjoyments, and though Lord of all, passed through affliction and sorrow without murmuring, in perfect

resignation to his Father's will? when the springs of grace are in lively action, it causes us so to do. Was he fond of solitary retirement, meditations, and heavenly communion? grace makes us so. What, to a real living christian, is so sweet as sacred fellowship with God? There is nothing on earth I would desire to live for, but to have now and then a refreshing interview, by faith, with my precious, altogether-lovely Redeemer; and then under the sweet bedewing, sanctifying, sin-killing, flesh-crucifying, pride-mortifying influence of such sacred visits, to comfort, strengthen, cheer, and console my beloved companions, the weary sun-burned travellers along this wilderness of bitter herbs, to the fair Canaan of sweet fruits and pleasant flowers. Now, dear children, who are seeking a city not made with hands; come, follow in the footsteps of the flock, who tread in the footsteps of their Lord, and you shall receive a rich reward. We are no speculative travellers along Zion's road: O no; we are sojourning in a strange land for a little season, until we shall arrive on the borders of our fair Canaan, which sometimes by the eye of faith, we view afar off. We long to reach that happy land where our souls shall be at rest; where the sound of trumpets and the alarm of war, shall be heard no more; where famine is not known; where sickness and sorrow never enter; where flows the sea of life; where the sun shall no more go down; and where peace and harmony spread all around with joy and felicity.

O come, weary pilgrims, sit you not down here, musing over the difficulties that lie in your path; but up! press on your journey, lest sleep overtake you, and meanwhile some storm arise, or some fierce adversary approach, and you get put to the worst of it. Be you ever so weary, ever so weak, ever so faint, call upon your God; look well to your path; and try to be found pressing on in the footsteps, for the promise of our Lord is, 'He will give power to the faint, and to them that have no might, he increaseth strength.' Let not your hearts despond, and think, because the way is thus rough and trying, because you meet with frowns and rebukes, afflictions, temptations, distress, and inward mortification, through some yet unslain lust, that you have lost your way and are gone astray into some unknown path; this is but the footsteps of the flock."

### Light thrown upon the Four Gospels

[WE have promised our readers a series of short articles briefly illustrative of the contents and design of the "Treatise on the Distinction to be made betwixt Natural Faith and Repentance, as a duty according to law, and Spiritual Faith and Repentance as a Sovereign Gift;" &c. &c., By WILLIAM ODLING. Published by Houlston and Stoneman. After a very explanatory Preface, which ought carefully to be read, before the reader enters upon the work itself, we come to the first chapter, wherein is contained what we may term some WHOLESOME CAUTIONS IN STUDYING THE WORD OF GOD. After a few words, Mr. Odling thus paves the way for a careful investigation of the subject in hand. He says:]

"In all our searches and researches then, in the Divine Oracle, every passage that occupies our attention, or strikes our imagination to come to a decision upon, we should, by all means, endeavour to ascertain the original design and intention of the Spirit in it. And our text being a peculiar one, requiring the strictest and most unbiassed investigation, not to be guided by early erroneous impressions, nor by our native, human and carnal reason, (apart from revelation,) which always leads astray more or less in divine and supernatural things, (Rom. viii. 7,) and as one justly sings—

"In vain would boasting reason find  
The way to happiness and God;  
Her weak directions leave the mind  
Bewilder'd in a dubious road."

This being the case, let us earnestly join in concert with another singer in Israel, and exclaim,—

"My favour'd soul shall meekly learn  
To lay her reason at thy throne:  
Too weak thy mysteries to discern,  
I'll trust thee for my guide alone."

Yes, reason's business should be to look to, and take God and his word as her guide, and 'Compare spiritual things with spiritual,' and so bring them to agree, according to the analogy of that 'Faith which was once delivered to the saints.' Jude 3. So that like the apostle we may say, 'Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth.' 1 Cor. xi. 13.

"And although we may not feel to be under a divine impulse, or direct internal guidance of the Holy Ghost, (as many boast of in their contemplations) yet if we are determined to be guided by that which he hath recorded for our instruction, and exclude all inconsistent human inventions, as traditions, false notions, pre-determined views, philosophy and vain deceit, which are after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. If we

take the Word of God as our guide, and comprehend the Scriptures according to the original design of the Spirit by comparing one part with another, so that we find their irrefutable and obvious meaning, we may, with becoming humility say, we are taught by the Holy Ghost, (or by) such things as the Holy Ghost teacheth; because we have renounced all teaching which does not accord with God's Word. Hence, 'blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,' or wicked, as the margin reads. And all teaching and counsel, that is inconsistent with God's testimonies, comes from ungodly and wicked nature, or satan the wicked one. These 'Take council together, but it shall come to nought.' Isa. viii. 10. But the council of the Lord standeth for ever. Psal. xxxiii. 11.

"Moreover, whenever we read, either the Old or New Testament Scriptures, we should always endeavour to distinguish betwixt that which relates to the old Jewish national covenant of works, and that which relates to the new covenant of grace; betwixt natural faith and spiritual faith; betwixt natural repentance as a duty, and spiritual repentance as a gracious gift; betwixt external calling, and internal and effectual calling. For these things differ as much as life and death, light and darkness. It is for the want of this discovery and distinction that we have so much error in the world. Ministers take up passages of Scripture, (and this teaches the people to do the same) which refer directly to the Jewish law, or covenant of works; and do not give its literal and original meaning, but preach from it gospel, or that which relates to the new covenant of grace; and hence it is that we have so much from the pulpit and the press that is neither law nor gospel; thus they jumble works and grace together, so that we have much that may be termed a 'yea-and-nay' gospel, and which Paul calls 'Purposing according to the flesh,' and which he with all his might censured, (Gal. iii. 1—3,) and which is only calculated to puzzle, perplex, and bewilder every mind where the heart is not established in the truth as it is in Jesus.

"May God's blest Volume ever lie  
Close to my heart, and near my eye;  
Till life's last hour my soul engage,  
And be my chosen heritage."

In this sober and judicious manner our author proceeds to a task which we think many true Christians will read to the profit of their souls. But more of this anon.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT OURSELVES,  
**OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE,**  
*And some other things that are related to the Kingdom of Grace.*

THINK now of being close penned up in a small Eastern Counties Railway Carriage, surrounded by a number of lusty worldlings, with the prospect of a journey that must occupy the whole day. To study sermons is out of the question. The thought occurred to me, that as it hath pleased the Lord to cast my lot in such a position as to become somewhat extensively acquainted with the position of the churches, and the labours of many of their pastors, I would attempt a series of short articles, embodying brief notices of such circumstances as may be helpful to some of the inhabitants of Zion. We never expect either to please or to profit all; but, in our simple way, we would aim to be useful to a few. As regards "ourselves," I would say nothing; but being a public servant, and having been thrown under peculiar obligations to a large circle of Christian friends, who have kindly assisted me to hold on in the publication of this periodical; and, moreover, as the "Earthen Vessel" is now read and received, not only by many thousands in the country, but (to my certain knowledge) travels also to America, the colonies, and other parts of this civilized world, I feel it to be my duty, as it certainly is my privilege, to give my readers some idea of the progress that I trust the Lord has enabled me to make in the establishment of this work. It is well known to many that the close of the year 1848, found me so embarrassed, that I feared I must discontinue the work, and sacrifice the whole of the machinery to clear off the debt; at the same time throw my family upon the world without any prospect of support, after they had laboured industriously in the setting forth of the "Vessel." As many of my friends know, the weight of these trials laid me on a sick bed. I was laid aside from public labours, and was enabled, in some measure, to lay my case before the Lord; and I now believe, after upwards of two years' reflection, that the Lord descended (in my sick chamber) not only to make my poor soul exceedingly happy; but also there to give me counsel, constraining and enabling me to arise—to make my circumstances known—and to leave it for the churches to decide whether myself and my "Vessel" should be flung aside as useless, or whether we should be delivered from trouble, and carried forward in the way. My appeal was responded to; a large sum was subscribed; and although the cost of travelling, and expenses arising out of my being so long from home, was never deducted so as to shew a fair balance of profit accruing from the subscriptions, still sufficient was received just to set the "Vessel" in a more upright position, as also to extend her circulation. Had I attended to all the invitations given, and continued my visits to the churches, I have reason to believe that all the incumbrances might have been removed. But stopping, as I did, some few charitable loans continued unmet, and they continue so to this day. To our brethren Studd, Sewell, and Smy, of Aldringham, in Suffolk; to our friend Henry Short, of Harleston, Norfolk; to brother Powell, of Reading; to my firm, faithful, and truly useful brother, Richard Channen, and to another friend, or two, sums of money are owing.

I mention not these things to excite sympathy, but to expose faithfully my true position with the work; and thus publicly, too, to thank my friends for the patience with which they have borne with me, and to assure them that I am anxiously and prayerfully seeking to stand in that Scripture,—*"Owe no man any thing,"* (but love and gratitude.) Looking back to 1848 and 1849, I am reminded that while I was outlabouring to remove the old burden, another was accumulating; the type I was then printing the Vessel with, was obliged to be laid aside for new, and, withal, the price of printing

papers have gone up; domestic afflictions have followed in rapid succession, so that my course has been with "Strength enough and none to spare." My hope and prayer is, that I may live to see the Vessel free from temporal difficulties; and then leave her in hands who may more carefully and usefully continue her course among the Churches of Christ.

This month we have given what I call "A SPECIMEN NUMBER." It contains thirty-two instead of twenty-four pages; it is printed on a much better paper; and a great portion of it is in larger type. I felt myself bound to this, as upwards of five pounds were subscribed in order to this enlargement; but unless the Churches and ministers co-operate with me, I should not be justified in continuing the Vessel as it appears this month; but if a few of the Churches in England, (who receive, and in some things approve of the Vessel,) if they were constrained to allow one meeting to be held in their place once in the year, for the purpose of considering the claims of this work, and for assisting me in its expenditure, I feel a humble persuasion that its value, its circulation, and its usefulness would greatly increase. Some brethren have suggested this; at their request, I throw out the hint, and announce that the first meeting of this kind will be held in London, early in July; if the Lord permit; of which further particulars will be given, and I trust, it will be followed by some invitations to hold similar meetings in different parts of the country.

#### The Baptist Church at Tunstall.

AFTER a day's travelling, the day before Good Friday,—(during which time I wrote the above notes) I arrived safely at brother Day's parsonage, one of the neatest, and most retired little palaces you shall find about those parts. The next morning, we went up to the Lord's house, our brother Fawson, of Waldringfield, read and prayed, and I preached; in the afternoon, brother Brand, of Aldringham, read and prayed, and I spoke again. There was a large attendance; and I am sure many souls were happy in the Lord. Above two hundred sat down to tea, after which a public meeting was held for the purpose of seeing what could be done towards liquidating the debt on the Chapel. Brethren Day and Large opened the meeting with singing and prayer. The pastor then informed us that when he came to Tunstall, he found a debt of (I think,) £200 on that place of worship; and seeing the condition of the people, he felt moved to endeavour to relieve them of their load. He had taken the case to different parts of the country, and he had begged hard for help. It appeared from what our brother Day further stated, that at the last meeting, with what he and the church had done together, the debt had been reduced to £60. During the past year, different members of the church and congregation had been collecting, and the evening was fixed as the time for receiving all they had gathered. Brother Day first paid in eight pounds, making the twenty which he had promised to gather. Farmer Barnes, one of the deacons, gave a cheque for £5, the same as last year; and then it would have done your heart good to have seen the dear friends bringing in their cards with sums varying from twenty shillings to one shilling, until upwards of twenty-three pounds were received, bringing the debt down to about £37. I believe that many poor souls pressed their hardest to do all they could; and really the Tunstall Pastor and people have set a noble example for the churches of the land. Several short addresses were then given; and from the savoury speech of an aged member of the

church, we learned that Tunstall Baptist Chapel now stands on the very spot where satan's seat once was; that is, a cave was under the ground whereon "the meeting now stands," and this cave was the rendezvous of a gang of wicked smugglers, and very dreadful was the course they pursued both of profanity and persecution.

The cause, it appears, was commenced by two christian men, who first began by holding meetings for prayer; after a while one Mr. Thompson came and preached the gospel there in a cottage. Dreadful opposition was then evinced; Tunstall was then a very awful place; however, Jesus Christ was pleased to come down, by the preaching of his gospel, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, and the Word of the Lord grew; sinners were converted, and were encouraged and comforted; a small chapel was erected, and the year 1852 will make the fiftieth year since the first entrance of the tidings of salvation into Tunstall in these latter times; and we have no record that ever the gospel was purely preached in that neighbourhood before. Since the first erection, two enlargements have taken place; and there is now a chapel capable of holding above eight hundred people; and oftentimes a congregation of seven hundred or more. Pastor William Day is one of those men whom the Lord hath called out of satan's service into the fellowship of the gospel; and for nearly five years he has now successfully ministered the word of life unto the people in this place, and very much attached to him they appear to be. We may say it was a Tunstall "Good Friday" indeed.

## BAPTISM BY IMMERSION,

BY MR. JAMES WELLS.

ON Wednesday evening, April 9th., the ordinance of baptism by immersion was administered by Mr. James Wells, at the Surrey Tabernacle, to eighteen persons,—eleven women, and seven men. The Address which our esteemed brother delivered on that occasion was considered most powerfully convincing as regards the divine authority of the mode and manner of this truly christian observance. The text was 1 Cor. x. 15, "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say."

"I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say." 1 Cor. x. 15.

The following will shew the main drift of the address given on the occasion.

First, that the proper mode of Baptism is by immersion. This is proved, first, by the meaning of the word "Baptize." The Greek word baptizo, and the Latin word immerso, both answer to the Hebrew word, "tebal." This word tebal, is mostly rendered in our version, "dip;" as in Gen. xxxvii. 31. "And he took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and 'dipped' the coat in the blood." Again, Joshua iii. 15. "And the feet of the priests that bare the Ark were 'dipped' in the brim of the water, for Jordan overfloweth all his banks at the time of harvest." Again, Ruth ii. 14. "'Dip' thy morsel in the vinegar." Again, 2 Kings v. 14. "Then went he down and 'dipped' himself seven times in Jordan." Now in all these cases, IMMERSION is the leading and prominent meaning. Joseph's coat was IMMERVED; the feet of the priests were IMMERVED; Ruth's morsel of bread was IMMERVED; Naaman was IMMERVED, or rather IMMERVED himself seven times in Jordan. In two of these cases, the Septuagint \* uses the word BAPTIZO; "BAPTIZO thy morsel in the vinegar." "He BAPTIZED himself seven times in Jordan," thus proving that these learned translators well knew that the word BAPTIZO meant neither sprinkling nor pouring, but IMMERSION. NOR is the word BAP-

TIZO ever once so used in the New Testament as to exclude the idea of immersion, for when it is used in the comparative or figurative sense, it rather favours than excludes the meaning of the word IMMERVE. "They (the Israelites,) were BAPTIZED unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea." Here was neither sprinkling nor pouring. They were immersed in the light of the cloud, and in a figure immersed in the sea, and they also rose in a figure from the dead. They emerged from the bed of the sea to the elevated land, and from the light of the cloud, to the light of the rising sun.

The abundant fulness of the Holy Ghost, with which the apostles were favoured on the day of Pentecost, is called a Baptism. But why is it called a Baptism? Is it because of the pouring out of the Holy Spirit? I answer No, this is not the reason why it is called a Baptism, for the word Baptize never means either to pour or to sprinkle; as well may we contend that the word Immerso means either to pour or to sprinkle. The 2nd verse of the 2nd chapter of Acts will shew the reason of the abundant fulness of the Holy Spirit given on that day being called a Baptism—"And it FILLED all the house where they were sitting." Is there not something here like Immersion? This Fulness, this Immersion, and not the Pouring, is the reason it is called a Baptism. Nor do I make any hesitation, or fear any contradiction, when I say that every one of those Scriptures where we are said to be Baptized with water, and with the Holy Ghost,—every one, I say, of these Scriptures ought to be rendered not WITH, but IN: "I indeed Baptize you IN water unto (or on the ground of, evidential) repentance; but he shall Baptize you—not with, but—IN the Holy Ghost." IN, not WITH is the primary meaning of the Greek preposition EN. Take one Scripture as a sample—"Now when Jesus was born IN (Greek EN) Bethlehem." Could we with propriety, say, "Now when Jesus was born WITH Bethlehem?" The word BAPTIZE, in its primary, literal, and proper acceptation, then, means IMMERSION.

Infant sprinkling is nothing but a human device, having not even the shadow of foundation in the Scriptures. There be that say Baptism and the Lord's Supper are substitutes for Circumcision and the Passover; but the Scriptures nowhere say this. This subterfuge, then, is also a human device. "Suffer little children to come unto me," are words which have nothing whatever to do with Baptism: but that Baptism is by immersion, is proved not only by the meaning of the word itself, but also by the circumstances with which it is connected. "They were Baptized IN Jordan;" "They were Baptized at Enon, BECAUSE there was much water there;" "And they came to a certain water, and the Eunuch said, See here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" And they went down both INTO the water, and he baptized him," that is, he IMMERVED him.

"I speak as to wise men, judge ye what I say," "Is it right to hearken unto men more than unto God?" Take the Word of God, and that only for your guide, and you will cease to fight against God; you will cease to put the abomination of human tradition and device in the place of his holy ordinances and righteous commands; you will see that, while the ordinances of believer's baptism is not essential to salvation, yet that it is essential to gospel church order. And can it be wrong to seek our God after the due order? Can it be right to pervert the words of the Most High, and to despise the words of the Holy One? Shall we profess to love him, and not keep his commandments? Hath he not said, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you?" Shall he establish a certain order of things, and we by human guidance or something worse, step in and break that order? Must the command of God be set aside to admit people to one ordinance while they despise or lightly esteem the other? I would certainly rather not preach at all than preach unscripturally. I would rather not baptize at all than

\* The Old Testament translated into the Greek about the second century before the Christian era.

baptise unscripturally; I would rather not come to the Lord's table at all than to come unscripturally; for I am sure we can be saved only according to the Scripture.

But to return. That Baptism is by immersion is proved also by allusions thereto in the Epistles; it is there called "burying," but never either pouring or sprinkling.

Second, that believers are the only proper subjects for Baptism. "They were baptized of John in Jordan, CONFESSING their sins." "I, indeed, Baptize you IN water, (that is, those of you whom I Baptize, I Baptize IN water,) but he shall Baptize you IN the Holy Ghost, and IN fire." These were believers, and the apostles were first to teach, and then Baptize. On the day of Pentecost they were pricked in the heart, and were baptized. Said Philip to the Eunuch, "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest," if thou dost not believe, then thou mayest not; is fairly implied. Saul of Tarsus became a believer before he was baptized, and Paul was sent more to preach than to baptize.

It was NOT because he thought it wrong to baptize that he thanked God he baptised so few, but lest any should say he baptized in his own name. God had given Paul a great name in the churches, and he saw Satan taking advantage thereof, to sow discord among brethren. The whole households that were baptized also believed.

Being baptized was in the Apostolic age made one of the outward proofs or acknowledgments of the belonging to the Lord; hence saith Mark xvi. 16, "He that believeth and is baptized, (believing first as usual) shall be saved," that is, he that believeth and is not ashamed to own the Lord shall be saved.

The Pharisees and Lawyers despised John's preaching, and thus rejected the counsel of God within themselves, and therefore as one outward proof of it, were not baptized with John's baptism; but the Publicans received the truth and justified God, and as one proof and expression of the same, were baptized with John's baptism. Thus to him that understandeth, it is clear that immersion is the proper mode, and believers the only proper subjects for baptism.

Third, how suited is this mode to set forth things thereby intended. The infant sprinkler says, his is much more suited to set forth spiritual things, and chiefly because the babe is brought passively to his (so called) baptism, whereas the believer comes to it. We will just remind our respected opponents that every argument they use upon the above grounds, will apply with equal force against their own people coming to the Lord's supper.

Baptism is intended to set forth death unto sin and woe, and resurrection unto life and peace; and thus sets forth both the work of the Saviour and of the Holy Spirit.

What reasons have we to follow the Lord in this as well as in other respects? Is not the greatness of the blest Mediator's sufferings a reason? Look at what he has thereby done for us; and then see if you can make light of his command. Is not the everlasting love of God another reason? Is not his calling us out of darkness into his marvellous light another reason? Are not the great things he has yet in reserve for us another reason? Who and what are we to follow if we are not to follow him? For this is our God for ever and ever, and will be our guide even unto death.

The above is a mere outline of the main drift of the address, which occupied one hour. Many, we believe, found it truly good to be there. The throng of people was immense. Some supposed there were 2,000 persons present; but, perhaps, 1,700 would be nearer the actual number. Perfect order, when the people were once crowded in, prevailed during the whole of the service. The whole seemed solemnly attentive, and evidently very much interested.

The administration of the ordinance of Believers' Baptism is more frequent—and, in most cases, a larger number of persons are baptized)—than ever.

## THE LONDON GOSPEL MISSION.

*To Faithful Gospel Ministers, and all true Christian Laymen:—*

CHRISTIAN BRETHREN—My heart has been greatly encouraged in following up the Appeal I made last month, (with reference to Christian exertion on the part of our churches,) by many letters from different brethren, one of which (from brother Williamson,) you will find on the wrapper of the present number. I have been urged to call a meeting. My mind has been influenced, too, by the coming in of that text—"BECAUSE THAT FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE THEY WENT FORTH; TAKING NOTHING OF THE GENTILES." This Scripture confirmed and instructed my spirit in the matter; and I resolved, God willing, to introduce a Proposition, (for the purpose of endeavouring to carry the pure gospel of Christ into the different parts of the metropolis,) at the First Anniversary of my poor ministry at Shoreditch, which will be held, (God willing,) on Monday evening, May 12th, and the following is a very brief and imperfect outline of the Proposition I hope to submit.

I would propose that an effort be made to form an Association, composed of Faithful Gospel Ministers and Christian Laymen, to be called the London Gospel Mission Association. That one of the principal objects of this Association shall be to promote the regular proclamation of the Gospel in such parts of the metropolis and its suburbs as shall be found suitable for the same, subject to such regulations as may hereafter be adopted. That the loan of Chapels, School-rooms, and other convenient places, be sought to be obtained, in order that EXTRA SERVICES on WEEK EVENINGS might be held, without at all interfering with such stated services as may already be held in the different places of worship so obtained; and in such parts where no place can be obtained, spots shall be fixed upon for the ministry of the Word out of doors. That stated Pastors, who may be found favourable to this effort, shall be earnestly solicited to open such evening services by preaching the first sermon; and that the utmost publicity be given in the different localities to the services intended to be held. That no person shall be authorised or encouraged by this Association to go forth in the name of the Lord, until by an examination of his moral character, his standing in the truth, and his ability for the ministry has been proved.

I need not inform you that the present period is considered by all professing Christians as one that is leading up to a most momentous crisis; and many thousands of hearts are beating with strong desires to know and to do their Master's will. From the high-toned aristocratic Churchman, down to the wildest ranter, the utmost effort is now made to disseminate their peculiar sentiments and to catch souls in their net. Brethren, let me ask you two questions. First—what is generally the state of our churches, where something like gospel truth is held? I answer, in most cases, cold formality, a deep decline, and painful divisions are everywhere manifest. Secondly, I ask, shall we, in these days, witness these things, and make no effort to alter them? I feel we dare not. Let our popular ministers, and our old established pastors, frown upon us, and sneer at us, if they please. But let us, (whose hearts are stirred up to action in the holy warfare,) go forth as Joab did, of old, saying to one another—"Be of good courage, and let us behave ourselves valiantly for our people, and for the cities of our God; and let the Lord do that which is good in his sight."

An important document has just been published in the shape of a Letter on "Open-Air Preaching." It is full of stirring facts and sound appeals. I hope to make much use of it in my Lecture on John Calvin and his Times.

Want of room forbids a further detail; but I trust the blessing of heaven, and the help of Christian brethren will be found, while I am

Your's to serve in the gospel,

C. W. B.

# Notices of New Works, Record of Recent Events,

AND A

## Few Words from some of our Pastors, and other Christian People.

SUCH a flood of communications have this month been poured in upon us, that we have been compelled to commence the number with that description of matter, which generally is given in the latter few pages of the number. During the last two months, we have been into several of the counties in the southern and western parts of England; and things generally with the churches of truth are in a low and declining state. Of course, there are some happy exceptions; and, under God's blessing, we do believe these happy exceptions would be far more numerous, if holy, zealous, devoted, well-informed, and deep-taught ministers of Christ could be sent frequently to visit, (if not to abide with) the different little churches in our provinces; and in many parts of this huge, and rapidly increasing metropolis. Great have been our privileges; but, alas! great has been our abuse of them. We would fain hope that a spirit of right-guided zeal for—and of deep-rooted love to—the kingdom, the gospel, and the glory of our blessed Lord Christ is awakening. Surely, the time is come, when that heart-stirring petition shall go up from thousands of living hearts, to the throne of God, "*Awake, awake, put on strength, O, arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days; in the generations of old:*" and in answer to those thousands of cries, shall that evangelical prophecy be fulfilled—"*In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah: We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.* OPEN YE THE GATES." By unholy men, and an abstract law-ministry, the gates have been shut; but our heart's desire, and our prayer to God for Israel is—that the gates—the glorious attributes of Deity—the ancient and im-

mortal perfections of Jehovah Jesus—the precious doctrines of distinguishing grace—and the invaluable promises of the everlasting covenant—may, by the LORD THE SPIRIT, be opened up in a living and laborious ministry, and in the purged consciences of millions of souls, yet in the ruins of the fall, that they may enter into visible communion, and enter into a vital union with all the blessings prepared for the whole election of grace. Brethren, may the love of Christ fill our hearts—fire our souls—guide our feet—furnish our minds—give liberty to our tongues—and abundant success to our ministry. Amen and amen.

With these few introductory remarks we proceed to furnish our readers with such brief reviews and records, as have fallen into our hands; and as a savoury something to start with, we first select a few spicy sentences from

### Six Sermons by Mr. A. Triggs.

They form the first part of "*The Gospel Pulpit:*" a Sixpenny book, published by H. G. Collins, Paternoster Row; by W. B. Triggs, Plymouth; and to be had, also, at Gower Street Chapel.

We have no personal acquaintance with the author—we have no end in view in noticing these sermons, but the glory of the Lord, and the good of Zion's children; but as we have perused them, a little fire has kindled of love divine, which we would be glad to find burning to a large extent among the ministers and members of our spiritual Zion.

The first Sermon is entitled, "*Christ in his Garden;*" from Song vi. 2, 3. In the course of which the preacher said—

"Whenever I read a text from the book of Solomon, I always feel a trembling; and I believe it is



a mercy of my God to bring to my remembrance ; for the first thing God charged home on the conscience after he had quickened me, was the sin of trifling with this dear part of his book, and from thence God told me all that ever I did ; the magnitude of my guilt I cannot describe, God brought me to his judgment seat, I expected the sentence of 'depart ye cursed;' but God had otherwise determined, he astonished me by declaring in my heart, 'All are yours, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.' Therefore, whatever presumption and lightness people may attach to me, I speak before God in Christ ; and I will tell you a secret, that I would much rather have read you any other text, from any other part of God's Word, than the one I have now read you ; but the love of Christ constraineth me ; so what you may hear declared, I trust, yea, and believe, will be spoken in the knowledge of the divine importance of the subject. Therefore, you will observe one particular, and grand feature in the text, which hath the pre-eminence through the whole, as well as through God's Book, and through all our experience, and that is the person, suitability, and preciousness of Jesus Christ ; and it is clearly developed and set forth, as the light in the meridian, when the sun shineth, that Christ is all the desire of a child of God ; every real desire, and every holy longing, is after the person of Jesus ; and it is on this ground we agree in oneness of heart, in the blessedness of the same ; that whatever troubles, trials, exercises, temptations, difficulties, castings down, and corruption boiling like the scum of a great pot ; yet, the desire will be going out after Christ ; you may know in a minute whether you belong to Christ ; you have no need to run to this, that, or the other class-leader, deacon, or parson, to ask them about it ; for if your desires are after Christ and salvation, you belong to Christ, and Christ is yours ; and if your holy longings are going out after Christ, you belong to him, and you belong to no other but Christ, and Christ is yours ! You must not set up your works, but you must mark the desires, longings, thoughts, pantings, breathings, and the movements of the heart ; God always looks at the heart ! men and professors have wonderful tongues, they can talk, and will often talk a child of God dumb, but God does not look as men do, at the outward, but at the movements within ; and you will always find, beloved, if you have the life of God, and God hath given you a new heart, you will go on desiring him ; and as I often remark, that wonderful expression of Christ : 'and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto me.' Now a magnet draws nothing contrary to its nature ; if you feel his drawings, if you experience his dear attractions, there is an up going, and an out going of the mind, thoughts and desires after him ; so that it proves he hath begun the good work in you, as he begins it, so will he perfect it. I want you, beloved, to notice more fully these things ; for it is a secret between Christ and the soul, and the soul and Christ ; it is not for you to be thinking about the largeness of your experience or enjoyments, but how the heart and mind is

affected towards Christ, and if Christ is all you want, there will be this inference from the desire, that Christ is your all according to truth ; so that you can freely say you belong to Christ, and Christ belongs to you, he having first begun the good work ; and he loveth us because he would love us and this sentence is sweetly demonstrated, 'we love him, because he first loved us.' It is so blessed, plain, and precious to a child of God, that you have no need to be questioning yourself because you feel so vile, cold, miserable, and discontented, for those feelings do not unfit you for Christ ; for you never read of any but the Pharisees and Sadducees that were unfit for Christ in the days of his flesh ; but he receiveth sinners and eateth with them, and not with the Pharisees, for they did not like him, they hated him, yet they told the truth, and we sit down satisfied with the mercy : 'he is a friend of publicans and sinners;' and it is only such that have desires after Christ, think of him, walk with him, need him, have him, enjoy him, love him, and know him to be their all in all ; and they remain exactly the same sinners, and they never will be any other, although saints, until he saith 'come up higher;' for if we were otherwise than sinners, and were a good sort of people, we should not be fit for Christ."

In this strain—Christ-exalting and soul-comforting, our venerable friend travels through six sermons on the text. We may only add a sentence or two more at this time. In the clean and holy hands of God the Holy Ghost, the following is strong consolation indeed ; but unrighteous professors might either cavil at it, or take advantage from it. However, it is as true as that the Bible is the Book of God, On page 27, Arthur says—

"As God the Father hath given us Christ, our interest does not rest on the variation of our feelings, but it rests with God the Father's gift, and what the gift is. I want you to take notice of the full importance of it, God the Father's gifts are always the same ; perhaps some days you are tolerably easy, you can read, pray, sing, and talk, your cross and burden appears gone ; on the next day, you are in the depths of trouble and trials, the enemy comes in like a flood ; if you judge from your changes and changeability, you will be in an up and down way, as it is called, and in and out ; but if we judge righteous judgment, let me be in hell, Christ is mine ; let me die without rationality, Christ is mine. This I have learnt by experience I it used to make me tremble like a rush, to think that if I should lose my rationality when I died, what would become of me ? I should be cursed ! I should swear and take God's name in vain, and I should blaspheme him ; but God hath made us as secure in death as he hath in life : we are in Christ,

and Christ is in us; and who shall separate us from his love? Bless his royal majesty! to know this is of more worth than ten thousand worlds! if I am in hell, he is mine; in the depths, he is mine; he is mine when I enjoy him, and he is mine when I do not enjoy him; he is mine when doing business in deep waters, and he is mine when I can rejoice in him; he is as much mine in time, as he will be to all eternity; put in your claim, poor soul! ah, say you, I cannot come to that yet."

With the following, we close, praying the Lord to bless the author of these sermons, and to make them a real blessing to the dear church of God.

"We will mark down two or three things, and may God open them richly to the mind, then we shall see, know, receive, and believe the everlasting fulness of his eternal love, will, and blessedness that nothing can deprive us of. It is blessed to live in divine certainties, they are called the flowers of the garden! I am very fond of flowers, but some have no attraction in them to me, although they may be admired by others; but I feel a peculiar delight with two flowers: one is, the 'Rose of Sharon,' and the other is, the 'Lily of the valley!' They never fade, they never change, no death can touch their root, leaves or flower! they are always in verdure, and always blooming. Who are they? Christ and the church! Christ is the Rose of Sharon, and some say, without a thorn; I know he has no thorn now, but he had once, or else I should have went to hell; for the thorn was the badge of the curse, and God had intended that his mother should crown him with a crown of thorns. There is such love exhibited in this, that it is more than a match for my heart—'He came from the bar of Pilate wearing a crown of thorns, and a purple robe, and saith unto them, BEHOLD THE MAN!' God the Father saith of him—'BEHOLD THE MAN, MY FELLOW!' He is the Rose of Sharon; Sharon is a fold for flocks to lie down in. Did you ever know what it is to lie down in Christ, wrapped up in the perfumed foldings of the Rose of Sharon to be perfect and complete in him? But he is not only the 'Rose,' but he is the 'Lily of the valley;,' if you do not see both plants together, one Christ, you will be attempting to make Christ and the church two; but they are no more twain, but one flesh."

—o—

### Liverpool in a Gospel Sense;

AND

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AT WARRINGTON,  
*In Lancashire.*

An interesting pamphlet has been published by John Gadsby, of Bouve-rie Street, entitled, "A Short sketch of the Origin, Progress, and Present State of the Particular Baptist Denom-

ination, in Warrington, Lancashire," &c., by Samuel A. Smith. No stronger evidence can be found, than this book produces, of the growth and spread of the gospel, in some parts of this once benighted Isle. It is an encouraging testimony for all that rejoice in the proclamation of the Saviour's name; and is calculated to stir up the heart, and strengthen the hands, of all engaged in this great and holy work. From this little book it will be seen that no farther back than the commencement of the eighteenth century, Liverpool was destitute of the gospel. Its progress in that great northern metropolis, has been exceedingly slow. Liverpool is now both a mercantile and maritime town, of immense size and importance; with thousands who name the name of Christ, and we have no doubt but that many living souls are there. But where is the faithful and devoted servant of Jesus Christ, and true minister of gospel truth to be found? It has had its Medley, its Giles, its M'Kenzie, and its Kent. It has also had some whose talents have been great, but whose name, (for shame,) we will not mention. A new and beautiful chapel was built for the late M'Kenzie; but the Lord has taken him home; and of late, that sterling and straightforward man of God, William Allen, (of Cave Adullam, Stepney,) has been preaching the gospel to the friends of truth in that same place; and we know that with many, there was a great desire for our brother William to be settled among them: but, in our very souls we believe the Lord will not suffer him to leave the Cave. In that place, (we now speak of Cave Adullam, Stepney,) the God of heaven has highly honoured WILLIAM ALLEN. In a temporal, in a spiritual, and in a ministerial sense, THE LORD has been HIS GOD. There are few men in this day who have more conspicuously seen the hand of God toward them, than the pastor of Cave Adullam; and although in outward things he has been prospered, the Lord has not suffered him to wax fat and to

kick. William Allen has had sharp trials from some who were once his bosom-friends: and they have done their utmost to hinder his ministry; but, in preaching the gospel, the Lord is still with him: living souls are still feeding under his testimony; the place is well attended, and we verily believe that in that place he must abide until his master calls him home. As regards Liverpool, in the days of our downfall and captivity, we were located there for some time; and in deep distress of soul, we hunted Liverpool through for sound experimental gospel truth. William Giles was then in the Music Hall, and he gave a certain sound; but we think he stood in chains. Mr. Kent spoke the truth to a very few souls in much simplicity. But truth in Liverpool struggles and falls; she rises only (as yet) to sink again. Under God, we should rejoice to see a faithful Boanerges planted in the midst of the many thousands who dwell on the borders of that mighty field of commerce. But the man for Liverpool—if we may dare to speak on so solemn a matter, must be one that the Holy Ghost has deeply sanctified, and richly furnished; one that Calvary's precious blood has made clean and sound within; and one that everlasting love has emboldened and led forth with inward yearnings for the manifest glory of a TRIUNE JEHOVAH, and for the bringing of redeemed souls into the bonds of the covenant. On such premises as these, we should rejoice—if such was the will of heaven,) to take our stand, independent of all men, and fearless of all their prejudices and opposition. But we must return to Warrington.

The pastor of the Warrington Church has drawn up, in an able manner, a brief history of its rise and progress. We think the churches generally will be pleased with the following extracts. Our modern historian says—

“About two miles from the town of Warrington, near where the river Mersey begins to mix with those of the ocean, there existed, about two hundred years ago, a wood of considerable extent. Within the shades of which a company of believers ban-

ished from less secluded parts of England, by the fierce and unrelenting persecutions that followed the restoration of the monarchy, erected a meeting house for divine worship. For many years supplications for “peace on earth and good will towards men” ascended from that spot, although the most vexatious and unjust exactions molested the conscientious worshippers.

“Not far from their place of assembly on Hill Cliffe, there was a comparatively small trading town, in which, it was believed, the Gospel was nowhere faithfully preached in public. The spirit of true religion, which seeks the eternal welfare of the remotest ‘dwellers on earth,’ induced these persecuted saints, about the year 1700, to send the bread of life to that destitute town—the town of Liverpool. They were received with Christian kindness by an eminent physician, named Fabius, then resident in a village which has since been included in that now vast and daily-enlarging place. “In 1704 they purchased ground, fenced off a portion for a place of interment, and erected a chapel. Fifteen years after, although the former was retained, the latter gave place to a larger edifice, which still remains in the centre of Liverpool. The newly erected meeting-house was licensed, and continued in the occupation of the society until soon after the accession, to the pastoral office, of the late Samuel Medley, when it was disposed of to the Establishment, and a much larger sanctuary reared in Byron Street. The labours of Mr. Medley were blessed in a remarkable degree to the increase and reputation of the Baptist community in the town. From that church several others have sprung at different periods.

“About the middle of the last century, the church worshipping at Hill Cliffe, whose predecessors had interested themselves on behalf of the destitute town of Liverpool, felt themselves similarly disposed to provide for the accommodation of a portion of their body residing in Warrington. For that purpose they engaged and furnished a large room in the Buck Yard, Bridge Street, which it is supposed, was generally supplied by preachers living in or near the town, among whom may be mentioned Mr. MacGowan, (author of the ‘Dialogue of Devils,’) who then lived in Bridge Street. Mr. Medley sometimes came over to help them an evening or two during the week, when not employed elsewhere.”

We have here a record of a heavy calamity which befel the cause; but out of which the Lord delivered them; and the history thus proceeds:—

“For seven years it appeared as if they were not again to have their lamp supplied with the pure beaten oil of the sanctuary, nor again to be illuminated by the ‘Day-spring;’ that the ‘glory’ of former days ‘had departed,’ while the ‘signs’ seen at the setting up of the ‘tabernacle of witness on the hill’ in the wood, were no longer seen. Yet they were to be revived, for, after the chapel had been closed so long, a person named John Thompson, originally a churchman, afterwards a preacher amongst the Methodists, finally a Baptist, and at that time a schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, who was well reported for uprightness and consistency of conduct, had an offer made to him of the use of the chapel to preach in, which he readily accepted.

“A congregation was soon gathered; the place became regularly filled. Mr. T. continued pastor thirty years; and many were added to them; but his ministry not being sound, his usefulness was not extensive; and at his death, a division arose.

“The number who disapproved of Mr. T.’s ministry ventured on the experiment, with others, of inviting the late Wm. Gadsby, of Manchester, to pay them a visit; to which he readily responded, and agreed to come over some evening in the week. Preparations were accordingly made for his visit, in a large room of a cotton factory, from which

his friends had to remove the bags of cotton, oil, waste, &c., before it could be used.

"Subsequently to Mr. Gadsby's visit, an aged man of God, named Dorning, a dear lover of truth, at whose house near Warrington Mr. G. often preached, undertook, about 1809, at his own cost, to furnish and open a room on the Knutsford Road, called 'Gibson's Room,' as a meeting place for the Particular Baptists, and to pay the expenses of supplying it for one year with such preachers as John Warburton, (now of Trowbridge,) Heywood, Mather, Holt, Leather, &c., &c.; but not receiving that assistance and co-operation he had the greatest reason to expect, from such as professed an earnest concern for the settlement of the gospel ark amongst them, he at the end of the year gave it up. After struggling on a few months longer, the few, who had expressed themselves as being 'particular' in sentiment, became lost sight of as a distinct body, excepting occasionally making their appearance when Mr. G. came to preach to them an evening in the week, at distant intervals.

"For some years after the dissolution of the second cause, they had to wander about without any settled resting place. It was not the purpose of Him, however, who 'worketh all things after the council of His own will,' that they should continue in this unsettled condition; for, in the gracious openings of His providence, they were led to make a final effort to find an habitation for the truth in Warrington; and did so, by succeeding to the occupation of a room over a malt-kiln in Dallam Lane, originally used by the Roman Catholics, afterwards by a small company of Independents, and, subsequently, followed by a portion of the Lady Huntingdon's connexion, previous to St. John's Chapel being built.

"The room was fitted up, and entered upon for public worship in 1833, when Mr. Gadsby preached the opening sermons. They have been constantly supplied by men, for the most part sound in the truth, from various quarters."

Mr. Smith's account of his own labours here, is valuable; many a minister may learn a lesson from it. He says,—

"At the time I became acquainted with them, March 20, 1842, they were holding together, but very slenderly as to numbers. I felt considerable union to some of them, first, and more increasingly during my after visits, until, in 1845, I received an invitation to supply for them more frequently, and ultimately to become their stated pastor. Having sunk very much in health, through excessive labour in itinerating, and having long begged the Lord would open some way for me to become settled, that I might, if his gracious will, see the work prospering, and his glorious 'goings in the sanctuary,' and there being no place known to me that I liked so well, or felt more at liberty amongst the people in dispensing the word of life than there, I consented to accept this invitation and to commence my stated labours on the first Lord's Day in January, 1846, when my engagements at other places had been fulfilled. Since that time the Lord has most wonderfully favoured me, though for a long period, at the beginning, it was very up-hill work. Some of my professed, most ardent friends, transformed into bitter enemies; while others, who had previously stood aloof, became my most attached and warm-hearted helpers in the work.

"After six months labouring amongst them, I proposed to commence a school. The friends most heartily co-operated in the opening, which occurred in the month of August the same year. It pleased the Lord to send us a few efficient and worthy teachers, who did not scruple at a little self-denial, so that they might be useful to others. It also happened at that time, that there was a very strong feeling of discontent existing in the minds of some

who loved the truth at the Lady Huntingdon Chapel; these were evidently watching the 'little cloud' as it appeared at the Baptist's room in Dallam Lane, and, when they observed that it was likely to increase, they forsook the sanctuary where truth had been unceremoniously cast out as a 'lamp despised,' and came, like Ruth (Chap. ii. 12.), to seek a shelter under the wings of the Lord God of Israel. The number of scholars increased, the attendance at the chapel became better, and, from 1846 to 1850, about twenty-six were added to the church, among whom may be numbered some who were formerly averse to my coming permanently.

"There were, however, several things that conspired to excite in me a desire to remove to some other place of meeting of a more suitable character.

"One of my most highly valued friends, Mrs. M. Atherton, daughter of Mr. Dorning, and wife of one of our deacons, had an unexpected legacy left her of £100 by a brother-in-law. As she and her husband had already a sufficiency of property to supply their temporal needs, and no children to provide for, a suggestion occurred to my mind that if they would consent to give that sum to the purpose of building a NEW CHAPEL, if the Lord would so incline their minds, it would be possible to raise the remainder by subscription (if it pleased him to whom the gold and silver belong.) When I reached Mr. A.'s on the following Saturday evening, the subject of the letter, as a matter of course, became chief in our conversation, which terminated in a promise being given that the £100 should be applied towards the erection of a new chapel. Subscription lists were put into circulation, and petitions sent up to the God of heaven, that he would prosper us in our undertaking, and bless us in our endeavours to rear up a house to his name. As the canvass proceeded, mites and offerings, from both expected and unexpected quarters, flowed in, surpassing our anticipations. One friend, Mrs. Dixon, very readily became a subscriber for £20, which she afterwards increased to £40. The exertions of friends, under the blessing of God, were so successful, that we gathered near £400. To complete the building, with a cottage adjoining, in a comfortable manner, cost £670.

"In September, 1848, the first suggestion was laid before a meeting of the church members; in the January following the subscriptions began to be collected; in April the foundation was laid; on the 5th of August we met for public worship in the school-room underneath the chapel for the first time; and on the 27th and 30th September, the same year, (1849,) the chapel was opened.

"When we had set up our altar we called it 'Ebenezer,' in commemoration of the goodness of the Lord, who had helped us so far, and worked so wondrously on our behalf.

"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.' 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto THY NAME BE ALL THE GLORY.' 'Many and marvellous are thy works, O Lord, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.'"

#### SERIOUS CONSIDERATIONS RESPECTING THE

### Projected London Gospel Mission.

MEANY of our readers are aware that a meeting was held in Ebenezer Chapel, Mason's Court, High Street, Shoreditch, on Monday evening, May 12th, when a preliminary proposition was made with a view to the formation of an Association to be called "THE LONDON GOSPEL MISSION." The place was crowded by hundreds of persons evidently interested in the business of the evening. The chair was taken by Mr. Thomas Jones, (of Chat-

ham;) who opened the meeting in a neat and intelligent address. Mr. Messer, of Cornwall; Mr. William Allen, of Stepney; Mr. Williamson, of Notting Hill; Mr. Searle, of Kingsland; Mr. Jeffery; Mr. Tanner, and C. W. Banks severally addressed the meeting; the desire being more fully to send the pure Gospel of Christ into the different parts of the metropolis; and into many of the dark corners of our highly-favoured land. The meeting was adjourned to Monday evening, May the 18th. The following valuable letter from our esteemed friend and brother in Christ, Mr. Thomas Jones, (the Chairman,) has been received; and we publish it entire, trusting its weighty and wholesome remarks will be of great benefit to the Committee in the working out of this important design.

My dear Sir,—I know not what may be your inference from the meeting of last evening—whether you could read in the quiet earnestness of the crowded audience, and in the warm, though somewhat discursive, orations of the speakers, any good promise of further development and ultimate success. Under the circumstances related, you could do no less than bring the subject before the churches, and having done so, your individual responsibility ceases; and it remains with those who have volunteered their services to carry out the suggestion which was so cordially received by the meeting. It would appear from the statements made last evening, that there is no want of men who have “a mind to work,” Neh. iv. 6; and we are quite sure there is no lack of work: Judah may plough, and Jacob break his clods. Hos. x. 11. If the knowledge of those who are emulous of an evangelist’s occupation, bear a just proportion to their zeal, you may live to see great results from this small beginning. But,—(we are forced on the use of “but” an ugly word, which, like a collision on the railway, stops us in the height of our speed and shivers our proud schemes to atoms,) but let us count the cost, and not provide a failure by our own injudiciousness. It is not wise to pretend that preaching and worshipping God in buildings of brick and stone is not conformable to the Master’s behest—“Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.” The apostles themselves went into the Synagogues to teach, and Paul preached the good tidings of salvation in a school-room at Ephesus, in an upper chamber at Trous, and in his own hired house at Rome. With all our defects and regrets, we must know that the moral and religious condition of the people would be low indeed if we had not places where regular services are held, irrespective of the barometer and thermometer. Such places and services need

not supersede out-door preaching; on the contrary, they may promote it, support it, and all work together for good.

Neither is it just to *admit*, much less *publish*, that the churches are selfish and supine, and the ministers idle and heartless. There are always drones in the best of hives, and there are always working bees. We are not in the habit of calling on the world to come and see our zeal for God, 2 Kings x. 16; nor of getting up orations to our own honour, but there is a goodly number of active labourers in our communion who could shew their faith by their works, and thereby witness a good profession. James ii. 18; 1 Tim. vi. 13. The Master we serve, “is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;” though the manner of his service is necessarily affected by the changes of time.

All good men have not the same amount of physical or spiritual ability. You know a person whose incessant toils would kill one half of the preachers of the day—nay, they are killing him. And you also know how much London pastors have to do, and indeed pastors everywhere whose multifarious duties almost warrant the witticism of a pungent critic—that the pastor of a dissenting congregation is not a man but a system. Nevertheless, they, or many of them, may be able to render aid in this projected mission, and I dare not doubt their willingness, if they can see their way, and are not repelled by bitter words instead of being attracted by Christian urbanity.

It is to be regretted that the accuser of the brethren is so successful in *dividing*, though it is not allowed him to *conquer*. God knows we have enough to do and suffer without casting dirt at each other, and inventing Shibboleths which, rendered into plain English, are identical with the spiteful notices stuck up by rival tradesmen, “No connection with any other shop.” The Lord hasten the day when “the envy of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off; when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.” Isaiah xi. 13.

It is more than insinuated that some pastors discourage young men who have gifts, or at least neglect to draw them out and put them to work. Perhaps there is no part of a pastor’s duty more difficult than this. Such an one (if he be worthy of his office) has a deep acquaintance with his own heart, and, by consequence, with the hearts of others; and he knows how liable we are to be deceived by our warm feelings and good desires. He knows that what is vulgarly called the “the gift of the gab,” is of itself a poor qualification for the work of the ministry; and he knows that where modesty, sobriety, and solemnity are lacking, no warrantable equivalents exist, and he dare not make preachers of such. And even where he sees promise, and entertains high hopes, he may doubt the propriety of putting the young men forward too fast lest he involve

them in the fate of the novice lifted up with pride. 1 Tim. iii. 6.

But suppose a young man, impressed with a belief that he should go and work in the vineyard; should he not make a confidant of his pastor, and tell him the exercises of his mind about the matter; and if he is encouraged to put his hand to the plough, should he not seek the prayers and counsels of one who must needs know more of the work and the warfare than he does himself? Instead of this, the young man too often listens to the flatteries of foolish, or false friends, who induce him to think he is the embodiment of the entire college of apostles; and he concludes that the pastor envies him his wonderful abilities, and all who do not offer incense to his vanity are his enemies. While then you are calling upon churches and pastors to put all their talents to use, warn young men against the snares which beset them, tendencies to trust in their own hearts and imitate the perverse example of Rehoboam, 1 Kings xii; of which may come great detriment to their usefulness, and great shame to themselves in future years, when they reach that stage where a man no longer suspects himself a fool, but knows it.

And lastly. Let there be no mistake about the message your missionaries carry. The people they are supposed to go to, will be very little the wiser, and none the better for noisy declamations, on dry doctrines, tirades against Arminianism, and denunciations of those who differ from us. No, it must be the simple things of truth, simply, but boldly delivered. The necessity of the sinner, and the sufficiency of the Saviour; the agency of the Holy Spirit; the efficacy of the atonement; the nature of true repentance; and the good fruits which grow from a living faith. Let these be the warp and the woof of their ministry, and they shall not labour in vain, nor spend their strength for nought. There will be a shaking among the dry bones; quickened souls will come demanding a place in Zion, saying, "We will dwell with you; and many a slumbering church will be awakened up by the uproar, and exclaim, "Who hath begotten me these?" Isa. xlix. 21.

Send the enquiry through the camp—"Who is on the Lord's side?" Let us "seek and pursue peace" as well as pray for it; cease from dishonourable strife among brethren; hush unholy clamour; down with prejudice; and what our blessed Lord finds our hands to do, be it done with all our might, for "the night cometh when no man can work." "Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children; and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work our hands establish thou it." Psalm xc. 16, 17.

I am, my dear sir, (less than the least,) yours in the best wishes, T. JONES.

3, Spencer Place, Blackheath,  
May 13, 1851.

## IS THE LONDON GOSPEL MISSION

UNDERTAKEN IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT?

WE have received the following excellent epistle with reference to the above subject; and trust our readers generally will benefit by its publication.

"My dear and very highly esteemed Pastor:— Pardon me for troubling you again so quickly with my poor feeble thoughts; but my heart is very jealous of the honour of my ever adorable and gracious Lord and Saviour. I feel an ardent love for souls, and a strong desire for the exaltation of Christ Jesus. It is Christ Jesus in his glorious person, characters, and excellencies as the Saviour of sinners that alone can be of real and enduring benefit. He is the star of God's right hand, the attraction and delight of blood-bought souls; and sure I am, if the Scriptures are true, that none but blood-bought souls will ever admire his beauty, or follow after his excellency. And also wherever the purchase of Jesu's blood, are found they will, in due time, come out, and will bend their way towards the Sun of Righteousness. It is those that seek the Lord Jesus from heart-necessity that prove their calling to be from above. But alas! I fear many in these days follow after him from excitement, from persuasion, for the sake of custom, as a thing of mere course, because they hear so much talked in every corner about him, until the gospel has become an idle tale—a mere gossip story. I can enter in some faint measure into the feelings of poor Jeremiah when he mourned over the desolation of Jerusalem, and the contempt of the holy sanctuary, and said, 'Mine eye runneth down with rivers of water for the destruction of the daughter of my people.' And I do feel that which was true in the days of the prophet concerning the city of Jerusalem is true of gospel Jerusalem in this present age. 'How is the gold become dim! the most fine gold changed! the stones of the sanctuary poured out in the top of every street! the precious sons of Zion comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter?'

"My heart is pained within me when I think how many thousand souls are deluding themselves under false apprehensions, and being deluded by false teachers, embracing notions of the gospel, receiving Christ and his word in name, in notion, in theory, and thereby nursing themselves up in vain hopes of heaven, whilst, like the young man in the gospel, they yet lack one thing. Ah! that inwrought one thing! known only to those whose eyes the Holy Spirit of promise has opened to see, and whose minds he has enlightened to understand the emptiness, poverty, and vanity of all things short of acceptance in Jesu's merits, cleansing by his blood, and justification by his death, and in his righteousness. That weighty sentence which fell from the lips of our Lord contains the whole secret of heart religion—'Sell all that thou hast, and follow me;' part with thy own righteousness, virtues, gifts, honour, wealth, friends, applause, and mortal esteem, cast it all away, lay it down at my feet, and trample upon the whole of it as worthless and contemptible, and beg enduring riches, a robe that will never wear out, a crown of glory,

the honour of which will never fade away; follow me, cleave unto me, fasten all your hopes upon me, put your trust in me, suffer with me, and you shall also reign with me; let me have all your heart, the first and last of your attention; bid farewell to all that is opposed to me, and tread in my footsteps; so shall you find life everlasting when the things of flesh and sense are for ever vanished and gone.

"O, my dear pastor, may the Lord ever preserve you blameless from the snare of conferring with flesh and blood; may he deeply baptise your soul in solemn realities, and lay deeply in your ministerial meditations the all important thing *personal possession*. Christ's kingdom is not built up by noise and empty sound, by excitement and busy tumult, *but by power, spirit and life, holy anointing, sacred fire, rich out-pourings, and diffusions of the Spirit of grace*. These things lead up to God, for they come from him, and have to do with him; in them is safety, certainty, and lasting blessing. That which arises from heated feelings of creature zeal or fleshly ambition will, must, sooner or later, vanish away like a passing vapour, and leave all in darkness around it, whilst the Word of God ever abideth.

"There is a solemn word in Timothy, which has struck my mind very forcibly,—'I charge thee,' &c. 'Preach the word, be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine. For the time shall come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts shall heap to themselves teachers having itching ears, and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.'

"I tremble for the ark of the Lord, lest it should be put upon the shoulders of unsanctified bearers. It was the Levites who were anointed and sanctified by God who were authorised to carry the ark; so now God chooses, anoints, and sends forth his own servants, who are to bear forth the ark of the covenant before the camp of the Israelites. I find there is great care taken by the Holy Spirit to point out the right way for carrying the ark of the testimony. It is said very expressly "None ought to carry the ark of God but the Levites, for them hath the Lord chosen to carry the ark of God, and to minister unto him for ever.' When the ark of the testimony was treated rightly, the Israelites were greatly blessed. 'And there was great joy and rejoicing of heart before the God of Israel; and gifts were dealt unto the people; and acceptable praises were offered unto the Most High. Thanksgiving from sincere and contrite hearts.'

"I would not, my dear pastor, put a straw in your way if my Lord's glory might be promoted by this thing which you have in contemplation. It is out of love to you I speak, and not from any wish or desire to dictate.

"It is my inward impression that you would find it very profitable both to your soul and for your ministry if you had more time and opportunity to wait at the throne of grace, and to examine matters carefully between God and your soul; that is the place to get strength to endure satan's buffetings, to stand against mortal opinions, which, in this day are as numerous and diversified as countenances; that is the place to get confirmed and built up in solid reality, and

where the strength of grace shall be renewed like the eagle to mount up into heavenly things, leaving earth and the grovelling vanities of creature things far behind.

"Seek, my dear pastor, the Lord enabling you, to preach Christ only, to exalt Christ only. He it is that attracts seeking souls, and establishes instructs, edifies, and confirms believing souls. Jesus himself said, 'I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me.' O, then, pass by every tumult of fleshly excitement, and hold up, exalt, magnify Christ and his cross. *Apply, commend, and impress the value of his person and grace on the hearts of your hearers; and may the Lord bless and prosper you abundantly in my fervent prayer and warmest wish.*

"These few, feeble, and scattered thoughts I now leave with you, casting myself, and the cause I have advocated, into the hands of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, earnestly praying God that he would encircle you in the arms of everlasting love, and direct all your steps.

"Believe me ever to remain, your faithful friend in the cause of truth.

"K. HUNT.

"P. S.—It has occurred to my mind that this plan which you have in view is a kind of evangelising work; and that perhaps you have taken your example from some of those dear saints who are now in glory. I feel persuaded that a work of that kind, wherever it has been carried into effect, has rested more with one individual person, whose soul has been stirred up by the Holy Spirit, and who has been filled with an extraordinary measure of righteous zeal; one whose mouth has been freely opened, whose tongue has been set at liberty, and whose heart has been filled to overflowing with heavenly matter. It has been under peculiar and appropriate circumstances, and it has only lasted for the time of such necessity: such as in the case of Luther, Whitefield, Bunyan, and others. They could take up the grand principles of the gospel, and defend them with easy simplicity, so as that a little child might understand; yet in fiery zeal and with great boldness, so that the stoutest minds were compelled to bend; as did Peter when the apostles were mocked by the multitude. That this power was given of God, and was also aided by him is very evident from the effects which were produced by it. 'When the people heard the gospel which Peter proclaimed they were pricked in their hearts, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren what shall we do.'

"The cold rehearsal of a long formal arrangement of doctrines, and a dry sound of empty sentiment, destitute of the fire of the Holy Ghost, will neither be likely to gather sinners, or to penetrate rocky hearts.

"If the Lord has an evangelising work to do in this great metropolis, doubtless he will raise up, anoint and send forth an evangelising teacher, independent of the aid of any society, or connexion, or contrivance, or invention, or scheme, of mortal man.

"My thoughts glow and extend. I have before the eye of my mind now the time of the great plague, when the messengers of truth were untiring in their efforts to speak a word to the hearts of perishing multitudes: when, like Moses, they sought to hold up the brazen serpent before their eyes, that they might look and live.

"But I must break off. With many prayers and earnest wishes for prosperity, your's in the cause of Christ.

K. H.

"1, Bermondsey New Road, April 26, 1851."

## A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF MY CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel :*

I CONCLUDED my last with some exercises of mind attending my call to the ministry, previous to my coming to Crowborough. They were by no means light, but the remembrance of them now, leads me to sympathize with Jeremiah : "The wormwood and the gall," yet the supporting hand and delivering mercy of my God experienced then, established my hope; my exercises, though of another character, have been equally severe since then. About eleven years since, I received a note on a Friday, signed in the name of the pastor and two deacons of the church of which I was a member, requesting me to go down to Crowborough on the Sabbath following, to hold forth the Word of Life to the poor foresters, concluding with the words

"I can no denial take,  
When I plead for Jesu's sake."

I dared not refuse. This place was in connection with our church under the following circumstances. It had been opened by the Christian Instruction Society, Tunbridge Wells, who had taken a barn and fitted it up as a place of worship, and for Sabbath Schools, as the district was in a lamentable state of ignorance and moral degradation, and established an agent there; but circumstances led them to withdraw, and the place which was held upon lease, was to be given up, and the fixtures sold to pay the trifling debt, when a singular circumstance led a gentleman in London to engage to pay the rent, £5 per year, if the cause was put under the management of the Baptist Church, Tunbridge Wells, and they would send a man of truth there. Some little disagreement between our good pastor and the supplies sent, led them to write the above note to me. I should say, Crowborough was thirteen miles distant from Tunbridge, where I resided. On Saturday night, I went to Tunbridge Wells, and stayed with a friend, and on Sunday morning, I started with an anxiously heavy heart on my unknown way to that place. I reached a place called Hamsell Forge, when I met with some friends who attended at Tunbridge Wells, who saw me with my Bible in my hand, guessed where I was going, and shortly after, passing me without speaking, they turned and repassed me on the same road

VOL. VII.

I was walking; I concluded they had altered their mind, and instead of going to the Wells, were now going to Crowborough, which proved to be the case. This caused me more labour; ah, said I, you are going to hear me; it will be the first time and the last time too, said an enemy who had been plaguing me all the way, and I readily believed him. By following the track of their cart, I at length arrived at the place, and found between twenty and thirty people assembled, and among them the persons alluded to; with much trembling, I spake the word, the Lord helped me, and at the conclusion of the service, the poor folks seemed refreshed, and now one person who was considered the leader, clerk, &c., came to present me with my prepared dinner, which was (hear it, ye college gentlemen, and learn that God's servants were not intended to be gentlemen, but, like their Master, to be content with hard service and poor fare; yes! and to rejoice that they were counted worthy to endure such things), a large slice of bread, and a piece of fat pork, such as a hungry ploughman might think a delicious morsel. It was the best they had. With a thankful heart I took a part of the bread, and a poor woman gave me an apple, upon which I dined; and then in the afternoon preached again to rather a large congregation. The Lord helped me, and no small degree of interest seemed excited. The poor folk begged me to come that day fortnight, to which I consented, and continued to go alternate Sabbaths for more than three years.

The next visit I was accompanied by the senior deacon. After three Sabbaths the poor folks said they should like to give me something for my services, and presented me with five shillings, so that I walked seventy-eight miles and preached six times for the five shillings. This will prove I sought not gain.

I have been thus minute in stating particulars, as the conduct I pursued was the occasion of sore trial for years.

Being sent by the pastor and deacons, accepted by the people, and pressed by them to come alternate Sabbaths, my path thus far seemed plain; and whatever inward conflicts I might undergo, I felt I dared not draw back. But a short time elapsed before I found trials from a quarter I looked for support. Other

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doors in providence opened. Once a month I preached at Dorman's Lane, in Surrey, and also at Mote Road, Maidstone; and at both places the Lord gave testimony to the word of his grace. But a storm had been brewing for some time. I had not been formally sent out by the church, but had followed the leadings of providence, little dreaming that I was doing wrong, nor even now do I believe I was. But I found a change in my good pastor's countenance, and some very significant hints from some of the members. And one evening while talking with one, he asked me why I did not come before the church. I answered, "I have never been asked," which was the fact, though I had been sent by pastor and deacons fourteen months previous to this.

Finding this unpleasantness increasing, I wrote to my pastor, enquiring the head and fount of my offence; in his reply he told me it was the work of God the Holy Ghost to fit for the ministry, and the business of the church to send them forth; and sent two passages from the Word of God for my prayerful consideration. The first was, "Liberate unto me Barnabas and Paul for the work whereunto I have called them." Acts xiii. 2. The other was Heb. xiii. 17,—“Obey them that are over you in the Lord, and submit yourselves.” This led me closely to examine the Scriptures named, and I there found it was not the church spoken to, but certain prophets and teachers assembled, who were ministering and fasting, to whom the Holy Ghost spoke; and it was not for the purpose of setting Paul and Barnabas apart for the ministry, as Paul had been set apart by God himself fourteen years before that, but they were called to a *peculiar* work in the ministry—to bear tidings to the Gentiles.

This satisfied as to the first; but the next caused me some heart labour. I conceived I followed the leadings of the hand of God. I knew the text demanded submission to God's ministers, our pastors. But I also saw there was a limitation—it was only in the Lord; and as I conceived, and do even now, this was rather a stretch of authority over conscience, and might be unlawfully used. I felt unprepared to give up the leadings of God to be guided by associated brethren, or by my pastor. This was construed into pride, and many a blow I received.

The next time I met him I asked him

the analogy between the two texts I received for consideration, and my position with the church, which led to angry discussion, as the view I held did not agree with his. Here I shall say no more. Poor dear man! he is in glory now; and I will not injure his memory nor wound his friends by repeating what passed. At length, for *peace sake*, I consented to speak before the church.

About this time the person who had been sent to Crowborough by the Christian Instruction Society before I went, joined the church, after veering to all points of the compass, being a most unstable mind. And as he had been a preacher, he also was called before the church at the same time. And here a most marked and unfair difference was shewn. He lived at the Wells, and it was agreed that he should speak before the church three times, which he did, and they agreed that he was to preach wherever providence might open a door. I lived at Tunbridge, five miles distant. I had offended, and I was required to speak six times. I was in business, and it was no small sacrifice to go over to the Wells six week evenings to bow down to what I then conceived, and do now conceive to be a stretch of authority extremely unjust. I went and spoke three times, and nothing could shew the emptiness of the procedure more than the facts I now relate. On the first time I had prayed the Lord for many days to be with me and direct my steps, determined that I would not trust to myself, but whatever the Lord gave me I would speak, and knew not what I should speak from even when I arrived there. I found a few members present, but neither deacons nor pastor. One brother, at my request, gave out the 200th hymn in Rippon,

“Jesus immutably the same.” &c.

I read the 15th of John's Gospel, and while doing so one deacon came in, who usually officiated as clerk. I then prayed in much confusion; after which the said deacon gave out a hymn of Watts's, commencing

“God is a Spirit, just and wise,” &c.

And when the verse was read,

“Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bended knees the ground;  
But God abhors the sacrifice  
Where not the heart is found;”

No tongue can describe the mental agony I endured; I would not say the good man choose it purposely to distress

me, but I may be allowed to question the suitability of the choice for the occasion; especially as I knew him to be rather opposed to myself, having had occasion to tell him frankly that I did not think him straitforward, but faced two ways; an opinion somewhat strengthened since, but which, I think, is more the fruit of weakness than vice. Now I mentally entreated the Lord to uphold me, to direct my mind, (for as yet I had no text) when the Lord kindly led me to Rom. 8th chapter, 1st verse, "There is now no condemnation," &c.: and I can well remember I made some remarks to this effect in opening:—

My dear friends, we may be condemned by the world, by satan, by conscience, by the church, by our own bosom friends in the church; but if we are encircled by the precious words in Christ, we shall rise above all and stand fast for ever. I tried to shew what it was to be in Christ, by a vital union by grace from eternity; by a vital union, receiving life from him by regenerating grace, by an enjoyed union, by precious faith and the witness of the Spirit. The privilege—"No condemnation:" What the blood of Christ has erased cannot be re-written: and when the conscience has been purged by the application of blood by the Spirit's powerful witness, satan could not bring again; though we might lose sight of the same, and walk in much soul-darkness.—Third.—The limitation expressed. In which I endeavoured to shew I would not give much for that man's religion, who could talk of enjoyment while walking after the flesh. No! heavenly things can only be enjoyed in heaven's ways; at least, I find it so. After I had done speaking, the friends (of whom there were just twenty to attend to this solemn business) seemed delighted; all except the said deacon; and I shall not soon forget a poor godly old woman, the pew-opener, addressing him, saying, "Well, sir, I *have had a feast*: I do really believe I am in Christ Jesus?" To which he hummed and ah'd, but made no reply; it was evidently gall to him. The second time there was the same number, but the other deacon was there. The third time about the same; and our pastor was present.

After some weeks, I was asked to come the fourth time, which I absolutely and most peremptorily refused to do; saying, "If affluence was joined to my obedience, and boggery to my refusal, I would choose

begging rather than bow down to such a wretched farce." From this time I was a proscribed subject; I was not cut off as I stated firmly, "If you can shew me your warrant from the Word, in this unfair procedure, I will bow down." Now, let us see the issue.

The good man, who was called to exercise his gifts at the same time, when he found he was foiled in the object he sought, which was to supplant me at Crowborough, (as the place was then well attended) he very soon left their communion; and though he had the church's sanction, has never found an open door; while the good hand of God has been with me, and has not only kept open the door and brought a people to hear, but has also kept me amid all my weakness and unworthiness to this day. You may suppose these things were no small trial. Oh! what anguished days and nights did I pass during this long season of opposition from brethren! I must speak of the kindness of the senior deacon, who tried all that lay in his power to smooth my path and soften down the unkindness displayed! Many a time have I determined I would give it up, as the way was so strewed with thorns from without, and severe darkness and exercise of soul, especially as my pastor had threatened to lock the door of Crowborough against me; which, as he held the lease, he might have done; but from this he was withheld.

On one occasion, I well remember, the Bible was sealed—my mind distressed—the Lord hid himself. Saturday night came; I must go to Crowborough next morning. I cried unto the Lord, he answered me not. I searched his word; it appeared sealed. I sat up till two o'clock in the morning, and wrote a letter, fully determined to go no more, giving up, and wishing my pastor to send some one else. This letter I intended to have left at the Wells as I returned, not daring to leave the place unsupplied on that Sabbath for fear of God's rod. After the afternoon service there came on a most violent snow-storm, which compelled me to seek another way home, and as our clerk wanted me to deliver a message to my pastor, I was obliged to go home and write it, intending to post it. When I reached home, I found a letter from a dear aged Christian brother in the ministry, encouraging me to go on,

"Though floods and flames obstruct the way;"

telling me oppositions would only make God's hand more evident. This staggered my resolution. I put off sending the letter for a day or two, and on the Tuesday morning I received two letters from two different persons, telling me what wonders of grace the Lord had wrought on their souls by my feeble ministry. What could I do? I burnt my letter; and from the strength derived from the approbation of God, thus timely and plainly shewed, onward I went for some time. But soon the clouds seemed to gather again. If I was writing the history of Crowborough, I should here shew the Lord's hand in over-ruling these and other circumstances for the enlarging and establishing his cause here—the opposition of the Puseyite clergy, on the one hand, trying to get rid of us by purchasing the place, and the trying circumstances I was under with the church with which I still stood connected, led the gentleman who had hitherto paid the rent of the place to purchase it, that I might be secured from annoyance on the one hand, and opposition on the other. He then built a wall around it, with rough stone, and vested it in trust for our denomination. Thus the Lord overrules all the devices of man, and carries on his bright designs, amid the most cloudy and stormy dispensations. After this, I remember another most distressing period. I had, as before stated, preached at Dorman's Land once a month—the Lord had blessed my labours there—and I received a note from a friend, stating that there was to be an addition by baptism, and four or five of the persons to be baptized, in their confession of faith, stated the word had been blessed through my instrumentality. I cannot tell why it should have been so, but shortly afterward my mind was filled with confusion: I could think of nothing; if I attempted to read, a thousand things would flit through my mind; if I prayed, the same; if I tried to think, the same; if I mused on any text, it was as though twenty were sounding in my ears the same moment, and wrought so distressingly in my mind that I could not tell where I was, or what strange thing had come upon me. This grew worse and worse as Sunday approached, and I cannot describe the state I was in. I sat up nearly the whole of Saturday night, first trying, in vain, to read, think, or pray: up and down till nearly three o'clock, when I

laid down on my bed, but not to sleep. At five I arose, and thought I would get over to the Wells to an early prayer meeting. It might please God to break in upon my burdened mind. I went, but no relief; and as I walked on to Crowborough, I thought my heart would burst with anguish. At length I reached there, and with a burdened mind, attempted to speak a little from Job xxiii. 3, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him." My misery was apparent to all. I could do little else than weep: I said but little, but closed in about twenty minutes with these words, as nearly as I can remember, "the Lord has hid himself from me,"—why I could not tell. I knew I had sought him most earnestly: it might be they had not wrestled with God for me, and the Lord had shut my mouth; or, perhaps, he was leading me in these deep waters to find some of his people who were travelling the same path. The place was literally a Bochim, a place of weepers—there was scarcely a dry eye in the place. Walking out between services, I met a poor woman, who kindly said, "And ye therefore now have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." John xvi. 22. This was a word fitly spoken: it just fitted: it was a help from the Lord, and formed the subject of the afternoon's exercise. But my distress had been too severe for the effect to cease for some time, but by it the Lord taught me a most salutary and blessed lesson. As he had done before, he came to commune with me:—"Where did you seek for help in your distress?" "In thy word, dear Lord." "But to what part did you look?" "To the sorrows of thy dear servants who had travelled the path I was then travelling." "Well, but can sympathy in sorrow give you help in distress?" "It may increase it, indulge or promote self pity, but not relieve." "Now, would not my faithful word of promise been of more use? would not the meditation of my power, love, faithfulness, and sure mercy, been more calculated to support, than sympathy in the sufferings of your fellow-travellers?" I was confounded—I saw and felt my folly, and learned a lesson which I wish I could always remember to practice.

Some considerable time elapsed, when I was requested to visit an old gentleman that was ill. He had been in the way more than thirty years. When I entered his chamber he began, "Oh that blessed,

blessed day!" "What day do you allude to, my dear sir?" "Oh, that blessed day that you preached from Job: 'Oh that I knew where I might find him.' That was a blessed day to my soul. The Lord visited my soul that day, and brought me from a sad state of declension to solemn consideration, and it was to me the beginning of days again; and I now lay here triumphing in that blessed Jesus." Here was some fruit from my sorrow.

Soon after, a church was formed at Crowborough, and among the rest, one came to tell what God had done for his soul, when he declared he had attended for a long time, through the influence of his wife, but his enmity against me was such he should like to have pulled me out of the pulpit. He thought himself as good as any of us, (and right enough too,) till one Sunday he said "Sir, you took that text, 'Oh that I knew where I might find him.' It was on that day the Lord met with me." I enquired how it seemed to work on his mind. He said thus: "If such a good man as Job was in such distress because he could not find the Lord, and the minister is so distressed because he cannot, what a state must I be in that never sought him!" His supposed goodness vanished, and he left God's house a burdened, guilty sinner, and went into the wood and threw himself on the ground before God, expecting the earth to open that he might drop into hell,—from which state of mind he was not relieved for some months. Here was more fruit. Still further, the Lord made me feel my dependence and nothingness without him, and led me to be a little more satisfied with his dealings. He knew my proud heart—he took great pains to keep me low—and to this day I have to bless him for often mortifying my pride, and learning me to walk softly.

But lest my scribble should grow so long as to be tiresome, I shall here abruptly break off, to resume it, I hope, (if accepted,) another day.

JONATHAN MOSE.

*Crowborough.*

JOHN BUNYAN having preached one day with particular warmth and enlargement, some of his friends after service was over, took him by the hand, and could not help observing what a sweet sermon he had delivered. "Aye," said the good man, "you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit."

A REVIEW OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF  
**THE LATE MRS. AARON MILLER,**  
*Of Walsworth.*

MY DEAR PASTOR—I have given you in a former letter some accounts of the latter rain, which my dear departed wife was the happy recipient of. But although her experience, for the last eight or nine years, consisted of glimmering hopes and gloomy fears; yet others, as well as myself, could bear testimony that there was a glorious former, as well as latter rain.

Left an orphan at about eleven or twelve years of age, cast almost upon the wide world; placed, at times, in very precarious situations, but watched over and provided for, by a kind providence.

She was, from her earlier days, the subject of affliction—sometimes in the hospital, and sometimes temporary, with a friend; and thus was spent four or five years of her teens. I have heard her speak of serious impressions first received at a Wesleyan Chapel, in the country; and from this came to town, which she much feared, lest those impressions should wear off. She brought with her a recommendation to their chapel in the City Road, where she attended for a short time. Have heard her state, that although very dark in spiritual matters, she could not get that which her soul wanted.

She, soon after, was led to hear a Mr. Dowling, who was going to preach at Bethel Chapel, City Road, on Easter Sunday; this must have been about 1830; his text was "the Lord is risen;" and asked this question at the close of his sermon, "if the Lord was risen in the hearts of his hearers?" Let each one ask the question. This caused an enquiry in her soul, as to her eternal state before God. She was, at this time, placed by an uncle with a God-fearing woman of the name of Edwards, a member of the late Mr. Latchford's. Being very fond of novel reading, this good woman always took the opportunity of removing the books, and placing before her the Bible. I have often heard her speak of this circumstance.

From this time deep anxiety pervaded her mind, and she was led to hear a Mr. Gosling, who now preaches at Poplar; and under his ministry found a solid peace in her soul. He had come out from Mr. Irons's congregation. The glorious plan of salvation was set before her eyes, and Christ crucified as the sinner's only hope.

In this she rejoiced and walked in the comfort of, for two years uninterrupted.

At the expiration of this time, having a sister suffering under affliction, she was induced, from affection, to go and attend upon her. Here she was deprived from attending upon the ordinary means of God's appointment, and deadness of soul ensued, which is sure to be the case. After a year-and-a-half she was liberated from this; was led to hear that honourable servant of God, the late Mr. Lacombe, whose ministry was of that clear nature, so mixed with wholesome exhortation, that she was enabled, once more, to feel her standing, and to rejoice in the God of her salvation. Here, with many warm Christians, she walked in fellowship, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost; here she continued for two years. His ministry, as many can testify, was calculated to lead the soul a certain distance on its heavenly journey, which she outgrew, and sometimes attended the ministry of Mr. Wells, whom she often heard with great satisfaction, especially one sermon, never forgotten, from "A morning without clouds."

After this time, (say 1835,) she was led to hear Mr. Alexander Blane, who preached somewhere near the Commercial Road. She often spoke in high terms of that dear man of God; and, just before I was united to her I have known her come home, of Lord's Day evening, from hearing him, and say, "Well, I have been enabled to say, once more, This salvation is mine."

Some verses she wrote, after returning from his funeral, at her request, I shall transcribe. They poured, like oil, into her mind, and will shew the healthy state of her soul at that time.

Hark! what melodious notes are those  
That strike upon my ear?  
'Tis our brother joining chorus  
With the angelic heavenly choir.

While on earth, a pilgrim weary,  
Off' to saints he lov'd to tell  
Of a full and free salvation,  
And how Jesus vanquish'd hell.

Mighty were his foes, and numerous,  
But almighty grace prevail'd;  
He's conquer'd all, thro' him who lov'd him,  
Him whose word can never fail.

Off' my soul has been refreshed,  
When oppress'd by trials sore,  
Whilst he preach'd a precious Jesus,  
Sounded forth his love and power.

No more shall satan hurl his darts,  
Or vile corruptions in him rise,  
Freed from the tempter's wily arts,  
He rests beyond the starry skies.

What's his employ? I fain would trace,  
And follow to yon world of bliss;  
Faith soars aloft—there finds the depth  
Of sov'reign and of saving grace.

Dear Jesus, make me patient wait,  
Till thou shalt bid from earth arise;  
Nor let me murnur at thy will,  
But from thy grace find rich supplies.

Make me set loose to all below,  
And find my all in thee, I pray;  
Soon shall my faith be turn'd to sight,  
And dwell for ever in eternal day.

After this time she became a member of Crosby Row, and sat under the ministry of Mr. Wycherly; whom she heard, at first, profitably; his suddenly leaving and the breaking up of the church was a severe blow and a great stumbling block to her; nor did she become a member of any church again, until we both joined under your ministry, where we found a settled home, although circumstances, for a time, prevented that communion which previously existed, and was a sore trial to both our minds. Your ministry had always a very searching effect upon her, and she was often very much troubled as to whether her beginning was right; often doubted the reality of her religion; yet those blessed seasons she had enjoyed in her early days could not be obliterated, although she vainly tried, at times, to renounce them. For the last seven or eight years of her life,

"Long nights, and darkness intervned,  
With scarce a twinkling ray."

The very last time she heard you preach, which was on a Tuesday evening, she said to her esteemed sister Burns, "I feel as I have heard you sometimes say, Mr. Banks has to-night entered right into the path of experience I am and have been travelling in; I fear it is to prepare me for something that is coming upon me."

I believe she had never heard you so profitably before. She often said to me, after we came back, that there was a great difference in your ministry, and that you stood more in the liberty of the gospel.

I shall now add a few abstracts of her own penning, in former years, and then give the letter you read, with a few things that have since come to my remembrance. Yours, &c., A. MILLER.

6, Liverpool Street, Walworth,  
April 13, 1831.

"March 13th, 1836.—Dear Lord, thou hast in mercy brought me to the close of another Sabbath day; but it is known to thee alone, whether I shall awake to see the rising of another sun; if not, I shall be for ever with thee, for ever basking in the ocean of eternal, electing love. I desire to thank

thee for the sweet foretaste thou didst give me this morning, under the sound of the gospel, and although thou didst permit the enemy to rob thy poor dust of it before sunset; yet would I ascribe all glory to thee for the sweet assurance that ere long I shall enjoy with ransomed myriads a Sabbath of eternal rest, without any intruding thoughts, or fiery darts from the enemy. Thou knowest the weakness of my poor body; grant me grace to enable me to wait all thy will concerning me; but I would rather be freed from this body of sin and death; may I patiently wait all the days thou hast appointed me.

“March 14th, 1836.—Dear Lord, thou hast been better to me than my doubts and fears. I thank thee that in some measure thou hast alleviated the pain and languor of my poor body. This clay tabernacle seems a long time coming down; and thy poor dust can say with one of old, “I groan, being burdened; “I long to be freed from this cage, this prison house, and these heavy fetters that so often drag me down to earth. But oh! blissful thought! the time is fast approaching, when I, with all the blood-bought throng, shall see thee face to face, and shall sing with them for ever in Paradise. Now, unto him who hath washed us in his own most precious blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, be honour, and majesty, dominion, and power, both now and for ever. Amen. Until that happy period shall arrive, enable me to bow with humble submission to all thy will concerning me; keep the door of my lips, ‘and hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.’ Amen.

“Wednesday, March 16th, 1836.—O, thou covenant-keeping God! if not a sparrow falls to the ground without thy knowledge, for thou hast said ‘they are of more value than many sparrows,’ thou withholdest thy hand in providence, but who shall dare to say thou doest wrong; for we have just such a portion as thou hast seen fit to allot for us in this wilderness. We must not expect rich fare in a desert land; but through the exceeding riches of thy grace, we are very fast approaching that fertile country, overflowing with milk and honey; and soon shall we sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, and forget all the toils and cares of the wilderness in exploring the riches of that love which carried us safe through a crooked, but a right way, to a city of habitation.

“Lord’s-day evening, March 20th, 1836.—Indulgent parent, I would thank thee that thou hast once more permitted me, a poor worm of the earth, to commit to paper thy tender mercies towards me; for truly, hadst thou been swift to mark iniquity, who could stand before a just and holy God? But thou hastest putting away, and thou dost not look at us in and of ourselves, but in the person of Christ; and therefore, thou viewest us without spot or wrinkle. I thank thee for the past manifestations of thy love, and for my present unshaken confidence, amidst the opposition of the world, the flesh, and the devil. This is a changing scene; and many are the sorrows through which we have to pass; but thy blood-bought family is fast hastening to that eternal rest, which thou, by the shedding of thy most precious blood, hast purchased.

“Thou knowest, dear Lord, that during this thy holy day, my poor heart has been many times grovelling in the dust; but although at times dragged down to earth by painful recollections of past scenes and departed friends, yet thou favour’st me with a good hope through grace, that ere long thou wilt take me home to dwell for ever beyond the reach of any intruders. Thou knowest full well that my desire is to enjoy more of thy presence. O! prepare my mind for any trial that thou mayest see fit in thy wisdom to lay upon me in the week that is coming: thou knowest the weakness of my poor body is such, that at times I feel as if I must give up; work in me to will and to do of thy pleasure concerning me.

“Wednesday evening, August 21st, 1839.—Heard J. Irons, from Psalm cix. 26. ‘Help me, O, Lord, my God.’ Found it good to be there; found it

good to wait on the Lord, for he verified his promise by renewing my strength, and causing his word to distil as the dew. Pause O my soul in all thy darkness for verily there is a set time to favour Zion.

“Sabbath morning, September 11th, 1836.—This morning, harassed by the enemy of souls concerning temporal things; although I never had less reason to doubt of the Lord’s goodness towards me, being abundantly supplied with work. Amidst all my doubts and misgivings, the Lord is still manifesting his grace towards me, by giving me a humbling view of my poor fallen nature, and a most precious view of himself as my exalted and willing Saviour; and I am led to exclaim,—

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

In 1848, writing to her friend Mrs. Styles in America, she says,—

“I have seen many around me cut down in the midst of health and apparent usefulness; and can but gaze with wonder at the goodness of our covenant God, in sparing such a poor useless worm as I appear to be. I have to walk much in the dark; and I think I often get into that slough of despond, good old Bunyan speaks of; but bless his dear and sacred name, I have never yet been suffered to sink. No, when things have appeared at the worst, I have been helped with a little help, either from a passage from the word of God, or a line or verse of some precious hymn. Once, when pondering as to whether I should ever reach that happy place, where sin and sorrow are for ever done away, these words melted me into tears; ‘Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, and behold the land that is very far off.’ Another time, I was, for a few moments, favoured with a view of Christ on the cross, dropping rich drops of precious blood; that I could not help exclaiming with mingling joy and sorrow.

‘Here I’d sit for ever viewing  
Mercy’s streams, in streams of blood.’

“Precious drops; and if these are evidences of the Lord’s work in the heart of a poor sinner, I trust I may, without presuming, put in my humble claim; for it is in this way I am helped along from time to time; but you know, by painful experience, that when Zion’s mourners weep, and seek an absent, hidden Lord, ‘tis none but Jesus can speak a soul-refreshing word. As the poet sweetly sings,—

‘Sure the blest Comforter is nigh,  
‘Tis he sustains my bleeding heart.’

Space tells me I must skip over several things which she penned, I therefore come to

“January 19th, 1851.—In the chamber of affliction. O, thou blessed and ever glorious Lord! Thou hast once more permitted me to raise an Ebenezer of praise to thee for all thy past mercies. O, grant patience and holy submission to thy most holy and sovereign will in this heavy affliction and time of trial. If it is thy good pleasure, blessed Jesus, be pleased to bless the means used for my recovery; and if it is thy will to restore me to some measure of health and strength, grant that I may come out of the furnace as gold that is doubly refined: and may it be my privilege and happiness to sit at thy dear sacred feet, and learn of thee, for thou wast meek and lowly. But if thou hast otherwise designed, O, be pleased in mercy to give me a token for good; some sweet hope that black and vile as I am, my sins were washed away when thou wast led, a willing sacrifice, as a Lamb to the slaughter. Enable me to cast every burden upon thee, thou great burden bearer. And O! be pleased to subdue all sin within me, and keep me from a murmuring, fretful spirit. O, bless my dear partner in his soul, and refresh him with the renewed visits of thy

grace. Strengthen his poor body, and enable him to stand fast in the liberty of the gospel. Enable us to leave our dear children in thy hands. O, heavenly Father! bless them individually with thy council; and grant that they may be manifest as partakers of thy grace. And now, dear Lord be pleased to be present with me in this silent chamber; and whilst thy family are privileged to assemble in thy house of prayer, will thou turn in with me, and bless me with thy presence for a few moments. Amen."

The last words she penned, were,—

"My breath grows short,  
My strength it fails me too;  
Ah! who but Jesus  
Can support me through."

The following is a copy of the letter above referred to.

"Dear Pastor,—In putting down a few things that were the stay and support of my dear departed wife during her last illness, I need not tell you she was the subject of much affliction. For the last few years her experience is described by Watts,—

'By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears,  
We tread the sacred road.'

"About a fortnight before Christmas, she first began to raise blood; medical assistance was obtained, and I resolved to have the advice of an eminent physician; but while taking his prescription, the bleeding returned terrifically, so that I was obliged to call in a surgeon who attended her till her death.

"When she first stepped into the waters of affliction, she was the subject of many fears as to her eternal state; and seemed unable to raise a desire heaven-ward. This was a sore trial. I was her nurse for the most part in her affliction, and was enabled to pray by, and read to her, what afterwards was blessed to her soul: and feeble desires at first sprung up. She first stated, 'I have a gleam of hope; but I want to lay hold: these words are sweet to me:—

'Those feeble desires,  
Those wishes so weak,  
'Tis Jesus inspires,  
And bids you still seek.'

"I feel myself carried away before I am aware, in solemn and secret prayer to the Lord.' And upon this, some views of eternal rest broke in, and shortly after she broke out one night,—

'There, on a green and flow'ry mount  
Our weary souls shall sit;  
And with transporting pleasure count  
The labours of our feet.'

"But these little helps soon vanished; and she often lamented that she could not lay firm hold of the Lord by faith. The next word that came was, 'And the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple; even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in.' And was enabled to look forward for clearer manifestation; and the following word was effectually applied to her soul, which removed every doubt: 'For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.' This kept with, and bore her up; and from this time she felt a solid hope and firm standing upon the Rock of ages; she often repeated with emphasis,

'I cannot forget thee, I will not; thy name  
Engraved on my heart must for ever remain.'

"About a month back she said one day, 'I am so happy in my soul;

'Here I sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood.'

"On February 19th, she said, 'I dare say some of our people will be looking for something great after this affliction; but I can truly say I have no desire for those high-flown feelings some speak of. I would sooner feel a firm reliance upon the

Lord by humble faith. The Lord hath dealt with me as with a little child: He gently leads my soul along. He has mercifully dealt with me, in not permitting the tempter to harass my soul; while he has given me sweet confidence in himself.' As she grew worse, her confidence in her Lord increased: she would break out,

'O, happy hour! O, blest abode!  
I shall be near, and like my God.'

He says 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' "On another occasion, she said to me, 'Jesus is indeed precious to my soul; and I believe will make himself more precious still. O! I wish I had strength, I would shout and sing.' At another time I had been to the doctor's; who said she need not be removed, as she could not live till quarter day. She replied, 'You have brought me blessed news my dear; I long to be gone.' In the night she said,

'Death cannot make my soul afraid,  
If God be with me there.'

"On another night she was ejaculating to herself, 'Forty years was I grieved with this generation.' 'Yes, just forty years have I grieved him. O! that such a wretch as I should ever be made a partaker of such grace.'

"The Tuesday before she died, these words were sweetly applied with power; 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise;' 'Be not faithless but believing;' 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'

"She could not make out 'this day;' not believing it was the last day; nor had the penetration to see that it was overruled by the 'when thou passest through the waters,' &c. These precious words continued with her till the soul quitted the body; having the assurance of being in paradise, and the Lord's supporting power.

"The Friday morn before her death, she said to her kind friend and nurse, Catherine, 'I am so happy in my mind; I am happier than I was the morning I was married.'

"For the last two or three days she could scarcely speak at all; and there were times of sore conflict; agonizing prayers going up, and in succession, sweet peace of soul. She said to me when I came home on the Friday, 'The enemy has thrust sore at me that I might fall; but the Lord hath appeared.' On the Saturday she said, 'We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ; on this she dwelt much, intimating that she found a real vitality in religion. She was taken for death at nine o'clock the Saturday night; and from that time, the enemy was as still as a stone. For two days she took scarcely anything save a little wine and water with a feather. On Sunday morning she said, 'O, Holy Ghost come and take me to thyself.' I asked her in the afternoon, do you know me dear? 'Do I know you! Yes;' she replied. I said, are you happy in your mind? She nodded assent. I said further, is all right for eternity? She replied, 'quite right.' I then asked if there was one truth in which we had both believed and walked together, that she could give up. She replied 'not one.' She was fast sinking; her last recline was upon my shoulder; I softly laid her down upon the pillow, and she gently breathed out her soul into the arms of her Redeemer.—One gasp for breath, and her happy spirit took its flight and joined the happy blood-washed throng. O! that you and I may enjoy the same sweet supporting power, when called to pass the gloomy vale.

"Yours affectionately in the gospel,  
AARON MILLER."

"8, Anns' Terrace, Lorrimer Road,  
"March, 1851."

"The Cross of Christ, (or suffering for his sake) is a crabbed tree to look at, but sweet and fair is the fruit it yields."—*Rutherford*.

FRAGMENTS OF  
A PASTOR'S READINGS.

No. I.

*The Christian Physician's Death Bed.*

DOCTOR GORDON practiced as a physician at Hull. He entered this world in August, 1801; received his diploma of M.D., when forty years of age; and so acted his part, in public and local things, as to win the lofty title of "THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND." He died, February 7, 1849; and after his death, his fellow townsmen, in public meeting assembled, resolved to raise "The People's Monument," in white marble, to his endeared memory, an obelisk twenty-five feet high. "Honour to whom honour is due." But I lay before my readers an account of his instructive death, in extracts from those published by his son-in-law.\* Naturally very amiable, and by cultivation of his talents, learned, he nevertheless was long held in bondage by infidel objections to the Christian religion; endeavouring, by dint of human reason, to arrive at the desired peace and safety. But, he said, it was not until he came, as a little child to Jesus, that he really knew what it was to possess these. "I am astonished," he said on another occasion, "it should ever be spoken of as a difficult thing for men to acknowledge their own unworthiness. When I look back on my own life, and examine it, I see it has been a life of imperfection and selfishness. My best actions were unworthy, and a mixture of selfish motive was in my most benevolent efforts." Ah! that was judging rightly. It is worthy of astonishment that poor defiled worms, all over filth, should speak of it as a difficulty to confess their own unworthiness. But the astonishment lies in this—the awfully blinding powers of corrupt nature, alike to the learned and ignorant. It is pleasant to mark the anxiety with which Dr. Gordon's relatives sought after evidences of the departing soul's being savingly on the Rock of ages. They feared lest his amiableness, benevolence, and popularity, with his vast learning, &c., would eclipse proofs of entire satisfaction of his change of heart; but they were gladdened by viewing developed, by his illness, inward conflicts long endured, living truth spiritually possessed, and saving interests largely influential! Some expressions in

\* "The Christian Philosopher Triumphant over death."—By N. HALL, B.A.

the account we cannot approve; but the chief of it is really blessed.

Having left him apparently better and so cheered with the prospect of their beloved relative being long spared to them, they had scarcely reached their homes an hour when they were alarmed by a message that he was dying. On hastening to his bedside they thought all was over. The eyes were fixed, and a sweat was thick upon his brow. He had risen to have his bed made, when syncope of the heart ensued, and all the appearances of death presented themselves to his distressed family, but while they stood anxiously round him, animation gradually returned, and after some refreshment the delighted loved ones heard him feelingly to Sir W. Sowthrop declare, "If conscious of my own unworthiness and reliance on Christ alone, be a proper ground of peace, I have it," &c. And expressed how he could witness to the full expressions of the sinner's helplessness and the Saviour's grace, as contained in that beautiful hymn,

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

That is a good hymn, no dead soul can feelingly respond to it. How many living ones do! yes, and they *are* safe! shall be blessed for ever and ever.

But dreadful agony now came on the doctor, arising from spasms of the heart. He frequently raised himself in bed, and lifted up his arms in great distress, comparing his sensations to the effect of ten thousand screws tearing him to pieces. His powers of patient endurance were remarkable, yet he cried, "dear fellow! O my friends, my children, can you do nothing for me? O my heavenly Father help me! O! my dear Jesus, take me." It was a night of distress indeed: throughout it he displayed his lovely consideration of his dear relatives around him; his intellectual possession in feeling his pulse, and calling for remedies as the symptoms varied; often expressing his surprise that he continued so long. At intervals he made the following remarks amongst others: "Remember, this pain is only bodily; I've no fear. This is, indeed, agony, torture; but what a mercy that my *mind* is at perfect peace." He frequently spoke of re-union with those dear to him; his love seeming to increase to his believing friends with his love of Christ and his views of heaven. As they stood around his bed, his eye tenderly passed from one



to another; and he said, "This is what I have often pictured to myself, as I have lain awake at night. I've seen it all just like this; and seen myself in my coffin, and you at my funeral."

In discussing on the nature and ground of his hope, he wisely distinguished between nature and grace; saying, "My natural disposition led me to do many things of a benevolent character; but this was not love to God. Mere natural disposition will not do; there needs something better for a holy God; I am quite unworthy, corrupt, corrupt! But alas! how many think of meeting God without anything better; trusting in the efficacy of pious and benevolent acts." Some solemn truths shall be here written from the doctor's biographer, who rightly remarks, "When the Divine Spirit enlightens the mind to understand our obligations, then, with Job, we 'abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes.' 'Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, (love to God as from God,) it profiteth me nothing.' Following the bent of mere natural temperament, is not love to God, when it prompts to the relief of the afflicted, any more than when it leads to the investigation of a scientific truth. The generous man may be as different to, and as destitute of, spiritual acknowledgement of the claims and honour of God, as the miser and the church, One is far more useful to society, yet they may both be in the same condemnation at the tribunal of the searcher of hearts. The ordinary actions of life are criminal when performed estranged from him by whom acceptance with God is made. Thus we are told that the 'ploughing of the wicked is sin.' The smallest act in love to God is more acceptable to him, than the most scrupulous performance of religious rites, or the most profuse benevolence, when destitute of this motive, Incess is abomination, it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting." No wonder therefore, this spiritually seeing physician should, in the light of heaven, cry—"I am quite unworthy, corrupt, corrupt."

At one time a cloud passed over his mind: and he said, "I don't see Jesus as I wish; I don't see him vividly." But the Lord was pleased to restore the blest vision, when the doctor's countenance brightened with joy, he said—"I seem to see Jesus now. He is here in all his love and mercy." And after this, most

blessed were the visits Jesus condescended to pay this favoured saint—this people's idol—whose very bliss below, in the prospect of eternity, was in the love and mercy of the all-glorious Lord to him, as one, so ill-deserving of the divine favour. I think the church of God at large take pleasure in, and are often profited by the Lord's solemn and precious dealings with his dying saints, so we will forward another paper of such dealings with this saint; concluding this with this extract. He said—"I think I see it ('the happy land') as it were before me: I am going to Jesus. I have embraced him, he will receive me. Our best actions are 'filthy rags;' there is pride and selfishness mixed up with them all. I have thought and written and done a great deal, but it's all nothing. I feel the need of a better righteousness: it is, in Christ, I have found it!" The following hymn which became a great favourite, was now repeated:—

"Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am—and waiting not,  
To rid my soul of one dark blot;  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am—though tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without—  
O Lamb, of God, I come!

"Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yes, all I need, in thee to find—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be thine, yes, thine alone—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

To this the apparently dying man responded with great feeling, "O beautiful, that's the way I come." And so says, with all his heart, reader, thine to serve in the holy interests of heaven,

W. HAWKINS.

*Bradford, Wilts.*

#### A NARRATIVE

OF A WORK OF GRACE; AND OF SOME PRELIMINARY  
STEPS TO THE MINISTRY,  
By JOSEPH PALMER.

In the humbling narrative which the reader is about to peruse, it is designed briefly to sketch (so far as an imperfect mortal can sketch) the progressive move-

ments of God's Holy Spirit upon the heart of one of the least of his saints, in forming it anew, training it in the school of Christ, and leading it "by a right way to a city of habitation." And if any inquire the reason of its appearance, the only reply which will be given is this, (waiving alike the plea of repeated requests and every other,) that the writer seeks to fulfil, in his individual instance, that admonition of our Lord to the man out of whom he had cast a legion of devils, "Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee:" and if the effect of this narrative shall, in a small measure, resemble that which followed the preaching of the Gadarene, it will indeed be blessed, for it is said, that at the return of Jesus, "they were all *waiting* for him." Luke viii. 39, 40.

From as early a period as I can recollect, I was the subject of continual, and sometimes strong convictions for sin. And I have observed that this has frequently been the case with the Lord's people, especially when they have been blessed, as was my privileged case, with believing parents, whose diligent care was to train up their children in the fear of the Lord. Being by this means brought under the sound of a faithful gospel ministry, it was not possible for the mind to be so totally ignorant of the letter of truth, as in the case of others who know nothing of this external bias. And God's Holy Spirit was thus pleased to fasten a legal restraint upon natural conscience, that thus he might preserve from those outward enormities, into which some of his people are suffered to run in the days of their unregeneracy. And although it is a matter for praise to God, to be thus "kept by the power of God," and "preserved in Christ Jesus;" still the enlightened soul feels that there is nothing saving in this, for a religious education is not vital godliness, and a legal repentance needs to be repented of.

When the Holy Ghost first quickened my soul into newness of life, I cannot precisely say, for "as the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Yet, just as we know the existence of the wind by its sound, so must we judge of the indwelling of the Spirit by his fruits. And as the hearing ear is said to be from

God, I believe I shall be warranted in attributing to his Almighty hand that anxious and diligent attention which I found my heart unexpectedly and quite unusually influenced to give to the preached gospel, then faithfully proclaimed by the late respected and beloved Mr. Evans, of John-street Chapel, London, upon whose ministry we then attended. I was just turned my 16th year when thus sensibly awakened to the reality of truth. Mr. Evans, it will be recollected by all who knew him, was possessed of those natural attractions, which are calculated to arrest the attention of the most thoughtless; engaging them, if but for a moment, to listen to a subject which the preacher enforced with so much energy and pathos. It is true, these would avail nothing of themselves, but the Lord, undoubtedly, prepares and endows his own ministers for his own wise purposes. Under this good man I found my mind insensibly drawn after that gospel which he so feelingly recommended to sinful, dying men. I hung upon his words: the gospel he discoursed of, seemed a pleasing theme to my soul; and yet, at that time, I do not recollect that I had any *right* conception, and *real* feeling, of my lost condition as a sinner before God. I believe the Lord was thus "alluring me into the wilderness," for it was not long before he revealed to me some of the hidden evils of my heart. It is, indeed, the "light that maketh manifest;" and in my experience I found that so soon as I apprehended but a little of the light of the gospel, God set my secret sins in the light of his countenance, and that brought me into bondage.

It was while attending this good man, whose words were powerful to my soul, that I was apprenticed, in the order of divine providence, to a godly man, a deacon, at that time, of Zoar Chapel, London; and it was in my employ under him that the Lord suffered Satan powerfully to assail me, that so I might be taught a little of what was in my heart. Reader, it is in the recital of such evils as this, that I feel the blush of shame, and I could cheerfully exclude it, if I did not believe that it may be to the glory of God, enhancing, by its heinousness, the greatness and value of the deliverance. And here I would add one other remark. It will generally be found that in fastening conviction upon the hearts of his people, the dear Lord will more particu-

larly charge home upon the conscience some single and easily-besetting sin. The word comes, as it did to David, with a "Thou art the man." Our sin is so palpable we cannot paliate, much less deny it. And then, following this home thrust, is the further discovery of our entire corruption and depravity. But to return. Being naturally rather ambitious, it became my object when apprenticed, at least to equal, if not excel, as speedily as possible, those of my fellow apprentices who had been many months at the trade. But in this praiseworthy emulation Satan had been permitted to lay his snare, and I, alas! fell into it. My impatience and my impetuosity hurried me on. The reader will, perhaps, anticipate the painful fact. I drank into the spirits of my new companions, and fell into the sin of swearing. The least accident or unpropitious circumstance that occurred to delay me at my work, was sure so to irritate my hasty constitution, that I foolishly and wickedly gave way to it. And it was after these moments of sin, that the anguish and horror of my feelings were so great, that none can conceive of, except those who have been in a like sad and sinful state. Blackness of darkness would envelope my soul, and the bitterest accusations and cutting reproaches would crowd upon the mind, causing me to sink in sadness and bitterness of spirit. But, though thus a transgressor in heart and life, yet even at this time I was favoured on the Lord's Days to drink largely of the gospel streams as handed out to us by Mr. Evans. And this too was a source of trial. Satan took advantage of my enjoyment of the word on the sabbath, and the many vain resolutions and vows that I made against the repetition of my besetting sin, to harass and buffet my soul more severely when again overcome. How true it is that we form our own rods. Ah! he would say, when carried away by the wickedness of my carnal heart, so you can profess to attend with such pleasure and delight upon the means of grace, and find such comfort in hearing the word! And oftentimes was I tempted to believe myself only a stony-ground hearer, which, in a time of temptation, falleth away.

Mr. Evans was continually warning his hearers against carnal security, and I was tempted to believe I must be among that class as he described them, wrapped up

in a mere formal religion, and mistaking enthusiasm and the natural workings of human passions for the genuine work of God in the soul, while in their outward conversation they were following all manner of sin and iniquity with greediness. Under this fear I determined again and again to strive against the sin which led me captive at its will, and made fresh resolutions every day to that intent: but, alas! having no strength vouchsafed from above, I could stand only so long as the tempter delayed his temptation, and that was not long together. It must, however, be borne in mind that this, though a besetting, was a secret sin. I never fell into it when associating with the family: no, parental fear seemed to have more weight with me than that of the God of heaven. Nor did I give way to it so as to be heard by my associates in business, because in my mind, and probably as a salutary result of a religious education, there was ever attached a degree of degradation to the sin of swearing: but I seemed to be led by the devil, and my own wicked heart, to indulge in it secretly, under the vain and sinful idea that it was a kind of revenge on misfortune. And, indeed, it was a sad delusion; and I have since been brought to see that if the righteous curse and wrath due to those sins had not been borne by the Almighty Substitute of the church, they would have woefully augmented my eternal misery. Let the presumptuous trifler, therefore, take heed, and shun the very appearance of evil.

19, *Lavina Grove, King's Cross.*

(To be continued in our next.)

THE QUIET DEPARTURE OF

**THOMAS EDE, A GOOD DEACON**

*In the Church of Christ at Cuckfield, Sussex.*

THE Lord trieth the righteous, and sure I am, that trials sanctified are blessings indeed to their souls. As a little party of God's Zion, we have had many trials of late. The Lord's voice hath cried unto the city; and shall the trumpet be blown in the city and the people not be afraid; shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it? Many, yea, very many of the dear little flock in this place have been heavily afflicted; there are but few, but what have felt the rod personally as well as relatively. I have been looking for the Lord Jesus to come

into his garden to gather home his lilies. But as he has called and united us in holy fellowship, and although satan has made a desperate thrust at us to break the bond of union, still he has not been permitted to separate us in heart and affection. Therefore to part, becomes a heavy trial, although it be under a comfortable persuasion we shall meet again in glory, where parting will be known no more. We must needs die and be as water that cannot be gathered up. "Dust we are, and to dust we must return." "The Lord giveth, and he taketh away." And "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" While I have been looking for the ranks to be broken by the cold hand of death, the warrant or summons hath been sent, death hath entered into our gates, and we are left severely to feel it, and to mourn over our loss. But still we would be submissive, knowing that God is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. A dear brother, Thomas Ede, a deacon, and one of the first eight that formed the church in this place, God has seen fit to call to himself, in a solemn, and yet in a most merciful way, as he only laid aside from his calling in life about four days. He was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and joined the church at Newick, about eleven or twelve years ago. He has not been known as a great talker, but generally known as a consistent walker; to this, I can bear witness ever since he has been a member of the church that I am permitted to go in and out before to preach the Word of Life. He was a peacemaker, a quiet prince in Israel. His soul appeared to be bent in seeking the prosperity of Zion; his seat was seldom or never empty, although he had to get his bread by the sweat of his brow, he would, in the busiest times leave his employ, to attend to the week-night services, so that I could depend on having his assistance at our weekly prayer-meeting, to prevent us from following the customs of the country places in giving up week-night services in the busy times in the year. His prayer was short, but to me it was weighty, for what he sought for in prayer, he endeavoured to carry out in practice. He was active in his office as a deacon; he had entertained no high notions of himself; he thought below, rather than above his abilities. He had great love for the truth, and the closer it was preached, the more he loved

it, as he profited most thereby. He sympathized with the afflicted, but as he thought himself not qualified to speak a word to them, he in some measure felt reluctant in visiting them; and I believe he felt much for me whenever he conceived I was depressed in spirit. If I reproved him, he would always receive it in love. The last Sabbath but one he came to Bethel, after I had ended in prayer, he began as usual, to give out the hymn, but could not proceed, he was so melted down in the prayer, as he told me after the service. He was taken ill on Monday the 28th of April, in the evening, suffered much during the night, got up a little while on Tuesday; sitting in his chair, looking at his dear wife, said, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?" and repeated it the second time, and on Wednesday evening, he sent to me, to ask me to come and see him the next day; accordingly, I went, and found him very ill, but still thought he would soon get better. He had a high fever, and a sore throat, was not hardly able to speak, and as it hurt him to speak, I did not say much to him. While I stood speaking to him, he looked at me, and said, "Christ is the treasure I desire;" I replied, you have him, and having him, you have all. I then read and prayed with and for him, and on leaving him, I asked if he was comfortable, he said, "yes, pretty well." I asked him, if satan had been permitted to harass his mind, he said, "no, not yet;" after telling him not to be surprised if he should make the attempt, I left him. The next morning, a great change took place for the worse, and he died about half-past two in the afternoon, and not being able to let me know of the change, I saw him no more. He departed without a sigh, struggle, or groan, and thus he fell asleep in the arms of him he desired to have as his treasure. He was thirty-eight years of age, has left a widow to bemoan her loss. I preached his funeral sermon from 2nd of Samuel iii. 38; to a crowded audience. May the Lord make up his loss tenfold, and his name shall have eternal praise.

*Cuckfield, Sussex,*  
May 13, 1851.

E. ARNOLD.

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"A believer studies more how to adorn the cross of Christ, than how to avoid it."—*Dyer.*

## RECOGNITION OF MR. ALLDIS,

BEULAH CHAPEL, SOMERSTOWN: WITH THE ORIGIN OF THE CAUSE THERE.

THE public recognition of Mr. Robert Alldis, as pastor of the Baptist Church assembling in Beulah Chapel, Chapel Street, Somers-town, took place on Tuesday, April 29, 1851.

In the afternoon Mr. G. Wyard delivered an elaborate address on the nature and constitution of a gospel church. Mr. Charles Smith, of Cumberland Street, Shoreditch, then gave an interesting address on the advantages of such an union. At five o'clock a large company took tea in the school-room adjoining the chapel; and at half-past six the interesting service of the evening commenced by singing

"Shepherd of Israel," &c.

After which Mr. Box, of Woolwich, read a portion of Scripture, and offered up a prayer. The hymn, "With heavenly power, O Lord, defend

Him whom we now to thee commend," &c.

was next sung, and Mr. Ball rose to give a very interesting statement of the origin of the cause at Somers-town, from which we gather the following—

Different from most other places, the cause at Somers-town is an original one, that is to say, it did not arise from any division, nor was it a branch or offshoot of any other church.

Many years since, Somers-town was a little village or town, frequented by hundreds on the Lord's day for pleasure, was the scene of all that is awful and wicked, and from this fact attained the name of "Botany Bay."

The speaker here exhibited the original collecting book for building the first Baptist Chapel in Somers-town, containing the testimonials of Dr. Rippon, and many other excellent ministers of that day. In the year 1795 Mr. Jarman, member of a baptist chapel at Walworth, began preaching in the open air at Somers'-town; the cause of which was thus described.—Mr. Jarman was dining with a lady in that neighbourhood. After dinner she addressed Mr. J., and said, "You seem to have some zeal; what say you to turning Whitfield, and preach in the open air at Somers-town; it is a sad vulgar place?" To this he made no reply; but the next Sabbath he put his Bible into his pocket, walked to Somers-town, and took his stand at the top of Wilsted Street. He first met with a great deal of opposition. When preaching his first sermon he was severely handled; and had it not been for a person taking him into his adjacent house, most probably he would have lost his life. There were some afterwards came forward who had been blessed and stopped in their mad career under this first sermon of Mr. J.'s. One of them invited him to preach in his house, which he did; and on the 25th of March, 1796, ten persons were baptised upon a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, by (we understood) Mr. Joseph Swaine, of Walworth. These, with eighteen others, formed themselves into a church, and invited Mr. Jarman to become their pastor, which he accepted. The house now became too strait for them, and they were advised to try to build a small chapel, which they did in Brill Row, in 1797, part of which building now stands there. In 1802 the spot of ground where Beulah Chapel now stands was a place for a theatre, and was afterwards purchased by the Church of England, and a building for divine worship raised thereon; but it continued to be so very thinly attended, that eventually it was put up for auction, and was bought by Mr. Jarman. There they continued to worship until March 11, 1820, when it was destroyed by fire; after which the present commodious edifice was erected, first without galleries. The pulpit and seats were the gift of a Mr. Jones, the then minister of Silver Street Chapel, (and were the old fittings of that place of worship,) on the condition that he should preach the first sermon in the new building. But when finished he waived his right in favour of Dr. Waugh of Edinburgh, who preached the morning sermon; Mr. Jones in the afternoon; and Mr.

Chiu, of Walworth, in the evening. Mr. Jarman continued to minister unto them till the year 1824, when, finding his mental and physical powers were failing him, he thought it his duty to resign his pastorate, which he did.

Mr. Ball related many other interesting circumstances, and exhibited many original documents in connection with this cause, which we would gladly have given in full, but cannot.

Another hymn was then sung; and Mr. John Foreman asked Mr. Alldis to give some account of his call by grace and to the ministry, to which Mr. Alldis replied in a most interesting manner. We can but give an outline of the same.

Mr. Alldis declared that it was with great reluctance and trembling that he entered upon the present service. Up to the age of eighteen, he lived in much sin, and went to awful lengths in iniquity; although he was brought up with much care, and was the subject of many prayers; his natural conscience would often accuse him of doing wrong; and the example of his parents was a great check at times. Yet, though his conduct was thus sad when away from home, his demeanor in the house of God was ever becoming and attentive. He was somewhat acquainted with the doctrines and principles of religion, and was by profession, a Calvinist. His present wife, with whom he was then keeping company, thought that he loved God; but she soon found out very different; and intended to discontinue the acquaintance, but he was determined not to give it up. One evening they met, and she resolved it should be the last; she addressed him accordingly, and went home, where she spent some time in prayer for him. Her words sunk deep into Robert Alldis' heart; and midnight found him meditating on the past and present. Now for the first time he felt himself to be a sinner; and felt indeed his need of mercy and the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. For this he attempted to pray; but his prayer appeared unanswered; the heavens appeared as brass; and he feared even to look upwards; till he felt to have no interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. This state of mind continued or rather grew worse for two or three months. He says he envied the beasts in the field. On the Saturday previous to his deliverance, he was almost in despair. Towards the evening, he determined upon going to Grundsiburgh Chapel on the following Sabbath; and in the morning he arose and went thither; and on nearing the chapel, he exclaimed, "Unless the Lord meet me this day, I shall die in despair." In the morning he got nothing that appeared to suit his case. In the afternoon, Mr. Collins took for his text, "Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty." And when the preacher was speaking of the beauty of the Lord Jesus Christ, and setting forth the efficacy of his blood, &c., he felt the shackles to drop from his mind; and the smiles of heaven appeared to light up his very soul. This precious season he will never forget. He heard the Word again in the evening; but he could not forget the afternoon. He had a great distance to walk in returning home in the evening; and it was therefore late before he got there. On retiring to rest he attempted to pray; but he found nothing to pray for,—prayer was turned into praise; and he thought could he die then how happy would he be; he lie awake till one o'clock, but found no signs of dying; so that he said to himself, "Well, God is mine, and I am his;" and thought he should be free from bondage for ever. In the morning, his father came to him for an account of his time; being so late the previous evening. He felt this as a dagger to his heart; he knew not what to say; but shortly afterwards opened his mind to his parent; and he said that in his dear father he found a beloved brother in Christ. Shortly after this, he was baptised; and then came to live in the neighbourhood of London, where he attended at Mr. John Fore-

man's. His prospects in business at this time were very bright; but soon every door appeared closed. He recollects putting the last sixpence he had into the plate at Colnebrook. He began to wonder what the Lord was about to do with him, and in going home he was much exercised in his mind about it. But on reaching home, he found a letter requesting him to do some work at Uxbridge; and in a very short space of time he earned a deal of money. Thus the Lord opened the way and cleared his path.

Now his mind began to be exercised as regards the ministry. He found it sweet to meditate on the Word of God; and having to walk long distances he used to look into his Bible before he left his home, for a passage to meditate on during his walk. He was once going to Illington, a distance of six miles from where he was then living; and previous to starting, he took up his Bible to seek for a passage whereon to meditate during his walk; but could not for some time find one that seem to lay hold on his mind; whereupon he began to cry unto God that he would give him one; when suddenly this passage was given to him: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor," &c. Luke iv. 18.—He tried hard to put this from him, dreading the thoughts of the ministry; but the Scripture clung to him with great sweetness. Christ became precious; and he got to his journey's end much sooner than he anticipated; he walked further; and his mind was still impressed with its sweetness. Mr. Alldis says that ever after this he was unfit for his daily avocation. He went out, but he knew not what for; and seemed to know nothing what he was about. The thoughts of the ministry were a great burden to him. Shortly after this, a gentleman called to see him, and after staying a few hours, called him aside, and intimated to him that he wished to speak to him privately. He asked Mr. A. "Have you any thoughts of the ministry?" Mr. A. replied, "I cannot say I have not." The gentleman said, "I cannot remove the impression that God intends you for the ministry, tell me your mind." Mr. A. did not then tell him his mind; but the next week, the gentleman called again; and told him that at a neighbouring place, the expected minister could not come; and requested Mr. Alldis to attend. He advised him to read a chapter down, and should any passage strike his mind, to speak thereon, and if he felt confused he might go on reading again. He did so; and selected this portion to speak from—"Him hath God exalted at his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour," &c. Acts vi. 31.

This led to his continuing to speak there till he returned home to Suffolk to superintend his father's business, where he remained twelve months. On returning home, he made up his mind to say nothing about his preaching; wishing rather that God might open a door for him there, than to thrust himself in.

One Sunday morning, the deacon of the Church where Mr. Alldis was a member, having an engagement that evening, asked him to go and supply as he was ill. After some entreaties, he was prevailed upon to go, and took for his text, "What think ye of Christ?" Since which time, he has only been absent from the pulpit two Sabbaths; once through illness, and a second time, through some misunderstanding.

Mr. Alldis then related the dealings of Providence, in removing him thence to the neighbourhood of Earlsbam, Suffolk, where he laboured for three years with great success, and from thence to Frezenfeld; next to Aldringham, where he stayed ten years; afterwards to Willingham, Cambridgeshire; and now to Beulah Chapel, to the pastorate of which he received, (with only one dissentient) an unanimous invitation. Since he has been here, thirty-three have been added to the church; eighteen by baptism, and the rest by dismissal from sister churches.

Mr. Alldis concluded his address with some

expressions of heartfelt gratitude for the kindness shewn to him since his coming amongst them; and afterwards made a brief confession of his faith: the Church then publicly acknowledged Mr. Alldis as their pastor; and the pastor publicly acknowledged his consent.

Another hymn was sung, after which, Mr. Foreman delivered a short but very impressive address to the pastor and church, on their relative duties; and then concluded the evening service by prayer.

We observed many pastors of other churches, who were present on the occasion.

### Zion Chapel, Somerstown.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR BROTHER in him who is ever the same.—Pilgrims bound to the city of eternal glory, sometimes as they toil up the hill of difficulties, find a peculiar and encouraging feeling in looking back upon the way that the Lord has led them; such was the case with myself as I gazed, the other day, upon the first stone of Zion Chapel, Somerstown, laid by our pastor, Mr. James Nunn, on the 1st of April, 1850, where I hope, through sovereign and unmerited grace, I am one of the living stones, built up as a spiritual house for the God of Israel.

I thought what has God wrought, little more than twelve months since that stone was laid, when we hardly knew how the building would be finished; but the Lord raised up friends, one in particular, by whom we have not only finished the house for God, but the dwelling for our dear pastor, which he now occupies. May the God of our mercies dwell with him as his minister, and as a church, continually; and may the beauty of the Lord, our God, be upon us.

On Wednesday, the 16th of April, Mr. Nunn baptised six persons, upon the profession of faith in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, as their only hope of eternal glory.

On Good Friday, we had a large company met to take tea together. Many of the small shareholders made us a present of their shares; and Dr. Coffin, on that evening, kindly and liberally gave up his share, amounting to £100 as a donation; so that we have not only finished our buildings, but by the kind liberal aid of our friends, and the mercy of our God, we have reduced the debt rather more than three hundred pounds. May he give us hearts increasingly to praise his thrice holy name for his unmerited kindness toward us as a people, not only in his temporal mercies, but for the continued evidences we are favoured with by many; that the Lord does bless abundantly the provisions of his house, through the ministrations of our esteemed pastor. May these favours be only a blessed prelude of what he intends to do for him as a minister, and us as a people, we desire to raise this Ebenezer; and acknowledge to his praise, that hitherto, by his help, we have come; and to him be all the praise and glory. Yours in covenant mercy, S. B. G.

### Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street.

ON Lord's-day, April 27th, 1851, brother Foreman administered the sacred ordinance of believer's baptism to five females, who had satisfied the pastor, the messengers, and subsequently the assembled church; that in their souls was begun that gracious work of the eternal spirit, which is only ended when the happy spirit lays down this clod of the valley, and takes possession of the prepared mansion above. Our brother preached from 1 Peter i. 2, observing, in reference to the characters addressed, First—That the grace that makes salvation a soul concern, makes integrity of character equally of the utmost obedience, being an evidence of the inwrought work of the Spirit. Election is not confined to Peter and the Jews, but is extended to the Gentiles, us. They who were dispersed by the persecution went every where preaching the word, and they, who believed by their testimony, are the "strangers scattered abroad;" and a sam-

ple of all that believe, called "a chosen generation, a people who were not a people." See Chapter ii. Secondly—He advises them, in this chapter i., by Christ's example. He suffered for us: and his sufferings were penal, ours are not so. How did he bear suffering? He despised the shame and endured the cross.

Thirdly—What the Lord engaged to do is not required from us. He engaged to put sin away, and did so. He entered into a bond, and came and fulfilled every stipulation.

Fourth. He left us an example. Not an example to add to what he has done; but to be like him. He is called the Holy One, our example; the love he bare to his, our example; for love is a vital feature of the christian. His meekness, our example. The intricacies of life often cause us awful forebodings; but by-and-bye the clouds all vanish, by the exercise of patient meekness. Submission to the will of his Father, our example; and endurance of poverty, our example. We follow his example in baptism; and because we believe, he commanded it. What! the Lord of life and glory baptized by a man! Let us, then, not refuse to submit to what he hath commanded and practiced; and if any one be asked, why do you do this? the answer is, my Lord did so. W. H.

### The Ordination of Brother Brand, At Aldringham, Suffolk.

DEAR BROTHER—From the remarks you made when I met you at Tunstall, on Good Friday last, I was given to understand, that your smart, and sea-worthy VESSEL, was lying in the London Dock for the purpose of receiving her freightage, with which to sail early in the month of June; and although I must confess she is formed of a material which, (according to human judgment,) is more likely to sink than to swim, yet I find she is still afloat; and that although her substance is of a brittle nature, and like all other vessels, (when at sea,) frequently exposed to storms, she has, nevertheless, outrode them all, and continues to deliver, safely, her various, and valuable wares, at the several ports to which she has been hitherto destined; I therefore feel disposed to put this small package aboard, if you can find storage for it; it is respecting the ordination of Brother Brand, at Aldringham, Suffolk, on the 22nd of April last.

The morning, and the whole of the day, was extremely wet, but our friends were determined to favour us with their presence; we had a large congregation, particularly in the afternoon. The morning service commenced, by one of the deacons giving out, (and the congregation singing,) Psalm cxxxii.

"Arise O, King of Grace!" &c.

After which, Brother Hill, of Stoke Ash, read a suitable portion of Scripture, and earnestly (and we hoped successfully) implored the blessing of a covenant God on the business of the day. Mr. Wright, of Beccles, then stated the nature of a gospel church; founding his remarks on the following words of Scripture, "The household of faith." He spoke of the church of God as a family; all the adopted ones in Christ, all eternally united to Jesus in a free grace act; all born of one spirit, all bound to seek each other's good. He then spoke of it as a "household of faith," believing, and receiving into their hearts, the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel, by the principle of faith wrought in them by the power of the Holy Ghost; and from what I have heard since that time, I may say that many heard him gladly.

Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, then called upon some member of the church to state by what means Mr. Brand had been directed to come among them, when one of the deacons rose and related such a chain of circumstances, as left the impression on the minds of those present, that the thing was of the Lord. Brother Collins then called upon Brother Brand, to give them a statement of his conversion,

and call to the ministry, which he did, in as clear, and concise a way as his memory and ability would admit of. He then read the articles of his faith, that the audience might know upon what principles his future ministry would be based; and we believe them to be in strict accordance with the Word of God.

Brother Rummacles, of Chasfield, was then requested to offer the ordination prayer, which he did, we believe, with much sincerity and affection; and the morning service closed by brother Collins dismissing the people.

The afternoon service began by singing a suitable hymn; brother Wright then read a portion of the Word of God, and implored the Divine blessing; after which, brother Trotman, of Laxfield, addressed the minister from 1 Tim. iv. 16, giving him much valuable instruction as to "taking heed to himself;" he then dwelt particularly upon human nature being entirely corrupt by virtue of our relation to a sinful parent; and urged him not to let those who attended under his ministry leave the house of God, time after time, without pointing out to them their awful condition, as sinners, by nature and practice.

Brother Collins then spoke to the church and people. His text was—"Live in peace and the God of love and peace shall be with you." He first shewed how essential it was to be "at peace among ourselves," as without this, we could not enjoy each other's society, nor our mutual privileges, consequently should feel no particular desire to come together; and therefore there must be a neglect of the ordinances of the house of God. He then shewed that peace was necessary to the enjoyment of the presence of the God of love and peace; a blessing which every christian would be desirous of realising, and which the writer of this hopes the church at Aldringham will ever be earnestly praying for, "while life and breath remain."

Brother Brand then offered prayer, and closed the service in the usual way. Thus began, continued, and ended the services of a day, upon the business of which may a covenant God deign to smile; and then it will long be remembered by us, as a church of Christ, with holy gratitude and joy. I beg to remain,

Yours in best bonds,  
S. SRUDD.

### The Death of Pastor Peter Graves.

DIED April 29, 1851, aged 56, Mr. Peter Graves, pastor of the particular baptist church at Banstead, Surrey. He was a labourer in his Lord's vineyard, and the result of these labours is seen in the little church at the above place. Plain, honest, and uncompromising, he laboured at the bench all the week, (he was a carpenter,) and on the Lord's-day he laboured for his beloved Master, leaving home at five in the morning, walking several miles, and not unfrequently preaching four times; then returning in the evening, seldom getting home till midnight. Poor in circumstances, and poor in spirit, when it pleased his Master to lay him on a bed of sickness. It also pleased the good Lord to cheer his servant with his presence, and the sweet assurance of his favour and love, so that he could face death triumphing in those great truths he had so often enunciated in his ministerial capacity. His language was, "Come, Lord Jesus, and take thy pilgrim home if his work be done, but give strength of patience to wait thy appointed time: I would be entirely at thy disposal." He sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and has gone a little before us that remain. May we follow; have the same support; and enter into the same joy. Amen. W. H.

THE LATE MR. POPE, OF MEOPHAM.—Mr. G. Wyard's valuable letter respecting the state and frame of Mr. Pope's mind, previous to his dissolution, we have deferred until next month. This is mortifying, having promised its insertion, but it cannot be avoided.

## A Sermon by Mr. James Wells ;

PREACHED AT THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CHARLES STREET, CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD, ON  
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 15, 1851.

"Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance ; in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in ; in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established."—Exod. xv. 17.

I do not know anything more clear in the Old Testament than the truth of God's absolute sovereignty in all his dealings with his people. His eye and his heart were upon his children throughout all their wanderings. And though in Egypt another king arose who "Knew not Joseph," still the Lord kept his eye upon him, and upheld him with his right hand. It will do us but little good to acknowledge the abstract fact of divine sovereignty, unless that sovereignty be exercised in our favour. Divine sovereignty becomes a matter of delight to the real christian—"The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." There is a hell, and some will surely come to it ; and there is a heaven, and some will surely come to it. There are in our text four ideas :—

I.—The Introduction.

II.—The Plantation.

III.—The Description.

IV.—The continuation implied.

The land into which the Lord will bring his people—the gospel Canaan. The Israelites were so placed that none but the Lord could bring them into it, lest they should say that their own arm brought them in. There were many impediments to the children of Israel entering into the promised land. There was the river Jordan, and there were the walls of Jericho, and the various kingdoms which fought against them—impediments which the Lord alone could remove ; and there are impediments now in the way of the Lord's people getting to heaven, which none but the Lord can remove. When a sinner is convinced of what he is, he begins to see what stands in his way. First, there is the law of God ; then there is the curse of the law ; then our state by nature ; our blindness, our hardness of heart, and everything that tends to keep us away from God. But all these impediments are removed by the Lord Jesus Christ. He is our Forerunner ; he goes before us to remove

Vol. VII.—No. LXXIX.—July, 1851.

all impediments. No weapon formed against those who love Jesus Christ shall prosper, nor can any tongue rise in judgment against them to condemn them. Hindrances shall prove helps, curses shall prove blessings, enemies shall prove friends, crooked things shall be made straight, rough places shall be made plain, darkness shall be turned into light.

There is a "needs be" for all these things. If there is no legal impediment in the way of your salvation, there is in reality no impediment at all.

Some have the notion that the evils of our nature, hardness of heart, darkness and carnality hinder us from praying as we would, from entering into fellowship with God as we would, and that they not only hinder us, but that they hinder God also. They are quite welcome to this notion. That minister is serving the devil rather than God that would set any man's sin above the Saviour's blood. God has removed *all* impediments. The language of the new covenant is, "Who can hinder him?" The waves of his love and mercy roll in, and roll away all impediments, so that the soul can sing with dear Watts

"It rises high, and drowns the hills." &c.

And if you are taught of God you will know something of these things. Man is a sinner ; he is a poor, lost, guilty, helpless worm of the earth ; and when these things are known and felt, the Redeemer appears precious, and hindrances are turned into helps. All these things "Work together for good to them who love God, and who are the called according to his purpose." If you belong to the Lord the nearer you get to your journey's end the more the devil will hate you ; but the Lord will carry on his own work. Some people say, "Oh, if the Lord will carry on his own work we need not trouble ourselves about it." But, my friends, it is the work of the Holy Ghost to make us trouble ourselves about it, as Job says, "The Almighty troubleth me."

"Troubles," as Mr. Huntington says, "make more work for faith and prayer." and the dear Lord will take care that the



prayers of his people shall not be mere form but real. The Lord will bring his people into the chosen land—into the land of electing grace—the land which yields fruit all the year round. As soon as you have reaped one crop you can sow another.

I have been living in this land for some years, and I like it much. There is no night there, there is no winter there. It is also the land of freedom, wherein we are free from all condemnation—free from all the power of the adversary, so that he is not able to substantiate any charge against us.

It is said of some that "They could not enter in because of unbelief," and the Lord's solemn oath was that they *should not* enter in. We have here to distinguish between the unbelief of infirmity, and the unbelief of infidelity. What kind of unbelievers are those who are shut out? That man that denies the great truth of eternal election is an unbeliever to all intents and purposes; and I hesitate not to say that a soul never yet entered heaven without believing in election either actually or by implication. All that is done for a soul towards its salvation is done by the Lord. That man that is settled down in enmity against God's truth and God's people is an unbeliever, but that man that is a free-will man by profession, but a free-grace man by experience, will be a free-grace man altogether bye-and-bye.

It is a great mercy to be concerned about eternal things at all. It matters not what you are, whether you are a free-willer, a Roman Catholic, a Socinian, or whatever you may be, if you have a restless concern about your future destiny it is a good sign—you are standing in a good position.

God makes his own people willing to have salvation in *his own way*. Many go unto him in *their own way*, and say that others will not come unto him, that they might have life. Unto such election says, "Come unto me that ye might have life." Divine predestination says, "Come unto me that ye might have life;" but they will not, they prefer to choose their own road. If you possess a conviction of your state by nature, an understanding of God's truth, so as to appreciate it, and a love to the truth, you are all right—you will do. God will work this faith in the hearts of his people, which will unite them to his truth, and bring them in.

It was forty years after the words of our text were uttered, before the Lord brought the children of Israel into the promised land; but they *were* brought in. As the Lord's people are planted, so they will be nourished; the truths of the gospel will and do nourish them. Whatever losses or crosses they may encounter, their sufficiency is of the Lord; they will grow, and bring forth leaves, and buds, and blossoms, and fruit, unto the Lord. Their being planted by the Lord, implies *fixation*.

"The mountain of the Lord—the mountain of his inheritance." It is called a *mountain*, because of its stability; the kingdom of God cannot be moved. What a blessed hope, to be planted where we cannot be removed! All the fulness of the Godhead bodily, dwelleth in Christ; and the people are brought to dwell in Christ, and God dwells in them by his dear Son, and there can be no reason assigned why he should *leave* them. Their sins will not cause him to withdraw his presence from them; he is the Lord, and "changeth not;" therefore it is that they are not consumed. All the peace which we have in churches, must arise from a participation in these things: there may be differences, there may be disagreements, but we are at peace on this one point—*the love of God*. I am persuaded, that the more we know of the deep things of God, the less we shall fall out by the way. Nothing but these things will spiritualize the people.

There is a region in which there is no sin. There is a region into which death cannot enter. All other kingdoms will be rooted up and come to nought, but this kingdom shall stand. Why? Because sin can never enter, and Jesus Christ is there, and shall dwell in it with his people for ever and ever.

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#### THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND MINISTRY OF

#### The late Mr. Thos. Eason.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In your magazine of varieties, (*the Vessel*,) you have now and then favoured your readers with some accounts of "BIBLE MEN." Permit me to sketch one for the entertainment of the perusers of your *Vessel*, in the life, character, and ministry, of the late Mr. Thomas Eason; who for many years preached the gospel of the ever-blessed God—faithfully, fully, and affectionately,

according to the ability which God gave him: he preached great things, though he was not what is sometimes called a great preacher. Love, blood, and power, formed the theme of his ministry; and these he would often speak of as forming the three-fold cause of salvation—namely, love, the moving cause—blood, the meritorious cause—and power, the efficient cause. These, when speaking of them, seemed to warm his heart, to stay his confidence, and brighten his prospects. In his constant and uniform proclamation, and explanation of these three great cardinal points, he shewed himself to be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, and thereby pointed unto men the way of salvation—the way of salvation contrived in *love*, the way of salvation brought about for them by *blood*, and the way of salvation wrought in them by the Holy Ghost. But Thomas Eason has ceased to tell these great and blessed things; he has finished his days, performed his work, and gone to rest.

He lived, not quite long enough to complete "*three-score-years and ten*," having been born April, 1782, and died February, 1851.

He made a public profession of religion, in June, 1804, by baptism, and united with the people meeting in Mitchell Street Chapel, under the pastoral care of Mr. Powell. In membership with these people he continued about ten years; honoured and honourable, loved and useful. (So our venerable friend, J. A. Jones tells us in a short account he gives of him in the *Gospel Herald* for May, 1851.) His first place of preaching appears to be, as far as I have been able to ascertain, just in the neighbourhood of Spencer Place, Goswell Street Road, and indeed, out of which grew the present place of worship in Spencer Place, now occupied by Mr. Peacock and his friends. He was one of the very early preachers at the rise of the now flourishing cause in Rye Lane, Peckham, under the pastoral care of brother George Moyle. Providence soon after directed his steps to Homerton, and mainly through his instrumentality, a people were congregated together, and a very neat little chapel was raised and paid for. Here, however, (as he has told me,) his path was both pleasant and painful, was both rough and smooth. Here he had many friends, and here he had some foes; but still his preaching was truthful, useful, and acceptable; and his conduct consistent and praiseworthy. In this place (Homer-

ton) he continued to labour, as he informed me, not far short of *twenty years*. From thence he is removed, by the providence of God, to Chatteris, in the Isle of Ely; where he is permitted to labour for some little time with acceptance to his brethren, and profit to souls generally. His stay here was short; but he still lives in the remembrance of many with esteem and affection.

From Chatteris our dear brother Eason goes, as directed by an unerring hand, to the city of Ely. In this place, new scenes are to present themselves; and here, pain and anguish of soul, pretty well brake the poor man's heart. Here death suddenly takes away the companion of his sorrows and joys: here he has to witness the decay of religion, the awful sterility of the soul, (in a spiritual point of view,) where a Bishop's palace is. This, however, is no uncommon thing; for it amounts now to a proverbial saying, "Where a bishop's palace is, there is religious barrenness and poverty."

Here, also, at Ely, our good brother had to witness the defunction of a church, and the final termination of pastoral engagements; for at Ely was the last place he sustained that important office. He came to live in London with his daughter, in the year 1846. He could never be prevailed upon to take the pastorate of a church again, although he had several offers. In this partly disengaged position, he, however, became very useful; and many of the churches in London very highly esteemed him for his work's sake. My own people were very partial to him; and I had a personal regard for him for many years, having oft been profited and encouraged by his preaching many years ago; and nearly thirty years ago, he baptized me in Blandford Street, (Mr. Keeble then being too ill.) From that time to his death, I loved and esteemed him.

During his illness I visited him several times, and always found him hanging about the cross with a hope fixed in the blood and righteousness of Jesus.

In addition to what our brother Jones has said in the *Herald*, I would just observe, that on one occasion when I went to see him, he was remarkably happy, and began to sing that well-known hymn—

"Jerusalem my happy home."

It was pleasing to see the power of divine grace in supporting the dying man,

while he tried to utter in song,—“*Jerusalem my happy home*.” His voice faltered, and the sounds died away. Thus finished the course of our brother Eason; honoured and honourable. Death came, and found him ready and waiting.

His mortal remains were interred in Abney Park Cemetery, to which place they were followed by many of the ministering brethren in London.

GEORGE WYARD.

*Soho Chapel, Oxford Street,  
London.*

### The London Gospel Mission.

[At the urgent request of the writer, we print the following

#### Appeal to the Pastors of our Churches

without abridgment. We are deeply and solemnly persuaded that the Lord is stirring up the hearts of many of his own children, to go forth with that truth which, by the Holy Ghost, has been made both powerful and precious to their own souls. In some small measure, it has been with us in this matter, as it was with Nehemiah; he said, “I arose in the night; I and some few men with me; neither told I any man what my God had put in my heart to do at Jerusalem.” “The rulers, (says Nehemiah,) knew not whither I went, or what I did.” But he told the Jews of the distress, and waste, in Jerusalem; and, having so done, he made his powerful appeal to their hearts, saying, “Come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem; THAT WE BE NO MORE A REPROACH.” When they had heard of “the hand of his God which was good upon him; as also the king’s words that he had spoken;” then they said—“LET US RISE UP, and BUILD. So they strengthened their hands for this good work.” Oh, what a day would that be; if our glorious Master’s chosen and anointed servants were to meet; and each one, under divine unction, was to relate a little of the coming in of life, love, truth, blood, peace, pardon, and salvation to their own souls; as also, as regards the calling in, and conversion of elect sinners to Christ, through them. Would not this warm, unite, and encourage their hearts together—and stir them up to a holy and earnest diligence in this work? We believe it would. Sanballat (*the enemy, or a bramble, in secret*;)—Tobiah, and Geshem might despise them; but a holy faith would again fire Nehemiah’s soul; and he should be heard to answer, as in days of old, “*The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore, we, his servants will arise, and build.*” The following appeal, we trust, will be followed with a divine blessing.—ED.]

#### To the Pastors of our Churches.

DEAR BRETHREN in Christ, holding the Head and proclaiming the faith of God’s elect, in love and power, by the demonstration of the Spirit, and maintaining the ordinances as once delivered to the saints.

It was our pleasure to attend a meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Shoreditch, on Friday evening, July 11th, 1851; in company with our esteemed brethren, Alldis, of Beulah Chapel, Somerstown; Allen, of the Cave Adullam, Stepney; Jones, of Chatham; Shipway, of Holloway; Searle, of Kingsland; Williamson, of Notting Hill, and other brethren. A spirit of fervour then pervaded the meeting, and a union of heart was felt by all present, I believe, and a solid determination to come forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty, in these days of rampant delusion; amidst the spread of the errors and soul-destroying doctrines of the Man of Sin; amidst the spread of a zealous perseverance of American Mormonism—amidst infidelity of the deepest dye, and every soul-thrilling infatuation that the advantages of civilization on the one hand, and the stupor of vice can effect on the other. Is it a time to sit idle—is it a time to be apathetic—is it a time to let private opinions, or party feelings, divide and conquer us? Oh, no. Read the close of the London City Mission Magazine, for July, on the wants of the metropolis, and our duty as the pastors of the church of Jesus Christ; and remember, dear brethren, that the whole gospel—the whole counsel of God is what we proposed to have proclaimed in our midst by only fully approved agency; an agency duly examined by a chosen committee of accredited ministers of Jesus. What we want is to have the cordial and hearty support of such men as brethren Wyard, Foreman, Wells, Milner, Curtis, Bonner, Newborn, Dickerson, Felton, Lewis, Coles, Wood, Jones; yea, all fervent and effective men of God; whose experience shall guide, and whose influence shall bless the land, by sending out from their midst, men who are fitting for the work of the ministry of Christ; and whose union with all good men shall shew that “These brethren love with a pure heart fervently.” ’Tis time to be doing as well as saying. Come forth, brethren; put on the harness—lead the van—consolidate the movement—give effect to the provisional measures taken. It is in embryo yet: it is a movement that can only stand by union and the combined strength of all the pastors and churches of the land—and why not? what is to prevent? Is prejudice to do it? Shall secret dislike? Is it a time to dwell in ceiled houses, and the land lie waste? A few cannot do

the work, it must be all or none. This only can give effect. Shall it stand or fall? Is it a time to let the old cry sound out again: "These Baptists do nothing but divide?" Oh, no, brethren. The 133rd Psalm is our rule, and the 18th verse of the 3rd chapter of 1st John, must be our practice, to be right before God. "*Thou God seest me.*" Oh, that our hearts may be right in his sight, and our hands active in his cause; and the beauty of the Lord our God upon us, and the work of our hands established by Him! What will be best to do would be to call a meeting for prayer in a central part of London, and then follow the cloud of divine blessing upon the meeting so called; and then if union is found to exist, to call a general meeting in August, say last Friday, at Salem or Soho, if they would lend the place for it. Speak out, brethren! come forth in love and peace, come forth; who can tell? The little cloud, like a man's hand, brought abundance of rain, and "Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou hast refreshed thine inheritance when it was weary." So arise, O God! plead thine own cause! Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord, awake! as in ancient days, art not thou it which cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon? Then, oh pluck thine hand out of thy bosom now! Oh send us help from the sanctuary, and strengthen us out of Zion; and pour out upon thy people, a spirit of supplication and union of heart; and, Lord, purge out the false leaven from our midst! Save thy people—bless thine inheritance. Feed them also; and lift them up for ever.

Now, dear brethren, beloved, I close for the present on the subject with this admonition: pray remember, that if ALL wait until the work is successful, under the impression of watching the cloud, it is certain none will appear; for the command is, "Go out! preach to every creature." And the first disciples went every where preaching the word of God; and the apostles and elders assembled to consider the church's affairs in a sweet spirit of unity. Yours in covenant bonds and willing to serve in love, JOHN GARRITT.

13, Victoria Grove, West,  
Stoke Newington.

"These are the sure mercies of David—when a man receives the things of Christ only because Christ giveth them, and not in regard to any action of our's, as the ground of taking them."

—CRISP.

## A NARRATIVE

OF A WORK OF GRACE; AND OF SOME PRELIMINARY STEPS TO THE MINISTRY.

BY JOSEPH PALMER.

(Continued from p. 160.)

I WAS passing along Cheapside, in close and earnest prayer to God, and (as I now see) in real communion with him, upon my return to business after dinner, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was a very wrestling season. I had been sinning and sinning, and conscience and satan were upbraiding me with the inconsistency of my ways, and my professed love to the Lord. I had of late employed every spare moment in prayer, for it was then indeed to me a sweet exercise. It is the burdened soul that rightly prizes prayer. The needy and guilty love a mercy seat.

Well, I was bemoaning my sinfulness, heart hardness, and utter inability to alter it myself. I literally wept through sadness, and my heart seemed melted within me like wax in the flame. I was humble—helpless, and my soul bordering on despair. I saw that if the Lord did not help me no one else could; and I began to plead one precious promise after another, in which he had pledged himself to appear for the destitute. "Oh, (I exclaimed) I have no power, Lord; I would, if I could, resist sin, especially this sin that besets me, but I cannot. Thou seest exactly how I am, but, (and faith seemed to gather a boldness that it had never possessed before,) *thou wilt help me*, thou canst not be worse than thy promise; I hate my sin, and thou knowest it, O Lord, and *wilt help me*." And then, while my soul was lost, and beyond itself in a sweet ecstasy, losing sight of all around, and feeling as if none beside were present but God and myself, the Lord spake home with an almighty power the sin-cleansing words, "Come and let us reason together, saith your God; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as wool; though they be red like crimson they shall be as snow." The words sounded in my heart and conscience as spoken to the ear of my till then staggering, but now confident faith; and like Saul of Tarsus, I knew the voice of my Lord, though never so heard before, and my every faculty seemed to exclaim "It is the Lord!" while my willing tongue caught the sweet accents, and repeated them with rapture as they dropped one by one into my soul like an

echo. "Ah! dear Lord, this is thy voice," I cried, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye of faith seeth thee. It is good to hope and patiently wait for the salvation of God.

And thus the dear Lord seemed to open heaven, and admit me into his very presence. I saw, as the great apostle speaks, things that it were not possible for a man to utter. I felt the presence of God; I felt and seemed surrounded with the joys of the upper world; I saw the Saviour with the eye of faith; I saw his compassionate countenance, which seemed to tell me in the unutterable language of glory, that he had prevailed with the Father, and I was saved. I seemed to see the joy of angels in the salvation of my repentant soul. It was indeed a vision of faith. Prayer had opened heaven to my soul. I was far, very far from earth, though walking in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of this crowded city. I saw nothing to notice it. I was wrapped up in the vision of faith.

The words from the prophecy of Isaiah came with such a supernatural power, that I had not a doubt left: I cannot describe what I then felt. The dear Lord was pleased to continue some time talking with me, enlightening my mind to see my real state before him. He kindly brought scriptures to my mind, by which he taught me that I was the subject of the new birth; that I had two natures; that with "the flesh I served the law of sin, but with the mind the law of God." And he most graciously assured me that I was not under the law, but under grace; and that "*sin should not have dominion over me.*" This last promise was accompanied with a powerful assurance, that I should thenceforth be delivered from that sinful habit which I had imbibed from my evil companions; and which, through grace, I blessedly realized; for from that time, I have, in a sweet measure, been enabled to bridle my tongue. The Lord spoke such things to me, and shed such an unctuous light into my mind, that I seemed to see every thing with new eyes, hear with new ears, and understand with a new and enlightened judgment. I felt certain of my pardon; for I knew it was the Lord who had told me that he had "blotted out my sins as a cloud, and my transgressions as a thick cloud." Oh! what a cluster of sweet promises came to

mind; and each of them accompanied with such a divine power and dew.

I continued praising the Lord all the rest of the way: my soul was in raptures: I felt no fear of sinning. Hitherto I had dreaded that I should soon again be overcome; but now when I got back to work, I only seemed occasionally to exclaim within myself, "No, the blessed Lord will subdue sin for me;" as I found that my old besetment had fled. It was a beautiful summer's afternoon, and as the sun shone through the windows, it seemed to me to be all heavenly together. Oh! I indeed loved God the Father; I kept on calling him my Father! I well remember what an effort it was to my staggering faith to pronounce those dear words. I long feared that it would be presumption in one so vile to claim the God of heaven for my Father. I looked at the word again and again, and asked the Lord if I might claim him; until at length my faith seemed strengthened to exclaim, "*My God! my Father!*" And then I found the words very sweet to repeat, so full of blessing and blessedness, that I continued repeating them with little intermission. And the dear Redeemer too, how I loved him for his great love in redeeming my soul. I could now feel at liberty in conscience to say, with a child-like reverential familiarity, "*My Jesus!*"

Oh! what a fulness is contained in the words! And the Holy Spirit I equally loved for his condescending goodness in revealing these sweet and everlasting realities to my soul, and for creating me a new creature, and for subduing (as I then thought entirely) my corruptions. My joy was truly then, as the scripture expresses it, "Unspeakable and full of glory." I seemed altogether a new creature, and I beheld all things in a new aspect. I saw God in everything, and where he was not there I desired not to be.

These were holy times, and now, while writing, feeling as I so often do, such indifference, coldness, worldliness, and carnality, I find my heart sighing with tempted Job, "O! that I were as in days that are past, when the candle of the Lord shone round about me."

(To be continued.)

### The Company of Two Armies.

MY DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER—I feel inclined to spend a few moments in writing. May my heart and mind be under a right

influence; O, that mercy and peace may be abundantly multiplied towards you is the desire of the poorest of the poor, and the most unworthy of all beings. O, I feel if it were as some affirm, "conditional," and if we were not very careful, we might fall from grace at last, and be lost—if this be true, poor I might as well give up for lost; for, sure I am, I must be. But praises be to the God of all grace, such doctrine is not in accordance with his truth or his covenant name—that stands merciful and gracious, from everlasting to everlasting, and his love knoweth no change. Surely, I am a living and happy witness that this is true; for surely no one could ever try the mercy, love, long-suffering and great forbearance of a covenant God, like me. I do not boast of it, but God knoweth, this morning, as I lay on my bed, O, I did mourn and lament that I was the subject of so much sin, dragging me into so many labyrinths, so much misery—the worst of all, that I should so dishonour my God; yet he retains his name, "merciful and gracious, slow to anger," &c.

I went to hear Mr. Dray this morning; his text was, "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise as some men count slackness, but is long-suffering to usward," &c. He was sometime with his introduction on the word "beloved," as the Lamb's wife. He said, what a sure evidence it was that all that esteemed her was one of the beloved of God; and if this was wanting, he could hold out no hope to any one. Then he spoke of many promises, and that the Lord was not slack, but would certainly fulfil them in his own time, and that he was as willing to fulfil, as give them; but "he waiteth to be gracious." He said, when a soul was kept praying, pleading, seeking and petitioning the Majesty of heaven, it was a good place, a profitable good ground to be on. He then treated on the long-suffering of God. I never heard him so well before. I was overcome with the long-suffering of God; it seemed my heart would break at any rate; the tears flowed from my eyes, because his mercy endureth for ever. O, I have thought, my sins, my aggravated, deeply-dyed, insulting sins would bolt up mercy's door, cause his love to change, his covenant to break, weary his patience, and that he must let loose his judgments and cut me off. I have thought everything in the shape of favour, kindness, pity, or compassion,

must surely cease to poor me. But it is as Mr. Hart says,

"I basely sinned against his love,  
And yet my God was good."

Nothing is so crucifying to the world, such a death-blow to the love of sin, produces such self-abhorrence and self-denial, as a sense of the love and mercy of God to the vilest, the chief of sinners; it does so humble the heart and stop all boasting; and the desire of the heart will be to exalt redeeming grace, magnify free grace, extol the Saviour, and praise the great Three-One. If a sense of pardon will not do this, I am free to confess I know not what will. It is said that his Word shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleaseth; so all that comes from God, in this manner, produces good effects. How it sobers and solemnizes the mind! All frothy, light, vain, intoxicating stuff is cast out for a season; it leaves a concern in the soul most important; it teaches two things—our own weakness, utter helplessness, and insufficiency; so much so that no kind of dependence, or confidence, (not the least,) can be put in the flesh; but it teaches the soul where safety is—what will do to trust in and lean upon, for it is written, "Blessed is the man that putteth his trust in the Lord." Not one that ever was able to put his trust in God, can be ashamed or confounded; nor ever will be. The great God doth not give faith to rely on him, and then disappoint that faith; but feedeth, encourageth, and maintaineth that which he is the author of; it stands in his power, not in man's wisdom. O, what an advocate and lover I am of the power of God; the soul can venture, by faith, on his power and faithfulness, believing he will accomplish all and everything the soul really needs; indeed it may well be said, "Happy is the people that hath the God of Jacob for his help," &c. Yet this people may be much tried, tempted, tossed up and down, in and out, but still the word never alters; they are a happy people; not so much the comfort or enjoyment of that happiness now in this time-state; but they shall most assuredly be fully happy through all eternity; for there is a rest that remaineth for all such.

I have had a tolerable peaceable day;  
Sensible I am

"It is not for good tempers,  
Good deeds or good frames;  
From grace it proceeds,  
And all is the Lamb's."

And all praise is due unto his dear name. "Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling;" and the very desire and prayer of my soul is, that he will keep me from falling, and lead, guide, and teach me all things necessary for me to know; for of late I have lived to prove how very frail I am; the sins of my polluted heart are more than I am equal to; they are my master. But what is sin, or all the beasts of the forest, when the Sun of Righteousness ariseth they go down to their dens, and there lay as long as his Majesty is pleased to abide in the field. How many numberless proofs have we left on record of the wonders he hath done; he still reigns, God over all, blessed for evermore!

Here my whole dependence is fixed, this is the foundation of my hope, it is my all, take away this, and I am undone for ever. What are all enemies, internal, external, or infernal? rage they may, and will, if permitted; Pharaoh was desperate, but what of that? what did it end in? why, his final ruin; and so will all that fight against God and his people. O how blind and ignorant are all in nature's darkness; they know not that they are indebted to God for every breath they draw, yet they will not have him to reign over them; but he does reign, and it is only for him to take away their breath, and they die; he deluged the world for sin; what was poor man then—and what is man now? What is the Pope and all his crew? Why poor sinful mortals, and mad on their own destruction. When the Lord gives a poor child of God faith to rely upon him, he puts him in safety from him that puffeth at him, and he feels a firm confidence in his God. How he can smile at enemies, knowing they are chained enemies; and Caleb said, their defence is taken away; yet they are sometimes permitted to grieve and oppress, and greatly distress them; but they can go no farther than they are permitted.

It is very mortifying and galling to satan and his agents that they are under the control of Almighty God. On the other hand, how consoling, supporting and encouraging to the people of God, that this God is on their side; that he is their protector, defence, and shield; and that no weapon formed against them shall prosper; their safety is in God their Saviour; so that power that is the final overthrow of foes is the very shelter and

safety of his own, and they are called friends.

Now may the peace of God keep our hearts and minds; bless us with a mind to look to him, to acknowledge him, to flee to him, to fear him, serve and obey him, for he is worthy; for, it is said, they that fear him, shall not want any good thing. Bless his name!

Thus much from your poor father and well-wisher,  
J. PAYNE.

Who hath made me to differ? To differ from myself—to differ from a profane world—to differ from a professing world. There is a sense in which I differ nothing from what I once was—and yet I differ greatly; it may seem a paradox, and so it is. I have been a sinner all my days; born in sin and shapen in iniquity; sins original—sins actual; a sinner then—a sinner now; a sinner before called, but knew it not; I feelingly know I am a base, vile sinner now; then dead—now alive; then blind—now I see; then pursuing every vanity—now I hope my face turned Zion-ward; then feeding on the bread of deceit—now, I trust, feeding on the heavenly manna; then a hater and despiser of God's truth and his ways—now "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths paths of peace; then a sinner impenitent—now softened by grace; then no desire after God, or a knowledge of his ways, he was "as a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness—now he is my only Rock, my Refuge, Hiding-place, and Friend, a most suitable, precious, and all-sufficient Saviour, the "chief of ten-thousand, and altogether lovely." I was once a sinner, without feeling my conscience defiled with guilt—now altogether polluted, unclean, and base, and know that nothing can cleanse it but that precious fountain that is opened for sin and uncleanness; then no contrition—now a goodly sorrowing for sin; then felt no need of pardon—but since, my heart has been poured out like water, all the powers of my soul alive to my state and danger, and an earnest wrestling to God that he would pardon my sins through Immanuel's rich atoning blood, and that it might be powerfully applied to my sin-afflicted, wounded, distressed, miserable, sinking soul—since, my heart has overflowed with joy unspeakable, through the abundance of grace and mercy manifested to me, the chief of sinners.

J. PAYNE.

*Shoreham.*

## THE CONVERSION AND SALVATION OF THOMAS FULLAWAY.

“Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.”

MY DEAR BROTHER—As I do believe that many of the souls of the spiritual seed of Christ are edified and encouraged by reading of the happy and triumphant deaths of many of the living family of our God that appear in the *Vessel* from time to time, therefore I send you the following account of my dear friend and brother in the Lord, Thomas Fullaway, with whom I have spent many happy and comfortable hours within the last two years, in talking of the glorious Person and work of our most precious Christ.

He has told me that the Lord quickened his soul seventeen years ago. In 1834 he was brought under a very deep law-work; and for six months he verily thought that eternal damnation would be his portion. At the end of that time his soul was delivered from bondage, by hearing Mr. Martin preach from Isaiah xxvii. 13, “And it shall come to pass in that day that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem.” “The change, or deliverance that I then felt and enjoyed,” said he, “I cannot express, and I never shall forget; for it was from condemnation to salvation; from bondage to liberty; from misery to joy; from dreadful fear to peace with God; and” said he, “I thought and believed that I should never know what trouble was, any more; but, since then, I have found that the Canaanite is still in the land.”

He was a man that was highly favoured of the Lord, and enjoyed much of his dear presence, walking in the light and liberty of the gospel.

He pointed to the 100th hymn in the 2nd book of Watts, and said to me “I cannot describe to you what I felt under that hymn—one time when it was given out in the vestry at the Abbey Row Chapel, I shall never forget what I then felt.” In his last illness he often desired me and other friends to read it to him; and he would often repeat it; more particularly the 7th and 8th verses—

“Christ is my light, my life, my care,  
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize;  
Dearer than all my passions are,  
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

“The strings that twine about my heart,  
Tortures and racks may tear them off;  
But they can never, never part  
With their dear hold of Christ my love.”

About twelve years ago he had a paralytic stroke, of which, for a time, he got the better; but five years ago he had another paralytic seizure, which so shook his whole frame, that from that time he was unable to do anything at his trade, which was a tailor; but still he was just able to walk about with the help of a stick, until the latter part of the summer, 1849, at which time I became acquainted with him; and from that time he hath not been able to go out of doors at all. But many happy and comfortable, and I do hope profitable hours have he and I spent together in unbosoming our sorrows and joys—our trials and deliverances—our temptations and supports—our miseries, and comforts, and hopes in that everlasting covenant that is well-ordered in all things and sure.

The last eleven weeks of his life I spent much of my time with him, and the seven last weeks that he was confined to his bed, there was not a day but I went to visit him, and found him always fixed on the Rock of eternal ages, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

Here I would observe that for some time before he was confined to his bed, he would often be complaining to me of the darkness of his mind, saying, “I want to feel the sun shine.” I said, “Well, Thomas, you have felt and enjoyed it; and as sure as you have got a being, this cloud of darkness will be removed, and you will enjoy the light of the Sun of Righteousness again; for he hath said, ‘I will see you again, and your joy shall no man take from you.’” And so it was; for the cloud was removed; and for, at least, the last twelve weeks, there was not the least doubt on his mind, but he would speak in the full assurance of faith, which I shall give in his own words.

When I went to see him, after I heard that he was worse, he said, as soon as he perceived me, “George, I shall never perish, for I am on the Rock of ages! Lord! what is man—poor feeble man, or any of his race, that thou shouldst make it thy concern to visit him with good!”

Then he would say, “But I am so un-



worthy of his mercies!" and then would break out saying,

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room,  
While thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?"

Then he would say, "What me—unworthy me!" At another time he said to me, "I shall never perish; for I feel that I am on the Rock, and I know that the Lord called me by his grace seventeen years ago, and I believe he will not let my soul be lost; for,

"His honour is engaged to save  
The meekest of his sheep;  
All that his heavenly Father gave,  
His hands securely keeps.

"Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove,  
His favourites from his breast;  
In the dear bosom of his love  
They must for ever rest."

At another time I said to him, "Well Thomas, do you still find that you are on the Rock?" "O yes," says he, "and nothing can remove me; for this is the Rock that the gates of hell cannot prevail against." His dear wife said to him, "my dear, shall George read to you?" he said, "yes;" and she said, "what shall he read?" he said, "the Bible; some part in the Psalms." I read the 103rd, and he said, "O my dear brother, if you had searched all that blessed book through, you could not have found a more precious and suitable part to have met the feelings of my soul." At another time when he was speaking of his safety, a friend in the room said, "I hope you will." He replied, "I don't hope anything about it; for with me now, 'tis something more than hope; I know that I shall never perish, for I am on that Rock that cannot be moved." One morning, as soon as he saw me, he said, "I have felt such a flood of love in my soul to night, to my dear God, that I long to depart, to be with him." He would often say to me, "O what a good God I have got; to think that he should love and call by his grace such an unworthy wretch as I! O, how good was my God in giving me such a good, loving, kind, and indulgent wife." Sometimes I saw him in a flood of tears; and asking him what was the matter, he would reply, "My God is so good, and I cannot love him as I want." I said to him, "you will soon be with him, and then your love will be perfect."

But I must hasten on, passing by hundreds of the sweet words that dropped

from his lips. About nine or ten days before he departed, the Lord brought these words into his heart with power, "By this we do know that we are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." He told his wife to send for me. As soon as I went into the room, he said, "O how glad I am that you have come; O, how I do love you, my brother." I said, "What do you love me for?" He said, "Because you are a King's Son—one of the royal family of heaven—and my dear brother in the Lord; and since I saw you, the Lord hath brought into my soul that dear part of his Word, 'By this you shall know, (not think, but know) that you are passed from death unto life, because you love the brethren.'"

The Saturday before he fell asleep in Jesus, in the afternoon, when I went into the room to him, he looked up, and holding out his hand, said, "George, I am dying." I said, "Do you think so?" He said, "O yes! and I long to be gone; I hope you will not leave me any more until I go." I said, "I will be with you as much as I possibly can." From that time I saw a visible change in him, that told me that his time was but short. On Sunday afternoon a young man came to see him; and he bid his wife ask him if he loved the Lord? "for, (said he,) there are thousands that do profess to love him, and do not." Here, I would say, many of the dear children of God did, from time to time, visit him; and he enjoyed their presence much. When I went to see him, he would tell me that such and such dear men of God "have been to see me—unworthy me!" From this time he could not talk much, but would often be breathing out, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly." On Thursday morning, before I left him, to go to Crudwell, I told him that I would come and see him again in the evening, and abide with him all night; and he said, "so do you." When I returned home, in the evening, I went down and saw him, and said to him, "Well, Thomas, do you still feel that you are on the Rock?" and he said, "O yes;" and after he had asked me if I had heard Mr. Banks, and how I heard, and what he spake from, and I had told him, he laid still for a time, in a dose, then turning his head, said,

"'Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done,  
But we are saved by sovereign grace,  
Abounding through the Son."

Then he dozed again for some time; and woke up saying—

“O, what a heaven of saving grace  
Shines through the beauties of thy face!  
And lights our passions to a flame,  
Lord, how we love thy charming name!”

He was often repeating this verse, with others, such as this—

“Great God how infinite art thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

“Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view;  
To thee there's nothing old appears—  
Great God! there's nothing new!”

About an hour before his ransomed soul took its flight, he breathed out, as plain as his dear dying lips could speak, “Come, dear Lord Jesus, come quickly.” His dear wife and children then went and kissed him, and his father and some other friends; and when he had given his charge to his son, (about fifteen years of age,) to be a good boy, and good to his mother; he said, “I can now leave you all.” On his wife asking him if there was any trouble on his mind, he said, “No; no more than there is in a bird flying in the air.” This was the last word that we could hear him speak; but his lips still moved, with his eyes lifted up, as though he was full of praise. Thus his ransomed soul left its clay tabernacle, about eight o'clock on Saturday-evening, May 17, 1851, in the 44th year of his age; and fled to that mansion prepared for him, eternal in the heavens, before the foundation of the world; leaving a beloved wife and four children here, and one in America, to mourn their loss, but his eternal gain.

He was buried in the Baptist burying yard yesterday; that is, on Sunday, May 25. In the afternoon and evening, Mr. Martin preached his funeral sermon to a crowded congregation, from Isaiah xxviii. 13. Thus rests the remains of my dear afflicted brother, in the silent grave, until the resurrection morning.

“His flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in his Saviour's image rise.”

Your's truly,

GEO. HOLLIDAY.

Malsbury, May 26, 1851.

THE  
Perseverance of the Saints

PROVED AND DEFENDED FROM THE WORD OF TRUTH.

(Continued from p. 163.)

THOSE are the people, then, to whom the doctrine of *Perseverance* manifestly refers, and who *shall* finally reach heaven, being kept by the power of God in the habitual exercise of those graces once implanted by the Holy Spirit, which, in the Old Testament, appears in figure by the children of Israel being led through the wilderness, and finally brought to inherit the promised land, and from the circumstance of the Red Sea being closed after the Israelites had passed through, admitting of *no return*. And in Ezek. xlvi. 9, “He that entereth in by the way of the north gate to worship, shall go out by the way of the south gate; and he that entereth in by the way of the south gate shall go forth by the way of the north gate. *He shall not return* by the way of the gate whereby he came in,” &c. And all the spiritual promises in God's word to the New Covenant believer express the surety of his final salvation on the ground that God has pledged himself to be the Surety and Security of his people on both sides, *both for his continuing with them, and their continuing with him*. “My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my mouth.” Psa. lxxxix. 34. “I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, *and not forsake them*.” Isaiah xlii. 16. “Yea, from the tender and bruised reed to the tree planted by the waters.” Isa. xlii. 3; Jer. xvii. 8. “And even to your old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you.” Isa. xli. 4; also liv. 10; Hosea ii. 19, 20. For the Lord will not forsake his people for his great name's sake, because it hath pleased the Lord to make you his people. Read also Deut xxxiii. 3; Job v. 19; Psa. xxiii. 4; xxxvii. 28; xciv. 14; cxxv. 2; Isaiah xliii. 2, 7; Jer. xxxi. 3; xxxii. 40; Matt. xvi. 18; John x. 27, 28; and xvii. which proves the inseparable connexion between Christ and his people both in time and throughout all eternity. Also, Romans

viii. 38, 39; Phil. i. 6; Heb. xiii. 5; 1 Pet. i. 4. These are some of the exceeding great and precious promises (2 Pet. i. 4.) given to show the surety and security of God's people in the ways of holiness, and the certainty of their salvation; and can there, after the above promises of security, any uncertainty exist? Are not the Scriptures full of assurances that no alteration can take place in his choice? His infinite knowledge and wisdom saw *all* things from eternity, and his divinity prevents the possibility of any change towards the objects of his regard. And does not every allusion in the word of God give a decided preference to the blood of Christ as being of superior worth to that of bulls and goats in cleansing from sin, reconciling sinners to God, (1 John i. 7.) and securing for them life everlasting.

Now if the blood of Christ were once applied to a guilty soul, and failed in effectually purging that soul, it could not claim a preference to the blood of beasts, and must therefore fail in the estimate given to it by the Scriptures. But the blood of Christ is of peculiar efficacy in its application by faith, in removing sin or destroying its power, and preventing condemnation, perfecting for ever the believer.

The love of Christ to his people is also said to be immutable. "Having loved his *own* which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." John xiii. 1. But the deceptive tenure of his love (that is advocated by some), not only destroys its value, importance, and excellency, leaving it destitute of superior worth, but brings it down to be mutable, and if mutability of his love can be admitted, then his affection for his people cannot rise higher than human attachments. But such an assertion would entirely *destroy his divinity*, and place the *whole* scheme of salvation on a doubt; yet he has declared his love to be *everlasting*—"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Jer. xxxi. 3. We may therefore justly conclude from the above remarks and Scriptures that if God at any one period of time bestows the blessings of the New Covenant, (which is the free grace of God), he never recalls those favours, nor suffers them to become inoperative, or destroyed by any adverse power. No, he never did illuminate a dark benighted soul with the Spirit of

light and then suffer the devil to come and finally extinguish that light. Hence says Christ, "My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one." So that the certainty of our finally reaching heaven, arises from the complete work of Christ being brought into the soul by the influence of the Holy Spirit, so that we are dead with Christ, quickened with Christ, raised with Christ, and thus made conformed to the image of Christ. And except we bear the image of Christ we are none of his. But where is the man that can of himself create and stamp the image of Christ upon his own soul—there is not one possessed of that power, and being destitute of that power, it prevents us claiming any share in our salvation.

This doctrine is very humbling to proud man, who is but a lump of clay, moulded and fashioned into an image not his own selecting, an heap of dry bones, inspired and clothed by a power not his own. But it asserts and establishes this truth—that God is a sovereign, "Doing as he pleases in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, what doest thou?" Dan. iv. 35; Psalm cxxxv. 6.

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*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel:—*

DEAR SIR:—Having myself received great encouragement from reading the blessed truths contained in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*; and knowing that some of God's dear people are placed in the order of providence where free-will is advocated, which has the tendency of leading even a true child of God to despondency. For the establishment and comfort of such is the object for which I wrote the above; and should you think it worthy of a place in the *Vessel*, by its insertion I should feel obliged.

Your's faithfully,

JOSEPH WILKINS.

Luton, March 26, 1851.

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The late Dr. Guyse lost his eye-sight in the pulpit, while he was in prayer, before sermon: having finished his prayer, he was, consequently, forced to make no use of his written papers, but to preach without notes. As he was led out of the meeting, after service was over, he could not help lamenting his sudden and total blindness. A good old gentlewoman, who heard him deplore his loss, answered him, "God be praised that your sight is gone; I never heard you preach so powerful a sermon in my life. Now, we shall have no more notes: I wish, for my own part, that the Lord had took away your eye-sight twenty years ago, for your ministry would have been more useful by twenty degrees."

## A Letter in search of a Pastor after God's own Heart.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—A few poor people with me are in want of an honest and broken man to minister to us the word of life. I have many times thought of asking the liberty of a line in your periodical, but from many considerations have been kept back; and your correspondents are "mighty men of valour," and have their pasture "in all high places." I have been there for many years past, but through mercy have been brought down from those towering heights, and being now in myself a poor weak and sinful man, reduced by dire necessity to fall at the feet of Jesus, to take his yoke and learn of him, and in some humble measure to desire to partake of his meek and lowly and loving, and tender spirit. Since it has pleased the Lord to reduce and break my spirit, under his "mighty hand," it has rendered me incapable of soul communion with the general professors of what is generally called, "the truth," and truth no doubt it is, as far as it goes, but it is a most solemn and trembling thing with me, that the far greater parts of the holy Word is kept back, or awfully perverted, some words taken out and others put in to make it read in union with a particular line of faith, I have read and heard such things which has made my soul tremble, that poor blind and sinful man should thus pretend to teach the Lord wisdom; O fearful, awful state, of a proud and presumptuous unbroken spirit. But though I cannot be one spirit, or say, "a confederacy" with such, yet, being in the hand of the Lord, I would hope to see the day when we shall see eye to eye, and wait patiently till he subdue the boisterous tumult of the spirit, and breathe his own sweet spirit of gentleness, lowliness and love, to adorn his most sacred name and gospel. Whatever knowledge there may be in the great and deep things of God, yet the spirit being unpurged and unbroken, there is no solemnity becoming such most sacred and holy mysteries. The spirit of a poor sinner, with "all knowledge" and "all faith," and an enlightened understanding in "all mysteries," is like the poor man with the legion, he is out of his mind, no bonds or fetters can bind him, none can pass him with safety; peace, rest, humiliation and love, flow only as the soul is brought to the feet of Jesus, and it is only maintained and increased as the soul puts on his yoke and bears the daily cross, all things must be proved, and purged by fire; "by sorrow of heart, the spirit is broken." In a state of such deep poverty, emptiness, loss, weakness and woe, as I now am taught to see and feel in myself, yet, through abounding grace, a state of solemn and sacred rest and blessedness, as a poor helpless, ignorant and defenceless child; it is no wonder I should greatly fear to venture out thus amidst the multitude; but there are two portions given from the mercy seat through the holy Word, which gives me to hope that the pillar of the cloud is gone before, and that "the Lord God will be a sun and shield," to guide and clear the way. The one, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also will the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels." The other is, "I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." The first showed me my fears were sinful unbelief, which kept me in bondage through the fear of man, and that, though I was the most weak and worthless, a poor empty vain shadow, a poor little babe, yet I should not be ashamed of Jesus, or of shewing my little faith, however small and peculiar to the general mass. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, the Lord can ordain strength and perfect his praise." The second is a most

gracious promise, which contains a fulness more than most are willing to receive. A pastor after God's own heart, has an heart formed by God himself, according to his own heart, reduced to a state of honest simplicity, and uprightness before God, and reconciled to declare his whole will, as revealed in his Word, independent of self and reason, and carnal wisdom, neither to add or diminish, wrest or pervert the sacred Word, to make it suit a poor contracted proud and selfish mind, but to bow with childlike simplicity to infinite wisdom and love. In order to judge in this case, we have the sure word of revelation, where the Lord has opened his whole heart to us on this subject, as far as concerns our present state. "No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him," he came from the bosom of the Father, "the faithful and true witness," to testify his heart was "full of compassion and gracious;" it breaks forth as an overflowing fountain, "a pure river of water of life," it flowed from the fulness and exceeding riches of grace, in his kindness towards us, through Christ Jesus; it flowed in the face of sin, and enmity, and guilt, unsought, undesired and undeserved. "Sin reigned unto death, but grace did exceed and much more abound;" "As by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, the gift came upon all men unto justification of life." All flowed from the fulness and strength and freeness of the pure love of "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;" it flowed freely from his heart to us, when our poor nature was in its worst, lowest and loathsome condition, a poor, destitute, helpless and forlorn outcast, a state which no eye could pity, nor no heart conceive, or no language fully express; yet then, even then, did the bowels of the mercy of our God move towards us, and embrace us in an act of pure love and grace. "He remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son," he "was made flesh and dwelt among us;" he took the body, that holy nature, or rather, "that holy thing" to wash and cleanse it, and to adorn and beautify it, to cover all its nakedness, and make it "the righteousness of God in him;" yea, and more than all, and to crown all, God saith, "Yea, I swore unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest mine." Here was not an interest gained, but an interest given; nor mercy granted, when earnestly sought, but mercy breaking forth and flowing from a fulness of pure love, to poor ruined and wretched objects, dead and lost, hopeless, and helpless, and altogether as insensible and unconscious of its state as a poor babe in the day it is born, and cast out and exposed to all the woes and miseries of its forlorn and perilous condition, yet "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son;" who shall say what is comprehended in the word "so?" "God so loved the world." It implies such a fulness, depth, strength, height, length and breadth which no language could express, not all the riches of all the glories of heaven could so commend and shew us his love, but the greatness of his love could only be set forth by the greatness of the gift, "his only begotten Son," "the Son of his love." Some have thought the covering, washing, adorning, and comeliness, &c., &c., have reference to the graces of the spirit, which the soul of a poor sinner is blessed with in the day of his espousals, and no doubt it does in a certain degree; but there is a being made perfect through the comeliness with which the Lord is pleased to put upon us, which no state of sanctification in the body can attain unto; it is the person of the Lord Jesus in our nature, and "in the body of his flesh through death," and in himself

alone, that is said to "Present us holy, and unblameable, and unreprouvable in the sight of God," Col. i., and not the work or gifts, or graces of the spirit. To be a pastor after God's own heart, a soul must be taught what God has revealed in his Word, what is in his heart, to poor sinners in his dear Son, and have the witness of the Spirit to reveal and seal and conform the blessed reality of the full, free, and pure love of his heart, abounding and much more abounding over all the loss and ruins of sin in the fall. Where the love of God is in the heart, it enlarges the heart, it breaks all contraction and flows freely, it acts in its measure according to God's own heart; it goes forth with the joyful tidings of a feast of fat things, to invite poor sinners to come, for all things are ready, only come and partake of the riches of the pure love of God, here is the dear Son of God in his holy person and righteousness, an offering and sacrifice, a great High Priest, making atonement, and presenting himself in our nature, in which he suffered to put away all sin, in bearing all the curse due to it, and restoring our nature and persons in himself, pure and holy, and perfect in the presence of God, being made the righteousness of God in him, the mind of God is well pleased and satisfied, and delighted in his dear Son, he rejoices over poor sinners that come to him, he accepts us in his beloved Son; "Come, for all things are ready," all the blessings of salvation in the person and merits of the Lord Jesus will be heightened and sweetened a thousand-fold, when beheld as all flowing from the fulness of the love and pure goodness of our dear heavenly Father, as from a full and boundless ocean; this gives perfect satisfaction and rest, and removes all suspicion and jealousy from the heart. Surely there is nothing among all the works, and wonders, and mercies of all heaven and earth, which can so completely fill, and satisfy, and give perfect rest and peace to all the boundless desires of an immortal soul, and give it "everlasting consolation," as when brought back to its original home and rest—the peaceful bosom, the loving heart, friendship, communion, and intercourse with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ. And certainly there is no state, no privilege, no honour which can be conferred upon the soul of a poor sinner, than to be enabled to declare and shew forth the riches, "the unsearchable riches of Christ," as the free and pure gift of pure love; it is of the same nature and blessedness as that of the angels and heavenly host; it brings "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace," and is an act of God's pure "good will to men," "glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

To make a man a pastor according to God's own heart, must have God's own heart opened, and read it in his holy Word, by his Spirit, as also a full commission from the Lord for the high and holy office—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" and in sending them forth, "he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Hence there is a oneness of spirit to proclaim the pure love and goodwill of God to poor sinners in the person and redemption of Christ, and the earnest desire for his exaltation and glory, in the salvation of immortal souls. The soul of a poor sinner who has the Holy Ghost breathed into him is made a witness of, and (if called) a witness for Christ; the Spirit opens the fulness of his love and sufferings; the virtue and blessedness of his person and righteousness, the peace and pardoning love of the Father in him; Christ is his life, his joy, his strength and hope, his portion and glory; he has the mind and disposition of Christ, and bears the marks of the dying love of the Lord Jesus upon his spirit; his ministry will be the ministry of reconciliation and peace; as the apostle saith—"He hath given to us (or as the margin reads it, 'put in us') the ministry of reconciliation: to wit that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God

did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." What intense and burning love and affection is here opened to us, as dwelling in and breaking forth from the very heart of God in Christ after the reconciliation, peace and happiness of poor sinners, to pray and beseech poor souls, as in the name, and from the very heart and inward affection of love and tenderness, which could be in any form of words conveyed unto us.

Here is the open heart, the open arms, the open invitation to encourage, to draw, to embrace poor downcast trembling souls to reconciliation and peace with God; and yet further—here is the means by which this reconciliation was effected—"For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." God laid the sin and the whole weight of all trespasses and transgressions on the dear Son of his love; he was "made a curse for us;" he bore the wrath and curse; and removed and cleared away in his holy person all that our poor nature had incurred by the fall, and restored in his most blessed person and righteousness all that we lost, and restored our nature and persons unto the presence and peace of our dear Father, "holy, and without blame before him in love," "complete in him," and "made the righteousness of God in him." And what gives the solid ground of peace to the heart, in all this is—the whole heart of God was in it, first and last; all his wisdom and love—all his justice, mercy, faithfulness, goodness and power—all his purposes, designs, and promises—all his thoughts of peace and pardon—all the praise and glory of his grace, which now flow, and will eternally flow to him and to the Lamb, from the hearts of poor sinners for ever and ever! all and more than mortal heart or tongue can tell, all flow from the heart of God in the glorious Person and redemption of Christ!

O! blessed ambassadors of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ! and has he put into you, indeed, the word of reconciliation, and given you to read his very heart, in his boundless love of his dear Son? Surely from that ocean of love, and perfect, full, and complete redemption of the Lord Jesus, your soul is filled with the same love, tenderness, longing, and compassion, as to break forth with pure affection to precious immortal souls; and in opening God's own heart, prove that you are a pastor according to his own heart, and that you are not ashamed of him or his word, in the midst of this "crooked and perverse generation," not only in the encouraging, and comforting, and building up the saints, but in inviting, exhorting, warning, and admonishing of poor sinners to reconciliation and repentance. We behold the Lord Jesus addressing those who followed him for carnal ends, for the loaves and fishes, saying, "Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you; for him hath God the Father sealed." And when he was asked, "Ave there few that be saved?" he replied to the curious enquiry in a way of exhortation and admonition—"Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able." And when being told of bloody murders and dreadful judgments which some poor sinners fell under, he replied, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." And again, as if to shew his desire to awaken conviction of the necessity and importance of it, he repeats the solemn fact—"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." And to shew yet more fully—behold the fulness of his compassionate heart in his love and longing affection towards poor sinners, when the tender sympathies of his soul burst forth in tears, over the heavy judgments which he saw must fall upon the immortal souls in the city of Jerusalem—"He wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." O, solemn, weighty, deep, and soul-awakening subject! What a fulness is opened for meditation and observation, but space will not admit to in-

dulge the liberty. Suffice it to say, here is a pastor according to God's own heart; yes, it flows immediately from the heart of the Lord God of the holy prophets himself.

I would bow my soul before the mercy-seat, for such a pastor who has the Lord Jesus dwelling in his soul, and is bearing about in his labours, the tender, affectionate, sympathizing heart, full, and overflowing, with love and prayer for immortal souls. Precious Jesus! send us a pastor according to thine own heart, filled with thy love, and with a single eye, fixed upon thy glory. I might go through the Holy Word, and show from both apostles and prophets, who were pastors according to God's own heart, what was their manner of addressing poor sinners, as well as proclaiming the everlasting love of God, in the delight and joy of his heart, to his people, in his dear Son. The apostle, in opening his commission before Agrippa, saith, with these words, it was "to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light," &c; that they might "receive forgiveness of sins," &c; "that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance." And on speaking to the superstitious people at Athens, who lived in heathenish darkness, he saith, "at the times of their ignorance, God winked at, but now, commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

Numerous instances might be brought forward in proof of this subject, but one or two strike me too forcibly to be omitted. In Proverbs i., the Lord under the character of wisdom, uttereth his voice and crieth to the "simple ones," to the "scorners and fools that hate knowledge," saying, "Turn ye at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you." Here are the two principle and effectual means of conviction and conversion, the Spirit of the word, from the mouth of the Lord. See the subject and its momentous and solemn connection; here is a pastor after God's own heart, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

Ezekiel was a pastor according to God's own heart, and received his word from the mouth of the Lord, to warn the wicked, and deliver his soul from his destruction, and to declare the solemn mind of God in the business, as the Lord most solemnly swears to it by his own existence—"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

The prophet Isaiah, in addressing the same characters, saith, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts," (or, "the man of iniquity," margin, Isaiah lv.) "and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon," or, "multiply to pardon," margin. What a delightful view of the tender mercies of our God, is here presented to the wicked and unrighteous; yea, the man of iniquity, a poor sinner wholly made up of sin, yet bad, and black, and base, and guilty, as the case may be, yet they cannot exceed the exceeding riches of his grace; he will multiply to pardon beyond the multitude of transgressions—"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." Some have supposed this Scripture was addressed to back-sliders, from the word, "return;" but back-sliders are called "back-sliding children, revolvers, adulterous," &c; but not the wicked or the unrighteous, the return is the loving and gracious invitation of the Lord, to a state of original friendship, peace and reconciliation, enjoyed with him before the awful departure in the fall. The same objections have been raised on the blessed and loving invitations on the opening of this chapter; (Isaiah lv.) in supposing it addressed to the children of God only; but the very expressions are clearly and expressly pointed to those who spend "money for that which is not bread," and their "labour for that which satisfieth not." Now, it is not so with quickened and convinced souls, they long, and

labour, and thirst, and cry, for living bread, living water, "durable riches and righteousness," and also their ear is opened and inclined to hearken, and they do come to the mercy-seat, and they do, in some measure, taste that the Lord is gracious, and they can and do eat, and relish that which is good, and their souls delight in fatness. These are a full clearing of the passage from the general acceptance of it; and there needs not a single word to prove who they are, thirsting and labouring for the things of sense and worldly objects, which can never satisfy an immortal soul.

But after all that has or might yet be produced from the Word of God, I am fully aware human reason will never bow, but will still maintain the old objection, "what is the use of speaking to the dead? God only can speak to them, and quicken them when he please." Yes, but he has appointed means for that end, and it strikes me, that the Lord foresaw this objection, and hath given the most full and most decided testimony, to confute the truth of it, and at once to put to shame and silence, every such vain and carnal objection. In the notable instance of the ministry of Ezekiel, the Lord led him into the valley of dry bones, and caused him "to pass by them round about, and behold, there were very many, and lo, they were very dry." It appears, he had a long, and solemn, and real conviction, of the dead and dry, and utterly helpless condition; and the Lord asked him "can these bones live?" And he said, "O Lord God, thou knowest." He then commanded him, "prophecy upon these dry bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the Word of the Lord!" The prophet did not begin to consult reason, and raise objections, and take one word of God to contradict another, but did as the Lord bid him, in simple faith in the power and promises of God; he used the means.—"So I prophesied as I was commanded, and as I prophesied, there was a noise; and behold, a shaking, and bone came together, bone to his bone." Here is a pastor according to God's own heart, exercising the "obedience of faith," simply and solely upon the promise and power of God. And the Lord honoured the faith that honoured him in simple obedience; he used the means, and the Lord fulfilled his promise, he caused life and breath to enter into them, put sinews and flesh, and skin upon them, set them upon their feet, raised them out of their graves, united them together, gave them a knowledge of himself, "to the praise of the glory of his grace." "Ye shall know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord." Ezekiel xxxvii.

What a fulness of gospel blessings, and pure blessedness opens in the wonderful display of grace mercy and peace, from the fulness and overflowings of the pure ocean of love, which dwells and flows freely from his heart, to poor sinners "dead in trespasses and sins." The general view of the gospel is, as sent to the souls who are brought to feel their wretchedness, which is indeed a blessed truth; but it extends further, it speaks to the dead and gives life, to the deaf and the blind, "bear ye deaf, and look ye blind, that ye may see." To those who know not that they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, the gospel saith to such, "I counsel thee to buy of me, gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see." To such the Lord Jesus comes with rebukes of love, and saith, "be zealous, therefore, and repent." The gospel extends to the lowest depths of our woe, and utter loss, which is, being dead to a sense of our death. Jesus is "the Resurrection and the Life;" what encouragement is here held out in the promise, and power, and love, and condescension of the Lord; to go forth in his name and command, to proclaim his fulness, and preach "repentance and forgiveness of sins to every creature," with a single eye to his glory, and simple faith in his power; and such means will most surely be owned with his blessing and presence, as sure as it was in

the ministry of Ezekiel; "Jesus is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

Should these few hints fall under the eye of any poor broken and bowed soul, who is cast out for the singularity of his faith and practice, in addressing poor sinners on the sure authority, command, and example of the Lord, I would say to such an one, come and cast in thy lot among us; "bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." However weak, simple, and unlearned, come and lie down with a poor, sinful man, at the feet of Jesus, and lay thy soul before him, with all its powers, to be disposed of, and formed, and supplied, engaged, and occupied, emptied and filled, at his pleasure; to receive every subject from the mercy-seat, to have every power and faculty of the soul, led and shown in every meditation; to beg all wisdom, strength, faith, and prayer, &c., from his fulness. The deeper the poverty, the darker the path, the hotter the furnace, the heavier the cross, the more will wisdom, self-will, reason, self, and pride, be confounded, and the naked soul be led more closely and constantly, and lie lower and lower at his feet. Jesus writes his name on a poor, naked, void, empty, and helpless soul, he opens his heart, and compassion, and most tender love, and taketh the most weak, fearful, and tender lambs, in his arms, and carries them in his bosom; he opens unto them the secrets of his heart, the glory of his person, the excellency of his righteousness, the all-sufficiency of his sacrifice, the true blessedness of entering into the sweet and holy presence of our most dear heavenly Father, to have most blessed, solemn, sacred, and holy peace and friendship with him in his dear Son, the Son of his love. Here we receive his sweet mind and Spirit, and become one Spirit, and bear about in the body, the marks, the dying, the mind and image, of the Lord Jesus.

The Lord fulfil his gracious promise, and send us a pastor according to God's own heart, to feed us with knowledge and understanding. Could it suffice to have one after the wisdom of men, to take a certain portion of the Word, and either leave or pervert the rest, we had only to give the hint, and we should be supplied presently. I have cause for everlasting praise and gratitude, for breaking the miserable bonds of my poor, contracted, and selfish heart, in opening to me the depth, the fulness, the unsearchable and boundless all-sufficiency of his person and merit.

Yours in him, JOHN WADE.

*Uppingham, Rutland, June 20th, 1851.*

### The Pastor's Experience, in Poetry.

DEAR friend in the gospel, you ask for a line,  
The which I will send you as I can get time;  
And this is the subject on which I shall dwell—  
To write of my Jesus, who sav'd me from hell.  
I often am led of my history to think;  
And while I remember, I shudder and shrink.  
My birth was all sin, my nature all foul,  
It makes me oft weep, oft times do I howl.  
In childhood I was of my mother bereft;  
Ah! then to the mercy of man was I left;  
But man, he forsook me, regardless of claim,  
A helpless, a friendless outcast I became.  
The workhouse receiv'd me, and there was I found  
By an uncle, who travell'd many miles over  
ground;  
He took me, he sooth'd me, he clothed me all o'er,  
He fed me most kindly, and doctor'd my sore.  
My dear mother's sister's poor heart was most  
broke,  
The scene was distressing, so sharp was the stroke;  
But short was my stay 'neath this hospital roof,  
Of different treatment I soon had a proof:  
To London I went, and such treatment receiv'd,  
Was I but to relate it, 'twould scarce be believ'd:  
But that is all past, and the whole I forgive,  
And pray so to die, as well so to live.  
To sea I was sent, to meet rough, hard, and cold,  
Although, at that time, not eleven years old;

But there the good Lord did a father provide,  
Who kept me, and taught me, and prov'd a kind  
guide.

Thus three years on ship-board, my country did  
leave,  
And the scenes which I saw, made my heart often  
grieve.

And though amidst powder and shot I have been,  
I could not be kill'd, as plainly is seen:  
Preserved abroad, I again was brought home,  
To declare to the world what for me He hath done.  
When sixteen years old, was convinced of sin,  
I saw and I felt what a wretch I had been;  
What to do, where to go, I now could not tell,  
For by day and by night I much feared hell;  
The heavens were black, my conscience oppress,  
My soul, day and night, quite a stranger to rest;  
I feared to sleep, was tormented awake,  
And tempted I've been a razer to take.

The Gadarenes got me—to work I did go—  
I pray'd, and on parchment I wrote solemn vow;  
My prayers not answer'd—my vows were all broke,  
I now must be damned, 'twill be righteous stroke:  
Each world is against me, because of my sin,  
In wrath and hell-torments I must shortly be in;  
My case is most dreadful, O what must I do!  
I could not to any my wretchedness shew.

My legal class-leader such lessons did give,  
I could not perform them, which made me to grieve;  
For I thought very highly of his zealous plan,  
Concluding that he was a most holy man.

Just as I concluded my soul must be lost,  
A bookstall I saw, as a street I had cross'd,  
My eye caught a book, which open did lay,  
I took it to read, though I feared to pray;  
And as I perused, I swallow'd the whole,  
The piece was 'Hart's Dialogue with a Poor Soul';  
To tell what I felt I'm sure I cannot,

I sang, cried, and prayed, at my happy lot:  
I saw my salvation was full, rich, and free,  
I went not to Jesus, he came thus to me—  
"O, poor wretched soul, fear not," he did say,  
"Your sins cast you down, I took them away;  
I bore them entire—not one is behind,  
You'll find me a Saviour exceedingly kind;  
Come out as my sheep, and hear my sweet voice,  
I make them all free, I make them rejoice:  
Your doing and vowing will not make you good,  
Most clean you shall be, through my shedding  
blood;

My doing has satisfied all in thy stead,  
Believe and receive me, thy law-fulfilling Head;  
My righteousness take—this freely I give,  
I lov'd thee, I bought thee, I now bid thee live;  
My love everlasting was fix'd on thy soul,  
In kindness I drew thee, thou now art made  
whole."

Such love, life, and light now filled my heart,  
I gladly from all my old rubbish did part;  
And wonder'd to find redemption's great plan,  
Was all of God's grace to vile filthy man.  
But O what a foe did I find in that man,  
Whose name I receiv'd, when bound by his plan!  
He call'd me a sinner of wonderful kind,  
And said I was stubborn, rebellious, and blind;  
And left me, at last, where he saw I did stand,  
And of my foul blood he wash'd clean his hand.  
How dreadful the pride of a pharisee's soul—  
For they never feel sick, but always seem whole!  
But thanks to the Spirit, who gives me to feel  
The need of my Jesus, who only can heal;  
I love to speak of him, and to him likewise,  
For him above all things I surely must prize:  
But though of his children of all I am worst,  
I still on his merits am helped to trust;  
In him all the glories of Godhead I see,  
The love of Jehovah to poor sinful me!  
And though, for my follies, I oft catch the rod,  
Yet still, still he is my unchangeable God!  
Of his mercy in life and in death I will tell—  
How he sav'd even me from sin and from hell."

Believe me ever to remain

Your's in the Lord,  
May 7th, 1851. THOMAS POOCK.

## Record of Recent Events, Notices of New Works.

*[This department of our work is still seriously deficient. Events are every day occurring (in those parts of our Zion where the distinguishing doctrines of sovereign and saving grace are held) that are of deep interest and importance; and bespeak, in many instances, the onward movement of the great, the good, and the glorious work of the Lord, in the building up of his church, and the preservation of her in times of peril, persecution, bereavement, and division. In the history of the churches; in the raising up of pastors; in the departure of the saints; in the restoration of the fallen; and in the zealous efforts of some of our little boys and girls, (of which Zechariah prophesied that the streets of Jerusalem should be full. From these and other circumstances) some most solemn lessons are to be learned; and records might be given that would be useful, not only to the present, but to future generations. Our narrow limits forbid the doing of one quarter of our desires to serve the churches of our Lord; but we are constantly praying and planning. Whether larger scope for usefulness will be given us or not, the Lord only knows. We live in hopes.]*

### THE OPENING OF THE

### New Baptist Chapel, Ford Street, Salford, MANCHESTER,

On Lord's-day, June 15, 1851.

The morning being fine, at an early hour several travellers were seen on the road from Rochdale, Heywood, Middleton, Hollandwood, and Newton, Leath, Lancaster, Charlesworth, and across the steep mountains of Derbyshire, and from Bogerley Sall, and other places in Chester, anxiously winding their way towards Manchester; and by ten o'clock many were seen inquiring their way to Ford St.

Thus attracted by the sound of the gospel these lovers of the Lord and his people may be said to be led in a way that they knew not, and to be walking in paths that they had not trod. At half-past ten a goodly number was assembled from town and country, when Mr. Cozens of Willenhall, Staffordshire, opened the meeting by reading the first hymn, composed by Mr. Corbitt for the occasion—

“Dear Lord, to us assembled here  
Come magnify thy grace,  
And save us by thy sovereign love  
Though of a sinful race.”

When the vocal voices of the congregation, mixed with the soft notes of the organ, which is kindly lent for the assistance of the singing, burst forth with charming melody, and the whole congregation seemed to commence their first song like those who have taken great spoil. Mr. Corbitt, minister of the place, ascended the pulpit, when he found his desk covered with a neat crimson cushion, on which rested a most superb new volume of the Scriptures, bearing the following inscription,—

“This volume of the sacred Scriptures is gratefully presented to Mr. John Corbitt by the ladies and friends of his church and congregation, as a token of their high regard and esteem.”

Mr. Corbitt read part of Genesis xxviii., from the tenth verse to the end, and Psalm xxxvii., and prophesied from 1 Kings viii. 27.—“But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; much less this house that I have built.” In the delivery of which evident symptoms of affectionate

excitement was past concealment, but by the Lord's help he was soon above this, and in a sweet, solemn, and affectionate manner delivered us one of his original, warm hearted, stirring discourses, under which many were much affected and who, by tears, looks, and expression afterwards testified their affections by a good liberal contribution. At the conclusion of the morning service the clouds had veiled the sun and the rain was fast descending, and continued so until time to commence the afternoon service, when it came down rapidly; notwithstanding, a goodly number got together, and Mr. Cozens, of Willenhall preached in a most engaging and affectionate manner, afternoon and evening from Matthew xvi. 18.—“Upon this Rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,” and we can truly say with the apostles, “Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us about the way” of stability, power, fixedness, solidity, union, shadow, and sweetness of this rock. Yes, we must say it is our belief that Mr. Cozens was enabled to preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Indeed the singing, praying, and preaching, and attentive hearing all appeared to testify the presence and approbation of the Master, and indicate general satisfaction among the people, whose cheerful souls arose with gratitude and thankful praise to their divine Master.

Considering the heavy rain in the afternoon the size of the place, the number and circumstances of the people, they had an excellent collection—upwards of twenty-seven pounds.

At the conclusion Mr. Corbitt read the following piece to shew the leadings of divine providence in retaining him in Manchester, and in the erection of this little, neat, commodious place of worship; when the meeting broke up, and the people returned to their homes in joy and gladness, having had a feast and a good day.

The following I copy verbatim from the paper that Mr. Corbitt read to the public.

“Dear Friends.—The Lord having found means to retain me in Manchester, contrary to my desire or expectation, and now to place me and my few friends in this comfortable little chapel, it becomes me this day to give you a faithful account of the particular providences leading thereto, but for brevity sake I shall go no further back than my removal from Bridge St., and it is sufficient on this occasion for me to say that when I received the letter from my church, informing me that my resignation was accepted, and that it was desirable for me to leave in seven days, I then committed myself to the Lord in solemn prayer, begging him to direct my future movements, and promised him that I would accept the first place His Majesty would open for me, whether it was far or near, the people few or many, rich or poor. And having no expectation or desire to stop in Manchester at that time, I wrote to some friends in Huntingdonshire, and by them procured apartments, and made every preparation I could to leave Manchester. These were my thoughts and my ways. But that the Lord's were not so the present and connected circumstances prove beyond a doubt; for as soon as I gave it out on Wednesday evening that I was to preach my farewell sermon on the following Lord's Day, August 4, 1850, my present friends came round me, and requested my services, promising that they would procure me a place to preach in, and make themselves responsible for rent and my support, and procure me a chapel as early as possible. Remembering my solemn promise to the Lord, I dare not deny them, though I had no desire to stop in Manchester, and several other invitations begging my services. But these friends being first in their application, I was constrained to accept it for my vow's sake; and I have found those friends faithful to their word, and my Lord to his promise,



namely, that he had set an open door before him, and that no man should shut it. And we have gone on until this time in peace and harmony, and the Lord hath been with us, blessing the word to the souls of some persons in every place we have been during our exile, and we have lacked nothing, though the people are generally poor, and we have incurred no debt. And now the Lord hath put it into the hearts of those persons who had the means to erect this neat little house for our convenience to worship our God in; and the church has appointed a treasurer and secretary, through whose hands all money will pass, and by whom a balance sheet will be produced every year; and after the interest, chief rent, and other expenses are paid, the surplus, if any, to form a general fund towards the redemption of the chapel. The builder requires no other security for his money than the building, so long as the interest is duly paid; and when the amount is ready to redeem it, the chapel will be conveyed in a proper manner. The present expenses of the building, as you now see it, with the title deed, is a little more than four hundred pounds; we cannot say exactly what the amount will be, as there are the gas-burners and other things to supply; but that will all be known in due time."

This plain straightforward account appeared to give great satisfaction, and I have no doubt but it will prove Mr. Corbitt's movements to be very different to what they have been represented.

The place is calculated to seat 350 persons, and is considered very cheap as it is built very strong, and material and workmanship of the best order for servitude. The foundation stone was laid on the 2nd of April, and completed, and a special prayer-meeting held in it on the 11th of June, just ten weeks to a day. Here we see the effect of union, well concerted plans, and economical perseverance.

The Lord bless him and the people about him with peace and abundant success. So prays one who loves to see and hear of Zion's prosperity.

Your's truly,  
A WATCHFUL OBSERVER.

### Cheerful Tidings from Ripley, in Surrey.

[We trust the following interesting epistle will stimulate others to record the good hand of God toward them.]

DEAR SIR—I feel constrained to send you a few lines respecting the baptising at the Baptist Chapel, Ripley, Surrey; which was attended to on Lord's Day, July 6th, 1851; when our dear pastor, Mr. Allnut, baptised three females after their giving an account of the Lord's gracious dealings with their souls, to the satisfaction of the church generally. Sister White, a truly tried woman, had been much tossed about, through the journey of life, upon a tempestuous sea; but was brought safe to the desired haven, even rest to her soul on Christ. Sister Cox also gave a blessed account of what the Lord had done for her soul, and how he had graciously liberated her soul, so as not to feel the ground she walked on, in going in and out the chapel, for many months together.

Sister Stemp was called in providence to come down into Sussex a short time previous to her going before the church. It being a great distance to go, she stayed with us two nights; which opened up an opportunity to have some conversation together on the Lord's dealings with our souls; and truly, I felt it good to my soul to hear how the Lord had led her from place to place in this wilderness below, while in a state of sin and death; and then how he brought her to the Blind Asylum, in London, and how the Lord shewed her there her state as a sinner; and how here he wrought godly repentance and deep sorrow for sins, and separated her from the world that lieth in wickedness; and how he spoke peace and pardon to her distressed soul through the shedding of the blood of the dear Redeemer. I have heard her speak of how the Lord liberated her soul under your ministry when at Guildford anniversary; and how she returned home magnifying the Lord, and her soul rejoicing in God

her Saviour; and I heard her speak of how she wished to speak to you, and how satan worried and told her she never would; but satan was defeated concerning it; for it was her that came and spoke to you, in the evening of the anniversary at Ripley, last May the 8th, and told you that she could truly say, without any flattery, that the Lord had blessed your ministry to her soul, and that she hoped the Lord would go on to bless your ministry, and give you many souls for your hire. But to return to the ordinance of believer's baptism, as commanded by the Lord:

Brother West began the morning service by giving out that precious hymn—

"Jesus, and shall it ever be—  
A mortal man ashamed of thee—  
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?"

Our dear pastor then read and expounded the 1st chapter of Mark; and then poured out his soul to the Lord for a blessing on the candidates and the people. After which brother West gave out that hymn, at the request of sister Stemp—

"Dear Lord, and will thy pardoning love  
Embrace a wretch so vile?  
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,  
And bless me with thy smile?"

I believe her very heart and soul went forth to the Lord in it, as the old adversary had been worrying and perplexing her soul so much, she thought she should never be able to go through the ordinance. Our pastor gave out for his text, the 11th verse of the 1st chapter of Mark—"And there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." He said his mind was led more to speak upon the two last lines of the first hymn that was sung in the morning—

"Dare to defend his noble cause,  
And yield obedience to his laws."

He went on to say that there were many that wanted the blessing before they went through the ordinance; but it was not so in our Lord's days nor in the apostle's days, for it is said in the Scriptures of eternal truth, "And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened and the Spirit, like a dove, descending upon him; and there came a voice from heaven, saying, thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Again, when Philip baptised the Eunuch, "When they were come up out of the water, the Spirit caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more, and he went on his way rejoicing."

Our dear pastor's soul was much set at liberty; and he was favoured to bring forth many precious solemn and weighty things on the ordinance of the Lord's house, and the Lord applied and accompanied them with power to our souls; it was truly a rejoicing day with the saints.

After the morning service was over, a hymn was given out at the pool, by our dear pastor, composed for the occasion by brother Merrett, which I here copy, hoping it may be made a real blessing to some poor soul amongst the Lord's living family.

Now, we as followers, Lord, of thee,  
Rejoice when others with us see  
Jesus in Jordan's flood!

When we are led by love divine,  
How sweet to own that we are thine;  
Bought with thy precious blood.

The way is pav'd, all through, with love,  
Lest we should doubt there was a dove,  
On him in Jordan seen.

A voice from heaven was heard to say,  
"This, my beloved Son's the way!"  
Believe, and follow him.

We now believe and long to view,  
Thy sanction here, in what we do;  
Then, we will follow thee:

How sweet to walk in love with thee!  
'Tis not a task when we can see,  
The place where Jesus lay,

In every place, where Jesus went,  
He left the sweetest smelling scent,  
That ever mortals knew;  
O what a favour to be led,  
To step with thee, through life, when dead!  
There is a crown for you.

The candidates went through the ordinance rejoicing; and singing in their hearts unto him who had redeemed their life from death, their eyes from tears, and their feet from falling; and truly they felt the Spirit rest upon them like a dove; for the Lord did bear testimony to the word of his grace that day, as spoken by his servant, and the candidates were favoured to return home with their countenance no more sad. And truly we may say, "Unto him that has loved us, and washed us from all sin, be honour and glory and praise for ever and ever." O may we never reject, nor despise his commands! Oh, it is a most solemn thing, ye children of God, and ye men of the earth, to presume to make a breach in his commands and ordinances, by taking anything from them, or adding anything to them! This is a true and faithful account of the proceedings of the ordinances of the Lord's house, at Ripley, in Surrey, as far as my weak memory retains it. May the Lord bless it for the good of Zion; is the desire and earnest prayer of a poor worm, saved by grace. Your's in the Lord,

E. KILLICK.

Cranley, July 14, 1851.

## WANDERINGS IN THE WILDERNESS.

No. II.

WEDNESDAY-MORNING, July 16th.—After a deal of anxiety, I have found a corner in a South Western; and am praying to be safely conveyed to Hazlemere, in Surrey, where an anniversary is to be held to-day, if the Lord permit. I arose this morning, and left my home with a very heavy heart. Perpetually travelling and preaching not only wear down the little frame which a good Providence hath given me, but they so interfere with my home affairs, that I often wonder where the scene will end. Many times have I resolved to refuse all country requests; but as often does that covenant come up before me, which I made with the Lord in Mr. Spettigue's office, when, in a season of soul distress, I cried unto God with my voice, and said, "O Lord, if thou wilt pardon my sin, I will never cease to speak of thy mercy as long as I live." Often, indeed, do I think of that solemn moment. Like as a guilty child would throw itself at the feet of an offended parent, so did I cast my poor soul down at the footstool of Sovereign mercy, and proposed the covenant I have named. Hitherto the blessed Lord hath opened abundance of doors to test the sincerity of my heart in that covenant; and hitherto he hath furnished me with a willing heart—a measure of bodily strength—and a little oil in my cruise; so that for nearly eight years, I have ceased not to point to his blood—to tell of his power—and to declare his righteousness, as far as given abilities would permit. My present difficulties, with all my future necessities, I must leave with Zion's holy Redeemer and King, whose I humbly trust I am, and whom I desire to serve. I would charge my soul to be deeply absorbed in gratitude, in humility, in godly fear, in a faithful service, and on my blessed Lord to lean, until my solemn change shall come. A few words on the state of the churches I have recently visited, must close up this small paper. I might say, while waiting, this morning, on the station, I saw father Moody run into one carriage, and Samuel Cozens into another, they both looked well. I thought, the Lord's servants are flying abroad in various directions, scattering the good seed; and I have no doubt but that much real good is being done, although division and darkness greatly abound.

### The Anniversary at Coggeshall, in Essex,

this year, was not overcrowded with people; but

the Lord's presence was enjoyed, and his power was felt in our midst. Brother Allen preached in the afternoon from "Let me see thy glory;" he appeared happy and well.

In the morning, we had a sermon upon the great woman who laid at the prophet's feet; and in the evening, the revelation that Peter had of the glorious Person of Christ: the first, led us a little into the exercises of a real child of God; the second carried us up into some of the essential blessings connected with a vital union to the Son of God. My reader—have you ever been laid down in deep distress of soul, under the felt sentence of death within? If so, I believe nothing but a supernatural view by faith divine of the glorious CHRIST of God can ever raise you. That life giving vision all true blood-bought penitents will surely have. Our brother Collis, the pastor of Coggeshall, is still standing in usefulness, and in the affections of his people: this is well. Brethren Bartholomew, (of Halstead), Chappel, (of Chelmsford), and Odling, (of Clapham), were present, and took part in the services of the day. It is to be feared that the cause of gospel truth is not in a prosperous state, either in Chelmsford or Colchester; in the former place truth has been fearfully wounded, and her children scattered; in the latter place, she has lived and laboured under a load. Of late, three ministers in the truth have been standing in Colchester; Mr. Brocklehurst, Mr. Chappel, and Mr. A. Brown; but, the apparent usefulness of these good men is, as yet, somewhat limited. We would hope that brighter days await them. The county of Essex has many little vineyards; but the most of them want rain. Our good friends at

### Bethesda Chapel, Orpington

held their anniversary on Wednesday, July 9. A large van, with a party of friends, left London, to spend the day with them; and, a profitable season some of them found it to be. "This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise;" was the morning's text; and although the poor preacher was evidently in chains; yet some of the matter squeezed out of his heart, was found to be food for living souls. How often is the Lord pleased to mortify the minister's pride; and make him feelingly nothing; that Christ may be all in all. Mr. Thomas Stringer came in the afternoon, and gave us a sound gospel discourse, on "THE WAY OF SALVATION;" our brother looked as though the Gravesend air, and the presence of his covenant God at Gravesend, has cheered his heart, and strengthened his frame. Mr. Tanner, of Farnborough, closed up the services of the day. So long as Thomas Willoughby, and Master Grover are spared to the Orpington cause, so long, we are certain sound truth will be there; but whenever the Lord is pleased to remove them, what will then become of the little ship none on earth can tell; but she is in the great Jehovah's hands.

C. W. B.

### The late Mr. George Viney, of Manchester.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

BROTHER—As I hope and trust that you, I, and others are children of the same parent, heirs of the same inheritance, travellers to the same kingdom, and trophies of our Elder Brother's sufferings, death and resurrection, I herewith send you some few particulars of the last days of a dear brother who has now gone to sleep in Jesus at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, like a sheaf of corn fully ripe.

He was a man well known in Manchester; his name was George Viney; though a native of London, yet, to my knowledge, he has lived in and near Manchester upwards of twenty years—but he has gone! though, as a brother remarked to me, in George Viney's presence, that the Lord was taking down his tabernacle very easy; he had

no particular pain upon him; nature rather appeared to be worn out; but not so with the immortal part of the man. No! While heart and flesh failed, God was the strength of his heart, and is now his portion for ever. Many times have I heard the dear old man exalting his precious Jesus, and holding him up as the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. I remember on one occasion visiting him, when he said, "O, John, the path to heaven has been described, or compared to a railroad, but there are many dark tunnels in it." On another occasion, reading to him, and in my feeble way talking a little upon that sublime portion of God's Bible, recorded in the 20th chapter of the 2nd book of Chronicles, where Jehoshaphat, being assaulted by the united armies of Moab, Ammon and Esau, betakes himself to that only source of help the Christian should look to in every time of distress and difficulty, pleads with his God, and obtains that help and promise that causes him, with Judah, to praise the Lord, instead of fighting with his enemies; as the Father had promised to do the fighting part himself, and let the Israelites gather the spoils. And when we come to look at the victory our Jesus had won on the cross, and given us to see that he had done all for us, and left us nothing to do but gather the spoils, the old pilgrim's heart warmed within him; and he said "Stop, John, and let me fetch my Betsy (his daughter, who had gone out a few minutes before to look at a funeral,) to hear these glorious truths, they warm my breast and do me good."

At another time, the enemy having set in upon him with the temptation that he was a backslider, and had thus offended his best friend, Jesus, I asked him was there any thing on earth or in heaven that carried with it half the sweetness as did the name of Jesus, or was there any other being that he loved as he did Jesus? "Oh no," said the dear saint. "Well, then," said I, "do you not see that you love Jesus because Jesus first loved you? Come, my dear brother, you and I change, but our blessed Jesus changes not; no, it is 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'" "Ah, that will do," said the old saint; "and (with Job) 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'" At another time, reading to him out of the book of Genesis, "Now, George, (I said,) we will call this the Gospel according to Genesis; and if we cannot find the gospel in it, we will let it have its old name." He assented. We began where a famine drives the Israelites into Egypt to seek food, and glanced a little at the effects of a famine to God's people; and we looked, for a proof of our assertions, to the cases of Naomi, Ruth, and the prodigal son: then we followed up the reading till we came to the time when Benjamin is demanded; the old patriarch refuses the request of Reuben; but when our dear Judah (Jesus) comes forward in his suretyship capacity, and becomes bound for the return of Benjamin. And then we looked at Jesus in his covenant engagement, and beheld him as the Man of sorrows, and acquainted with griefs, yet travelling in the greatness of his strength, *mighty to save*. I found that as the pleading of Judah melted the heart of the old patriarch, so did it melt the heart of my dear brother George Viney; and he said, "Oh, John, I never saw such Gospel in Genesis before."

He was often cast down; because, like Ephraim

of old, he had been left (many years ago) after being called by divine grace, to backslide, and be, for a time, joined to idols; but the Great Shepherd followed him; hedged up his way with thorns; brought him back in his own time, and caused him again to pass under the rod of him that telleth them. And well do I remember, when brought into gospel liberty again, he asked me to propose him to the church of the late William Gadsby. I mentioned it to Mr. Gadsby; but the old man was afraid of poor George backsliding again, therefore refused his assent to my proposing him. This was a great grief to George, (he often mentioned it to me,) that he was debarred from the Lord's table; but some time after he joined the church (then) under the pastoral care of William Bidder, where he continued, as well as under the ministry of John Corbitt, till sad divisions and sorrowful desertions left him houseless and homeless; but he has not survived it long. Often have we lamented, like Israel of old, "For the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart."

For some few weeks before his death, he was too feeble to reach the earthly courts of his Father's house, at least, those courts where he could feel himself at home. Truly, dear Editor, I often have been absent from God's house to be present with my departed brother; and many a sweet season have we enjoyed together; and the last Sabbath he spent on earth I was with him, and read to him the 2nd chapter of the Song of Solomon; and though I might have expected it, yet I little thought that he would so soon realize the blessed fulness of the words then read; (verses 10 — 13.) Sweet language — precious words—though too long to transcribe at present. Suffice it to say, another brother being present, we both went to prayer; and, for my own part, I can say, "I found it good to be there;" there was scarce a sentence uttered but the old saint's *amen* was added to it, and though, at times, light headed, yet the name of Jesus appeared invariably to bring back his senses, and give him a momentary glance of the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off. Yes; at one time might be heard the trembling voice of our aged brother, singing with us those sweet words—

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Are saved to sin no more.

"Yes, when this lisping stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then in a nobler sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save."

He is singing it now beyond the lions' den, and beyond the mountain of leopards, where sorrow and sighing flee away for ever. Yes! while tossing about on his dying bed, not knowing where to lay his head for ease, even there was the old pilgrim's voice heard by my wife, who was below, joining with us in singing,

"A few more rolling suns at most  
Will land us on fair Canaan's coast;  
Where we shall sing that song of praise,  
And see our glorious Hiding Place."

When I was about to leave him for the last time upon earth, he reached out his withered trembling hand, with a *God bless you*. And

certain I feel that there never was a parting like that on earth, but there will be a meeting again in heaven. This was on the Sunday, May 18, 1851, but he lingered on till Saturday evening, May 24, when at half-past five, p. m., his spirit took its flight to that place where the days of his mourning are for ever ended, all tears wiped from his eyes, where the sun shall no more go down, nor a single Cunnarito distress him any more.

But here let me drop a hint. Our departed brother often complained to me that no brother or sister ever came to see him, or when his sight failed, ever came to read to him. And, said the old man more than once to me, "I am obliged to get the arminians to read God's word for me, and I hate them." (Of course their doctrines were intended.)

Brothers and sisters. If you wish to find genuine christianity without alloy, go to the death-bed of the christian, though it be in a cellar, garret, or meaner looking habitation, there will you prove the truth of the gospel—"God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith." Often have I thought of a remark I once read of the late Wm. Huntington, that the rich believer only sees one side of God's face, and that the bright side. Well, tis said "A word to the wise is enough." There is my consolation at times: "My Father's hand prepares my cup."

What he wills is best. Being by my labour confined from seven o'clock Monday morning till ten o'clock on Saturday night I could not get to see him only on the Lord's day. And the dear old man would begin early in the week to know of his daughters how soon Sunday would come again. They were often precious seasons to both of us. Frequently have we found that our Elder Brother has been with us too, blessing us, and causing his face to shine upon us, and I really do think that I looked forward to the approach of that holy day as much as our departed brother.

Oh, let me conclude by saying to every brother and sister that may read this, "Go thou and do likewise." Yours, Mr. Editor, in the truth,

Manchester.

JOHN ———.

#### A Brief Account of William Griffiths,

Who died March 30, 1850.

"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire."—Zec. iii. 2.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND—After the repented solicitations of the widow who has compelled me, as in the case of "the unjust judge," to give you some outline of the sovereign and wonderful mercy of your God in the instance of the youth saved in the eleventh hour from the impending ruin of hell, in which I was instrumentally honoured of God in the call of his singular providence; while the efficiency of grace and mercy, in that event, was wholly of God, in the accomplishment of his eternal will. He is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working. I wish to follow the Lord, and go where he leads, to see his hand, and behold his wonder-working power in the developments of his gracious intentions, the result of his determinate designs; when he opens the door I wish to follow, not to go before, in any concerns of my own that can effect anything. I do bless and praise my God for this marvellous display of his rescuing grace. There is a peculiarity in Jehovah, the Spirit's work and teaching, which is wholly divine, and this I marked through the

whole of this case; and was it not very evident that this was a "brand plucked out of the fire?"

As you worked with the youth and saw the unfoldings of a heart desperately wicked, and how easily he fell in with his companions to do evil; yea, could hardly speak without a profane oath; and when reproved by his mother, who asked where he expected to go to; replied, "where they had the best beer!"—and to see the great change wrought in a month, and was witness to his hope and faith in the Lord Jesus in his dying hours, might well fill you with adoring surprise, and bring forth the wondering exclamation, "what hath God wrought?" You and others were confident he was sinking in a rapid decline; at last he was necessitated to give up his employ. His mother was urged to get some one to converse with him on soul matters. She applied to me, I could not say nay, I knew a mother's feelings were very pressing; but I knew that salvation was of God, I could do no other than obey the summons. I was introduced to the youth, and as the mother feared God, and sat by his side, I commenced conversing with her about our fallen condition; our being enemies to God by wicked works—the righteousness of the law, that as sinners we were under its curse—the truth of God to his threatenings, and the endless punishment to every soul that sinneth; and that all had sinned and come short of the glory of God. Then spoke of the salvation of the gospel of reconciliation effected by Christ in his sin atoning death; the sufficiency of Christ to save even to the uttermost of character and vileness; the infinite merit of his blood, and the perfection of his righteousness: then brought forth the various characters that were saved—the freeness and abundance of mercy to the vilest. I then left him, earnestly entreating of God, if it were his will to bless the whole; yet, thinking he had had enough of my company.

To my surprise, three days after, the mother called and said, her son wished to see me again. I went, (how wonderful providence is seen in accomplishing Jehovah's will: the mother moved near me, just at that time, and afterwards was removed to a distance again,) and personally and privately conversed with him. He told me the things I had stated had dwelt on his mind; that he felt he was a sinner; that he saw he was lost, and was condemned before God. I said, "I hoped it was of God that his eyes were opened to see his danger in this world, I went more largely into our natural depravity, in the heart being desperately wicked, as the source of all outward evil; that man was bent to evil, that wherever the evil of sin was, the evil of punishment would follow. Dwelt on the awfulness of sin, in its nature and consequences; of man's total helplessness to save himself, and the only way of salvation by Christ." He listened eagerly to all I said, and felt a concern for the salvation of his soul: said, "He had believed that the godly would be happy, and the wicked would be annihilated; that he had composed his mind in his wickedness, that death would be a final end of him." He felt very thankful he was delivered from that snare of the fowler; that God had delivered him from so dreadful a delusion. He saw, by my scripture statement, it was a stratagem of hell; the entrance of God's word, in the power of the Holy Ghost, giveth light. I asked him if I should call again; he very much wished it. After my fourth visit, hope broke forth as the dawning of the morning,

his mind was drawn forth in believing in the great salvation of Jesus; his terrors abated, and he received comfort in the freeness and fullness of salvation. While he was evidently lost in surprise, in a deliverance, so complete, pardon did not come upon him like a midday sun, but his faith grew stronger and stronger in the fact, that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—even the chief." His disease increased, and he complained much of darkness, and wondered he felt so little gratitude; but he was much refreshed by my visits, as my aim was to set forth the Lord Jesus, the freeness and riches of grace to the vilest of sinners. Light broke in fast upon his mind—his enquiries were many about the gospel; now he conversed sweetly about eternal realities. When we parted, he urged me to come soon. Scarce a day passed but what I dropped in and had some heavenly converse with him, met his enquiries—read the word—and breathed to heaven, found it good to be there. The house of mourning became the suburbs of heaven to my mind; and if there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, there was in my heart, to see the grace and power of the Holy Ghost, and the virtue of the cross, in its saving effects; but I hasten on to the last week. In the middle of the night he was, apparently, seized with death—I was fetched—went in as composed as I could, said a few words to comfort him [under God]; then read—

"Jesus! lover of my soul!"

and another comforting hymn, in which he participated, and was ready to go. I left him—went in the day—his time to depart was not yet; we had some sweet converse. I went in early the next morning; he then spoke sweetly of salvation and the mercy of God to him, and put out his bony arm and said, "What would it profit man if he could gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" referring to his own emaciated state. I went the next morning, but seeing his extreme weakness, I departed; but he sent for me. I went and talked to him about his prospects of the glorious inheritance, and the eternity of bliss to come. The next morning I went in early; he was resting on Christ, longing to be gone: and in two hours after, left the mortal part, and was present with the Lord. I had the honor and pleasure to follow him and say a few words over his grave. Thus, we beheld this miracle of grace, a despiser of all religion, made a humble worshipper; fled to the cross; pardoned, and raised to a simple confidence in Jesus; trusting his whole salvation in blood and righteousness, and thus, dying in faith, is received into glory. In such instances of astonishing mercy we must, and will, rejoice. Yours in the Saviour of sinners,

E. MOZ.

51, Borough Road.

#### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

"Grove Chapel Pulpit." Benjamin L. Green, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE third volume of "Grove Chapel Pulpit," containing fifty-two discourses by Mr. Joseph Irons, has been forwarded to us for review. It is published by Benjamin L. Green, 62, Paternoster Row, and may be had in any part of the kingdom through the medium of the booksellers. It is a neatly printed and bound book, and contains perhaps some of the most powerful sermons ever delivered by the venerable pastor of Grove Chapel.

When the volume came into our hands we felt constrained silently to bless the Lord that some effort, be it ever so humble, is being made to spread the glorious gospel of the blessed God beyond the mere walls of the sanctuary where the same is delivered. With the exception of this "Grove Chapel Pulpit," we know of no continuous effort that is being made by any of the ministers of truth, either for the dissemination of gospel principles among the millions of our people now living, or to be left as a standing witness for the generations that shall succeed us. Only think for a moment of the thousands upon thousands of sermons, lectures, books, and publications sent out into our world by the arminians, the papists, the church of England folks, the mongrel calvinists, the mormonites, and by all the other professing bodies who are opposed to, and deniers of, THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS; and then come into our small department—into the churches, and among the ministers who preach out the doctrines of grace—and what are we doing? It is true, some few of our brethren are running from one end of the land to the other, telling the tale of Calvary with all the powers of their souls; but, for the most part, we are comparatively an idle race of men; and think we work dreadfully hard if we have three or four sermons to preach in a week. Poor things!

In the preface to the volume now under notice Mr. Irons says:—

"Never were fifty-two discourses delivered under more afflictive circumstances; for such have been the bodily sufferings of the preacher, that he has often despaired of reaching the pulpit till the last minute; but, blessed be God, that while the preacher has laboured in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling, the word has been received in demonstration of the Spirit and in power; and it is earnestly hoped that the perusal of the precious truths herein asserted and maintained may be accompanied with the divine anointing and invincible power.

"Never was there a time in which a bold stand for the distinguishing doctrines of grace was more needed than now; for while popery is rapidly spreading, and infidelity growing, what is called 'The religious world' is contenting itself with the shell of Christianity, to the almost entire neglect of the kernel; yea, in instances not a few, to the despising of the kernel, as if it were a dangerous, if not a poisonous thing. Proud free-will is enthroned—creature capability is extolled—and external show of literature, ceremonies, and splendid buildings are become the idols of the multitude. It is, therefore, imperative that the few veterans, who know and love the truth of God, should confront the traitor free-will with the boldest statements of God's free grace; war with the deception of man's capabilities by insisting upon the helplessness of fallen man, and the efficiency of the Holy Spirit's operations, exalting Christ alone as the salvation of God, freely given in covenant love—fully accomplished by atoning blood, and fixed immovably in the heart of every elect vessel of mercy by the invincible power of the Holy Ghost."

We purpose noticing some things in this volume next month, if possible. Want of room compels us now to be brief.

"God's love abounding to the Chief of Sinners, as displayed in the Life, Conversion, Call to the Ministry, and Experience of James Charles Hillman, Minister of the Gospel, Bethel Chapel, Deptford, Kent." London: Palmer and Son; G., J. & R. Banks, 14, Bermondsey New Road.

SOME good things, and we may say, some great things are here recorded; but we think our brother Hillman has hardly been explicit enough in detailing some of the Lord's dealings with him in a way of grace; but this was done, we suppose, to abbreviate as much as possible the bulk and the price of the book. The interpositions of a gracious providence are interesting and striking; some of which we may notice in a future number.

## SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS

BETWEEN A PASTOR AND HIS PEOPLE.

No. III.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—Many thanks for your kind insertion of the soul-refreshing letter which I sent you, in the number for May; and as I have promised to continue the series, I have selected two more, which I shall esteem a most particular favour if you will print together, as they are from my two deacons, both of whom it was my privilege to baptise within the space of three months. One of them had known the Lord between twenty and thirty years. He is the author and publisher of a very valuable volume of "John Latchford's" sermons, bearing date 1829, and was, when he first came to our chapel, a most determined opponent of believer's baptism by immersion, yet feeling a sweet knitting of soul towards me for the Word's sake. But his dear Lord Jesus in his own time sweetly settled the matter, and constrained him to follow with these words, "And now why tarriest thou? arise and be baptised."

The other also singled out by sovereign grace, the only one of his family, and connected for some time with the independents, while enquiring the way of God more perfectly, was led, by God's unerring providence to our little Jireh, where I was favoured to be the instrument of clearing away those difficulties which had prevented his attendance on the despised ordinance of Christ.

As you will find by the dates, that they have laid by some time. I feel happy to add that these letters still speak out the language of their souls. I am dear brother, your's in the same holy work.

J. P. SEARLE.

*Jireh Chapel, Kingsland.*

"April 5, 1850.

"My dearly beloved pastor and brother in our gracious Lord:—Grace, mercy and peace be with you, and every blessing which a God in covenant seeth fit to bestow, rest upon you. To say how I felt when I received your kind affectionate pastoral note after my admission into the church in March last, finishing as it does with that sweet and precious token given in the Master's name—oh how I now feel would be impossible; so totally unworthy of such mercy, I could not help saying,

"Joyfully thy token sweet I prize,  
Precious too to worthless me;  
So sweet I scarce believe my eyes,  
My actions did so disagree."

But I did it ignorantly and in unbelief. Can it indeed, brother, be for me! The token the Master gave you to carry me—"Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." My heart says, When Lord, when? And so we might say to the end of our lives, and then conclude with Paul's words, 'Oh the depths both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.' May the God of all grace ever sensibly be with you; and may that separation and holy bond by which I and my beloved wife and daughter\* are so specially and remarkably united to you by that holy and outward seal and public confession of his name by baptism, ever live in our remembrance; yea, may it become (when clouds darken our spiritual horizon,) like the beacon to the tempest-

\* Since then two more of his daughters have been called by divine grace, as seals to my ministry, and added to the church.

tossed mariner, one among the many outward blessings powerfully brought home again by the Holy Spirit; again testifying of that mercy, grace, and truth manifested, especially to unworthy me; so that in all our relations in life and in the church we may live to the glory of God, and for the church's good. Oh may we ever be as jewels in your ministerial crown, and ever adorn the doctrines of God our Saviour in all things. May the exercises and the joys of that holy night be merely the stepping stones to joys of a more enduring kind, and may we ever live as seeing Him who is invisible. May grace, mercy, and peace attend the steps of your dear wife and children, and may the peace of God that passeth all understanding ever rest upon you, so that in life, in death, in the world, or in the church, you may continually experience that you are upheld by the right hand of his fellowship; and when you have fought the good fight, may you hear your heavenly Father saying unto you, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"Ever affectionately thine to serve in the bonds of the gospel. I am, my dear pastor, your unworthy brother, "JOHN A——."

"June 30, 1850.

"Dear brother in Christ:—It is with feelings of no ordinary kind that I answer your affectionate pastoral note. The gracious providence of God has connected us together in the same church. We are, brethren, not only in the whole family of God, but in the same little band, who meet in one place, who sing the same song, and who meditate on the same precious truths. While I would express my regard to you as a brother in Christ, there is another relationship which you now sustain towards me as my pastor and minister, in holy things; in which I would esteem you very highly, and take this opportunity of expressing my thanks for all those offices you have been engaged in on my behalf. The token the Master sent me by you is indeed a precious one; when I consider my corrupt and sinful nature, how prone to wander from God to place my affections on things that are merely temporal! how cold and indifferent I am to spiritual things too often! how easily and continually led astray by the world, the flesh, and the devil! It is indeed a matter of wonder, a cause of unceasing gratitude, that this sweet token should be given to me, 'Since thou wast precious in my sight thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee.' Thus is the sweet language of the church of old opened to my view, 'I am black but comely;' and when the words are addressed to me, 'I have loved thee,' my heart responds, 'Lord, it must be so, or I should never have loved thee. Thus while I have the assurance of God's everlasting love, and feel happy in being joined to a christian church, events which have and are occurring shew me that I have entered, not upon a state of indolence and repose, but upon a warfare—a conflict, in which I shall do well to look continually unto him who is a very present help in trouble, and as all things work together for good, let us, as God shall enable, rest on his promises; and though our minds be perplexed we need not despair, 'If God be for us who can be against us.' I do believe that if God has designed to raise a cause (and he has given many sweet proofs that he does) that he will never forsake us as a church, nor suffer us to

come to nought. Let us not fear or be dismayed, but stand still and see the salvation of our God.

"You have said, 'Brother pray for me.' Be assured I shall never fail to do so. My prayer shall ever be that you may be kept faithful, that you may ever have a word to speak when you stand up in your Master's name, that the Holy Spirit may employ you as an instrument to impart instruction and conviction, comfort or reproof to his people, as he seeth needful, that you may be blessed in your own soul, and prove a blessing to those among whom you are called to labour. May the Lord continue to prosper you in the work of the ministry, bless you and yours in temporal and spiritual things, keep you faithful unto death, and then give you a crown of glory.

"I am, my dear pastor, your's devotedly and sincerely,  
"JAMES H———."

### Wholesome Words

FROM A CHRISTIAN BROTHER STANDING  
ON JORDAN'S BRINK.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Through the tender mercies of a covenant-keeping God, I am spared once more to take my pen in hand to drop you a line; which I hope will be profitable both for writer and reader. I have sometimes thought that you was tired of hearing from me, and I had thought of not writing to you again; but reading this month's *Vessel*, I felt a little refreshed, in the midst of my long and painful affliction; and amidst all the opposition that she may meet with, I hope the Lord will bless her cargo to the refreshing of many a sin-bitten traveller; and bless the poor unworthy Editor with a double portion of his grace, to go forth unfurling the banner of the cross, laying the sinner low in the dust, and to the exalting of a precious Jesus upon the pole of the everlasting gospel; for it grieves my soul daily, to see error abounding on the right hand and the left, whilst truth is falling in the streets, and equity cannot enter. Oh, I fear that many of the Lord's people are making thorns to lie down on, in a dying hour; and so shall I, if the Lord does not keep me; when I see that many shun the cross instead of taking it up and following their master, through evil and through good; for when the house of God is open for a prayer meeting, which is only one hour in a week, for the sake of a little worldly getting, they cannot come. Yet we hear some talking of what they enjoy; this often causes me to speak of the fruits that must follow. I know, and that from sweet experience, that if the dear Lord has blessed my soul with peace and pardon through blood, the house of God and the people of God are my delight, and I can bless the God of all grace, that he has ever enabled me for these twelve years, to take up my cross and follow him amidst many trials, and sometimes almost to the sacrificing of my daily bread. But he has stood with me up to this present moment, and I find a good conscience in the sight of God; though many times when I have left my shop to go to a prayer meeting, having nearly

three miles to go to chapel, dark external and internal, the enemy roaring, telling me it was no use to go, for I was not one of the Lord's; but here the Lord kept me.

I well remember once having a heavy affliction in my family, and in much darkness at the same, and was looking for death to come; and being much encumbered at the time, and the enemy roaring that I should be left to fall and bring disgrace upon his cause and people; and me holding an office in the church, this cut me worse than all. Yet there was a cry went forth from the bottom of my heart, "Lord, do help me; Lord, do appear for me; Lord, do keep me." In this state of mind I went to the prayer meeting, full of sorrow and grief; and as I was going along, it struck me it was my turn to lead the meeting. "O Lord!" I cried, "what shall I read, and what shall I sing?" and all at once, the 1st verse of the 69th Psalm struck my mind:—"Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul." Here a hope sprung up in my soul that the Lord would not leave me to make shipwreck; and, I well remember, a brother came up to me, took hold of my hand, and asked me how we were at home. I could hardly tell him. The words he spoke were—"The Lord give you grace to bear it." These words have often been sweet to me since the Lord took my child, and give me a good hope through grace, that he would still deliver me; and this I have ever found true; for he is faithful that has promised; for

" 'Tis grace has kept me till this day,  
And will not let me go."

Pardon me, my brother, in what I have written, as I had no thoughts of writing this, though I have felt a pleasure in doing it; and I desire to call upon my soul, and all that is within me, to bless and praise his holy name; for every step he has led me, and I can say, though it has been a rough road, it has been a safe one; and I believe that ere long I shall join that happy throng, to sing the song for evermore; for I feel that the Lord is taking the house down a little at this time, as I feel that my disease in my body grows on me, and I get weaker and weaker. And though my trials are neither few nor small, having been afflicted for nearly fifteen months, the Lord has been with me to comfort and to succour in the distress; for he has brought me out into a wealthy place, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

I had friend Baker over to see me, and I spent a comfortable hour with him. Now I must conclude, as it is too much for my poor body; and I am in much pain. I shall expect to hear from you, if it is but a line, and if we meet no more in this body, we shall meet above to go no more out. If you forget me, I do not you, nor ever shall, for you are engraven on my heart.

Believe me to remain your brother in affliction, in truth, SAMUEL FOSTER.

*Sturly, July 7th, 1851.*

## A Sermon by Mr. James Wells ;

PREACHED AT THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, CHARLES STREET, CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD, ON  
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 15, 1851.

"Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance; in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in; in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established."—Exod. xv. 17.

I do not know anything more clear in the Old Testament than the truth of God's absolute sovereignty in all his dealings with his people. His eye and his heart were upon his children throughout all their wanderings. And though in Egypt another king arose who "Knew not Joseph," still the Lord kept his eye upon him, and upheld him with his right hand. It will do us but little good to acknowledge the abstract fact of divine sovereignty, unless that sovereignty be exercised in our favour. Divine sovereignty becomes a matter of delight to the real christian—"The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." There is a hell, and some will surely come to it; and there is a heaven, and some will surely come to it. There are in our text four ideas:—

I.—The Introduction.

II.—The Plantation.

III.—The Description.

IV.—The continuation implied.

The land into which the Lord will bring his people—the gospel Canaan. The Israelites were so placed that none but the Lord could bring them into it, lest they should say that their own arm brought them in. There were many impediments to the children of Israel entering into the promised land. There was the river Jordan, and there were the walls of Jericho, and the various kingdoms which fought against them—impediments which the Lord alone could remove; and there are impediments now in the way of the Lord's people getting to heaven, which none but the Lord can remove. When a sinner is convinced of what he is, he begins to see what stands in his way. First, there is the law of God; then there is the curse of the law; then our state by nature; our blindness, our hardness of heart, and everything that tends to keep us away from God. But all these impediments are removed by the Lord Jesus Christ. He is our Forerunner; he goes before us to remove

all impediments. No weapon formed against those who love Jesus Christ shall prosper, nor can any tongue rise in judgment against them to condemn them. Hindrances shall prove helps, curses shall prove blessings, enemies shall prove friends, crooked things shall be made straight, rough places shall be made plain, darkness shall be turned into light.

There is a "needs be" for all these things. If there is no legal impediment in the way of your salvation, there is in reality no impediment at all.

Some have the notion that the evils of our nature, hardness of heart, darkness and carnality hinder us from praying as we would, from entering into fellowship with God as we would, and that they not only hinder us, but that they hinder God also. They are quite welcome to this notion. That minister is serving the devil rather than God that would set any man's sin above the Saviour's blood. God has removed *all* impediments. The language of the new covenant is, "Who can hinder him?" The waves of his love and mercy roll in, and roll away all impediments, so that the soul can sing with dear Watts

"It rises high, and drowns the hills." &c.

And if you are taught of God you will know something of these things. Man is a sinner; he is a poor, lost, guilty, helpless worm of the earth; and when these things are known and felt, the Redeemer appears precious, and hindrances are turned into helps. All these things "Work together for good to them who love God, and who are the called according to his purpose." If you belong to the Lord the nearer you get to your journey's end the more the devil will hate you; but the Lord will carry on his own work. Some people say, "Oh, if the Lord will carry on his own work we need not trouble ourselves about it." But, my friends, it is the work of the Holy Ghost to make us trouble ourselves about it, as Job says, "The Almighty troubleth me."

"Troubles," as Mr. Huntington says, "make more work for faith and prayer." and the dear Lord will take care that the



prayers of his people shall not be mere form but real. The Lord will bring his people into the chosen land—into the land of electing grace—the land which yields fruit all the year round. As soon as you have reaped one crop you can sow another.

I have been living in this land for some years, and I like it much. There is no night there, there is no winter there. It is also the land of freedom, wherein we are free from all condemnation—free from all the power of the adversary, so that he is not able to substantiate any charge against us.

It is said of some that "They could not enter in because of unbelief," and the Lord's solemn oath was that they *should not* enter in. We have here to distinguish between the unbelief of infirmity, and the unbelief of infidelity. What kind of unbelievers are those who are shut out? That man that denies the great truth of eternal election is an unbeliever to all intents and purposes; and I hesitate not to say that a soul never yet entered heaven without believing in election either actually or by implication. All that is done for a soul towards its salvation is done by the Lord. That man that is settled down in enmity against God's truth and God's people is an unbeliever, but that man that is a free-will man by profession, but a free-grace man by experience, will be a free-grace man altogether bye-and-bye.

It is a great mercy to be concerned about eternal things at all. It matters not what you are, whether you are a free-willer, a Roman Catholic, a Socinian, or whatever you may be, if you have a restless concern about your future destiny it is a good sign—you are standing in a good position.

God makes his own people willing to have salvation in *his* own way. Many go unto him in *their* own way, and say that others will not come unto him, that they might have life. Unto such election says, "Come unto me that ye might have life." Divine predestination says, "Come unto me that ye might have life;" but they will not, they prefer to choose their own road. If you possess a conviction of your state by nature, an understanding of God's truth, so as to appreciate it, and a love to the truth, you are all right—you will do. God will work this faith in the hearts of his people, which will unite them to his truth, and bring them in.

It was forty years after the words of our text were uttered, before the Lord brought the children of Israel into the promised land; but they *were* brought in. As the Lord's people are planted, so they will be nourished; the truths of the gospel will and do nourish them. Whatever losses or crosses they may encounter, their sufficiency is of the Lord; they will grow, and bring forth leaves, and buds, and blossoms, and fruit, unto the Lord. Their being planted by the Lord, implies *fecundation*.

"The mountain of the Lord—the mountain of his inheritance." It is called a *mountain*, because of its stability; the kingdom of God cannot be moved. What a blessed hope, to be planted where we cannot be removed! All the fulness of the Godhead bodily, dwelleth in Christ; and the people are brought to dwell in Christ, and God dwells in them by his dear Son, and there can be no reason assigned why he should *leave* them. Their sins will not cause him to withdraw his presence from them; he is the Lord, and "changeth not;" therefore it is that they are not consumed. All the peace which we have in churches, must arise from a participation in these things: there may be differences, there may be disagreements, but we are at peace on this one point—the *love of God*. I am persuaded, that the more we know of the deep things of God, the less we shall fall out by the way. Nothing but these things will spiritualize the people.

There is a region in which there is no sin. There is a region into which death cannot enter. All other kingdoms will be rooted up and come to nought, but this kingdom shall stand. Why? Because sin can never enter, and Jesus Christ is there, and shall dwell in it with his people for ever and ever.

THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND MINISTRY OF

### The late Mr. Thos. Eason.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In your magazine of varieties, (*the Vessel*,) you have now and then favoured your readers with some accounts of "BIBLE MEN." Permit me to sketch one for the entertainment of the perusers of your *Vessel*, in the life, character, and ministry, of the late Mr. Thomas Eason; who for many years preached the gospel of the ever-blessed God—faithfully, fully, and affectionately,

according to the ability which God gave him: he preached great things, though he was not what is sometimes called a great preacher. Love, blood, and power, formed the theme of his ministry; and these he would often speak of as forming the three-fold cause of salvation—namely, love, the moving cause—blood, the meritorious cause—and power, the efficient cause. These, when speaking of them, seemed to warm his heart, to stay his confidence, and brighten his prospects. In his constant and uniform proclamation, and explanation of these three great cardinal points, he shewed himself to be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, and thereby pointed unto men the way of salvation—the way of salvation contrived in *love*, the way of salvation brought about for them by *blood*, and the way of salvation wrought in them by the Holy Ghost. But Thomas Eason has ceased to tell these great and blessed things; he has finished his days, performed his work, and gone to rest.

He lived, not quite long enough to complete "*three-score-years and ten*," having been born April, 1782, and died February, 1851.

He made a public profession of religion, in June, 1804, by baptism, and united with the people meeting in Mitchell Street Chapel, under the pastoral care of Mr. Powell. In membership with these people he continued about ten years; honoured and honourable, loved and useful. (So our venerable friend, J. A. Jones tells us in a short account he gives of him in the *Gospel Herald* for May, 1851.) His first place of preaching appears to be, as far as I have been able to ascertain, just in the neighbourhood of Spencer Place, Goswell Street Road, and indeed, out of which grew the present place of worship in Spencer Place, now occupied by Mr. Peacock and his friends. He was one of the very early preachers at the rise of the now flourishing cause in Rye Lane, Peckham, under the pastoral care of brother George Moyle. Providence soon after directed his steps to Homerton, and mainly through his instrumentality, a people were congregated together, and a very neat little chapel was raised and paid for. Here, however, (as he has told me,) his path was both pleasant and painful, was both rough and smooth. Here he had many friends, and here he had some foes; but still his preaching was truthful, useful, and acceptable; and his conduct consistent and praiseworthy. In this place (Homer-

ton) he continued to labour, as he informed me, not far short of *twenty years*. From thence he is removed, by the providence of God, to Chatteris, in the Isle of Ely; where he is permitted to labour for some little time with acceptance to his brethren, and profit to souls generally. His stay here was short; but he still lives in the remembrance of many with esteem and affection.

From Chatteris our dear brother Eason goes, as directed by an unerring hand, to the city of Ely. In this place, new scenes are to present themselves; and here, pain and anguish of soul, pretty well brake the poor man's heart. Here death suddenly takes away the companion of his sorrows and joys: here he has to witness the decay of religion, the awful sterility of the soul, (in a spiritual point of view,) where a Bishop's palace is. This, however, is no uncommon thing; for it amounts now to a proverbial saying, "Where a bishop's palace is, there is religious barrenness and poverty."

Here, also, at Ely, our good brother had to witness the defunction of a church, and the final termination of pastoral engagements; for at Ely was the last place he sustained that important office. He came to live in London with his daughter, in the year 1846. He could never be prevailed upon to take the pastorate of a church again, although he had several offers. In this partly disengaged position, he, however, became very useful; and many of the churches in London very highly esteemed him for his work's sake. My own people were very partial to him; and I had a personal regard for him for many years, having oft been profited and encouraged by his preaching many years ago; and nearly thirty years ago, he baptized me in Blandford Street, (Mr. Keeble then being too ill.) From that time to his death, I loved and esteemed him.

During his illness I visited him several times, and always found him hanging about the cross with a hope fixed in the blood and righteousness of Jesus.

In addition to what our brother Jones has said in the *Herald*, I would just observe, that on one occasion when I went to see him, he was remarkably happy, and began to sing that well-known hymn—

"Jerusalem my happy home."

It was pleasing to see the power of divine grace in supporting the dying man,

while he tried to utter in song,—“*Jerusalem my happy home*.” His voice faltered, and the sounds died away. Thus finished the course of our brother Eason: honoured and honourable. Death came, and found him ready and waiting.

His mortal remains were interred in Abney Park Cemetery, to which place they were followed by many of the ministering brethren in London.

GEORGE WYARD.

*Soho Chapel, Oxford Street,  
London.*

### The London Gospel Mission.

[At the urgent request of the writer, we print the following

#### Appeal to the Pastors of our Churches

without abridgment. We are deeply and solemnly persuaded that the Lord is stirring up the hearts of many of his own children, to go forth with that truth which, by the Holy Ghost, has been made both powerful and precious to their own souls. In some small measure, it has been with us in this matter, as it was with Nehemiah; he said, “I arose in the night; I and some few men with me; neither told I any man what my God had put in my heart to do at Jerusalem.” “The rulers, (says Nehemiah,) knew not whither I went, or what I did.” But he told the Jews of the distress, and waste, in Jerusalem; and, having so done, he made his powerful appeal to their hearts, saying, “Come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem; THAT WE BE NO MORE A REPROACH.” When they had heard of “the hand of his God which was good upon him; as also the king’s words that he had spoken,” then they said—“LET US RISE UP, and BUILD. So they strengthened their hands for this good work.” Oh, what a day would that be; if our glorious Master’s chosen and anointed servants were to meet; and each one, under divine unction, was to relate a little of the coming in of life, love, truth, blood, peace, pardon, and salvation to their own souls; as also, as regards the calling in, and conversion of elect sinners to Christ, through them. Would not this warm, unite, and encourage their hearts together—and stir them up to a holy and earnest diligence in this work? We believe it would. Sanballat (*the enemy, or a bramble, in secret*),—Tobiah, and Geshem might despise them; but a holy faith would again fire Nehemiah’s soul; and he should be heard to answer, as in days of old, “*The God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore, we, his servants will arise, and build.*” The following appeal, we trust, will be followed with a divine blessing.—Ed.]

*To the Pastors of our Churches.*

DEAR BRETHREN in Christ, holding the Head and proclaiming the faith of God’s elect, in love and power, by the demonstration of the Spirit, and maintaining the ordinances as once delivered to the saints.

It was our pleasure to attend a meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Shoreditch, on Friday evening, July 11th, 1851; in company with our esteemed brethren, Alldis, of Beulah Chapel, Somerstown; Allen, of the Cave Adullam, Stepney; Jones, of Chatham; Shipway, of Holloway; Searle, of Kingsland; Williamson, of Notting Hill, and other brethren. A spirit of fervour then pervaded the meeting, and a union of heart was felt by all present, I believe, and a solid determination to come forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty, in these days of rampant delusion; amidst the spread of the errors and soul-destroying doctrines of the Man of Sin; amidst the spread of a zealous perseverance of American Mormonism—amidst infidelity of the deepest dye, and every soul-thrilling infatuation that the advantages of civilization on the one hand, and the stupor of vice can effect on the other. Is it a time to sit idle—is it a time to be apathetic—is it a time to let private opinions, or party feelings, divide and conquer us? Oh, no. Read the close of the London City Mission Magazine, for July, on the wants of the metropolis, and our duty as the pastors of the church of Jesus Christ; and remember, dear brethren, that the whole gospel—the whole counsel of God is what we proposed to have proclaimed in our midst by only fully approved agency; an agency duly examined by a chosen committee of accredited ministers of Jesus. What we want is to have the cordial and hearty support of such men as brethren Wyard, Foreman, Wells, Milner, Curtis, Bonner, Newborn, Dickerson, Felton, Lewis, Coles, Wood, Jones; yea, all fervent and effective men of God; whose experience shall guide, and whose influence shall bless the land, by sending out from their midst, men who are fitting for the work of the ministry of Christ; and whose union with all good men shall shew that “These brethren love with a pure heart fervently.” ’Tis time to be doing as well as saying. Come forth, brethren; put on the harness—lead the van—consolidate the movement—give effect to the provisional measures taken. It is in embryo yet: it is a movement that can only stand by union and the combined strength of all the pastors and churches of the land—and why not? what is to prevent? Is prejudice to do it? Shall secret dislike? Is it a time to dwell in ceiled houses, and the land lie waste? A few cannot do

the work, it must be all or none. This only can give effect. Shall it stand or fall? Is it a time to let the old cry sound out again: "These Baptists do nothing but divide?" Oh, no, brethren. The 133rd Psalm is our rule, and the 18th verse of the 3rd chapter of 1st John, must be our practice, to be right before God. "*Thou God seest me.*" Oh, that our hearts may be right in his sight, and our hands active in his cause; and the beauty of the Lord our God upon us, and the work of our hands established by Him! What will be best to do would be to call a meeting for prayer in a central part of London, and then follow the cloud of divine blessing upon the meeting so called; and then if union is found to exist, to call a general meeting in August, say last Friday, at Salem or Soho, if they would lend the place for it. Speak out, brethren! come forth in love and peace, come forth; who can tell? The little cloud, like a man's hand, brought abundance of rain, and "Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou hast refreshed thine inheritance when it was weary." So arise, O God! plead thine own cause! Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord, awake! as in ancient days, art not thou it which cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon? Then, oh pluck thine hand out of thy bosom now! Oh send us help from the sanctuary, and strengthen us out of Zion; and pour out upon thy people, a spirit of supplication and union of heart; and, Lord, purge out the false leaven from our midst! Save thy people—bless thine inheritance. Feed them also; and lift them up for ever.

Now, dear brethren, beloved, I close for the present on the subject with this admonition: pray remember, that if ALL wait until the work is successful, under the impression of watching the cloud, it is certain none will appear; for the command is, "Go out! preach to every creature." And the first disciples went every where preaching the word of God; and the apostles and elders assembled to consider the church's affairs in a sweet spirit of unity. Yours in covenant bonds and willing to serve in love, JOHN GARRITT.

13, Victoria Grove, West,  
Stoke Newington.

"These are the sure mercies of David—when a man receives the things of Christ only because Christ giveth them, and not in regard to any action of our's, as the ground of taking them."

—CHRIST.

## A NARRATIVE

OF A WORK OF GRACE; AND OF SOME PRELIMINARY STEPS TO THE MINISTRY.

BY JOSEPH PALMER.

(Continued from p. 160.)

I was passing along Cheapside, in close and earnest prayer to God, and (as I now see) in real communion with him, upon my return to business after dinner, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was a very wrestling season. I had been sinning and sinning, and conscience and satan were upbraiding me with the inconsistency of my ways, and my professed love to the Lord. I had of late employed every spare moment in prayer, for it was then indeed to me a sweet exercise. It is the burdened soul that rightly prizes prayer. The needy and guilty love a mercy seat.

Well, I was bemoaning my sinfulness, heart hardness, and utter inability to alter it myself. I literally wept through sadness, and my heart seemed melted within me like wax in the flame. I was humble—helpless, and my soul bordering on despair. I saw that if the Lord did not help me no one else could; and I began to plead one precious promise after another, in which he had pledged himself to appear for the destitute. "Oh, (I exclaimed) I have no power, Lord; I would, if I could, resist sin, especially this sin that besets me, but I cannot. Thou seest exactly how I am, but, (and faith seemed to gather a boldness that it had never possessed before,) *thou wilt help me*, thou canst not be worse than thy promise; I hate my sin, and thou knowest it, O Lord, and *wilt help me.*" And then, while my soul was lost, and beyond itself in a sweet ecstasy, losing sight of all around, and feeling as if none beside were present but God and myself, the Lord spake home with an almighty power the sin-cleansing words, "Come and let us reason together, saith your God; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as wool; though they be red like crimson they shall be as snow." The words sounded in my heart and conscience as spoken to the ear of my till then staggering, but now confident faith; and like Saul of Tarsus, I knew the voice of my Lord, though never so heard before, and my every faculty seemed to exclaim "It is the Lord!" while my willing tongue caught the sweet accents, and repeated them with rapture as they dropped one by one into my soul like an

echo. "Ah! dear Lord, this is thy voice," I cried, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye of faith seeth thee. It is good to hope and patiently wait for the salvation of God.

And thus the dear Lord seemed to open heaven, and admit me into his very presence. I saw, as the great apostle speaks, things that it were not possible for a man to utter. I felt the presence of God; I felt and seemed surrounded with the joys of the upper world; I saw the Saviour with the eye of faith; I saw his compassionate countenance, which seemed to tell me in the unutterable language of glory, that he had prevailed with the Father, and I was saved. I seemed to see the joy of angels in the salvation of my repentant soul. It was indeed a vision of faith. Prayer had opened heaven to my soul. I was far, very far from earth, though walking in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of this crowded city. I saw nothing to notice it. I was wrapped up in the vision of faith.

The words from the prophecy of Isaiah came with such a supernatural power, that I had not a doubt left: I cannot describe what I then felt. The dear Lord was pleased to continue some time talking with me, enlightening my mind to see my real state before him. He kindly brought scriptures to my mind, by which he taught me that I was the subject of the new birth; that I had two natures; that with "the flesh I served the law of sin, but with the mind the law of God." And he most graciously assured me that I was not under the law, but under grace; and that "*sin should not have dominion over me.*" This last promise was accompanied with a powerful assurance, that I should thenceforth be delivered from that sinful habit which I had imbibed from my evil companions; and which, through grace, I blessedly realized; for from that time, I have, in a sweet measure, been enabled to bridle my tongue. The Lord spoke such things to me, and shed such an unctuous light into my mind, that I seemed to see every thing with new eyes, hear with new ears, and understand with a new and enlightened judgment. I felt certain of my pardon; for I knew it was the Lord who had told me that he had "blotted out my sins as a cloud, and my transgressions as a thick cloud." Oh! what a cluster of sweet promises came to

mind; and each of them accompanied with such a divine power and dew.

I continued praising the Lord all the rest of the way: my soul was in raptures: I felt no fear of sinning. Hitherto I had dreaded that I should soon again be overcome; but now when I got back to work, I only seemed occasionally to exclaim within myself, "No, the blessed Lord will subdue sin for me;" as I found that my old besetment had fled. It was a beautiful summer's afternoon, and as the sun shone through the windows, it seemed to me to be all heavenly together. Oh! I indeed loved God the Father; I kept on calling him my Father! I well remember what an effort it was to my staggering faith to pronounce those dear words. I long feared that it would be presumption in one so vile to claim the God of heaven for my Father. I looked at the word again and again, and asked the Lord if I might claim him; until at length my faith seemed strengthened to exclaim, "*My God! my Father!*" And then I found the words very sweet to repeat, so full of blessing and blessedness, that I continued repeating them with little intermission. And the dear Redeemer too, how I loved him for his great love in redeeming my soul. I could now feel at liberty in conscience to say, with a child-like reverential familiarity, "*My Jesus!*"

Oh! what a fulness is contained in the words! And the Holy Spirit I equally loved for his condescending goodness in revealing these sweet and everlasting realities to my soul, and for creating me a new creature, and for subduing (as I then thought entirely) my corruptions. My joy was truly then, as the scripture expresses it, "Unspeakable and full of glory." I seemed altogether a new creature, and I beheld all things in a new aspect. I saw God in everything, and where he was not there I desired not to be.

These were holy times, and now, while writing, feeling as I so often do, such indifference, coldness, worldliness, and carnality, I find my heart sighing with tempted Job, "O! that I were as in days that are past, when the candle of the Lord shone round about me."

(To be continued.)

### The Company of Two Armies.

MY DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER—I feel inclined to spend a few moments in writing. May my heart and mind be under a right

influence; O, that mercy and peace may be abundantly multiplied towards you is the desire of the poorest of the poor, and the most unworthy of all beings. O, I feel if it were as some affirm, "conditional," and if we were not very careful, we might fall from grace at last, and be lost—if this be true, poor I might as well give up for lost; for, sure I am, I must be. But praises be to the God of all grace, such doctrine is not in accordance with his truth or his covenant name—that stands merciful and gracious, from everlasting to everlasting, and his love knoweth no change. Surely, I am a living and happy witness that this is true; for surely no one could ever try the mercy, love, long-suffering and great forbearance of a covenant God, like me. I do not boast of it, but God knoweth, this morning, as I lay on my bed, O, I did mourn and lament that I was the subject of so much sin, dragging me into so many labyrinths, so much misery—the worst of all, that I should so dishonour my God; yet he retains his name, "merciful and gracious, slow to anger," &c.

I went to hear Mr. Dray this morning; his text was, "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise as some men count slackness, but is longsuffering to us-ward," &c. He was sometime with his introduction on the word "beloved," as the Lamb's wife. He said, what a sure evidence it was that all that esteemed her was one of the beloved of God; and if this was wanting, he could hold out no hope to any one. Then he spoke of many promises, and that the Lord was not slack, but would certainly fulfil them in his own time, and that he was as willing to fulfil, as give them; but "he waiteth to be gracious." He said, when a soul was kept praying, pleading, seeking and petitioning the Majesty of heaven, it was a good place, a profitable good ground to be on. He then treated on the long-suffering of God. I never heard him so well before. I was overcome with the longsuffering of God; it scented my heart would break at any rate; the tears flowed from my eyes, because his mercy endureth for ever. O, I have thought, my sins, my aggravated, deeply-dyed, insulting sins would bolt up mercy's door, cause his love to change, his covenant to break, weary his patience, and that he must let loose his judgments and cut me off. I have thought everything in the shape of favour, kindness, pity, or compassion,

must surely cease to poor me. But it is as Mr. Hart says,

"I basely sinned against his love,  
And yet my God was good."

Nothing is so crucifying to the world, such a death-blow to the love of sin, produces such self-abhorrence and self-denial, as a sense of the love and mercy of God to the vilest, the chief of sinners; it does so humble the heart and stop all boasting; and the desire of the heart will be to exalt redeeming grace, magnify free grace, extol the Saviour, and praise the great Three-One. If a sense of pardon will not do this, I am free to confess I know not what will. It is said that his Word shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleaseth; so all that comes from God, in this manner, produces good effects. How it sobers and solemnizes the mind! All frothy, light, vain, intoxicating stuff is cast out for a season; it leaves a concern in the soul most important; it teaches two things—our own weakness, utter helplessness, and insufficiency; so much so that no kind of dependence, or confidence, (not the least,) can be put in the flesh; but it teaches the soul where safety is—what will do to trust in and lean upon, for it is written, "Blessed is the man that putteth his trust in the Lord." Not one that ever was able to put his trust in God, can be ashamed or confounded; nor ever will be. The great God doth not give faith to rely on him, and then disappoint that faith; but feedeth, encourageth, and maintaineth that which he is the author of; it stands in his power, not in man's wisdom. O, what an advocate and lover I am of the power of God; the soul can venture, by faith, on his power and faithfulness, believing he will accomplish all and everything the soul really needs; indeed it may well be said, "Happy is the people that hath the God of Jacob for his help," &c. Yet this people may be much tried, tempted, tossed up and down, in and out, but still the word never alters; they are a happy people; not so much the comfort or enjoyment of that happiness now in this time-state; but they shall most assuredly be fully happy through all eternity; for there is a rest that remaineth for all such.

I have had a tolerable peaceable day;  
Sensible I am

"It is not for good tempers,  
Good deeds or good frames;  
From grace it proceeds,  
And all is the Lamb's."

And all praise is due unto his dear name. "Now unto him that is able to keep us from falling;" and the very desire and prayer of my soul is, that he will keep me from falling, and lead, guide, and teach me all things necessary for me to know; for of late I have lived to prove how very frail I am; the sins of my polluted heart are more than I am equal to; they are my master. But what is sin, or all the beasts of the forest, when the Sun of Righteousness ariseth they go down to their dens, and there lay as long as his Majesty is pleased to abide in the field. How many numberless proofs have we left on record of the wonders he hath done; he still reigns, God over all, blessed for evermore!

Here my whole dependence is fixed, this is the foundation of my hope, it is my all, take away this, and I am undone for ever. What are all enemies, internal, external, or infernal? rage they may, and will, if permitted; Pharaoh was desperate, but what of that? what did it end in? why, his final ruin; and so will all that fight against God and his people. O how blind and ignorant are all in nature's darkness; they know not that they are indebted to God for every breath they draw, yet they will not have him to reign over them; but he does reign, and it is only for him to take away their breath, and they die; he deluged the world for sin; what was poor man then—and what is man now? What is the Pope and all his crew? Why poor sinful mortals, and mad on their own destruction. When the Lord gives a poor child of God faith to rely upon him, he puts him in safety from him that puffeth at him, and he feels a firm confidence in his God. How he can smile at enemies, knowing they are chained enemies; and Caleb said, their defence is taken away; yet they are sometimes permitted to grieve and oppress, and greatly distress them; but they can go no farther than they are permitted.

It is very mortifying and galling to satan and his agents that they are under the control of Almighty God. On the other hand, how consoling, supporting and encouraging to the people of God, that this God is on their side; that he is their protector, defence, and shield; and that no weapon formed against them shall prosper; their safety is in God their Saviour; so that power that is the final overthrow of foes is the very shelter and

safety of his own, and they are called friends.

Now may the peace of God keep our hearts and minds; bless us with a mind to look to him, to acknowledge him, to flee to him, to fear him, serve and obey him, for he is worthy; for, it is said, they that fear him, shall not want any good thing. Bless his name!

Thus much from your poor father and well-wisher,  
J. PAYNE.

Who hath made me to differ? To differ from myself—to differ from a profane world—to differ from a professing world. There is a sense in which I differ nothing from what I once was—and yet I differ greatly; it may seem a paradox, and so it is. I have been a sinner all my days; born in sin and shapen in iniquity; sins original—sins actual; a sinner then—a sinner now; a sinner before called, but knew it not; I feelingly know I am a base, vile sinner now; then dead—now alive; then blind—now I see; then pursuing every vanity—now I hope my face turned Zion-ward; then feeding on the bread of deceit—now, I trust, feeding on the heavenly manna; then a hater and despiser of God's truth and his ways—now "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths paths of peace; then a sinner impenitent—now softened by grace; then no desire after God, or a knowledge of his ways, he was "as a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness—now he is my only Rock, my Refuge, Hiding-place, and Friend, a most suitable, precious, and all-sufficient Saviour, the "chief of ten-thousand, and altogether lovely." I was once a sinner, without feeling my conscience defiled with guilt—now altogether polluted, unclean, and base, and know that nothing can cleanse it but that precious fountain that is opened for sin and uncleanness; then no contrition—now a goodly sorrowing for sin; then felt no need of pardon—but since, my heart has been poured out like water, all the powers of my soul alive to my state and danger, and an earnest wrestling to God that he would pardon my sins through Immanuel's rich atoning blood, and that it might be powerfully applied to my sin-afflicted, wounded, distressed, miserable, sinking soul—since, my heart has overflowed with joy unspeakable, through the abundance of grace and mercy manifested to me, the chief of sinners.

J. PAYNE.

*Shoreham.*

## THE CONVERSION AND SALVATION OF THOMAS FULLAWAY.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

MY DEAR BROTHER—As I do believe that many of the souls of the spiritual seed of Christ are edified and encouraged by reading of the happy and triumphant deaths of many of the living family of our God that appear in the *Vessel* from time to time, therefore I send you the following account of my dear friend and brother in the Lord, Thomas Fullaway, with whom I have spent many happy and comfortable hours within the last two years, in talking of the glorious Person and work of our most precious Christ.

He has told me that the Lord quickened his soul seventeen years ago. In 1834 he was brought under a very deep law-work; and for six months he verily thought that eternal damnation would be his portion. At the end of that time his soul was delivered from bondage, by hearing Mr. Martin preach from Isaiah xxvii. 13, "And it shall come to pass in that day that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem." "The change, or deliverance that I then felt and enjoyed," said he, "I cannot express, and I never shall forget; for it was from condemnation to salvation; from bondage to liberty; from misery to joy; from dreadful fear to peace with God; and" said he, "I thought and believed that I should never know what trouble was, any more; but, since then, I have found that the Canaanite is still in the land."

He was a man that was highly favoured of the Lord, and enjoyed much of his dear presence, walking in the light and liberty of the gospel.

He pointed to the 100th hymn in the 2nd book of Watts, and said to me "I cannot describe to you what I felt under that hymn—one time when it was given out in the vestry at the Abbey Row Chapel, I shall never forget what I then felt." In his last illness he often desired me and other friends to read it to him; and he would often repeat it; more particularly the 7th and 8th verses—

- "Christ is my light, my life, my care,  
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize;  
Dearer than all my passions are,  
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

"The strings that twine about my heart,  
Tortures and racks may tear them off;  
But they can never, never part  
With their dear hold of Christ my love."

About twelve years ago he had a paralytic stroke, of which, for a time, he got the better; but five years ago he had another paralytic seizure, which so shook his whole frame, that from that time he was unable to do anything at his trade, which was a tailor; but still he was just able to walk about with the help of a stick, until the latter part of the summer, 1849, at which time I became acquainted with him; and from that time he hath not been able to go out of doors at all. But many happy and comfortable, and I do hope profitable hours have he and I spent together in unbosoming our sorrows and joys—our trials and deliverances—our temptations and supports—our miseries, and comforts, and hopes in that everlasting covenant that is well-ordered in all things and sure.

The last eleven weeks of his life I spent much of my time with him, and the seven last weeks that he was confined to his bed, there was not a day but I went to visit him, and found him always fixed on the Rock of eternal ages, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

Here I would observe that for some time before he was confined to his bed, he would often be complaining to me of the darkness of his mind, saying, "I want to feel the sun shine." I said, "Well, Thomas, you have felt and enjoyed it; and as sure as you have got a being, this cloud of darkness will be removed, and you will enjoy the light of the Sun of Righteousness again; for he hath said, 'I will see you again, and your joy shall no man take from you.'" And so it was; for the cloud was removed; and for, at least, the last twelve weeks, there was not the least doubt on his mind, but he would speak in the full assurance of faith, which I shall give in his own words.

When I went to see him, after I heard that he was worse, he said, as soon as he perceived me, "George, I shall never perish, for I am on the Rock of ages! Lord! what is man—poor feeble man, or any of his race, that thou shouldst make it thy concern to visit him with good!"

Then he would say, "But I am so un-



worthy of his mercies!" and then would break out saying,

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room,  
While thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come!"

Then he would say, "What me—unworthy me!" At another time he said to me, "I shall never perish; for I feel that I am on the Rock, and I know that the Lord called me by his grace seventeen years ago, and I believe he will not let my soul be lost; for,

"His honour is engaged to save  
The meanest of his sheep;  
All that his heavenly Father gave,  
His hands securely keeps.

"Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove,  
His favourites from his breast;  
In the dear bosom of his love  
They must for ever rest."

At another time I said to him, "Well Thomas, do you still find that you are on the Rock?" "O yes," says he, "and nothing can remove me; for this is the Rock that the gates of hell cannot prevail against." His dear wife said to him, "my dear, shall George read to you?" he said, "yes;" and she said, "what shall he read?" he said, "the Bible; some part in the Psalms." I read the 103rd, and he said, "O my dear brother, if you had searched all that blessed book through, you could not have found a more precious and suitable part to have met the feelings of my soul." At another time when he was speaking of his safety, a friend in the room said, "I hope you will." He replied, "I don't hope anything about it; for with me now, 'tis something more than hope; I know that I shall never perish, for I am on that Rock that cannot be moved." One morning, as soon as he saw me, he said, "I have felt such a flood of love in my soul to night, to my dear God, that I long to depart, to be with him." He would often say to me, "O what a good God I have got; to think that he should love and call by his grace such an unworthy wretch as I! O, how good was my God in giving me such a good, loving, kind, and indulgent wife." Sometimes I saw him in a flood of tears; and asking him what was the matter, he would reply, "My God is so good, and I cannot love him as I want." I said to him, "you will soon be with him, and then your love will be perfect."

But I must hasten on, passing by hundreds of the sweet words that dropped

from his lips. About nine or ten days before he departed, the Lord brought these words into his heart with power, "By this we do know that we are passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." He told his wife to send for me. As soon as I went into the room, he said, "O how glad I am that you have come; O, how I do love you, my brother." I said, "What do you love me for?" He said, "Because you are a King's Son—one of the royal family of heaven—and my dear brother in the Lord; and since I saw you, the Lord hath brought into my soul that dear part of his Word, 'By this you shall know, (not think, but know) that you are passed from death unto life, because you love the brethren.'"

The Saturday before he fell asleep in Jesus, in the afternoon, when I went into the room to him, he looked up, and holding out his hand, said, "George, I am dying." I said, "Do you think so?" He said, "O yes! and I long to be gone; I hope you will not leave me any more until I go." I said, "I will be with you as much as I possibly can." From that time I saw a visible change in him, that told me that his time was but short. On Sunday afternoon a young man came to see him; and he bid his wife ask him if he loved the Lord? "for, (said he,) there are thousands that do profess to love him, and do not." Here, I would say, many of the dear children of God did, from time to time, visit him; and he enjoyed their presence much. When I went to see him, he would tell me that such and such dear men of God "have been to see me—unworthy me!" From this time he could not talk much, but would often be breathing out, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly." On Thursday morning, before I left him, to go to Crudwell, I told him that I would come and see him again in the evening, and abide with him all night; and he said, "so do you." When I returned home, in the evening, I went down and saw him, and said to him, "Well, Thomas, do you still feel that you are on the Rock?" and he said, "O yes;" and after he had asked me if I had heard Mr. Banks, and how I heard, and what he spake from, and I had told him, he laid still for a time, in a dose, then turning his head, said,

"'Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done,  
But we are saved by sovereign grace,  
Abounding through the Son."

Then he dozed again for some time ;  
and woke up saying—

“O, what a heaven of saving grace  
Shines through the beauties of thy face !  
And lights our passions to a flame,  
Lord, how we love thy charming name !”

He was often repeating this verse, with  
others, such as this—

“Great God how infinite art thou !  
What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

“Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view ;  
To thee there's nothing old appears—  
Great God ! there's nothing new !”

About an hour before his ransomed soul  
took its flight, he breathed out, as plain  
as his dear dying lips could speak, “Come,  
dear Lord Jesus, come quickly.” His  
dear wife and children then went and  
kissed him, and his father and some other  
friends ; and when he had given his  
charge to his son, (about fifteen years  
of age,) to be a good boy, and good to  
his mother ; he said, “I can now leave  
you all.” On his wife asking him if  
there was any trouble on his mind, he  
said, “No ; no more than there is in a  
bird flying in the air.” This was the  
last word that we could hear him speak ;  
but his lips still moved, with his eyes  
lifted up, as though he was full of praise.  
Thus his ransomed soul left its clay taber-  
nacle, about eight o'clock on Saturday-  
evening, May 17, 1851, in the 44th year of  
his age ; and fled to that mansion prepared  
for him, eternal in the heavens, before  
the foundation of the world ; leaving a  
beloved wife and four children here, and  
one in America, to mourn their loss, but  
his eternal gain.

He was buried in the Baptist burying  
yard yesterday ; that is, on Sunday, May  
25. In the afternoon and evening, Mr.  
Martin preached his funeral sermon to a  
crowded congregation, from Isaiah xxviii.  
13. Thus rests the remains of my dear  
afflicted brother, in the silent grave, until  
the resurrection morning.

“His flesh shall slumber in the ground  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in his Saviour's image rise.”

Your's truly,

GEO. HOLLIDAY.

Malmesbury, May 26, 1851.

THE  
Perseverance of the Saints

PROVED AND DEFENDED FROM THE WORD OF TRUTH.

(Continued from p. 163.)

THOSE are the people, then, to whom the  
doctrine of *Perseverance* manifestly refers,  
and who *shall* finally reach heaven, being  
kept by the power of God in the habitual  
exercise of those graces once implanted  
by the Holy Spirit, which, in the Old  
Testament, appears in figure by the  
children of Israel being led through the  
wilderness, and finally brought to inherit  
the promised land, and from the circum-  
stance of the Red Sea being closed after  
the Israelites had passed through, ad-  
mitting of *no return*. And in Ezek.  
xlvi. 9, “He that entereth in by the way  
of the north gate to worship, shall go out  
by the way of the south gate ; and he  
that entereth in by the way of the south  
gate shall go forth by the way of the  
north gate. *He shall not return* by the  
way of the gate whereby he came in,”  
&c. And all the spiritual promises in  
God's word to the New Covenant be-  
liever express the surety of his final  
salvation on the ground that God has  
pledged himself to be the Surety and  
Security of his people on both sides, *both  
for his continuing with them, and their  
continuing with him*. “My covenant will  
I not break, nor alter the thing that is  
gone out of my mouth.” Psa. lxxxix. 34.  
“I will bring the blind by a way that  
they knew not ; I will lead them in paths  
that they have not known ; I will make  
darkness light before them, and crooked  
things straight. These things will I do  
unto them, *and not forsake them*.” Isaiah  
xlii. 16. “Yea, from the tender and  
bruised reed to the tree planted by the  
waters.” Isa. xlii. 3 ; Jer. xvii. 8. “And  
even to your old age I am he, and even  
to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have  
made and I will bear ; even I will carry  
and will deliver you.” Isa. xli. 4 ; also  
liv. 10 ; Hosea ii. 19, 20. For the Lord  
will not forsake his people for his great  
name's sake, because it hath pleased the  
Lord to make you his people. Read also  
Deut xxxiii. 3 ; Job v. 19 ; Psa. xxiii. 4 ;  
xxxvii. 28 ; xciv. 14 ; cxxv. 2 ; Isaiah  
xliii. 2, 7 ; Jer. xxxi. 3 ; xxxii. 40 ; Matt.  
xvi. 18 ; Johu x. 27, 28 ; and xvii. which  
proves the inseparable connexion between  
Christ and his people both in time and  
throughout all eternity. Also, Romans

viii. 38, 39; Phil. i. 6; Heb. xiii. 5; 1 Pet. i. 4. These are some of the exceeding great and precious promises (2 Pet. i. 4.) given to show the surety and security of God's people in the ways of holiness, and the certainty of their salvation; and can there, after the above promises of security, any uncertainty exist? Are not the Scriptures full of assurances that no alteration can take place in his choice? His infinite knowledge and wisdom saw *all* things from eternity, and his divinity prevents the possibility of any change towards the objects of his regard. And does not every allusion in the word of God give a decided preference to the blood of Christ as being of superior worth to that of bulls and goats in cleansing from sin, reconciling sinners to God, (1 John i. 7.) and securing for them life everlasting.

Now if the blood of Christ were once applied to a guilty soul, and failed in effectually purging that soul, it could not claim a preference to the blood of beasts, and must therefore fail in the estimate given to it by the Scriptures. But the blood of Christ is of peculiar efficacy in its application by faith, in removing sin or destroying its power, and preventing condemnation, perfecting for ever the believer.

The love of Christ to his people is also said to be immutable. "Having loved his *own* which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." John xiii. 1. But the deceptive tenure of his love (that is advocated by some), not only destroys its value, importance, and excellency, leaving it destitute of superior worth, but brings it down to be mutable, and if mutability of his love can be admitted, then his affection for his people cannot rise higher than human attachments. But such an assertion would entirely *destroy his divinity*, and place the *whole* scheme of salvation on a doubt; yet he has declared his love to be *everlasting*—"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Jer. xxxi. 3. We may therefore justly conclude from the above remarks and Scriptures that if God at any one period of time bestows the blessings of the New Covenant, (which is the free grace of God), he never recalls those favours, nor suffers them to become inoperative, or destroyed by any adverse power. No, he never did illuminate a dark benighted soul with the Spirit of

light and then suffer the devil to come and finally extinguish that light. Hence says Christ, "My Father which gave them me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one." So that the certainty of our finally reaching heaven, arises from the complete work of Christ being brought into the soul by the influence of the Holy Spirit, so that we are dead with Christ, quickened with Christ, raised with Christ, and thus made conformed to the image of Christ. And except we bear the image of Christ we are none of his. But where is the man that can of himself create and stamp the image of Christ upon his own soul—there is not one possessed of that power, and being destitute of that power, it prevents us claiming any share in our salvation.

This doctrine is very humbling to proud man, who is but a lump of clay, moulded and fashioned into an image not his own selecting, an heap of dry bones, inspired and clothed by a power not his own. But it asserts and establishes this truth—that God is a sovereign, "Doing as he pleases in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, what doest thou?" Dan. iv. 35; Psalm cxxxv. 6.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*:—

DEAR SIR:—Having myself received great encouragement from reading the blessed truths contained in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*; and knowing that some of God's dear people are placed in the order of providence where free-will is advocated, which has the tendency of leading even a true child of God to despondency. For the establishment and comfort of such is the object for which I wrote the above; and should you think it worthy of a place in the *Vessel*, by its insertion I should feel obliged.

Your's faithfully,

JOSEPH WILKINS.

Luton, March 26, 1851.

The late Dr. Guyse lost his eye-sight in the pulpit, while he was in prayer, before sermon: having finished his prayer, he was, consequently, forced to make no use of his written papers, but to preach without notes. As he was led out of the meeting, after service was over, he could not help lamenting his sudden and total blindness. A good old gentlewoman, who heard him deplore his loss, answered him, "God be praised that your sight is gone; I never heard you preach so powerful a sermon in my life. Now, we shall have no more notes: I wish, for my own part, that the Lord had took away your eye-sight twenty years ago, for your ministry would have been more useful by twenty degrees."

## A Letter in search of a Pastor after God's own Heart.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—A few poor people with me are in want of an honest and broken man to minister to us the word of life. I have many times thought of asking the liberty of a line in your periodical, but from many considerations have been kept back; your correspondents are "mighty men of valour," and have their pasture "in all high places." I have been there for many years past, but through mercy have been brought down from those towering heights, and being now in myself a poor weak and sinful man, reduced by dire necessity to fall at the feet of Jesus, to take his yoke and learn of him, and in some humble measure to desire to partake of his meek and lowly and loving, and tender spirit. Since it has pleased the Lord to reduce and break my spirit, under his "mighty hand," it has rendered me incapable of soul communion with the general professors of what is generally called, "the truth," and truth no doubt it is, as far as it goes, but it is a most solemn and trembling thing with me, that the far greater parts of the holy Word is kept back, or awfully perverted, some words taken out and others put in to make it read in union with a particular line of faith, I have read and heard such things which has made my soul tremble, that poor blind and sinful man should thus pretend to teach the Lord wisdom; O fearful, awful state, of a proud and presumptuous unbroken spirit. But though I cannot be one spirit, or say, "a confederacy" with such, yet, being in the hand of the Lord, I would hope to see the day when we shall see eye to eye, and wait patiently till he subdue the boisterous tumult of the spirit, and breathe his own sweet spirit of gentleness, lowliness and love, to adorn his most sacred name and gospel. Whatever knowledge there may be in the great and deep things of God, yet the spirit being unpurged and unbroken, there is no solemnity becoming such most sacred and holy mysteries. The spirit of a poor sinner, with "all knowledge" and "all faith," and an enlightened understanding in "all mysteries," is like the poor man with the legion, he is out of his mind, no bonds or fetters can bind him, none can pass him with safety; peace, rest, humiliation and love, flow only as the soul is brought to the feet of Jesus, and it is only maintained and increased as the soul puts on his yoke and bears the daily cross, all things must be proved, and purged by fire; "by sorrow of heart, the spirit is broken." In a state of such deep poverty, emptiness, loss, weakness and woe, as I now am taught to see and feel in myself, yet, through abounding grace, a state of solemn and sacred rest and blessedness, as a poor helpless, ignorant and defenceless child; it is no wonder I should greatly fear to venture out thus amidst the multitude; but there are two portions given from the mercy seat through the holy Word, which gives me to hope that the pillar of the cloud is gone before, and that "the Lord God will be a sun and shield," to guide and clear the way. The one, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also will the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels." The other is, "I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." The first showed me my fears were sinful unbelief, which kept me in bondage through the fear of man, and that, though I was the most weak and worthless, a poor empty vain shadow, a poor little babe, yet I should not be ashamed of Jesus, or of shewing my little faith, however small and peculiar to the general mass. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, the Lord can ordain strength and perfect his praise." The second is a most

gracious promise, which contains a fulness more than most are willing to receive. A pastor after God's own heart, has an heart formed by God himself, according to his own heart, reduced to a state of honest simplicity, and uprightness before God, and reconciled to declare his whole will, as revealed in his Word, independent of self and reason, and carnal wisdom, neither to add or diminish, wrest or pervert the sacred Word, to make it suit a poor contracted proud and selfish mind, but to bow with childlike simplicity to infinite wisdom and love. In order to judge in this case, we have the sure word of revelation, where the Lord has opened his whole heart to us on this subject, as far as concerns our present state. "No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him," he came from the bosom of the Father, "the faithful and true witness," to testify his heart was "full of compassion and gracious;" it breaks forth as an overflowing fountain, "a pure river of water of life," it flowed from the fulness and exceeding riches of grace, in his kindness towards us, through Christ Jesus; it flowed in the face of sin, and enmity, and guilt, unsought, undesired and undeserved. "Sin reigned unto death, but grace did exceed and much more abound;" "As by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, the gift came upon all men unto justification of life." All flowed from the fulness and strength and freeness of the pure love of "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;" it flowed freely from his heart to us, when our poor nature was in its worst, lowest and loathsome condition, a poor, destitute, helpless and forlorn outcast, a state which no eye could pity, nor no heart conceive, or no language fully express; yet then, even then, did the bowels of the mercy of our God move towards us, and embrace us in an act of pure love and grace. "He remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son," he "was made flesh and dwelt among us;" he took the body, that holy nature, or rather, "that holy thing" to wash and cleanse it, and to adorn and beautify it, to cover all its nakedness, and make it "the righteousness of God in him;" yea, and more than all, and to crown all, God saith, "Yea, I swear unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest mine." Here was not an interest gained, but an interest given; nor mercy granted, when earnestly sought, but mercy breaking forth and flowing from a fulness of pure love, to poor ruined and wretched objects, dead and lost, hopeless, and helpless, and altogether as insensible and unconscious of its state as a poor babe in the day it is born, and cast out and exposed to all the woes and miseries of its forlorn and perilous condition, yet "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," who shall say what is comprehended in the word "so?" "God so loved the world." It implies such a fulness, depth, strength, height, length and breadth which no language could express, not all the riches of all the glories of heaven could so commend and shew us his love, but the greatness of his love could only be set forth by the greatness of the gift, "his only begotten Son," "the Son of his love." Some have thought the covering, washing, adorning, and comeliness, &c., &c., have reference to the graces of the spirit, which the soul of a poor sinner is blessed with in the day of his espousals, and no doubt it does in a certain degree; but there is a being made perfect through the comeliness with which the Lord is pleased to put upon us, which no state of sanctification in the body can attain unto; it is the person of the Lord Jesus in our nature, and "in the body of his flesh through death," and in himself

alone, that is said to "Present us holy, and unblameable, and unreprouvable in the sight of God," Col. i., and not the work or gifts, or graces of the spirit. To be a pastor after God's own heart, a soul must be taught what God has revealed in his Word, what is in his heart, to poor sinners in his dear Son, and have the witness of the Spirit to reveal and seal and conform the blessed reality of the full, free, and pure love of his heart, abounding and much more abounding over all the loss and ruins of sin in the fall. Where the love of God is in the heart, it enlarges the heart, it breaks all contraction and flows freely, it acts in its measure according to God's own heart; it goes forth with the joyful tidings of a feast of fat things, to invite poor sinners to come, for all things are ready, only come and partake of the riches of the pure love of God, here is the dear Son of God in his holy person and righteousness, an offering and sacrifice, a great High Priest, making atonement, and presenting himself in our nature, in which he suffered to put away all sin, in bearing all the curse due to it, and restoring our nature and persons in himself, pure and holy, and perfect in the presence of God, being made the righteousness of God in him, the mind of God is well pleased and satisfied, and delighted in his dear Son, he rejoices over poor sinners that come to him, he accepts us in his beloved Son; "Come, for all things are ready," all the blessings of salvation in the person and merits of the Lord Jesus will be heightened and sweetened a thousand-fold, when beheld as all flowing from the fulness of the love and pure goodness of our dear heavenly Father, as from a full and boundless ocean; this gives perfect satisfaction and rest, and removes all suspicion and jealousy from the heart. Surely there is nothing among all the works, and wonders, and mercies of all heaven and earth, which can so completely fill, and satisfy, and give perfect rest and peace to all the boundless desires of an immortal soul, and give it "everlasting consolation," as when brought back to its original home and rest—the peaceful bosom, the loving heart, friendship, communion, and intercourse with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ. And certainly there is no state, no privilege, no honour which can be conferred upon the soul of a poor sinner, than to be enabled to declare and shew forth the riches, "the unsearchable riches of Christ," as the free and pure gift of pure love; it is of the same nature and blessedness as that of the angels and heavenly host; it brings "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace," and is an act of God's pure "good will to men," "glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

To make a man a pastor according to God's own heart, must have God's own heart opened, and read it in his holy Word, by his Spirit, as also a full commission from the Lord for the high and holy office—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" and in sending them forth, "he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Hence there is a oneness of spirit to proclaim the pure love and goodwill of God to poor sinners in the person and redemption of Christ, and the earnest desire for his exaltation and glory, in the salvation of immortal souls. The soul of a poor sinner who has the Holy Ghost breathed into him is made a witness of, and (if called) a witness for Christ; the Spirit opens the fulness of his love and sufferings; the virtue and blessedness of his person and righteousness, the peace and pardoning love of the Father in him; Christ is his life, his joy, his strength and hope, his portion and glory; he has the mind and disposition of Christ, and bears the marks of the dying love of the Lord Jesus upon his spirit; his ministry will be the ministry of reconciliation and peace; as the apostle saith—"He hath given to us (or as the margin reads it, 'put in us') the ministry of reconciliation; to wit that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." "Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God

did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." What intense and burning love and affection is here opened to us, as dwelling in and breaking forth from the very heart of God in Christ after the reconciliation, peace and happiness of poor sinners, to pray and beseech poor souls, as in the name, and from the very heart and inward affection of love and tenderness, which could be in any form of words conveyed unto us.

Here is the open heart, the open arms, the open invitation to encourage, to draw, to embrace poor downcast trembling souls to reconciliation and peace with God; and yet further—here is the means by which this reconciliation was effected—"For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." God laid the sin and the whole weight of all trespasses and transgressions on the dear Son of his love; he was "made a curse for us;" he bore the wrath and curse; and removed and cleared away in his holy person all that our poor nature had incurred by the fall, and restored in his most blessed person and righteousness all that we lost, and restored our nature and persons unto the presence and peace of our dear Father, "holy, and without blame before him in love," "complete in him," and "made the righteousness of God in him." And what gives the solid ground of peace to the heart, in all this is—the whole heart of God was in it, first and last; all his wisdom and love—all his justice, mercy, faithfulness, goodness and power—all his purposes, designs, and promises—all his thoughts of peace and pardon—all the praise and glory of his grace, which now flow, and will eternally flow to him and to the Lamb, from the hearts of poor sinners for ever and ever! all and more than mortal heart or tongue can tell, all flow from the heart of God in the glorious Person and redemption of Christ!

O! blessed ambassadors of our God and the Lord Jesus Christ! and has he put into you, indeed, the word of reconciliation, and given you to read his very heart, in his boundless love of his dear Son? Surely from that ocean of love, and perfect, full, and complete redemption of the Lord Jesus, your soul is filled with the same love, tenderness, longing, and compassion, as to break forth with pure affection to precious immortal souls; and in opening God's own heart, prove that you are a pastor according to his own heart, and that you are not ashamed of him or his word, in the midst of this "crooked and perverse generation," not only in the encouraging, and comforting, and building up the saints, but in inviting, exhorting, warning, and admonishing of poor sinners to reconciliation and repentance. We behold the Lord Jesus addressing those who followed him for carnal ends, for the loaves and fishes, saying, "Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you; for him hath God the Father sealed." And when he was asked, "Are there few that be saved?" he replied to the curious enquiry in a way of exhortation and admonition—"Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in and shall not be able." And when being told of bloody murders and dreadful judgments which some poor sinners fell under, he replied, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." And again, as if to shew his desire to awaken conviction of the necessity and importance of it, he repeats the solemn fact—"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." And to shew yet more fully—behold the fulness of his compassionate heart in his love and longing affection towards poor sinners, when the tender sympathies of his soul burst forth in tears, over the heavy judgments which he saw must fall upon the immortal souls in the city of Jerusalem—"He wept over it, saying If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes." O, solemn, weighty, deep, and soul-awakening subject! What a fulness is opened for meditation and observation, but space will not admit to in-

dulge the liberty. Suffice it to say, here is a pastor according to God's own heart; yes, it flows immediately from the heart of the Lord God of the holy prophets himself.

I would bow my soul before the mercy-seat, for such a pastor who has the Lord Jesus dwelling in his soul, and is bearing about in his labours, the tender, affectionate, sympathizing heart, full, and overflowing, with love and prayer for immortal souls. Precious words I send us a pastor according to thine own heart, filled with thy love, and with a single eye, fixed upon thy glory. I might go through the Holy Word, and show from both apostles and prophets, who were pastors according to God's own heart, what was their manner of addressing poor sinners, as well as proclaiming the everlasting love of God, in the delight and joy of his heart, to his people, in his dear Son. The apostle, in opening his commission before Agrippa, saith, with these words, it was "to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light," &c; that they might "receive forgiveness of sins," &c; "that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance." And on speaking to the superstitious people at Athens, who lived in heathenish darkness, he saith, "at the times of their ignorance, God winked at, but now, commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

Numerous instances might be brought forward in proof of this subject, but one or two strike me too forcibly to be omitted. In Proverbs i., the Lord under the character of wisdom, uttereth his voice and crieth to the "simple ones," to the "scorners and fools that hate knowledge," saying, "Turn ye at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you." Here are the two principle and effectual means of conviction and conversion, the Spirit of the word, from the mouth of the Lord. See the subject and its momentous and solemn connection; here is a pastor after God's own heart, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

Ezekiel was a pastor according to God's own heart, and received his word from the mouth of the Lord, to warn the wicked, and deliver his soul from his destruction, and to declare the solemn mind of God in the business, as the Lord most solemnly swears to it by his own existence—"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

The prophet Isaiah, in addressing the same characters, saith, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near; let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts," (or, "the man of iniquity," margin, Isaiah lv.) "and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon," or, "multiply to pardon," margin. What a delightful view of the tender mercies of our God, is here presented to the wicked and unrighteous; yea, the man of iniquity, a poor sinner wholly made up of sin, yet bad, and black, and base, and guilty, as the case may be, yet they cannot exceed the exceeding riches of his grace; he will multiply to pardon beyond the multitude of transgressions—"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." Some have supposed this Scripture was addressed to back-sliders, from the word, "return;" but back-sliders are called "back-sliding children, revolvers, adulterous," &c; but not the wicked or the unrighteous, the return is the loving and gracious invitation of the Lord, to a state of original friendship, peace and reconciliation, enjoyed with him before the awful departure in the fall. The same objections have been raised on the blessed and loving invitations on the opening of this chapter; (Isaiah lv.) in supposing it addressed to the children of God only; but the very expressions are clearly and expressly pointed to those who spend "money for that which is not bread," and their "labour for that which satisfieth not." Now, it is not so with quickened and convinced souls, they long, and

labour, and thirst, and cry, for living bread, living water, "durable riches and righteousness," and also their ear is opened and inclined to hearken, and they do come to the mercy-seat, and they do, in some measure, taste that the Lord is gracious, and they can and do eat, and relish that which is good, and their souls delight in fatness. These are a full clearing of the passage from the general acceptance of it; and there needs not a single word to prove who they are, thirsting and labouring for the things of sense and worldly objects, which can never satisfy an immortal soul.

But after all that has or might yet be produced from the Word of God, I am fully aware human reason will never bow, but will still maintain the old objection, "what is the use of speaking to the dead? God only can speak to them, and quicken them when he please." Yes, but he has appointed means for that end, and it strikes me, that the Lord foresaw this objection, and hath given the most full and most decided testimony, to confute the truth of it, and at once to put to shame and silence, every such vain and carnal objection. In the notable instance of the ministry of Ezekiel, the Lord led him into the valley of dry bones, and caused him "to pass by them round about, and behold, there were very many, and lo, they were very dry." It appears, he had a long, and solemn, and real conviction, of the dead and dry, and utterly helpless condition; and the Lord asked him "can these bones live?" And he said, "O Lord God, thou knowest." He then commanded him, "prophecy upon these dry bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the Word of the Lord!" The prophet did not begin to consult reason, and raise objections, and take one word of God to contradict another, but did as the Lord bid him, in simple faith in the power and promises of God; he used the means.—"So I prophesied as I was commanded, and as I prophesied, there was a noise; and behold, a shaking, and bone came together, bone to his bone." Here is a pastor according to God's own heart, exercising the "obedience of faith," simply and solely upon the promise and power of God. And the Lord honoured the faith that honoured him in simple obedience; he used the means, and the Lord fulfilled his promise, he caused life and breath to enter into them, put sinews and flesh, and skin upon them, set them upon their feet, raised them out of their graves, united them together, gave them a knowledge of himself, "to the praise of the glory of his grace." "Ye shall know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord." Ezekiel xxxvii.

What a fulness of gospel blessings, and pure blessedness opens in the wonderful display of grace mercy and peace, from the fulness and overflowings of the pure ocean of love, which dwells and flows freely from his heart, to poor sinners "dead in trespasses and sins." The general view of the gospel is, as sent to the souls who arc brought to feel their wretchedness, which is indeed a blessed truth; but it extends further, it speaks to the dead and gives life, to the deaf and the blind, "hear ye deaf, and look ye blind, that ye may see." To those who know not that they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, the gospelsaith to such, "I counsel thee to buy of me, gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see." To such the Lord Jesus comes with rebukes of love, and saith, "be zealous, therefore, and repent." The gospel extends to the lowest depths of our woe, and utter loss, which is, being dead to a sense of our death. Jesus is "the Resurrection and the Life;" what encouragement is here held out in the promise, and power, and love, and condescension of the Lord; to go forth in his name and command, to proclaim his fulness, and preach "repentance and forgiveness of sins to every creature," with a single eye to his glory, and simple faith in his power; and such means will most surely be owned with his blessing and presence, as sure as it was in

the ministry of Ezekiel; "Jesus is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

Should these few hints fall under the eye of any poor broken and bowed soul, who is cast out for the singularity of his faith and practice, in addressing poor sinners on the sure authority, command, and example of the Lord, I would say to such an one, come and cast in thy lot among us; "bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." However weak, simple, and unlearned, come and lie down with a poor, sinful man, at the feet of Jesus, and lay thy soul before him, with all its powers, to be disposed of, and formed, and supplied, engaged, and occupied, emptied and filled, at his pleasure; to receive every subject from the mercer-seat, to have every power and faculty of the soul, led and shown in every meditation; to beg all wisdom, strength, faith, and prayer, &c., from his fulness. The deeper the poverty, the darker the path, the hotter the furnace, the heavier the cross, the more will wisdom, self-will, reason, self, and pride, be confounded, and the naked soul be led more closely and constantly, and lie lower and lower at his feet. Jesus writes his name on a poor, naked, void, empty, and helpless soul, he opens his heart, and compassion, and most tender love, and taketh the most weak, fearful, and tender lambs, in his arms, and carries them in his bosom; he opens unto them the secrets of his heart, the glory of his person, the excellency of his righteousness, the all-sufficiency of his sacrifice, the true blessedness of entering into the sweet and holy presence of our most dear heavenly Father, to have most blessed, solemn, sacred, and holy peace and friendship with him in his dear Son, the Son of his love. Here we receive his sweet mind and Spirit, and become one Spirit, and bear about in the body, the marks, the dying, the mind and image, of the Lord Jesus.

The Lord fulfil his gracious promise, and send us a pastor according to God's own heart, to feed us with knowledge and understanding. Could it suffice to have one after the wisdom of men, to take a certain portion of the Word, and either leave or pervert the rest, we had only to give the hint, and we should be supplied presently. I have cause for everlasting praise and gratitude, for breaking the miserable bonds of my poor, contracted, and selfish heart, in opening to me the depth, the fulness, the unsearchable and boundless all-sufficiency of his person and merit.

Yours in him,

JOHN WADE.

*Uppingham, Rutland, June 20th, 1851.*

### The Pastor's Experience, in Poetry.

DEAR friend in the gospel, you ask for a line,  
The which I will send you as I can get time;  
And this is the subject on which I shall dwell—  
To write of my Jesus, who sav'd me from hell.  
I often am led of my history to think;  
And while I remember, I sbrudder and shrink.  
My birth was all sin, my nature all foul,  
It makes me oft weep, oft times do I bowl.  
In childhood I was of my mother bereft;  
Ah! then to the mercy of man was I left;  
But man, he forsook me, regardless of claim,  
A helpless, a friendless outcast I became.  
The workhouse receiv'd me, and there was I found  
By an uncle, who travell'd many miles over  
ground;  
He took me, he sooth'd me, he clothed me all o'er,  
He fed me most kindly, and doctor'd my sore.  
My dear mother's sister's poor heart was most  
broke,  
The scene was distressing, so sharp was the stroke;  
But short was my stay 'neath this hospital roof,  
Of different treatment I soon had a proof:  
To London I went, and such treatment receiv'd,  
Was I but to relate it, 'twould scarce be believ'd:  
But that is all past, and the whole I forgive,  
And pray so to die, as well so to live.  
To sea I was sent, to meet rough, hard, and cold,  
Although, at that time, not eleven years old;

But there the good Lord did a father provide,  
Who kept me, and taught me, and prov'd a kind  
guide.

Thus three years on ship-board, my country did  
leave,  
And the scenes which I saw, made my heart often  
grieve.

And though amidst powder and shot I have been,  
I could not be kill'd, as plainly is seen:  
Preserved abroad, I again was brought home,  
To declare to the world what for me He hath done.  
When sixteen years old, was convinced of sin,  
I saw and I felt what a wretch I had been;  
What to do, where to go, I now could not tell,  
For by day and by night, I much feared hell;  
The heavens were black, my conscience oppress,  
My soul, day and night, quite a stranger to rest;  
I feared to sleep, was tormented awake,  
And tempted I've been a razor to take.  
The Gadarenes got me—to work I did go—  
I pray'd, and on parchment I wrote solemn vow;  
My prayers not answer'd—my vows were all broke,  
I now must be damned, 'twill be righteous stroke:  
Each world is against me, because of my sin,  
In wrath and hell-torments I must shortly be in;  
My case is most dreadful, O what must I do?  
I could not to any my wretchedness shew.  
My legal class-leader such lessons did give,  
I could not perform them, which made me to grieve;  
For I thought very highly of his zealous plan,  
Concluding that he was a most holy man.  
Just as I concluded my soul must be lost,  
A bookstall I saw, as a street I had cross'd,  
My eye caught a book, which open did lay,  
I took it to read, though I feared to pray;  
And as I perused, I swallow'd the whole,  
The piece was 'Hart's Dialogue with a Poor Soul';  
To tell what I felt I'm sure I cannot,  
I sang, cried, and prayed, at my happy lot:  
I saw my salvation was full, rich, and free,  
I went not to Jesus, he came thus to me—  
"O, poor wretched soul, fear not," he did say,  
"Your sins cast you down, I took them away;  
I bore them entire—not one is behind,  
You'll find me a Saviour exceedingly kind;  
Come out as my sheep, and hear my sweet voice,  
I make them all free, I make them rejoice:  
Your doing and vowing will not make you good,  
Most clean you shall be, through my shedding  
blood;

My doing has satisfied all in thy stead,  
Believe and receive me, thy law-fulfilling Head;  
My righteousness take—this freely I give,  
I lov'd thee, I bought thee, I now bid thee live;  
My love everlasting was fix'd on thy soul,  
In kindness I drew thee, thou now art made  
whole."

Such love, life, and light now filled my heart,  
I gladly from all my old rubbish did part,  
And wonder'd to find redemption's great plan,  
Was all of God's grace to vile filthy man.  
But O what a foe did I find in that man,  
Whose name I receiv'd, when bound by his plan!  
He call'd me a sinner of wonderful kind,  
And said I was stubborn, rebellious, and blind;  
And left me, at last, where he saw I did stand,  
And of my foul blood he wash'd clean his hand.  
How dreadful the pride of a pharisee's soul—  
For they never feel sick, but always seem whole!  
But thanks to the Spirit, who gives me to feel  
The need of my Jesus, who only can heal;  
I love to speak of him, and to him likewise,  
For him above all things I surely must prize:  
But though of his children of all I am worst,  
I still on his merits am helped to trust;  
In him all the glories of Godhead I see,  
The love of Jehovah to poor sinful me!  
And though, for my follies, I oft catch the rod,  
Yet still, still he is my unchangeable God!  
Of his mercy in life and in death I will tell—  
How he sav'd even me from sin and from hell."

Believe me ever to remain

May 7th, 1851. Your's in the Lord,  
THOMAS POOCK.

## Record of Recent Events, Notices of New Works.

[This department of our work is still seriously deficient. Events are every day occurring (in those parts of our Zion where the distinguishing doctrines of sovereign and saving grace are held) that are of deep interest and importance; and bespeak, in many instances, the onward movement of the great, the good, and the glorious work of the Lord, in the building up of his church, and the preservation of her in times of peril, persecution, bereavement, and division. In the history of the churches; in the raising up of pastors; in the departure of the saints; in the restoration of the fallen; and in the zealous efforts of some of our little boys and girls, (of which Zechariah prophesied that the streets of Jerusalem should be full. From these and other circumstances) some most solemn lessons are to be learned; and records might be given that would be useful, not only to the present, but to future generations. Our narrow limits forbid the doing of one quarter of our desires to serve the churches of our Lord; but we are constantly praying and planning. Whether larger scope for usefulness will be given us or not, the Lord only knows. We live in hopes.]

### THE OPENING OF THE

#### New Baptist Chapel, Ford Street, Salford, MANCHESTER,

On Lord's-day, June 15, 1851.

The morning being fine, at an early hour several travellers were seen on the road from Rochdale, Heywood, Middleton, Hollandwood, and Newton, Leoth, Lancaster, Charlesworth, and across the steep mountains of Derbyshire, and from Bogerley Sail, and other places in Chester, anxiously winding their way towards Manchester; and by ten o'clock many were seen inquiring their way to Ford St.

Thus attracted by the sound of the gospel these lovers of the Lord and his people may be said to be led in a way that they knew not, and to be walking in paths that they had not trod. At half-past ten a goodly number was assembled from town and country, when Mr. Cozens of Willenhall, Staffordshire, opened the meeting by reading the first hymn, composed by Mr. Corbitt for the occasion—

“Dear Lord, to us assembled here  
Come magnify thy grace,  
And save us by thy sovereign love  
Though of a sinful race.”

When the vocal voices of the congregation, mixed with the soft notes of the organ, which is kindly lent for the assistance of the singing, burst forth with charming melody, and the whole congregation seemed to commence their first song like those who have taken great spoil. Mr. Corbitt, minister of the place, ascended the pulpit, when he found his desk covered with a neat crimson cushion, on which rested a most superb new volume of the Scriptures, bearing the following inscription,—

“This volume of the sacred Scriptures is gratefully presented to Mr. John Corbitt by the ladies and friends of his church and congregation, as a token of their high regard and esteem.”

Mr. Corbitt read part of Genesis xxviii., from the tenth verse to the end, and Psalm xxxvii., and preached from 1 Kings viii. 27.—“But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; much less this house that I have built.” In the delivery of which evident symptoms of affectionate

excitement was past concealment, but by the Lord's help he was soon above this, and in a sweet, solemn, and affectionate manner delivered us one of his original, warm hearted, stirring discourses, under which many were much affected and who, by tears, looks, and expression afterwards testified their affections by a good liberal contribution. At the conclusion of the morning service the clouds had veiled the sun and the rain was fast descending, and continued so until time to commence the afternoon service, when it came down rapidly; notwithstanding, a goodly number got together, and Mr. Cozens, of Willenhall preached in a most engaging and affectionate manner, afternoon and evening from Matthew xvi. 18—“Upon this Rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,” and we can truly say with the apostles, “Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us about the way?” of stability, power, fixedness, solidity, union, shadow, and sweetness of this rock. Yes, we must say it is our belief that Mr. Cozens was enabled to preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Indeed the singing, praying, and preaching, and attentive hearing all appeared to testify the presence and approbation of the Master, and indicate general satisfaction among the people, whose cheerful souls arose with gratitude and thankful praise to their divine Master.

Considering the heavy rain in the afternoon the size of the place, the number and circumstances of the people, they had an excellent collection—upwards of twenty-seven pounds.

At the conclusion Mr. Corbitt read the following piece to shew the leadings of divine providence in retaining him in Manchester, and in the erection of this little, neat, commodious place of worship; when the meeting broke up, and the people returned to their homes in joy and gladness, having had a feast and a good day.

The following I copy verbatim from the paper that Mr. Corbitt read to the public.

“Dear Friends.—The Lord having found means to retain me in Manchester, contrary to my desire or expectation, and now to place me and my few friends in this comfortable little chapel, it becomes me this day to give you a faithful account of the particular providences leading thereto, but for brevity sake I shall go no further back than my removal from Bridge St., and it is sufficient on this occasion for me to say that when I received the letter from my church, informing me that my resignation was accepted, and that it was desirable for me to leave in seven days, I then committed myself to the Lord in solemn prayer, begging him to direct my future movements, and promised him that I would accept the first place His Majesty would open for me, whether it was far or near, the people few or many, rich or poor. And having no expectation or desire to stop in Manchester at that time, I wrote to some friends in Huntingdonshire, and by them procured apartments, and made every preparation I could to leave Manchester. These were my thoughts and my ways. But that the Lord's were not so the present and connected circumstances prove beyond a doubt; for as soon as I gave it out on Wednesday evening that I was to preach my farewell sermon on the following Lord's Day, August 4, 1850, my present friends came round me, and requested my services, promising that they would procure me a place to preach in, and make themselves responsible for rent and my support, and procure me a chapel as early as possible. Remembering my solemn promise to the Lord, I dare not deny them, though I had no desire to stop in Manchester, and several other invitations begging my services. But these friends being first in their application, I was constrained to accept it for my vow's sake; and I have found those friends faithful to their word, and my Lord to his promise,



namely, that he had set an open door before him, and that no man should shut it. And we have gone on until this time in peace and harmony, and the Lord hath been with us, blessing the word to the souls of some persons in every place we have been during our exile, and we have lacked nothing, though the people are generally poor, and we have incurred no debt. And now the Lord hath put it into the hearts of those persons who had the means to erect this neat little house for our convenience to worship our God in; and the church has appointed a treasurer and secretary, through whose hands all money will pass, and by whom a balance sheet will be produced every year; and after the interest, chief rent, and other expenses are paid, the surplus, if any, to form a general fund towards the redemption of the chapel. The builder requires no other security for his money than the building, so long as the interest is duly paid; and when the amount is ready to redeem it, the chapel will be conveyed in a proper manner. The present expenses of the building, as you now see it, with the tile deed, is a little more than four hundred pounds; we cannot say exactly what the amount will be, as there are the gas-burners and other things to supply; but that will all be known in due time."

This plain straightforward account appeared to give great satisfaction, and I have no doubt but it will prove Mr. Corbitt's movements to be very different to what they have been represented.

The place is calculated to seat 350 persons, and is considered very cheap as it is built very strong, and material and workmanship of the best order for servitude. The foundation stone was laid on the 2nd of April, and completed, and a special prayer-meeting held in it on the 11th of June, just ten weeks to a day. Here we see the effect of union, well concerted plans, and economical perseverance.

The Lord bless him and the people about him with peace and abundant success. So prays one who loves to see and hear of Zion's prosperity.

Your's truly, A WATCHFUL OBSERVER.

### Cheerful Tidings from Ripley, in Surrey.

[We trust the following interesting epistle will stimulate others to record the good hand of God toward them.]

DEAR SIR—I feel constrained to send you a few lines respecting the baptising at the Baptist Chapel, Ripley, Surrey; which was attended to on Lord's Day, July 6th, 1851; when our dear pastor, Mr. Allnutt, baptised three females after their giving an account of the Lord's gracious dealings with their souls, to the satisfaction of the church generally. Sister White, a truly tried woman, had been much tossed about, through the journey of life, upon a tempestuous sea; but was brought safe to the desired haven, even rest to her soul on Christ. Sister Cox also gave a blessed account of what the Lord had done for her soul, and how he had graciously liberated her soul, so as not to feel the ground she walked on, in going in and out the chapel, for many months together.

Sister Stemp was called in providence to come down into Sussex a short time previous to her going before the church. It being a great distance to go, she stayed with us two nights; which opened up an opportunity to have some conversation together on the Lord's dealings with our souls; and truly, I felt it good to my soul to hear how the Lord had led her from place to place in this wilderness below, while in a state of sin and death; and then how he brought her to the Blind Asylum, in London, and how the Lord shewed her there her state as a sinner; and how here he wrought godly repentance and deep sorrow for sins, and separated her from the world that lieth in wickedness; and how he spoke peace and pardon to her distressed soul through the shedding of the blood of the dear Redeemer. I have heard her speak of how the Lord liberated her soul under your ministry when at Guildford anniversary; and how she returned home magnifying the Lord, and her soul rejoicing in God

her Saviour; and I heard her speak of how she wished to speak to you, and how satan worried and told her she never would; but satan was defeated concerning it; for it was her that came and spoke to you, in the evening of the anniversary at Ripley, last May the 8th, and told you that she could truly say, without any flattery, that the Lord had blessed your ministry to her soul, and that she hoped the Lord would go on to bless your ministry, and give you many souls for your hire. But to return to the ordinance of believer's baptism, as commanded by the Lord:

Brother West began the morning service by giving out that precious hymn—

"Jesus, and shall it ever be—  
A mortal man ashamed of thee—  
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?"

Our dear pastor then read and expounded the 1st chapter of Mark; and then poured out his soul to the Lord for a blessing on the candidates and the people. After which brother West gave out that hymn, at the request of sister Stemp—

"Dear Lord, and will thy pardoning love  
Embrace a wretch so vile?  
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,  
And bless me with thy smile?"

I believe her very heart and soul went forth to the Lord in it, as the old adversary had been worrying and perplexing her soul so much, she thought she should never be able to go through the ordinance. Our pastor gave out for his text, the 11th verse of the 1st chapter of Mark—"And there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." He said his mind was led more to speak upon the two last lines of the first hymn that was sung in the morning—

"Dare to defend his noble cause,  
And yield obedience to his laws."

He went on to say that there were many that wanted the blessing before they went through the ordinance; but it was not so in our Lord's days nor in the apostle's days, for it is said in the Scriptures of eternal truth, "And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened and the Spirit, like a dove, descending upon him; and there came a voice from heaven, saying, thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Again, when Philip baptised the Eunuch, "When they were come up out of the water, the Spirit caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more, and he went on his way rejoicing."

Our dear pastor's soul was much set at liberty; and he was favoured to bring forth many precious solemn and weighty things on the ordinance of the Lord's house, and the Lord applied and accompanied them with power to our souls; it was truly a rejoicing day with the saints.

After the morning service was over, a hymn was given out at the pool, by our dear pastor, composed for the occasion by brother Merrett, which I here copy, hoping it may be made a real blessing to some poor soul amongst the Lord's living family.

Now, we as followers, Lord, of thee,  
Rejoice when others with us see  
Jesus in Jordan's flood!

When we are led by love divine,  
How sweet to own that we are thine;  
Bought with thy precious blood.

The way is pav'd, all through, with love,  
Lest we should doubt there was a dove,  
On him in Jordan seen.

A voice from heaven was heard to say,  
"This, my beloved Son's the way!"  
Believe, and follow him.

We now believe and long to view,  
Thy sanction here, in what we do;  
Then, we will follow thee:

How sweet to walk in love with thee!  
'Tis not a task when we can see,  
The place where Jesus lay,

In every place, where Jesus went,  
He left the sweetest smelling scent,  
That ever mortals knew;  
O what a favour to be led,  
To step with thee, through life, when dead!  
There is a crown for you.

The candidates went through the ordinance rejoicing; and singing in their hearts unto him who had redeemed their life from death, their eyes from tears, and their feet from falling; and truly they felt the Spirit rest upon them like a dove; for the Lord did bear testimony to the word of his grace that day, as spoken by his servant, and the candidates were favoured to return home with their countenance no more sad. And truly we may say, "Unto him that has loved us, and washed us from all sin, be honour and glory and praise for ever and ever." O may we never reject, nor despise his commands! Oh, it is a most solemn thing, ye children of God, and ye men of the earth, to presume to make a breach in his commands and ordinances, by taking anything from them, or adding anything to them! This is a true and faithful account of the proceedings of the ordinances of the Lord's house, at Ripley, in Surrey, as far as my weak memory retains it. May the Lord bless it for the good of Zion; is the desire and earnest prayer of a poor worm, saved by grace. Yours in the Lord,

E. KILLICK.

Cranley, July 14, 1851.

## WANDERINGS IN THE WILDERNESS.

No. II.

WEDNESDAY-MORNING, July 16th.—After a deal of anxiety, I have found a corner in a South Western; and am praying to be safely conveyed to Hazlemere, in Surrey, where an anniversary is to be held to-day, if the Lord permit. I arose this morning, and left my home with a very heavy heart. Perpetually travelling and preaching not only wear down the little frame which a good Providence hath given me, but they so interfere with my home affairs, that I often wonder where the scene will end. Many times have I resolved to refuse all country requests; but as often does that covenant come up before me, which I made with the Lord in Mr. Spettigue's office, when, in a season of soul distress, I cried unto God with my voice, and said, "O Lord, if thou wilt pardon my sin, I will never cease to speak of thy mercy as long as I live." Often, indeed, do I think of that solemn moment. Like as a guilty child would throw itself at the feet of an offended parent, so did I cast my poor soul down at the footstool of Sovereign mercy, and proposed the covenant I have named. Hitherto the blessed Lord hath opened abundance of doors to test the sincerity of my heart in that covenant; and hitherto he hath furnished me with a willing heart—a measure of bodily strength—and a little oil in my cruise; so that for nearly eight years, I have ceased not to point to his blood—to tell of his power—and to declare his righteousness, as far as given abilities would permit. My present difficulties, with all my future necessities, I must leave with Zion's holy Redeemer and King, whose I humbly trust I am, and whom I desire to serve. I would charge my soul to be deeply absorbed in gratitude, in humility, in godly fear, in a faithful service, and on my blessed Lord to lean, until my solemn change shall come. A few words on the state of the churches I have recently visited, must close up this small paper. I might say, while waiting, this morning, on the station, I saw father Moody run into one carriage, and Samnel Cozens into another, they both looked well. I thought, the Lord's servants are flying abroad in various directions, scattering the good seed; and I have no doubt that much real good is being done, although division and darkness greatly abound.

### The Anniversary at Coggeshall, in Essex,

this year, was not overcrowded with people; but

the Lord's presence was enjoyed, and his power was felt in our midst. Brother Allen preached in the afternoon from "Let me see thy glory;" he appeared happy and well.

In the morning, we had a sermon upon the great woman who laid at the prophet's feet; and in the evening, the revelation that Peter had of the glorious Person of Christ: the first, led us a little into the exercises of a real child of God; the second carried us up into some of the essential blessings connected with a vital union to the Son of God. My reader—have you ever been laid down in deep distress of soul, under the felt sentence of death within? If so, I believe nothing but a supernatural view by faith divine of the glorious CHRIST of God can ever raise you. That life giving vision all true blood-bought penitents will surely have. Our brother Collis, the pastor of Coggeshall, is still standing in usefulness, and in the affections of his people: this is well. Brethren Bartholomew, (of Halstead,) Chappel, (of Chelmsford,) and Odling, (of Clapham,) were present, and took part in the services of the day. It is to be feared that the cause of gospel truth is not in a prosperous state, either in Chelmsford or Colchester; in the former place truth has been fearfully wounded, and her children scattered; in the latter place, she has lived and laboured under a load. Of late, three ministers in the truth have been standing in Colchester; Mr. Brocklehurst, Mr. Chappel, and Mr. A. Brown; but the apparent usefulness of these good men is, as yet, somewhat limited. We would hope that brighter days await them. The county of Essex has many little vineyards; but the most of them want rain. Our good friends at

### Bethesda Chapel, Orpington

held their anniversary on Wednesday, July 9th. A large van, with a party of friends, left London, to spend the day with them; and, a profitable season some of them found it to be. "This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise;" was the morning's text; and although the poor preacher was evidently in chains; yet some of the matter squeezed out of his heart, was found to be food for living souls. How often is the Lord pleased to mortify the minister's pride; and make him feelingly nothing; that Christ may be all in all. Mr. Thomas Stringer came in the afternoon, and gave us a sound gospel discourse, on "THE WAY OF SALVATION;" our brother looked as though the Gravesend air, and the presence of his covenant God at Gravesend, has cheered his heart, and strengthened his frame. Mr. Tanner, of Farnborough, closed up the services of the day. So long as Thomas Willoughby, and Master Grover are spared to the Orpington cause, so long, we are certain sound truth will be there; but whenever the Lord is pleased to remove them, what will then become of the little ship none on earth can tell; but she is in the great Jehovah's hands.

C. W. B.

### The late Mr. George Viney, of Manchester.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

BROTHER—As I hope and trust that you, I, and others are children of the same parent, heirs of the same inheritance, travellers to the same kingdom, and trophies of our Elder Brother's sufferings, death and resurrection, I herewith send you some few particulars of the last days of a dear brother who has now gone to sleep in Jesus at the advanced age of seventy-eight years, like a shock of corn fully ripe.

He was a man well known in Manchester; his name was George Viney; though a native of London, yet, to my knowledge, he has lived in and near Manchester upwards of twenty years—but he has gone! though, as a brother remarked to me, in George Viney's presence, that the Lord was taking down his tabernacle very easy; he had

no particular pain upon him; nature rather appeared to be worn out; but not so with the immortal part of the man. No! While heart and flesh failed, God was the strength of his heart, and is now his portion for ever. Many times have I heard the dear old man exalting his precious Jesus, and holding him up as the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. I remember on one occasion visiting him, when he said, "O, John, the path to heaven has been described, or compared to a railroad, but there are many dark tunnels in it." On another occasion, reading to him, and in my feeble way talking a little upon that sublime portion of God's Bible, recorded in the 20th chapter of the 2nd book of Chronicles, where Jehoshaphat, being assaulted by the united armies of Moab, Ammon and Esau, betakes himself to that only source of help the Christian should look to in every time of distress and difficulty, pleads with his God, and obtains that help and promise that causes him, with Judah, to praise the Lord, instead of fighting with his enemies; as the Father had promised to do the fighting part himself, and let the Israelites gather the spoils. And when we come to look at the victory our Jesus had won on the cross, and given us to see that he had done all for us, and left us nothing to do but gather the spoils, the old pilgrim's heart warmed within him; and he said "Stop, John, and let me fetch my Betsy (his daughter, who had gone out a few minutes before to look at a funeral,) to hear these glorious truths, they warm my breast and do me good."

At another time, the enemy having set in upon him with the temptation that he was a backslider, and had thus offended his best friend, Jesus, I asked him was there any thing on earth or in heaven that carried with it half the sweetness as did the name of Jesus, or was there any other being that he loved as he did Jesus? "*Oh no!*" said the dear saint. "Well, then," said I, "do you not see that you love Jesus because Jesus first loved you? Come, my dear brother, you and I change, but our blessed Jesus changes not; no, it is Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." "Ah, that will do," said the old saint; "and (with Job) 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'" At another time, reading to him out of the book of Genesis, "Now, George, (I said,) we will call this the Gospel according to Genesis; and if we cannot find the gospel in it, we will let it have its old name." He assented. We began where a famine drives the Israelites into Egypt to seek food, and glanced a little at the effects of a famine to God's people; and we looked, for a proof of our assertions, to the cases of Naomi, Ruth, and the prodigal son: then we followed up the reading till we came to the time when Benjamin is demanded; the old patriarch refuses the request of Reuben; but when our dear Judah (Jesus) comes forward in his suretyship capacity, and becomes bound for the return of Benjamin. And then we looked at Jesus in his covenant engagement, and beheld him as the Man of sorrows, and acquainted with griefs, yet travelling in the greatness of his strength, *mighty to save*. I found that as the pleading of Judah melted the heart of the old patriarch, so did it melt the heart of my dear brother George Viney; and he said, "Oh, John, I never saw such Gospel in Genesis before."

He was often cast down; because, like Ephraim

of old, he had been left (many years ago) after being called by divine grace, to backslide, and be, for a time, joined to idols; but the Great Shepherd followed him; hedged up his way with thorns; brought him back in his own time, and caused him again to pass under the rod of him that telleth them. And well do I remember, when brought into gospel liberty again, he asked me to propose him to the church of the late William Gadsby. I mentioned it to Mr. Gadsby; but the old man was afraid of poor George backsliding again, therefore refused his assent to my proposing him. This was a great grief to George, (he often mentioned it to me,) that he was debarred from the Lord's table; but some time after he joined the church (then) under the pastoral care of William Bidder, where he continued, as well as under the ministry of John Corbitt, till sad divisions and sorrowful desertions left him houseless and homeless; but he has not survived it long. Often have we lamented, like Israel of old, "For the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart."

For some few weeks before his death, he was too feeble to reach the earthly courts of his Father's house, at least, those courts where he could feel himself at home. Truly, dear Editor, I often have been absent from God's house to be present with my departed brother; and many a sweet season have we enjoyed together; and the last Sabbath he spent on earth I was with him, and read to him the 2nd chapter of the Song of Solomon; and though I might have expected it, yet I little thought that he would so soon realize the blessed fulness of the words then read; (verses 10 — 13.) Sweet language — precious words—though too long to transcribe at present. Suffice it to say, another brother being present, we both went to prayer; and, for my own part, I can say, "I found it good to be there;" there was scarce a sentence uttered but the old saint's *amen* was added to it, and though, at times, light headed, yet the name of Jesus appeared invariably to bring back his senses, and give him a momentary glance of the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off. Yes; at one time might be heard the trembling voice of our aged brother, singing with us those sweet words—

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Are saved to sin no more.

"Yes, when this lisping stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then in a nobler sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save."

He is singing it now beyond the lions' den, and beyond the mountain of leopards, where sorrow and sighing flee away for ever. Yes! while tossing about on his dying bed, not knowing where to lay his head for ease, even there was the old pilgrim's voice heard by my wife, who was below, joining with us in singing,

"A few more rolling suns at most  
Will land us on fair Canaan's coast;  
Where we shall sing that song of praise,  
And see our glorious Hiding Place."

When I was about to leave him for the last time upon earth, he reached out his withered trembling hand, with a *God bless you*. And

certain I feel that there never was a parting like that on earth, but there will be a meeting again in heaven. This was on the Sunday, May 18, 1851, but he lingered on till Saturday evening, May 24, when at half-past five, p. m., his spirit took its flight to that place where the days of his mourning are for ever ended, all tears wiped from his eyes, where the sun shall no more go down, nor a single Cannanite distress him any more.

But here let me drop a hint. Our departed brother often complained to me that no brother or sister ever came to see him, or whom his sight failed, ever came to read to him. And, said the old man more than once to me, "I am obliged to get the arminians to read God's word for me, and I hate them." (Of course their doctrines were intended.)

Brothers and sisters. If you wish to find genuine christianity without alloy, go to the death-bed of the christian, though it be in a cellar, garret, or meaner looking habitation, there will you prove the truth of the gospel—"God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith." Often have I thought of a remark I once read of the late Wm. Huntington, that the rich believer only sees one side of God's face, and that the bright side. Well, tis said "A word to the wise is enough." There is my consolation at times: "My Father's hand prepares my cup."

What he wills is best. Being by my labour confined from seven o'clock Monday morning till ten o'clock on Saturday night I could not get to see him only on the Lord's day. And the dear old man would begin early in the week to know of his daughters how soon Sunday would come again. They were often precious seasons to both of us. Frequently have we found that our Elder Brother has been with us too, blessing us, and causing his face to shine upon us, and I really do think that I looked forward to the approach of that holy day as much as our departed brother.

Oh, let me conclude by saying to every brother and sister that may read this, "Go thou and do likewise." Yours, Mr. Editor, in the truth,

Manchester. JOHN —.

### A Brief Account of William Griffiths,

Who died March 30, 1850.

"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire."—Zec. iii. 2.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND—After the repeated solicitations of the widow who has compelled me, as in the case of "the unjust judge," to give you some outline of the sovereign and wonderful mercy of your God in the instance of the youth saved in the eleventh hour from the impending ruin of hell, in which I was instrumentally honoured of God in the call of his singular providence; while the efficiency of grace and mercy, in that event, was wholly of God, in the accomplishment of his eternal will. He is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working. I wish to follow the Lord, and go where he leads, to see his hand, and behold his wonder-working power in the developments of his gracious intentions, the result of his determinate designs; when he opens the door I wish to follow, not to go before, in any concerns of my own that can effect anything. I do bless and praise my God for this marvellous display of his rescuing grace. There is a peculiarity in Jehovah, the Spirit's work and teaching, which is wholly divine, and this I marked through the

whole of this case; and was it not very evident that this was a "brand plucked out of the fire?"

As you worked with the youth and saw the unfoldings of a heart desperately wicked, and how easily he fell in with his companions to do evil; yea, could hardly speak without a profane oath; and when reproved by his mother, who asked where he expected to go to; replied, "where they had the best beer!"—and to see the great change wrought in a month, and was witness to his hope and faith in the Lord Jesus in his dying hours, might well fill you with adoring surprise, and bring forth the wondering exclamation, "what hath God wrought?" You and others were confident he was sinking in a rapid decline; at last he was necessitated to give up his employ. His mother was urged to get some one to converse with him on soul matters. She applied to me, I could not say nay, I knew a mother's feelings were very pressing; but I knew that salvation was of God, I could do no other than obey the summons. I was introduced to the youth, and as the mother feared God, and sat by his side, I commenced conversing with her about our fallen condition; our being enemies to God by wicked works—the righteousness of the law, that as sinners we were under its curse—the truth of God to his threatenings, and the endless punishment to every soul that sinneth; and that all had sinned and come short of the glory of God. Then spoke of the salvation of the gospel of reconciliation effected by Christ in his sin atoning death; of the sufficiency of Christ to save even to the uttermost of character and vileness; the infinite merit of his blood, and the perfection of his righteousness: then brought forth the various characters that were saved—the freeness and abundance of mercy to the vilest. I then left him, earnestly entreating of God, if it were his will to bless the whole; yet, thinking he had had enough of my company.

To my surprise, three days after, the mother called and said, her son wished to see me again. I went, (how wonderful providence is seen in accomplishing Jehovah's will: the mother moved near me, just at that time, and afterwards was removed to a distance again,) and personally and privately conversed with him. He told me the things I had stated had dwelt on his mind; that he felt he was a sinner; that he saw he was lost, and was condemned before God. I said, "I hoped it was of God that his eyes were opened to see his danger in this world, I went more largely into our natural depravity, in the heart being desperately wicked, as the source of all outward evil; that man was bent to evil, that wherever the evil of sin was, the evil of punishment would follow. Dwelt on the awfulness of sin, in its nature and consequences; of man's total helplessness to save himself, and the only way of salvation by Christ." He listened eagerly to all I said, and felt a concern for the salvation of his soul: said, "He had believed that the godly would be happy, and the wicked would be annihilated; that he had composed his mind in his wickedness, that death would be a final end of him." He felt very thankful he was delivered from that snare of the fowler; that God had delivered him from so dreadful a delusion. He saw, by my scripture statement, it was a stratagem of hell; the entrance of God's word, in the power of the Holy Ghost, giveth light. I asked him if I should call again; he very much wished it. After my fourth visit, hope broke forth as the dawning of the morning,

his mind was drawn forth in believing in the great salvation of Jesus; his terrors abated, and he received comfort in the freeness and fullness of salvation. While he was evidently lost in surprise, in a deliverance, so complete, pardon did not come upon him like a midday sun, but his faith grew stronger and stronger in the fact, that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—even the chief." His disease increased, and he complained much of darkness, and wondered he felt so little gratitude; but he was much refreshed by my visits, as my aim was to set forth the Lord Jesus, the freeness and riches of grace to the vilest of sinners. Light broke in fast upon his mind—his enquiries were many about the gospel; now he conversed sweetly about eternal realities. When we parted, he urged me to come soon. Scarce a day passed but what I dropped in and had some heavenly converse with him, met his enquiries—read the word—and breathed to heaven, found it good to be there. The house of mourning became the suburbs of heaven to my mind; and if there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, there was in my heart, to see the grace and power of the Holy Ghost, and the virtue of the cross, in its saving effects; but I hasten on to the last week. In the middle of the night he was, apparently, seized with death—I was fetched—went in as composed as I could, said a few words to comfort him [under God]; then read—

"Jesus! lover of my soul!"

and another comforting hymn, in which he participated, and was ready to go. I left him—went in the day—his time to depart was not yet; we had some sweet converse. I went in early the next morning; he then spoke sweetly of salvation and the mercy of God to him, and put out his bony arm and said, "What would it profit man if he could gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" referring to his own emaciated state. I went the next morning, but seeing his extreme weakness, I departed; but he sent for me. I went and talked to him about his prospects of the glorious inheritance, and the eternity of bliss to come. The next morning I went in early; he was resting on Christ, longing to be gone: and in two hours after, left the mortal part, and was present with the Lord. I had the honor and pleasure to follow him and say a few words over his grave. Thus, we beheld this miracle of grace, a despiser of all religion, made a humble worshipper; fled to the cross; pardoned, and raised to a simple confidence in Jesus; trusting his whole salvation in blood and righteousness, and thus, dying in faith, is received into glory. In such instances of astonishing mercy we must, and will, rejoice. Yours in the Saviour of sinners,

51, Borough Road.

E. Mott.

#### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

"Grove Chapel Pulpit." Benjamin L. Green, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE third volume of "Grove Chapel Pulpit," containing fifty-two discourses by Mr. Joseph Irons, has been forwarded to us for review. It is published by Benjamin L. Green, 62, Paternoster Row, and may be had in any part of the kingdom through the medium of the booksellers. It is a neatly printed and bound book, and contains perhaps some of the most powerful sermons ever delivered by the venerable pastor of Grove Chapel.

When the volume came into our hands we felt constrained silently to bless the Lord that some effort, be it ever so humble, is being made to spread the glorious gospel of the blessed God beyond the mere walls of the sanctuary where the same is delivered. With the exception of this "Grove Chapel Pulpit," we know of no continuous effort that is being made by any of the ministers of truth, either for the dissemination of gospel principles among the millions of our people now living, or to be left as a standing witness for the generations that shall succeed us. Only think for a moment of the thousands upon thousands of sermons, lectures, books, and publications sent out into our world by the arminians, the papists, the church of England folks, the mongrel calvinists, the mormonites, and by all the other professing bodies who are opposed to, and deniers of, THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS; and then come into our small department—into the churches, and among the ministers who preach out the doctrines of grace—and what are we doing? It is true, some few of our brethren are running from one end of the land to the other, telling the tale of Calvary with all the powers of their souls; but, for the most part, we are comparatively an idle race of men; and think we work dreadfully hard if we have three or four sermons to preach in a week. Poor things!

In the preface to the volume now under notice Mr. Irons says:—

"Never were fifty-two discourses delivered under more afflictive circumstances; for such have been the bodily sufferings of the preacher, that he has often despaired of reaching the pulpit till the last minute; but, blessed be God, that while the preacher has laboured in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling, the word has been received in demonstration of the Spirit and in power; and it is earnestly hoped that the perusal of the precious truths herein asserted and maintained may be accompanied with the divine anointing and invincible power.

"Never was there a time in which a bold stand for the distinguishing doctrines of grace was more needed than now; for while popery is rapidly spreading, and infidelity growing, what is called 'The religious world' is contenting itself with the shell of Christianity, to the almost entire neglect of the kernel; yea, in instances not a few, to the despising of the kernel, as if it were a dangerous, if not a poisonous thing. Proud free-will is enthroned—creature capability is extolled—and external show of literature, ceremonies, and splendid buildings are become the idols of the multitude. It is, therefore, imperative that the few veterans, who know and love the truth of God, should confront the traitor free-will with the boldest statements of God's free grace; war with the deception of man's capabilities by insisting upon the helplessness of fallen man, and the efficiency of the Holy Spirit's operations, exalting Christ alone as the salvation of God, freely given in covenant love—fully accomplished by atoning blood, and fixed immovably in the heart of every elect vessel of mercy by the invincible power of the Holy Ghost."

We purpose noticing some things in this volume next month, if possible. Want of room compels us now to be brief.

"God's love abounding to the Chief of Sinners, as displayed in the Life, Conversion, Call to the Ministry, and Experience of James Charles Hillman, Minister of the Gospel, Bethel Chapel, Deptford, Kent." London: Palmer and Son; G., J. & R. Banks, 14, Bermondsey New Road. SOME good things, and we may say, some great things are here recorded; but we think our brother Hillman has hardly been explicit enough in detailing some of the Lord's dealings with him in a way of grace; but this was done, we suppose, to abbreviate as much as possible the bulk and the price of the book. The interpositions of a gracious providence are interesting and striking; and of which we may notice in a future number.

## SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS

BETWEEN A PASTOR AND HIS PEOPLE.

No. III.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—Many thanks for your kind insertion of the soul-refreshing letter which I sent you, in the number for May; and as I have promised to continue the series, I have selected two more, which I shall esteem a most particular favour if you will print together, as they are from my two deacons, both of whom it was my privilege to baptise within the space of three months. One of them had known the Lord between twenty and thirty years. He is the author and publisher of a very valuable volume of "John Latchford's" sermons, bearing date 1829, and was, when he first came to our chapel, a most determined opponent of believer's baptism by immersion, yet feeling a sweet knitting of soul towards me for the Word's sake. But his dear Lord Jesus in his own time sweetly settled the matter, and constrained him to follow with these words, "And now why tarriest thou? arise and be baptised."

The other also singled out by sovereign grace, the only one of his family, and connected for some time with the independents, while enquiring the way of God more perfectly, was led, by God's unerring providence to our little Jireh, where I was favoured to be the instrument of clearing away those difficulties which had prevented his attendance on the despised ordinance of Christ.

As you will find by the dates, that they have laid by some time. I feel happy to add that these letters still speak out the language of their souls. I am dear brother, your's in the same holy work.

J. P. SEARLE.

*Jireh Chapel, Kingsland,**April 5, 1850.*

"My dearly beloved pastor and brother in our gracious Lord:—Grace, mercy and peace be with you, and every blessing which a God in covenant seeth fit to bestow, rest upon you. To say how I felt when I received your kind affectionate pastoral note after my admission into the church in March last, finishing as it does with that sweet and precious token given in the Master's name—oh how I now feel would be impossible; so totally unworthy of such mercy, I could not help saying,

"Joyfully thy token sweet I prize,  
Precious too to worthless me;  
So sweet I scarce believe my eyes,  
My actions did so disagree."

But I did it ignorantly and in unbelief. Can it indeed, brother, be for me? The token the Master gave you to carry me—"Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." My heart says, When Lord, when? And so we might say to the end of our lives, and then conclude with Paul's words, 'Oh the depths both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.' May the God of all grace ever sensibly be with you; and may that separation and holy bond by which I and my beloved wife and daughter\* are so specially and remarkably united to you by that holy and outward seal and public confession of his name by baptism, ever live in our remembrance; yea, may it become (when clouds darken our spiritual horizon,) like the beacon to the tempest-

\* Since then two more of his daughters have been called by divine grace, as seals to my ministry, and added to the church.

tossed mariner, one among the many outward blessings powerfully brought home again by the Holy Spirit; again testifying of that mercy, grace, and truth manifested, especially to unworthy me; so that in all our relations in life and in the church we may live to the glory of God, and for the church's good. Oh may we ever be as jewels in your ministerial crown, and ever adorn the doctrines of God our Saviour in all things. May the exercises and the joys of that holy night be merely the stepping stones to joys of a more enduring kind, and may we ever live as seeing Him who is invisible. May grace, mercy, and peace attend the steps of your dear wife and children, and may the peace of God that passeth all understanding ever rest upon you, so that in life, in death, in the world, or in the church, you may continually experience that you are upheld by the right hand of his fellowship; and when you have fought the good fight, may you hear your heavenly Father saying unto you, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

"Ever affectionately thine to serve in the bonds of the gospel. I am, my dear pastor, your unworthy brother, . . . "JOHN A . . ."

*June 30, 1850.*

"Dear brother in Christ:—It is with feelings of no ordinary kind that I answer your affectionate pastoral note. The gracious providence of God has connected us together in the same church. We are, brethren, not only in the whole family of God, but in the same little band, who meet in one place, who sing the same song, and who meditate on the same precious truths. While I would express my regard to you as a brother in Christ, there is another relationship which you now sustain towards me as my pastor and minister, in holy things; in which I would esteem you very highly, and take this opportunity of expressing my thanks for all those offices you have been engaged in on my behalf. The token the Master sent me by you is indeed a precious one; when I consider my corrupt and sinful nature, how prone to wander from God to place my affections on things that are merely temporal! how cold and indifferent I am to spiritual things too often! how easily and continually led astray by the world, the flesh, and the devil! It is indeed a matter of wonder, a cause of unceasing gratitude, that this *sweet* token should be given to me, 'Since thou wast precious in my sight thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee.' Thus is the sweet language of the church of old opened to my view, 'I am black but comely;' and when the words are addressed to me, 'I have loved thee,' my heart responds, 'Lord, it must be so, or I should never have loved thee. Thus while I have the assurance of God's everlasting love, and feel happy in being joined to a christian church, events which have and are occurring shew me that I have entered, not upon a state of indolence and repose, but upon a warfare—a conflict, in which I shall do well to look continually unto him who is a very present help in trouble, and as all things work together for good, let us, as God shall enable, rest on his promises; and though our minds be perplexed we need not despair, 'If God be for us who can be against us.' I do believe that if God has designed to raise a cause (and he has given many sweet proofs that he does) that he will never forsake us as a church, nor suffer us to

come to nought. Let us not fear or be dismayed, but stand still and see the salvation of our God.

'You have said, 'Brother pray for me.' Be assured I shall never fail to do so. My prayer shall ever be that you may be kept faithful, that you may ever have a word to speak when you stand up in your Master's name, that the Holy Spirit may employ you as an instrument to impart instruction and conviction, comfort or reproof to his people, as he seeth needful, that you may be blessed in your own soul, and prove a blessing to those among whom you are called to labour. May the Lord continue to prosper you in the work of the ministry, bless you and yours in temporal and spiritual things, keep you faithful unto death, and then give you a crown of glory.

"I am, my dear pastor, your's devotedly and sincerely,  
"JAMES H——."

### Wholesome Words

FROM A CHRISTIAN BROTHER STANDING  
ON JORDAN'S BRINK.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Through the tender mercies of a covenant-keeping God, I am spared once more to take my pen in hand to drop you a line; which I hope will be profitable both for writer and reader. I have sometimes thought that you was tired of hearing from me, and I had thought of not writing to you again; but reading this month's *Vessel*, I felt a little refreshed, in the midst of my long and painful affliction; and amidst all the opposition that she may meet with, I hope the Lord will bless her cargo to the refreshing of many a sin-bitten traveller; and bless the poor unworthy Editor with a double portion of his grace, to go forth unfurling the banner of the cross, laying the sinner low in the dust, and to the exalting of a precious Jesus upon the pole of the everlasting gospel; for it grieves my soul daily, to see error abounding on the right hand and the left, whilst truth is falling in the streets, and equity cannot enter. Oh, I fear that many of the Lord's people are making thorns to lie down on, in a dying hour; and so shall I, if the Lord does not keep me; when I see that many shun the cross instead of taking it up and following their master, through evil and through good; for when the house of God is open for a prayer meeting, which is only one hour in a week, for the sake of a little worldly getting, they cannot come. Yet we hear some talking of what they enjoy; this often causes me to speak of the fruits that must follow. I know, and that from sweet experience, that if the dear Lord has blessed my soul with peace and pardon through blood, the house of God and the people of God are my delight, and I can bless the God of all grace, that he has ever enabled me for these twelve years, to take up my cross and follow him amidst many trials, and sometimes almost to the sacrificing of my daily bread. But he has stood with me up to this present moment, and I find a good conscience in the sight of God; though many times when I have left my shop to go to a prayer meeting, having nearly

three miles to go to chapel, dark external and internal, the enemy roaring, telling me it was no use to go, for I was not one of the Lord's; but here the Lord kept me.

I well remember once having a heavy affliction in my family, and in much darkness at the same, and was looking for death to come; and being much encumbered at the time, and the enemy roaring that I should be left to fall and bring disgrace upon his cause and people; and me holding an office in the church, this cut me worse than all. Yet there was a cry went forth from the bottom of my heart, "Lord, do help me; Lord, do appear for me; Lord, do keep me." In this state of mind I went to the prayer meeting, full of sorrow and grief; and as I was going along, it struck me it was my turn to lead the meeting. "O Lord!" I cried, "what shall I read, and what shall I sing?" and all at once, the 1st verse of the 69th Psalm struck my mind:—"Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul." Here a hope sprung up in my soul that the Lord would not leave me to make shipwreck; and, I well remember, a brother came up to me, took hold of my hand, and asked me how we were at home. I could hardly tell him. The words he spoke were—"The Lord give you grace to bear it." These words have often been sweet to me since the Lord took my child, and give me a good hope through grace, that he would still deliver me; and this I have ever found true; for he is faithful that has promised; for

" 'Tis grace has kept me till this day,  
And will not let me go."

Pardon me, my brother, in what I have written, as I had no thoughts of writing this, though I have felt a pleasure in doing it; and I desire to call upon my soul, and all that is within me, to bless and praise his holy name; for every step he has led me, and I can say, though it has been a rough road, it has been a safe one; and I believe that ere long I shall join that happy throng, to sing the song for evermore; for I feel that the Lord is taking the house down a little at this time, as I feel that my disease in my body grows on me, and I get weaker and weaker. And though my trials are neither few nor small, having been afflicted for nearly fifteen months, the Lord has been with me to comfort and to succour in the distress; for he has brought me out into a wealthy place, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

I had friend Baker over to see me, and I spent a comfortable hour with him. Now I must conclude, as it is too much for my poor body; and I am in much pain. I shall expect to hear from you, if it is but a line, and if we meet no more in this body, we shall meet above to go no more out. If you forget me, I do not you, nor ever shall, for you are engraven on my heart.

Believe me to remain your brother in affliction, in truth, SAMUEL FOSTER.

Sturry, July 7th, 1851.

# The Great Exhibition Considered

WITH REFERENCE TO

ITS PAST—ITS PRESENT—AND ITS FUTURE RESULTS

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL:"

SIR—Having within the last few days been at a railway station just at the time when an excursion train was about to start for London, in order to give persons who were thus inclined, an opportunity of going to the Exhibition; I thought I would stay to witness their departure; I did so, and it was quite a gratifying sight!

There was upwards of a thousand persons about to embrace the opportunity; and not less than three thousand who had gathered together to see them off. Persons of all ages, rank, and profession were about to go.

Here was the master and the servant; the husband and the wife; father and son; mother and daughter; preacher and hearers; rich and poor; professor and profane; all having one object in view, viz., the Exhibition!

Some found accommodations in first-class carriages—some in ordinary carriages—some in the luggage apartments—some in large luggage waggons, others on an open truck, exposed to wind and storm, (for it was stormy,) yet willing to make any sacrifice of comfort, so that they might but see the Exhibition!

The above was quite an exhibition to me; and I doubt whether or not, there was not an exhibition at Paddington that night to see from fourteen to sixteen hundred of persons turned out; three fourths of which, perhaps, had never seen any part of London before, not knowing where to go, or who or what to enquire for—yet cheered by the thought that they should see the Exhibition!

Indeed sir, go where you will, your ears are saluted with the term "Exhibition!" It is the talk of the factory, the shop, the field, the market! yea, it has found its way into the class, and also into the pulpit! Commodities of almost all descriptions, from the pedlar's box to the large warehouse, must be marked with the term! It is in every one's mouth, and in all sorts of conversation it must have a place.

My object, sir, in writing this paper, is not to say a word against the Exhibition, yet I wish to take advantage of the ex-

citement it has, and still is causing around us. And from what I have seen and heard, the following thoughts have been suggested to my mind; and if you think they are worth a place in the *Vessel*, they are at your disposal.

While I was returning from the above excitement, my mind was stirred up within me with a desire to direct the minds of my fellow creatures to an exhibition of vastly more importance than that of Hyde Park; for though that has caused much excitement, yet there are many that will not be affected by it. Many there are that could go, but are not disposed; many would gladly go, but cannot; many think of going, but are prevented in some way or other; but the exhibition to which I would wish to direct the minds of my readers is one that concerns all; one that no circumstance whatever—neither poverty or riches, will or power, affliction or death, shall prevent our being there.

But before I come to this Grand Exhibition of *High Park* (not Hyde Park,) I feel a desire, if my abilities will but serve, (and if God the Holy Ghost is pleased to direct,) to notice other Exhibitions of equal importance. And truly, if we go no farther than creation around us, do we not here see an exhibition of wonders? Every plant and every flower speaks forth and exhibits to us something of the power and wisdom of our God; and if we look above our heads, and there behold the sun in its splendour, and the moon and stars all moving in their courses, according to the wisdom of Him that hath created them, shall we not join with the Psalmist and say, "All thy works praise thee." But if we turn our eyes hence, and for a moment look at man in his natural state, there we have an exhibition of deep depravity; of willing slavery to satan; of rebellion against God; of awful misery; of dreadful enmity; of utter helplessness; yea, in a word, of everything that is hideous both in itself and in its consequences!

But not wishing to covet too much either of your space or time, we at once leave this awful exhibition, and come for a moment, to look at the grand plan of salvation; and this is an exhibition on



which every child of God loves to gaze, for this is an exhibition of eternal, unchangeable love; of infinite wisdom; of Almighty power; of unmerited favour; of matchless grace; yea, it is an exhibition of everything that is God-like and glorious; it carries back our minds from before all worlds, and there we see our triune God, Father, Son, and Spirit, sitting at the council table, devising the plan; the Father looks forward from the beginning to the end of all things, he chooses his people; he sees them in their ruined state, yet is determined upon having his own, and that in a way not to lose one of his attributes. He then proposes the question, "Who shall redeem them from their ruined state?" when immediately the Son stands forth and says, "Here am I, send me; for I delight to do thy will, O God; I will redeem them from the power of sin and satan, into which they will fall." "But," says the Father, "they will be willing slaves to sin and hell." "But," says the Spirit, "Here am I; I will quicken them, and convince them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come; I will bring them back to repentance, and will lay them at thy feet, there to cry for mercy; I will strip them of everything of self, and bring them to see that they deserve nothing but thy hot displeasure; I will, furthermore, make them willing to be saved just in thine own appointed way; and when thou art pleased to pardon them, I will reveal thy Son to them, and will shew them how such guilty rebels as they shall see themselves to be, can be saved; and I will give them faith to trust in him, and through faith in his precious blood, will I seal home pardon to their souls. Moreover, I will sanctify them, so that they shall love thee, and serve thee, and fear to offend thee. Yea, the work that I will perform upon them shall be as holy as though they had never fallen. And if they wander, I will bring them back; if they fall, I will lift them up; or if they rise too high, I will bring them down; so that they shall be as secure as though they had never sinned or departed from thee." Agreed, says God the Father; agreed, says God the Son; agreed, says God the Holy Ghost! Thus the covenant was made, signed, and delivered by Father, Son, and Spirit, in the presence of all the holy angels.

Time goes on; this world is made; sin is born; Adam falls; the first pro-

mise is made; sacrifices are introduced to point man forward to the fulfillment of the promise! Four thousand years roll away, the "fulness of the time" comes; the Son of God appears according to agreement; he meets justice on Calvary, when the agreement is produced, and then, as Watts says—

"When Justice, by our sins provok'd,  
Drew forth his dreadful sword,  
He gave his life up to the stroke,  
Without a murmuring word!"

Justice is satisfied; the Father is well-pleased; the church is free; and all through the dying, rising, and intercession of our dear Immanuel!

What say you, my fellow Christian, to this exhibition? Doubtless you will hold with me, when I say with the poet—

"Here I'd sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood,  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God."

Ah, my dear reader, when we can feel like this, we do not envy those who are in the Crystal Palace, feeding their eyes with what is there to be seen; for we would much rather have a gaze upon those realities, upon which we hope eternally to feed.

But before we proceed further, let us glance for one moment, at the Lord's dealings with us experimentally, and surely you that know the Lord, will find this to be an exhibition of sovereign love in choosing *you*; (ah, do we not see our unworthiness,) but here is an exhibition of long-suffering in bearing with us while in a state of enmity against him—of Almighty power in stopping us in our mad career,—of rich pardon in forgiving us,—of restraining grace in keeping us,—of unchangeable love in bearing with us,—of wonderful faithfulness in providing for us till now, so that the Lord hath not failed in one good thing, of all that he has promised us. Looking at this exhibition, we are led to exclaim with the Poet,—

"Oh to grace, how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be."

I should feel a pleasure in enlarging here, but not wishing to intrude any longer, by these preliminary remarks, we come at once to our first proposition, and that is, to notice the grand exhibition, which shall be opened at the last great day of the Lord, when the archangel shall sound his trumpet, the noise of which shall awake the dead, and call them forth,

from sea and land, to come to judgment; this, my dear reader, is the exhibition to which I wish particularly to call your attention, and the disproportion between this, and that of Hyde Park, is so infinitely great, that it is not worth comparing together; for, first, this will be a *general* exhibition, one that concerns all, the reader personally, as well as the writer; it is one that concerns not only the rich, but the poor; not only the righteous, but the wicked; not only the old, but the young; not only the present age, but the past, as well as all future ages. The "Great Exhibition" is called the "World's Fair," yet millions of our fellow-creatures are not in the least concerned with it; but suppose all the present age were truly concerned, what would that be, compared with all that have ever lived upon this earth, those near six thousand years. But this exhibition of which I am speaking, concerns all, of all ages, from Adam to now, and onward down to the end of time.

Second, it will be an exhibition of *power*. The same power that called all worlds into existence, will then be exhibited, in the resurrection of all the dead.

Third, it will be an exhibition of *character*. Every one will appear in their true colour. I have heard of the large looking glass in the Crystal Palace, but what is that compared with the light, in which we shall see ourselves at that day; a glass large enough for all the seed of Adam, to stand and view themselves at one gaze. It is possible to appear in Hyde Park what we are not in reality, but there every one will appear in their true character, not a hypocrite will go undetected, nor a Christian be hid, for that day shall develop the true position in which every one stands.

Fourth, it will be an exhibition of *order*. Not one more than was expected, not one missing, not one arrive too late. Many a passenger on going to the exhibition has lost his luggage, which has made confusion when he has arrived; but not so here, though many a proud Pharisee will find when he arrives at the bar of God, that he has lost all those good doings, long prayers, much reading, and such like, that he had packed up to serve him then—all this as so much luggage—but alas, on his journey he has lost it all; yet this will not break the order of the day, or entail misery on any but himself. And as for the Christian, he being

enabled to commit his all into the hands of Christ, will sure to lose nothing. 2 Timothy i. 12.

Fifth, it will be an exhibition of *justice*. "All will be judged according to the deeds done in the body." Rev. xix. 12, 13. It will be impossible for the sinner to hide from the Judge, nor will any thing then buy a pardon or bribe the Judge, for "Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne, righteousness and truth shall go before his face, (and nothing else;) thus shall judgment be passed, and all who are found out of Christ, will be "Turned into outer darkness, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth." But those who have felt the burden of sin, have cried out under its load, have been directed by the Spirit of the living God to look to Christ, and have been enabled by faith to hang their all on him, shall then be received into mansions prepared for them from before the foundation of the world; and as for you poor Infidels, Atheists, Deists, hypocrites, Pharisees, mean professors, and careless sinners, you as well as the child of God, will see these five parts of this wonderful exhibition; you will see that it will be general; you will feel the power; you will witness the true character of all; you will observe the order, and experience the justice of that day. But the wide difference that remains between you and the child of God is, "endless joy," and "endless pain;" and as I have a hope though a poor helpless sinner, that I through the precious blood and righteousness of Christ, shall stand with acceptance before God in that day, I shall then (if my hope is not deceived, and if sovereign grace do not arrest thee this side of the grave) bid thee farewell; but before we part, let me tell thee, that what remaineth for the sinner beyond this, will be an exhibition first of wrath; second, of misery; third, of despair, the horrors of which I leave eternity to unfold.

Having pursued the sinner to his last abode, let me now call your attention to the other part of the exhibition that is in reserve for the heir of heaven, and here let me notice a few of the qualities of that great and glorious exhibition to which that in the metropolis is not worth a name.

First, for its duration, I know not how long the present exhibition will continue to attract, but I know it will come to an

end; but the one of which I am speaking will endure for ever, not a fading leaf, not a withering flower, not a dim object, not a pale face will ever be seen in those celestial mansions; and thou poor doubting, fearful saint, shall share in the eternal realities of that exhibition.

Second, it will be an exhibition of *peace*, (not silence, but mutual harmony,) peace with God—not a frown will ever be seen upon his peaceful countenance; not a clashing sentiment will ever be known there; not a perverse word, but all will be peace.

Thirdly, it will be an exhibition of *love*, from first to last. No merit, but all free; nothing for passage, nothing for entrance, nothing for conductors, nothing for provision, but all will be free. I am thinking, we shall look upon each other and say, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us;" and then shall we take our crowns and cast them at the feet of our adorable Redeemer, saying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, give we all the glory."

Fourthly, it will be an exhibition of *praise*. What are all the pieces of music in the Crystal Palace to one of the harps John saw, and what were all the singers who sang at its opening, compared with the innumerable company, that shall swell the song of "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," &c. I sometimes in looking forward to that time, measuring it with present feelings, have sung with the Poet,

"Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
With shouts of sovereign grace."

We might go on to speak of the riches and glory of that exhibition, but our time and abilities both fail us, to shew forth half or even one thousandth part of its glory, for what are all the diamonds in this world compared to one of those in the crown upon the head of our blessed Jesus? Or what are all the glories that we can conceive of, compared with that in reserve for the people of God?

And now, my dear reader, I must conclude these abrupt remarks, and in doing so, let me ask you one solemn question, and that is, to which of the two characters do you belong? If you can make out for yourselves that you belong to the family of heaven, this solemn question will do you no harm, and if on the contrary, my only wish for you is this, that

God in rich mercy for Christ's sake, will bless these remarks to your soul, and his name shall have all the glory, so prays

Your's, affectionately,  
JOSEPH WILKINS.

North Bradley, Wilts,  
August, 1851.

### Things to be considered by Mr. Wade,

AND BY ALL THE SERVANTS OF CHRIST.

[MR. WADE'S letter in our last, has called forth some strong feelings in some quarters, and grateful emotions in others. A series of comments on the position taken by Mr. Wade, (with reference to the faithful fulfilment of the pastor's responsibility,) will follow. We commence with the following very judicious communication. An indiscriminate proclamation of gospel truth is not consistent with the mind of God as revealed in the Bible; nevertheless, we fear, in many instances, while there has been an earnest contention for truth maintained; and an anxious concern to find out the church of the living God; there has been wanting those solemn appeals to the consciences of such as are but careless and way-side hearers, which we know the Holy Ghost hath inspired in the breasts of many of his own servants, and which, when faithfully used, have often proved signally effective, in plucking sinners as brands from the burning. To be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, in every sense of the word—and to be clear of the blood of all to whom we minister—should, indeed, be our earnest, our constant aim.—Ed.]

To Mr. Wade.

DEAR SIR—Being a constant reader of the *Earthen Vessel*, my attention has been particular drawn to the subject treated of in your letter, therein contained. I must observe that you have advanced a subject in your epistle, which no doubt will bring upon you the tongues and pens of many pastors, who probably think themselves to be after the heart of that blessed Master they profess to serve. However, my friend, if thou hast been taught thy doctrine by the Holy Ghost, and prompted by the same divine teaching to make it thus known, thou needest not fear for the result. I must confess for myself, that it has been a subject upon which my mind has many times been considerably agitated; and the conclusion to which I have generally arrived is this, "That no pastor should ever preach a sermon, however comforting and consoling it might be, either to delivered souls, standing in the real freedom of the gospel, or to quickened souls who are yet in the throes of the new birth; without, at the same time, giving those still dead in

sin, warning of their perilous condition, and holding forth Jesus as the willing receiver of all sensible sinners that come unto God by him; seeing it is through his blood, sacrifice, and perfect atonement, that any sinner can escape the wrath to come." This is, what I have concluded, was the extent to which ministers might safely go, carrying with them the entire approbation of the scriptures of divine truth. But you, Sir, seem to have concluded that sinners, "dead in trespasses and sins, who desire not the knowledge of God's ways, are at enmity with God, and his truth too." That sinners, in this condition, are to have the love of the Father's heart in Christ Jesus directly and unqualifiedly preached unto them; and urgently invited to come to him, of whom they have no knowledge, neither do they desire to know him. Now, notwithstanding all you have said, and said it too, in a most loving, kind, commendable, christian-like spirit, I cannot yet approve your position; because there are other scriptures than those mentioned in your letter, which to my poor, doubting mind, seem to run counter thereto. Mind, my friend, my object in freely making these few remarks is, not to controvert what you have written, very far from it; for your letter has had a very humbling, softening effect on my mind; but I am merely putting down a few thoughts on the subject which I have no doubt you will receive with kindness. The first scripture which now strikes my mind is, our dear Redeemer's own invitation, "Come unto me all ye that *labour* and are *heavy laden*." Can these be those who are fast in the flesh and are at ease? Again, "oh! every one that thirsteth," is invited to drink: but who is the *thirsty* soul? Again, "When the *poor* and *needy* seek water, and there is none," &c. Again, our Lord himself says, "The *whole* need not a Physician, but them that are *sick*." It really does appear to me that all these sweet invitations are bounded by the several descriptions of state or condition annexed thereto; that is, the man who labours is not at ease. The man, who is heavy laden, is not he who has no burden at all: the thirsty man is a very different man to those who are satisfied. And so I might proceed to contrast these opposites. So again, I might observe that the heart that is not broken cannot be bound up: those who are not captives do not sigh for deliver-

ance. Besides, all those who came to Jesus, in the days of his flesh, for anything to be done for them, all had a direct errand, and came under the commission of the gospel; that is, they were all alive from the dead. Then, again, my mind is ruminating on the manner pursued, in this respect, by the apostles. Now, when Peter stood up before the multitude to preach, were the three thousand pricked in their hearts by being urgently invited to come to God through Christ? No: we find the apostle honestly charging home upon their consciences, the murder of the Lord of life and glory; but, after they were *pricked in their hearts and cried out*, "What shall we do to be saved?" then comes the sweet and consoling invitation, to believe on the Lord Jesus! Again, Paul, the great apostle, he almost invariably begins with the law; ably shewing that it must do its office in the concern, acting as a schoolmaster to Christ; he does not begin inviting those who neither knew law nor gospel, to come to God through Jesus Christ. My friend will, therefore, see the reasons which prevent my coming to the same conclusion with himself; because, it seems to me that the first thing a sinner is taught, is to know and feel himself a sinner: and, from that moment, all the sweet and comforting invitations in God's word become just suitable to his state. But, a man in his Adamic state and standing, cannot know any thing spiritual; seeing it is in life-union with the Person of Christ, every thing spiritual is learned. Therefore, before a sinner can appreciate or regard those kind invitations, he must have life communicated. It appears, therefore, to my poor judgment, that sinners dead require awakening to life, and a consciousness of danger, similar to the three thousand before Peter. The jailor before Paul, and Paul himself before his blessed Master; thus we have the malady first, and the remedy after.

Thus, Sir, as a perfect stranger to you, quite open to conviction, I have freely offered a few thoughts for your consideration. As regards my own experience I am quite sure that had I not first felt myself a vile, poor, miserable sinner, all the kind invitations in the world would not have caused me to see any beauty in the Lord Jesus Christ, or even to have acknowledged the necessity of his dying at all. May he, who alone teacheth to

profit, lead our souls into a right knowledge of the Person, blood, righteousness, and work of Christ. So prays yours, in the bonds of truth,

THOMAS.

London, August, 1851.

#### YEA AND NAY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Permit me to call the attention of the writer and the reader of a certain piece in August number, entitled, "A Letter in search of a pastor after God's own heart," to a few brief observations and questions thereupon, not from a *captious* disposition, but out of a pure regard to those doctrines which are according to godliness.

The apostle could appeal to Jehovah, that as HE was true, his word had *not* been among the Corinthians yea and nay. 2 Cor. i. 18. And as the *Vessel* professes to advocate Bible truth, I am deeply anxious that one uniform testimony from time to time may be given by its pages to every fundamental doctrine of the gospel of Christ.

Nothing grieves me more than to find the *Vessel* with anything besides heavenly treasure in it, with the seal of heaven upon it; for that which will not stand in the court of truth, faith must reject.

Hence the letter headed as above has given me and others some uneasiness, for there is *ambiguity* about it; and yet enough comes through to convince us *something* is meant; and by careful reading, *duty, faith, and invitations to dead sinners to come to Christ* is plainly evident.

I cannot go through it *seriatim*, but I pause on the very threshold to ask Mr. W. whether he means the writers are "Mighty men of valour," men contending for the faith, or only a taunt—a by-word? and whether he means to call the "High places" of sound doctrine "Towering heights?" and if not, what is meant? and whether anything can be higher in doctrine than two works sent out by Mr. Wade, called respectively "The Baptism of the Spirit," and "The Drawings of Everlasting Love?"

But Mr. W. says he is come down from those "*Towering heights*," where he had been for years, "Being *now* a poor, weak, sinful man," &c. I presume the "Drawings of Everlasting Love," are designed to tell us *how* he was brought up to the heights of election, predestination, &c., that is, if these *are* the heights meant; unless Mr. W. means

the proud heights of presumption in an unbroken spirit," which if he is *now* "In a state of such deep poverty, emptiness, loss," &c. as he says he is, and which he was not in before, would lead us to suppose the *latter* and not the *former*, and if so, we have here a flat contradiction to his ever being drawn of love, or baptised of the Spirit at all, for this is yea and nay.

Now there needs not, my dear Mr. Editor, a going all round the world to buy a farthings' worth of tape, when it may be bought in the same street; and if Mr. Wade wishes to advocate the doctrines of duty, faith, and offered salvation, and general proffers of grace, he needed not to have made any apology in reference to himself, nor have called himself a poor vain, empty shadow, a poor little babe, and the like; because there are some of us who know *how much per cent to take off that*; for, if in the same sentence he tells us of his faith being peculiar to the general mass, we think he thinks it very superior, though it be ushered in with such words as the above cited, and others of a like nature.

Again—Into whatever valley Mr. W. has gone to feed, it seems he has not grown *very* charitable since feeding there, when we find so much said of those who "as professors of the truth, *as far as it goes!*" that is, if he will speak out, "those who preach *election, &c., wrest and pervert* the Word of God, to make it suit a *poor, contracted, proud, and selfish* mind!" I think, gentle reader, that this is a pretty *heavy*, not to say rather a *bitter* charge, for a man at the feet of Jesus, partaking of his *meek, and lowly, and loving, and tender* spirit, to make against some, who being in the Lord's hand, he hopes some day, to see eye to eye with!

When time permits, I hope to make it appear that there is no Bible warrant for general offers and proffers; and that, in the meantime, Mr. Wade will carefully read his own works, and either refute his own propositions, or shew the consistency of his works with this letter; particularly the extravagant proposition of a *thwarted, crossed, and baffled* Jesus, and a gospel invitation to a man thirsting for the things of *sense and worldly* objects to come and drink of salvation water. I will only ask him, what thirst for God he had, when filled with vain delights? and what desire a dead sinner has for a living Saviour? And what either him or Paul

would have done at the tomb of Lazarus? And whether there be not a legal repentance such as Nineveh had; and whether there be not a *spiritual* repentance such as the Corinthians possessed? And whether these are *one* and the *same*, or different? Let Mr. Wade distinguish between things which differ; and if he chooses to carry a trowel to build, and then a pickaxe to pull down his building, not to put the rubbish into the *Vessel*, but send it another way. I was amazed to hear that he had gone from truth, especially after reading the things that had been sent abroad.

In conclusion—if Mr. W. wants a *yea and nay* man, *they are to be had*; but for a letter in search of one, to be sent through the pages of the *Vessel*, is passing strange; unless it be a design to entrap unwary and unstable souls.

That the Lord may send out more labourers into his vineyard, and endue them with knowledge and understanding, is the prayer, dear Editor, of

Your's fraternally,  
JOSEPH F. RUDMAN.

*Trowbridge, August 15th, 1851.*

A NARRATIVE

OF A WORK OF GRACE; AND OF SOME PRELIMINARY STEPS TO THE MINISTRY.

BY JOSEPH PALMER.

(Continued from p. 190.)

THE innocent happinesses of life seemed doubly sweet then, for I received them from and with thanksgivings to God, and enjoyed them as pleasant things below, having the assurance that bliss inexpressible should be my portion hereafter. My days were then happy as they were long, being spent chiefly in near and dear communion with the sacred Persons in the Trinity.

Often did the kind Lord favour me with sweet seasons of intercourse with him in meditating on his Word; he himself preached such sermons to me as far surpassed any I have heard from human lips; the Holy Spirit opened up to me some of the glorious doctrines of the gospel, and led me to see how I had been brought to feel the power of some of them in my soul's experience. These were the happiest moments I have ever known, except similar seasons of spiritual indulgence, which, bless the Lord, I have known scores of times since then. I found the words of the Psalmist to be the language

of my soul—"My meditation of him shall be sweet." This was, indeed, as I was then led to see, the Lord lifting up upon me the light of his countenance.

This happy state of mind lasted for many weeks. It was the spiritual honeymoon of my soul's espousals to her Beloved; it was the bounty money of a spiritual recruit to the Great Captain. Under the old law, a man newly married was excused, for a time, of going out to war; and so it was with me. But this, however, came at length to an end; the Lord had another lesson to teach me; I had become too self-opinioned and confident in myself, and began to lose sight of the Giver in his gifts; the hand of the Lord Jesus was not so much as looked at as the gifts bestowed. I had begun to think that because I was so happy, and assured, and enjoyed so much of the presence and smiles of a covenant God, that I should never be tempted to doubt any more; that I should never feel hardness of heart again; never more be careless or indifferent, or feel peevishness, discontent, and even enmity working in me towards such a gracious God; nor did I think it possible for me again to sit under the preached word in a cold, frozen, senseless, stupid frame. I felt much zeal, and did not conceive how quickly that great zeal would cool, if the Lord withdrew his blessed Spirit. My heart glowed with love to God, his Word, and his people; but I did not know that such was a flame which God must keep alive. My arminian heart falsely conjectured, because thus formed of God, that the principle of grace within was self-supporting. And, because of my false conceptions, the Lord saw fit to hide his face from me, and I was enveloped in darkness, and my joys and comforts faded away.

Again—I had been looking too much at my own frames and feelings, and judging of my state from my enjoyments; but now God designed to shew me, and to bring me to rejoice in it, that my eternal security rested not in what was felt within, but in the "covenant ordered in all things and sure."

Thus it pleased the Lord to hide his face from me, and I was overwhelmed with the change. I thought and knew little about desertion until I felt it; and then, when an absent God I mourned, I perceived I had been brought into that state, of which I had so often heard the

Lord's servants speak, but which I had never before really understood.

The Lord appeared, at this time, to give satan permission to tempt and harass me grievously. In the office where I worked, there was one of an infidel turn of mind, who habitually indulged in awful perversions of God's holy Word; and seemed led by the devil to pride himself in blaspheming the Person and work of the Lord Jesus. This fell like tinder into my corrupt heart, and satan took occasion by it to stir up afresh the unbelief of my heart, and threw such dark suggestions into my mind, that it seemed to me as if I was taken possession of by the devil, and resigned into his power.

I must not particularise here; but my soul was beset with blasphemous and abominable thoughts concerning the immaculate Son of God. Of course my comfort all fled; the infidelity of my heart raged so high that I was tempted to doubt the very existence of God and the membership of Christ; and as all Scripture proofs seemed hidden from me, I was told by the devil that I did not believe in God, how then could I have any confidence? I was truly at my wits' end, and could only tell the enemy of my soul's peace to wait and see; faith, though weakened, could not give all up. "Rejoice not against me, O mine adversary," I would sometimes say, "for though I fall, I shall arise again." But generally I was dumb before my enemy, although a secret something within seemed to hope that the Lord would at length appear, and put to flight the armies of the aliens. That passage of Scripture where Abraham is said to have driven away the birds which gathered around the sacrifice, has often been blessed to me, while drawing near to God in prayer, finding, as I have too often found, swarms of evil, unclean, and blasphemous thoughts infesting the mind, and I have prayed the Lord to drive them away. My feelings were distressingly confused at this time; my own sentiments and satan's suggestions were so artfully blended by the tempter that I could really scarcely distinguish my own thoughts; and the evil one constantly strove to make me mistake his blasphemous insinuations for the thoughts and feelings of my own soul. John Bunyan has represented Christian in a similar state, when he put his fingers into his ears, because he could not distinguish his own voice from the surrounding hubbub.

Thus I went on, the Lord only knows how I was upheld, for many weeks, if not months. At times I almost thought (for the little faith I had would not altogether distrust God) that the light of the Lord's countenance was removed for ever, and that I should sink lower and lower, and at last fall into black despair.

I kept sighing and crying; I was impatient and rebellious, carnal and unhappy. And, although I had sometimes, —blessed be my Lord—"A little reviving in my bondage," still it was very little, only enough to keep hope from expiring, and to keep me waiting. Daylight now and then peeped through the bars of my captivity; but, as is always reflected, those same bars which confined me in dark shadows upon my heart, the acute remembrance of bygone liberty and enjoyment augmented my distress, and caused me to go mourning. I had no intimacy or nearness with God in prayer, for I really did not feel sure whether my prayers, my hope, yea, my God himself, was not all a delusion. I was bewildered by the influence of satan. Doubtless I had not lost the pure white stone of adoption, but it was heaped upon with rubbish, and could not be seen, nor were my evidences gone, but they were encrusted with sin and unbelief; satan had breathed upon them with the breath of temptation, and had tarnished them; and the still small voice of the Holy Dove, as the witness unto life, was drowned in the bickerings and multitude of blasphemies which were pushed in upon the mind. I felt like a man that could not collect his thoughts to inquire into the real state of things. My ears were so filled with the suggestions of satan and unbelief that they were deafened to all beside; and I believe, that if any one had asked me, even at this time, whether I believed myself or no to be a child of God, I should have immediately answered in the affirmative, though I might have declined giving a reason of my hope until some more joyous time.

But I will not dwell longer on this "Horror of great darkness," but pass on to the first stroke which the Lord inflicted upon the devil, and by which he restored my faith and hope in him.

19, *Lavinia Grove, King's Cross.*

(*To be continued.*)

## Mercy Manifested to the late John Batchellor, of Rusper, in Sussex.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—I feel myself a deep, and I trust God-wrought interest in the solemn and sweet manifestation of the saving work of God, as just briefly stated in letter below: In the convincing and humbling and bringing to the saving knowledge of the truth, and after a long backsliding state of some years, bringing the wandering prodigal home from the land of starvation to his father's house, by means of many months' great affliction; and in that affliction the Holy and Blessed Spirit was pleased to melt his soul with pardoning mercy, in a most blessed and gracious manner; and on Thursday the 31st of July, 1851, the dear Lord said to this manifest vessel of mercy, the late John Batchellor, of Rusper in Sussex, "*Friend, come up higher.*" It is, therefore, the earnest wish of my much interested soul and those of his friends, some of which are your friends and constant hearers at Crosby Row, that the account should be inserted in the *Earthen Vessel*, for the glory of God and the encouragement of some of his dear family, who through their backslidings, after grace received, are ready to halt, and their sin and sorrow continually before them, being filled with their own ways, and proving the sad effects of Ephraim's wanderings from the Lord. Trusting the Lord will direct you, dear Editor, in this and all other matters, as I well know you have the glory of our covenant God, and the good of his chosen family at heart; and as such, may this fragment in the *Vessel* load her a little with gold and silver, and ivory; and may all apes and peacocks be kept out, is the sincere desire of one of the unworthiest poor outcast labourers going about the streets of Zion, called by the enemies, pestilent fellows, and movers of sedition; "But wisdom is justified of her children." The Lord bless the simple, yet true statement of his wonderful works to the children of men.

JAMES RAYNSFORD.

SOME time after I was called in the all-wise providence of God, to labour in preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God, in, and round about Horsham, in Sussex, the subject of this memoir, among others, came to hear, as he had the privilege of an earthly father and other relations that love the truth. As such, they were glad to see him under the word, as he had been a wild youth, and caused his friends great anxiety on that account.

Well, the dear Lord was pleased to cause him to fall down, convicted of all, and judged of all; and as a poor lost sinner, he went away from the house of God, frequently under the sentence of death and eternal condemnation, wandering about in sad distress, not knowing where to go nor what to do. With the arrows of the Almighty sticking fast in his conscience, he would go away into the fields and woods; and underwent

VOL. VI.

many strong temptations to suicide; and some that dearly felt for him, were day and night in terror on his account, lest he would be some time left to commit the dreadful deed which most of God's vessels of mercy are more or less tempted with; and no wonder, as their great and glorious Head, Jesus, had the same temptation. But poor unworthy me has been preserved four times, and delivered out of that awful snare, the worst of all snares of the arch enemy; and my dear young friend, John, was also preserved during all the horrors he underwent. Many times he has told me that hell must be his portion, and that the Word of God was all against him, and the more he heard, the more he was condemned.

One thing comforted me in all my soul-travail about him—that is, he stuck close to the doctrines of truth, although those doctrines condemned his soul, while guilt lay on his quickened conscience; and though often he has told me that he must give it all up, as he could get no peace day nor night, and to this his dear friends can well witness, and yet at times he seemed to be overcome with a "who can tell" happiness, or hope against hope, so that he has been overwhelmed with it.

God was driving the nail in a sure place, and the devil was labouring to draw it out; all was buried in labyrinths of most awful uncertainty as to the end of it, and my soul was full of anxieties and groans to the Lord about it, yet could not give up hoping it was God's own work in his poor soul. But at times my soul was greatly tried about it, as it was a matter of great importance to me, as many hearers are merely goers and comers, and no feeling at all about their own eternal state from year's end to year's end; so that to a poor tried labourer in God's own vineyard, one like me, that has had to go against wind and tide, a host of opposition to meet from all quarters, calumniators of character, almost without any precedent, and such as delight in lies, coming round me like dogs in the city, grudging because they are not satisfied; all the modern Hagar-nes up in arms against me, lounging, with king Satan at their head, to say—"Aha, aha, so would we have it." And such as were influenced by these among the children of God, indulging in deep-rooted prejudices against me, these

x 2



often acted, as did Felix of old, willing to show the Jews a pleasure, left Paul bound; but as Paul said—"The word of God is not bound." No poor despised mortal in this county, nor yet in Surrey, for this last half century, has had more prejudice, jealousy, and deep-rooted enmity of professors, to meet and cope with. The most infernal falsehoods have been fabricated in order to shut up all the pulpits against me, and yet no man has had more open in the same counties, as well as many in London and other places, to the amount of one-hundred-and-twenty pulpits in twenty one years, to preach a full and free grace salvation, as revealed and made known to the soul by the felt, experimental, sacred teaching, of God the Holy Ghost. But all this is short of the satisfaction a sent servant of God desires, as he longs as others to be blessed with children, and to dip his foot in oil, and to be made acceptable to his brethren also. My soul's cry has been, and still is, give me children, or else I die. Not natural ones, I don't mean; I want no more of them, but spiritual ones, such as shall answer for me in time to come, and such as are the purchase of the dear Saviour's blood, and such as prove the call to the ministry to be of the Lord; both by bringing down, and raising up, from the dung-hill, to enjoy the pardoning mercy of God in their souls. And although it has been made manifest to professors at many places, that the Lord has given me some such seals, yet in the face of some of the most solemn and undeniable proofs of God's calling souls to the great and blessed Shepherd, under my so much despised ministry, yet some of the moderns have said, to strengthen enmity and please the enemy, and to put bonds on me, and keep them on, that they could not hear that my preaching had been of any use, or done any good to souls. This I know in the sight of a heart-searching God, is said from downright malice. I wish to feel as dying Jesus and dying Stephen, in my measure about them, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

But now I will return to the account of my late son in the faith. About the time that his painful backsliding commenced, which I often feared would terminate in utter destruction, as my soul sometimes found from a sight and felt sense of my ever-sad unworthiness so consummate to sound the gospel trumpet, that at these times, it has seemed im-

possible for the Lord to own and bless his Word to the salvation of one of his own children by such most contemptible and despised means. It seemed, as said Mr. Hart, more than faith could believe.

Then I feared that John's case was like Felix trembling, and Agrippa being almost a christian; and these sad apprehensions often cast me down many fathoms deep in distress.

One evening, I had been preaching at King's Fold, about the colt being tied up where two ways met, and there he was till Jesus went and loosed him, as he had need of him. And John was there, and with a trembling lip, and a horrified countenance, after meeting, John said to Mr. Hart, he had seen colts break the halter; and then he said, "And so shall I." "Well, John," I said, "you will, if it is not God's three-fold cord; but if it is, you will never break it." And many distressing fears I have had that it was not that three-fold cord, and that John had surely broken it; and lately, when I went to visit him in his affliction, I asked him about that cord, as to his breaking of it. "O," he said, "if I could have got away from the Lord, I should." But even while in his cold and languid state of mental backsliding, he was kept from swallowing down any soul-destroying opiums, or errors; and nothing would do for him but such truths as he could not then enjoy. Being often under the power of many reproving and chastising portions of God's holy word, a wife and young family, and worldly cares, and many infirmities of body, as well as the dark state of his mind, made him the discontented inmate of Cave Adullam for a long time, and no power to come forth until the Lord's set time. Some ten or twelve months since, the dear Lord was pleased to say to his messenger, affliction, "Go and bring that young man to me, as I have a favour to bestow upon him; so bring down his heart to me with hard labour." And in sweet covenant-love—chastisement, by degrees, the Lord manifested the love of his heart in a most solemn and blessed manner, until all his fears were removed, and his soul indulged with Mary's contrition, and at length with John's happy place to lay upon the bosom of Emmanuel. Truly did his poor soul feel the truth of Harts' words—

"The punished child repents,  
The parent's bowels move;  
The offended father's soul relents,  
And turns with double love."

But I must hasten to a close, or I shall swell the account too big for the poor weather-beaten, tempest-tossed *Vessel* to take in. Well, as he drew nearer to the close of his life, after dark clouds had intercepted his soul's comforts during his affliction, which were very painful, the doctor's opinions clashed about his being consumptive; but he had a white swelling in one knee, that ultimately brought dissolution. Distance and infirmity prevented me from being able to witness his last moments, which I should have been glad to have done. He was one of those poor souls, as it was said, while he was yet coming the devil threw him down, and tare him. But near his death the Lord so graciously rebuked the enemy, that his soul was almost uninterruptedly blest with the enjoyment of Jesus. Satan unwilling to give up the prey, made him say, "Such a war!" and then all was love and peace again; Christ was precious to him, and all his employment was to continually praise him. Wanting his dear brother and friends to help him praise the Lord, and requested his poor wife to sing, but under such circumstances she could not do that.

Heaven begun below with him; and death was most welcome, and longed for, and he said, "What a comfort to her friends, and to me to see and know that he thus died willing to leave wife and children;" and all his whole soul was swallowed up in praising and blessing the Lord; and when his voice failed to speak out, then he kept whispering praises to his dear Jesus until his re-deemed soul in silence left the poor clay tabernacle on Thursday, July 31, 1851. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul." He chose for his funeral text, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Neh. iii. 2.

"Wonders of grace to God belong."

God willing, I am to preach his funeral sermon at Charlwood Chapel, on Sunday, September 7. J. R.

#### A GODLY FATHER'S COUNSEL TO HIS BELOVED SON.

DEAR JONATHAN:—I received your note with pleasure, but I wish you could afford a larger bit of paper. But it gives me great pleasure to find that you read your Bible with attention, and I hope with profit, or you would not quote so many passages. I doubt not but you may observe daily in your attendance upon the sheep, that

they not only eat but chew the cud; now if you are enabled to read the Word of God with serious attention, and to chew the cud by meditation and earnest prayer, it will do you good, yes lasting and eternal good, for God has never said to the seed of Jacob, seek ye my face in vain; but he has said, "Seek and ye shall find, ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." That sweet Scripture which you first mention in Isaiah i. 18, perhaps it may be for your instruction and comfort, if I tell you what I have heard and understood respecting it, that word which is translated "scarlet" and "crimson," the learned say in the original, means a dye or colour, which when once impressed on a garment can never be extracted or taken out again. What an idea does this convey to our minds, that though our guilt is so great that we think it is impossible that it should be removed, yet so efficacious is the blood of Christ, that it cleanses from all sin! as Hart says,

"This fountain in vain has never been tried,  
It takes out all stain whenever applied;  
And if guilt removed, return and remain,  
Its power may be proved again and again."

I will now copy out for you a few verses founded on that same passage:

"Come now ye sinners, saith the Lord,  
And hear my kind inviting word,  
Come reason with me and embrace  
The plenitude of gospel grace.  
I give the new, the feeling heart,  
The godly grief, the pleasing smart,  
The faith that tells your sins forgiven;  
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven;  
The guiltless shame, the sweet distress;  
The conscience clad with tenderness;  
The genuine meek humility;  
The wonder why such love to me;  
I give with every saving grace,  
Super-angelic righteousness.  
The pardon ratified with blood;  
The right to heaven enthroned with God.  
O rich bequests, and are they free?  
Lord grant, O grant them all to me.  
The inviting 'come' has won my heart;  
I might have heard the sound—'Depart.'"

The next you mention, are the words of our Lord in his sermon on the mount, and contain much instruction if rightly considered, and applied by the Holy Spirit. They are blessed in a twofold sense, 1st, they are already blessed; 2nd, they are blessed in prospect; but what is the evidence that they are blessed? Their hungering and thirsting after righteousness is an evidence, and a good one too, for you never knew a dead man to hunger or thirst, therefore this very sensation, however painful it may be at the time it is felt, is a sign of life, and if there is life, (I mean spiritual life), it must have been imparted from heaven, therefore the subject of it is a blessed character, and should be truly thankful for it, as Peter was when he said, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith

unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." Here we see that the begetting again into life is connected with eternal glorification in heaven, so that they are truly blessed that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for such are loved by God the Father, redeemed by God the Son, and called and quickened by God the Holy Spirit; therefore they must be blessed indeed. But I said they are blessed in prospect; it is said, "for they shall be filled." This is not in the sense that Solomon means when he says, "A full soul loatheth an honeycomb;" no: but I think David had something of this in view when he said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake up in thy likeness;" yes, then the soul will be satisfied, for "They shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." This is to be filled with a witness, and "this honour have all his saints." "This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." You have furnished me with many excellent petitions to our heavenly Father on your behalf. I trust I do make use of some such as they are, daily for you, and I hope you use them for yourself. I feel inclined to say a little on that in Psalm cxix. 18. The word Sun I understand to mean the whole of the written and revealed will of God contained in the Old and New Testaments; the opening of the eyes I think means the eyes of the understanding; the manner of presenting the petition seems to imply that man in his natural or fallen state is blind, or in other words dead; as Paul says, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." The appeal to the Lord to open the eyes, shews that David was sensible that he could not enlighten his own mind, and that the Lord alone could do it for him; but what are those wondrous things that he wants to behold? Perhaps one is, how God can be just and yet justify a guilty sinner. This truly is a wondrous thing; for the eternal Jehovah in his trinity of persons, is engaged in the salvation of a sinful worm; in this electing love, redeeming blood and sanctifying grace are gloriously displayed. Yes, my dear boy, here is no half doing of things in this wondrous work; but those who are chosen of God the Father unto salvation, for them did God the Son become incarnate, stood in their law place, that is, fulfilled the law on their behalf, and suffered the penalty due from divine justice, and thus he wrought a righteousness for the poor guilty sinning soul to appear in before an heart-searching God, and the soul arrayed in it may say,

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

Thus it is in Jesus the Son of his love, that God is both just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Is not this a wondrous thing? Another wondrous thing revealed in the Word, is the union that subsists between Christ and his redeemed family; and a truly soul-comforting truth it is. This is set forth by our Lord himself, under the figure of the vine and the branches, he says, "I am the vine, ye are the branches, he

that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing." In this, "true vine," there are many branches, some longer than others, but the smallest twig on the vine derives its life, nourishment and growth as much from the root as the larger ones, and is as truly of the vine. "Oh, says the poor doubting, fearing, sin-harrassed, satan-tempted, cast down soul; if I could see that I brought forth fruit, I should then think that I was a branch in this vine; but it is our mercy that the bringing forth of fruit does not depend upon us, but upon our union to Christ the true vine, for he says, "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me." Therefore each trembling soul that has fled to Christ for refuge, may say,

"Each moment watered by thy care,  
And fenced with power divine,  
Fruit to eternal life shall bear  
The feeblest branch of thine."

This union is also set forth by the head and the members of the body; Christ is the head, and his people are the members; and how sweet it is to think that as sure as the head is glorified in heaven, so sure shall all those that are purchased by his blood be glorified with him, for he says, "Father I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me, for thou lovest me before the foundation of the world;" and in the preceding verse, he says, "And hast loved them as thou hast loved me." With the best wishes for your welfare, I remain your affectionate father,  
J. GREEN.

*Great Gidding, May 21st, 1849.*

### AN ACROSTIC.

W ITH humble faith would I draw nigh,  
A nd glorify the Lord Most High;  
L et me but know my sins forgiven,  
T hat I may hope to dwell in heaven;  
E ver to put my trust in thee,  
R edeem'd from endless misery.

B estow thy mercy, Lord, and shew  
U s the right way our feet should go;  
L et mercy guide my youthful feet,  
L et not my heart indulge deceit.

F or I am weak, and need thy might,  
O guide my erring footsteps right;  
R ejoice in God, my heavenly Friend,  
D eliverance grant unto the end;  
H ave mercy on me, Lord, I pray,  
A nd lead me in thy heavenly way,  
M ake me to love thee day by day.

E ternal are thy mercies Lord,  
S ure and unalterable thy word;  
S inners rejoice, and gladly tell  
E ternal love unchangeable,  
'X cepts us and redeems from hell.

A lmighty Father, God of grace,  
G rant me the visits of thy face,  
E ternal love can ne'er be told,  
D ost thou not love thy chosen fold?

T hou art the Lord of all, Most High,  
E ternal love has brought us nigh,  
N ever to leave, or pass us by.

Y et Lord, I pray, be ever near,  
E ach hour to guide—my cry to hear;  
A nd may thy grace, through thy dear Son,  
R emit the sins which I have done,  
S o shall I find a heaven begun.

W. BULL.

# Record of Recent Events, Notices of New Works.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT TOWARD

## The Establishment of the London Gospel Mission.

WE feel much pleasure in recording what we would hope may be considered a favourable onward-movement to the projected London Gospel Mission. According to appointment, and with the consent of the esteemed pastor and deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle, a meeting of the committee was held in that place, on Friday Evening, August the 8th; when Mr. James Wells, Mr. Thwaites, Mr. Butt, Mr. Chivers, and other deacons, of the Tabernacle, and Mr. C. H. Coles, of Brentford, for the first time favoured the committee with their presence, counsel, and advice. Some most important and valuable hints were thrown out. We trust, a brief outline of the proceedings may be interesting to many who are waiting for information on this subject. Mr. William Allen (of Cave Adullam,) presided: the meeting was opened with singing and prayer. The chairman then gave a statement of the progress the committee had made; observing that its aim and design was to establish, if possible, an association for the purpose of sending forth such truly godly men, (as might be approved) into the different dark parts of the Metropolis, and its suburbs; either to preach the Gospel—to read the Scriptures, or to distribute tracts. Mr. Thomas Jones, (of Chatham,) said, he wished it to be understood that the committee considered themselves as acting only in a preparatory manner. They had not fixed upon any definite course; but they had resolved to submit their proposition to the different pastors and ministers of truth in London,—to solicit their co-operation—and to embrace and act upon any suggestions that might really strengthen them, and help on the objects they had in view. After a few remarks from Mr. Wells, Mr. Thwaites took the matter up in a very deliberate, but masterly style; and we wish the leading sentiments of his address could be carried through the churches, and that they might be prayerfully considered by all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth. Mr. Thwaites said, the proposition to carry forth the gospel was decidedly a good one; it was a principle no one could dispute; it was in strict accordance with every part of the New Testament; and he was fully aware that the Particular Baptist churches, who hold the doctrines of distinguishing grace, had long been reproached with the stigma that they wrapped themselves up in their own chapels and pulpits, and cared not to make any effort to carry forth the tidings of the gospel to others. This Mr. Thwaites considered a libel upon our churches; for, said he, if I could find a man who truly and experimentally knew God's salvation for himself; and was moved with a desire to go forth to China, or any other part, to preach the pure gospel of Christ, he (Mr. Thwaites) would exert himself to the utmost to send such a man out; and if such godly devoted men could be found, who, in addition to the life of God in their own souls, had the necessary qualifications for speaking in the Lord's name, he would go on sending until he covered the whole

land with missionaries. Now then, (said Mr. Thwaites,) this point being settled, that we are authorised and instructed by the New Testament, to send forth the gospel, there are other important questions which should be most carefully considered; and the first is—What are the signs of the present times, which may be considered visible indications that the Lord is now calling us forth to endeavour to extend the proclamation of the glorious gospel of Christ beyond its present sphere?—And, then, another weighty question is—What agency, or instrumentality, are our churches in possession of, to enable them to go forth in such a movement? Mr. Thwaites considered it would be a greater stigma upon us, to go forth with untempered mortar, and so be defeated in the outset, than it would be to wait until the Lord shall furnish such suitable agency as might lead us to hope would be effective. He would suggest that the committee adjourn the meeting for one month; and that in the interval an official letter should be forwarded to all the ministers of gospel truth, inviting them, and their deacons, to attend a special conference; at which more extensive meeting, he thought, a great amount of information might be gathered as to whether, in the several churches, there was evidently a sufficiency of instrumentality to authorise them to go forward. With many other valuable observations, Mr. Thwaites concluded one of the most lucid and seasonable addresses we have yet heard on the subject. We feared at the outset that Mr. Thwaites was opposed to the effort; but we rejoiced exceedingly, (as he proceeded,) to find that his heart was in the work, if it could be consistently done.

C. W. Banks said, as the movement originated with himself, (as an instrument;) he wished to say, that from the observation he had made, he was fully satisfied there was no lack of material with which to carry out the objects of this association; but that material lay at present, in obscurity, disjointed, and scattered abroad in all directions; it needed gathering, nourishing, strengthening, encouraging, and directing; he never contemplated obtaining the assistance of all the ministers; nor of producing a very talented agency; but he knew that God was able to work whether by many or by few; and he believed that the Lord would enable them, in some measure, to go forth in usefulness.

Our brother Wells said, distinctly, he did not think there was a suitable agency in existence; he feared that in this one most essential point, the committee would fail. He gave the committee to understand that he could not be united with such an effort, unless he could see that the Lord was furnishing them with suitable men to go forth in such an arduous undertaking; and he therefore considered his brother Thwaites's motion for a more public conference of all the ministers and deacons of our churches, a very desirable one; and he was willing to wait on some of the ministers himself, and solicit their attendance

and advice on the occasion: and Mr. Thwaites with himself, and his other brethren the deacons, consented that such conference might be held in the Surrey Tabernacle, which said conference was finally fixed for Friday afternoon, September the 5th, at three o'clock.

Mr. Pepper announced to the committee Mr. John Foreman's approbation of the movement; and who, though he could not meet with them, would be happy to give them the best advice in his power.

Mr. Garritt had seen Mr. George Wyard, who sympathised with the committee in their undertaking; and wished them God-speed.

Mr. Thomas Jones, and Mr. Pepper were then appointed joint-secretaries, for the purposes of issuing an official circular—and for otherwise preparing for the conference.

The meeting then closed; and Mr. Wells kindly invited all present to stay and take tea, which had been provided in the vestry. This unexpected act of pure Christian hospitality called forth the warmest feelings of gratitude from many present; and to us, it was a cheering and encouraging sight, to see so many of the Lord's servants, great and small, congregated together in union and peace, and the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle waiting on them, and supplying them with the most refreshing beverage—a good cup of tea, with plenty of wholesome bread and butter and cake, while the pastor delighted them with a constant flow of edifying and enlivening observations.

Altogether, we consider this to be a favourable omen, in the history of the London Gospel Mission. And now, with one word respecting the coming conference, we must close. We say, let every friend to the establishment of the London Gospel Mission bear this in mind, that the very first question that will occupy the ministers and deacons at the Conference, will be—"HAVE WE A SUITABLE AND SUFFICIENT AMOUNT OF AGENCY, IN OUR CHURCHES, TO AUTHORIZE US TO CARRY OUT THE OBJECTS OF THIS PROJECTED MISSION?" Or, in other words, have we among the many thousands who make up our Gospel churches in London, and who profess to have been called by sovereign grace; and to have had the love of Christ shed abroad in their hearts, any number of men, who, from a deep sense of their interest in the finished work of Christ, and from a real spiritual concern for the ingathering of the now hidden elect of God, are secretly burning with inward desires, and who have often breathed forth fervent prayers to heaven, to be made useful in faithfully warning men of their danger,—proclaiming to them the free mercy of God, in and through Christ—and telling affectionately to all around, what a dear Saviour they have found? Is it possible that our Churches and congregations are destitute of such men? WE KNOW THEY ARE NOT. We know that men of striking and attracting talent, are very few: we know that unqualified, unsanctified, presumptuous, indolent men are very numerous; we also know that some really devoted, truth-loving, sin-bating, Christ-exalting men are to be found in all the Churches. Our brother Wells said—"if there are such men, let us know who they are, and where they are, and give us their names." This can be done; but we are not sure that the ministers and deacons who may assemble,

will do it. No; there are many spirits that will fight against this movement. Parsonic jealousy, in some cases, hardened old prejudice, in other instances; and Antinomian carelessness in not a few. But, if the pastors and deacons of our London churches shall meet at the forthcoming conference, and deliberately put a negative upon the committee's proceedings, by declaring that they have no agency in existence, we solemnly affirm it will be the blackest sign, and the most awful feature, of the days in which it is our lot to live: and, we should solemnly tremble at such a conclusion, believing it would prove to a demonstration, to every man in whose soul the spirit and essence of the gospel reigns, that such a determination was the result of ignorance, of pride, of cowardice, of bondage, of coldness of heart, and of reckless feeling as regards the glory of Christ, the development of covenant purposes, and the good of souls. Humble though our position be, we dare to hope the Lord will never suffer them to come to any such conclusion. In truth and in righteousness, they never can do it. Little churches are springing up all around us. Men's hearts are beating for liberty, to speak forth the truth, as far as God may give them ability; our population is increasing by thousands; and thousands upon thousands are either going the broad way to destruction; or, they are entangled in the contradictory and Antichristian meshes of Arminianism. Men and brethren, think on these things; give yourselves to prayer, and a diligently inquiry into the state of your flocks;—give a true report: and the Lord crown your efforts with success. Amen.

Three short sentences more, and we have done for the present: and, first—to the pastors and deacons of our metropolitan, and neighbouring churches, we say,—brethren, let no old prejudices,—let no party feeling; let no spirit of indifference,—prevent your meeting the committee at the Surrey Tabernacle, on the afternoon of Friday, September the 5th. Oh, may the love of Christ,—and a fervent desire for the ingathering of precious souls to the true fold—constrain you to come with praying hearts, and with pure motives: then peace and prosperity shall be found in our midst; and, if the Lord will be pleased to make us instrumental in arousing the churches from their present state of abstractedness and lukewarmness, we will praise his name for ever.

One word,—secondly—to the many young men, and brethren more advanced in life—whose souls have long been fired with desires for usefulness in the Saviour's name; to you, we say, KEEP NOT BACK AT THIS TIME. Each one of you, write, distinctly, your desires, your motives, and your reasons for hoping that the Lord will bless your feeble efforts to spread his name abroad. Put your testimony either into your pastor's or deacon's hands; and thereby furnish them with evidence to present to the meeting.

Lastly—to our brethren in the committee, and especially to the venerable president, we tender our sincere, our warmest thanks. Brethren, with much patience, with much perseverance, you have laboured to bring this holy effort to an happy issue. You have been firm to your principles; be you faithful to your consciences. You know that, on the very first night when this question was proposed, a holy fire burned brilliantly on the altar of our hearts; the glory of God was in our

midst. And, although brother Allen knew not exactly what kind of meeting he was coming to, yet, was it not evident that God the Holy Ghost put that word in his heart as he came, and most blessedly constrained him to give it to the people with much savour and power—"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!" Brethren: think of this. Let nothing daunt you. In the name and strength of Israel's Triune Jehovah, GO ONWARD; and heaven's richest blessings attend you. So prays your poorest of all servants,

C. W. B.

## WANDERINGS IN THE WILDERNESS.

No. III.

[Some good occasionally has resulted from the brief notices given of the little crosses I have been called to visit. For the most part (like myself), they are almost hidden from, and unknown to, the general bodies of professing Christians; they are like so many little sheep-pens, where a few of the sin-worried, satan-perplexed, and world-weary followers of the Lamb are gathered together. In my labours among them, my own soul has oft been refreshed; and, as we live in a day when travelling is much in vogue, it has occurred to me that these notices of my wanderings among the rural districts might often serve to guide the feet of weary pilgrims to a house of prayer, when and where they otherwise might remain in ignorance of them; beside which, we hereby obtain a kind of record, and book for reference, wherein our children after us, may sometimes read, and perhaps profitably remember, some of the holy and happy seasons they have spent with us in the service of our most glorious, and inexpressibly valuable FRIEND. The Lord command his blessing on the writer and readers. Amen.]

### Enon Baptist Chapel, Chatham.

I have heard some good folks say that they could not find "the truth" in Chatham. Well, it is there; and they will only walk carefully down the High Street, on the left hand side, they will see a neat, narrow, long passage; and just inside there is written, "Enon Baptist Chapel, and Sunday Schools;" at the top of that passage is the place where Gospel truth is preached by our brother Jones. The anniversary was held on Lord's-day July 13th; myself and Thomas Stringer were appointed to preach. Some few things transpired in connection with my visit to Chatham, that may be useful to some of the little children. I am aware of the haughty smiles that some cast upon these notes; but that is quite natural. Brother Packer and my little self left London on the previous Saturday evening, and through the tender mercies of our God, arrived safe in Chatham; and at an early hour I retired to rest. Early next morning awoke, and began with some anxiety to be seeking a message from the Lord; but none could I find. Never did I feel more bound and barren. Up-stairs and down-stairs, in-doors and out-doors, I read, and prayed, and sought and sighed; but such a cloud of darkness and sense of sorrow was on my soul, as to render me truly miserable. It was time to go to the house of prayer. I turned into a secret corner; once more silently begged of the Lord to appear; opened my Bible; and these words struck home upon my heart—"Give the people, that they may eat: for thus saith the Lord, They shall eat, and shall leave thereof." Immediately that I read these words, I felt relief in my mind, and was assured that the Lord would give me something for the people. I looked at the words again (in 2 Kings

iv. 43,) and began to read at the 42nd verse—"There came a man from Baal-shalisha, and brought the man of God, BREAD OF THE FIRST FRUITS, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husk thereof. And he said, Give unto the people that they may eat. And his servant said, What—should I set this before an hundred men? He said again, Give the people that they may eat," &c. I thought the words were very full of gospel matter; but I had no time to dissect or dig into them; went into the pulpit; as soon as the service began, my soul found rest; and never did I enjoy greater liberty in preaching than I did that morning. I noticed the man; where he came from; what he brought—"bread of the first-fruits and full ears of corn in the husk thereof." The Lord Jesus Christ, as the life of the church—as the bread of God—and as the strength of every poor burdened seeking soul, I considered as the "BREAD OF THE FIRST-FRUITS." Ah, how sweet that did seem to my soul! Jehovah's counsels—his covenant-settlements—his everlasting and electing love-purposes—the anointing and setting up of Jesus—the agreement entered into between the Father and the Son on the behalf of the chosen family of God—were all so many first-fruits: and the FULL EARS OF CORN, in the husk thereof, I considered as typing forth the glorious doctrines of grace, the essential truths of the gospel, wrapped up, at present in the husk of the letter, and frequently in the dark husky mind of the poor preacher. There is some husk about every good man, let him be as full of truth and as fond of truth as he may. When you can find a good minister of Jesus Christ without any husk; without any imperfections and blemishes, you will find what no one ever did find before, on this side of heaven. The positive command—"GIVE THE PEOPLE TO EAT," we considered rather warmly. It is not our heavenly Father's will that even one of his little ones shall perish; therefore, righteousness looks down from heaven; truth springs up out of the earth; ministers are raised up, and anointed; the gospel is preached; the church of God is fed, and conducted safely home to glory. The poor servitors may sometimes think that the text is not full enough, nor the sermon great enough; but the Lord will multiply and increase it; all shall have enough; there shall (finally) be no complaining in our streets. All the purposes, powers, promises, and precious performances of a triune Jehovah stand bound together to make God's Israel blest. In this happy strain we passed through the morning service. Brother Stringer came in the afternoon, and gave us a discourse on Justification, which was well received. We finished up at night with, "Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave," &c., &c. I hope the blessing of the Lord was with us. My brother Thomas Jones has some warm friends at Enon; but his coast is not very extensive.

Now, let us look at Chatham a little, in a gospel point of view. Slatterie (the independent) and Giles (the baptist) are old and well known names, in association with the dissenting churches of Chatham; but they have both passed home to render in an account of their stewardship before a righteous tribunal. Art thou, my reader, an aged and nearly worn-out servant of God! Thy toils, thy temptations, thy sorrows, thy connection with churches below, and with this world altogether, will soon be over. The tongues of Slatterie and Giles are now silent in the cold and quiet grave. They have left the scene of action for others to occupy. Oh, for a holy and useful ripeness in the ministry! And a blessed meekness for glory! These are great things for poor finite worms to attain unto. The inmost cry of my soul is, "Lord, keep me while I live; be with me when I die." Art thou, a young man in the ministry of the Gospel? Oh, my brother—take heed to thy way: two things thou never canst avoid in this low country, but one thing, (by prayer, diligence, watchfulness, and close cleaving to the Lord,)

you may. Look at the three things I refer to—**TRIBULATION! TEMPTATION! TRANSGRESSION!** The two former will follow and surround you unto the end; but open transgression is to be feared and fled from, with much more concern than we would flee from the most ravenous beast, or raging pestilence. I do not think the clear notes of the gospel were ever sounded forth in these latter days in Chatham, until William Lewis was brought to Zion. "How came Zion to be built?" was a question I put to my brother Packer, as we both stood in the gallery of that very compact and good-looking place of worship. The answer I obtained, was something like this. The late Mr. Giles thought the old chapel was not adapted to the times; he thought if a new one was erected, they should have more prosperity. A new one was erected; and very soon he, and many of his friends were obliged to pass "over the brook," and there occupy a smaller house; which now, alas! is become a den of thieves. In the providence of God, William Lewis was soon settled as the pastor of Zion; and for some few years successfully and boldly preached the gospel of Christ in that place. He left it for Cheltenham. How much, or how little of the gospel he now preaches, is not for me to say; but some declare he has left his first love. I left Chatham with the impression deepened in my soul, that in every sense this is a dying changing world; and he is the only really happy man, whose heart and soul are firmly stayed on God.

### Saffron Waldron, July 23rd.

TWELVE o'clock at night.—I write these few lines after a day of inward conflict, outward movement, and providential mercy. To-morrow, I am expected twice at the first anniversary of the new chapel, at Keddington, under the ministerial and pastoral care of our brother Powell. I could not leave London before nine o'clock this evening; because some of our friends had fixed upon this day as the one on which they would take the more aged, and afflicted part of our church down to Erith; where it was hoped the change of air, and a little christian fellowship, might be useful to them. The weather, however, turned out so exceedingly wet, that many could not go at all; and those that did go, I fear, did not much enjoy themselves. I can speak for one, that I did not; and to make it the more uncomfortable, some were exceedingly angry, because I was compelled to leave them in the afternoon, in order to take this journey; and after travelling nearly all day, by steam-boat, rail, and omnibus, until midnight, through drenching rains, I am safely lodged in a little bed-room, at an inn, hoping the Lord may make out my way to Keddington, if spared to see the morning. I left home this day with as heavy a burden on my mind, connected with temporal things, as I knew how to bear; and, if I could consistently have done it, I should have declined the journey, and thus have left the Keddington friends in disappointment; but this I dare not do; whatever may be the ultimate consequences, I feel, (after many conflicts,) that while the Lord's people, in different parts of the land, are led to request me to come and speak to them; and while a willing heart and a sufficiency of internal and external strength is given to me, I dare not draw back; but desire to pray the Lord to hold me, to guide me, to comfort me; and to use me for his own glory.

Friday, July 25.—Am now returning from Keddington; yesterday morning I awoke early, and found it was a thorough wet morning, was obliged to hire a horse and gig to go to Keddington; and during the whole of the journey it poured down in such a copious manner that sometimes we thought it impossible to proceed. During the journey, my heart went up to the Lord in prayer continually, for his preserving and directing care and power. Exactly at half-past ten, I was in the chapel. A much greater number were assembled than I expected. I found brethren Powell and Dillistone, and other friends all well; I spoke to them as well

as I could, in a way of Christian salutation; but in the afternoon, we had a solid gospel sermon on these words—"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c., by Mr. Robert Barnes, of Glemsford. It was a savoury, sound, and holy testimony; and when at the close, brother Powell gave out that hymn—

"Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where God the Saviour loved and died!  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side."

My soul was softened in humility, love, and praise. In the evening the chapel was crowded, and many could not get into the place. Was led to follow the church of God in her onward and chequered path, from the cross to the crown; and it is hoped, some poor old pensioners in the service, received something to do them good. Thus passed away the first anniversary of Keddington Baptist cause. Their chapel is well attended. Brother Powell's ministry is acceptable and useful: the church is increasing, and there is much cause for thankfulness to the God of all mercies; but there is a debt on their hands, as yet, of nearly £50. The Lord help them, in every sense, is my fervent prayer. I am now nearing home. I fear that heavy trials yet await me; but, as I left London this time, the word came to me, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee;" and this, in prayer and in faith, I am labouring to do.

### Lee Common Anniversary.

Lee Common for rural scenery is one of those pretty places where some of the beauties of the book of nature are to be seen to great advantage. It lays near to Great Missenden, in Bucks, and has a very neat, modern, and commodious Baptist Chapel, which, a few years since, was erected through the instrumentality of our once esteemed, but now departed brother Pierce who, as a faithful servant of Christ, was made useful in these parts. This Chapel was first opened by Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle; and, although the great Master has been pleased to call dear Pierce home to glory, and to leave his afflicted widow, with many bereaved friends, to weep over their loss, the truth has hitherto been kept there, but weakness and wounds have almost closed the doors against her. On Thursday morning, August 7th, I left my bed-room in Bletchley very early, and proceeded by train to Tring, and from thence in a most circuitous route, through valleys and over hills to Lee Common, to hold an anniversary. The Chapel stands quite alone; but when we arrived there we found John Bryant, one of the gospel trumpeters in these parts, anxiously awaiting our arrival; and on entering the Lord's house we found a good company gathered together, and brother Mason (of Knowl Hill) in the pulpit, proceeding with the service. "If the righteous scarcely are saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear," are the words that had been upon my mind, but I could not read them for my text; I was obliged to go down to Keilab, and there cry out with David, "O Lord God of Israel, I beseech thee tell thy servant."

Before the service was over, a crowd of christian friends poured in from Wooburn Green, and from Penn Beacon, accompanied by their two worthy pastors—brethren Miller and Wilson. In the afternoon the house was crowded, and I preached upon the form, the foundation, and the fruitfulness of true gospel worship until I had not a dry thread left. I do trust the blessing of heaven rested on the services. Brother Parsons, of Chesham, preached a good sermon in the evening; but I was obliged to leave with the Penn Beacon, and Wooburn Green friends. We travelled about fourteen miles over and under some of the higher Buckinghamshire hills. Bless the Lord, his preserving hand was with us.

THE ANNIVERSARY—AND A BRIEF REVIEW OF  
**The Origin of the Baptist Cause, at Stretham,**  
 NEAR ELY.

WHAT a life of continued anxiety belongs to the servants of Christ for the most part! After three hard day's work in the vineyard, the beginning of this week, I arose between four and five yesterday morning, walked to Shoreditch, and took my ticket for Ely, by the first train. It was a dull and heavy journey; I could neither read or write, nor hardly pray. On the platform, at Ely, brother Crampin met me; and I soon found that a plenty of discouraging circumstances stood round about us. In the first place, the rain fell down thick and fast, and through it we had to ride near five miles; in the second place, brother Crampin told me that Mr. Alderson, the newly settled pastor, of Willingham, was going that afternoon, to baptise a number of persons in the open river; that Mr. Daniel Smart was that evening appointed to preach at Ely; and that other meetings were to be held in the neighbourhood; so that with the bad weather, and the attractions all around us, we need not expect to have any people. No one can tell how my heart sunk within me. I said nothing, but I heard something say within me—"Ah, the hand of God is certainly out against you; and it does not matter where you go, nor what you do, darkness and disappointments will await you." Oh, said I to myself, "I wish I had not promised to come. Here is a pretty state of things! The poor minister's heart is greatly discouraged because all things seem against him, and his anniversary. Yes, (I thought,) Mr. Alderson, and his people, perhaps, have said, we will not go to Stretham to day; nor let any of our people, if we can help it; we will have our public baptising at the same time." These mortifying things run through my mind, while the rain was pouring down upon us. We reached the ancient village of Stretham in safety; and was most kindly received and provided for, in the hospitable residence of Mrs. Granger. After dinner, we walked to "the meeting." It is a place of worship of long standing, with galleries and accommodation for three or four hundred people. There was a good assembly of hearers; and I preached as well as I could from the words, "I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people." After the service, all the company repaired to a large newly erected double barn, which belongs to the highly respected churchwarden of the parish; and that gentleman had very kindly lent them the use of it. It was fitted up with long tables, forms, every necessary for tea, and decorated with boughs, flowers, &c., and when the company all sat down to tea, the sight was interesting and encouraging. Between two and three hundred were here refreshed, and all appeared delighted. The good pastor, too, he evidently felt that the Lord was better to him than all his fears; for he went from table to table, and from friend to friend, and expressions of mutual good feeling were exchanged. As for myself, I felt a sadness arising from a fear that I am often exercised with, namely, that my going to anniversaries keeps from them some that would help them; and have often repented of going, though I know not any people that have suffered therefrom.

In the evening the chapel was filled with as respectable and attentive an assembly as ever I witnessed in a country place. Mr. Deekens commenced the service by giving out the following hymn,

"Come, ye that fear the Lord,  
 And listen while I tell,  
 How narrowly my feet escap'd  
 The snares of death and hell.  
 "The flattering joys of sense  
 Assail'd my foolish heart,  
 While satan, with malicious skill,  
 Guided the poisonous dart.  
 "I fell beneath the stroke,  
 But fell to rise again;  
 My anguish rous'd me into life,  
 And pleasure sprung from pain.

"Darkness, and shame, and grief,  
 Oppress'd my gloomy mind;  
 I look'd around me for relief,  
 But no relief could find.  
 "At length to God I cried;  
 He heard my plaintive sigh;  
 He heard, and instantly he sent  
 Salvation from on high.  
 "My drooping head he rais'd;  
 My bleeding wounds he heal'd;  
 Pardon'd my sins; and, with a smile,  
 The gracious pardon seal'd.  
 "O! may I ne'er forget  
 The mercy of my God;  
 Nor ever want a tongue to spread  
 His loudest praise abroad."

He read it as though he felt it; the singers sung it most sweetly; my heart was warmed; and all regret at coming was gone; and I could truly thank the Lord that I was permitted to mingle my feeble praises with his dear saints in celebrating the Redeemer's name; that sweet hymn greatly comforted and cheered my heart. Mr. Child, the pastor of Bottisham Lode, read and prayed; and I preached from "Christ and him crucified." I left the chapel fully persuaded the Lord's blessing had been in the service; and truly thankful am I to learn that it proved after all to be one of the best anniversaries they ever had. The Lord be praised.

I shall now subjoin a brief sketch of the origin of the Baptist cause in this ancient village, whose inhabitants, for the most part, are a worshipping people. What follows has been kindly furnished by brother Crampin, the esteemed pastor of the present Baptist Church in Stretham.—

"It is not known at what time or by whom the gospel was first introduced into this village, but there are a few names and circumstances connected with its history which ought not to be buried in forgetfulness. The following is extracted from the church book:—

"According to tradition, there was a congregation and a small church of General Baptists here in 1700. At that time they had for their pastor a Mr. Clark, who is said to have died between 1720 and 1730. Soon after his death the church and congregation became extinct. It is said, however, that in Thetford, a hamlet in this parish, there remained an individual of the name of Billington, who, not being satisfied with the doctrines taught in the established church, went frequently to Soham, Willingham, and other places, to hear the gospel preached in meeting-houses. This practice he continued till his death, which rendered him so notoriously singular to his neighbours, as to give rise to the proverb, which still prevails, and is used in reference to any person who may be guilty of acts which may be considered out of the common and beaten track, viz. that 'They have as many whims as old Abraham Billington.'

"About the year 1790 the gospel was again introduced into Stretham by a remarkable circumstance, of which the following particulars are recorded:—

"A female of the name of Matthews, afterwards Edwards, had her mind suddenly oppressed with extraordinary solicitude, and her thoughts ran much on the word Nicodemus; but what it meant, or exactly where it was to be found, she knew not. Being herself unable to read, she sought and obtained the assistance of her neighbours; and on hearing the third chapter of St. John read, she recognised the passage, and understood generally from it that Nicodemus was informed he must be born again, but neither did she herself apprehend the import of the words; nor were her neighbours able to explain them to her—at least, to the full satisfaction of her mind, which continued so low and depressed that her husband began to fear she would lose her understanding. In this situation she continued for a considerable period, an object of pity to some, and of derision to others, while nothing seemed to afford her relief but hearing the Scriptures read, and especially this chapter. She



continued to attend the established church without relief; but, hearing that there was preaching at Waterbench different to that to which she was accustomed, she went thither, and it proved to be a season of mercy. Her mind became enlightened, and her spirits somewhat cheered; though she continued to be depressed through fear of her husband's displeasure. But in this she was happily disappointed; for, instead of reproaches, she received from him warm congratulations, with apologies for what he deemed his past unkindness.

"The person whose ministry made so strong an impression on Mrs. Matthews, was a Mr. Course, one of the lay-preachers sent out by the Rev. J. Berridge, of Everton. This circumstance laid the foundation of the new dissenting congregation at Stretham. Mr. Berridge's preachers undertook to visit the village periodically; for a time they were accommodated in a barn, but not long afterwards they obtained the possession of an old malting-house, and at length, in 1772, with the help of Mr. Berridge, a meeting-house was erected. In this he, and Mr. Hicks his curate, and the preachers who assisted him, alternately visited Stretham, preached constantly, except in very fine weather, when the preaching was in the open air; the attention of many persons was thus attracted to the spot, and some were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth.

"After the gospel had thus been introduced into the village, a Mr. Saberton, an inhabitant of Stretham, preached to the people for some time and kept them together. They were then visited by the Countess of Huntingdon's ministers, by Mr. Baron, of Cottenham, Mr. Pastor, of Downham, and several others. In the year 1799, Mr. Joseph Howlett, a member of the Baptist Chapel in Cambridge, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. R. Hall, was invited to Stretham for three months. In September following he settled among them. In the following year the meeting-house, which had been erected with the assistance of Mr. Berridge, was found too small for the congregation, and two galleries were in consequence constructed in it.

"A considerable improvement in the moral state of the village now became manifest. A gospel church was formed in the spring of 1801, consisting of fourteen members. At their first meeting seven new members were added, and Mr. Howlett, having been dismissed from the Baptist Church of Cambridge to this infant church, was chosen their pastor. In the year 1818 the old place of worship was taken down, and a new one erected on the former site, but was enlarged about one third. In September it was opened, and the following ministers preached on the occasion, viz. Mr. Edmonds, of Cambridge, in the morning; Mr. R. Hall, then of Bristol, in the afternoon; and Mr. Arrow, of Lynn, in the evening. The place was crowded to excess: many went away who were not able to get in. A collection was made at the door at the close of each service, and this was all the assistance that was received from the public, for the friends at Stretham have a great aversion in making application to other churches to defray the expenses of their own place of worship. This new house was considered by all a very neat one, and is built nearly square; it will seat about 300, but has frequently more within its walls; the vestry will seat about sixty persons. In the first four or five years of the pastorate of Mr. Howlett the church rose to about fifty members. Here it became stationary for some years. At length, from long-continued trials and doctrinal divisions the church was dissolved, and formed again of about thirty persons. In the year 1830, the following note in the church book occurs, but in what month it is not said:—

"In consequence of trying dispensations in Providence, the church declined in the number of members, so that it was no longer stationary, nor could be considered as prosperous, any further than that harmony and friendship abounded. And this was, and ever ought to be, esteemed a very great blessing by all the followers of a dear Re-

deemer, without which christian fellowship cannot be enjoyed, nor the glory of God promoted.' Then follow the names of twenty-seven persons, of whom the church was then composed. From this time (1830) not a word is recorded in the church book till 1837. This year their pastor was removed from them by death, of whom a very short memoir is preserved in the 'Baptist Magazine,' for 1838. As a christian, his life was so exemplary, that the great Robert Hall used to say of him, 'If you want to see a man like Jesus Christ, you must go to Mr. Joseph Howlett, of Stretham.' His every day life was a living comment on his pulpit exercises. He was read and known of men as one that truly feared God. He was eminently a man of peace. His trials were of no common character; but, by the grace of God he was preserved unhurt in the midst of all. He was not perfect; but too much cannot be said of that grace which made him what he was, kept him where it did, and then took him where he is, with (to use his own expression) his beloved Hall, to behold his enthroned Saviour, and to

'Crown him Lord of all.'

"He was thirty-seven years pastor of the church, and in his seventy-third year he calmly fell asleep in Jesus. The church found a successor in Mr. Thomas Watts, who laboured amongst them as their pastor till removed by his last affliction. He was chosen pastor November 6th, 1837; and in 1844 he departed this life in the full assurance of peace. During Mr. Watts's time, the church underwent a thorough revision in doctrine and in discipline. Under his pastorate seven were added to the church. After his death the pulpit was supplied by different ministers. Mr. C. E. Deeks, of Ely, supplied the pulpit with much acceptance till, on a visit to Bungay, in Suffolk, he heard of the writer of this as about leaving his charge at Halesworth. On his return he laid the case before the friends at Stretham, which led to an invitation from the people. I accepted the pastorate a few months since, with seventeen members only: we have added three. We hope soon to see the little cause arise. We have a full congregation, good Sabbath-school, and the prospects are very encouraging. Another gallery is much needed, and could be well filled. We have established a Sabbath school and congregational library.

"From this short sketch it will appear we are voluntaries of the strictest sect; for in building, enlarging, or repairing of the chapel, the public were never appealed to but within its own walls. Both the widows of my predecessors are still living. Mrs. Watts lives at Cottenham, and, in a good old age, will soon be brought as a shock of corn ripe for the garner of the Lord."

#### One of the Best Days ever known at Cranford.

ANNIVERSARY days and public recognition services, are frequently seasons of refreshing; ministering brethren, travellers to the heavenly Jerusalem, troubled souls, and careless sinners, here mingle together; the praises of God are sung; the seed of eternal life is scattered; fresh testimonials of the faithfulness of our merciful covenant God are read out of the sanctified hearts to the people; and there can be no question, but that much good is done. Go on, brethren, unitedly, prayerfully, perseveringly, and affectionately extolling the Lamb of God; for your sojourn here is short; your reward hereafter is certain. The following cheerful tidings we gladly insert.

"Dear Mr. Editor—With your kind permission we embrace this opportunity, through the medium of the Earthen Vessel, of thanking the ministers, deacons, and members, with their friends, for their kindness in paying us a visit, and contributing to the cause of Christ, at Cranford anniversary, and ordination of Mr. J. Baldwin, on Tuesday, July 22nd. I send an outline of the particulars if you think them worthy a place in your valuable magazine.

"The morning was beautiful; and by ten o'clock the people began to assemble; some in vans, carts, and chaises, from Tunstall, Friston, Aldborough, Aldringham, Leicester, Horham, Laxfield, Earlsoham, Rishingles, Stoke-Ash, Charsfield, and Wokham Market; several had their singers praising God as they came.

"At half-past ten the chapel was filled. Mr. Day, of Tunstall, opened the services, by giving out the 341 hymn, (Rippon)—

"How charming is the place," &c.

Mr. Totman, of Laxfield, read and prayed in a most solemn manner.

"Mr. Foreman, of London, stated the nature of a gospel church, from 'The house of God. The household of God. The household of faith.' 1 Tim. iii. 15; Eph. ii. 19; Gal. vi. 10; and asked the usual questions. Mr. Row, one of the deacons, gave a brief statement of the rise and progress of the cause of Christ, at Cransford, from its commencement; and the leadings of providence in being directed to Mr. Baldwin, and in choosing him to become their pastor.

"Mr. B. then related the dealings of the Lord in providence, and his call by grace at a very early age, and baptism by Mr. Foreman, in London, with his beloved partner in life. His call to the ministry, and leadings of providence to different places, until he came to Cransford. His confession of faith in the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, and ordinances of God's house. These services continued until a quarter past one o'clock. About fifty persons sat down to dinner provided in the vestry.

"In the afternoon, Mr. Hill, of Stoke-Ash, gave out the hymns, and Mr. Runnacles, of Charsfield, read and prayed; and Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, preached a very affectionate, yet faithful discourse, to the members of the church, from Rom. xii. 4, 5, 'For, as we have many members in one body,' &c. About one hundred and fifty sat down to tea, comfortably provided by the female friends.

"In the evening, the chapel was full again; the weather being fine, the greater part of the friends remained, and seemed determined to have a whole day of it, as such days are very rare, and perhaps should never meet any more in this world, some of them. Mr. Brand, from Aldringham, gave out the hymns; and Mr. Foreman preached from Eph. iv. 8, 'And gave gifts unto men.' Many found it good to be there. Thus ended one of the best days ever known at Cransford. The weather was fine throughout the day. We had a good attendance, good preaching, good provisions, good company, and good collections. Your's truly,

J. BALDWIN.

*Brusyard, near Saxmundham, Suffolk.*

### The Little Rehoboth, at Shipton.

WE have (through mercy) held our second anniversary at Shipton, on July 30th. Mr. Wonfor, (one whom God is raising up to declare the Christ-exalting, God-glorifying doctrines of the cross,) preached to us. Our company was small; but our joy was great; we not only feasted upon the sweet promises of our covenant God, then pointed out, but were permitted to say (after the evening services), "REHOBOTH CHAPEL IS NOW PAID FOR!" Thanks to our God, for his goodness! There is now a chapel standing on free land, commenced two years ago with our own hands; about five or six of us worked hard sometimes night and day, until we got it up. My son and myself did nearly all the sawing work by candle light, on the winter evenings, previous. Brother Dykes prepared the carpentering part of the work; and when the spring came on, we set to work. We had "Hewers of wood and drawers of water;" and each did a part, until the building was completed. This summer we have made it a little larger; which has also been done with our own hands, to the comfort and joy of our souls. Not only have we a place of our own, but "our own God," has owned us; the word has

been blest; sinners have been quickened; believers established; and many a sweet hour has my soul enjoyed within our little Rehoboth. Never was a nail driven, or the axe lifted up with more pleasure, than in the erection of this place! Now, in this dark vinge, you may witness the people, with eager hearts, seeking after the word of eternal life; and a few, who having been baptised according to the covenant of God, commemorating the dying love of Jesus Christ. "What has God wrought?" Who can despise the day of "small things?" Let God's dear children, whoever they may be, take courage, "forasmuch as their labour is not in vain in the Lord,"—I believe that if God's people were to be more zealous in this part of their Master's service, that many chapels might be obtained, with much less expense and trouble than they now are.

Thanks to our covenant God, who both raised up friends, with money to pay for the land and materials, and gave us strength to use both. I sincerely hope, for his own honour and glory.

Having now commenced another year, we, who are but few, poor, and despised, desire to press forward, relying solely upon the never-failing fulness of our precious Redeemer, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen. R. MOWER.

### Shipton, Hants.

[This is an example worth imitating; and this is a cause that the Lord will, doubtless, honour. While papists are fast building their temples, shall the dear redeemed flock of Christ be idle? If the Lord would permit, we would commence the erection of a house to his name; but we are compelled to wait awhile.—Ed.]

### The Old Baptist Cause at Winslow.

SOME of our brethren think "there is too much earth in the EARTHEN VESSEL." The fact is, we have begun to make a few notes respecting the past and present position of different parts of our Zion; and they have sometimes excited gratitude to the God of all our mercies; and we are constrained to follow it up a little further; with the hope that good in some degree may be done. Now, as regards the cause of God and truth at Winslow; why, it is a standing monument of the preserving care, and Almighty power of our glorious Lord. In the midst of the hottest persecutions and the deepest poverty, the truth has been maintained for very many generations. Winslow is a neat small town in Buckinghamshire, not very far from Aylesbury. In a very retired corner of that town, almost hidden up by a circuitous pathway, trees, shrubs, &c., &c., stands one of the oldest Baptist meetings in England. It is well known that it was once the scene of good old Benjamin Keach's labours; and it is positively declared that he was dragged out of the pulpit there, and in some way afflicted by the violent enemies of God's truth in those days; and in much more recent times the people of God in Winslow have suffered much persecution for the gospel's sake. We cannot now enter into a detailed history of the church. Let this suffice: that though the cause is weak and low, it is still alive, and under the kind and fostering care of our aged and esteemed brother Matthews, the elder deacon, and brother Mobbs, the present quiet and soul-comforting pastor of the place; a testimony for gospel truth is still made a blessing to the few who seek for living bread.

On Wednesday, August the 6th, we held two services in this ancient house of God; many friends gathered around; in the evening the tabernacle was crowded; the preacher's heart was all on fire; and many souls found peace and comfort. We hope this brief notice will call attraction to the place; and that some of our brethren may now and then turn in and give the Winslow friends a cheering word. Mr. Matthews's house and Mr. Mobbs's pulpit, are ever open to the clean and faithful servants of God.

### A Token for good at Colchester.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR.—In your last month's "Vessel" I perceive you have made reference to the causes of truth in the town of Colchester stating that they do not appear in a prosperous state, and that the good men's usefulness you mention is becoming somewhat limited. Perhaps you will allow a constant reader of your periodical and a warm advocate to the truths it inculcates, to state a few things in reference to the cause at Ebenezer, where I constantly attend.

About three years since we came out from the Baptist Chapel, Old Lane, twenty-two in number, for the truth's sake, and were formed into a church. We went on prospering for a considerable time, but through a succession of trying circumstances we were much reduced, till we heard of Mr. Chappell, late of Waddesden, and whom we had invited eighteen months back, but he then could not see his way clear to come amongst us, but through mercy, after twelve months, finding him still at liberty, we invited him again. In the month of February last he came, and, I am thankful to say, under his ministry the cause has increased more than two-fold. We are in peace and harmony among ourselves, for which we wish to praise our Great Head, Jesus.

A fortnight since, Mr. Chappell baptised five believers, three females and two males, who have since been added to the church; others are waiting, and we expect to have another baptism shortly.

We had, on the 5th of the present month, a tea-meeting in the garden belonging to one of our deacons; when our female friends kindly presented us with a large assortment of useful and ornamental needle and other works for sale beneath a booth erected for the occasion. The proceeds were given to the cause, which was the means of entirely removing a debt upon the place. About 500 persons were in the gardens, about 300 of whom took tea. We feel overwhelmed with gratitude, and wish our friends generally to unite with us in praising the Lord who saw us in our low estate, looked upon us, and has turned our captivity.

Your's in the Lord, JOHN COLYER.

### Ordination of Mr. Robert Shindler,

AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH, MATFIELD GREEN, KENT,  
On Tuesday July 15th, 1851.

THE morning service was opened by singing the 365th hymn, Gadsby's Selection; after which, brother Bunyan M'Curc read 2 Cor. iv., and prayed. Brother Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, then proceeded to state the nature of a gospel church. His remarks on the important step to be taken that day, were very weighty; requiring as they did, sincerity on the part of the church in the invitation they gave, and sincerity on the part of our brother, in accepting the same. He said,

"We are met to day to appoint, or ordain, our brother, as pastor of this church; and in so doing, we set out with the important principle propounded by our Lord—'My kingdom is not of this world.' We meet to day on the principles of divine truth, which we really and truly love, and would embrace in other words, upon supernatural premises.

"It devolves upon me to state the nature of a gospel church; in doing so, I will endeavour, by God's help, to notice, 1st, The nature, 2nd, The order, and 3rd, The design of a gospel church. As to its nature: we need not go back to the Old Testament, but draw our remarks from the New. John tells us, two of his disciples looked upon Jesus, and he said, 'Behold the Lamb of God;' and those two found another, to him they testified, 'We have found the Messiah.' The day

following Jesus found Philip, and Philip found Nathaniel. Here were five persons that formed a gospel church. By what means? The two first bearing the testimony of John, followed Jesus, heard his words—these communicated with another, 'We have found him of whom Moses, &c; not by any human means, but by a sweet coming together—a company of poor sinners sweetly drawn to Jesus Christ. Ah! they stayed with him too—it was an effectual work. 'Then Jesus sent to a mountain, and called to him whom he would;' to one he said, 'Son, thy sins are forgiven thee;' to another, 'Go thy way, thy faith hath saved thee;' all to prove this text, 'Oh, Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help found.' Now, if you, as a church, have been brought here, you have been taught your ruin, and no arm can save you but God's. You cannot help yourselves; your minister cannot help you; your good works, frames, and feelings, cannot help you; nothing could do it, till you heard a voice saying, 'Come hither, soul, I am the way.'

"This, then, is a gospel church; a little company of poor sensible sinners, made so by God the Holy Ghost, feelingly and experimentally—a church formed by the regenerating power of God, that acknowledged no man master or Lord, nor acknowledged any one as a christian, but those who are born of God, and know something of the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

"Next we come to the order; and here are three things to be considered, 1st, Preaching. [There our brother dealt some heavy blows at the errors of the Plymouth brethren with regard to the ministry; and proved from the Word, that God would have his ministers, and would qualify them for the work.] He will not be indebted to man, nor any parson manufactory in the world; he will take a Moses, preserve him in the ark of bulrushes, enable him to turn his back on the treasures of Egypt, lead him behind the mountain, and fit him for his work as the deliverer of his people. Takes a David from the sheep-cote, suffers him to be hunted like a partridge upon the top of the mountains, to fit him for his work. The wisest of men is permitted to make himself a fool, that he may know whence all real wisdom comes. He would have Saul of Tarsus for a minister, and he takes him out of the devil's hands, just at Damascus gates; he knew how to bring him down, and though he had been a crooked one, he is now sent into a street called Strait, where the Lord sent his servant Ananias to teach him his designs. Ananias would have objected, but the Lord silenced him with 'Behold he prayeth; go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto me,' &c., 'I will shew him what great things he must suffer for my name's sake.' Again, Peter; the Lord stays his self-confidence and boasting, and laid him low, that he might unmask satan's designs, and make him a good preacher of free grace."

We must not enlarge on our brother's remarks on the support of the minister, as they were so important that they require a separate article, which it is the intention of the writer to furnish shortly.

"Next, 2ndly, Baptism is an ordinance of a gospel church. Let us see how John the Baptist came. It is written, 'He came preaching in

the wilderness of Judea, and many came to be baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.' Then baptism is an ordinance of a gospel church, and by this believers publicly put on the Lord Jesus, and shew forth the Lord's death and burial, and profess their interest therein. As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him, by following him in his appointed way.

"3rdly, The Lord's supper is an ordinance of a gospel church—'Do this in remembrance of me.' And if you come to the Lord's table without regard to this, you are not come aright—In remembrance of my death, my sufferings, my resurrection, my ascension; in remembrance of me as your Saviour, your friend. We have noticed the nature of a gospel church, and the order of the same, and we have arrived at nothing human, but all of the Lord. Now we consider,

"Thirdly, The design of a gospel church; and here there are three or four things to be noticed.

"1st. Get all the good you can; 'Covet earnestly the best gifts.' 2nd. Do all the good you can in supporting the cause of God, in upholding the hands of your ministers; and when he is in a low place, endeavour to bear him up, and while he is shewing what a helpless creature he is, esteem him very highly for his work's sake.

"Next, The great design is to glorify God. We wish to glorify him individually and collectively. A church is not stone walls, but the living in Jerusalem, who are compared to lively stones,—'Ye, also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, holy, acceptable to God.

"Lastly, The ultimate design of a gospel church—the everlasting happiness of his people. God will not be happy without them; they shall all be brought home with shoutings of 'Grace, grace, unto it.'

"Thus I have shewn you very briefly the nature, order, and the design, of a gospel church; and here I must say, what an honour to our aged brother, (the deacon,) instead of the candlestick being removed out of its place, here are rising hopes, rising prospects, which must, and will, rejoice his heart, and will be a crown of rejoicing in his latter days, and prove the truth of that word, 'Them that honoureth me, I will honour.'" [Our brother Wells little thought that our aged, honoured brother he was then addressing, was so near the goal. He lived to see the two causes with which he was connected, settled with God-fearing pastors, and was called to his rest within about a fortnight. His end was peace.]

Brother Wells then proceeded to ask the usual questions; and called upon our brother Shindler to relate the Lord's dealings with him. To which he responded, by giving a very sweet relation of the Lord's hand with him in early days, in conviction of sin, the length to which he was permitted subsequently to run—his final arrest—the severe distress of soul through which he passed—the sweet and happy deliverance his soul enjoyed, when Christ was revealed to his heart; the abatement of his transports, and the Lord's visits again, to establish his soul, that seemed to melt his hearers; and, it was very evident, made a deep and solemn impression on the minds of many present—a sweet response of feeling was evident. The church was called upon to signify

their reception of him as a Christian brother, which they did most heartily. Then brother Wells further said, "Brother Shindler, we are highly satisfied with your statement of the Lord's dealings with you as a Christian; now we should like to hear how the Lord called you to the ministry?" Our good brother then related the exercises of his mind with regard to the ministry—his struggles against it—his fears—his determinations to give it up—his solemn supplications on the subject. The very evident answers to prayer respecting it, and the Lord's opening the door and giving him a message to deliver, and blessing the message delivered, must have been sufficient to satisfy an almost sceptic.

Our brother Wells then said, "we seem perfectly satisfied with our brother as a Christian, and it is very evident the Lord has called him to the work. Now we should like to know the steps that led you here." These were most satisfactorily stated and responded to, or substantiated by our aged brother, the deacon. When our good brother said, We must say, 'the Lord's hand is certainly very plainly to be seen in it all; but still, we must know something more, or we cannot be satisfied without sifting the whole to the bottom. You must now tell us what you believe, and what you intend by God's help to preach.' Our brother then read a statement of his views on truth—doctrinal, experimental, and practical, which seemed quite satisfactory. After which, the church gave him the public invitation to the pastorate, to which he affectionately responded; and the morning service, though much protracted, was so interesting, that the time was lost sight of in the delightful season enjoyed. The dew of heaven was richly realised.

The afternoon service was opened by singing—

"Hail! sovereign love, that first began," &c.

After which, brother Mose read (2 Tim. ii.) and prayed. Brother Moody delivered a very weighty and interesting charge from 2 Tim. iv. 5, "Watch thou in all things—endure afflictions," &c. After stating the words were a part of the charge given by aged Paul to his son Timothy, our brother stated that such is the nature of God's truth, and such is the reality of religion, that it will make us love one another. Religion without love, is a shell without a kernel; a shadow without a substance; a form without power; a soul without a feeling. I am not so fond of the talking Christian, but I do love the walking. In the words proposed for consideration, there are four things I pray the Holy Ghost may lay upon your mind, my brother. The first is, watchfulness; second, courage; third, fidelity; the fourth, sincerity.

I. Watchfulness is required and much needed, in your visits to your brethren. They have sometimes proved sweet visits to me, when a poor afflicted brother or sister have told me what the Lord hath done for them, and how it has been good for them to be afflicted; on the other hand, I have visited and found the reverse. I have come away wounded and distressed; therefore I say, 'Watch!' Watch against busy bodies—those that bring will carry. Watch against yourself! as you must give an account of what you preach, may you be enabled to preach as though it were the last sermon—may you never stand in your own strength. Watch against depending on your own self. "We have this treasure in

earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us.' When the Lord is pleased to empty his ministers—to take them into the stripping room, and make them feel what poor creatures they are, and then fill them with his grace, they then come before the people in the strength of the Lord; and it is then pleasant and easy work to preach. The text also implies—

"Secondly, Courage. You will have trials, temporal trials, and spiritual trials in your own soul: trials from the church and trials from the world. My brother, I have had all these, and more, and I have wished myself anything but what I was. But the Lord says, 'I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the Lord.' You have already told us to-day that you know a little about them, but you will have them again; you therefore need courage.—'In the world ye shall have tribulation.' I pray you may know much of the latter part of the text—'In me ye shall have peace!' You will need courage to endure afflictions from the church, you will have spiritual afflictions from this quarter, and they are the keenest of all. You may have a friend, and your soul may be knit to him; yea, you may be like Jonathan and David. But, oh! he may turn out an Ahithophel—may come to you with a kiss; and lo, a dagger is under his coat! Oh! my brother, you need courage—you need courage to look at yourself! All our preaching—all our sermons, are worthless! unless they are washed in the blood of the Lamb! The Lord's servants have often to drink of the waters of Marah, and you know they are very bitter.

"The text also implies,

"Thirdly, Fidelity. That is a memorable text, in Acts xx. 28, 'Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.' Be faithful my brother, to fulfil it; take care it is with proper food, not the husks; they are not to be fed with dead men's brains, they will be to them as dry chips, though they may be good things notwithstanding: and the church will be dry and barren as possible. Feed them, my brother, with covenant love, with covenant blood: feed them with covenant power; feed them with the purest of wheat; and though you may have some rooks there that love carrion, the living in Jerusalem must have Christ in his fulness and preciousness. See that it is God's Christ's, and not man's setting up; and not only be faithful in feeling, but also in reproof. And if reproof, with all long-suffering, gives offence, let it; and let us sink or swim with a clear conscience and the truth of God. Then, brother, be faithful in preaching a yea and amen gospel, and not yea and nay. I do love a man that really preaches a whole gospel doctrinally, experimentally, and practically. Be faithful also in warning. Ah! but some will say, the ministry has nothing to do with this. Has it not? What does Paul mean when he says, 'Christ in you, the hope of glory, whom we preach, warning every man,' &c. Yes, I would say, faithfulness is wanted here. Ah! but you may say, 'I have got a great man in the church that does not like it.' Well, then, let him go; and if the angels do not feed you, the ravens will.

"More likely to rob than to feed,  
Are birds that live upon prey;  
But when his own people have need,  
His goodness will find out a way."

"Fourthly, or lastly, sincerity is much needed; let it be grounded upon reality. The reality of the truth of God, I believe will be evinced in a man or a woman's walk. Oh how good it is in our dealings with the world; yea, it will make even your enemies love you. That is a sweet word, 'Their rock is not as our Rock, our enemies themselves being judges.' Then further, how needful is sincerity, to walk uprightly before God, to walk uprightly before brethren, to walk uprightly in your conversation, to walk uprightly in the church, and let the Word of God be the man of your counsel and the guide of your future steps, and may you be enabled to come as David, 'Lord search me, and try my heart, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.' Walk uprightly with the people of your charge; set before them the ordinances of God's house, for in keeping God's commandments, there is great reward, not for doing, but in doing, and oh! that this may be more manifest to yourself more and more. 'He that walketh uprightly, feareth the Lord, but he that is perverse in his way sinneth against his own soul.'

In the evening, Mr. Newborn delivered a wholesome discourse from Acts ii. 42. We intended to have inserted it in this number, but our space will not admit. Probably, it will appear in our next.

### GOD'S LOVE

ABOUNDING TO THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

SUCH is part of the title of a work recently put into our hands. It contains some account of a part of the Life—and some evidence of the Conversion and Call to the Ministry, of James Charles Hillman, the present pastor of the Baptist Meeting, at Black Horse Bridge, Deptford. We shall not enter upon any critical review of the Work; but simply extract a little that may be useful to our readers. We should add, the work is published by Palmer and Son; it can be had through the medium of the Booksellers; and to some parts of the exercised family, it may be found profitable. Passing by the recital of brother Hillman's conversion, call to the ministry, &c. We dip into the middle of the Work; and take a brief narrative of his first heavy trial after "they began to call him Parson Hillman." It reads as follows:

"I had now to pass through a very heavy trial, which was the loss of my wife. After I had returned from the country, on the following morning, (Monday) while sitting at the breakfast-table, my wife said,—'James, I feel this hand quite dead; I have no feeling in it.' I ran and got a basin of hot water and put her hand in; but she said, 'I feel it running all up this side.' I found she was falling from the chair, I took her up in my arms, carried her up stairs, called in one of the neighbours, and ran for the doctor; but when he saw her he shook his head: he did all that could be done for her; and at the end of the week she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, I have no doubt: and in one week she was in nature and in glory. I believe she was one that never put a stumbling-block in my way, but would rather remove it. The Lord did great things for her in one week; I never tried to draw anything from her—but she said

to me,—‘James, I feel I am a great sinner; and do you think that such a vile sinner as myself ever can be saved?’ I said, ‘Oh, yes—Jesus came into this world to save the chief of sinners:’ but I can assure you, I could not say much to her. Several friends called in to see her, and they were much pleased to hear her testimony. I think, two days before her death, she said to me,—‘Oh, what a thorny wilderness I am in!’—She was the subject of many a doubt and fear; and I was convinced that God was carrying on his work most blessedly in her soul. On the Sunday morning, (the morning previous to her death,) I said, ‘Mary, shall I go and preach?’ She said, ‘Oh, yes, to be sure.’ I went and preached, but, as you may think, with my mind in a very disturbed state. I must mention one thing more for fear it should pass from my mind. She had all her children around her bed, took her leave of them, and left them this injunction.—‘Mind (she said to them) that you always go to chapel with your father, and then it will go well with you.’ After the evening service, Mr. Thomas called to see her, and said,—‘Mrs. Hillman, I have good news to tell you!’ She said, as well as she could speak, ‘What is it, Mr. Thomas?’ ‘Why, (said Mr. Thomas) it is this,—It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners:’ and her reply was,—‘He hath saved me!’ She became insensible for several hours before her death. It was a source of comfort to me to hear such a blessed testimony from her lips: ‘Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.’”

The next trouble was his removal to London; and some incidents are related in connection with the tossings up and down which he found on the waves of our metropolis, which may, perhaps, have the effect of making young men careful how they leave a comfortable home in the country, for a very uncertain one in London. Let all aspirants for London, and London pulpits, read the following:—

“I will now state the cause of my leaving Kingsbridge. I had a kind and affectionate brother living in London, whom I had not seen for many years, and he having a wish to see me, wrote and informed me, if I would come to London and see him, he would pay my expense up and down, and pay for my labour during my stay with him. I could not stop long with him because I was a foreman over a business. I came and stopped a fortnight, and during that time I had an invitation to preach: the first sermon was, ‘Jesus seen of angels;’ the other text was, ‘O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me.’ The last was not approved of, (I suppose,) as I was not permitted to preach again, although many wished it.

“During the fortnight that I was with my brother, he said, he knew a gentleman, that was one of the committee of the London City Missionary Society. I inquired of my brother about the above society; and he informed me, that it was to visit the sick, and on Sundays I could preach; and he thought it would suit me. If this had been the case it would have done. At the end of the fortnight, after I had arrived home, my brother sent me a letter, that I was to leave immediately. This I could not do, as many things had to be

done prior to my leaving. I had, in the first place, to inform the people of it, whom I had presided over for many years; and, in the second place, I had to tell my employer of it, whose business I presided over at that time: and I wished to attend to the injunction by Paul,—‘Let everything be done decently and in order.’

“But, to return to my coming to London. Within one month I arrived at London, expecting to become a London Missionary; but the Lord thought otherwise. A short time after my arrival, I had an audience with one of the committee, and I soon found out that the sound he gave was *an uncertain sound*: I found it was ‘death in the pot.’ After this interview, I had, in writing, nineteen questions to answer, which I did to the best of my ability. About two months afterwards I was called before a General Committee; although I had a good nerve, when I came before them, I trembled as much as Belteshazzar, when he saw the hand-writing against the wall: I stood before them like a poor criminal, and they got at me on the right hand and on the left, but I stood firm against them with ‘Thus saith the Lord;’ and when my business was over I was commanded to retire. After they had debated the matter, *one of the fraternity* came to me, and said ‘Come with me;’ and *the very pious gentleman* and myself (a poor trembling sinner) retired to a room. ‘Now, sir, I have to inform you, that your services are not wanted.’ I thought as much; I am sure if I had been accepted when I gave in my report, I should have been soon dismissed. I came to London with my wife and seven children; I sold my goods for half the value of them; I was two months waiting on this *holy and pious fraternity*; I likewise left a good situation, and a loving people whom I had been placed over for several years. I was not less than fifty pounds out of my pocket; and these very charitable and kind people never gave me as much as a shilling: so much for them.

“I was now with my wife and seven children in a state of poverty, only knowing but one person who was of any benefit to me; and to let my kind friend know all matters I could not do. In some measure I was like Mary, kept many things to myself. I went to see a minister in the City, and he was one of Job’s comforters; he said, ‘You have run before the cloud.’ I said no more to him, but left him. Satan again sat in upon me,—‘You have run before the cloud:’ it tumbled up and down in my mind,—‘You have run before the cloud.’ ‘No (said I,) that cannot be.’ This was cleared up to my mind, by looking at the children of Israel in the wilderness. ‘Well, (said I,) Israel in the wilderness moved as the pillar of cloud moved by day, and as the pillar of fire by night: so my coming to London must be by the divine appointment.’ The pillar of the cloud led them into the valley of Pi-hahiroth, where they encamped, with the Red Sea before them, their enemies behind, and mountains on each side. They did not know what to do; if they went back, there were their enemies, and before them was the Red Sea. But Moses saith unto them, ‘Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.’ They were brought to the mountain of difficulties; and God took this opportunity to display his almighty power in delivering them. I was just in such a situation, having no labour; neither could I get any at my

trade as a saddler. My wife and seven children were like the Red Sea before me; poverty and distress followed me like Israel's enemies; and the darkness and deadness of my soul was as great mountains before me, which I could not surmount. I turned to the right and to the left, but no way of escape appeared for me: I began to say what the Psalmist said, 'The mercies of the Lord are clean gone for ever; and the bowels of his kindness are shut up against me.' Here I was sunk in deep mire, having no standing—day after day and week after week passed along with no work, and my mouth closed. 'Here (says the accuser of the brethren) you are with your mouth closed; is this your Lord in which you have boasted?—where is his love in which you boasted of?—these are poor marks of his love.' And the language of Paul arrested my mind, 'Preaching to others, and fearing at last of becoming a castaway.' O, what a melancholy state of mind did I experience: I could not do anything but groan and sigh; deep was calling unto deep; my soul was almost overwhelmed within me. At last I thought of Mr. Cartwright, found out where he preached, and went to hear him. After the service was concluded, I went into the vestry, and told him what had brought me to London. He said, 'Friend Hillman, if I had known it, you should not have come to London on such business; you will never do for them. What are you doing!—do you preach?' I told him, 'No.' He then said, 'You must preach for me on Thursday night.' By this my soul was a little relieved, and I could rejoice and could look satan in the face and say, my mouth is opened again: this was great rejoicing to me.

"On the following Sunday, Mr. Cartwright sent me to Woolwich, to preach in the evening, for which I had five shillings; I thought I was a man made, and my soul uttered this language,—'The Lord has turned my captivity as the streams of the south;' and about a fortnight afterwards he sent me to Bloomsbury chapel; I delivered my message in the morning, and took dinner with Mr. Stopher, (deacon of the above place :) our hearts were knitted together, and we have been on friendly terms ever since, which is now six years. I went in the evening and delivered my message, for which I received five shillings; and I came home to my wife and family rejoicing. The next day my wife went out in search of work, and got some caps to make, at a penny each: it was in the height of summer, and she would work with one of my daughters, and sometimes earned ten-pence before breakfast. Again I could bless God for his delivering mercy towards me."

In this way Mr. Hillman was led on until he was settled in Bethel Chapel, Deptford.

"*Life, Experience, and Correspondence of William Bowcock, the Lincolnshire Drillman.* London: published by Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster Row; and at the South London Religious Tract Depository, Bermondsey New Road.

WILLIAM BOWCOCK was a vessel of mercy—a real Christian—a deep thinking man—and, for many years, an exceedingly useful man in the Baptist Church at Boston, in Lincolnshire. He was, moreover, a ready scribe, and exceedingly zealous for all the doctrines and ordinances revealed and made known to us in the Word of God. It is

evident that during the greater part of his life he kept a diary of all the most eventful paths of his experience—a record of all his letters—and notes of his daily observations. From this immense mass of matter his late pastor has made such a selection as forms an entirely original, a deeply interesting, and a spiritually valuable duodecimo volume. It is no prosy essay; it is a plain, straightforward, savoury, and intelligent book, consisting of between 150 and 200 pages that may be read and referred to again and again.

### TEMPTATION.

From the second volume of "*A Closet Companion for the Daughters of Zion*," by Mrs. Allingham, and now in the press, we extract the following lines, as expressive of the agonizing feelings of a tempted child of God. The second volume will be considerably larger than the first, and will contain very many spiritual pieces of great value to tempted souls in Zion.

"Save me, Lord, from this temptation;  
Shield me by thy mighty power;  
Guard me by thy great salvation,  
Rescue in this trying hour:

Save, oh save me!

Least I fall to rise no more.

"In myself, Almighty Maker,  
I am prone to swerve from thee;  
Sin hath tainted all my nature,  
When, oh, when shall I be free?

Save, Jehovah,

Save from this iniquity.

"'Tis from sin I ask protection,  
And from satan's fierce control;  
Deign to give me thy direction,  
Shelter, Lord, my trembling soul:

Save, dear Jesus,

Save me from a crime so foul.

"Rather would I die this moment,  
'Than disgrace my Saviour thus;  
Help me 'gainst this vile opponent,  
Lest thy children have to blush:

O'er my falling

Lord, prevent the horrid curse.

"Oft I feel my sinful nature,  
Court'ing what I fain would shun;  
Help me, O, thou great Creator,  
Interpose, or I'm undone:

Holy Spirit!

Help thy poor impatient one.

"Thou who didst endure temptation,  
Trampling down thy ev'ry foe,  
Give thy weak one consolation,  
Saviour, make me conquer too:

Be my guardian,

All the perilous journey through.

"Oft I sigh with mental anguish;  
For mine enemy is strong;  
Oft I find my spirit languish,  
And the trial lasteth long:

Lord protect me,

Till the fearful strife be done.

"Take me home e'er this dread trial  
Light on my defenceless brow;  
Father, save thy suppliant child,  
From the ill that threatens now:

All the glory

Shall be plac'd on Jesu's brow."

# The prevailing Prayer of Christ.

"Deliver my soul from the sword—my darling from the power of the dog."—Psa. xxii. 20.

THOSE words of the psalmist in essence and substance, are the word and earnest prayer of our adorable, sweet, and precious Lord Jesus, when suffering under the curse of the righteous law for our sins, with the sword of justice in his heart and soul. For Jesus, as our covenant Husband and Redeemer, was made partaker of flesh and blood, that he might have something pure and precious to offer as a sacrifice and atonement for our sins; and he, as the Surety of the better covenant, paid down his own precious blood as the redemption price, and with the sword of divine justice in his soul, poured out his soul into death, and was reckoned, or numbered with the transgressors, and our unaccountable sins numbered upon him and reckoned to him as if they had been his own; "The Lord laid upon him the iniquities of us all." He being our elect Head, God's first elect, "the very elect," in whom the church was chosen before the foundation of the world; and as Jesus, our covenant Surety, Head, and Husband, was responsible for the debts of his bride, it was charged upon him, and he paid it every fraction, "jot and tittle," and could no longer be held a prisoner, "could not be holden with the cords of death." Jesus, "God with us," rose from the dungeon grave, free from all the charges of law and justice, as our Redeemer and God's elect Ransomer of our souls and bodies too. Who shall now lay anything to the charge of God's elect Christ? And who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect church in him? It is God that hath justified his dear Son, and us in him. Jesus saith, by the prophet Isaiah, "For the Lord will help me, therefore I shall not be confounded; therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." Jesus saith again, "He is near that justifieth me; who shall contend with me? Who is my adversary? let him come near to me. Behold, the Lord God will help me, who is he that shall condemn me?" Isa. l. 9. Jesus is risen; death hath no more dominion over him. A just God cannot demand any more of his dear Son, who hath fulfilled the law, satisfied jus-

tice in our room and stead; and surely God is an honest God.

"Payment God cannot twice demand,  
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
And then again at mine."

Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's precious elect Son, God's "very elect," God's own elect, "in whom his soul delighteth?" And who shall lay anything to the elect bride of Christ? Who is he that shall condemn and put to death God's dear and well beloved Son again? He hath died once for our sins, and put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. "It is Christ that died, yea rather who now liveth in the presence of God, who (as the old version reads,) maketh request for us." Blessed be God, and his request for us is always heard. "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," who pleads his own perfect obedience, blood, and righteousness, in which we stand just and justified before God for ever. Hallelujah! Amen.

O lovely Lord Jesus! my best, my stand-fast Friend; my only Helper in sorrow, pain, trouble, affliction, and persecution. Thy holy Father spared not to give thee to us, and thou spared not thy own dear holy flesh, and precious blood, to purchase, pay for, and redeem, my poor, troubled, sin-vexed, hell-hunted, and pharisee-persecuted soul. O Lord, how shall I sufficiently extol thee, and magnify thy name? O, my Prince! my heart has glowed with love to thee; but what is that compared with thy unspeakable love to my soul? Yes, my sweet Prince, thou Prince of peace, thy groans, thy cries, and thy prayer on the cross, was heard; thy soul is now delivered from the sword, and my soul has not the shadow of a hope but in thy blood; that precious, godly blood, that the sword and spear fetched from thy dear, swollen, agonizing, bleeding heart.

But though thy dear soul is now delivered from the sword, canst thou, wilt thou, forget my poor soul, pierced through and through by the same class of people that pierced thy soul? Pharisees, and hypocritical mockers, in feasts, gashed upon thee with their teeth, and feasted on thy groans. Hypocritical mockers, in



feasts, who feast on the failings, infirmities, calamities, sorrows, and groans of thy people, and eat up the sin of thy people as they eat bread. O, sweet Lord, thy prayer must prevail; "Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the power of the dog."

What! my dear Lord, is thy soul delivered, and canst thou now forget thy darling? Never, never; no never; for thy Father has heard thy prayer for thy darling, thy church on earth, hunted by the black dog of hell and his beagles. This old vile dog has much power; but my risen Lord has now all power, both in heaven and in earth. Yes, my dearest Lord, thou hast power with thy Father in heaven, and power over the devil and his dogs on earth; and thou well understandest the bark of the old black dog, and his white ones too—scribes, hypocrites, and pharisees; for such dogs "compassed thee about, the assembly of the wicked enclosed thee, they rent thy flesh, they pierced thy hands and thy feet." Psalm xxii. 16. And they still go round about the city, (the church of the living God,) they return at evening, (every dark state of thy church, and every dark night with my soul,) they make a noise like a dog, and grudge if they are not satisfied with the flesh of thy sheep. But thy darling is the delight of thy soul, and thou wilt deliver her from the power of the dog; yes, deliver our souls, if they should be permitted to kill our bodies; for they cannot destroy the soul.

Now, beside the old black dog, there are many other dogs led on by him against thy darling, thy redeemed, sanctified church. There are great dogs, with great power, and little dogs;—"I have seen the wicked in great power." There are black dogs, (the profane,) and white dogs, (the pharisees.) There are also mad dogs—"They that are mad against me, are sworn against me." Psalm cii. 8. Yes, sweet Lord, they that were mad against thee, the same kind are mad against thy darling, and against my soul. Forty such were sworn among themselves, that they would neither eat nor drink until they had killed Paul. Therefore, Paul writing to the church at Philippi, says, "Beware of dogs, beware of the concision, beware of evil workers." They are those who bark against thy darling—the truth and doctrines of the gospel; that like "greedy dogs," they may fill their own bellies by preaching lies for a livelihood. They are the concision; they cut, rend,

and tear thy church; "greedy dogs that can never have enough, shepherds that cannot understand." Thousands such, in the Church of Rome, and Church of England too, and some without.

Job speaks of the "dogs of his flock;" and where Christ has a flock, there are wolves and dogs. Nevertheless, dogs are sometimes useful things; they hunt the sheep to their shepherd and their fold. And sometimes watch-dogs, which are very watchful; such as are continually watching for the faults and failings of Christ's people; and have their usefulness as watch-dogs, to drive the sheep to Christ, and his fold, and his bosom.

There are great dogs and little dogs, white dogs and black dogs; the white, smooth sleek dogs are the worst sort, they will bite you behind unawares, "back-biters." But none of them have any relish for the Gospel, nor the holy things of God. Therefore, Jesus saith, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, lest they turn again and rend you." Matt. vii. 6. For unless they are born of the Spirit, born in holiness, and have a principle of divine life, grace and holiness, they have no relish for the holy things of the Gospel of Christ. They rather live on the carrion of this world; "their portion is in this life;" "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs." They may fawn around you, and seem very tame, and lick you with their tongues, but their nature is not changed; if they have not the principle of life, truth, grace and holiness in them, they have no relish for supernatural and divine things. They will, (if you attempt to feed them with holy things,) in the end, turn upon you "and rend you." They can live only upon natural and fleshly things, the things of the flesh, they are after the flesh, and the things of the flesh will only go down with them. The profane live on the filthy pleasures of the flesh, and the pharisee on his supposed holy things of the flesh; but without Christ, and without faith, all is sin. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit;" and unless born of the spirit, let them appear like angels in the sight of men, their religion is but a fleshly religion at best. It is only as Paul saith, "the fleshly mind puffed up," and the fleshly mind feeds on fleshly religious things; fleshly piety and virtues, human excellencies and moral virtues, with perhaps a natural knowledge of the doc-

trines of grace, and may have a shew of wisdom and humility, to the satisfaction of the flesh." Col. ii. 23.

But every soul, born of God, has a new, holy, and divine nature in them; and though the heaven-born feels, lothes, and laments the vile, swinish, dogish, "filth of the flesh," and "the righteousness of the flesh as filthy rags," the Holy Spirit leads and guides the soul to the blood of Jesus for washing, cleansing, and sanctification, and that holy principle of life and grace in the soul can feed on nothing short of holy things—the person, word, promise, flesh and blood and righteousness of the Son of God, who saith, "My flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." Jesus took our nature to take away our sin by his own sacrifice and blood; and Christ's true church, his darling, is partaker of his nature, divine life, holiness and love. Therefore she cannot live in, or on that vile thing, sin; she lothes it; neither can she live on her own righteousness, and virtues, and rectitude of her own heart, as Pharisees do. No, no, she cannot live on anything short of her own Beloved, and his own earnings, worked for her, and laboured for her bread by the sweat of his face in the garden, and on the bloody tree. The proud Pharisees, who live on their own earnings, excellencies, virtues, fleshly religion, and fleshly performances, to feed, and, as Paul saith, "To puff up the fleshly mind"—their breath smells very rank and strong, and is very disagreeable and offensive to Christ's darling; it smells of the old man's righteousness, and stinks of self; "instead of a sweet smell—a stink." But Christ's darling hath Christ's sweet spirit in her, and it is soon known when she begins to breathe and speak, because Jesus breathed on her, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Therefore her breath smells of heaven, and her robes of all the chief spices; and Jesus prays, "Deliver my darling from the power of the dog." And the Spirit helps her infirmities, and her prayer corresponds with his, "O deliver me from the power of the dog." Lord, dear Lord, thou knowest how this old dog, the devil, worries my poor soul, and other dogs besides. O deliver me from hell-dogs, earth-dogs, and from this vile flesh, this filthy dogish depraved nature. O my sweet Lord, when shall I see thy face?

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON'S  
Portrait of an Antinomian.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—For a long time I have heard from professors and profane persons various descriptions of an antinomian and antinomianism. "Dear me!" I have thought, "how much I should like to see the monster's exact likeness!" Well, to my surprise and pleasure, a few days ago a brother put his *true picture* into my hands, drawn by that star of no ordinary magnitude in his day—the late William Huntington; and as I flatter myself that many of the humble and despised followers of the Lamb, (so called Antinomians) never saw his real character and conduct in such vivid colours as he is here depicted, if you think proper to exhibit him upon the deck of the *Vessel*, it may be useful, as all your readers may then have a fair look at him.

Your's in the faith,

T. STRINGER.

BE not afraid of the name of Antinomian, which, in our day, is given to those who are partakers of the Holy Ghost; for a bad name will never hurt a good man.

1. A real Antinomian, in the sight of God, is one who holds the truth in unrighteousness.

2. One who has gospel notions in his head, but no grace in his heart.

3. He is one who makes a profession of Christ Jesus, but was never purged by his blood, renewed by his Spirit, nor saved by his power.

4. With him carnal ease passes for gospel liberty, and daring presumption for the grace of assurance.

5. He is alive without the law, the sentence of the moral law having never been sent home to him.

6. The law of Christ was never sealed on him, the law of truth was never received by him, nor the law of liberty proclaimed to him.

7. He was never arraigned at, nor taken from, the throne of judgment.

8. He was never justified at the throne of grace, nor acquitted at the bar of equity.

9. The tremendous attributes of righteousness were never seen nor felt by him.

10. The righteousness of the law was never fulfilled in him, the righteousness of the law was never fulfilled by him, the righteousness of faith was never imputed to him, nor the fruits of righteousness brought forth by him.

11. He is an enemy to the power of God, to the experience of the just, and to every minister of the Spirit, and is in

union with none but hypocrites, whose uniting ties are the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity.

12. He is one who often changes his opinions, but is never changed in heart.

13. He turns to many sects and parties, but never turns to God. In word he is false to satan, in heart he is false to God; false to satan by uttering truth, and false to God by a false profession.

14. He is a false professor in the world, and in the household of faith he is a false brother.

15. He is a child of satan in the congregation of dissemblers, and a bastard in the congregation of the righteous.

16. By mouth he contends for a covenant that cannot save him, and in heart he hates the one that can.

17. His head is at Mount Calvary, and his heart and soul at Mount Sinai.

18. He is a Pharisee at Horeb, and a hypocrite in Zion.

19. He is a transgressor of the law of works, a rebel to the law of faith, a sinner by the ministry of the letter, and an unbeliever by the ministry of the Spirit.

20. As a wicked servant he is cursed by the eternal law, and as an infidel he is damned by the everlasting gospel. And this is a real Antinomian in the sight of God.

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 "THE INWARD

**Musings of one in Affliction of Soul.**

It struck my mind on a sudden, whilst lamenting over the distress and burden which laid so heavily upon my spirit, there is a secret hidden something in the heart of a true believer that will produce signs, and give evidences of life, under the heaviest weight of oppression, and in times of the sharpest temptation and most sore conflict. If you were to lay ever so heavy a burden and weight upon a dead body it would not feel, nor shew any emotion of suffering; but press down a living creature with a great weight, and it will mourn by reason of the pressure, and will earnestly entreat for release. And if the burden be so great that there is not power to ask for liberation, the poor distressed creature will inwardly groan and sigh under the load.

So is it with a living soul; sin is a heavy burden and a sore grief to it. Those who are dead in sin cannot feel either the weight or the guilt of their

sins; but those whom God, by his Spirit, has quickened and made alive, whose consciences are tender, feel every slip of the tongue, every evil imagination and wicked device of the heart, every sinful and vain desire of the soul, to be a sore burden and source of painful distress, which makes them groan and cry, being oppressed.

Ah, poor, burdened, sighing, mourning soul, cast not away your hope, but resist the enemy, by gathering together those evidences of God's mercy which still you have—by calling to mind the goodness of God towards you in times past—by remembering the faithfulness of his promise still, the power of his arm to save still, and the suitability of his grace still. Plead with the Lord, as David did, and not nurse your sorrows and dwell upon them, nor harden yourself in grief by giving way to the temptations of satan prompting you to think that God has turned his back against you, that he will not give ear to your supplications, nor regard the voice of your cry, but seek his face—entreat his mercy—say to him, "Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger. Thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation." "For God regardeth the prayer of the destitute, and will not despise their prayer."

It is by the light of his truth, and from the teaching of his Spirit, that you are brought to see the evil of transgression, and are caused to feel the burden and weight of iniquity, so that you groan for deliverance, and sigh and pant in deep humility for a fresh manifestation of mercy, and a renewed token of love and favour to your soul. Ah, yes! And when thus cast down and afflicted—thus humbled and laid low from a sense of thy own weakness and vileness satan may come in with a crowd of painful accusations and evil suggestions; and those things which, in former times, have been made useful to succour and console your fainting spirits are now so overturned as even to become an instrument whereupon the edge of every other sorrow is sharpened, so that they cut with double keenness.

And yet, tried believer, canst thou receive it? Though thy grief and distress have in them a double sharpness, there will, in the end of the trial, when sanctified, come out of them a two-fold sweet-

ness, for it will not only teach thee the emptiness of all things apart from Christ, the vanity of trusting to creatures, and the exceeding deceitfulness of thy own heart, and cause thee to place thy whole dependance, and centre thy whole affections on Christ! But it will make his name, his word, his love, and his unchanging faithfulness inexpressibly dear; it will exalt him in thy affections and esteem more highly than ever, and thou wilt say, "O, taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him." "O, fear the Lord, ye his saints, for there is no want to them that fear him."

KERENHAPPUCH HUNT.

THOUGHTS ON MR. JAMES HUNTER'S LETTER  
ON THE

### Entrance of Sin into the World.

By Mr. William Tite.

MR. EDITOR,—I send you a few thoughts on James Hunter's letter in your July number, 1851; not out of any disrespect to him, but for truth's sake.

I do not know him in person, having never seen him; but I have heard of him by different persons. Some speak in his favour, others not so—but this is the lot of every man sent of God to preach salvation by grace—and from what I have heard of him, I hope he is one sent of God for this end. But I do believe he staggers many weak minds on his opinion of God's decreeing the entrance of sin; that he has made many sincere souls tremble. It is such an hard split point between God's decreeing sin, and his being the Author of it, there is very few of God's family can see any difference.

But I could not judge from hearsay what his principles were; but he having made them public, of course they are open to investigation, and we have each liberty to give our opinion on what he has written. For my part, I say there are some good things in his letter, but I cannot agree with all; for he says, "There are only three states of mind in which we can conceive God to be in, in reference to the entrance of sin. First, His will must have been opposed to its entrance; or, second, he must have had no will concerning it; or, third, it must have been his secret will it should enter." If we examine, First, and say his will was opposed to its entrance, there must have been a power stronger than Jehovah

that forced its way, and we proclaim the awful thought—a disappointed God. If we say the second, that he had no will concerning it, we contradict the statement that, "He worketh all things after the counsel of his will." But if we take the last, that he for wise and important ends, willed its entrance, we agree with the Book of God. But in what part of God's Book have we a positive statement that God decreed the entrance of sin? Bring this, and faith will receive it; but she cannot rest on man's opinion, if there is no positive revelation as a foundation for her to rest on; nor can reason scan the deep, her plumb-line is too short; therefore her conceptions of God must not be our standard to judge by, but his Word, which says, "Who, by searching, can find out God? for he giveth not account of his matters to any." And as Solomon saith, "God is in heaven, and we upon earth, therefore, my son, let thy words be few."

But let us examine his first statements, in which he says, if proved, there must be a disappointed God. But did he reveal his will to Adam? Of course he did. And this was opposed to the entrance of sin; if not, on what just ground did the prohibition rest? Did he prohibit what he had absolutely decreed must come to pass, and punish man for fulfilling his absolute decree. Surely not! "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right." Gen. xviii. 25. He made his creature Man, pure, and gave him a rule to act by; and when he broke that rule his Maker was offended with him, and turned him out of Paradise.

But his Maker was not disappointed here, though he was offended with him for breaking the law he gave him; but his secret will was then a secret he kept to himself, so that neither the devil, nor Adam, nor Eve knew anything of this, nor we either; but some appear as if they thought Jehovah could not know any thing but what he absolutely decreed; but he knoweth all things that shall transpire to all eternity, and has decreed the salvation of his church on the foundation of his own immutability. But he did not set Adam there in his first covenant, nor do I believe he decreed to throw him down, but let him act of his own free will; and he listened to his wife rather than his Maker, and fell; and this was the charge God brought against him,— "Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife." Now, he was to love

his wife as himself, but he was to love his God above her or himself either.

But the breach of the rule of the first covenant God made with man, must be displeasing to him, and contrary to his will in that agreement, and none can deny but God made this agreement, and it was an holy agreement, with his holy creature man; and all his decrees must be holy and righteous too. "Truth," says God, "made man upright;" and, "He saw every thing that he had made, and beheld it was very good." No sober-minded christian would say, God could not have prevented it, but, he had not entered into an agreement with man to do so. As the unchanging God he could not act contrary to the agreement he had made, for he cannot lie.

But now to the second point. Mr. H. says, it must contradict his working all things after the counsel of his own will. But Paul is not talking about God's working or decreeing sin; but I think a little examination of this text with its connexion, will sufficiently shew, the drift of the Spirit is to shew what is the true foundation of man's everlasting salvation, which is God's choice of him before the foundation of the world, "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace." Ephesians i. 5. 6. Having made known to us the mystery of his will, must not he have decreed the entrance of sin? no, no; "according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself, that he might gather together in one, all things in Christ, in whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." But these glorious truths set forth for our comfort, his gracious will in the eternal salvation of his church in Christ. But not to lead us into perplexity has he decreed the entrance of sin; it is our mercy God fixed our eternal happiness on sure ground, in a covenant ordered in all things and sure; if not, we should have lost all, as Adam did: but all is in Christ and everlastingly secure.

Now to the third point—That God did, for wise and important ends, will its entrance. True, God permitted sin to enter, for ends we have no right to dispute. But I understand Mr. H. does not agree to the word *permit* on this

point; but has put in the word *allowed*, which is one and the same meaning; and he owns it to be God's *secret will*; then we have no right to attempt to meddle with it, for secret things belong to the Lord our God, but those revealed, belong to us for ever. Deut. xxix. 29. "And O, the depths of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways are past finding out." Rom. xi. 33. Who can explain them, without being lost in the attempt? His revealed will is our will; let us be content with that, for it is our ground of safety. I believe there is too much contention about things God never designed we should know while here, and too little contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. But I do not write out of any disrespect to Mr. H., but for the Lord's people's benefit.

And also, having been much exercised in my own mind about these deep things, I find I cannot comprehend them. I rather pity James Hunter as a young man, than triumph over him, or wish to oppose God's precious truth. But Paul says, "All things are lawful to me, but all things edify not." If we use the word *permit*, poor simple minds can understand us best, and this appears to me the safest ground to stand on, because it doth neither contradict his secret, or revealed will; and if we could find out the secret how the disease entered, it would avail us but little, unless we found the remedy; and this is Christ in his office, characters, and relationship to us. May it be our aim to exalt him as highly as we can,

"Point to his redeeming blood,  
And say, 'Behold the way to God.'"

Yours in the truth,

WILLIAM TITE.

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### The Cross is my Anchor.

THE CROSS is my anchor, tho' wave follow wave,  
Tho' frail be my vessel, this anchor shall save;  
Let faith in full confidence trust in the Lord,  
Midst dangers, I rest in his life-giving Word.

The cross is my anchor, 'tis steady and sure,  
Within the veil holding, all storms I endure;  
My Jesus has entered, a priest on his throne,  
I trust in his promise, and in him alone.

The cross is my anchor, all storms soon shall cease,  
And my vessel, tho' frail, reach the haven of peace,  
No shipwreck, or storm, need I evermore fear,  
When the danger's extreme, then my Saviour is near.

The cross is my anchor, I now hear his voice,  
"It is I," then I fear not, but trust and rejoice;  
The last storm with its low'ring, may speedily come,  
I'll trust in his cross, and shall soon reach my home.

Pinner.

A. E. LEE.

## No Praying Soul ever missed its way to Paradise.

[So high did the late Mr. John Stevens, of Meard's Court, stand in the estimation of many of the churches and disciples of Christ, that I feel quite sure anything coming from his pen, or that has dropped from his lips, in public or private, will be well received. The following are some of the remarks he made some years ago in a sermon on Rom. viii. 16. Noted down at the time by F. FRANKLIN.]

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." Romans viii. 16.

THE apostle is here shewing that there is such a thing as relationship. Our being sons is one thing, but our knowing our sonship is another thing. All are children of God, as the creatures of his hand, but all are not children in a heavenly relation. The apostle never confounded the two together, but kept them apart—drew lines of distinction, and thus shewed that being sons of God raises us to a ground of hope of heirship—"For if sons, then heirs."

Sonship is a matter founded on the sovereign good will of God, without fetching any reason or inducement from the creature. Hence, says the same apostle, "Having predestinated us to the adoption of children, by Jesus Christ, to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace." Here is a chain of truth—Grace reigns in the adoption of a people.

Now sonship originally stood in Christ—it began with him, the primitive Son of God, the Son of the Father in truth and love, and the others came by theirs in their order. They stand near, but not so near as him. His sonship is drawn out in their relation, and this is the well-head, and lies as the basis of their hope.

According to such relation we are brought near—near to God, as a Father, and so God provides for us as a Father, instructs us as a Father, conducts us through the wilderness as a Father. Yes, and he has a rod for us as a Father, for sometimes his children need chastising—"For if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons."

Now what God has willed that shall be—it shall be made manifest. If he has constituted me a son, he will make it manifest—he will tell me of it—blessed be his name he *has* told me of it, and

*does*, from day to day, in measure. Hypocrites are not concerned about their souls, nor the witness of the Spirit; they can drink iniquity, and ride prosperously, without a spirit of genuine repentance, as unrenewed as Beelzebub.

I do believe that nine out of ten of God's children are not positively sure they are the children of God, though they carry their marks and evidences with them. "O," say they, "If I did but know this, how glad should I be!"

Now we see a man may be safe, and yet be uneasy in his mind, at times, concerning his safety. But when Christ has appeared, the Holy Ghost comes down and lets the waters flow abroad, so that bearing witness is bringing near what was a truth before, a truth before we were born, and hence we receive salvation from God; and the Holy Spirit will never bear witness to a man dead in trespasses and sins—none but those who are quickened to life.

We are, first, adopted, and secondly, regenerated; and none are regenerated but those who are adopted.

Adoption sends the Spirit, and works in the heart letters of eternal life. "There is a child blind," says the Father, "go and give him sight to see his state by nature, and his need of my redemption. There is a child deaf, born so; go and give him ears, that he may hear my voice and the voice in the gospel, which shall be as music to him. There is a child dumb, go and give him speech, that he may talk to me, talk of me, what I have done for him, and the good things I have in reserve for him." Hence we read of being renewed, and born of water and the Holy Ghost, and "bringing the blind by a way they knew not, and in paths they have not known."

In this new creation there is a holy sensibility imparted; there is no life but what is in and from Christ. Grace flows from his person, from his treasures. I am taught to know that God is my Father, and that he will manifest himself to me.

But further. God is jealous of his honour, and he will have his people know it. Are there any men gone to hell with a tender conscience, afflicted in their minds about their state, and whether they are the children of God? No. These are the forerunners and harbingers

to eternal life. The wicked are suffered to go on in the way of their frowardness, and are held over to a future judgment. The other steals away from the camp of the unrighteous, supplicating mercy at the foot of the cross; and in this his visitation he is under the Spirit's work, and thus the Spirit reproves them in a peculiar manner, and all such dispensations are in mercy, and this soul-sickness none but God can give. Conscience is called in to be a sort of judge. "Now," says the Spirit to the soul, "have you anything to shew on your behalf why the sentence should not be enforced against you?" And what is the cry? it is this, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." This man is accepted of God, but a proud Pharisee is sent away.

The children of God are the epistles of Christ, and he bears his witness by bringing in the doctrines of grace, he puts his truth within, "I will put my law in their minds," &c. And again, "Their sins will I remember no more." And this is the way in which they know something of their Father's good pleasure. The apostle knows his metaphor from the ancient manner of writing the law; and to whom does the covenant belong but to the adoption by grace. The Spirit's work is to distinguish. One man uses his breath to curse, another to praise the Lord; the Spirit turns a man inside out; the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, Christ risen from the dead becomes his meat and his drink; faith is formed, the language of the household is spoken, and when faith is thus wrought, and the promise is come in power to eternal life, then may we say, we are the children he has adopted; and all this is the Spirit's work, and is the fruit of ancient adoption by the will of God, and the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

Again, the Spirit is given as a spirit of wisdom in the knowledge of Christ, and this is another evidence of sonship. The soul is said to see its need of Christ, to go after him. The will receives Him in the evidence of light to know the person of Christ, his life, his love, his atoning work, and to have communion with him, fellowship in his sufferings and death; this is the witness of the Spirit, it is the Spirit working by his mighty power. The man's choice is different, his pursuits are different. The soul in itself is not competent for these matters, there's a superadding hereunto. Let but the light break in

upon the mind, and they can see; see for themselves, and read for themselves. Now, say they, I can see as clear as can be, that Christ died for sinners like me. Our spirit can only bring in her reasoning as the Holy Ghost works upon the mind, casts out doubting and servile fear; and I add, grace gives us to contemplate the power of the witness. We are sealed by the Spirit of God. Christ's image is the seal and effigy, nor are any thus sealed who are not adopted to eternal life. But observe, it is said, "He beareth witness." It shews the work is going on, and if they are without this witness, they are soon in darkness, doubt and fear; it needs renewing, carrying on, for the Holy Ghost does not begin a work and then leave it; he continues to carry on his work, and will, till the day of Christ; of softening, sanctifying, and purifying the heart. I should soon cease to pray if I did not feel my want. Hungry souls will cry and call upon God in the day of their leanness; they will cry for bread, and he will not deny them their supply; and he will bring the conscience in to witness to his goodness, and here is the difference between a man of faith, a man of God, and one who is not so. The good man loves what he hears, he is a man of feeling, a man of supplication, a man of devotion, and this is another of the ways in which the Spirit beareth witness, in leading me to a throne of grace. All the people of God are born to pray, nor can they leave off praying; they have a spirit of prayer, they pray in and by the Spirit. And I conclude, by saying, that no praying soul ever missed its way to Paradise. Amen.

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"Oh what a sight will it be to see the eastern saints, and western saints, and northern saints, and southern saints, flying on the wings of angels to Christ on his throne! Why here is matter of joy. If our evidences are but clear, if we are but assured that he that is our Judge hath shed his blood for us, and given himself for us, I wonder that we are not spiritually cheerful. Come, though the world scatter us, persecute us, drive us to holes and hills, yet we shall meet together at the great marriage supper of the Lamb, and there will joy indeed; the very fore thoughts of this should, methinks, fill our hearts with joy unspeakable and full of glory; 'Let us be glad and rejoice, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. Write, blessed are they who are called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb, these are the true sayings of God.' Rev. xix. 7, 9. Blessed sayings, in which, if we open the eye of faith, we may see matter of truest joy, and spiritual ravishment."—*Isaac Ambrose.*

THE SAINT'S TRIUMPH OVER DEATH: BY DR. M. LUTHER.

"I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." Psalm cxviii. 17.

THIS seventeenth verse of the Psalm, "I shall not die, but live," &c., confesses, and sets forth, the danger from which "the right hand of the Lord" delivereth the saints—that is, from death. The saints feel death in truth, when they are under the perils of death. Nor is it a sweet taste nor a pleasant draught to the flesh, when death is before their eyes, and seems immediately coming upon them. Nor does death come alone; but is accompanied with sin and the law. It always brings these with it; hence, it is quite plain, that the saints must be martyrs, or subjects of affliction; for they are compelled to be amidst perils of death, and to struggle with, and fight against, death. And this does not take place from tyrants, and the ungodly, by fire, by sword, by prison, and the like instruments of persecution; but it is wrought in various ways by satan himself; for satan hates the Word of God utterly; and, therefore, cannot bear even one of those who love and teach the Word. He attacks them in every way, and leaves no assault upon them untried, either in life or in death. In life, he effects it by great and heavy temptations of their faith, their hope, and their love to God. By these various kinds and powers of temptations, he can so hedge in, assault, shake, and terrify the godly heart, and hurry it into such straits of doubt and desperation, as to make it *dread God, grow wrath with him, and sometimes blaspheme him*; and he can bring the wretched conscience into such a state, as to make God, satan, death, sin, hell, and all creatures, appear to it all alike, all eternal, and all its avowed enemies. Nor did either the Turk or Cæsar ever besiege any town with such impetuosity, such violence, and such fury, as that with which satan sometimes comes upon the consciences of those who fear God.

Satan can also do this in the hour of death, if God permit him; when the godly lie down on the bed of danger, and have no hope of life. At such a time, he is a wonderful adept at increasing and exaggerating sins, and setting forth, and threatening the wrath of God. He is a spirit industrious and powerful to a wonder; who, by taking advantage of some little sin, can raise an awful distress in the hearts of the godly, and set before

them a very hell; for it is most true, and most certain, that no one man ever truly saw his principal and greatest sins, such as, *unbelief, contempt of God, his not fearing him, his not believing him, his not loving him as he ought*, and such like sins of the heart, (for the greatest of all sins are those that lie in the heart). Nor could any man fully see these without the greatest peril; and I know not if there be any faith upon the earth, which would be able to stand before the sight of these, and not fall and despair.

And therefore it is, that God permits satan to tempt thee upon those external and actual sins only. Even here, he can raise up in flames, and set before thee hell and damnation in a moment, on such accounts as these:—Because, perhaps, thou hast once or twice drank more than thou shouldst; or because thou hast laid in bed too long. For these things, and the like, he can so tempt thee, that, from distress of conscience and wretchedness, thou mayest bring a disease upon thy body; and, from trouble of heart, bring thyself even into the perils of death. And what is still worse, and more perilous, even the very best of thy works become instruments of temptation in the hands of satan; for he can so detract from them, make nothing of them, deface them, and condemn them; and so exercise and torture thy conscience with them, that all thy sins put together, could not cause thee so much trouble, and render thee so distressed, as do these thy best works, which yet are truly good works. Nay, thou wilt be made to wish that thou hadst wrought real and foul sins, instead of doing those good works. And what the devil aims at in this, is, to make thee cast away those works, as if God had not wrought them in thee; or as if they were not done by the grace and help of God; that thus, thou mightest blaspheme God; and then death is close by thy side; nay, hell itself!

But who can enumerate all the arts, devices, and traps of satan, whereby he can paint out, present, and set before our eyes, sin, death, and hell? This is his very trade and work, and he has now practiced it for more than 5000 years, and can prove himself to be a consummate proficient in that art; he knows it too well, and too perfectly; for he has been during so many years the prince and



author of death. He has practiced this art from the very beginning of the world, so that he well knows how to prepare and present to a terrified conscience, a well-timed draught of death. The prophets, and especially David, knew that, and deeply experienced it; for they so complain, teach, and speak of those temptations, that they by no means obscurely shew that they most deeply and very frequently conflicted with them; while they cry out at one time concerning the gates of death, at another concerning hell, at another concerning the wrath of God.

Nevertheless, how, and at what time soever this may happen unto us, we here find that the saints must contend with satan, and fight with death, whether occasion for this fight be given by a persecutor, or by a pestilence, or any other diseases or perils of life. But in these contests, these strugglings, and these fights, nothing is better, nothing more wise, no way more quick, or more effectual, to obtain the victory, than for a person to learn to sing this song of the saints, to deny himself, and to lay hold of, cleave to, and rest on, the "Right hand of the Lord." By this stratagem satan is deceived, and his attempt is frustrated. And nothing can gall him so much as when he loses all his labour and pains, and finds, that, instead of "Grasping an ear, he has got nothing but chaff." And this victory is effected by this means, and in this way—when I am willing to be nothing—when I take nothing on myself—when I depend upon no strength or help of my own, or of any other creature, but flee to the Lord God, and make him my strength and my courage, and when I trust to his grace and power—when I do this, then I am truly stripped of myself, and of all that I can call mine, and can say, "Why temptest thou me, satan? what dost thou want to do? dost thou want to blacken and reprove my good works and my righteousness before God? If thou dost, thou dost nothing but vainly spill water upon the ground, for I have no righteousness of my own. My strength is not mine; the Lord is my strength, my fortitude, and my victory. Here; come here; pluck the hairs out of the palm of my hand, and take the money out of my empty purse. And if thou wantest to accuse me of my sins; in this again thou labourst in vain. I have no sins. In this, also, the Lord is my strength. Accuse that, as long as

thou wilt—until thou art tired, and hast enough of it. I will not know any sin, nor any holiness, in myself; I will know nothing—nothing I say—but the strength of God in me."

He who can thus deny, put off, make nothing of, and be ignorant of himself; who can thus mock, and spit in the face of satan, and deceive him with an empty purse; he can truly, well, and safely take care of himself. He need fear no danger who can thus mock and insult the devil; as a certain householder once did, who was in extreme necessity, and poorer than a Codrus, or an Irus, and who laughed at and jeered a thief that he once caught in his house, saying "Ah, poor miserable fool, what wantest thou here? Dost thou expect to find anything here in the dead of the dark night? If thou dost, thy hopes will be all deceived, for I cannot see or find anything here in the broad daylight." And what is the use of satan's trying and tempting where he finds a soul so brought to nothing in itself, that it is not able to give him any answer as to either its sins or its holiness? In vain he tries all his arts; in vain he multiplies and exaggerates its sins; in vain he defaces its good works. When it betakes itself in this way to the "Right hand of the Lord," he dares not assault, run upon, and tempt that "Right hand." So far is it from possibility that he should prevail against it.

But if thou leave this song, and depart from it, and satan catch thee in thy sins, or in thy good works; if thou enter into a dispute with him, and descend to contend with him; if thou wait to hear him, and desire to see what he will bring against thee, he will so treat thee, so exercise thee, so agitate, torment, and crucify thee, according to his own will and lust, that thou wilt not know where thou art; thou wilt forget the right hand of the Lord, and wilt thus lose all things.

But, as we have heard, here is the labour, here the exercise, here the skill—to be able to deny one's self. This cannot be learnt so easily, or so quickly; for in the attainment unto this knowledge we must spend the whole of our lives, as all the saints have done before us, and as all must do who are now living, and who shall come after us. For as we still feel sins, so must we still feel death; and as we must fight to be delivered from sins, and that we may cleave

close to the right hand of God, which his word sets forth unto us, so must we fight and contend with death, and with satan, the prince or potentate of death, until we get into perfect liberty. For see and observe how this verse sets forth and describes that battle and that contest: satan, or some persecutor, threatens death to the saints. But what do the saints? They turn away their eyes, yea themselves, altogether from the sight of death. They put off themselves entirely, make themselves nothing, and lay hold of the right hand of God, and cleave to it, and say, "I shall not die," as thou satan, or thou tyrant, threatenest me with death, and declarest and thinkest that I shall die. Thou liest, I say; "I shall not die, but live." But I do not speak of my own, or of human works; I will know nothing now of myself, or of my holiness, but of the works of God. They are what I now look to; it is them that I have now before me; I speak of them—I boast of them—I declare them—I place and rest my whole confidence in them. It is God who delivers me from sins and from death. If thou canst overthrow these works and this right hand, then thou wilt overthrow me."

Thus this verse comprehends those two things contained in the sixth and seventh verses—Consolation and salvation, or, that help which God bringeth to the godly and the righteous. And here you see how it is that the right hand of God animates, raises up, and establishes their hearts, and so powerfully comforts them in the midst of death, that they can say, "Though I die, yet I do not die; though I suffer, yet I do not suffer; though I fall, yet I do not utterly fall; I do not give up; I do not perish; though I am confused and loaded with ignominy, yet I am not confused and loaded with ignominy. Here is the *consolation*."

Moreover. He speaks of the *salvation* thus, "But I shall live." And is not this salvation and this help wonderful? When dying, he lives! when suffering, he rejoices! when falling, he rises up! when loaded with the greatest ignominy, he enjoys the highest glory and honour! So Christ also saith, (John xi. 25.) "He that believeth in me shall never die," and, "Though he were dead, yet shall he live." So also speaketh the Apostle Paul, (2 Cor. iv.) "We are troubled on every side, but not distressed; perse-

cuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." These words cannot be understood by a natural and carnal heart.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### GOSPEL TRUTH.

THE church of Christ, although one in Him, consists of many individuals. The vine has many branches; the building has many stones; the measure of meal many particles; the grass of the field innumerable blades; and the crown many jewels. So the church of God consists of many members, each one distinct, yet all united in one body, which is Christ's.

All were chosen in him at once, and redeemed when Christ died "Once in the end of the world," and "Once for all." But as the gospel trumpet proclaims salvation, by the Spirit of Jehovah they are gathered, not often in multitudes, but "One by one."

If a man has ten-thousand sheep they must all pass under the rod of him that telleth them, each one by himself, and for himself. All the sons of Jacob must bow down to Joseph their brother; he could not manifest himself fully as Joseph their brother till Benjamin was come. The whole of the people of Israel must leave Egypt to worship God in the wilderness, that the whole congregation might appear before the Lord, and receive the blessing. Hence Moses told Pharaoh, "Not a hoof shall be left behind."

The Lord required a sacrifice for the congregation in which the whole people were interested, being represented by the priest offering, and the lamb offered. He also required a sacrifice for personal transgressions. The first shewing forth that gracious act of God the Father in laying the sins of the whole church upon Christ as her Surety; the second, the act of faith in bringing all sin personally through divine grace; and by confession and believing the truth, placing it all to the account of Christ, and receiving in the conscience the full remission.

It must be a personal salvation or none at all. There is no means of escaping the eye which is as a flame of fire. The man without a wedding garment had no personal religion; he was not hid; he could not deceive the Lord of the feast. Judas had an outward acquaintance with the Lord Jesus, a very familiar acquaint-

ance, as it is written, "He that cateth with me, hath lifted up his heel against me." He had no personal acquaintance with Christ, he knew him not for himself, as did Peter and the other disciples, Mary Magdalene, and the thief upon the cross.

We read of eternal adoption, and gather from the Word evidence of its truth according to the Scriptures. How shall we know our eternal adoption but by personal adoption into the family of the living God? Even so is eternal election known by personal choice and separation from sin and the world, eternal justification by pardon and peace spoken into the heart through the finished work of Emanuel, and the predestination of our persons to be conformed to the image of God's dear Son is known by the divine impress of truth received on the heart, and manifested in the conduct and life.

Peace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen.

*Blackmore.*

WILLIAM.

#### A NARRATIVE

OF A WORK OF GRACE; AND OF SOME PRELIMINARY STEPS TO THE MINISTRY.

BY JOSEPH PALMER.

(Continued from p. 216.)

I WENT one Lord's-day to hear Mr. Hobbs preach, and in the course of his sermon he quoted these words, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself," and dropped a hint or two which led me to discover, in some little degree, the blessed ground of hope that was couched in them. But almost immediately afterwards, I think before the sermon was ended, my old enemy was at me, and so confounded my recollection and judgment that I could not clearly remember what construction Mr. H. had put upon the words. Because I had found a little comfort in them, as implying that the believer had the witness in his own internal experience to the truths of revelation, satan chose to put another construction upon them, namely, that a believer had the witness within that he did believe. This served his purpose well, for I could not conceive that I had a witness of that kind, when I was at that moment tempted to doubt the truth of the Bible altogether. This was a cause of great soul trouble to me; but the Lord in his own time appeared, and then he was blessedly determined that

the adversary should not steal away the comfort he was at length determined to bestow.

Soon after my hearing Mr. Hobbs, a chapel in Chadwell Street, Pentonville, was taken and opened by Mr. Roger Hitchcock, formerly of Devises. From the very high opinion my father had expressed of this highly-gifted minister I was led to have a kind of presentiment or hope that the Lord would speak to me through him; and so he did, and delivered my soul from this present temptation in so glorious and complete a manner that I have never been harrassed with it since. Mr. H. had for his text, either the words, "If ye be dead with Christ, so shall ye also rise with him," or very similar words.

In speaking from these words the good man was so led out to shew from Scripture the identity which exists betwixt the work and sufferings of our Lord and the experience of his people, that I was brought indeed to see how I possessed in my own heart the best and surest of all attestations to the truth of the Scriptures, and the doctrines revealed therein. I was led to see the proof of the dear Redeemer's atoning sacrifice and death, first, in my spiritual condemnation and death, complete guiltiness and helplessness under the law; and secondly in having pardon, peace, and justification proclaimed and realised in the conscience as the happy effect of an interest in him; for when I felt my own conscience appeased by the application of Jesu's blood and righteousness, which never could be accomplished by my previous efforts and resolutions, surely in finding this agent of God within me so fully satisfied and purged, I had the true witness, by the testimony of the Holy Ghost, that God was equally satisfied. "If our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God."

Thus was I shewn one part of that real fellowship which believers have both in the sufferings and triumphs of the Saviour. And could I doubt the personality of either God the Father, Son, or Holy Spirit when I thus saw them all actually fulfilling their self-assumed office-characters towards my poor, worthless, and undeserving soul. I was overwhelmed with the great depth of the reality, but I was also established in the glorious fact,

(To be continued.)

## Ordination of Mr. Robert Shindler.

(Continued from p. 230.)

In the evening, brother Newborn addressed the church from Acts ii. 42. "And they continued stedfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." You have been favoured this morning many of you, to hear a lucid statement of a gospel church; and this afternoon, you heard the charge that our brother Moody gave to him whom you have chosen to be your pastor; and this evening I will set before you an Apostolic church for your example and pattern. An Apostle was one that is sent upon very important business. The great Apostle of our profession was the Lord Jesus Christ, and he is worthy of your consideration. Heb. iii. 1. Jesus Christ was the sent of Jehovah, on an errand of salvation, he appointed other Apostles, and gave them commandment to tarry at Jerusalem till they were endowed with power from on high, for as yet they only knew the Lord superficially; their understanding on the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven was but partial, till the day of Pentecost, agreeable to that passage in Joel ii. 28; repeated by Peter again here, "I will pour out my Spirit." This was fulfilled in the Apostles, and by it "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The truths they preached were of God; nothing can be taken from them, nor added to them; it is the perfect law of liberty, the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, and when this comes to the heart and conscience, it frees from the law of sin and death. Now, my dear friends, I consider the truths I am now speaking are for you. Peter charged home upon them the death of the Lord Jesus, as you read, "And when they heard it they were pricked in their hearts;" they were hardened, obdurate unconverted sinners, till that moment. Then mark, theirs was not a skin deep religion then, they were pricked in the heart. Look at the contrast when Stephen was stoned, "Some were pricked to the heart, and they gnashed upon him with their teeth." When God's work only pricks to the heart, it stirs up hatred and wrath, and was it not for the wholesome law of our land, we should be as much martyrs now as Stephen, but when the work is of God, conviction ends in conversion. Mark Peter's exhortation to them, "Repent." What is repentance? A change of mind effected by the Holy Ghost; a sweet description is given in the words of my Lord. He said to one, "Go work to-day in my vineyard, and he would not for a while, but afterwards repented and went." Thus much for the persons. Now it is said, "And they continued stedfastly," &c. This is a church for your example, and imitation. And if you continue stedfastly, there is something important here; not an Arminian to-day and a Calvinist to-morrow; it implies soundness, statedness; they were rooted and grounded in the truth, and not carried away with every wind of doctrine. Thus this church is a pattern, and the nearer you are enabled to come to this, the more it will be for your peace and happiness. Mark what our Lord says to Moses, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed thee in the mount, and you will not go aright in doctrine, experience, nor practice, if it does not agree with the Word of God.

"They continued stedfastly in the doctrine," &c. Well, then, was not Eternal Election an Apostolic doctrine? Read 1 Thess. i. 4, 5. "Knowing brethren, beloved, your election of God, for our Gospel came not to you in word only, but in power," &c. My dear brother has this day made a profession of his belief of its truth: as such, I consider by your choice of him, you have received the doctrine of unconditional and personal election. How blessedly has Peter and Paul spoke of this; and my dear Lord says, "Were it not for the elect's sake, they would have been as Sodom and Gomorrah." And again he says, "Ye are the salt of the earth," &c. Again, the doctrine of the atonement, of the righteousness of Christ, of justification, and of the final perseverance of the saints; all these doctrines they stedfastly continued in. The doctrine of the ancient love of God, everlasting, immutable, and unchangeable. The doctrine of the ancient Trinity, three Persons in one God. "There are Three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." Ah, say you, we cannot comprehend it; that is true, but you have been brought to the acknowledgment of the mystery. May God keep you that you may continue in these things.

"They continued stedfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship." What a sweet word! What does it imply? Communion with each other; there is a fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, and with the Holy Ghost. Agreeable to that passage, 1 John i. 2, 3. This is a fellowship indeed, when we are admitted and privileged to enter into it, that does our souls good. But there is another fellowship spoken of by Paul in Phillipians, and which all the family of heaven have a right to, and which blesses the bestower as much as the receiver; that is, to supply the necessities of our poorer brethren of the substance God hath given us. Now if you have not done this, "try and do it," and you will prove the truth of that word of my Lord, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Well, but do you expect a reward?" "Yes, I do," a reward of free grace, of free favour. But lastly, have no fellowship with the imperfect works of darkness; 2 Cor. vi. 11th to the end. My prayer for you as a church is that you may continue stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine, and know what real fellowship is, in every sense of the word. We must not omit "in breaking of bread and in prayers."

My dear friends, the means are ours, the blessing is God's. Do you not know in keeping away from the Lord's table, you are disobeying the solemn command, "Do this in remembrance of me?" But lastly, "and in prayers." Not prayer, but prayers. Oh that you may be kept stedfast, praying that your minister may come up among you richly laden with the everlasting Gospel; stedfastly in your public meetings, when you are privileged to meet together in your private closets, and enjoy strict communion with your God, and as God is the object of real prayer, bless him that he has made you the subject of the same unspeakable blessing, and my soul for thine, if you who do not feel the power of real prayer.

My desire and prayer is, that the union formed this day, may be long and lasting, and my dear brother be made increasingly useful to you many years.

Thus ended a memorable day with this little interest. We hope the day may be an harbinger

of years of brightening prospect and the sweet sense of heavenly blessings enjoyed at the public union may be preceded by years of fruitfulness to the praise of sovereign mercy and grace reigning through Father, Son and Spirit, is the prayer of a fellow-believer in the wilderness.

JONATHAN.

*Croxborough.*

## The Love of Christ to his Hephzibah.

*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel:*

DEAR BROTHER,—I have thought I would not take the trouble to write any more for insertion in the *Vessel*, as my last was laid aside and lost; but it is with peculiar impression of mind I thus write, praying that it may prove a blessing to some of the Lord's family, and the honour of his dear name.

You may remember when I saw you on the 30th of June, what was our parting conversation, about ministers undertaking the charge of a church while there was a heavy debt upon it. I said, it was like marrying a woman over head and ears in debt; and your reply was, that the Master did not preach that doctrine. I did not take your meaning at the time, but thought after I left you, that your meaning was in reference to the love of Christ to his beloved Hephzibah, the church. This led me to some sweet and soul-profitting reflections upon the subject. What amazing love on his part, when we think of the awful condition she was in a state of nature; not only in debt, but altogether obnoxious to him from the crown of the head, to the sole of the foot—one mass of corruption. And what is worse, supposing that she was rich and increasing in goods, and in need of nothing, and knew not that she was wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; and further, that she had no will to become the bride of Christ, and not only so, but that her heart was at enmity against him, "For the carnal mind is enmity against God," &c; and the language of her heart was, "we will not have this man to reign over us."

But, my dear reader, may you see your character as thus described in God's Word, and may the Holy Ghost lead you from this sight of yourself, to behold the glory, dignity, and majesty, of the precious Husband of Hephzibah, and think how great his love toward her, to marry such a character, and determined to remove every obstacle out of the way, of having her home, eternally glorified with himself. It was this love that brought him from the invisibility of the Father, with the "lo, I come;" thus to pay the debt his beloved Hephzibah had contracted; and therefore meets her creditors at the pay-table of Calvary. I have often thought what a solemn meeting that must have been, when the veil of the temple was rent in twain, and the earth quake and the rocks rent, and the heavens grew black, and the dead bodies of the saints arose to witness this solemn transaction. And while the law makes its demands upon Hephzibah, or her surety, he gives satisfaction by his perfect obedience; and while justice makes its claims, he presents his own heart's blood. Then the law books are closed, the hand-writing of ordinances blotted out, the sword of divine justice finds a sheath in the heart of Christ, and a gaping hell is closed, and the

pearly gates of bliss thrown open for all the followers of the Lamb.

But we have said that she was not only in debt, but obnoxious to him in her fallen nature; therefore, the obstacle is removed by washing her in that fountain of his precious blood, as open for sin and uncleanness. But another objection might arise, that she was naked, that her own righteousness was but filthy rags, and that she was not fit for the society of angels and glorified spirits; but this is removed by the love of his heart toward her, by doing for her as was done for Joshua the high priest, namely, the filthy garments taken away, and a change of raiment brought; namely, his own perfect spotless robe of righteousness, so that poor Hephzibah shall see herself adorned in that glorious robe, and shall sing, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, and covered me with the robe of righteousness," &c. And not only so, but shall take the name of her beloved Husband; as it is written, "She shall be called the Lord our righteousness."

But the greatest objection is still to be considered; that is, that she was not only not willing to receive him as her Husband, but a heart filled with enmity against him. But what a proof of the sovereignty of his power! To stay the enmity of the mind, and reverse the current of the will, and constrain poor Hephzibah to exclaim, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his;" and to know that she is interested in all that Christ is, and all that he hath, and all that he does. What a living witness of these facts is every true believer, when he looks back to what he was in a state of nature, when an enemy to Christ. But now there is no object so dear, and the language of Asaph suits him, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth beside thee;" and with Peter, "Unto you that believe he is precious." How sweetly now Christ and poor Hephzibah can walk and talk together; now, while she complains of her weakness, he shews her his strength, and she is favoured to be coming up out of the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved, and if she complains of his absence, he tells her, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." And in this manner a heavenly correspondence is kept up, so that while she pours out her numerous complaints, he sympathises with her, for in all their afflictions, he is afflicted; and then shews her the fountain of his precious blood, and then opens the wardrobe of heaven, and shews her the glorious robe of his righteousness as hers; and then she becomes so captivated, that she breaks out with the church of old, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." This makes her long for that happy period, when she shall come into possession of all that he has promised.

I remain yours affectionately,

R. SEARLE.

*King's Langley, August 21, 1851.*

### A Word to bring to Remembrance.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—The blessedness of fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ is exclusively enjoyed by the favourites of the court royal, all of whom are of the seed royal, being born, not according to the will of man, nor after the way of man, but answerable to the wisdom of God, which hath begotten them an holy seed, an in-

corruptible seed, an innumerable seed, an indestructible seed, a seed more precious than the fine gold of Ophir. Freedom of access into the audience chamber of the King eternal is uninterruptedly afforded all the royal princes by virtue of their spiritual birth. The only conditions demanded, and which are absolutely necessary to be observed, are these, that they enter thereinto by the love-elected, grace-created, and blood-protected door—the mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ; and that they never venture to approach that door but as conducted and instructed by the Holy Ghost; and he, as the Spirit of renovation and revelation will ever cause them to enter, so as that they shall not be ashamed nor afraid in the presence of God their Father, either of their robes which are royal, or of their requests which are righteous. May we therefore continue to approach the throne of the Most High, having assured boldness in the Most Holy, even Jesus, the alone Mediator of the New Covenant, finding sweet access into the heavenly places not made with hands, feel solemnly satisfied of our standing accepted in “the Beloved,” and thereby become certified that our person, presence, petition, and plea are approved of God in Christ Jesus.

There is an indescribable, yea, an inconceivable measure of joy poured into the quickened soul when the mind is led out by the Spirit of truth to contemplate the ancient love of the Triune Jehovah, as manifested in the covenant engagements and arrangements entered into by the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost for the complete salvation of the heaven-enrolled church; which covenant is ordered in all things so as to secure the unbroken and undivided unity of the whole church, according to the one choice of the eternal mind. And not only so, but it is determined in such a way and manner as shall best develop and declare the glory of his name—Jehovah Tsidkenu—the Lord our righteousness. Hence David, speaking by the Holy Ghost of the covenant sacrifice of the gathered saints of God, saith, “And the heavens shall declare his righteousness, for God is Judge himself.” Psa. l. 5, 6. Yes, the righteousness of Him whom the foolish scribes, fleshly priests, worldly rulers, and wicked elders rejected and still reject—whom the scoffing multitudes reviled and still revile—against whom the heathen raged and still rage—and against whom the devil with all his legions roared and still roar—the heavens, with all their blest inhabitants—angels elect, and sinners saved by grace declare to be honourable and glorious, and therefore it endureth for ever, worthy of all adoring admiration.

But passing the judgment of saints and angels. We are well assured of its infinite perfection, for “God is Judge himself,” and he hath openly and solemnly declared himself to be well pleased for his righteousness sake, who not only hath magnified the law and made it honourable, but hath also manifested or made known the gospel of the grace of God, and made it everlastingly glorious. Nor can we well contemplate the ancient love of God without considering the amazing grace of God in his unspeakable gift so freely bestowed upon the adopted children of his love, whom the Father loveth even as his Son, in whom he always delighteth.

All grace being given unto us in Christ Jesus, he is thereby recognised and regarded as the living fountain in the gardens of divine plantation—the sacred granary of all the spiritual husbandmen—the glorious armoury of all the holy warriors, who delight in peace, yet never cease from war till they behold their Captain crowned with the full honour of their soul's salvation.

“From every foe and every fear,  
And all that hurtful would appear.”

Yea, he is the Secret Reservoir, Heavenly Storehouse, and Boundless Treasury of mercy's needy family. Grace, with a loving smile upon her heavenly countenance meets the guilty with full pardon, unconditionally free, the naked with garments unequalled for wear, warmth, and worth,

not of linsy-wolsley texture, but of fine linen and richly embroidered silk, the cost of which is incalculable; she meets the hungry with the choicest viands, with food expressly provided for the appetite given, the famished she meets with well filled flagons of red wine from truth's ever fruitful vineyard, the poor and needy she liberally supplies with that inimitable coin which is current throughout the Redeemer's realms—even faith, hope, and love.

We may further notice, that while ancient love settles all good things upon us, and amazing grace supplies all good things unto us; atoning blood also speaketh all good things for us. And while the world in vain inquires, “Who will shew us any good?” we exceedingly rejoice that the Holy Ghost hath shewed us the good things belonging to our peace, viz: eternal redemption, ennobling regeneration, evident repentance towards God, —entire remission of sin—entire righteousness—everlasting reconciliation—effectual restoration—enduring riches—and a far more enlarged reception into the presence of God and the Lamb, than we have hitherto been favoured to experience; yea, moreover, the spirit expressly speaks unto us of an exceeding reward of blissful glory, to be uninterruptedly enjoyed in the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. How infinitely pure, powerful, and precious, doth the sin-atoning, and soul-appealing blood of Christ appear, when we have respect unto its value as shed upon the cross—its virtue as sprinkled over the conscience—and its voice as speaking for a crown which fadeth not away; to be given unto all those whose blood-washed garments declare that they have both bathed in the blood-filled fountain, and fought under the blood-stained banner of the all-glorious Immanuel!

Thus will we acknowledge our eternal obligations to ancient love, amazing grace, and atoning blood; and we must also avow our equal indebtedness to almighty mercy, which hath not only shewed us such things as these, but hath made us savingly acquainted with their particular adaptation to our peculiar condition, and precise appropriation to our varied painful circumstances of affliction, adversity, depression of spirit, darkness of mind, distress of soul from satan's embarrassing questions and harassing temptations, deplored state of internal depravity, discovered under the light of spiritual discernment attending the all-discriminating and all-distinguishing word of truth; searching all the inward parts, and dragging forth into open day, all the insubordinate rebels and seditious traitors, that have daringly sought to make the household of God a den of thieves, the lurking place of the filthy and unclean.

I must now hasten to a close, by informing you that since the decease of our aged brother Mulley, his afflicted widow has been relieved from all further care and anxiety touching her worldly affairs, by her removal from the care-filled wilderness below, to the love-filled garden above, where

She dwells in everlasting light,  
And has the glorious Lord in sight;  
Who led her through the desert right,  
Unto the land where his is no night.

May the Lord God of hosts, in like manner, guide us skilfully through the land of our pilgrimage, until we come to the rest, and to the inheritance which the Lord hath told us of, caused us to hope for, and long after, amidst all our tremblings and baltings which have so often betrayed our weakness, if not our wickedness.

Remember me affectionately to your spouse; I hope you are both living in the realization of the daily and hourly goodness of your God, not only as a provider and preserver, but as the enough-making in portion of your cup. Peace be with you and yours, Pray for me and mine. And God even our own God, shall bless us for ever. Amen.  
Yours in Christ Jesus, JOHN STENSON.

Chelsea.

## Passages in the Natural and Christian Life of the late George Viney, Of Manchester.

COPIED FROM ORIGINAL PAPERS IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS BIOGRAPHER.

### INTRODUCTION BY JOHN, OF MANCHESTER.

"When I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, Live; yea, I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, live." Ezek. xvi. 6.

SUCH is the introduction of the life, trials, sufferings, and the pilgrimage record of a dear brother in Christ, who has now passed the swellings of Jordan, at the advanced age of 78 years, gathered into the paradise of his Father's house above, like a shock of corn fully ripe.

The following narrative is at once strictly true, soul-cheering, and yet a simple record of the many scenes of danger, sufferings, and trials of our departed brother—a brother whom I ever found faithful in his conversation, poor in his person, yet sweet, yea, richly sweet, in his experience of divine realities. I have known him, I think, for near 20 years, and often have we found, that as face answers to face in a glass, so did his experience correspond with mine; and I have no doubt that when any heaven-taught child of God reads this simple narrative, he will be enabled to say, as I have often done, "Well, brother George, I know that spot; I have been there myself, and can set to my seal, as well as George Viney, that God is true, and that, though at times I believe not, yet he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself."

The following is a very brief statement of my first acquaintance with our departed brother, GEORGE VINEY:—

Having been a singer in the late William Gadsby's chapel upwards of twenty years, I frequently noticed the little old man standing in the left side of the aisle, in the gallery, with an handkerchief tied round his head, intently hearing the word of God from the lips of the late Wm. Gadsby. This was sometime about 1830. In 1834 I was married, and one of his sons was groomsman at the wedding. I think George was then living at his son's house. Soon after we removed into Salford, near to the old man's residence; and he would frequently call and take tea with us; and sometimes would relate some anecdote connected with his eventful life, which would interest us exceedingly.

Some few years after, I remember the old man saying, "John, I am writing my life, but my pens are so bad, I cannot get on with it." I have frequently mended the old man's pens and set him going again, sometimes at my own house, but more frequently at his, where I often saw him. But in the providence of God, in the year 1840, I was engaged by a barrister, as clerk, where I continued till 1845; and during these years I had not many opportunities of seeing him; but when we met, we held sweet conversation together about covenant engagements, covenant transactions, &c. And though the old man's house was scantily furnished with food and furniture, yet, like the aged disciple, of whom I have read somewhere, with a crust of bread, and a pot of water on a stool, the old woman's hands were

lifted up with a "What! all this, and Jesus Christ too—all this, and Jesus Christ too!" Yes, brother Banks, it was thus with our departed brother; a patched chair, and a scantily furnished table—we have drank tea frequently together, while Jesus Christ has made up the deficiency! And this is the cause of that remark in my account of his latter end, in connexion with that scripture, "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven?" For some years before his death, he lived with, and was chiefly supported by his two daughters, silk-winders; who, I must say, nobly did their duty towards their aged parent to the last. I frequently visited him in his last affliction, which commenced with the year 1851; yet still in all my visits, I did not once remember his narrative, to ask him what he had done with it, though it would rise up in my mind when absent from him. I think it was previous to my last visit to the dear old man, while living, that I said to my wife, "I wonder what has become of George's history; I have often thought I would ask him, but have always forgotten it hitherto. The next Lord's Day my wife accompanied me to George's house. While I was with the old man up stairs, we sang—

"A few more rolling suns at most," &c.

My wife asked his two daughters about the papers, they promised that I should have them; in two weeks after, the youngest daughter brought them, and gave me perfect liberty to make what use of them I pleased.

On examining them, I concluded to copy them; and on mentioning the matter to his daughters about publishing them in the *Earthen Vessel*, they immediately assented. I began the copying of them early in June; and as I wrote one paper after another, I usually took them home with me at night, and read what I had written to my wife and two boys (the other children being too young,) who, I can assure you, were like myself the more they heard of it, the more they wanted to hear; for while it is written with humility indeed, yet so amazing appears the narrative that many would be ready to say, "Surely, it cannot be true!" But you would not dispute it for a moment, in any part of it, if you had known the man as well as the writer. Though it appears far to exceed any fiction, yet I firmly believe G. Viney's conscience was too tender to write anything but truth. And that the great Head of the church may bless it, is my sincere desire.

But not to take up too much time, I would come to the narrative at once. George Viney says:—

I was born in London in Brownlow Street, Drury Lane, in the year 1774. In the year 1778 me and my brother, about two years older than myself, were stolen away from our parent, a widow woman, our father being dead, by two women, who first enticed us away from home with cakes, and such like things, till we had

crossed Westminster Bridge. They used us well for a time, till they had got us a great distance. One of them made me call her mother, and my brother called the other woman his mother. They threatened us if we did anything wrong they would sell us to the gipsies, which at this time were to be found in numbers on the road, which put us in great fear. They used to beg with us, and when the people happened not to be in, they would steal whatever they could lay their hands upon. We usually slept in barns and deserted houses by the sea-side: I found out afterwards that they had got a travelling pass, and thus obtained relief at every place they came to; and when they came to the place they set off for, I believe they got a pass back again to London, saying they belonged to such a parish there; and we were constrained to call them mother still, through fear of being sold to the gipsies. In Portsmouth, or Gosport, in a public house the mistress said she was sure we were not their children, but we were forced to say they were our mothers.

"They used to steal fowls also; and one time, I remember, they made my brother, which was six years old, throw a stone at some geese in a pond of water by the road side. One being hit by the stone, and apparently killed, the other geese came round the goose, and made such a noise, that we feared their loud squalling would arouse the farmer, and that we might be apprehended for goose stealing and taken to prison; so we made off.

"When they stole fowls, having a tinder box and matches with them, we usually went into an old barn, or house by the sea shore, that had no inhabitants, where they would pluck the fowls, cut them in slices, after the entrails were taken out, cook them, and eat them, and then lie down to sleep on the bare floor, earth, or straw, exposed to the weather.

"One Sunday forenoon, we went out of the road to a farm-house; the people were gone to church; they, with a stick I believe, reached down a red cloak, and a little beaver hat, and made off. The hat was soon put on my head, and I wore it till I came home, for mine was worn out, or lost.

"When we came to Portsmouth, or Gosport, I know not which, the mistress of the public house would have it we were not their children, and asked us, but we were afraid to tell the truth, for fear of the gipsies.

"With daily travelling my feet were very sore, and they forced my brother to carry me; and it made him weary of his life. One day he said to me he would plunge into the sea, and drown himself; but I cried so hard on hearing that, on which he promised me he would not, for I believe they told us that, in a few days, we should go home again. One parish we came to to be relieved, they put us into the iron cage till morning; they at last brought us to a cook shop in Cross Lane, Long Acre. This was less than a quarter of a mile from our own home; here they gave us plenty to eat and drink; and my brother knowing the way home (I had on my stolen beaver hat, almost new) off we ran home, but I cannot attempt to describe the feelings of our mother on seeing us again. It is now between sixty and seventy years since, but my Jesus, all glory to his name passed by me when I was in

my sins, and in my blood, and said unto me, Live. *Yes,*

"Before I ever drew my breath,  
The Lamb for me had suffer'd death."

"The next passage in my natural life was my narrow escape from death. In Bull Yard, the end of it, which leads into Broad Street, Saint Giles, there was a gateway, which was at times stopped up by a cart and horses, bringing porter to the Black Dog public house, which opened some few weeks after my return; the cart stopped up the way; I was trying to go past, but by some cause or other fell, and the front horse kicked me on the head, but the stolen hat I had on when kicked by the horse was a means of breaking the force of the blow, or I must have been killed on the spot. Who can find out my Father to perfection? A woman, I think, pulled me from under the horse, believing I was dead. They carried me to a surgeon's, near the sign of the Good Woman, Broad Street, St. Giles, a shop where they sold oil. The doctor cleaned the bone, covered the flesh and skin over it, and afterwards sewed up the wound with a great number of stitches, but gave my mother no hopes of my life. After some weeks it took good ways, which pleased the doctor. I believe the owner of the horse had to pay part of the expense.

"But about the time my head was nearly well, on the 5th of November I was walking about, when a young lad struck me upon the head with what was then called *guy fawkes*, which was nigh killing me. This one blow laid me on a sick bed for a long time but he (Christ) had said unto me, when in my sins and blood, "live," and therefore could not die at that time.

When about nine or ten years of age I was very fond of bathing. I would, with one foot at the bottom, and striking out with the other, pretend to swim, though I could not. There was a pit in a field, one part of which was shallow, the other part being as deep; I ran in, but I believe no one saw me go down to the bottom; after being some time under the water, I rose up again, when somebody drew me out, thus rescuing me from a watery grave. Some time after this my brother was killed, while fighting a man in a street, in Holborn; and about fourteen days after, or thereabouts, the same man who killed my brother was killed by a man who fell from a great height, falling upon him.

In the year 1789, I was fourteen years of age, and was bound apprentice to W. Shepley, cabinet maker, Plow Court, Holborn, opposite Saint Andrew's Church. My master died of a fever, nine months after I was bound; he was a kind master to me; but now I was desolate; and by order of the friend who paid my apprentice-fee, I was put into Saint Andrew's workhouse, that I might go in that parish, it was such a good one. I was kept at school some time by the parish; I believe I had two clean shirts on every week, and great care was taken of me; I lived better than many a poor family could live. Here I stayed some months, and was sent out upon trial, for one month, to several trades, to see how I liked them. It was in this way, (in London,) I eventually went to a silk-weaver in Spitalfields; they were kind to me; they gave me employment at winding pins and nursing the child; but this I did not like: this was a good business in those days;



but I left them, making some idle excuse, before the month was expired. I then went to a copper-plate printer, near Smithfield, in the city. But, leaving him, I went upon trial to a fisherman on the River Thames, at a place called Chiswick. I returned, before my month was up, and went to a shoemaker, in King Street, Drury Lane; here I was, child like, frightened of being alone at night, although a public street; so I went back. At my return they were enraged, and came to the determination of sending me to a factory over Blackfriars Bridge, as a place of punishment, where they spin cords to make mops; I was to live there altogether. To me it appeared more like a jail than anything I can name; the people told me how bad they were used; one was told to shew me my bed: it was all to turn my hard heart. I believe people were set to watch me, lest I should attempt to run away: there were great bars before the windows: when, on looking through this window, I saw a deep ditch, filled with soft mud, my proud spirit was bent on my escape. At dusk, when I saw an opportunity, and no one near, I came to the window, and worked myself through the bars; being determined if I got smothered in the attempt, to make one. But just as I was going to jump down, a poor man laid hold of me, which caused me great alarm; for I thought I should be punished, which I believe was common, as this place, or factory, was a kind of house of correction; I told the man, if he would let me go, I would give him a good knife; I gave it to him, and he let me depart; I jumped down into the pond; got out of both it and the dirt too; made for the high road; and went to my mother.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

## The Growth of the Kingdom

AT GUILDFORD.

DEAR BROTHER:—I send a few lines in acknowledgment of the dealings of our God in covenant with his people at Guildford, in Surrey. Having been staying there for two weeks, and it being my native place, I have the privilege of knowing many of the saints there; and have had sweet communion with them by the way; experiencing heart-burnings, like some of old, while talking of our Jesus, and what he has done for us, and in us, by his omnipotent grace, the omnipotency of which four poor sinners (plucked as brands from the burning) came forth and publicly testified of on Lord's-day, August 3rd, by following Him, (whose love had been following and preserving them) in the sacred ordinance of Baptism.

Our beloved brother Spencer (the honoured pastor) read and expounded the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, shewing the necessity of the new-birth to our entering in and seeing the kingdom of God; and that none but regenerated believers were proper subjects for baptism; those that God had quickened into divine life; having been made to see and feel what sin really is, and the spirituality of God's law, the insufficiency of ourselves doing anything to help ourselves therefrom; then led to see Jesus and know him, as the Christ, the Son of the living God, by whose precious blood we have been redeemed, and whose precious blood we have feelingly expe-

rienced in its cleansing, reconciling, and bringing-nigh influence, whereby we are made a peculiar people.

It was a day long to be remembered by myself and many others, as well as the candidates, for our souls were ravished with the overpowering presence of our God. Oh, who can praise, like the sensible sinner, the dear Refuge of sinners?—him on whom they have been made to hang their helpless souls—from whom all other refuges have been removed—and who can say, from deep-felt experience, "All my sufficiency is in thee alone."

Mr. Spencer took his text from Ephes. iv. 5, 6; from which he was led to speak most preciously.

I never saw such a united church as it is. They demonstrate to the world that they are his disciples by their loving one another. How pleasant it is, and delightful for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Our brother received the candidates into the church in the afternoon, in the most affectionate manner, delivering to each of them, as he gave them the right hand of fellowship, a portion of God's word as he had given him for them; and then we all commemorated that solemn event—when Jesus bowed his head, and gave up the ghost. It was a heart-melting season; it made me think of the spot of ground where Jesus did me meet, when he received my heart and hand. Jesus then was to me sweet; and the more I know of him, the sweeter he is; and when he reveals himself unto me, the more my soul is ravished; so that it makes me go forward; increases my confidence in some humble measure that I am not among those that draw back, but of them that believe to the saving of the soul, so that with the poet I can sing, and exult sometimes, in the thought of his unchanging love and faithfulness.

"Through many dangers, toils, and snares

I have already come;

'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home."

May the Lord, who hath placed salvation in Zion for Israel, his glory, bless them abundantly, and make his face to shine upon them, and fulfil in them all the good pleasure of his will, and the work of faith with power.

I subscribe myself a little one in Zion, and your brother in tender affection in Jesus.

GEORGE SUTLIFF.

62, Holborn Hill, London.

## Opening of a New Baptist Chapel

IN TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

OUR readers have, from time to time, seen little notices of the new Baptist Cause which has sprung up in the Wells, within these last few years, under the ministry of our brother, Thomas Edwards, a native of the place. It is but seldom that a young man is so successful in his own locality as our friend Edwards has been. The Lord has evidently raised him up for usefulness in that part of his vineyard. The church and congregation worshipping with our brother Edwards having been compelled to leave their former place of meeting, another Bethel was sought for; and, the good hand of the Lord was most

signally stretched out on their behalf, in providing for them a piece of ground, and in the erection of a noble, substantial, and very commodious house of prayer, called "РЕМОВОТН ВАРІСТ ЧАПЕЛ." It is situated in a very retired spot, and yet near to the High Street. On Wednesday, September 3rd, "Rehoboth" was publicly opened by Mr. James Wells, of London, who read and expounded the 127th Psalm; and then preached a good opening sermon from "We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, oven of thy holy temple." Psalm lxxv. 4. The afternoon sermon was from Colossians iv. 3, "Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ," by C. W. Banks: and the following extract of a letter from our brother Henry Carr, will shew that the opening day was bright and cheering. He says:

"We had an excellent day on our opening last week; I felt as happy as I expect to be this side the heavenly Canaan; my soul was exceedingly happy. We collected, with the profits of the dinner and tea £40 6s., which was more than we expected. Mr. Wells preached an excellent sermon in the evening, from 1 Samuel vii. 17, "And his return was to Ramah; for there was his house; and there he judged Israel; and there he built an altar unto the Lord." The chapel was very full; and I believe many of God's dear children had a feast and a good day, and I hope angels rejoiced in heaven over some poor sinner brought to repentance. Our brother Edwards preached on the following Sunday twice; and the chapel was nearly full; his text in the morning was, 1 Cor. ii. 2, 'For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' Evening, Romans viii. 31, 'What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?'"

Everything, at present, in connection with this cause, looks well. The people love their Saviour, they love their pastor, and they love one another. May the Almighty's wings constantly overshadow and protect them; the rain of heaven descend upon them; the presence of God be sweetly found among them; and, surely, then, our brother Wells's morning text shall be richly realized in the souls of many of the heirs of heaven.

REFLECTIONS ON EZEKIEL'S VISION, AND

## The Death of Mr. Gad Huntington.

"And by the river, upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruits according to his months, because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary; and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine." Ezekiel xlvii. 12.

THE people of God, in passing through nature's valley of the shadow of death, are to fear no evil, though the subjects of much. This verse, with the whole of the context, is a glorious prophecy of Christ and his people to this end, expressed under a beautiful covering of nature's scenery, for the delight of the spiritual senses. It is the garden of the Lord, reserved for faith to walk in, the new Eden state, where "joy and gladness

shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody." The new creation glory, blooming with immortal verdure, rescued from death.

The new covenant, in distinction from the old, where no signs of the leaf's fading appears, or "wasting or destruction within thy borders," where death with its desolation enters not—(the enclosed ground)—where all is fertility and life for evermore—where leaf and fruit is preserved; one shall not fade, the other shall not be consumed. No sun of temptation shall ultimately scorch, dry, or burn up, the weakness of the leaf, nor shall "the wild beast of the field," satan, devour the fruit. It is reserved for God.

The prophet, in the 7th verse, "behold on the bank of this river very many trees," whilst this verse declares the nature of them, "all trees for meat." No others are recognized on this bank but fruitful ones, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." Some bear more, others less; but all bear something; some "twenty-fold bearers;" very few "hundred-fold" ones. This fruitful bank is God's sacred plantation of trees, taken out of the great field of nature, and planted together in Christ in a grace state.

A bank lies in connexion with a river—"And by the river upon the bank." The fertility of the bank was owing to the river, or "By the grace of God I am what I am." This river is a beautiful emblem of the Spirit's grace—the source of all fruitfulness—without whose life there would be neither leaf nor fruit seen. It is he that makes them "trees of meat" and "trees of righteousness, planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." "Very many trees" grow on this sacred ground—on this side and on that side, on each side of the river. So a very many shall be partakers of the grace of God, a great variety of size and growth, transplanted here and taken therefrom. A sacred river supplies these trees with their verdure on earth's ground, when reading the Bible, engaged in prayer, singing the Lord's praises, or hearkening to the voice of his word, or whatever is alluded to in the things of God. This river will never run dry; it is the quickening power of the Spirit, filling the soul with love to God, and delight in the things of God—these are the fruits of the Spirit. It is by the fruit trees produce they receive their names—some such as *Repentance*, or godly sorrow for sin, which strikes its roots deep in the earth, and bears fruit upward; allied unto it, is *Humility*, another fruit-bearing tree; *Love* is a choice tree of heavenly origin; it is like the rose among flowers. *Faith* bears much fruit, is of a strong, enduring nature. *Meekness* bears much fruit, and is one of the Lord's right-hand planting. The tree of *Patience*, like the oak, endures many a hard and pelting storm. *Heavenly-mindedness* is a tree that grows in a very unfriendly soil, and, like the palm tree of the desert, soars up, laden with fruits at the top. *Hope* is a tree of life:—

"His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor satan dares condemn."

On this bank "shall grow all trees for meat;" as "the cedar tree, the shillah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree, I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together." Together with Christ the great and all-essential Tree of Life, without whom, the

trees of righteousness bear no fruit, or are trees of meat.

The imagery of this verse sets forth the continuation of fruit to the exclusion of death—"Where leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed." By the fall of the leaf, weakness and death is exhibited on earth, but "his leaf shall not wither." The leaf indicates life, use, ornament, vigour. Fruit is the strength of the leaf, the glory of the tree, the end of it, and both these are preserved. This, then, is contrary to nature's growing, those trees do not grow on nature's ground that are preserved from destruction; nature must act in obedience to its laws. But these trees live under a new law, even in Christ; hence, the scenery depicted by the prophet shows the restoration, coming right again, of coming back to God, the law of love under which Adam stood. It is the new birth from heaven, the new nature which lives and acts according to its nature; eternal life in its celestial fragrance here appears—"Neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months." New fruit, not the old fruit of death, but fruit unto God, unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. Isaiah xlix. 10.

"It shall bring forth new fruit" &c., or *principal* in the margin. This singular form of expression, "it shall," and, "his months," points us to Christ, "The Tree of Life, which had twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the Tree were for the healing of the nations." Or as here, "Because their waters they issued out of the sanctuary, and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine," or *for bruises and sores*. O, what do we owe to Christ for this great change of circumstances, from death unto life! instead of a reserved damnation when we die, our end, everlasting life. Without Christ, all is a field of death; but these confluence of waters from the sanctuary, with which the chapter abounds, show all is life, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." "These waters they issued out of the sanctuary." Nothing shall take away that life which God the Spirit hath created; waters issuing from the sanctuary, is life from God to a poor sinner; in an experimental sense, it is an healing medicine for the "sores and bruises" of the fall. "I am the Lord that healeth thee." His Word possesses all the properties, (when cast down, when felt and applied by the Holy Spirit,) of an healing medicine, restoring the soul from the pressure of its burden, sores or woes of whatever kind or of however long standing. Immediately the fruit of the tree of life is tasted, health is restored.

For this tree, and these waters, all the trees clap their hands and sing. If Adam brought death by eating of one, it was a death to bring in another, to destroy death from this garden. These trees die no more—death is abolished—there is no more curse, "He that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them." Isaiah xlix 10. These are not trees of death to be cut down, but of life, of the Lord's planting, to live for ever in perpetual verdure; subject to no decay, it is the will of God they should not; their root is good, their life declares it; they have passed from death

unto life, enjoy a smiling God, and will rise triumphant over the grave at the resurrection.

One of these trees that has been growing for many years in the garden below was removed from the *Bank of Faith*, on September 9th, 1851, Mr. GAD HUNTINGTON, son of William Huntington, whose fame is known from one end of the land to the other. His son, Gad, was mighty in Scripture; of strong faith; of great grace; but not being of equal gift with his parent, was unknown to man; and, like many other of these trees, lived comparatively unknown. His greatest pleasure was in communion with God; his practice, for years, was to appropriate much of his time, every day, to reading several chapters of the word of God, and prayer; the last year of his life was spent mostly in praise, each afternoon. Hence I am not surprised at what his daughter wrote me, informing me of his illness—dated August 27th—"He said, if I saw Mr. W., I could tell him great things now." This letter, written about a fortnight before his death, goes on to say, "he still expresses himself happy in his soul; says the devil is not allowed to make the least inroad; that the cleft angels are waiting to carry his soul to heaven. I need hardly say that we feel truly grieved at the thought of parting with him; but we know our loss will be his gain; and truly thankful we feel to see his patience and resignation. His complaint has turned to the dysentery and ulceration of the bowels; he has kept his bed since the 24th of August."

Mr. Gad Huntington was in the ministry, but spake only to a few for upwards of thirty-six years; he shone much brighter as a private christian, than a public man, his mind being so thoroughly imbued with the word of God, to the exclusion of all other books, even his own father's, which he seldom referred unto. His sermons were wholly of the word of God; so that very few heard him. Well, after struggling for many years, with strong opponents in his business, and receiving repeated tokens, from time to time, of the Lord's deliverance, in answer to fervent prayers, the name his father gave him at his birth, characterised him through life, and was exemplified in death—"Gad, a troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at the last." His end was peace.

September 11, 1851.

H. WATMUFF.

PROGRESS AND EFFECTS OF  
**THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM,**  
*At Zion, Goldington Crescent,  
 Saint Pancras.*

DEAR BROTHER:—Whatever we may propose as a theory, however supported by sound argument, or whatever authority we shew, even though Scripture will bear us out in the performance of the work, yet nothing short of practice will prove whether or not the Lord will prosper the undertaking. To set forth how far this is the case with us as a people, and for the encouragement of the citizens of Zion, I send you the following short account.

We gave the readers of the *Vessel* some months ago, an account of the dealings of the Lord with us, during the time we worshipped at the large room in Gower Street; and, also, how conspicu-

ously the Lord appeared for us in raising up friends who furnished the money to build up a house to his glory. We have now commenced the twelfth month of our worship in the above place; and we can still say, "How marvellous is thy loving-kindness, O Lord." Not only have we had sufficient means to defray every expense connected with the worship of God, to assist the poor, relieve the sick, support a Sunday school and provide *comfortably* for our minister, but we have been enabled also to pay the interest of the money borrowed, *legally*, and also to reduce the debt. Our Sunday school consists of about two hundred scholars; and on Monday last, the 16th instant, we had a most pleasing sight; the children and their teachers met at the chapel at twelve o'clock, for the purpose of taking a short trip into the country. They proceeded by the Great Northern Railway to a convenient field engaged for the purpose, between Hornsey and Tottenham, where they were supplied with refreshments, and allowed to amuse themselves as they felt inclined. It is a remarkable fact that although the morning was very gloomy, and wore the appearance of rain, yet such was the interest felt by our friends on the occasion, that when we arrived at the place appointed, our numbers must have amounted to five hundred. After the children had been refreshed, our company retired to an house, across another field, and partook of a comfortable tea.

When the children had sufficiently enjoyed themselves, the friends present put into a box what the Lord inclined them to give, to help the good work of instructing the rising generation; which amounted to above four pounds. Our dear pastor then gave the children a suitable address, and they lifted up a song of praise to the Giver of every good.

We now gathered together and returned to Zion, where we again listened to the infant song, and the children were dismissed to their homes, highly pleased with the attention that had been paid to them; and all present were gratified with so pleasing a sight.

You will wonder, no doubt, to hear of an infant cause thus springing up, in the midst of the most determined opposition; and not only springing up, but growing, I trust, in the most spiritual sense of the word; for we are a poor people as it regards silver and gold; but I trust and believe they are rich in faith, giving glory unto God. I wish to my very heart this system may increase, until it pervades the whole church; it would tend to unfetter God's ministers in their work. I have seen in a large Baptist Church many years ago, the man of God obliged to shape his course according to the rules of a few rich deacons and influential members, or *turn out*, and the poor man chose the latter alternative, as every honest minister should do. O, my dear friend! these things ought not to be; but in this system the deacons cannot rule the minister any more than the poorest member of the church, and if persons will search God's Word with an unbiassed mind, they will find this plan quite scriptural; if not, why did the people collect the money and cast it at the apostles' feet?

We settle accounts every week, by paying the current expenses and giving the residue to the man who has laboured for it. "But," some have said, "suppose you should get a mercenary man, who would keep all the money, and leave the

poor and the sick to do as they can." I answer, you want no deacon or influential man to turn such an one out; you have nothing to do but just keep your money in your pockets, and you will soon *starve* him out.

So you see here is check upon check. If the shepherd and his flock have a fellow feeling, they will keep together — if they have no fellowship, they will soon part. I wonder how it would be if this system was carried out in our *National Church*. Think ye the people would be contented to pay a set of lazy bishops their thousands, and leave the poor, honest, spiritually-taught servant of God with scarcely sufficient to keep him honest in the sight of all men? I would recommend every young minister about to take a cause, be it ever so small, to trust the whole to the wisdom of HIM who cannot err. If it be of God, it will stand and prosper — if of man, the sooner it falls the better. May the dear Lord give all his people, and especially his ministers, faith to trust him and cast off all carnal props.

Your's in the gospel, W. L.

*Chienes Street, Tottenham Court Road.*

### Silent Messages of Mercy.

As we press on to the Lord's-house on Sabbath-mornings, we see the agents of the Wesleyan Society actively going from house to house with their tracts and their talk. We used to distribute tracts ourselves; and have often wondered why the churches favoured with a knowledge of God's salvation should (in so important an auxiliary,) be totally inactive.

We have letters and applications from the country for the issue of a series of striking tracts, founded on sterling gospel principles. We have had it on our mind, for some time, to throw out some thousands of sound, solemn, and interesting appeals to the consciences of men, in the shape of brief Biblical narrations, experimental testimonies, &c., &c.; but we are chin-deep in labours, and hedged in for the want of means. We hope that the newly-formed Gospel Mission will make this one of their leading features of movement.

It may, by some, be considered difficult to obtain many men who have energy, zeal, and ability for continued open-air preaching; but let a good series of suitable tracts be issued, and plenty of friends can be found who will gladly circulate them; and their labours in the Lord cannot be in vain. In the meantime, we may notice, that several "COTTAGE TRACTS" have been, and still are, publishing, by H. G. Collins, 22, Paternoster Row, at 1s. 6d. per 100; and tracts for approval are sent, on application to C. T., care of Mr. W. H. Collingridge, City Press.

Beside these, have none of you seen a little work called "THE SPIRITUAL WRESTLER," published by Robert Waters, of Cranbrook, in Kent; it contains good wholesome matter for the poor of the flock; and then there is "THE SILENT PREACHER," published monthly by Houlston and Stoneman. The seventh number is now issuing, and is the best Miss Hunt has yet sent out. Our own little half-penny "Cheering Words" for every month, is another suitable messenger. Here, then, are four different series of tracts. Come, come, friends, do not say we are idle; we only need assistance in the spreading these materials abroad, and we think the Lord will increase them a thousand-fold.

## The Lincolnshire Drillman.

A NEAT duodecimo volume of near one hundred and seventy pages has very recently been published by Houlston and Stoneman, entitled, "*The Life, Experience, and Correspondence of William Bowcock, the Lincolnshire Drillman, late Deacon of the Particular Baptist Church, worshipping in Ebenezer Chapel, Boston.*" This work has been compiled and issued in accordance with the request of a very numerous circle of Christian friends. In the body of the work there are some extraordinary—some useful—and some exceedingly interesting records. It is not only the biography of a good man, but it is a cabinet of many years' observation and experience in those things that accompany the church of God in her passage through this wilderness below. Only five hundred copies of the work have been struck off; but, we trust a second edition will soon be called for. In the mean time, as many of our readers cannot purchase a half-crown volume; and, as the circulation must be limited, owing to the small number printed, we purpose to make a few such extracts from the work, as we believe will be profitable to our readers. We commence with the following; and shall return to the work again next month if spared.

"I will just give the reader an account of my ignorance respecting the nature of God and the subject of prayer; the Lord may make it helpful to some poor, ignorant, broken-hearted sinner like myself, into whose hands my scribble may fall. The experience of the Lord's saints have been helpful to me, and the Lord can make helpful what I write to others; but this I leave to Him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. So truly ignorant was I on my first awakening, that I wondered how God, who dwelt in heaven so far distant as I was told, could see and hear what a feeble voice like mine uttered. It was declared to me that he filled heaven and earth. Then my mind was exercised about the how, because not seeing or feeling him, opposed the idea according to my conception; for what substance can he be neither for me to see or feel him? I was so foolish and brutish. That I was accountable to God, and guilty before him, I keenly felt; and oh, how I wished it were my privilege to pray, but how to ask I knew not! In trying, my breath seemed spent in the air. When the Scriptures which said—'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' were read by me, the perplexing thought was, 'Where is Jesus Christ, that I may go to him and confess my sin?' And, although I often heard and read that we must approach unto him by faith, yet it was so perplexing to me to know how it was to be done; and much time and many sighs were heaved from my bosom before I could at all conceive of what faith was. But amidst all my confusion, that Scripture aided me greatly, which saith, 'He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of all them that diligently seek him.' The Lord, in a gradual way, brought me to see that faith is a full persuasion of the truth of God's word, produced by the operations of the Holy Ghost, with an attachment to the things of God revealed by the word: it is the gift of grace. I think it was more than a year after my soul

was distressed on the account of sin, before I dare formally try to pray; for I could not tell if I had faith or not; and I read those words with a tender conscience, 'Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin.'

"I have oft thought since that those desires were my best prayers; if there is such a thing as *best* proceeding from a heart like mine. My soul was now wearied under the burden of my sin and guilt; I longed sorely for deliverance. At this time, being engaged in rolling a piece of fallow ground, I stopped the mare, went behind the roller, kneeled down, and poured out my soul in some faint broken cries to the Lord Most High, that I might be washed from all sins in the precious blood of Christ; the Lord relieved my soul on the spot. I was as one who was cured of a deadly disease; I was as a condemned malefactor, who had received a pardon from his Prince; words cannot express the relief I found. In about another hour after, I had recourse to the same practice; and with a heart of thankfulness, I blessed and praised his name for hearing my cries and relieving my soul. Then I came to an understanding of David's words,—'When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.' 'I acknowledged my sin, and my iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.' 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!' Great peace of mind have I oft enjoyed at the throne of grace since that never-to-be-forgotten period; and I hope ever to enjoy the privilege of access to my Father's throne, through the propitiatory sacrifice which Christ offered when he offered himself without spot to God. Many, yea very many times, hath God refreshed my soul in those meetings where saints assemble for social prayer. I can say, with thankfulness, it has been good for me to draw nigh to God, while I have heard others call such meetings, legal, needless, and useless; to me they have been renewing and invigorating times. Thus the Lord, who is rich in mercy, taught me, a guilty plough-boy, to call on his name: he heard me, and brought me up out of an horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and set my feet on a rock, and established my goings! putting a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

### Who is it that spends his Money for that which is not Bread?

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*:—

MY DEAR SIR—I have received the August and September numbers of the *Vessel* this evening; and amongst other matters have met with Mr. Wade's "Letter in search of a pastor after God's own heart," and I feel constrained to write a few lines respecting some portion of the same. I allude in particular to what Mr. W. says respecting the very blessed portion of truth recorded in the first three verses of the 55th of Isaiah. Mr. W. says, "this is not addressed to quickened and convinced souls, because they do not spend money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not." Now, I am truly surprised that Mr. Wade should make such an assertion. As far as my own experience goes, (and I truly desire to speak only so far as God hath

taught me,) I must say I believe; nay more, I know, by painful personal experience, they certainly do.

After the dear Lord had quickened my poor soul, giving me feelingly to know and bewail my lost and undone estate, and to cry and sigh for mercy, I was, in the order of God's providence, placed amongst a host of free-will, duty-faith, yea and nay, universal redemption professors. Truly holy, and devout, and good men and women did I consider they were, and such an one did I desire and strive to become myself; I diligently attended their meetings for prayer, and eagerly ran miles to hear their preachers; and although there was in their sermons, discourses, &c., an abundance of invitations, exhortations, warnings, offers, and proffers to dead sinners, yet nothing could I find to suit my case; I got worse and worse as fast as my friends got better and better, so that I almost despaired of ever obtaining that which my soul longed for. Now, I ask was I not, at that time, spending my money for "that which is not bread, and my labour for that which satisfieth not?" Most certainly I was; or I am very much mistaken in the matter. And at this work I might have been to this day, I presume, had not the dear Lord said, in effect, to my soul, what he says to poor sensible sinners in the third verse of the before-named chapter, "Incline your ear and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David;" "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," saith our Lord in the 4th chapter of Mark, and 9th verse, and again, in the 23d verse of the same chapter, "If any man have ears to hear, let him hear." Have sinners, then, that are dead in trespasses and sins, ears to hear the joyful sound of full and free salvation without money and without price? Verily not.

Now it so happened that there were one or two preachers who occasionally came and preached near to where I was then residing, of whom I had been warned and cautioned as dangerous characters, men who preached "towering high" and "dangerous doctrines," men of narrow and contracted sentiments, who did not preach to sinners. This was the character of the men portrayed out to me, and awful men I considered, in my own mind, they must be; but, however as I could not get what I wanted under the means I was then using, or rather, as I could not fill my belly with the husks which the swine did eat, I was induced to go and hear these dangerous men for myself, and, blessed be God, through the instrumentality of his own sent servants, Mr. Biddle, of Brockham, in Surrey, in particular, and also Mr. Raynsford, of Horsham. He made known to me the richness, freeness, fulness, suitability, and preciousness of his glorious gospel, and also the discriminating nature of the same. I was delivered from the bondage of free will and duty faith, and saw through the cheat of my having been warned of these men, and could positively deny the assertion respecting their not preaching to sinners, seeing they had preached to me the chief of sinners. Yea, the word has many times been attended with such divine power and unction to my soul, so that melted, humbled, and crumbled, in self-abasement, and self-abhorrence, at the feet of Jesus, my soul has exclaimed, "Why me, Lord? how canst thou thus love and favour such a wretch as me?"

I am now situated in a part of the country where such preachers are rarely to be met with, indeed I have found but one for four miles round; at the same time, we are surrounded with a host of such men as preach up duty-faith, universal redemption and their concomitants; now such preachers as these, I believe Paul speaks of where he says—"Bringing in another gospel, which is not another; but there be some that trouble you and would pervert the gospel of Christ." But thanks be to God, we are not yet left quite destitute of the sound and true ministry of the Word, for as I said before, we have one who is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, and who shuns not to declare it according to the ability which God giveth, although he does stand alone, and is not reckoned amongst these nations. Mr. J. Freeman, pastor of the Baptist church, Withal Heath, is the man I allude to; I have this evening been favoured to hear and feast upon a blessed gospel sermon, preached by him at our little despised meeting-house at Studley, the text was, 2 Corinthians iv. 15. I bless God for such a faithful witness for himself in the midst of this crooked and perverse generation. I must say, I do love this man for the truth's sake, and for his work's sake also, and a high honour I do esteem it, to be allowed to call him brother. Mr. Banks, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Rudman, Mr. Bloomfield, and Mr. Forman of March, in Cambridgeshire, have also, each of them, come over and spoken to us in the name of the Lord, and their ministry has been a certain sound, sweet and savoury; such men I esteem as the excellent of the earth; may God bless them and increase them with families like a flock, make them abundantly instrumental in seeking out and bringing home the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and may the Lord, if it is his will, send forth many more true and faithful labourers into his vineyard, who understand the true culture thereof, and make them abundantly successful in their work and labour of love, is the hearty desire and prayer of

A GARDENER AT STUDLEY CASTLE,  
IN WARWICKSHIRE.

## HOME MISSION WORK.

THE first annual meeting of the West Kent Village Missionary Society was held on Tuesday evening, September 2, 1851, at Crayford Chapel. Mr. John Rogers, of Foot's Cray, in the chair. The meeting opened with singing and prayer.

The Secretary having read the report, which was on the whole considered encouraging, called on Mr. Collins, Baptist minister, of Kingston, (being present) to say a few words, who gave a short and spirit-stirring address; in which he said we were acting on high authority, and that Jesus himself was a village missionary.

Mr. Batter next detailed some interesting circumstances, such as the lively interest taken by many persons in the tracts distributed; and had also reason to hope that one, if not two souls, had been signally blest.

The meeting was then addressed by brethren Hamblin, Wallis, C. Collins, of Crayford, and Sweet, the Chairman gathering up the fragments.

The attendance was thin; the people on this important subject appear to be lukewarm; but one pleasing feature pervaded the meeting—and that is—that five or six who are standard bearers, appear awake and alive to the importance of this movement, so that, through their instrumentality and God's blessing, we have a firm persuasion and belief that much good will yet be effected.

Brother Hamblin said, that recently night and day his mind was more and more convinced of the importance of the matter.

May this Home Missionary spirit spread amongst all our churches, so that the enemy's camp may be assailed with vigour and with love. Remembering to work while it is called day, "For the night cometh when no man can work."

*Bexley Heath.*

## REVIEW AND RECORD.

THIS little VESSEL runs now into some of the colonies, and other far-off lands; and among the many British Christians who have left their native shores, there are some who eagerly scan our pages to gather a little information respecting that part of Zion which they have left behind. If we can be instrumental in cheering their hearts, by briefly reviewing and recording some of the movements in and about our churches, why should we not do it? The gentle gospel stream has flowed on, of late, without much interruption; and here and there a little fresh channel has been opened, but nothing very wonderful has occurred. Our brother Bidder, the pastor of Jamaica Row, Bermondsey, has been very seriously afflicted; it has been feared he would not preach again; but we trust his life will yet be spared to spread abroad his Master's fame. Brother Felton, too, of Deptford, is in poor health; but he still labours on, and not without success. Mr. Field, late of Cambridge, is supplying at the New Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, and is acceptable to many. The anniversary at Cave Adullam, Stepney, was held on the last Lord's Day in August. Brethren Allen, James Wells, and the writer were the preachers; the house was filled, and the blessing of the Lord appeared to be in the place. On the following Monday evening, a large number of friends took tea in the Cave; and a public meeting was held. The subject of the evening was, "Christian Friendship." Messrs Allen, Banks, Williamson, Bland, Peirce, Bartholomew, and others, gave addresses, and a very happy evening we found it to be. Brother Allen is, we trust, more comfortably settled in the Cave than ever. Islington and Clerkenwell have, for years, been rather barren spots in the metropolis. Mr. Luckin, Mr. Abrahams, Mr. Newborn, Mr. Wood, in Wilderness Row, Mr. Shorter, and a few other men of truth, have (for years) been standing on the borders. Between thirty and forty believers have, of late, held meetings for prayer and preaching the gospel, in a large school room in Corporation Row: the spot is central, but it is not sufficiently commodious. On two or three occasions I have preached there; the place has been overcrowded; and some entertain a hope that the blood-stained banner of the cross may be effectually reared in this somewhat aristocratic and churchified locality. I consider this a kind of missionary effort; it is not any thing like an attempt to steal sheep out of other folds; the aim is to fold such as are unfolded; and to gather out of the kingdom of darkness, some of the chosen seed, whose names are in the Book of Life. A similar movement is being made in the neighbourhood of Twig Folly, below Bethnal Green; I have preached there with sweet liberty and power; and humbly hope, God has a people to be gathered in there. Great numbers have flocked to Zoar Chapel, in Alie-street, to hear Mr. James Hunter, of Bradford, in Yorkshire; he is represented as being a young man of extraordinary preaching powers; sound in doctrine, and savoury in experience. These things have rendered his ministry attracting; but, it is feared, his days on earth are not many.

Friday, September 19th.—I am now at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, waiting for the train to take me to March, in the Isle of Ely. I have just called upon Mr. Wilkins, the Baptist minister of the town. He is approaching three score years and ten; has been nearly half a century in the ministry; but is now so afflicted as sometimes to be

unable to preach to his people. He is a kind Christian man; and is much esteemed in these parts. Truth has very few friends here. Oh, how lamentable it is to find large masses of our people either bitterly opposed to the essential doctrines of the cross, and ordinances of the Gospel, or neglecting religion altogether. As I prowled about these streets of Wisbeach, a perfect stranger to all, and all strangers to me; I was led to reflect a little on my Home Missionary spirit,—but I forbear. My mind is full of thought respecting what I have seen and heard this week, at Ely, Littleport, and Downham Market, in each of which places I have (to the utmost of my power,) unfurled the banner of the cross; but I cannot now enter upon these things. I have this evening to speak in my Master's name at March; and then to get to London, if the Lord permit. I hope, next month, to furnish my readers with a few particulars relative to Zion in these parts.

Saturday evening, Sept. 21.—Being brought safely through a heavy week's work in the ministry, I would here set up another Ebenezer of gratitude and praise. To be carried day after day from place to place—to be furnished with messages and with matter—to be favoured with a measure of sweet freedom in dispensing the word of life—and, withal, to have peace in the conscience, and communion with the Lord maintained, these are no small mercies. I was met yesterday at the March Station by brother Edward Forman, and Nathan Horsley; felt exceedingly dark and barren. But, after tea, I retired, and besieged the throne of grace; and I hope the Lord gave me this text—"For the grace of God, which bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men; teaching us," &c., &c. We had a good congregation; and I would hope good was done. Our brother Edward Forman, (the pastor of this people,) is, I believe, standing in a good place; and is doing a great work; he is one of a pure Missionary spirit; and is carrying the Word of life into many parts of Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, &c., &c. The Lord long preserve and prosper him.

Brother John Corbitt, of Manchester, informs us, (in a letter just received,) that he has been making a preaching tour in Yorkshire, and in several parts of that county he has proclaimed a finished salvation through the covenant and cross of the dear Redeemer; and in the course of the present month, he is engaged to travel the ground over again. This is good news. We believe there is no man in our ranks, in these days, better qualified for breaking up the fallow ground, than is JOHN CORBITT; and in so extensive a district as Yorkshire, we hope our Manchester brother will be persevering and prosperous. Our brother Williamson and his friends have resolved to build a house for God in Notting Hill. A small band of believers have also taken the chapel in Upper Fountain Place, City Road; they are repairing, and intend to re-open it, in the Baptist interest. Another is erecting near Sydenham; beside the South Eastern Rail. Thus, we perceive, a simultaneous movement is making for the advancement of the cause of truth. God be praised, and the people blessed. Amen.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.—"Abel's blood must have been echoing in the ears of Cain, all his days. He might go out from the gate of Eden, the presence of the Lord, but he could not get beyond the sound of that voice. It would keep his conscience ever open, ever bleeding, ever tortured. But this better blood speaks peace. It purges the conscience and lays its alarms to rest. It heals, it restores, it gladdens. To be sprinkled with it is what the conscience desires. To hear its voice is what the conscience feels to be necessary for comfort and rest. Its still small voice can in a moment calm the tumults of the most torn and troubled breast."

*Bonar.*

# Christ's Feet seen upon the Mountains.

PART OF A SERMON PREACHED AT MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, RAMSGATE,  
BY Mr. GARWOOD, OCTOBER 5, 1851.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!" Isaiah lii. 7.

I THINK the prophet Isaiah, with great propriety, might have adopted the language of the apostle Paul, "For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." That divine illumination was quite as necessary in the one case, as in the other; and, I think, quite as evident in the prophet Isaiah, as in the apostle Paul.

If it be a truth—and we are sure it is—that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, &c., then we may safely conclude, that neither Isaiah nor Paul could have preached the glad tidings of salvation, either so evangelically, or so beautifully, but by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

To these remarks might be objected the case of Balaam. Balaam was an ungodly man, and yet he has furnished us with one of the richest and most beautiful descriptions of God's covenant love, and of Israel's covenant security, that we can find in the pages of inspired writ.

That fact, however, will not invalidate what I have said of Isaiah and Paul: Balaam, Isaiah, and Paul, were all inspired men, but with this difference—Balaam was inspired, but not regenerated; Paul was both inspired and born again. Balaam spake what was revealed only to his understanding; Isaiah proclaimed that which he had sweetly experienced in his heart.

May He whose holy unction rested upon the mind of the prophet, brood over us, while we attempt an exposition of this beautiful passage, and guide us into all truth. From the text observe,

I. *The figure employed*—The "Mountains." This figure is frequently used in God's word, and has its different significations. It sometimes signifies the kingdoms of this world in contrast with the kingdom of Christ. See Isaiah ii. 2, "And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above

the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it."

It sometimes denotes the security of God's covenant people; as in Psalm cxxv., "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for ever." The figure sometimes indicates difficulties, impediments, and dangers. They may present barriers of separation, as well as enclosures of security. I am disposed to think, by the mountain here spoken of, we are to understand the impassable barriers which have interposed between God and sinners.

There is, First, *the mountain of his justice*. This, without Christ, presents an impassable barrier; no fallen sinner can either evade, or satisfy its claims. God is essentially just, and therefore will by no means clear the guilty, without satisfaction. It is a prevailing plea with ungodly sinners, that God is merciful; and so he is, but he is equally just; he saves no man at the expense of holiness and justice. He cannot deny himself, change his mind, or go back from his word; and therefore will certainly fulfil the promise of his wrath, as well as the promise of his grace. Thousands are wrapping themselves up in the cobweb of carnal security, and crying, God is merciful; forgetting that he cannot dispense with his justice, look on sin with impunity, and save the transgressor without satisfaction. Let the ungodly remember, then, that there is this mountain between God and their soul, between heaven and their sins.

There is, Secondly, *the mountain of his law*. If the sinner would know what this mountain is, and how certainly it closes every way of approach to God, without faith in a covenant Surety, let him consult the following scriptures, in which its character and curses are strikingly symbolized, Exod. xix. 16; Heb. xii. 18. Mark in this picture the thunder of God's curse, the lightning of God's wrath, the fire of the divine displeasure, an awful manifestation of his hatred of, and fixed



determination to resent sin, whose very relation to the ungodly, is "a consuming fire."

The holy law thunders the denunciations, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things," &c; and by its deeds no flesh living can be justified. My fellow-sinner, without faith in Christ, the law, broken and dishonoured by thy sins, will confront thee every step thou treadest. It is a fiery mountain between earth and heaven, between thee and God; which if not levelled by atoning blood, will prove thy sure destruction.

There is, Thirdly, *the mountain of sin and guilt*. This is another impediment which is but little considered; this is another effectual hindrance to a sinner's salvation. One sin is enough to damn the man; what shall he do, who sins every day, every hour, every minute, and every moment? One sin is enough to seal the sinner's condemnation; what shall they do, who have added sin to sin for sixty, seventy, or eighty years? One sin is enough to exclude from heaven; what shall he do, who was born in sin, and shapen in iniquity? Our nature is saturated with the deadly poison; our hearts are capable of every abomination; our thoughts naturally are only evil, and that continually. There is this mountain of guilt and rebellion against God; for which no fallen son or daughter of Adam can atone.

There is, therefore, this triple bar between a holy God and unholy sinners; and if they could scale the mountains of their guilt, they would be confronted by the curses of a broken law; and if they could evade this, they must encounter the mountain of God's inflexible justice, which would overwhelm them with dismay, and hurl them to the lowest hell. Let this suffice for the figure employed, and let us pass on to notice,

II. *The Person referred to*—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of HIM."

There can be no doubt but Christ is here meant; and his having these mountains under his feet may denote his mediatorial greatness, priestly glory, and kingly dominion, or authority. This appears, by consulting the following Scriptures—Psa. viii. 6; 1 Cor. xv. 24—28; 1 Eph. 20—22.

Isaiah was a sinner saved by grace; he was favoured with a special knowledge of himself, of Christ, and his great salva-

tion; and therefore recorded this beautiful description of Jesus and his substitution, as a matter of joyful experience. He saw Christ removing

1. *The mountain of God's justice*.—"How beautiful upon the mountains." This impediment was removed, by Christ making satisfaction in the sinner's room. The church of God was relatively involved in the Adam-fall—ruin; and there she must have continued, but for the love of Christ towards her. He foresaw the wretchedness into which his bride would be plunged; and in order to recover her, he entered into covenant-agreement with his Father on her behalf, that he would render to injured justice that reparation, which would vindicate insulted Majesty, satisfy the claims that were against her!

This Christ could do; this he did do. Being essentially God, and perfectly man, there was in his glorious Person a combination of worth and excellency, which rendered him every way competent to fulfil what he had undertaken to perform.

In this light the prophet saw him coming upon the top of the mountains—coming over that which separated his people from their mercies and their God; and now God is just, while he is the justifier of the ungodly; and the salvation of God's penitent family is as much a matter of justice as it is of mercy.

2. *The mountain of the law*. This Christ came over, by *obeying, fulfilling, and enduring*. "We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God;" we have broken the law and incurred the curse, and "By the deeds of the law, no flesh can be justified." To remove this difficulty Christ was "made of a woman, made under the law;" and, as God-Man, he rendered to it holy and perfect obedience; he fulfilled its every precept to the very letter; he endured the penalty incurred by our sin; he bore the curse in our place, being made a curse for us. Thus, as the Covenant Bondsman, he magnified the law, and made it honourable. He was made, under the law, liable to curse and punishment, all which he meritoriously endured; and in his resurrection he appears above the law—curses—law-condemnation, "beautiful upon the top of the mountains."

O! to see this—to feel this—and to enjoy it by "precious faith, which works by love," will chase away our sadness,

and cause us to sing, in the language of Newton—

“ Let us love, and sing, and wonder,  
Let us praise the Saviour's name ;  
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,  
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame.  
He has wash'd us in his blood,  
He has brought us nigh to God.”

3. *The mountain of sin and guilt.* This he came over, by his atoning death and precious blood. We are altogether filthy as well as guilty ; but in Christ, as God incarnate, there is infinite merit. His humiliation and actual suffering—his life of holy obedience and vicarious sufferings lay the foundation of his church's escape.

This mountain of guilt, as every regenerate child of God knows, would inevitably prove his ruin ; but, like Isaiah, he sees the Son of God, dressed in human nature, drawing nigh his Father to propitiate for his guilty people ; his spotless nature—his infinite merit—his glorious righteousness—his precious blood—all speaking in the sinner's behalf ; and when put in competition with the sins of the bride elect, where sin abounded in her misery and wretchedness, grace much more abounds in her salvation ; for Christ comes over this mountain of guilt and death, with the blood-sealed motto which escaped his dying lips—“ It is finished !” He made an end of sin—removed his people's guilt—and brought in everlasting righteousness—and made reconciliation for the transgressors ! When the Spirit gives life, the eye of faith scans the mountain top, now gilded with the golden rays of the Sun of Righteousness, and reflecting forth the warm beams of covenant love, the soul rises from its torpor into a lively experience of pardoning mercy, while she adopts the enchanting language of the Prophet—“ How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace !”

(To be concluded next month.)

### The Origin of Sin :

MR. JAMES HUNTER'S REPLY TO MR. TITE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—My last letter in the *Vessel* was written, not as an attack on any man, but as a faithful statement of what I believed on the entrance of sin. I think that letter has satisfied most minds, that I hold nothing contrary to God's truth. The matter might have rested here, but Mr. Tite having taken

it up, I feel called on to make a few remarks on his letter. And, first, instead of pointing out wherein he considers me wrong, he begins to tell what people say of me, “ Some speak in his favour, some not so.” What has this to do with the point ? did not part hold with the Jews, and part with the apostles ? Would Mr. Tite's conscience have condemned him had he not told this for the benefit of God's people ? I have heard, perhaps, as much against Mr. T., as he has against me ; yet, though I am a young man, yet my feelings, both as a christian and a man, would lead me to scorn meeting an opponent with such weapons. If the London people are not in my favour, they certainly take a singular way of showing their dislike, by coming to hear in such numbers, both upon this and all former occasions. If this be disliking a minister, many would have no objection to be so disliked. It is true, I have had enemies in many places, the devil has hissed, and has striven hard to crush me, out of hatred to that glorious Lamb I preach ; yet I can say, this raven that thirsts for my blood, has helped me to many a meal.

Mr. T. says he does not believe that God decreed to throw Adam down. And pray Mr. T., who does believe so ? Perhaps you are thinking of the man Mr. Corbitt wrote against in the March number ; if so, that man and I are two different beings. You seem at a loss to get a flaw, and then condemn things that I no more believe than you do yourself. You say, “ God did not decree sin to lead us into perplexity ;” and who ever thought he did ? You have written certainly against the wrong man, which must be plain to most minds, as my letter is a statement of my sentiments.

Mr. T. says God permitted the fall ; so say I, when I am speaking of permission ; but it is will, not permission, I am speaking of in my three propositions, and, of course, keep to one point at a time, without mixing up things that differ. Permission is one thing, will is another ; when it is declared God permitted it, he let it be—he allowed it to be—he suffered it to be. The point is, whether he did so with his will, or contrary to his will : did he, in other words, do so willingly or unwillingly ? I should tremble to say, he did it against his will.

But must I maintain, that he allowed it to enter, because he would allow it—he permitted it to enter, because he would

permit it—he suffered it—to enter, because he willed to suffer it—and he willed to suffer it, because he determined thereby to glorify his attributes and perfections. This is all I contend for—that God is almighty, and has his own will and his own way in everything; so that a grasshopper of the earth can never overturn, nor set aside, his eternal purpose, it being a mountain of brass; and the Founder is of one mind, and none can turn him; and what his soul desireth, even that he doeth. And when the world and all its concerns come to a close, and all is wound up, no creature shall be able to stand up and say that God pushed him into sin, tempted him to sin, nor influenced him to sin; yet still the eternal purpose of God shall have been fulfilled, and the great plan the heavenly Architect has drawn be fully completed, both by the salvation of the church, and the condemnation of the lost; for our God is in the heavens, he hath done whatsoever hath pleased him.

How strange, that when Mr. Tite comes to that part in my letter considered by some too strong, I mean, the third proposition, he quotes it, and then says “true,” and goes on to shew that my word *allow*, and *permit*, are all the same; then where, I ask, is the death in the pot there has been such a cry about? Where is the poison for the children’s bread? Why, then, did Mr. T. take up his pen, and after sifting my letter, the little bit that in the distance he seems to regard as rather chaffy-looking, he lets it go through as pure grain, and says “true?” Look well, Mr. Tite, before you write again; and never lift up your weapons till there is something to strike at, as fighting shadows is rather an unprofitable labour. As to myself, sin has lain too heavy on my soul for me ever to say any thing to make light of it; but I do thank God for what Watts says,

“Even by the fall we rise,  
And gain for earthly Eden lost,  
A heavenly sacrifice.”

Had we stood in Adam, we might have had a righteousness, but none compared to that beautiful garment composed of the groans, the tears, the sweat, the blood, the sighs, the prayers, the obedience, the sufferings, the death, of our dear Brother, which has stamped on it the righteousness of God. Had we stood in Eden, we might have heard the voice of the

Lord God in the garden, speaking of his greatness and power; but O, the voice of that dear man, whose lips drop sweet smelling myrrh, has spoken in sweeter tones, and more melting strains, than ever Adam heard. That voice has made our souls burn as it has told of love, of wounds, and blood, so that we felt we could shed the last drop of blood in our bodies, for the name sake of our Jesus; and a stream of holy joy has flowed into our souls, to which Adam, in his unfallen state, was a complete stranger. All the beauty of nature before the fall, was nothing compared to the glorious view which we shall have of the Man, the exalted Man, in whose glorious Person, perfect work, matchless relationships, and glorious offices, all our heaven is centred. All is nothing, compared to the crucified One; and it is to exalt him, and make him glorious, that I have spoken on this point. God knows it is his honour and the exaltation of his dear Son I wish to advance. I know satan has tried to misrepresent my views, but the accuser of the brethren cannot make the elder brother believe his lies, though he may succeed with some of the younger brethren.

My Father knows I went the last time to London with fear and trembling, though I had the testimony of a good conscience. I prayed as I sailed up the river, to London, that God would enable me this once to speak well of his dear Son; and if he did, I should praise him for it. I feared old friends might have become cold; and this endeared the precious Friend in heaven more to my soul; and I can say, and will say, to the honour of Jehovah Jesus, the eternal God, who hears the sighs of his people, that he did hear my cry; and when on the second Sunday I was there, and spoke on this point, though weak in body, ready to drop with weakness, yet my dear Friend, who has never yet failed me—though I have often doubted it—he did, all glory to his matchless name, keep me, and stand by me, and strengthen me; and the angel of the Lord, during my stay, did wondrously, while I stood with others looking on; and both by letter and word of mouth did I receive numerous testimonies that God had warmed and melted the souls of many of his people while I spoke of that dear living Man, whose name is as ointment poured forth. The people were unusually kind and sympathizing, so that

I saw the hand of God, felt that he was on my side as a mighty and terrible One, not frowning on me as one who was casting stumbling-blocks before his people, and making the hearts of his little ones to tremble, as Mr. Tite would have it. And I shall never forget while there, going out on the railway into the country to meet a friend; while alone in the carriage, my thoughts were carried to this hymn,

“ When gath’ring clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
To Him I look, who not in vain,  
Expierced every human pain.”

And my soul was lifted up to Jesus on the throne, my heart was melted, and my spirit rejoiced to know that Jesus was my eternal portion; the tears ran down in streams, and so wrapped up was my soul in the contemplation of my precious, matchless Christ, that the people had all left the carriages, and the friend had come and left the place, and I knew not where I was, but sat still in my seat, so lost in that ocean that has neither length nor breadth, depth nor height, that man can fully know. Thus did I get a meal by the way, that left a softened feeling of soul all the week.

No, Mr. Tite, you have no reason to triumph over me, for God, even our God, has shewn that I have spoken the thing that was right concerning him, by thus putting forth his power at a time when I was declaring what I believed on this point; and as an old writer says, “God does not put his seal on blank paper, nor his stamp on forged notes;” and as for the pity you speak of, I do not require it; for I have got the best Master, the best Shepherd, the best Friend, the best robe, the best hope, and the best home ever a poor sinner had. Let your pity be kept for blind leaders of the blind, and not for those who hold forth the lamp that God has ordained for his anointed. If this point was the Alpha and Omega of my ministry, then I might be pitied, but of all cords in the gospel harp, God enables me to strike oftenest that which exalts Jesus, and makes him very high. Go on, Mr. T., speaking of him to whom all the prophets (save the false ones) gave witness; lift him as high as you can, but let the young man alone; you have your work, he has his; and though he is young, which is no crime, this young man has sat down at Jesu’s feet, and has counted all but loss for the excellency of Jesu’s

knowledge. He has been in that school where the child shall die an hundred years old in knowledge, so wonderful is the Teacher’s skill. He has been in the mount with God, and has had the hand of Jehovah laid on him. He has been at Bethany, the house of sorrow, and there has been endued with power from on high. He has done business in great waters, sailed upon a rough sea, has seen his own plans, and other people’s too, overturned, and this has gone to establish him in the immutability of Jehovah’s purposes, and the fixedness of Jehovah’s decrees; his witness is now in heaven, and his record is now on high; his shoes are iron and brass, and he soon expects to see that Jesus, whom having not seen, he now loves. God has helped him, and made the arms of his hands strong.

“ And Jesus kindly deigns to spread  
His conquering banner o’er his head;  
In him I hope, in him I trust,  
His bleeding cross is all my boast:  
Through troops of foes he leads me on,  
To victory, and a victor’s crown.”

Thrice has this young man been brought to view death as near, and while he feared it not, (since Christ was in his arms,) yet each time he wished before going down into the river, to lift up a little longer his dear, glorious, bleeding Christ; and never shall his spirit rest, till he comes to his home above, and finds all his bliss in looking at the once married visage of the Chief among ten thousand. Here is the spot where the soul of the young man is now, and when a few days or years have rolled by, he shall be found with the Lamb on mount Zion, so pleased with Jesus, that he shall not have a wish beside. And now, wishing the matter to drop, (for I do not want controversy,) I hope, Mr. Editor, if I ever appear in your *Vessel* again, it may be in writing of Him who is daily to be praised.

I am your’s in Christ,  
JAMES HUNTER.

*Bradford, York.*

THE LATE

**John Berridge and the Bishop.**

A NEW and very cheap edition of “The Christian World Unmasked;” by the late JOHN BERRIDGE, is now publishing by Aylott and Jones, 8, Paternoster Row. We have not room to deal with this striking book as we could wish; but we must notice that, in the first place, it has a

very handsome engraved portrait of dear John, and his pretty autograph at bottom. Really, we quite fell in love with the book on account of this delightful frontispiece. Then we have an appropriate preface written (we think by Mr. Gowring,) expressly for this edition. After this comes, the *Life of Berridge*; which, please God, we will notice ere long; at the end of which we find an account of "An Interview with the late John Berridge, related by J. Sutcliffe, Olney." This interview reads as follows.

"About two years ago, a friend of mine, wishing to enjoy an hour or two of Mr. B.'s company, rode over to Everton for that purpose. He was introduced by a dissenting minister in the neighbourhood, with whom Mr. B. lived upon terms of friendship. When seated, my friend requested Mr. B., if agreeable, to favour them with a few outlines of his life. The venerable old man began, and related several things, as narrated in his life. But as some are there unnoticed, I have selected the following, which I think will not be uninteresting to your readers:—'Soon after I began,' said he, 'to preach the Gospel of Christ at Everton, the church was filled from the villages around us, and the neighbouring clergy felt themselves hurt at their churches being deserted. A person of my own parish, too, was much offended. He did not like to see so many strangers, and be so incommoded. Between them both, it was resolved, if possible, to turn me out of my living. For this purpose, they complained of me to the Bishop of the Diocese, that I had preached out of my parish. I was soon after sent for by the Bishop. I did not much like my errand, but I went.

"When I arrived, the Bishop accosted me in a very abrupt manner: 'Well, Berridge, they tell me you go about preaching out of your own parish. Did I institute you to the livings of A—y, or E—n, or P—n?' 'No, my lord,' said I, 'neither do I claim any of these livings; the clergymen enjoy them undisturbed by me.' 'Well, but you go and preach there, which you have no right to do!' 'It is true, my lord, I was one day at E., and there were a few poor people assembled together, and I admonished them to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of their souls; and I remember seeing five or six clergymen that day, my lord, all out of their own parishes upon E—n bowling green.' 'Pooh!' said his lordship, 'I tell you, you have no right to preach out of your own parish; and, if you do not desist from it, you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon gaol.' 'As to that, my lord,' said I, 'I have no greater liking to Huntingdon gaol than other people; but I had rather go thither with a good conscience, than live at my liberty without one.' Here his lordship looked very hard at me, and very gravely assured me, 'that I was beside myself, and that in a few months time, I should be either better or worse.' 'Then,' said I, 'my lord, you may make yourself quite happy in this business; for if I should be better, you suppose I shall desist from this practice, of my own accord; and, if worse, you need not send me to Huntingdon gaol,

as I shall be provided with an accommodation in Bedlam.'

"His lordship now changed his mode of attack. Instead of threatening, he began to entreat. 'Berridge,' said he, 'you know I have been your friend, and I wish to be so still. I am continually teased with the complaints of the clergymen around you. Only assure me that you will keep to your own parish; you may do as you please there. I have but little time to live; do not bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

"At this instant, two gentlemen were announced who desired to speak with his lordship. 'Berridge,' said he, 'go to your inn, and come again at such an hour, and dine with me.' I went, and, on entering a private room, fell immediately upon my knees. I could bear threatening, but knew not how to withstand entreaty, especially the entreaty of a respectable old man. At the appointed time I returned. At dinner, I was treated with great respect. The two gentlemen also dined with us. I found they had been informed who I was, as they sometimes cast their eyes towards me, in some such manner as one would glance at a monster. After dinner, his lordship took me into the garden. 'Well, Berridge,' said he, 'have you considered of my request?' 'I have my lord,' said I, 'and have been upon my knees concerning it.' 'Well, and will you promise me that you will preach no more out of your own parish?' 'It would afford me great pleasure,' said I, 'to comply with your lordship's request, if I could do it with a good conscience. I am satisfied the Lord has blessed my labours of this kind, and I dare not desist.' 'A good conscience!' said his lordship; 'do you not know that it is contrary to the Canons of the Church?' 'There is one Canon, my lord,' I replied, 'which saith, Go, preach the gospel to every creature.' 'But why should you wish to interfere with the charge of other men? One man cannot preach the gospel to all men.' 'If they would preach the gospel themselves,' said I, 'there would be no need for my preaching it to their people; but as they do not, I cannot desist.' His lordship then parted with me in some displeasure. I returned home, not knowing what would befall me; but thankful to God that I had preserved a conscience void of offence.

"I took no measures for my own preservation, but Divine Providence wrought for me in a way I never expected. When I was at Clare Hall, I was particularly acquainted with a Fellow of that College, and we were both upon terms of intimacy with Mr. Pitt, the late Lord Chatham, who was at that time also at the University. This Fellow of Clare Hall, when I began to preach the gospel, became my enemy, and did me some injury in some ecclesiastical privileges, which beforetime I had enjoyed. At length, however, when he heard that I was likely to come into trouble, and to be turned out of my living at Everton, his heart relented. He began to think, it seems, within himself, we shall ruin this poor fellow among us. This was just about the time that I was sent for by the Bishop. Of his own accord he writes a letter to Mr. Pitt, saying nothing about my Methodism, but to this effect:—'Our old friend Berridge has got a living in Bedfordshire, and I am informed there is one — that gives him a great deal of trouble, has accused him to the

Bishop of the Diocese, and, it is said, will turn him out of his living. I wish you could contrive to put a stop to these proceedings.' Mr. Pitt was at that time a young man, and not choosing to apply to the Bishop himself, spoke to a certain nobleman, to whom the Bishop was indebted for his promotion. This nobleman, within a few days, made it his business to see the Bishop, who was then in London. 'My lord,' said he, 'I am informed you have a very honest fellow, one Borridge, in your diocese, and that he has been ill-treated by a litigious person——. He has named him, I am told, to your lordship, and wishes to turn him out of his living. You would oblige me, my lord, if you would take no notice of that person, and not suffer the honest man to be interrupted in his living.' The Bishop was astonished, and could not imagine in what manner things could have thus got round. It would not do, however, to object; he was obliged to bow compliance, and so I continued ever after uninterrupted in my sphere of action.

"(The person having waited on the Bishop to know the result of the summons, had the mortification to learn that his purpose was defeated. On his return home, his partizans in this prosecution fled to know what was determined on, saying, 'Well, have you got the old devil out?' He replied, 'No; nor do I think the very devil himself can get him out')."

"After this interesting narration ended, which had alternately drawn smiles and tears from my friend and his companion, they requested him to pray with them one five minutes before they departed. 'No,' said the good old man to my friend, 'you shall pray with me.' 'Well, but if I begin, perhaps you will conclude?' He consented. After my friend had ended, he, without rising from his knees, took up his petitions; and with such sweet solemnity, such holy familiarity with God, and such ardent love to Christ, poured out his soul, that the like was seldom seen. They parted, and my friend declares he thinks he shall never forget the savour of the interview to his dying day."

### Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

DEAR SIR—I saw on the inner wrapper of the *Vessel* for September, a desire for some one to give their views upon "Cast thy bread upon the waters," &c. No doubt much abler pens than mine will answer you; and if I knew your address, I should not presume to answer you in the eyes of so many, who, I am confident, are more equivalent to the task than I can possibly be. But as the words quoted, and indeed the whole chapter to which they belong, were once applied to me under particular circumstances, I cannot feel at rest in remaining silent. It has been a custom of mine for many years, to ask the Lord to answer my questions by the application of his own word, and to apply it in such a sense as to afford me sufficient direction; and in some cases he has condescended to give me what I have considered an unmistakable answer; and I believe he sometimes uses the same expression or text in different senses, as the circumstances require. Not that I believe he leads souls in opposite directions in matters of salvation of the soul, yet I do think that he causes his word to be received different ways to different persons, to bring about his all-wise designs.

But to the point. About thirteen years ago, one Sunday morning, I was returning from worship very much perplexed and cast down, because I did not enjoy the word preached as I formerly did, and I went all the way home praying to the Lord to shew me the reason, and if any thing was wanting on my part, that he would graciously shew me. I walked to my lodging, (for I was then single,) went straight to my bedroom, and threw myself on my knees by the side of my bed, and implored the Lord to speak to me by his word. I never prayed more fervently; and I arose with the inward assurance that I was heard. I immediately threw open the Bible, and the Lord threw open the meaning, and opened my ears, eyes, and heart, to receive it.

The first word that caught my eye, was, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." The meaning that accompanied the words to my heart, was, that I must speak in the name of the Lord. I stood and looked at the words, almost like one petrified. At length I began to reason, and argue that it could not mean so; but as I read down the chapter, it strengthened the first command, answered all my objections, promised reward in the obedience, and awful denunciations in case of refusing.

But I must not dwell upon each verse, for want of room in a periodical; but I will write to you if you think proper. I would not rest till I wrote to my pastor about it; and he and the church agreed that I should speak in the evening, which I did with much trembling, and yet with more comfort and confidence than I did many times afterwards. My pastor, Mr. B. Flory, met me on the following day, and asked me if I was ashamed of what I had done on the evening before? I answered him with a faltering "No;" and he said he could not find fault with any thing that I said; yet I afterwards kept from the yoke all I could, and made any paltry excuse that I could find; and have many times, when going to the pulpit, secretly wished that something would happen to me by way of accident, or temporary sickness, that I might have a reasonable excuse for not going then. The latter part of the chapter quoted, would go through me like lightning; "but know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee unto judgment." I will give you an account of my prayers from then till now, if you wish it.

I have thus given you what I consider to be one sense or meaning of the words, yet I believe the Holy Ghost can make use of them in another light.

The notes in Brown's Bible put a different construction upon the words; it interprets casting bread upon the waters, as administering to the wants of the poor and necessitous. Literally, there can be no objection to this, and the wise man's words would be verified, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and he will surely pay him again;" or, "he shall find it after many days." "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Christ considered the spiritual poor, poor enough, lost, ruined, and helpless. Every gospel, God-sent minister considers the poor of this class, and prays to be supplied wherewith to administer to their spiritual needs; and never is more rejoiced than when he is enabled to open the rich provisions of the spiritual store-

house, and thus cast the bread of life upon the waters, for the living fish that mostly have to swim against wind and tide; but this bread makes bitter waters sweet, and turns the waters of affliction into wells of salvation. But I must conclude, hoping the unerring Spirit will unfold to you all that you (through grace) desire to know. I remain yours truly,

Norwich.

W. WALTERS.

PASSAGES IN THE

## Life of the late George Viney.

(Continued from p. 250.)

I THINK I was turned fifteen years of age; it was in the year 1790; he said unto me, "Live!" though I knew him not. When in my sins and in my blood, at this time—when at home with my mother, a poor widow, I was not forgotten of him, though we prayed not to him! No! none of our family! So I had no prayer laid up for me; for though I had an Advocate above—a Friend before the throne of heaven!—yet I knew it not.

After living some time on the old woman, God remembered me. A Mr. Southgate, the minister of St. Giles in the Fields, got me a place a second time, and I was bound apprentice to a joiner, at Cambridge Heath, Hackney. Sometime after this, my master removed to St. George's Fields, Southwark, near the *Dog and Duck*. Here I continued till the year 1894—after they had killed the King and Queen of France—when my master went off somewhere, and another master took the business. There were several apprentices beside me, so it came sad on us; and the new master wanted to lay hold of the apprentices, and turn us over, whether we would or not. When I saw him in the shop, for the first time, I believe I was standing, thinking, and looking on; he came to me with a piece of wood in his hand, and laid it about me very hard: I believe I took the wood from him, and threw him on the floor; and then taking a few things which were my own, I ran away home, and continued with my mother some time.

After some time I got to another place, but neglected it to go and see the army, in St. James's Park, exercising and getting ready to embark with the Duke of York for Holland, and to see the deserters come in and receive a full pardon and new clothing; the Duke met them, I think I never saw a more noble looking man, and when he told them they were pardoned in the King's name, there was such a sweet smile on his countenance, and besides, he clothed these deserters like gentlemen; the law was to shoot all deserters after they were found guilty by court martial. Thus I lost a deal of time, and by such gross neglect I lost my shop again, and so was at home with my mother. After some time I found I was a weight of grief to my mother, so I went and gave myself up to my late master, and he made me a prisoner, sent for an officer, and I think they handcuffed me, and conveyed me to a justice of peace, in Union Street, in the Borough; here my master made his complaint against me, and also said I had taken away more than my own. I was committed to the Borough jail. The next morning I was brought up for a second examination; nothing was brought against

me but a run away apprentice, I was asked, would I go back to my master, or would I go to sea, or be a soldier; I preferred going to sea, as my father and brother had done before me; so they said I must leave London in a certain number of days, I have forgot the number, so I went to the Marine Society, where they gave me an order to travel to Sheerness, and go on board the "Majestic" of seventy-four guns, lying at that port; they also gave me money and a set time to go in, and proud enough I was when dressed in sailor's clothes. I was rated a boy in the carpenter's crew; I think this must have been in 1794. In a short time we sailed for Portsmouth, there to get ready for the channel fleet. Oh! what an astonishing mercy it was that his eyes were ever upon me to say "live," when in my sins and in my blood! He loved me; yea, he was determined to love. Oh! Lord, help me to glorify thy great name for Christ's sake!

On board, the scene was awful; though I cannot say I thought so at that time; but my Lord would not suffer me to join with them. We had six hundred men on board. About this time, I laid me down to sleep on a large box, called a chest, belonging to one of the sailors, when I dreamed I was lying on this box, and I thought my breath left my body; and I entered into a place like a deep well, I kept descending lower and lower. I began to be alarmed; I thought all was gone to the bottom, and that I should be put there for ever. I awaked, and hastened on deck, sorely frightened, and communicated it to one; and he laughed me out of it, and it soon wore off.

A little before we sailed from Torbay, to meet the French fleet, the following circumstance took place. We had a man on board, a common sailor, whose name was Witnall. The seamens' names and the laws of the admiralty are read aloud once a week. The captain, officers, sailors, yea, all that are in the ship who are able to attend, are all present; the captain hearing this name called heard the answer given, "here." Afterwards when it was over, the captain sent for this young man, and enquired of him if in time past he had any relation a lieutenant in the navy? He answered, "yes, your honour," and also told the captain what his name was, what vessel he had been on board of. On hearing this, the captain gave Witnall money to buy a uniform with all complete; we went on shore the day before we sailed to encounter the French fleet; on shore he got something to drink with the boatmen, there he fell asleep; they robbed him of all his money, and some of his clothes; turned him out in the morning penniless, and also guilty of a breach of trust: this led him to desert; and desertion from a man-of-war was punished with a flogging round the fleet, and few ever survived.

We leave Witnall for a little while; our fleet sailed along the French coast.

[The incidents connected with George Viney's life renders it of great interest; but his biographer has, (in the early part of it,) given his natural course so full, that we are obliged to curtail; and can only give short pieces in each month; until we come to matters which more vividly illustrate the good pleasure of the Lord toward him, in a saving way and manner.—*EDITOR.*]

(To be continued.)

## THE SAINT'S TRIUMPH OVER DEATH: BY DR. M. LUTHER.

*(Concluded from. p. 243.)*

HERE, then you see, that this consolation and salvation are life eternal, which is the true and eternal blessing of God; and this the whole psalm intimates. For as the Psalmist distinctively separates the company of those who fear God from those three classes of men; and as he ascribes to those three classes of men, all things which are in this life upon earth—that is, to the first, political administration, or earthly rule; to the second, administration in spiritual things, or ecclesiastical rule; to the third, the use and enjoyment of all creatures and all good things: it of necessity follows, that that blessing, namely, that another life, that is, eternal life, is given to the remaining small company of those that fear God. And seeing that those three classes or kinds of men envy this small company the blessings and enjoyments of this life, and tear them from them, it is necessary that this their consolation be eternal consolation, and that this their salvation be eternal salvation. And what else can it be but eternal salvation, when they can boast of, and glory in, the Lord himself, above and beyond all those good things of princes and of men, in which those others abound? For the Lord is an eternal good! And any one can easily collect, determine, and prove within himself, that where the heart feels that it has God favourable to it, there must be remission of sins. And if sins be taken away, then death is taken away. And where this is the case, there must be a consolation and a persuasion of eternal righteousness and eternal life. This is a certainty of all certainties!

We must, therefore, observe in this verse, a singular skill; where the Psalmist so intrepidly and so powerfully drives away and removes death from his eyes; where he will not allow himself to know any thing of sins or of death, and where he so diligently sets, and fixes life before his eyes, that he will know nothing whatever but life; and he who lives for ever, never sees death. As Christ saith,—“He that heareth my word, shall never see death.” John iii.

Thus he throws himself entirely into the ocean of life, that death may be wholly swallowed up of life, and may utterly disappear; and this takes place

from his cleaving unto the “right hand” of God with a steady faith. Thus it is, that all the saints have sung this verse; and thus it is, that all the saints ought to sing it down to the last day. But we see this more particularly in the holy martyrs; here, before the world, they seem to expire and die; but yet, their heart with a firm faith says, “I shall not die, but live.” Whenever, therefore, the saints, either in the Psalms or any other part of the Scriptures, call upon God; whenever they pray for consolation and help, the things their hearts are upon, are, eternal life, and the resurrection from the dead. All those petitions and scriptures have reference to the resurrection from the dead, and to eternal life; yea, to the whole of the third part of the creed, concerning the Holy Spirit, the Holy Catholic Church, the remission of sins, the resurrection from the dead, and eternal life. This must be diligently observed; and all these things flow from those words of the commandment, “I am the Lord thy God.” These few words comprehend most fully, that third part of the creed; for when the saints complain that they die, and are afflicted, in this life—and when they console themselves with the hope, not of this, but of another life, yea, with the hope of God himself, who is above and beyond this life; it is impossible that they can die, or not enjoy eternal life; and that, not only because God, to whom they cleave, and in whom they place all their hope and expectation, cannot die, and because they must therefore live in and through him, but because God cannot be the God of those who are dead, or who are nothing, but must be the God of the living, as Christ saith, and therefore, they must live for ever; for, if God did not live for ever, he could not be the true God, and their God, nor could they cleave unto him: hence, death is not a death unto the saints, but a sleep.

And if this be true, if they live on God, then this, of necessity, also follows—that they have remission of sins; and if their sins be forgiven them, then it is certain they have the Holy Ghost, whereby they are sanctified; and if they are sanctified, or saints, then they be the true and holy church, and that “little flock” of Christ which shall overcome the power of satan,



rise again, and live for ever. Behold ! these are the great and glorious works of the "right hand of the Lord." And what, I pray you, are all the works of men and potentates, in which the whole world trusts, compared with these ? They are "spiders' webs," as Isaiah saith, which cannot be made garments, nor any thing else, wherewith a man may cover himself ; and which are of no other use, than to catch wandering and foolish flies and gnats ;—that is, vain spirits and souls—that they may perish in eternal death.

Moreover, the saints not only live in the life to come, but also begin to live here by faith. For wheresoever there is faith, there eternal life is begun. And the passages of Scripture concerning faith, have reference to all those articles above-mentioned ; for in those first three classes, there is no need of faith, as to this present life, because the ungodly enjoy this life to the full. Nor can faith cleave to and rest on, any thing that is of moment or value in this life ; for it always goes forth and mounts higher, and cleaves to that which is above and beyond this life, even to God himself.

And that the saints enter upon eternal life in this life, and live even in death, is taught also by this verse, where it says, "And I shall declare the works of the Lord ;" for he who shall declare the works of the Lord must be alive. But the spirit and blood of the dead also celebrate the works of the Lord, and proclaim them. Thus the blood of Abel "cried out" against Cain ; Gen. iv. and Heb. xi. we read that Abel "being dead yet speaketh." But this verse greatly offends tyrants, more than any other in the Scriptures ; that those, whom they suppose to be dead, silent, and altogether forgotten, should now, more than ever begin to live and to speak ; and indeed they say the truth, when they say, that it is not safe to mock and trifle with the saints, if, when they are dead, they then more immediately enter upon, execute, or promote that, for the doing of which they were killed out of the way, and never cease ; and, especially, seeing that they cannot be killed or have their mouths stopped again, but will declare the works of the Lord to all eternity !

The Pope burnt John Huss, and many other saints, and excellent men, and lately also, Leonard Keiser, and a great many more men who truly feared God. But, I pray you, what advantage did he

procure to himself by so doing ? His endeavours were of great service to him indeed ? And he stopped their mouths to great effect ! For does not their blood now cry out against the Pope, without cessation ? And has it not hitherto so effectually cried out, that the Pope has lost nearly all his power, and is compelled to become a beggar, and to implore the help of others, even the assistance of kings and princes, over whom, before he held such absolute sway, that he actually trampled them under his feet ! And had not those kings, princes, and potentates come to his help, and propped up his tottering kingdom, that poor miserable beggar would long ago have been a prey to the worms. But, however, that begged-for help and wretched assistance, will little profit him after all. For, at length, he shall be deserted by all, and shall be compelled to acknowledge John Huss his conqueror, and himself conquered by him.

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"The Lord hath chastened me sore, but he hath not given me over unto death. Psalm cxviii."

In this 18th verse of this triumphant song, the Psalmist displays a wonderful skill : that is, a rhetorical confutation, humiliation, and interpretation. "The Lord hath chastened me sore," (saith he,) "but he hath not given me over unto death." What is the meaning of this ? He glories that he "shall not die but live." But the flesh, the world, men, and princes declare the contrary ; and their clamours confuse and torture the godly man's heart, and try to break his spirit, and to drive him to despair. Aha, say they, is this your living, when you are burnt, when your head is taken off, when you are drowned, murdered, condemned, and exterminated ? If you have any senses at all, you now feel whether being in this state be living or not ! Where is now thy God ? Let your Elias save you now if he will have you ! Let him come and save you now !

Against these bitter taunts of the ungodly, he encourages his mind, and suffers not himself to be weakened and moved from his holy purpose, but consoles himself thus : Let me die as much as I may, yet that death is nothing ; it is only my Father's rod ; it is not his wrath, but (as the Germans say) "a fox's brush ;" that is, a gentle chastisement which causes no pain. It is no proof of severity or of anger. The Lord does not by it

declare any thing severe or cruel; but he chastises me in this manner, as a father chastiseth his son whom he loveth. This death is not indeed sweet or pleasant to the flesh, but bitter; it does not taste of honey, but of gall. It is, I know a rod; but which, so far from bringing me into real death, translates me into real and eternal life!

And is there not here a wonderful interpreter, and a firm confuter of objections? Is it not a wonderful turn and blessed interpretation, to make of the word, *death*, a saving and life-giving rod? No one can teach this skill, but the Holy Spirit, and the right hand of God. For no one can describe how the flesh is thrown into perturbation, tortured, distressed and grieved: when, to these corporal murderings, pains, and due afflictions, there are added insults, jeers, taunts, scoffings, and abuses; and when the wicked, by wagging their heads, and by virulent abuse, agitate and revile the saints, as the Jews did Christ when he hung upon the cross. Flesh and blood will do just the contrary; they will judge the rod, which is wholesome and beneficial, to be death and hell. They fall immediately into unbelief, and go into desperation, even when left to want a loaf of bread only. But this is not a right and spiritual interpretation. The far greater and more glorious skill, is, to be enabled to sing this verse, "I shall not die, but live!" "He will not give me over unto death!" For satan can render death horribly bitter, fearful, and dreadful to the godly heart; because, when he tempts, he does not say as man would say, "Thou shalt be cast into the fire: Thou shalt be drowned in the water: Thou shalt have thy head taken off," &c.; but he exaggerates and augments all things to the greatest degree; he terrifies the godly with the sight of death: he paints it forth as being horrible, terrible, cruel, eternal, and having no end; he exaggerates at the same time, the wrath and indignation of God above measure; and, by horrid manœuvres, impresses upon the heart. Thus he butchers the man, torturing him, and overwhelming him with these cruel cogitations so horribly, bitterly, and incredibly, that such temptations cannot be overcome or endured by any human powers whatever.

Here the man must be a good interpreter, who may be able to sing this verse, and by it overcome and beat off

satan, and say, death is not, no, it is not a proof of an angry mind, but a discipline of mercy, and a fatherly chastisement. I am surely persuaded that my God will not give me over unto death, nor will I ever believe, or ever allow myself to be persuaded that he is angry with me, even if all the devils in hell should get around me together, and declare it with the loudest bawlings; nay, if even an angel from heaven should tell me so, I would say, "let him be accursed." Farther, if God himself should tell me so, yet would I firmly believe, that I was only tried by him in the same manner as he tried Abraham; and that he only made and appeared as though he were somewhat angry, but that, in truth and indeed, he was not angry with me. For God never recals and alters his word, but commands me to be persuaded in myself, and to say, "The Lord chasteneth me, but he doth not give me over unto death." I will not suffer this to be taken from me, nor will be persuaded, or suffer my case to be interpreted otherwise.

Thus the Psalmist, though he feels death, yet will not feel it; nor will he suffer it to be called death; but he lays hold of the right hand of the mercy of God and cleaves unto it. He does not, however, deny that death is sent upon him of God, but there is a sweet and silent understanding between God and himself; And that understanding between them is such, that death is not called death, nor is death but that fatherly rod and discipline by which the sons are chastised. All these are truly singular and wonderful words, which are not to be found in, nor indeed can enter into the hearts either of men or of princes. So the Apostle Paul saith, 1 Cor. ii. that he is speaking of wisdom in "secret" and "in a mystery;" which none of the princes of this world knew. Thus have I spoken upon this glorious canticle and triumphal song of the saints.

### A NARRATIVE

OF A WORK OF GRACE; AND OF SOME PRELIMINARY STEPS TO THE MINISTRY.

BY JOSEPH PALMER.

(Continued from p. 244.)

I REMEMBER, too, I was much refreshed and established in experimental truth by reading the introductory chapters of Mr. Huntington's "Contemplations on the God of Israel;" wherein that great man of God elaborately sets forth, in an ex-

perimental chain, the spiritual demonstration of the doctrine of the blessed Trinity. Nor was this the only book which the Lord has peculiarly blessed to my soul. I could point to many pieces in the spiritual periodicals of the time, which have been as wells of water to my soul, and as honey from the honey-comb. One paper, in particular, I recollect, upon the words, "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation;" and which, at that time of spiritual darkness before related, was made a mean in the Lord's hand for raising up hope in my soul, and constrained me patiently to wait in faith at the side of spiritual Bethesda, until the time of the moving of the waters by the Angel of the Covenant.

The "Zion's Pilgrim," and the "Visits to and from Jesus," by Dr. Hawker, were also greatly blessed to me; and by them the venerable author, though dead, spoke in the Lord's power, more powerfully to my soul than many of the living servants of Christ whose ministrations I have been privileged to attend. Indeed, at times, I am led to wonder at the way in which the Lord has led me, teaching me more, and blessing me more in my soul through private means than public ordinances—so unlike the experience of most others; yet if we get the blessing, it matters little in what channel it come.

Let me note down here, by way of a brief parenthesis, that after my call by God I found my secular employment a blessed occasion of heavenly meditation and divine communion. Being apprenticed as a printer, and most of the work done at the office being of a gospel character, my employ, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, became as leading strings, or a Jacob's ladder, to my young and vigorous faith. Oh! I cannot tell what I have enjoyed at times in that office—heaven has come down into my soul, and I have so apprehended and fed upon the truths of the glorious gospel, and been so ravished with sights of the person and work of Christ, that my heart has been overwhelmed within me. I have found so great happiness, that when otherwise occupied I have sighed after it, that I might reap anew its privileges.

But to return. For a short time after this my soul was privileged to enjoy peace and communion; but it soon appeared that the Lord had another lesson to teach me; for while perusing God's

word, the devil took occasion to suggest evil thoughts and blasphemies against my Lord. Because the writings of the apostles had been blessed to me, the tempter asked, and my own desperately wicked heart harboured the thought gladly, if the words of the Saviour were not greatly inferior to the other portions of the Bible? And alas, in reading them, as the Lord left them a dead letter to me, I indeed found no sweetness in them. I was greatly distressed at finding this want of savour, and I thought the Lord withheld his blessing because I harboured so dishonourable a suggestion. But satan took further advantage from this feeling to insinuate much that was dishonourable to the dear Lord, and strove to shake my belief in his divine commission and nature; but that, blessed be God, was too deeply rooted in my soul, although I seemed not to have sufficient grace in exercise to rally the charge of infirmity in his word. But the Lord soon after this answered my prayers, and repelled the attacks of the adversary for me, by accompanying the fifth chapter of Matthew with divine energy to my soul. I then saw the cause clearly which made one portion of the written word at times sweeter than another—namely, the unctuous and powerful influences, the light and dew of the Holy Spirit accompanying it, without which the whole is a sealed book, but attended with which it is a fountain of life.

It is needless to put down in a narrative like the present, other lessons of soul profit similar to those already given, which the writer experienced. It is sufficient to say that he found the quaint lines of John Bunyan literally true,

"The christian man is seldom long at ease,  
When one trouble's o'er, another doth him seize."

And the end and design of all hath invariably been to humble the creature, and to exalt the wisdom, grace, and power of the Saviour.

In fact, all that I had hitherto passed through in the exercises of my soul, since I had experienced the atonement, were not nearly so distressing as that awful discovery of the great deeps of iniquity within, which the Lord soon after this caused me to groan under; for my other distresses arose greatly from temptation, and I could with sincerity pray and strive against its power; but now I was to find a mystery of iniquity within, a foun-

tain of impurities and filth, which I could never have conceived to have dwelt within me. And to the regenerate soul, how bitter is this feeling. To feel heart-backslidings daily and hourly; to feel the workings of corruption at the next solemn moment; to find the checks and godly sorrow of an honest conscience repelled with the bitter scoffs of self-pity and complainings against God; to find our own hearts say with Jonah, "I do well to be angry;" to feel at times the workings of the flesh, and to cherish them, even when an enlightened mind would warn us, and then, with a truly Antinomian spirit, to console oneself with the hope of a renewed pardon, just as one is succumbing to some heart-sin; oh! these feelings are enough to break down a man's pride and self-importance, and to cause him to fear for himself, and so to fear to set any limits to the mercy and love of a covenant God. And after such fearful times, who can tell the horrors of fear which are felt; what a sense of base ingratitude, and how the soul breathes itself in dust and ashes before God.

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The memorandums of my early experience end here, and I find the date subjoined to them to be 1840; when I had just attained my twenty-first year, and had then been about five years possessed of divine life in my soul.

And what have I passed through since? What further lessons has the Lord been teaching me during the subsequent eleven years? Alas! here is cause for humility; for in a great measure it has been the reiteration of former instructions, with one invariable purpose, to make me deeply feel my own sinfulness, weakness and folly, and the sufficiency and grace of Christ. But we are such slow learners, we have to go through the same discipline again and again.

But as it is my design to follow up this narrative to my first entrance upon the work of the gospel ministry, it will be well to mention here, what I believe were the first impressions with which the Lord led my mind to conceive that such might peradventure be his holy will in the course of years. After my soul had been brought out into the enjoyment of gospel liberty, I found such light shed into my mind, and the word of God appeared in such a new beauty to me, and I found in meditation such unthought-of treasures in it, that I was in the habit

oftentimes, when walking by the way, or when reading in private, to indulge in spirituous soliloquies. They were the unbidden expressions of my own enjoyments. They were the outpourings of the Holy Spirit's light and savour. They were the communings of a soul with God. And truly blessed seasons have I found them to be. Now it was when I found my soul thus enlarged, and felt so powerfully the enlightening power of God's Holy Spirit, that my mind first had the inquiry arise within it, whether such a measure of inspiration might not be the earnest of a future employ in the Lord's work. But I tried to put the thought from me, for my conscience dreaded lest the idea might not be presumptuous, and have come from the enemy. Still from that time I never wholly lost the impression, although fourteen or fifteen years elapsed before I entered upon the work.

And while I thus write, let me assure the reader that I wholly discard all unworthy ostentation in what I may narrate. I am literally one of the least of God's ministers, very little known at present, and only occasionally employed. These things are at God's disposal and quite independently of us. But if I am of any use in the Lord's hand, I am quite content, when in my right mind.

19, *Lavina Grove, King's Cross.*

(To be Continued.)

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### SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS

BETWEEN A PASTOR AND HIS PEOPLE.

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#### NO. IV.

DEAR BROTHER:—According to promise I forward two more letters, which, I would beg as a favour, that you print together, on account of the link in the chain of God's providence which connects the writers with that "baptising" recorded in Oct. number, for 1850, which has been so remarkably owned and blessed of God. Anxious as I am not to trespass on your kind indulgence, or to take up too much space in your valuable magazine, I would yet beg the favour of a few introductory remarks; the statement of which will constrain you, my honoured brother, with the dear recipients of the blessing, to join with myself, (though unworthy) in the language of the Psalmist, "Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together."

The young friend, whose letter I now send, was called in her sixteenth year under my ministry. When she first came to "Jireh," she was fond of the world's pleasures, singing songs, &c. but has followed the example of the Ephesian believers, and burnt them. One Wednesday night I preached from 1 Sam. xxii. 23, "Abide thou with me," which was the means of her conversion. She was baptised on that memorable night (see October No. 1850) with her dear mother, and our dear suffering sister.

At that time her father was bitterly opposed to

the baptism of his wife and daughter. He is one of the medical men mentioned in the "Encouraging word to timid disciples." Little did I think he was so soon to follow their example! Truly God's thoughts are not our thoughts. It would fill a volume to narrate the deep exercises of soul and the mental conflict he has passed through, while the God of his mercy was ploughing up the hardness and pride of his heart, with the long cherished prejudices of birth and education, but now made willing to bear the cross, and become a fool for Christ's sake—yea, as a little child. In the midst he rejoices to prove what all the blood-bought family shall, that

"Grace shall reign," &c.

Full well do I know the subjoined letter is a faithful record of some of the things through which he has passed.

I would add that he had made a profession among the Independents some twenty years ago; but for the last ten or twelve years had hardly possessed the form of godliness. The baptism recorded as above was the means in the Lord's hand of arousing him to concern as to his state before God.

And now, indeed, were the troubles of his heart enlarged, and sorely did he groan, "Oh! bring thou me out of my distresses." For some time he had no rest night or day. The account in the VESSEL of Mr. Stephen Male was to him as a "Nail fastened in a sure place," telling him pointedly his position. On one occasion his beloved wife took him to hear Mr. Wells, when his mind was dreadfully harassed. The text was Psalm cii. 13, which proved to be as a little reviving in the time of his bondage.

Just after this he first came to hear me; the text was in 2 Kings iv. 2, "What shall I do for thee," &c., which proved to him to be a time of never-to-be-forgotten consolation; and often since then has our covenant God made his poor worm the bearer of good tidings to his soul. He was baptised last December, requesting the 446th hymn of Rippon's, as most descriptive of his feelings, should be sung—commencing,

"Dear Lord, and can thy pardoning love,  
Embrace a wretch so vile?"

Well may we say, "Not unto us, not unto us, Oh Lord, but unto thy name give glory."

Thus amid all our trials in the work, have we not often cause to rejoice together?

Yours, dear brother, in the same holy work,  
J. P. SEARLE.

Jireh Chapel, Kingsland.

"April 27, 1851.

"Dear Brother and Pastor:—The administration of the holy ordinance of baptism about to take place again this evening, has reminded me of an implied promise on my part to answer your kind, faithful, and pastoral letter given me after my admission as an unworthy member of the visible church of Christ. Oh may I be found in Him, &c.

"Truly ought I to remember in much humility my resistance to the express command of my Lord and Saviour. How different was my case to that of others who do not see it. Although duly impressed with its truth and solemnity, yet how gladly would I have passed it over! how my pride and self argued that it was of no importance to put on Christ by outward profession! How suitable to my rebellious heart to follow the Lord in my own way! but the blessed Saviour would not have it so. The invitation, 'Come and follow me' could no longer be withstood. God's set time was come and I was compelled by his grace to lay aside all pride, fears, and presumptuous daring against the word of God. Then humbled in the dust, I received the sweet token 'Arise, anoint him, this is he,' and I blessed the God of Israel that he had found another son. How delightful was the valley of humiliation then, to meet the Lord of life and glory, and ask him,

'Why me?' Then was I disentangled from the mosses and weeds, and swam in the deep waters. Surely I had found the good Samaritan, and felt the efficacy of the oil and the wine. Then did I know the value of the two-pence; and though not pleasing to flesh and blood, I followed the footsteps of the dear Redeemer in both ordinances; but to be scented on the Good Samaritan's beast—to be borne on the meritorious sufferings of Christ to the inn, with the promise of more visits and further supplies, was worth all the broken bones. How can I be thankful enough for the Lord's bearing with me? Oh! to what lengths should I have gone in hatred and opposition but for his restraining grace!

"Oh, when that word 'Mary' was whispered in mine ear, how it banished unbelief and doubts! how the 'ifs' and the 'buts' fled at 'Thus saith the Lord.' Then again, 'Why me?' is the humble question of my soul. Thus many times am I brought to the brink of the river again. Ah! there is no remedy for a sin-sick soul but Gethsemane. The Comforter can only bring us there. But what drawbacks are self and the cares of the world—the flesh rebels—fears often overcome—and faith requires the help of a covenant God even to remember former mercies—the hills Mizar in the wilderness.

"Oh! the little pot of oil is so much wanted when there is nothing in the house, but wretchedness, want and fears; what would I have given for a faith's view of the love of Christ. How often does the 'little oil' spread, and enables me with humble dependence still to cry 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' Truly have I found that it is through much tribulation I must enter the kingdom; but amidst it all, God's 'fear nots' have been my great support, though when self and satan combine to call this presumption, and my mouth has been closed by their 'threatenings,' yet 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him'; nor can sin or satan pluck them out of his hands, although they may be 'sifted as wheat.' I know both by painful and happy experience, that we cannot do without the help of him whose eye never slumbers. Yes! I have heard his voice in the midst of trouble and in the fire, 'Touch not his life, his life is hid with Christ in God.' [Alluding to a deliverance from fire in his own house, truly miraculous.]

"How blessed the promises, but how unthankful and forgetful are we until he comes again, after we have said, 'Has God forgotten to be gracious?' But this is our infirmity, may we ever remember his wonders of old, talk of his doings, and say, 'Who is a God like unto our God?' May we ever trust him, look more to him, and out of ourselves, for the promise is, 'I will lead the blind by a way they know not,' &c.

"But I need an interest in your prayers that my faith fail not, and that a greater insight may be given me into 'The path of the just that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' But he who has promised, is faithful and cannot lie.

"May we ever remember the time of passing through the Baptismal waters, and like the children of Israel, when they passed through Jordan, be enabled often to recall the placing there the stones of memorial, and when asked what we mean by them, may our answer be, 'The law was in the ark, the waters were cut off, and God our refuge.' Oh! for the fields of Boaz to glean in, and the hands full of purpose, to be dropped there from time to time. When the Lord, makes us wayfarers, 'though fools' we shall not err therein; though we fall we shall rise again, and trusting in the mercies of our covenant God by the sure mercies of David; the enemy shall not rejoice.

"May your prayers on my behalf be answered. May God keep you ever faithful in the ministry of the Word, and while dispensing the bread of heaven, and treading out the corn for others, may you be richly fed in your own soul on those truths you so freely preach to them. May every needed blessing be given to yourself, your dear partner, and all your little ones, to the little

church at 'Jireh' and to the whole household of faith, is the sincere and heartfelt prayer of your affectionate brother, in the Lord Jesus Christ.

'JOHN II. II.

"October, 1850.

"My dear and much esteemed Pastor,—It is with grateful recollection I look back to the time I first entered our little 'Jireh,' in a thoughtless manner, living as it were without God in the world; but thanks be to God who bid me to see and feel I was a sinner, and to know the dreadful depravity of my heart. I had heard the sound of the gospel before, but had never felt the power and efficacy of a Saviour's pardoning blood, till on that night, a night of sweet memorial to my soul, you preached from those words, 'Abide thou with me,' and oh to think that Jesus should condescend to dwell in my heart, and give me at times to believe that I have an interest in that mediatorial prayer, 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on me through thy word.' Then I can say,—

"Sweet was the time when first I felt  
The Saviour's pardoning blood."

"While at other times I am filled with doubts and fears, and think I have no part or lot in the matter; yet 'tis my mercy while viewing him extended on the cross, to say, 'Lord, remember me,' and as he said to the thief, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise;' it is to me, a proof that he is able to save to the very uttermost, those who come unto him. I feel that had I been there, I should have been among the first to cry out, 'Crucify him;' but now by the grace of God, I pray that

"His blood may wash out all my sins,  
And answer for my guilt."

"Never shall I forget, dear pastor, that holy night when you received such an unworthy sinner into church fellowship, I can truly say the Lord was with us. Little did I think when I first entered that place, that it was there I was first to feel my state as a sinner. May the Lord bless your ministry to the souls of many, by giving light to them that sit in darkness, as the shadow of death. May you be spared many years, and helped by the Spirit; may your work still prosper. You ask for my prayers on your behalf; how can I help praying for you, since God hath given me a spirit of prayer. May the Eternal Spirit rest upon you, and fill your earthen vessel with the good things of the kingdom, so that we may never be sent fasting away. May many seals be given to your ministry, and abundant blessings be showered down upon your own soul, your beloved partner and children, and that both your lives may be spared to see them all grow up as tender plants in the house of God. So prays dear Pastor, your faithful friend and sister in Jesus.  
CHARLOTTE D. H."

### Ancient Meeting for the Choice of a Pastor.

[The following Article was copied from an American Publication; and believing that it is calculated to be useful in this country also, and that it might obtain a wide circulation, I offer it for the EARTHEN VESSEL.]

A. What do you think, friends, of Matthew for our minister? He preaches well, I think.

B. I think he is too dull and prosing; there is nothing brilliant or very uncommon in his style of thought. True, all he says is solid and good, but I think he won't interest our young people. Besides I hear he is not a man of learning, and therefore some of our hearers will not like him.

C. Well, then, I am sure Luke will do for us. He is a man of learning, and fine classic taste; and if we must please our learned friends, he is the man for us.

D. I am afraid Dr. Esculapius would not like him, for Luke was a physician once, and they say Dr. Esculapius won't have another doctor in the town if he can help it.

E. After all, I never heard he was much of a preacher. His sermons are very plain and simple. There is nothing great about him.

F. I like Mark. He says so much in a few words.

G. Rather dry, I think.

H. I have heard he is not very fond of self-denial. You know he turned back once after he had started on a mission with Paul and Barnabas. We don't want a man that likes his ease.

I. But Paul said he was profitable to him after this.

J. He will never do for us. We must have a smarter man.

K. What do you say of Timothy? He comes well recommended.

L. He is not healthy enough for us. I saw in a letter written to him that he has to take medicine for his stomach's sake. I have seen much of sickly ministers, that I am determined never to vote for a minister who is not a healthy man.

M. But is he not a faithful man? and has he not a desire to do good? what right have we to hinder him from using the strength he has in the service of his Master?

N. But I don't like to see such pale faces in the pulpit; besides, they don't speak loud enough; and they never can visit and labour so much as we need.

O. I think he is too young for us. We want a man of some experience. He will be despised for his youth.

P. Well, what do you think of Barnabas? He is a strong hardy man; he travels about the country, and preaches all along as he goes.

Q. I have heard something against him. They say he is rather headstrong. I cannot think well of a minister who could quarrel with so holy a man as Paul.

R. I think Peter is the man for us. There were three thousand converted under one sermon of his. I like these bold ministers who are not afraid to speak out and tell the wicked what they think of them.

S. Such rash and imprudent men will never do for us; he would set the whole town by the ears in one week.

T. He is a very inconsistent man, too; at one time he seems as bold as a lion, and at another he is ashamed to own himself a christian; and they say he is sometimes guilty of double dealing.

U. I am not willing to settle a man so old as he is.

V. But he is in the vigour of life—you would not have him stop preaching!

W. He will never get hold of our young people; they must have a young man, or they go off somewhere else.

X. Brethren—I am afraid we shall never get a minister if we go on at this rate; we shall not find an angel; and if we could, he would not be fit to preach the gospel. We want a man who will be one of us, and feel and sympathise with us; and as John is as near to perfection, I think, as a man can be in this world, who can say any thing against him?

Y. Oh, he'll never do for us: he is always harping on the same strain—it's nothing but love, love, love, with him.

Z. True, he talks much of love; but I never heard a man speak with more plainness to sinners, or set before them more clearly their dreadful end.

AA. But he says it so moderately, and in such an easy tone, that it cannot make much impression.

BB. But who can help feeling when he speaks of the love of Christ!

CC. His flowing monotonous tone will lull us all to sleep.

DD. I think any one who could sleep under his preaching, would sleep over the fires of the bottomless pit.

O. We shall not do better than to take Paul; he is certainly the greatest preacher I have ever heard; he is full of original thoughts, and his figures and his illustrations are so grand as often to make one's hair stand on end, and I hear there are revivals wherever he goes.

Y. He's always harping on election; and our people won't bear that.

Q. I have heard he says "Let us do evil, that good may come;" that's dangerous doctrine, I think.

R. He is no orator: he is a little insignificant looking man, and his delivery is bad—absolutely contemptible.

A. These are the men whom Christ has commissioned to preach the gospel; they are earthen vessels, and each of them has his faults; but I do think we are taking a dangerous course. Christ says, "He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me; and he that despiseth me, despiseth him that sent me." Are we not in danger of despising Christ through his ministers, and of rejecting the gospel, because we are not satisfied with the channel in which it comes to us? And can we expect the blessing of God while we thus find fault with his messengers? I am reminded by what I have heard this evening at our meeting, of the conduct of the peevish child, who threw away his bread because it was not buttered both sides.

### MR. JOHN WADE'S SECOND LETTER.

(To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.)

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—In his most holy name, and from his fulness, I beg a continuance of that patience and longsuffering which has been given you towards me in my former trespass upon your time and labour. The Lord having been pleased to magnify his wisdom and love (in what was sent forth in the August No.) far beyond whatever I intended or expected, and made it a blessing to many precious souls which calls for thanksgiving and gratitude; and it is a cause of higher praises and warmer gratitude, when he comes forth in special acts of pure love and grace, not only beyond all our prayers and faith and hope, but even when and where we have no design or intention. Was I to be silent on the view of such marked and distinguishing acts of divine love, I should feel it a breach of pure gratitude, which such acts of grace demand; my design was simply and very briefly to copy from the Holy Word, the matter and manner which "the servants of the most high God," were commanded to set forth his word in his name, and under his special blessing, and which he ever did and ever will honour to his praise; but though my design and thoughts went no further, yet he was pleased to shew in this as in a thousand other instances, that his thoughts and ways as far exceeded mine as the heavens are higher than the earth; he not only fulfils his promise in supplying us with pastors according to his own heart, but has blessed the simple and brief sketch of the command and commission given to his servants with his special love and spirit, to quicken and encourage, and comfort, and strengthen, and animate, and refresh, and unite the souls of his dear children, who are joined to him in one spirit.

The many testimonies of this kind, which I have received, since my letter appeared, call for much humiliation, admiration and gratitude, more than my poor heart can express. Surely the Lord glorifies himself and is "exalted above all blessing and praise," yet he will not despise a weak but warm and willing heart he has inclined to praise and honour him; I prefer this medium to publish his praise, and to salute my dear brethren in the Lord, and say; "O magnify the Lord with me, let us exalt his name together," "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," "Let not your hands be slack," your hearts fearful, nor your

tongues silent to proclaim his praise, before "a crooked and perverse generation among whom ye shine as lights in the world." "Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be afraid of their revilings;" "Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, let the Lord be glorified, but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed." This is a very remarkable scripture, do mind it,—it quiets the soul in the face and under the rage of a ignorant and blind zeal for the glory of God; all is like children's pop guns, there is no balls in them, they cannot harm us, the report vanishes into the air, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that riseth against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." We experience the truth of that declaration, "Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man—thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues," and we sing there with David, "Blessed be the Lord, for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city. Thou Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the Lifter up of my head." "Thou hast delivered my soul in the day of battle that was against me." "In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." O surely "praise is comely for the upright, it becometh the just to be thankful," he hath taken off our burden while bowing at his feet at the cross, and made us to go upright, we enter in peace, we possess his promised rest, "in the secret of his presence," and in every trying state Jesus appears again in our midst, and says, "Peace be unto you," and again, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," and if he withdraws, he leaves his peace with us; it is expedient that he goes away, but he leaves us not comfortless, he will try our faith, and prove the sincerity of our love, that faith may try him, and patience may have its perfect work. In every trial he lays us lower, and brings us nearer, and keeps us closer to his feet and cross, from an increasing knowledge of our own weakness, emptiness and poverty; direct acts of faith upon his person, righteousness, sacrifice and intercession, will always return with answers of peace and life, in the midst of our dying frames and withered affections, though ever so keenly felt, he is ever "The Resurrection and the Life;" while Jesus lives, faith cannot die. "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

Faith, and hope, and prayer, and all graces have their origin, and life, and strength in him, and while he lives we shall live also, and be supplied from his fulness in all our need. "As thy days so shall thy strength be;" and he knoweth the days of the upright are sometimes days of sad and bitter anguish of soul, temptation, and apparent desertion and darkness, but in our worst and lowest states he knows all these days, and gives us strength to endure; and not only so, but lets us know the inward affections of his heart, that he is indeed touched with the feelings of our infirmities, and we find that there is an all-sufficiency in him to succeed and deliver us in deepest loss and woe, and that our sorrows were to prepare us for a deeper and clearer knowledge of his glory.

The tender sympathies of his heart exceed and far abound in their healing virtue over all our woes; our humiliation, joy and peace and love, far exceed our sorrow and woe, the blessed transforming effects upon our souls, in changing us into his lovely image and spirit, is more clear, our walk in the spirit of love, more humble, lowly and gentle, and that promise is fulfilled, "I will strengthen them in the Lord, and they shall walk up and down in his name, saith the Lord." And now, 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,

Your's in the bonds of love and peace,  
Uppingham, Sept. 16, 1851. JOHN WADE.

## Natives of New Works, Record of Recent Events.

### "Don't be afraid of Death."

We have before us the first of a series of sermons preached in St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel, by Mr. HUGH ALLEN, and just published by Houlston and Stoneman. Mr. Allen is considered a sound, energetic, and useful preacher of the everlasting gospel. His church is crowded to overflowing; and, we would hope, scores, if not hundreds of them, are seeking after peace through the blood of the Lamb. The sermon now under notice was a funeral discourse for a poor member of Mr. Allen's church, named Richard Griffiths. Mr. Allen's drift, style, and spirit is, in some measure, approaching that of the laborious George Whitfield. Would to God there were hundreds of such men in our metropolis, and abroad in our land! The only drawback we feel is the substitution of infant sprinkling for the immersion of believers. Surely such men as Mr. Allen must feel a great difficulty in reading and performing the services of "Christening," as it is called; and the burial of the dead! Abruptly we return to the sermon. It is sound and savoury. We make the following extract:—

"And as to our bodily lives, or temporal existence here, we shall never die until God permits it; he has reserved to himself to fix and permit the period of our final dissolution. Death will come, whether we be prepared or not, and it is sometimes awfully sudden in its approach, to which we can bear testimony, as in the case of poor brother Griffiths, the circumstance of whose death we are now met to improve. While I was preaching last Sunday morning week from the text—'If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another,' the summons came to him. After I had been shewing the difference between intellectual light and spiritual light—that those who walk in spiritual light, felt that they were once dead in trespasses and sins, but are now made alive in Jesus: just as I was shewing that the very moment the poor sinner could rest upon the finished work of Christ, no matter how wicked he had been, that at that very moment he would be justified, and could walk in the light. Just as I was praying in my usual way that the Holy Spirit might shed his light upon every soul present, I heard poor brother Griffiths (I call him brother and feel proud in doing so,) respond to the prayer with his usual soft amen: immediately he fell back, and down he went; the spirit was kept in the cage a little longer, but he never spoke on the earth again. Poor brother Griffiths was a very tried saint. His trials were of a very touching and unusual kind; I think I never knew a man who had so many hardships during life as he had; yet a murmur never escaped his lips. He was, in every respect, a simple-minded, retiring man. Who amongst us have not been moved by the warmth and earnestness of his responses? Who could feel offended by his soft and gentle amen? It never disturbed any body, for all must have felt that it came from his heart; in fact, he could not help it. There was nothing of the hypocrite about the poor dear old saint; his heart was all love to Christ, and he could talk about nothing else.

"As to his troubles, and they were not a few, you could never get him to speak of them; you had to force them out of him. His heart was so full of Jesus, that there seemed no room left in it for other thoughts. Many a sweet half hour's spiritual consolation I have had with him to the profit of my own soul. Ho delighted to talk of what Christ had done for him—and O, God grant in mercy, that

you and I may be found as faithful; for he enjoyed much of the grace of God, and more of the presence of Christ than most of us, and I pray God that our end may be blessed as his was.

"We know not how soon, or in what way death may approach any of us; we are not certain of a day, an hour, or an instant; death may come in some insidious form, inducing us to hope to-day, but leaving no hope to-morrow. Death may come through some trifling circumstance, from which no injury was apprehended to the human frame, yet it brings death. It may come in a burning fever, laying the strongest prostrate, or like a mighty torrent, uprooting all before it. Death may come while you are young and joyful, or when you are aged and infirm. Death may come as awfully sudden to you and me as it did to brother Griffiths: come when it may, and how it may, O that you may be all found in Christ when your souls are required of you.

"I know that there are many of the dear children of God in very humble circumstances who suffer much from their groundless and imaginary fears about poverty in old age, and prolonged sickness on their dying bed. To such I say, away with these fears; never forget that God can do everything; never forget that Christ can supply all your wants; never forget that to you belong the dignity of being God's saints; and if poverty overtake you in your trying hour—if friends get cool and worn out, Christ will melt the hearts of some of his people towards your case; Christ will raise up some new friends for you at the trying time, such as he did for brother Griffiths. Don't be afraid then of friends deserting you; don't be afraid of poverty and privations; don't be afraid of sickness; and, above all, don't be afraid of death; for 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' Hear what Christ says, 'Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Don't be cowards then. Whether you are poor in the things of this world, if poor in spirit, never fear. Christ knows all about you, no matter how humble, no matter how obscure, no matter how poor, Christ knows all your sufferings, he hears all your sighs, he hears all your groans, he knows all your sorrows. It may be hard work for a time; I know it is hard work; but never mind, so that we be prepared by the grace of God, and be saved in Christ when we shall be called hence."

### "Everlasting Love!"

SUCH is the title, and bold top line, of a sermon preached last month in Dover, by the Rector of Winchelsea, the Rev. J. J. WEST. He is one of the boldest veterans for sound and for real experimental truth, that the Church of England holds in these days. The sermon is published for Mr. Collingridge, by Aylott and Jones. We are right glad to pick up a few crumbs of vitality and savour—whether in the Church, or out of it,—and we expect most of our readers like hot bread and savoury meat, as well as ourselves. We pick out therefore a rare morsel or two, and give them to our readers. Mr. West commenced his sermon like this,

"It's a reality, dear people, to be a Christian! In coming to Dover, I find myself in a strange pulpit, and amongst a strange people. But I am quite sure that I am here for some purpose, sent by my adorable and blessed Master.

"I must begin by unfolding the truth of the gospel, and cursorily bringing before you the saving doctrines of the gospel. I lay down as the foundation of all gospel truth, personal election,



particular redemption, and individual and absolute conversion by the Third Person in Deity—the irresistible Spirit of our God; and as a preacher in the Established Church, I should be a traitor in the place I occupy if I failed to insist on, in the fore-front of all my preaching to you, these three grand truths which I have just set forth—election, particular redemption (as distinguished from the general scheme), and a positive change of heart in all persons so elected and so redeemed. Hence, I may go on safely, I think, in dependence on the Holy Spirit, to consider, practically and experimentally, the great and glorious truths that branch out of the passage before us. And I pray God that we may have such an hour together in this house of God, that you may never forget this evening's subject; that I may be enabled to edify the old soldiers of the cross—to comfort the poor in spirit, and the broken in heart—and to win the cross of Christ some (if such there be before me) carnal persons, without God, and without hope in the world; some Zaccheus up in the sycamore tree, who may have merely come here to-night from a carnal feeling of curiosity, just to hear 'What will this babbler say?' And if so, I pray that I may be enabled to catch you in the net of the gospel.

"Now it is a great thing in a preacher of the gospel to be a good textuary. It is a great thing in a lawyer, pleading a case before a judge and jury, to stick to the case before him; and it is a sure evidence of a God-sent servant of Christ when he so preaches as to find out people's hearts. 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'"

After speaking of the love of God; he comes to the application of it to the souls of God's elect, and says,

"Friends! I have got a conscience, and you must bear with me. I must preach the full truth, so that when I leave this pulpit, and leave Dover to-morrow, I may feel that I have conscientiously declared the truth, and be able to say, as Paul did, when he bade adieu to the elders of Ephesus of old, 'I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God.'

"And now, thirdly, 'Therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.' There is the test. Are you drawn? In the sixth of John it is written, 'No man can come to me, except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him.' The Article of the Church of England also expressly states, that a man cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength and good works to faith and calling upon God; wherefore we have no power to do good works pleasant and acceptable to God without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us when we have that good will.'

"Hence there is no such thing as a general invitation given to the whole world. That's plain English, and I hope you all understand me. I will just take two Scriptures, which are sadly perverted and misunderstood. First, that sweet Scripture in Isaiah lv.—'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price.' 'Well,' says the universalist, 'there's an invitation to all men.' I deny it! It is a special, a particular invitation to a special and a particular people. It is only made to them who 'thirst'—'Ho! every one that thirsteth.' There is a qualification attached to and inseparable from, the invitation; and that qualification is 'thirst!'—and that is a thirst after righteousness. 'Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' And David says, 'I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, of thine only.'

"Take another Scripture—a favourite text with universalists, and perverted by them—the words of the blessed Redeemer, 'Come unto me, all that

labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Is this a general invitation? Do all people feel the burden of sin? It is addressed to such as labour under sin, and who feel it a sore burden too heavy for them to bear. Mark the character of the invitation! Its qualification. It is only such who come to Christ. And they come to him, because he draws them to himself."

### Portrait of Mr. John Foreman.

SOME good people are very much opposed to the taking and issuing of portraits of ministers; they consider it a species of idolatry; others, think differently; and, while they feel a pleasure in looking upon that picture which furnishes them with the all but living features of the man whose ministry God has greatly blest to their souls, they do not feel any sense of guilt on their consciences; their minds being often thereby led up to the Great Fountain of Life in grateful praises; first, for the instrument employed; and, secondly, for the special benefits therefrom derived. We belong to the latter class. We have often gazed upon the portraits of Owen, Bunyan, Goodwin, Huntington, Gadsby, James Osbourn, and others of the Lord's servants, with peculiar pleasure; and, have no doubt but that many thousands in our land will rejoice to know that so beautiful—so striking, and so correct a likeness of the long-esteemed and very laborious pastor of Mount Zion chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square, London, has been published. This splendid steel-plate engraving has been executed by J. Cochran, Esq.—is, twelve inches by nine and a half; and is one of the finest and noblest specimens of modern ministerial portraiture, we have ever witnessed.

We may append to this brief notice of Mr. Foreman's outer-man, a word or two respecting that interesting portrait of his inner-man, just issued in the shape of a funeral sermon which he preached for the late Mr. John Waterman, of Matfield Green, Brencley, on Lord's-day morning August 17, 1851. It is but seldom we can get anything in print of Mr. Foreman. This discourse has been eagerly sought after; and will be profitably perused by a great number of the living in Jerusalem. In the "Cheering Words" for this month, we have given an extract from this discourse descriptive of that valuable Christian, whose death gave rise to its delivery; here we will quote a sentence or two expressive more particularly of the construction and cast of the preacher's mind. We take them as follows: referring simply to himself, Mr. Foreman said,

"I was born in the county of Suffolk, of poor parents, and who would have thought that it was God's will for that poor country boy to know the great salvation of God, to live so much under its influence, until, if I had ten thousand hearts, and ten thousand tongues, so great are the endearments of my Lord, that I could send each individual heart and tongue in so many different ways at once to proclaim his great goodness! We have our course marked out, how many years, in what order, in what locality—all lies with the Great Ruler of the universe.

"When we look around us, what do we find to be the things which captivate the world?—the things by which the ungodly multitude is delighted? The gratification of the passions. But how, then, is the Christian placed in distinction herefrom? I he denied to seek after a convenient maintenance? or, is he denied to provide for food, medicine, clothing, and so forth? Is he interdicted from keeping up a comfortable home? No! Many

persons entertain the most absurd ideas on this subject. They think that to have property is wholly incompatible with being a true christian. But this is quite an error. I have myself oftentimes found the advantage of having a pound or two when necessitous cases have been brought before me. The property of the christian is one of his gifts, and as such should be properly used. But such things are not the basis of the christian's hope of eternal life. The great difference between the christian and the man of the world, in this respect, is, that while the latter makes wealth itself his god, the former knows how to use it as not abusing it—not forgetting his God in the midst of it. How often have many of you here, my christian brethren, been assailed in this way: people have said, 'I can't think what such people get into their heads. They don't go anywhere to enjoy themselves. They are never seen at theatres, fairs, and races.' Such people are apt to say, 'You have been dragged up in such a stupid way that you don't know what the pleasures of life are.'

"But, my friends, our departed brother was not one of this sort. He was quite a different character from that, and so also is the humble object who now addresses you. It is true, that I, myself, ran the race of iniquity as fast as a youth could run it till I was in my twenty-second year. But, even then, in my solitary hours, I had the stings of a guilty conscience, and checks in regard to a future judgment—long before I was humbled by grace, under a sense of condemnation. I was fond of company, and was a public amuser with singing. I was remarkably fond of gambling, and used to indulge in it till I had not a sixpence in my pocket. But these things robbed the pocket, injured the health, and left a barren waste in the soul. When my course took a visible turn, people said, 'Ah! them Meetings have poisoned him—a fool!' And now came the conflict. Should I court the smiles of the world, or pursue the course of the fear of God? By mercy and truth iniquity is purged, and by the fear of the Lord men depart from evil. Mercy's great work is to put away sin by sacrifice, and when the truth is proclaimed to the conscience the influence of that truth leads men to depart from iniquity. The world then strives to divert them from this course; for religion never was to the taste of a polluted and ungodly world. It belongs to the man of God to seek mercy, to implore forgiveness, to consider the woefulness of an endless state of misery, and to beseech the Lord that if it be possible that God could have mercy on such a wretch he would have mercy on him. \* \* \* My dear old friend used to say, 'I will have Infant Sprinkling if you can shew me any Scripture for it. The only authority I will have in such matters—the only authority for my religion, my only hope of mercy, is the Word of God. The Bible is my book of instruction. It contains my rules and regulations. I must have its sanction for all that I believe, receive, allow, and practice.' 'Give me the Word of God,' he used to say, 'and I ask no more.' And so we say now, dear brethren; and we come, therefore, plainly, to salvation all by grace; for I do not see how we can make the New Testament agree with the Old, if we do not receive this doctrine. The land of Canaan itself was divided by lot, and what had human skill to do with that? It was given and settled irrespective altogether of anything man might do; and the whole thing is as much at the disposal of the Lord now as it was then. It is free grace proclaimed by the truth and applied by the Spirit: this is what the mixed systems of the day conflict with; and here the christian has often to stand alone."

#### A Lithographic Likeness of Mr. J. Irons.

THE enterprising Mr. W. H. Collingridge, of "The City Press, Long Lane," has this moment furnished the churches with a large lithographic portrait of the venerable Joseph Irons; from a daguerreotype by "Beard." It is astonishing

with what accuracy every feature, wrinkle, cast of the eye, turn of the hair, position of the nose, and expression of the lips are here given. It is Joseph Irons to the very life; no one will dispute this, we are sure; and his numerous friends will, no doubt, feel grateful to the publisher for procuring so correct a resemblance of the Grove Chapel Pastor in his sixty-seventh year.

#### RE-OPENING OF MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, CITY ROAD.

ON Monday, October 6th, this compact little place of worship was re-opened for the preaching of the gospel.

It has been taken by some Christian friends who have withdrawn themselves from another part of Zion; and have, for some weeks past, been meeting in a room at Corporation Row, Clerkenwell. They have made considerable repairs and alteration in this Mount Zion, and fitted it up very neat.

For the information of our readers, we should inform them that the chapel stands in Nelson Place, Upper Fountain Place, City Road. In passing from the City, the visitor will find Upper Fountain Place the second carriage-way on the left, after passing the toll-gate, and Nelson Place the first turning on the left in Upper Fountain Place.

Mr. John Foreman preached in the morning of the day before named. Mr. Foreman made some remarks previous to taking his text; the substance of which we here give—"I am aware that some persons will think me diverging from the path of prudence, in coming here this morning. But I never wish to look to what man says; for I read in my Bible, 'Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee.' I have received two anonymous letters on the subject, cautioning me against stepping my foot into this chapel. I don't generally read anonymous letters; I always look first to see if there be any name; if there be none, and on a cursory glance, I perceive nothing worthy of notice—if there were a cart-load, I should throw them aside. There are, now and then, exceptions; as sometimes a timid young Christian, who fears he is wrong. But I did read these two. I can, with honesty say, I have not come here at enmity with any man. I love to be at peace with all, where I honourably can do so. I should like you to have gone to a less occupied part; but the place was here uninhabited; you did not build it, and there is no reason why you should not inhabit it. It might have been said, when a few separated from the late Mr. Stevens's church, at Meard's Court, and opened Soho Chapel, that they were doing wrong; but we now behold in them two flourishing causes, and we hail them with delight. When my esteemed brother, James Wells first came out, he met with much opposition, and some censured me for encouraging him. It is now somewhere about twenty-one years ago, this month, that I was made instrumental in forming a church under his pastoral care, and in delivering a charge to him. Let the result speak for itself, whether it was of God, or not. So again, when our friend Moyle first began preaching in Albion Chapel, one of my deacons said, 'Brother Foreman, you should be careful who you uphold.' I said, 'You keep your own business; I never will let either church or deacon rule me; when they don't like what I do,

they can tell me, and I'll go. Again, with Mount Zion, where I am called to labour more stately. People thought that the forty who left Blandford Street were doing wrong. When I went amongst them in 1827, they were only thirty-six in number, and were £1600 in debt, and not one man of them able to give £5 towards it; but not so. Blandford Street never suffered; I believe they have a flourishing cause to this day. Well, since I have been amongst them, about four score and nine have gone to glory; ten or eleven have gone forth as ministers, and we have from 800 to 400 members now living; and from 700 to 800 attendance. So I would say to you, you have thought proper to withdraw, and I do not interfere with your motives for so doing. I know that if it be of God it will stand, if not, it will assuredly come to nought. It would be much more honourable for many disaffected persons to withdraw from some places sooner than they do, for by staying they only vex and break the pastor's heart. I think you have done a great deal better in leaving than you would have done by staying to disagree with them. I sincerely hope and believe that your motives are pure, and if all things shall be in accordance with God's word, who shall say, "Nay?"

Mr. Foreman then delivered an address from the words, "Worship God," (Rev. xxii. 9,) noticing the doctrine inculcated, viz. the one true and living God, as the exclusive object of adoration, and shewed the alarming contrast between the "Great I AM," and the many gods of the world.

Under the second division of the text—the admonitory advice, Mr. Foreman gave the people some very suitable and salutary advice relative to their present and future conduct. He hoped that the place might become too strait for them, so that they might be compelled to remove to a less occupied part of the metropolis. "Further," said the preacher, "let alone all that you have left, and mind your own business; don't let your conversation be about other people; let the glory of God, and the worship of God be your only object; if not, you have no business to open a chapel. The Lord direct you. Let your conversation be as becometh the gospel. 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.'"

The sound and savoury advice which Mr. Foreman gave, will not, we trust, be lost upon the friends; nothing could be more seasonable.

In the afternoon Mr. William Allen preached an encouraging and discriminating discourse from Proverbs xxvii. 18, "He that waiteth upon his master shall be honoured." Mr. Allen took a three-fold view of the subject—first, the person; in which he spake of the Lord Christ as the great Master in Israel; and as the Founder and Governor of his own establishment, which is the church of the living God; secondly, he noticed the position—waiting on the master; and, thirdly, the promise—"He shall be honoured."

A good company of friends then took tea in the chapel; all seemed cheerful, and united in the great things which had been preached unto them.

Long before the evening service began, the chapel and court were thronged; it was one mass of people; and numbers could not get near the door. After reading Psalm lxxxvii., and 1 Peter v., and prayer, C. W. Banks read the follow-

ing words for his text, "And I will settle you after your old estates, and will do better unto you than at your beginning; and ye shall know that I am the Lord." Ezekiel xxxvii. 11.

In commencing, the preacher said, in all the public movements which the church of God is led to make in this, her wilderness state, there are three things she desires to see: the approving hand—the directing hand—and the providing hand of her God. Without a manifestation and realization of these, she cannot comfortably move in any matter connected with the glory of God. The friends, in coming into this "Mount Zion," (said the preacher,) "have been favoured to realize the Lord's approving hand; they have been exercised with many fears; they have met with disappointments and with discouragements; but in their meetings for prayer and for the ministry of the word, there has been the soul-reviving and heart-cleansing power and presence of a triune God felt and enjoyed.

Yesterday morning, they had a meeting for special prayer previous to coming into this house; eight of the brethren wrestled publicly and fervently with the Lord, and a solemn season it proved to be: they have the answer of a good conscience that no motive, but the good of souls—the glory of God—and the welfare of Zion, hath moved them in this matter. The directing and providing hand of a gracious God hath also been seen by them. I will not hesitate to say, that I was instrumental in leading them to this place. They wanted a house for the worship of God; my heart had long been desiring to speak again in this place; because here my soul has known the power of God to help and comfort. This place was closed; the friends have taken it; and many of the Lord's servants have promised to come and break to them the bread of life."

In opening the text—three leading ideas were taken—a promise of settlement—a promise of enlargement—and a promise of contentment.

First—the settlement. "And I will settle you after your old estates." Consider the nature and order of the settlement: and the instrumentality necessary to its realization: "I will settle you after your old estates." Viewing the text in a new covenant sense, we may say, the old estates may refer to Canaan, to Bethel, and to Mount Zion. God promised Canaan to Abraham, and to his seed; he promised Bethel to Jacob; and Mount Zion to Solomon. God settles his people, then, in Canaan; that is, in the everlasting provisions and promises of the glorious gospel of his grace. This settlement is by faith, by fellowship, and by ultimate fruition.

It is a settlement by faith: the soul hereby possessing a firm persuasion that none but the Holy Ghost can quicken the soul into life; that nothing short of a personal interest in the blood and righteousness of the Lord Christ can cleanse and justify the soul from sin: that unless chosen in Christ, and called into fellowship with him, salvation and eternal glory for me never can be found.

Passing over this part and much that was said on settlement, through fellowship, we may notice the preacher said, if settlement be sought by Christian churches, it can only be found by an unity of these four things: 1. The work of God the Holy Ghost in the souls of the people. 2. The work of wrestling and real heaven-taught prayer

in the midst of the people. 3. The work of charity in the hands of the people; and 4. The work of a faithful dispensing of THE WHOLE TRUTH by a living and a laborious minister.

Since writing the above, we have received a valuable letter from one of the brethren who were present. The letter is too good to be lost; we purpose (D.V.) to insert it next month; and therefore abruptly close this hasty sketch for the present.

## LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF

**New Baptist Chapel, Johnson Street,  
NOTTING HILL.**

THE friends of Mr. P. W. WILLIAMSON, now meeting in Stormont House, Notting Hill, have bestirred themselves to "Arise and build." They have taken a plot of ground in Johnson Street, a short distance from their present place of meeting; on which they have commenced the erection of a suitable chapel. On Monday, October 13th, 1851, the corner stone was laid by Mr. John Foreman. In the bills giving notice of the same, it was announced that Mr. Wells would take part in the ceremony, but he was not there; and the following will shew the reason of his absence—

October 13, 1851.—Dear Brother in the Lord,—deeply do I regret not being able to be with you to-day in the interesting services connected with that part of the Lord's house in which you are owned and blest. The presence of the Lord has, I trust been and will be with the brethren in speaking, and the people in hearing, that it may be a good day. The reason of my absence is excruciating pain in the face from a cold I took yesterday, had I have come, I could not have spoken, though up to the last moment, I thought I could venture, but was obliged to give up all hope of being able to do so. Grace be with you all, yours, very truly in the Lord. J. WELLS.

Shortly after three o'clock a goodly company had assembled of the ground, composed of ministers and people from many places, who evidently appeared pleased with the prospect of another house being erected for the worship of God. The walls of the building were built up some feet from the foundation, and over one corner was suspended "the corner stone," bearing the following inscription—

THIS STONE WAS LAID BY  
MESSRS. FOREMAN AND WELLS,  
October 13th, 1851.

THE CHAPEL FOR THE USE OF PARTICULAR  
BAPTISTS.

• P. W. WILLIAMSON, MINISTER.  
T. ROWLEY, } DEACONS.  
J. COOK, }

The ceremony commenced by singing a hymn; after which, Mr. C. H. Coles, of Brentford, supplicated the Divine blessing and approbation on the proceedings of the afternoon; and Mr. Foreman addressed the multitude.

"Christian friends and neighbours:—On an occasion like the present, a great number of people are gathered together with many different motives. Doubtless, many have come from motives of curiosity alone, to see what there is to be seen. Some have come from envy, perhaps; some have come to see what others are about; and some have come prayerfully, hoping that the blessing of God may attend the undertaking. Not a few of the latter, I hope, are present. Now don't you suppose, by our doing this, we think we are doing for God what God could not do for himself without us. What

we do, we do simply as to the carrying on the means appointed; and have every encouragement that the blessing of God will follow them to the good of immortal souls. When the foundation of the temple was laid, there was great joy and rejoicing, and I do not see why we should not rejoice on the present occasion. Again, When the foundation of the temple was laid, they were very weak-handed; but the Lord said, 'I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory.' And be sure, brethren, whatever you put your hand to in the name of the Lord, solely for his honour and glory, he will give strength equal to the day, and enable you to finish what you undertake. When they were poor, the Lord said unto them, 'The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.' In every difficulty and obstruction, the Lord God was sufficient for all their purposes. Could we build the most elegant cathedral that ever was seen, it would not advance one iota the interests of Christ's kingdom; but if we erect a building, however contemptible in the eyes of the world, and God Almighty's blessing attend it, no matter how small or contemptible in appearance, it shall, it must succeed. The unbelievers of old, when they were building the wall, said, that even should a fox run over their stone wall it would break it down; still the good hand of the Lord was with them; and it was well. We do not look at the outward actions, we look at the motive; it is for themselves to ask what is their motive in building this house. Is it pride? or is it a desire to have a better and a larger house wherewith to praise the God of all mercies. No matter how weak-handed or despised you may be; if done in the fear of the Lord you shall have his blessing and assistance; as it was said of Zerubbabel of old, 'The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundations of this house; his hands shall also finish it, saith the Lord of hosts.' Do you meet with opposition? The Lord says, 'Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain,' &c. Are you few and despised? He says, 'Despise not the day of small things.' And what does he further say? 'It is not by might, multitude, or wealth, but by my spirit saith the Lord of hosts.' So we may say also, 'Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but God alone can give the increase.' Who can tell what the Lord intends in this place? We sow in hope, and may we not also build in hope. If God finds all the power, he will give success. God grant that his blessing may attend all your labours, that many precious souls may be born in this place, and he shall have all the praise."

The above is but a faint outline of Mr. Foreman's address; from which the substance may be gathered.

The stone having been lowered on to the brick work, Mr. Foreman, with mallet and trowel in hand, proceeded in a masterly style, to adjust and place it in its proper position. After which, Mr. Williamson deposited in a hole on the top of the stone, enclosed in a tin case, a copy of their confession of faith, (which he read,) and a copy of the Holy Scriptures, which was cemented into the stone by boiling pitch. The hymn

"All hail the power of Jesu's name," was then sung; and Mr. Foreman, who stood on the building, with his trowel in hand, said—

"It may seem singular, that I should stand here with a trowel in my hand, and have no apron on; but you know I am a 'foreman,' and the foreman do not generally wear aprons; but with all this friendly sort of familiar speaking, I feel a deep solemnity at the bottom of my heart. I have now been thirty-five years in the ministry. During that time I have been called upon to engage in many transactions like the present, as well as preaching at the openings of the same; I have

also taken part in many ordinations of ministers; and I have also been called upon to bury many, very many, with whom I have held sweet fellowship and communion, and I thank the Lord, that of all these I know none of which I have had cause to repent. Let the prophet's words be the prayer of all who wish success to the cause,— 'Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord.' My prayer is that truth may be faithfully and affectionately preached here from time to time, when completed, and that much good may be done. God grant that his blessing may rest upon you all, Amen."

Mr. George Wyard, of Soho, concluded the interesting services with prayer, after which a great number of the friends sat down to a very comfortable tea, conveniently provided in an adjacent building.

As soon as tea was over the public meeting commenced, Mr. Williamson in the chair; who, after a hymn had been sung, read Psalm xlviii., and Mr. Aldiss engaged in prayer. Mr. W. then rose and said, he would endeavour, in opening the meeting, to answer the question that had been hinted at as to the motive for the present movement. He said that about four years since, he was asked by some who had heard him occasionally for two years, to settle with them at Notting Hill; and he could say that the cause there had not been built up upon any minister's assistance. The church was formed of six, who had been members of strict baptist churches before, by giving themselves to each other in the Lord. And the reasons why no ministers were asked to be present was because he was not known by them, neither did he seek to be known. The place they first met in, was left for a more convenient one, that was left for the one they now meet in, which has become too strait; so that our motive is we believe pure. 1st, There is necessity for it. 2ndly, We want to use such means as God will approve, for getting sinners to hear the sound of the gospel. He also said, that while some might say it was little use having trustees, as it had been stated there would be, because a pulpit was like a freehold, and who could eject? But before God and man he would declare, that if his sentiments altered from what he had read that afternoon, (which may God forbid,) he would deliver up that pulpit to the trust, and quickly leave the chapel.

Mr. Foreman then addressed the meeting in a kind affectionate way, shewing that all that was done in a gospel way, was *for salvation*. Mr. Wyard then spoke very ably, proving that all that was done by us, was according to God's purpose. Mr. Aldiss then dwelt upon the comfort and happiness arising from peace. Mr. Searle then spoke; after which Mr. Allen, in his usual quaint style, gave some sound good advice to the pastor and the people, as to the practical way to preserve peace. He said, "My brother, never cut at people; your weapon may step past the one intended, and wound one who loves you dearly." And to the people, his advice was, "If you are offended, go first to the Lord, to ask him to give you a right mind to go to the offender, then all will be well." He then promised to do what he could in a pecuniary way. Mr. House made some concise remarks upon the corner stone, and the meeting, which had been pleasant and profitable, and well attended, was closed by singing, and Mr. W. begging the Lord that if his presence did not go with them, not to let them go up hence. There were collections made which

were liberal. Who, then, will help these people to build a house for the Lord? for we understand that either gifts or loans will be gladly received.

### The Anniversary and good old Joseph Smith, At Halstead, Essex.

ON Saturday evening, October the 11th, I left home with a heavy heart, (my wife being dangerously ill,) and reached Halsted about eleven that night. Was kindly received, and provided for, by brother Bartholomew and his faithful little spouse, under whose hospitable roof I continued until the following Tuesday, when I left for Dunmow. The Particular Baptist Chapel, at Halstead, is a very neat, modern, and comfortable place of worship; and stands in a most delightful spot, on the top of the farthest Halstead hill. After Mr. Colliss (now of Coggeshall) left the pastorate here, a season of barrenness followed—the church was broken up—and the chapel was literally deserted, and closed. In the providence of God, Mr. Bartholomew was brought among them; began preaching first in a house; the chapel was again re-opened, and, finding his ministry a blessing, a small church was formed by Mr. James Wells. Since that period, many striking instances of mercy have been manifested; the church has been increased; and hopes have been entertained that permanent prosperity would be found. The anniversary this year was most encouraging; on the morning of Lord's-day, October 12th, the chapel was crowded; and I preached warmly, and in liberty, from Acts ii. 42, "And they continued steadfastly in the apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." In the afternoon, the place was literally crammed, many could not get in; in the evening it was filled again, on both which occasions I did all the Lord enabled me, in blowing a certain gospel sound, closing up the day by a discourse on my most favourite theme—salvation by grace. On the following Monday, a numerous party took tea, and a very happy public meeting was held in the evening, when the subject of "CHRISTIAN UNITY" was spoken of at great length by the different ministers present—myself, Robert Powell, of Keddington; Mr. Howell, of Sibel Heddingham; Messrs. Warren and Wheeler, of Baintree. Brother Bartholomew presided; and brother John Dillstone concluded with a deeply fervent and suitable prayer. Altogether nine pounds were collected; and plans were devised in order to lessen a debt of £200, which now lays upon the chapel. I hope the Lord will stir up the hearts of the people to work, and to pray for the peace and prosperity of Zion in these parts.

I think I shall never forget Halstead anniversary for one thing. Mr. Bartholomew said to me, "There is an old pilgrim waiting for the moving of the waters to take him home, and hesent last night to say he should be glad if you would call and see him." Before I left the town, I went to his cottage; a man shewed me into his bed-room. "There I saw a very venerable-looking old man, laying in a nice clean bed. He did not at first know who I was. We entered a little into conversation. He spoke weakly, but very firmly and emphatically he said, "I long to be gone; my Jesus sweetly embraces me here, but I long to be with him." I said, "This is one of the grandest sights on the face of the earth; to see an old pilgrim ripe for glory, and longing to depart, and to be with Christ." After a little conversation, the friend who was with me, said, "This is Mr. Banks." "What," said the old man, "is this Mr. Banks, the preacher?" "Yes," said my friend. The good old man threw the clothes off, stretched out his long pale arm, and with tears of joy, he shook me heartily by the hand; and rejoiced greatly that I had come. He then began such a detail of his conversion, call by grace, sharp temptations, and sweet deliverances, as I have not heard for many a day; and it was so consistently and savourily delivered, as to completely melt my heart into deep compunction and grateful praise. His name is Joseph Smith; he is about eighty-seven

years of age. I think he spoke nearly as follows: It is fifty years since the Lord first began with me. I had not been into a place of worship for five years. One Sunday morning, I met one of my companions in sin, and we agreed that afternoon to walk in the fields together. It was harvest time: and when we got out into a field, we took each a club stick, and we commenced throwing them up into a large tree to knock down the acorns. We had been throwing our sticks for some time, and I was just about to throw mine again, when a voice spoke in me, and said, "YE WILL YET PURSUE." I dropped my stick (said the dear old saint); and I said to my companion, "I shall go home. I will have no more of this." As I went home I felt such a sense of guilt, and horror, and fear, that I really feared hell would open, and swallow me up. When I reached home, I walked to and fro in my room like a man that was ready to go mad. While I was so doing, it seems very remarkable, but so it was; these words came with great power to my soul, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul! and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for thou shalt yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." The dear old man then spoke of his terrors, and days and nights of deep distress; but, said he, all that that seemed to do to me, was to put an end to my swearing, for I was an awful blasphemer. I was ashamed to let my wife see me try to pray. I felt I wanted to pray to God, but I could not. I used to stop until my wife and children were all gone to bed; and I then used to beg and cry unto God. One night, I believe satan set hard at me; all my house seemed to be on fire, I could not stay. I laboured to get up stairs, but he set at me so hard, I feared he would have torn me to pieces; but at last I did get up. I went on for a long time in great distress, until one day, I was up alone in my house; and, being something like, as it is said of my dear Jesus, "And being in an agony, he prayed more fervently:" so it was with me. I went up stairs; I fell on my knees; I wet the bed with my tears; I cried unto the Lord most fervently; and, presently, the Lord appeared unto me. Perhaps this will astonish you (said the good old soul), but the human frame and human form of the dear Redeemer was as clearly revealed to the eye of faith in my soul as possibly could be. I saw the blood flowing from his side; and, by faith, I embraced him as my Saviour and my God. This, and another part of the narrative was exceedingly impressive. He said, I had seen the ordinance of baptism administered many times; but it always seemed a confusion to me; until one day, I went to the water side, to see a man baptised; and when the minister was got into the water, just before he put the man under the water, he addressed us, and said—"My friends, do not think that we come here to wash away our sins; the blood of Christ alone can do that." That word, blood, appeared to enter into my very soul. Oh! how full, how cleansing the blood of Christ was then to me! There was, at that period of time, a very faithful and excellent servant of Christ, preaching the pure gospel at Sibel Heddingham, in the same chapel where brother Howell now labours. The good minister's name was Scanding, or something like that. Under this good minister the dear old soul said, he had many glorious seasons. He told me of many striking texts, which he preached from—two especially, were of wonderful benefit to him. I will briefly notice them. The first was, those words in Judges xvi. 21. "But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes; and brought him down to Gaza; and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison-house." "I did well know at that time," (said the dear dying saint.) "what it was to be brought down to Gaza, (that is, darkness,) and there to grind in the prison-house." The second, and only other sermon I can notice, was under these circumstances. A long time after his conversion and deliverance, a very powerful temptation set in upon him; and a horror of great darkness and despondency laid on his soul. It was so dreadful that one Sunday, as he was going

through the fields to chapel, he came to a stand, and cried out, and said, "O Lord, I feel thou wouldst be just in sending me to hell, I deserve nothing else. If thou hast determined to cast me off, cut me down, and send me to hell at once, that I may know the worst of it." Under the most awful and dreadful state of mind, the dear man went to chapel at Sibel Heddingham. He saw Mr. Scanning go into the pulpit. He read and prayed; he took this for his text;—"Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." He proceeded on with his discourse; and presently he made a full stop; and he said—"Now I will tell you one thing in my soul's experience that, perhaps, not one of you ever passed through." [Here, the dear old dying pilgrim said, I was struck with surprise, to know whatever it could be.] The preacher said, "I have been so tempted and driven to such desperation, that I once cried out, 'Lord, if I am to be damned—cut me down, and send me to hell at once, that I may know the worst of it!'" "Oh, (said the dear old man,) my very soul leaped within me. My snare was broken; my soul was set free; I went to chapel in a morning coach, but I returned in a chariot of love and praise. Whether I flew home, or ran home, or walked home, I cannot tell. I could have called all the birds to sing with me." In a most unctuous and blessed strain, the dear old dying pilgrim went on to speak of the Lord's wonderful dealings with his soul. I cannot relate one half. I fell upon my knees beside his bed, and began to bless the Lord that ever I had come into this chamber; and fervently and feelingly did I beseech the Lord to abundantly bless and support him in his last moments. And in quoting that hymn,

"Jesus! thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;

(My heart burst into a flood of tears—I could proceed no further; but the dear old saint, lifting up his hand, exclaimed with vehemence—

"Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head."

I fell upon his neck and kissed him, and he kissed me. I blessed God that ever I had seen him; and he praised the Lord for my coming. And so, in tears—in love—in praise—in faith—we parted—never to meet again this side of Jordan, but in the brightest hope that we should be found together in that land of pure delight, where darkness, death, separation, or sorrow, are never known. I left the friends at Halstead; Pastor Warren, and his most benevolent spouse, gave us a dinner at Braintree; and a good man, a native of Dublin, a convert from Romanism, drove me to Dunmow. What I thought, and heard, of the poor murdered churches in these and some other parts, I must leave until my next.

C. W. BANKS.

### MEETINGS, BAPTIZINGS, &c.

A GOOD MEETING AT "ZION."—To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel:"—Dear Brother, as Treasurer to the Society for the Erecting of Zion Chapel, Somers Town, (Mr. James Nunn, pastor); and the first year of our trying the voluntary principle in that place, having now closed upon us, I feel I should be withholding a source of information from those friends who love the Lord, who live at a great distance from us, [as the knowledge of those facts can only reach them, though the medium of your widely circulated 'Vessel,'] if I did not furnish a brief account of what he has done for us from September 15th, 1850, to Sep 16th, 1851. The cost of chapel was £1,358 6s. 11d. Received, by loan, £300. By shares, £553. By donations, profits of tea-meeting and shares given, £305 6s. 11d.; consequently reducing the debt of the chapel, the first year, to £305 6s. 11d. Notwithstanding, during the past year, our incidental expenses have been heavy, much more than they are likely to be at any other like period of time. Truly we may say with grateful hearts, "What hath the Lord wrought for his church and people at Zion?" Dear sir, it would have gladdened your heart, and the hearts of any and every one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, (whose

minds are not prejudiced against us, could they have witnessed the zeal, the brotherly love, and the unanimity of feeling which existed at our first Annual Tea-meeting, which took place on the 10th of last month. Between two and three hundred took tea; and their number were swelled, in the course of the evening, to near five-hundred; the addresses of the ministers present, Messrs. Gwinell, Vaughan, Fenlon, Morris, with our respected friend, Dr. Coffin, and others, breathing affection towards our dear pastor and people, and offering up their ardent thanksgivings to the God of all grace, who has done so much for us. Blessed be his holy name! It may be asked, How is it we stand alone? How is it that other ministers and churches do not more generally unite with us? My answer is, We ask not—we want not the help of man; our peace, our prosperity comes not from mortals—but from the Lord of hosts. The Lord is our helper; he has, and I feel persuaded he ever will be our support, though men may rage, and Satan roar. I remain, your's in the best of bonds,

78, Brewer St, Somers Town. JAMES MARKS.

WATERBEACH, Cambridgeshire, Oct. 5, 1851. Sabbath morning, near this village, in the river Cam, three persons were baptised beneath the stream of this river. The day being fine, numbers assembled on the occasion; and there was an indication on the minds, that the services of the day were impressive and refreshing. Two of the candidates gave in their experience of a divine work of grace before the church of Christ, who worship at Great Wilbraham, about eight miles distant from Waterbeach. Three individuals were added to the church, on the first Sabbath in June, by first being buried with Christ in baptism. I hope the Lord has blessed my occasional and frequent labours here for some good. The ordinances of baptism have been, on these occasions, administered by unworthy me. Yours in Jesus, J. SMITH.

BRIGHTON.—On Thursday evening, Sept. 25, 1851, seven females and two males were baptised at Ebenezer Chapel, Richmond Street, Brighton. The service commenced at seven o'clock, by Mr. Joseph Sedgwick, minister of the chapel, giving out the 10th Hymn, third book, (Dr. Watts'); after singing which—Mr. Shirley, of Sevenoaks, read the third chapter of Matthew, and offered up a very solemn and appropriate prayer. Mr. Sedgwick then gave out the 447th hymn, in Rippon's selection. Mr. Shirley preached on Acts viii. 12:—“But when they believed Philip, preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptised, men and women.” He shewed, I. The reasons why we should baptise:—1. The authority of Christ. 2. The term used in Scripture in respect to the administration of this ordinance. 3. The practice of primitive Christians. II. Believers were the proper persons to attend to this ordinance. III. The mode in which the ordinance is to be administered. IV. The intention of this ordinance—communion with Christ in his sufferings and death. After the sermon, the candidates were baptised by Mr. Sedgwick, and the service concluded.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—Mr. Editor,—The Lord does not leave us without proofs of his power in love to this dear church and people. The word preached has seals to its being of God, and by love eternal, and blood, most effectual conversion and establishment takes place from time to time here. Though few in number, we are not left without continual witness of Jesu's presence, to bless in every way an affectionate and persevering ministry. The main features of which, is constancy in public, and visitation in private. The results are manifest and prized, although the difficulty is to know how to visit judiciously, yet Paul went from one house to another, Acts xx. 20. We have profound peace, and some prosperity does attend us, though poor; yet for our numbers, affectionate support is given by most of the church. If all who attend did their duty by the place, we should do well. On the 14th of August, we baptised at Homerton Row chapel, (kindly lent by brother Curtis and deacons.) Two sisters, who were

called by grace in Salem, were immersed into the death of Christ upon a good confession of faith, before well attested and several witnesses. The last baptism at Shacklewell chapel, too, was followed by the blessing of our God, for one aged sister who though baptised, was walking out of fellowship altogether; but the following Lord's-day, came to Salem, and soon on our side declared her soul's desire, and joined the church here. This baptism is accompanied with the same results. A younger sister in Christ, casting her lot in with us on the first of this month, September, who had been out of communion a long time; so we received three this time under some cheering circumstances.

Thus sinners converted, put on Christ, and some who were walking most disorderly, are restored. Ebenezer, Hallehujah, the Saviour of sinners reigns over sin, death and hell. Amen.

Salem Chapel, Church Street. BULLOCK.

### Christ, the Church's Covenant Head.

CHRIST, the church's covenant head,  
Rose victorious from the dead,  
And ascended up on high,  
There to reign eternally.

Glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who redeem'd us with his blood.

All our numerous debts are paid,  
And a full atonement made;  
Law and justice satisfied,  
We for ever justified.

Glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who redeem'd us with his blood.

He for us his merit pleads,  
Succours us in all our needs;  
He, our sin-atoning Priest,  
Bears our names upon his breast.

Glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who redeem'd us with his blood.

He our human nature wears;  
We with him are fellow-heirs;  
He is glorified, and we  
As our covenant Head shall be.  
Glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who redeem'd us with his blood.

One with him, and in him too!  
O what wonders love can do!  
Love assures us we shall be  
One with him eternally.

Glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who redeem'd us with his blood.

Hell and sin in vain oppose;  
He has conquer'd all our foes;  
He did death itself outdo!  
We thro' him shall conquer too.  
Glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who redeem'd us with his blood.

Thus we sing, and thus admire,  
When we feel his rapt'rous fire;  
When we join the heavenly throng,  
We shall sing an endless song.  
Glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who redeem'd us with his blood.

There we ever shall adore  
Him who our transgressions bore,  
Freed from sin, and curse, and woe,  
Bliss eternal we shall know.

Glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who redeem'd us with his blood.

When this blessed land we view  
From the waste we're passing thro';  
How our heart within revives!  
There our head, our Saviour lives.  
Glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who redeem'd us with his blood.

Hark! the happy spirits sing,  
Making heaven with praises ring.  
Brethren, we shall join ere long,  
Swelling this eternal song.  
Glory to the Lamb of God,  
Who redeem'd us with his blood.

Matfield Green.

ROBERT SHINDLER.

# Jesus Christ, the Christian's Faithful Friend.

To the little Handful of Corn on the top of "Mount Zion," worshipping a Triune God, in Nelson Place, Upper Fountain Place, City Road :

[DEARLY BELOVED IN THE FAITH OF THE GOSPEL—It pleased my Lord and Master, last Sabbath, to let me feel so much weakness and difficulty in preaching in the morning, that I feared to come up to speak to you in the afternoon ; so I crept into my little berth, and there I silently but sincerely asked the Lord to speak into my soul some confirming and comforting word. I had not waited long before my heart was gently melted down by the application of this Scripture, "He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips, THE KING SHALL BE HIS FRIEND." (Prov. xxii. 11.) You have had proof lately how secretly I am set at nought by some of our elder brethren ; and you also know what deep waters I have still to stand in ; so much so, that many lookers on say, "He must sink—it is impossible he can stand." Under these circumstances, think, brethren, how reasonable—ah ! and how cheering, too, were these precious words unto my soul, "He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips, the King shall be his friend." It was, in some measure, as though the LORD JESUS did say to me, "Fear not ; I have made thee to love pureness of heart ; I have put gracious cries into thy soul, which thy lips have uttered—I WILL BE THY FRIEND." Oh, the sacredness of that season, I shall not soon forget ; and my most fervent prayer is even now—"Lord Jesus, be thou my Friend." I spent the afternoon in humble adoration and silent contemplation. As I could not preach to you, I hereby write to you ; that you, and others with you, may read a little of what my mind was led into ; and, if the Lord is pleased to make it profitable to the living family, the praise and glory shall be his. I would not forget three things : First, this is the closing number of another volume, the end of another year. Secondly, when I commenced this year, it was with the fearful apprehensions that my struggles must end in suffering the loss of all temporal possessions and publishing prospects. But, thirdly, in a most marvellous, in a very merciful, and in a manifold manner, THE LORD HAS BEEN MY FRIEND. Here, then, again I raise my Ebenezer ; and, amid the secret stabs of foes and the encouraging smiles of friends, I cry out, "Having obtained help of the Lord, I continue to the present time."

"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."]

RETURNING now to the words of Solomon, "He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips, the King shall be his friend," I thought, this language can only be applied to a real child of God, wherein four things are to be considered.

I.—What we are to understand by his loving pureness of heart.

II.—What is meant by the grace of his lips.

III.—Who this king is, that Solomon refers to.

IV.—In what way this King will be the gracious man's friend.

I. What is this pureness of heart ? The very first time that we get any mention in Scripture of man's conviction under the fall, we have a solemn and sweeping sentence indeed. It is in Genesis vi. 5, "And God saw the wickedness of man was great upon the earth ; and that the imagination of the thoughts of his heart was *only evil*, and that continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man—it grieved him at his heart." So bad and base is man's heart, by nature, that all his thoughts, his purposes, his designs, all are *only evil*, and that every day. In the seventeenth of Jeremiah, you have three dreadful sentences—"The heart is deceitful above all things." It is "desperately wicked." "Who can know it?" Seven of the worst things that can be named, our Lord says, come out of the heart: "evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witnesses, blasphemies." I may say a man's heart is like a powder magazine ; it is full of combustible matter ; it is full of destruction ; and it is only for satan to come with the lucifer match of temptation, and he sets man all a light, burning and blazing in the vilest acts of iniquity. Look at Cain, his heart full of murder, and presently out it broke in the killing of his brother Abel. Look at David ; his heart full of adultery, and presently out it broke, in going after Bathsheba. Look at Judas ; his heart full of hypocrisy, and presently out it broke, and betrayed his Master. Look at Peter ; his heart full of blasphemy, and presently out it broke, in oaths and curses. Look at Ananias ; his heart full of covetousness and lies, and presently out it broke, in lying unto the Holy Ghost. Look at Saul of Tarsus ; his heart full of self-righteousness and enmity, and out it broke against the saints of the Most High God. There is nothing under heaven



worse than a man's heart, when it is left under the tempting and seducing power of the devil.

Now the Scriptures hold up two wonderful things to our view. The first is this—that God can so dispose a man's heart, as that he shall, for a time, be of some use, and be in some way employed about his kingdom, although his heart be not really changed. This was Saul's case. In 1 Samuel x. 9, it is said, "God gave him another heart. In the Hebrew it reads, "God *turned* him another heart." It is like a turner with his turning lathe; he takes a bit of wood, and when he takes it first in his hand, the wood is rough, and of an ugly shape; but he works it with his lathe, until he turns it into some comely figure. So God can tame down, and turn a man's heart, and make him useful in his cause, although, in nature, it is still the same; and such professors as these are called stony-ground, and way-side hearers; they endure for a while, but having no root in themselves, they soon wither and die. Oh, how dreadful to live and die with the heart unchanged, unsanctified, unsubdued!

The second wonderful thing the Scriptures shew us, is the work of God in altogether changing, purging, and renewing man's heart; as he says, "I will take away the stony heart, and will give you an heart of flesh." The stony heart is a hard heart, an unfeeling heart, a dead heart, a blind heart, an unfruitful heart. But the heart of flesh is a living, loving, praying, believing heart. The way in which this is done, is variously described. Of Lydia it is said the Lord opened her heart to attend to the things spoken by Paul. A man's heart, before God takes it in hand, is like a dungeon that has always been shut up; no light can get in, no fresh air can get in, no living creature, no cleansing power can get in. So is man's heart; all is damp, all is dark, all is dirt, all is desolation. But when God opens the heart, then light breaks in, a heavenly breeze blows in, a cleansing power gets in, and now a change divine takes place. At other times the heart is broken, and seemingly dashed all to pieces, so that God has to bind up the broken in heart, and heal their wounds.

There is pureness in a man's heart, when the life of God, the breath of God, the Spirit of God is there. It has long been a dispute as to whether the Holy Ghost doth really dwell in a changed sin-

ner's soul; or, whether it is only gracious habits and frames; but unless the Spirit of Christ be in you, ye are none of his. We have the story of Austen, who saw a boy with a little mussel-shell taking water out of the sea, and carrying it and emptying it into a small dike: in some measure, it is like this; God's ministers are instrumental in taking divine truth out of the ocean of ineffable Deity, and emptying their little mussel-shells into books and into bleeding sinners' hearts. When, then, the Holy Spirit doth enter into a soul, it creates holy breathings, holy faith, holy love, holy desires, holy communion; and this is pureness of heart.

With this pureness of heart the soul is led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ alone; to seek for salvation by Christ alone; and to worship God in Christ alone.

This pureness of heart stands in sincerity—in simplicity; in a singleness of eye to God's glory, and the well-being of our spiritual Zion. There are reasons why I love this pureness of heart. First, because it brings so much peace and comfort into my soul. Second, because it brings me so near to my blessed Lord. Third, because it is connected with such a glorious and everlasting reward. Fourth, because it makes me willing and glad to be spent in the service of Christ. Oh! pureness of heart is sweet indeed! I may be clothed in rags; I may be frowned on by the world and scorned by the church, yet if in my heart there is Christ formed, the Spirit working, faith living, hope abiding, and real prayer labouring, then I may rejoice in tribulation.

II. Consider, now, the grace of his lips. The lips are the doors from whence our words proceed; and a man's conversation will soon shew what that man is. We read of flattering lips, of lying lips, of feigned lips, but these are not gracious lips.

Christ, in the Canticles, will tell you what is here meant, when he says, "Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely." There is a "tradition among the Jews, that when the scape goat was sent into the wilderness, a scarlet thread was tied to the temple door, and when the goat was come to the wilderness, the scarlet thread turned white, which was not only a sign of the goat's arrival thither, but also a token to them of the remission of their sins, according to Isa. i. 18, 'Though your sins be as

scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; and they tell us, that this scarlet thread ceased turning white forty years before the destruction of the temple, which was about the time that Christ, the great sacrifice for sin, was offered up."

Here the church's lips are compared to a thread of scarlet; her prayers are, then, like a thread; not pompous—not great swelling prayers; her prayers are continuous; her prayers are fervent and energetic; her prayers are all tinctured with, or dipped in the blood of the Lamb; and her speech is comely, lowly clean, affectionate, and in much godly sincerity. Grace is taken for charity, for excellence, for dignity. So there is a kind charity, there is a beautiful excellence, there is a glorious dignity in the conversation of the saints.

III.—The King referred to, is neither Solomon nor David, nor Hezekiah, nor any earthly prince; it is the Lord of lords—the King of kings; of whom Jason, and certain of the ancient brethren spake, when they said, "There is another King, one JESUS." Death is called, "the king of terrors," but Jesus Christ is called, "the KING OF GLORY." How amazingly rich are the declarations of Scripture, when referring to the poor sinner's friend, under the title of a King. God the Father, when speaking of the malice of wicked men against his throne, says, "Yet have I set my KING upon my holy hill in Zion." And being there enthroned, Jesus says, "All power in heaven and in earth is given unto me, that I should give eternal life to as many as the Father hath given me." Both the *position*, and the *properties* of our King speak much in favour of his ability to befriended the grace-taught sinner. The kingly office and glorious victories of our Lord would fill a volume; but I must close with a few words respecting the promise to him that loveth "pureness of heart, "THE KING SHALL BE HIS FRIEND."

I thought Solomon was a friend in four things. He built the temple; he set up a great throne; he gave unto the Queen of Sheba of his royal bounty; and he granted unto her all her desire. Our Jesus has befriended us poor believing sinners, by building for us the gospel kingdom; and he hath called us into it. He hath given us the throne of grace, and access unto it. His royal bounty—redemption by his precious blood—and justification by his righteousness—he

hath freely given to us; and there is no good thing that he will ever withhold from them that, in faith and sincerity, call upon his name. He was Paul's friend, in keeping him from falling; he was Peter's friend, in restoring him, and in visiting him when he had fallen; and no tongue can tell what I sometimes feel in my soul toward him for his amazing condescension, pity, and compassion toward me, when I laid in the open field of transgression, reproach, and despair! If there ever was a poor wretch on the face of God's earth, that the King of glory might justly have flung into hell, it was me. I sinned against Him—against his cause—against his dear people—and against every conviction of my own poor burdened conscience; and if he would have let me alone in the temptation, I should have filled up the measure of mine iniquity, opened the gates of hell, and entered the regions of the damned, by my own hand. But, Oh, ye heavens rejoice, ye earth be glad, my Friend pursued me through the whole. He never let me have *one moment's peace* in the transgressor's path. He dashed me all to pieces; frustrated my every scheme; thwarted my every effort; so that I ran up and down this earth like a wild and a distracted man; and sometimes felt as though the wrath of God was in me, and the mark of the reprobate was upon me. If ever a man could fall from the *possession* of grace, I should have done so; but my Friend would neither let me fall from its *possession* nor from its *profession*. In my darkest days, I loved his name, I wept over his Word, I listened earnestly at the posts of his doors. Many a time would I fling myself prostrate on the earth, and mourn, and weep, and try to pray. I forbear. At length he was my friend in delivering, in restoring, in comforting my heart—in raising up my head. He is still my Friend in chastening, in providing, in preserving, and in blessing. Space forbids my enlarging here; but the secret and cruel assaults still made upon me by many in our British Zion, have stirred up my heart many times to magnify the riches of Sovereign grace in a detail of my passage through the dark dungeon, which I have purposed to do in a book called, *The Bulwark and the Beacon*. For the present I only say—

"One there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of FRIEND."

Beloved in the Lord, I am still your  
willing servant, C. W. B.

## The Tidings of Salvation :

THE CONCLUSION OF A SERMON BY MR. GARWOOD,  
COMMENCED IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

*Isaiah lii. 7.*

HAVING noticed the mountains which interposed between God and sinners, and their removal by the grace-work and blood of Christ, we come to consider the subject under the second head, viz., the glorious ministry of Christ himself and the mission of his servants under him.

The mission of free love and unmerited mercy was primarily committed to the Angel of the Covenant, and secondarily, intrusted to men called of God, born of the Spirit, qualified, and sent forth to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ. See Romans x. 15.

Believing, then, "that God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in my heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," I shall venture, in dependence on the Spirit, to say something respecting the burden of a *living, God-honouring, Christ-exalting, sinner-abasing, soul-comforting, and sin-condemning* ministry. The ministration of free grace is beautifully set forth in our text; it consists of good tidings; gospel peace; good tidings of good things; the publication of salvation; and the announcement to Zion that her "God reigneth."

Now, in order to preach effectually from these sentences, I want ears that can hear; I want eyes that can see; I want hearts that are made to feel and receive. If God has opened your eyes to see your danger; unsealed your ears to hear your condemnation; softened your heart to feel your misery; then I can tell you what will do you good; I can tell you where you can get good; I can tell you of a salvation adapted to your case. Observe,

1. *These glad tidings.* Call to the men on board the stranded vessel, and tell them a boat is coming to their rescue, and you tell them good tidings! Call to the inmates of a burning house, and tell them you have brought a ladder for their escape, and you bring them good tidings! Go to the condemned culprit in his cell, and tell him you have brought him a reprieve, and he will hail it as good tidings! And, my brethren, tell the *sin-convicted, conscience-stricken, self-condemned, law-condemned* sinner, of a full, free, and absolute pardon through the blood

and righteousness of Christ, and you bring him good tidings! Now, that is just my business to-night. If I am speaking in the hearing of heart-aching, sin-loathing, God-fearing, Christ-seeking, self-denouncing sinners, I can tell you what will do you good. I bring you good tidings! I am to tell you, first, that your sins are forgiven you. God says to you, "I, even I am he that blotteth out your sins as a cloud, and your transgressions as a thick cloud; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee, thou art mine. As sure as the Holy Spirit has opened your eyes to see your danger, and constrained you to confess from your heart your sins, then you are safe; if, in consequence of those sins, you loathe yourselves, as in dust and ashes, then I am sure you have nothing to fear. Christ died for such as you—he atoned for such as you. May the Holy Spirit seal home this precious truth, and it shall be glad tidings indeed, to your troubled souls.

I am to remind you, secondly, of your justification through the imputed righteousness of Christ.

The sins of God's elect are all reckoned to, and laid upon Christ—he bore them all in his own body on the tree—and his righteousness is imputed to those for whom he died; and being thus "justified by faith, they have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, are you among God's elect? Are you fearful on this point? Has the Holy Ghost called you by his grace—quickened you into life—led you to the throne of grace—breathed into you the life of humble prayer? For remember, that "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God, the adopted of God, the elect of God. To such we bring good tidings. We tell you; may God enable you to receive it by precious faith, that your sins are blotted out; your persons are freely justified from all things which they could not have been justified by the law of Moses.

Having noticed these "glad tidings," mark

2. *This gospel peace.* There is open war between God and unregenerate sinners. The carnal mind is enmity against God, and the sinner daringly lifts a high hand against the authority of the King of heaven. Now, every soul born of the Spirit, is made sensibly alive to all this; he looks in, and there is no peace; he looks around him, and there is no peace;

he looks up, and there is no peace; he meets the glance of an angry God; he looks at conscience, and it condemns him; he looks at the law, and it condemns him; he looks at his sins, and they condemn him. He begins to reform, but derives no comfort; he meets with God's people, but he feels the sore within; he tries to pray, but knows not the secret of fellowship with God. Instead of the sweet accents of gospel peace dropping on his troubled spirits, he hears the thunders of the law, and all is confusion.

My brethren, is this your experience? If so, hearken to the message of mercy—"There is balm for you in Gilead;" there is peace in store. I can tell you of peace made, and of a peace-maker. Christ is our peace; he has made peace by the blood of the cross. You are writing bitter things against yourselves, while God is saying, "I know the thoughts which I think toward you, they are thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

My dear friends, God's covenant people dwell in covenant love, and they shall be brought to experience covenant peace through Christ. May the Holy Ghost condescend to make me the means of guiding you into the way of gospel peace, blood-bought peace; and may he work faith in your hearts, to rest on Christ, the Prince of peace; for, apart from Christ, there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. Observe,

3. *These good tidings of God.* Free grace shines gloriously, not only in what it does in a way of pardon, but also in a way of favour; it makes the sinner rich, as well as happy; it not only proclaims *glad tidings*—but it also brings *good things*.

One mark of God's living children, is spiritual poverty. In his Laodicean state the child of God said, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing;" and knew not that he was wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. If, however, my hearers, you are taught of God, you possess the indelible mark stamped upon the every day experience of God's family, viz., spiritual destitution. "In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." But what says Christ of such? "I know thy poverty, but thou art rich;" "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Allow me, then, to remind you of the

real state of the case: you are not in reality poor; you are rich; it must be so, because your covenant God has blessed you with all spiritual blessings in heavenly things in Christ Jesus;" you have the promise of this life and of that which is to come; Paul says, "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 yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." God the Spirit makes a man feel his own poverty, in order that he may learn how rich he is in Christ. He strips him that he may be clothed; he empties him that he may be filled. My dear friends, has he stripped you—emptied you? If so, then I tell you, you are rich as heirs; rich in wealth, rich in Christ, rich in God, rich in grace, and ere long, you shall be rich in glory; ye are "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ," if so be ye suffer with him, that ye may be also glorified together. Are not these good tidings of good things? Look up, then, and bless God for making you feel your need of Christ, of blood, of righteousness, of everything, and sing—

"If God is mine, then present things,  
And things to come are mine,  
Yea, Christ, his Word, and Spirit too,  
And glory all divine."

In this way we publish

4. *Salvation.* A salvation originating in God, and proceeding from God; a salvation, the fruit of free grace; a salvation founded on the Person, glory, God-head, humanity, substitution, and worth of Christ; a salvation revealed, brought nigh, and applied by the Holy Spirit; a salvation from guilt, punishment, sin, self, and hell; a salvation that honours God the Father, exalts God the Son, dignifies the Spirit, and glorifies the sinner; a salvation full and free, without money and without price.

I will add here the beautiful descriptive invitation from Hart. May the Holy Ghost accompany it to your troubled breasts, and enable you to realize your personal interest in it.

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, join'd with power:  
He is able, he is willing,  
Doubt no more."

If providence has placed us in circumstances different from what we could have wished, it is useless to regret what we cannot alter. We must be thankful that our daily needs are supplied.

## The Bitterness of Christian Conflict,

AND THE SWEETNESS OF THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

"When I would comfort myself against sorrow, my heart is faint in me." Jer. viii. 18.

Is it possible that one who professes to live by the faith of the Son of God, and to receive daily supplies out of his wisdom, and strength out of his fulness, can come into such a position as this? This may be the enquiry of some who think they have obtained to a very high standing in the knowledge of the truth, but who are little acquainted with the deep exercises of a living soul, the sharp contest of a living faith with the powers of unbelief, the bitter grief and sore vexation which the grace of true love endures, through the constant rising and working of those opposite powers of nature and sin, drawing the mind and affections after the pursuit of carnal objects instead of the true and living God. I would not stay to argue matters with you, but rather say stand aside, until God the Holy Ghost become your teacher. But there may be some poor afflicted souls, who out of the abundance of their grief, make this enquiry; not out of curiosity, or from contentious motives, but from a feeling of anxiety to know if it could be possible that any of those whom God has loved, and pardoned, and blessed—to whom he has shewed many and great favours, could ever be found in such depths of sorrow as to feel themselves shut out of all comfort, and deprived almost of any hopes of consolation. Come, poor tried one, Jeremiah, and the writer, and you, can hold fellowship for a little while; and though now we weep in sorrow, being yet the subjects of sin, I hope we shall ere long appear and shine at the right hand of Jesus, arrayed in that beauty and glory which angels never wore! and which will deepen the terror, and add to the distress of those who rejoice and make merry now, and who, led on by satan, reproach and torment us who desire, through much tribulation, to follow him who endured such a great fight of afflictions for us.

Well, Jeremiah was a man beloved and honoured of God—a man taught and led by God—a man of faith and prayer. Yet he gave utterance to this grievous complaint! One might have thought that such a highly favoured and holy man as the prophet would have manifested a different feeling from this—that he would have said, after retracing the judgments

laid upon the people and, the desolations of the land—"Well, I am sadly grieved for the afflictions of my people and distressed for the guilt of their crimes, but it is God's will to punish them, and their sins deserve it; I have obeyed his commands and cleared my conscience, by fully testifying of their wickedness and warning them of their danger; but as they would not repent, I must submit to the will of God, and rest content." Ah, no! the poor prophet had the heart of a man, and of a Christian; and while he did not repine at the sovereignty of God, nor disown his hand, yet his bowels of compassion were troubled for the afflictions of his brethren, and his heart melted within him for very sorrow at the sound of their calamities; and he could not cease (notwithstanding the hardness of the people's hearts, and the determination of God's wrath,) to reason with the people, to commune with his own heart, and to plead with God; and he did not plead, and mourn, and afflict his soul in vain; for the Lord did strengthen his soul, comfort his spirit, speak comfortable promises to his heart, and put gracious words into his mouth, as if you read further on in his prophecies will be found.

In such a state of melting grief, heavy fear, and mental distress, through some dark dispensation, or trying cross, some poor soul may be brought, in their own feelings, that they think no one can enter into, or ever felt the like before. Such was the writer's belief when singularly led to those words, which had never been noticed before.

There is, then, a possibility of one beloved of the Lord, who has seen his delivering hand, and felt his wonder-working power—who has been privileged to dwell in the sunshine of his favour, coming into such straits and difficulties, being bound with such a heavy bond, and overshadowed by such a cloud of darkness and suspicion, as to become overwhelmed in grief and distress, and to feel exactly that expression of the prophet, "When I would comfort myself against sorrow, my heart is faint in me." Two opposite powers keep up such a contention and strife within, that the poor agitated spirit knows not on which side to stand. The cause of this affliction, it may be, is something desired: so was it with the prophet: he desired the mercy of God upon the Jews—the pardon of their sin—restoration of

their peace—and the glory of God, with the joy of his own soul. For this thing you may have prayed and sought the Lord with many tears; you may have felt that the thing desired by you was neither sinful nor selfish—that it was that which would not only rejoice and comfort your own soul, but be the means of destroying a great evil, bring glory to God, good to his cause, and comfort to some of his people; but those very desires have been inspired in your breast by a secret power within, prompting you to ask for that which had never entered your mind before; and the Word of God both sanctions and strengthens your claim; and perhaps in the commencement of this labour of your soul unto some certain end, some little tokens of divine favour have been shewn, some special answer given, and your hopes have become greatly strengthened in the matter, your heart very sincere and earnest with God, your whole trust placed in him, and your whole expectation from him; you get very strong, confident and bold in your petitions at the mercy-seat, feeling a humble yet powerful persuasion that your prayer is unto God, in an acceptable time. Presently a cloud gathers—opposition arises—fears crowd around—difficulties arise—and that prospect which before appeared so fair and bright, becomes clouded in a mist of perplexity and opposing events; the object of your desire, which seemed so near you before, is now removed to a far greater distance; and instead of looking for it with anticipation and delight, you look after it in anxiety, with deep concern, fearing it may be entirely removed, and your hopes completely cut off; now, instead of your supplications being made with ease and in a measure of assurance, you groan and sigh, mourn and wrestle, in agony of spirit; the Lord gives you no encouraging words now; no smiles and promises now; no tokens for good now; and though, perhaps, your heart may not be closed, so that you can feel no freedom to bring your request to the throne of grace, yet you feel a constant and earnest going forth and continuation of your supplication before God, yet you cannot feel that he receives your prayer; you fear to cherish the hope that he will grant your request; and yet a secret something prompts a sort of hope; a “who can tell?” rises up in the mind; you gain a little strength—fly to the Word—search the promises—review the

experience and deliverances of the Bible saints; and taking courage, renew your plea again; try to shake off desponding thoughts, and to bury them in contemplations on God’s mercy, power, grace, and wonder-working love. But, ah! very soon down you sink again; for instead of the desire of your soul being brought nearer, and more cleared from the encumbrance and entanglements of natural impossibilities, it is removed farther from your sight—sunk deeper in them; and now you would fain comfort yourself against sorrow, by strengthening your faith in the Word of God—in his love to your soul in times past—in the memory of former deliverances and mercies; by stimulating your hopes in trying to look away from secondary things and earthly objects, unto him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. All these continued and increased repulses make your heart faint within you; and, perhaps, in this extremity of conflict you may say with Job, “I would rather die than live;” and his language, in a great measure, expresses the feelings of your mind—“Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul?” “Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in.” Yet, under all this sorrow, you may feel a holy and sacred confidence of your interest in the love of Christ; of your eternal and inseparable union to him; and it is the secret of this reliance upon God, and sense of relationship to him, which keeps you from sinking in despair—from being carried headlong down the broad and rapid stream of temptation, and keeps you still bowing before the throne of grace, to present your supplications there; to hope against hope; and to believe, in the darkness of the night, that peradventure morning will break in with its cheering rays, and the clouds will at last be dispersed and chased away. In the midst of all this confusion, turmoil, and inward strife, there are moments when submission to the will of God is felt—thankfulness for preserving mercy is felt; and the soul is humbled, the heart broken, and the afflicted spirit melted under a sense of God’s power over all the oppositions of nature and sense, and of the great weakness of your faith not to trust him more, and consult with perishing vanities less. And Oh, how does this heighten the grief! There is a three-fold bitterness felt. The sen-

tence of death written on the desires of the heart—a fear of displeasing and dishonouring the Lord—and a great sense of weakness and want of power to rise above this trying and afflictive dispensation, and all you can do is to exclaim—“When I would comfort myself against sorrow, my heart is faint in me;” “O Lord, my help and deliverer, do thou comfort me, and strengthen me, and grant me patience to wait for, and to cast all my care and my burdens upon thee, and to find thy sustaining mercy.”

Though these times of trial are very painful to flesh and blood, and very afflictive to the soul while passing under them, I do sincerely believe they work out into exercise many holy desires, and give life and power to faith, which nothing less could do. Therefore, may not the sorrowing writer, and the afflicted reader, join in the language of David, and say, “Why art thou cast down, O my soul—and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God?”

#### KERENHAPPUCH HUNT.

#### Satan on the Stage in Different Characters.

Yes, yes, I shall go to my God when I die;  
So hold your tongue, Satan, you tell a great lie  
To say that my God hath forsaken me quite,  
When my sun is gone down, and I moan in the night.

Indeed, Mr. Satan, you make a mistake;  
My God he has told me he will not forsake;  
Whocver forsakes me, my God never will,  
So hold your noise, satan, begone, or be still.

Who learn'd you to lie, Mr. Satan? No one;  
When you speak a lie, then you speak of your own;  
And if you speak truth, you mean lies in disguise,  
For you are a liar, and the father of lies.

Whatever you tell me, I would not believe;  
For should you speak truth, then you mean to deceive,

By wrapping up falsehood within very sly,  
Yea, would turn the truth of God with a lie.

The depths of old satan but few people know;  
And what I have learned, I learn'd very slow;  
I knew he was PAGAN, and POPE, TURK, and JEW,  
But when he turn'd saint, Ah, said I, is it you?

What! are you turned Christian, so very polite,  
And transformed yourself as an angel of light?  
And transformed your ministers into no less,  
As fine shiny ministers of righteousness!

“Marvel not,” saith dear Paul, “if many there be,”  
And they will shine in pulpits, ah, many you'll see;  
And fine spoken men, ah, like angels of light,  
Sometimes dress'd in black, and sometimes dress'd in white.

To reach heaven (says satan) you need have no fears,  
You've preach'd and you've prophesied, read, and said prayers;

Cast out many devils, done wonderful things,  
You're eloquent preachers, you've preach'd before kings.

This spoke Mr. Satan, in subtle disguise,  
And gladly his ministers hear his white lies;  
Yes, thousands believe him, and love lies quite we'll,  
'Tis a strong delusion, from the depths of hell.

But come ye poor mourners in Zion so true,  
Old satan has another doctrine for you;  
You've sinn'd against God, you've sinn'd against heaven,  
Your sins are so great, they cannot be forgiven.

Your secret sins are all known in God's sight,  
Though hidden at present, must all come to light;  
You've sinn'd under law, and good gospel too,  
Against light and knowledge—to hell you must go.

Now look at your life from beginning to end;  
Ask yourself a few questions—Can God be your Friend?

Can God take delight in such monsters of sin?  
'Tis presumptuous to think so—he loves holy men.

But look at your vileness—you know what you've felt;

Wrath, envy, and anger, lust, passion, and guilt;  
You're the essence of filth, the quintessence of sin,

Yea, hell is already beginning within.

You know what I tell you is all of it true;  
You cannot deny it, whatever you do;  
You may call me a liar, it's truth that I tell,  
You'll not be forgiven—you must go to hell.

Yes, all you say right, Mr. Satan, is true;  
I do deserve hell, yes, I do, that I do;  
I will not deny it, this truth I declare—  
I do deserve hell much as those that are there.

But one thing you keep back, and this truth I will tell,

My dearest Redeemer he went down to hell,  
With my sins in his body, my erimion sins foul,  
My sins made a hell in his dear holy soul.

'Twas Jesus that suffered, 'twas Jesus that died,  
To ransom his people, his Church, his own Bride;  
Yes, he suffer'd hell, and he felt all its woes,  
And death and hell gave up its dead when he rose.

The Church is one body, with Jesus their Head,  
And when Jesus died, in him we were dead;  
And when Jesus rose up from hell's blackest night,  
In him we were raised to live in God's sight.

And did Jesus die? Then in him we are dead,  
And through God's sweet Spirit, are raised with our Head;

Paul saith, “Ye are dead;” and yet Christ's life is mine,

'Tis hidden with Christ, in the God-Head divine.

Hath Christ suffered death, yea, and hell, once for me,

Discharged my debt, and from sin set me free?

If with Jesus I died, can I die again,

And go into that hell which he suffered for man?

No, Jesus hath ransom'd our souls with his blood,  
From sin, death, and hell, and the just law of God;  
In Christ I am dead, then can I die again?

I shall not go to hell, satan, but with Christ reign.

I have my hell here, sin, which in me does dwell,  
You nasty old Satan, 'tis you make my hell,  
By sending your messengers, stirring up sin,  
To buffet my soul, and to make hell within.

But Jesus hath cover'd my sins with his blood;  
“I will not remember thy sins,” saith my God;  
Though I inwardly moan, and confess my sins too,  
And that, Mr. Satan, you never will do.

My God he has heard, and answered my groan,  
Begone, Mr. Satan, and leave me alone;  
The more you perplex me, the louder I ery,  
My God holds my soul in life, I cannot die.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, Oct. 8th, 1851.

## Thoughts on Ezekiel's Vision of the Dry Bones.

1. THAT it cannot by any force of argument be made to mean the whole world, for God himself says, "These bones are the whole house of Israel," verse 11; and again, he calls them "His people," verse 12.

2. That however typical may be the vision, of what Israel is *naturally*, yet that in *this* place it relates to their captivity, and apparently hopeless state in Babylon, where they were captive held, by a power superior to their own; and is analogous to those words of David, Ps. cxli. 7.

3. That the Lord's command to the Prophet to prophesy to the bones, is nothing in favour of invitations to *dead* sinners to come to Jesus Christ and live, but is analogous to Christ's words, "preach the *gospel* to every creature;" not *at* the people, but in love and affection *to* them; and not that *every* creature is interested *in* it; but the eternal truths of the gospel is to be declared, in order to the gathering of his people according to his eternal purpose concerning them.

4. That to declare the Lord's message to all who may be interested, is the province, and I will further add, the delight of every servant of the cross. But mark, there is no *if*, *but*, or *peradventure* in the prophet's message whatever. One would think, it must be, according to some people's account, "O ye dry bones, make *yourselves* flesh, and produce in *yourselves* life; yea, do what *ye can*, and God will come to the rescue;" but no: "*I will*" and "*Ye shall*," was the prophet's burden. And this was to the "*House of Israel*."

5. The effect followed *then* as it does *now*, when the gospel is preached, and God's truth is declared; there is a *shaking* and a *gathering* and a *binding together* in the hands of love, and *life* communicated from the Lord. And so it ever will be. Every saint must be brought, and every saint *will* be brought. But to the wicked God saith, "What hast thou to do with my covenant?" I would say, dear reader, look again through the vision, and let me ask, what is there for the *bones* to do? Are they *active*, or *passive*? Are they invited to *make themselves something*, or is God's merciful intentions only to be declared, and then the breath invoked from the four winds, that the slain may

live? such I take it, and the Lord's comment on it further confirms it.

And what may be gathered from it?

First, that Christ is the Resurrection and the Life.

Second, that power belongeth unto God.

Third, that there is nothing too hard for him to do.

Fourth, that let Israel be where they may, however lost in Adam, and involved in guilt and sin and shame, or however they may depart from him and get into captivity, so that enclosed on all hands as in a grave, they may exclaim, "Our bones are dried, our hope is lost, we are cut off for our parts," yet God declares he will put his Spirit in them, and they shall live to know the Lord, who hath done all for them. Hence, mark his love to them in and under all.

Fifth, that there is no room for despair. The bones were very dry and very scattered, yet God raised them to their feet, a great army; by which we understand they would have enemies opposing, and foes molesting, but it is an army victorious notwithstanding all.

In conclusion, permit me to say, God's work *cannot* be hastened. All the thunders of Sinai will never rouse the dead before the time. Can *we* do the Lord's work? Are *we* stronger than he? I know there is much to lament in our professing church; but, beloved, does all we see around us retard *conversion* work? I say no. Has not God his set time to favour Zion? and are there no *appointments* relative to the ingathering of the church? John x. 17; Eph. i. &c. It does not rest with *ministers*, nor with *churches*, for the church of God *will* stand, if the world be *drenched* with errors; and every saint of God *will* be found in *full tale*, let *who will* or let *what will* be preached.

What, then, does it not matter whether a man be faithful or not? I answer, *God will see to that*. God does lay upon his servants' consciences two things,—First, *the good of his church*; and second, in *all things the glory of God*, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There are as *many* being converted to God, and as *much* work *now* doing on the wheels as was fore-ordained to be done. His *work is going on*, and God has still his faithful



witnesses—just as many as he would have, and they are doing as much work as he intended. He is a sovereign, and here I rest; and thrones may fall, kingdoms be convulsed, nations be overturned, and nature become a wreck, but not a thought of his heart can be shaken, nor a purpose frustrated. *Whys, and wherefores, and if bes,* and wild visionary *per-adventures*, and dreamy *perhapses* are with man, but Jehovah is of one mind, and none can turn him. His love is dateless, his nature changeless, and the covenant of mercy embraces every saint, and all the circumstances of his chequered life; declaring good concerning him amidst all he may fear, and beyond all he can hope, to the glory of God in Christ.

The eventful year 1851 is nearly run out; but at its close nothing will be left undone which Jehovah intended should be done in it. Every event will answer to the eternal purpose which he purposed in himself; and as eternity will swallow up this narrow strip of time, future events will only disclose what are God's intentions; and when the volume of time shall have registered on its pages every event determined on from eternity, it will be closed for ever, and God be glorified in the highest by every saint.

That the dear reader, with the writer, may there be found wearing a crown, and bearing a palm, and joining in the song, "Salvation unto our God who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb," is the prayer of

JOSEPH F. RUDMAN.

October, 1851.

#### A NARRATIVE

OF A WORK OF GRACE; AND OF SOME PRELIMINARY STEPS TO THE MINISTRY.

BY JOSEPH PALMER.

(Continued from p. 261.)

ABOUT this date I first became a regular attendant at Gower Street Chapel, London, where I continued to attend for some years. It will be recollected that after the removal of Mr. Fowler, by death, the pulpit was supplied by different ministers, mostly from the country. The names of the late Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Turner, of Sunderland, Mr. Triggs, Mr. Tite, and Mr. Blackstock, &c., &c., will at once occur to the mind of some of my readers. This diversity of ministry I found on the whole very prejudicial to my soul's health. The contradictory statements made by these good men, all men of truth, but

differing in their line of things, caused me much soul-trouble, and formed outworks for the adversary from which he could assault my soul. From an experience, therefore, of its painful results, I am grieved for that people who are called to attend where the pulpit is supplied by visiting ministers. It requires no very great discernment to see that, especially in London, ministers too often come with a predominant aim to display and to dazzle by the greatness of their abilities, rather than in soul-labour for the good of immortal souls. Oh! give me the stated labours of some godly pastor, who in going round about the city in his ministry, may fall in with my case, and come to my spot, in the Lord's time.

Well, so it was with me, that these supplies became a snare to my soul. Having got into a worldly frame, and wandering very much from the Lord in heart-backslidings, the devil led me into an unholy harbour for rest in the ministry of Mr. T——. I firmly believe him to be a man of God, but he has sorely led my soul astray by his unguarded statements, and therefore, I must, in the fear of God, warn others. I did indeed love to hear him open up the great truths of the gospel; and it filled my renewed mind with rapturous emotions to see him so crown Immanuel Lord of all, as he did in much of his ministry; but alas! there was poison too in the cup which he presented to us. There was free-grace on the one side; but there was the rankest of arminianism and the foulest of antinomianism lurking beneath. God knows how this last did eat, so to speak, into the very constitution of my soul; and nothing but grace has prevented it proving my destruction. This is the filthy slime which the old serpent strives ever to cast over the purity of free grace. And alas! alas! how many of our ministers slip aside here. I write thus plainly and feelingly because I have passed through the experience painfully. And for years did this besetment more or less follow me. O! it is an infernal deception! and the unwary child of God is almost sure to be entrapped by it, one time or another.

I would, however, be more particular here. Having fallen into a worldly frame, and knowing it, the devil and the pride of my heart prompted me to do, as Mr. T. said in his ministry, put aside my childish frames, and cease from looking within for my evidences and enjoyments, and live

the life of faith upon the Son of God : the devil and Mr. T. told me that I was living below my privileges : that having been once condemned for sin in my conscience, and having had pardon once proclaimed, it was now only right for me to live out of myself, and irrespective of what I might feel in myself ; I ought to look to Christ, and triumph in him by faith. My poor sinful heart was caught by the temptation, and my poor vain mind began to think that it really ought to mend its ways, and not be such a babe ; that to be always whimpering over some sin or failing, was really very childish, and at least a very sorrowful course ; "and as it is evident, (said the devil,) from what Mr. T. says, that God never intends his people thus to lay sin to heart, and that it is indeed tacitly undervaluing the atonement of the Saviour. Why my foolish heart was determined to take this counsel of the father of lies, and resolved that it would *act faith, and live above its frames and feelings*. Thus I did make a compact with hell about the things of God ; and the Lord knows only where it would have led me, if he had not at length contended with me, and smitten me down, and crumbled me eventually into nothing at his feet. But I believe I continued in this state for years ; Mr. Hart's open backsliding, and my heart-backsliding, I have often thought, to my shame, were wicked parallels.

Now, having swallowed the devil's bait, I soon found soul matters greatly change. I did all I could to act faith, and thought in my soul that I was getting more like what a young man in Christ should be ; I found the thought now, and then in my mind that I should shortly be a father in Christ. If overtaken by sin in unholiness, or in entertaining and indulging in some heart sin, I strove and endeavoured not to lay it to heart ; and if I confessed it before God, which I sometimes did, I shook myself from all guiltiness, so to speak, by an exertion of what I chose to consider faith ; and in the midst of my faith and guilt, rejoiced and triumphed in the efficacy of Christ's blood. Thus I went on for months and years, *acting faith*, as I thought. My heart, I now see, was hard and impenitent ; my conscience was lulled to sleep with an antinomian opiate ; and I mistook the thoughts and conclusions of my judgment for a lively and vigorous faith.

Oh ! dear child of God, what a spot

was this : and yet I believe hundreds of so-called high-doctrinal professors are there ; and, if grace prevent not, they will only be awakened to their delusion when the Judge himself shall reject them. Men, while in this snare, think themselves mighty in grace, when they have not a grain, at best, in exercise ; and in putting away what they thought to be childish things, they destroy what are really the very features of the Lord's family, namely, an honest conscience, godly sorrow for sin, and much of the fear of God in exercise.

I was thus cajoled by the devil for years ; and when any other minister insisted, as they did insist, upon sin producing guilt, and that guilt would shut the door of communion with God, I concluded that they referred more to the effect which it would have upon the weak faith of a babe in Christ. This spirit of carnal security, however, did not always prevail ; at times my soul was brought to solemn pauses of consideration, when I have been ready to call all in question, and earnestly prayed the Lord mercifully to undeceive me, if I were deceived, and to destroy all my imagined religion, if false, so that I might really be saved in the Lord at last.

The Lord, however, in some measure, gave me to see the fallacy of these horrid evils in his own time ; and led me to see the great difference betwixt my fancied actings of faith, and that help and strength which he really gave my soul at seasons ; so that faith would sometimes spring up spontaneously without the exertion of the flesh. Still I continued very dark and confused on the subject of faith, its life and triumph, for a length of time.

When the separation of the church at Gower Street Chapel took place, some of the members withdrawing first to a room in Tottenham Court Road, and ultimately to Eden Street, Hampstead Road, I partially went with my parents along with them. But I did not choose wholly to leave Mr. Blackstock, for I believed, and still believe, that God had spoken more or less by him to my soul ; still, as Mr. Kershaw, Mr. Warburton, and one or two others, whose words God had often blessed to my soul, were to supply the pulpit of the division in connection with other baptist ministers, I often felt inclined to go and hear. Now I found fresh cause of trouble and distress from some who visited there ; especially a Mr.

J., Mr. B., and Mr. — ; who, with others, were decidedly *corruption preachers*. It will be recollected, that there was this charge brought against some of that party. This kind of preaching did not suit me at all ; they dwelt always on the dark side of the picture ; they were always grovelling in the mire ; and I used then to love Mr. —, for the blessed manner in which he was used to exalt a precious Christ. With some of these preachers it might truly be said, “They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.” I used, at such times, to long for the man’s month to be gone ; and eagerly searched the corner of the magazine on its appearance, to see what fare we should have, whether it would be the works of the flesh and the devil, or the works of a glorious Christ and his sanctifying Spirit. But at other times, we used to have some blessed men of God, who sweetly opened up Christian experience, and traced the power of God’s truth upon the regenerate sinner’s heart and conscience. When a corruption preacher was the supply, I have often gladly gone to hear the whole truth preached by Mr. Blackstock ; but against whom the voice of calumny was so loud.

Reader ! I am writing freely the whole truth. I am not endeavouring to please men, nor to please a party. Many will condemn me for my temerity in thus familiarly giving my thoughts ; but it must be recollected that they are the fruits of experience ; and I doubt not many a child of God was at the time similarly exercised with myself.

19, *Lavina Grove, King’s Cross.*

(*To be continued.*)

### A Letter of Encouragement

TO A LOVER AND FOLLOWER OF JESUS.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD—Some nine or ten weeks past I received a welcome note from you, bearing glad tidings of the dear Lord’s abundant goodness to youward ; shewing how his wisdom and mercy had led you to the sacred place where the gospel of the grace of God is faithfully preached, and that you had by the word preached, and sealed home upon your heart by the Almighty power of the Holy Ghost, been made to rise above your natural timidity, and to run the way of the Lord’s commandments with enlargedness of heart, looking unto Jesus,

the glorious author and finisher of your faith, your salvation, and your obedience. May your soul be continually reaching after those glorious realities which the truth of God reveals, faith eyes, hope hankers after, and humility delights in.

My soul would magnify the Lord, and join with your’s in exalting His holy and blessed name, who has not only given you to see the ordinance of believer’s baptism to be of divine appointment, of sacred obligation upon all the disciples of the cross, and as an honourable distinction conferred upon the followers of the Lamb, in being thus made conformable to their ever-living and ever-loving Lord, but has also given you a lively love towards the Lord of the ordinance, as well as believing boldness and Christian courage to confess his holy name before the children of men. While you have thus, by the grace of God, been able to avow the unmistakable and indisputable, yea, irresistible authority with which his holy and righteous will has been made known unto you, I doubt not that you have already found that *in* keeping the Lord’s commandments, there is a great recompense of reward, even in obtaining the answer of a good conscience towards God, knowing assuredly that what you have done, did not spring from carnal motives—nor result from creature persuasion—neither has it been mere conformity to custom, however sacred its character and nature ; but I trust it has been from the worthiest of all motives, and for the weightiest of all reasons, *viz.*, to testify openly your inward affection for Christ, by an unfeigned and unreserved submission of yourself to him, that he might in all things be glorified.

May the ministerial admonitions, benedictions, and counsels of your esteemed pastor be continually received, remembered, and regarded by you, with all readiness, cheerfulness, and prayerfulness. May the vitality, vigour, and virtue of his ministry be increasingly valued by you, while daily proving its sanctifying and fructifying influence upon your soul, to the glorifying of His adorable Majesty, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and whose dominion shall be from the river to the ends of the earth. The good Lord kindly keep you in the living and narrow way, feed you with the finest of the wheat from the floor of Boaz, make your heart fat with the favours of his throne, render your soul fruitful as a

well watered garden, or as "a vineyard of red wine," which the Lord doth own as his royal peculium.

The God of our fathers be your guide through the wilderness, your helper in times of trouble, your refuge in days of distress, your peace in sorrow's vale, your never-failing and all-satisfying portion amidst all the chequered circumstances of this mortal life, and your eternal joy when time, with all its countless vanities and variations shall cease to occupy a single thought of your absorbed mind, employed unceasingly, yet unwearily, in praising God the Lamb.

Pardon my long-kept silence, and believe me, my sister, when I assure you that I have designed again and again, yea, times without number, to write, but have been hindered; nevertheless, I have thought much of you, and prayed often for you. And now, that the blessing of the Lord God of hosts may attend you, rest upon you, preserve you, uphold you, enrich you, and happily distinguish both your life and death, is the prayer of

Your's affectionately in the gospel of Christ,  
JOHN STENSON.

P.S. Remember me before the throne  
When thereunto you go;  
And be assured your voice he'll own,  
And needed good bestow.

### SOLEMN DISTINCTIONS.

DEAR SIR,—I have read Mr. Tite's letter in this month's Vessel, in answer to Mr. Hunter's; whose letter also in the July number I have carefully read. I know and esteem Mr. Tite much, but Mr. Hunter I do not know; however, in speaking or writing, we ought to "know no man after the flesh." If the grace of God does not make a man honest, it does nothing for him. I am indeed surprised that any man of truth should attempt to find fault with Mr. Hunter's letter, and especially one, who has stood for so many years, an acceptable minister of Jesus Christ as Mr. Tite has. When we write against any man's opinion, whether friend or foe, we should be careful to use only such language as can be fairly deduced from his writings, whereas Mr. Tite mentions about God's decrees nearly a dozen times, as though Mr. Hunter had said that God decreed sin to enter, but Mr. H. does not even once make mention about the decrees of Jehovah. There is a proverb with us which says "Fair play is a jewel." This subject, the entrance of sin into the world is a profound deep, and has occupied my mind at times for many years. There is a mystery in iniquity as well as in godliness, neither of which can be fathomed by us poor mortals on earth, but I see no harm in giving our thoughts upon it, so long as those thoughts are bounded by Scripture. Some passages are strong upon the point, as would seem to favor the idea of

God's decreeing sin, as Micaiah before Abab, "The Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all thy prophets." Again, "If the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord have deceived that prophet;" whereas this was only Jehovah's righteous retribution in a judicial way upon such characters for their wickedness. Seeing, says Paul, "It is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you." The vilest act ever committed, the crucifixion of Christ is declared to be, "By the determinate counsel of God," but this was absolutely necessary, having in view, two grand designs, the glory of God, and the salvation of the Church. We are said to be partakers of the divine nature, that is, love and holiness, but of the attributes of Jehovah we can never partake, immutability, omnipotence, &c. Although it is said, "All things are possible with God, yet it is declared to be impossible for God to lie, to change, or to deny himself. The all things possible are those, and those only which are consistent with his attributes, perfections and character. So it is impossible for God to create an intelligent creature possessed of his own attribute, immutability. How is it the elect angels stand in their original state? In no other way than as preserved by God. How is it Adam stood upright so long as he did? In no other way than as preserved by God. Directly God withheld his supporting power, down he fell as a stone gravitates to the earth, and God was not bound by any law to uphold him. What an instance we have of this, in the case of Job, whilst God upheld him, he could bear anything without murmuring, but directly God withheld his manifest support, down he sank as low as any of us. But have we not gained infinitely more in Christ than we have lost in Adam? Assuredly we have. If the church had never sinned, three parts, or I may say, nine tenths of the glorious characters which Christ bears to and for his church, had never been known. It was this view of the case which made Paul say, "But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin," to view the depth which Almighty power could bring us from, and to see the height which eternal love could raise us to. From what I have said, you will perceive that I cannot advocate the idea that God decreed sin to enter, because I cannot see sufficient warranty from the Word of God. It appears to me better to say, that God decreed all good, and permitted all evil to come to pass for wise purposes, many of which are unknown to us at present. But I anticipate the question of a critic here, "Can God permit a thing to come to pass which he has not decreed?" O vain man, whoever thou art, let me tell thee, this is ground I dare not tread upon, being one of the secret things which belong unto the Lord, and which perhaps he may in eternity reveal unto us, but at present, let us be content with his revealed word.

It appears to me, Mr. Tite considers that passage, "Who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will," to refer only to the salvation of the Church. Is it not written, "The wrath of man shall praise thee," and has not God worked even the sins of his people and the malice of the devil for good? He takes too circumscribed a view of it, in my opinion. Is it not written, "All things work together for good to them that love God, &c.," and who can so work them but

our God. Again, he says that God was offended with Adam for breaking his law. Was God ever pleased with him? If not, he was no child of his. And if God can be pleased at one time with his child, and offended at another, it implies a change of mind, and at once undefies him. But a distinction ought to be kept up between the conduct of a child of God and his person, between the sinner and his sins. God may be displeased with the conduct of the child, but not with his person. He hath loved every individual member of his church with an eternal love, and he rests in his love. Never does he move from it, this is our unspeakable mercy. Some good men talk of a reconciled God, the Scriptures know of no such character. God was never unreconciled with his people. The people of God are to be reconciled to him, but not God to his people. Much confusion arises in the mind of many good men from attempting to place the will of God and the sin of man together, but they ought always to be viewed in a separate light. If we say God willed the entrance of sin, O then say they, man sins because God willed it, but not so; man sins because it is his very element, as much so, as water is the element of the fish; and he sins as freely, as willingly, and as greedily as if there was no will of God in the matter. The crucifixion of Christ was by the determinate counsel of God, yet Peter says, "Ye with wicked hands have slain." The will of God does not neutralize the wickedness of the act. Man sins from the three following causes, 1st, The qualification of the flesh, as David. 2nd, From the weakness of the flesh, as Peter. 3rd, From the rebellion of the flesh, as Jonah. It appears to me, from one of these causes, or sometimes it may be all combined, that man sins, and not because God willed or permitted it. The old objection starts forth here, and I am surprised that good men should so express themselves, "O, then God made man to damn him?" On this matter, I firmly believe with Dr. Gill, commenting on Proverbs xvi. 4. "God made man neither to damn him, nor to save him, but for his own glory, and that is secured whether in his salvation or damnation." The wicked glorify the justice of God to all eternity. As the decree of God saves no man, so the decree of God damns no man. The Church of God is pre-ordained to salvation through the blood and righteousness of Christ, and the wicked are pre-ordained to damnation in consequence of their sins. It is unpleasant for me to write against the opinion of one I value so much, and for many days attempted to forget it, but it forced itself so strongly on my mind, that I was compelled to write; hoping it may bring such a controversy to an end, which so far from being profitable, will only engender strife, and perhaps ill-feeling amongst good men. I have studied brevity as much as the subject will admit.

Yours, truly, in Christ Jesus,

DAVID DULLY.

Wellingborough, Oct. 9, 1851.

P. S. I think all in this controversy, should sign their names in full, as it may be a check to indulgence in any bitter invective.

D. D.

## A PARSON TO LET,

IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CHESHAM.

Mr. EDITOR,— You great men in London, almost frighten some of our country parsons; but, still, I for one, am pleased with the information you give us of the London Gospel Mission; and while you are kind enough to let us know how you are going on in London, I think it no harm to let you know how far we countrymen approve of your proceedings; although I suppose we must not have a finger in the pie, because we are not Londoners. But, still, you will allow us to speak; and if I speak the feeling of my soul in respect to the Society, I must say, go forward, Israel, fear not, the cause is good; the way may be rough, but the promises are great, sure, lasting, and suitable; the serpent may hiss, and men may frown, but what of all this, if God is glorified, Christ exalted, and his name and fame noised abroad in the dark alleys of London. "I, saith the Lord, will send for many hunters;" and who knows how many the Lord may hunt out of these holes through the instrumentality of the London Gospel Mission; the elect are a scattered people, but the Lord will find them out, and hunt them from the holes of carnal security, and from the mountains of conceit, pride and hypocrisy; yes, and from the hills also, such as duty-faith, which many a poor saint has tried to climb, and when they thought they had got up a few steps sometimes, they have fell backwards and broke their bones. But, O, the mercy, when the Lord hunts them from every thing but himself.

I hope the London Gospel Mission, may be instrumental in hunting many out from the dark places of the earth. There is one thing the Society ought to be very careful in, and that is, in the hounds they hunt with. A man does not take rabbit dogs to catch foxes with, nor fox hounds to catch rabbits; but a good judge can tell nearly, naturally, if a hound is thorough bred, by the ears, eyes, and nose. Now I know there are men of judgment connected with this Society, and I hope they will use it, and that brother Cole's description of the men may be closely attended to; and examine the ears of all to be engaged in this work of love, to see if their ears have been bored by the gimblet of truth, and fastened to Calvary's cross, as the ears of the Hebrew servants were to their master's door post, and then we shall not be afraid of their running away. Also their eyes ought to be inspected; a cross eye ought not to be admitted, such as apparently look at Christ, and yet aim to preach themselves; again, I hope men with a single eye, will be looked after, whose eye is single to the glory of God, and pure toward the souls of their fellow-men; likewise, the nose ought to be examined, or, they will soon carry some stinking meat to the people. Satan often brings meat to me in my study already cooked, I mean thoughts and ideas, which seem sweet and wholesome at the first sight, but when they are turned over a little, and inspected by a man which has a good eye and nose, he soon finds out its tainted with the flesh, and that it smells strong of the cloven foot; but we want every sermon and idea scented with the rose of Sharon. I think, by a strict examination, the yelping beagles belonging to John W.—'s kennel, may be kept

back; they always make more noise than they do work; and if the great High Priest has touched their right ear with his blood, they won't mind having it examined; and if he has touched the great toe at the right foot, that will make them walk upright. And again, if he has touched the thumb at the right hand, we may place confidence in them that they will work well.

I was much pleased with the decision of the meeting on the 16th of last month, when this Society was christened; and that the good brothers gave it such a pretty name. I had been looking for the christening some time, and thought it would be one of the many ugly names existing in our day, such as, "The London General Missionary Society." And again I thought some friends would want a double name, such as C. W. Banks, as some people has a liking to two names. And I thought Mr. Charity would be at the christening, and want the double name, such as "The London Baptist and Independent Missionary Society." And Mr. Charity is an old man now, and very respectable, and wonderfully looked up to in our day, but still I knew if old Master Honesty was at the christening, though he is a rougher sort of a man, yet he would stand out for a plain name; and I find by the *Vessel*, that he was there at the christening, and a great number of his family, and agreed to call it by a plain name, "The Particular Baptist Missionary Society." And now our friends in London have taken a bold step, and I hope they will stand fast. "Go forward, Israel."

Dear brother, the longer I live, the more love I believe I have to the work of the ministry, and the harder work it seems, the longer I live. And this often damps my feeling, for it seems going backward, and I know the longer I live, the more feeling I have for precious souls, and get about as much as I can to spread his name and fame. But it is not every body that will have me to preach to them; for some I am too high, and for others too rough, and for the third too close. We have some nice little shops round about us, which I should like to work in of a week night evening, but the owners will not allow me to work at their forge, no, not if I find my own tools and stuff; so what is to be done, old friend, I think you had better put on the wrapper of the *Vessel*, *A Parson to let, in the neighbourhood of Chesham, on a week night evening.* I send you these lines to let you know that I am still alive, and that through mercy I never expect to die. We are comfortable in this part of the globe, and I hope some real good is being done through the name and Person of the holy Child Jesus. I, for one, bid the Society God speed.

Yours in the best of bonds, J. PARSONS.

Chesham, Oct. 10th, 1851.

### Plymouth Churches—Past and Present.

"Perilous times shall come." 2 Tim. iii. 1.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE FAITH OF GOD'S ELECT:—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, and with all the saints in Christ Jesus. With respect to the Lord's dealings with me, a poor, vile, corrupt creature of the earth, it may be truly said,

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

I am now removed three-hundred miles away from where I last addressed you, to the once

highly favoured place of Plymouth, which joins Stonehouse to Devonport; and the three places contain a population of more than one hundred thousand souls. And although we have three or four faithful ministers to preach to this vast and still rapidly increasing population, yet there is a cloud of great darkness covering over and preached within those walls which once re-echoed with God's everlasting love to the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

The great Apostle of the Gentiles in his last chapter to his son Timothy, speaks very positive as to the truth of the title of this letter, and what I shall herein relate, for he says, "The time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine. And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables. For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins."

Thus you see the apostle was certain about the matter; and respecting the latter times he uses the same positiveness as Christ; for Christ says, that "False prophets shall arise and shall deceive many." And to carry out the truth of it, allow me to lay before the readers of the *Vessel* the awful departure from the truth at Plymouth.

Look for instance at the church in which stood so many years that eminently favoured man of God—a man whose very name is always dear in the churches, and will be while time rolls on; for although dead "His works do follow him,"—I mean Dr. Hawker. What do we see? and what can we say of his church now? Say! why that antichrist, sin, and satan, or Puseyism, with all its multifarious hypocritical twistings, has taken possession of the pulpit, and the glorious truths preached by the "Vicar of Charles," are now swept out to make room for the beast, and the "Seven spirits more wicked than the first." See Matt. xii. 45.

I now pass on to notice the Doctor's son—the late John Hawker. And he, too, was a man of God, equally dear, equally blest of God, and whose ministry (if not his writings) equally made precious to thousands; and who stood firm and faithful at the end and toil of thirty-eight years in the ministry. Thirty years did he stand up to preach a full and perfect salvation in Stoke Church adjoining to Plymouth; at the end of which time the present Vicar purchases the living, sells the truth, and starves out the flock.

After this, Mr. Hawker turns his back upon the Church of England, and a very large chapel is erected for him and his people in Plymouth. Here the certain sound of God's ancient settlements made to the elect family were truthfully preached for eighteen years until the Lord brought him into the final banquetting-house of his love, mercy, and favour, when

"Death's strong bars were closed  
Round his expiring head."

And as was said of Christ the glorious King of his people, so must every saint sing and rejoice triumphantly.

"Lift your head, ye gates,  
Your golden hinges move;  
A saint of glory waits,  
Amid the God of love.

Your everlasting arches raise,  
And as he enters shouts His praise."

Since his removal by death the truth as it is in Christ has vanished from this place also; and the chapel has been purchased, altered, remodelled, crossed and consecrated according to the Puseyite notions of the Bishop of Exeter.

In reflecting upon the decease of these two fixed stars of no ordinary magnitude, and now to behold the state of the three large places of worship, we have enough, were I to recite no others, to remind us that "Perilous times have come." And if we are enabled to hold on faithful to the end, we must solemnly say,

"Oh to grace how great a debtor!"

The next chapel where truth was many years found, is at Devonport, at the late Mr. Parrott's, Independent minister; and from what I can gather from his hymn-book and friends here, he was another champion for the Lord God of Israel. But since his death, rottenness has taken the place of stability—emptiness the place of God's fullness—corruption the place of incorruption—and man's abominable Pbarisac free-will, the place of God's everlasting unchanging love to his church chosen in Christ before all worlds. The swine are quite content with the husks; but the sheep are either driven away, or are folded elsewhere. And as God said by Ezekiel, so do we see fulfilled now, that God's flock "Became meat to every beast of the field, because there was no shepherd, neither did any shepherds search for my flock; but the shepherds fed themselves and fed not my flock. Behold I judge between cattle and cattle, between the rams and the he goats." Ezek. xxxiv.

Thus, my dear Editor, I have laid before you four great causes which were once the temple of the Lord, but are now turned into "congregations of hypocrites, and tabernacles of bribery." See Job xv. 34. And I am informed there are one or two lesser causes in the same lamentable position, being full of splits, divisions, and discord. My brethren, ought these things to be? And what shall I say of brother Triggs' late chapel. Here prosperity and tranquility as regards numbers, look well, but we must not judge according to outward appearance, but "judge righteous judgment;" for much as I respect Mr. Triggs, as being in the Lord's hands the means of setting my soul at liberty, establishing my goings, and putting a new song into my mouth, even praise unto Jehovah, from the words, "All are yours, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's," preached many years ago, at Mr. Wells' old chapel. I say, although I very much respect him as a preacher of righteousness, yet owing to his great opposition and rejection of the Lord's commands respecting baptism, he has very justly merited the reproach of the churches, inasmuch as many weak believers have been staggered, and much discord has emanated both in this place, and in London, from his rejection of the FIRST, and most important ordinance, Believer's Baptism. For I argue most strongly, that if after believing and confession of sins, faith, hope, &c., the first ordinance, Baptism, is neither a divine command, nor obeyed by Christ and the apostles, and not to be observed now in the churches of Christ, I ask friend Triggs and Irons too, by what, and whose authority, do they conscientiously administer the Lord's Supper, and reject Baptism? I must think they are little better than thieves and robbers, to steal away the latter ordinance, and refuse to listen to the commands of the former.

I only now add, that in order to put many serious minds at rest upon the subject, it would be far best for them to give us chapter and verse for their proceedings, and then we shall understand by what authority they do these things. Until then, we had better listen to the advice of wise sons, rather than to old and foolish kings, who will no more be admonished.

We have lately had Mr. Edwards, from Chard, here, who is a workman of much zeal and faithfulness in divine things, and not ashamed to tell them he is a baptist. Mr. Rudman, from Trowbridge, is now supplying the pulpit, and he too, I am told, is a baptist, and a preacher of the first order. If, therefore, the deacons of the chapel are petitioning the Lord for a pastor after God's own heart, and one who is walking in the ordinances of God's house blameless, it would be preposterous for them not to expect that the Lord would send them a baptist; and then the result would be they would not have such a man to reign over them; and yet most strange to say, they invite nearly all baptists to supply the pulpit. Is it any wonder, then, that the majority of the congregation are baptists? I conceive, therefore, that there is a cloud hanging over this Zion by the rejection of God's ordinance, Baptism. Hundreds, I believe, would be ready to

help Mr. Stringer in building a house to the Lord here, if he could see the Lord's hand in it; as he was received with such extraordinary warmth when here last summer.

I greatly admire the course adopted, and the decision come to, respecting Strict Communion to be adhered to among the people connected with The London Gospel Mission Society. The Lord bless them always by all means, and if they be the instruments of only rescuing one brand from the burning, they will be better paid, than if they had converted a whole world to Arminianism. But we hope greater things, and things that accompany salvation; for in preaching the truth, it will be a check upon the ungodly sinner, as well as a witness and a bridle in the mouth of those professors, "whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw teeth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth, and the needy from among men." Grace be with all those who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. Amen.

Yours very faithfully in the gospel,  
SAMUEL SIDDEES.

Plymouth, Oct. 13th, 1851.

### Hints to Church Members On their Attendance at Church-Meetings.

I.—LET as many as possibly can attend; even though the Meeting should be of a painful character, as such meetings will occur in this imperfect state.

II.—LET all be there in time, if practicable, that all may join in the devotional exercise, and thereby be the better prepared to attend to the business part of the Meeting in the fear of the Lord; for he that has had his heart softened in prayer is most likely to retain a becoming spirit throughout the Meeting—angry feelings do not generally arise immediately after soul intercourse with God. He that prays most will quarrel least.

III.—LET all bear in mind that their gathering together on these occasions is as a family gathering, and that what is done in the family circle is not to be talked of abroad—let church matters be kept within church circumference.

IV.—LET each respect his brother's opinion; and if he must differ, let it be done respectfully and courteously, but in no case angrily: "Let each esteem other better than themselves." The way to be respected is to respect others. He is not wise who is determined to carry his own point in opposition to the major part of the brotherhood; we must conceive that others have wisdom as well as ourselves, and that each has a right to speak, and ought to be listened to patiently.

V.—LET not matters which have not been objected to at church-meetings be objected to afterwards, nor talked of in an unkind manner by members who might have been there, but were not. He that is too indifferent to attend ought not to find fault with what is done by those who do attend.

VI.—LET nothing be proposed for adoption at church-meetings without thoughtfulness, and a hope that it may be for the general good; and certainly nothing on which God's blessing cannot be sought.

VII.—LET each one be determined to keep his own temper, watch his own words, examine his own motives, and he will have but little to fear from others, and others will have but little to fear from him. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

G. WYARD.

Sovereignty directs the gospel: the blessing is with God, and his name must have the glory for every good received.—SEBASTIAN.

"Call no man master." This has been the failing of the church; because there has been a looking to men, and not to Christ. He is the first in all things, and his command should be first obeyed.—SHIRLEY.

## Record of Recent Events, Notices of New Works.

### A Brief Account of the Last Illness and Happy Death of Jane Neeve.

JANE NEEVE was a highly respected tradeswoman, carrying on the business of a baker and confectioner in the town of Aldburgh, which is a neat little watering place in the county of Suffolk, in which place she was born into this sin-polluted, and, consequently, troublesome world. The writer of this knew nothing of her until the month of March, 1849; but has since heard her say, that while in a state of nature, she was a proud pharisee, looking down from her supposed eminence upon dissenters, with feelings of scorn and contempt; and has heard her refer to the circumstance of being visiting at the house of one of our present deacons, when for decency's sake, she went with the family on the Lord's Day, to Aldringham Baptist Chapel; but her inward thought was, however can Mr. and Mrs. — condescend to associate with such a poor, ignorant people as this? and glad enough was she when the services were ended.

However, about the year 1840, a gracious God (in the development of his eternal and gracious purposes, settled in heaven on her behalf; and in answer to many prayers which had been offered on her account by a dear sister, who had been manifestly "in Christ before her,") caused her to become concerned about the salvation of her soul; and as she could not hear at the church (where she had attended) the way described whereby a poor lost and helpless sinner could be saved from justly deserved and Almighty wrath, she made known to her sister the exercises of her mind, and asked her where she would advise her to go to hear. Knowing that she still felt an aversion to dissenters, her sister said, you could go and hear such and such a clergyman. But No; was her answer; she should not do that, but thought she should go to London, where peradventure she might get relief to her burdened mind. Her sister (who was then, and is now, a member at Aldringham Chapel) then candidly said, "Jane, if it be the gospel you wish to hear, you must go with me to hear Mr. Aldis," he being the pastor of the Aldringham Chapel at that time, but now of Beulah Chapel, Somerstown, London. But this she said she would never do. Still the advice so kindly given made a slight impression upon her mind; and as Mr. Aldis was preaching at the old chapel in Aldburgh one evening, she thought after the people were all in and settled, she would creep inside the door where she could hear without being seen by any one. She found the plain truth the preacher delivered was encouraging to her soul; and from that time she heard him with pleasure, was brought to believe in Christ as her Saviour, and was baptized upon a confession of her faith, on the 7th day of March, 1841, when she was received as a member into the church, which situation she filled with honour and much activity until her last illness prevented her coming to the house of God.

Here I feel disposed for a moment to digress, for the encouragement of praying relatives, exhorting them "always to pray and not to faint;" as the praying sister before mentioned has told

me that at the time the Lord met with the dear deceased, she had been tempted to give up praying for her family, for she had done it for many years without an answer, and that she now feared she must leave them all behind; and that her lot was to travel to heaven without any of them. Since then it has pleased the Lord (it is hoped) to call by grace four sisters (including Jane) and one brother, two of whom are now living; the other three have quitted these mortal shores, and taken possession of their heavenly inheritance.

But to return to my narrative. After the Lord had renewed her heart by his grace, and made her a "new creature in Christ Jesus," how different were her views of the people of God; now they appeared to be the excellent of the earth in her estimation, and the only people on earth with whom she could associate with any degree of pleasure. She was of a liberal and loving spirit, of which the writer has had many proofs during the short period of two years and a half which has passed away; and many of the Suffolk (and a few of the London) baptist ministers can bear witness to the fact of her house being always open, and her table spread for their accommodation when they visited Aldburgh.

After passing through several severe trials, under which, she told me, she felt at times a great deal of hardness of heart, and even much rebellion, and which at times caused her to cleave very close to her precious Lord, and to be frequently at the throne of his grace, she about the latter part of July in the present year, was seized with what she called a heavy pain in the lower part of her back; but as it was thought to be weakness of the frame, her friends did not at first apprehend any serious consequences. However the pain increased, and she sunk very fast; nor could the skill of her medical attendant, or the use of medicine, effectually suppress the fatal malady. During her illness I often saw her, and was privileged to know the state of her mind, which was that of composure, and a good degree of submission to the will of the Lord; but not that full assurance of interest in his salvation which she was longing to enjoy. But about a fortnight before her death, I called one evening to see her, and she wished me to conduct the worship of God in the family. What portion of the Word I read, I do not remember, but in praying I felt a solemn nearness to God, and was divinely helped in wrestling with him on her behalf. I then left her for that time, after she had laid the injunction upon me to call and see her again on the following Thursday, which I did, and found that the dear Lord had visited her soul with his love.

While I was praying for her the evening before mentioned, she then told me that all was well, and that if the turning of a straw could alter the will of the Lord as to whether she might live or die, that straw she would not turn. She also told me another brother had called and prayed with her, and her friends told me she was re-



freshed in spirit at that time also. I read and prayed with her and her friends at this time, and also on the following Lord's-day afternoon before the evening service, as she had now become too weak to be down stairs later; but upon neither of those occasions did she appear to be so comfortable in her mind. I took leave of her, promising to see her again on the next Thursday. I fulfilled my promise, but when I came to the house, I found a physician had been there, and left orders for no one to see her; and when her sister reminded her of this, she said, "Yes, dear, if Mr. Brand is coming, I must see him." I therefore was asked to go up stairs where she was lying upon her bed in a state of extreme weakness. I did not think it prudent to make my stay long, so I read the 23rd Psalm, and commented a little upon it, when she said, "The first clause of that Psalm has often been the language of my soul;" viz., "The Lord is my Shepherd." I offered a few words in prayer for her, committing her into the hands of her gracious Redeemer, and left her to see her no more until I hope to meet her in a world of endless light and joy. I promised to see her again on the next Saturday, but before I reached the house, her immortal soul had (on that self-same day) been called to quit the earthly tenement, to take possession of a mansion in glory.

The following account of the state of her mind, in her last hours, I had from the lips of her godly sister, who was an eye and ear witness of what passed in those solemn moments. A few days before her death she told her sister she wanted greater liberty of soul; and began to rehearse the past dealings of the Lord with her; and to talk of what he had been and still was unto her. Her sister asked, "Do you not call this liberty of soul, dear?" Her reply was, "Not such perfect liberty as I wish for; I want it without an *if* or a *but*. Very early in the morning of 4th of October last, it pleased the Lord to favour her with the liberty she so much desired. Her sister was called to attend upon her as early as three o'clock, and found her in a happy frame. Shortly after, she was seized with a choking, which she said was phlegm, and from that time it was evident she was dying; of which she herself was quite conscious; and as death was visible in her hands; she lifted them up, looked calmly upon them, and with the most heavenly countenance exclaimed,

"What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight—  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"

Then looking at her sister with sparkling eyes, which bespoke the joy of her soul, said, "Yes, dear sister, this is death;" again repeating the same words with peculiarly pleasing emphasis laid upon them, "Yes, dear sister, this is death;" then repeating those sweet lines:

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;"

she exclaimed, "I want no other, dear Lord, quite sufficient to shelter; oh, precious, lovely Lord;" and then again,

"Leave, ah leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me."

"No: (said she) that precious Lord who has guided me for the last ten years, and supported me

under all trials, will not leave me now; precious Jesus!—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,  
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

I want no other covering, dear Lord; no other cleansing, dear Lord!" On being told the doctor was come, she said, "I have a better Physician than him." Much must be passed over for the sake of brevity. Suffice it to say, her desires to be with Christ were so strong, that she exclaimed, "Why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming? why tarriest thou, dear Lord?" These longings and praises continued while strength lasted, until she breathed her ransomed spirit into the hands of her beloved Redeemer, which was about two o'clock in the afternoon of the above-mentioned day.

Her corpse was buried in Aldburgh churchyard, in the family grave, on the following Saturday; and on the following day I attempted to improve the event, by preaching her Funeral Sermon from Mark v. 39: "Why make ye this ado? the damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

The congregation was large, and many were much affected. May God command his blessing to rest upon the remarks made; and sanctify unto us the loss which we as a church have been called to sustain, by the removal of our much-loved and justly esteemed sister.

One circumstance, which took place after she had been called by grace, her sister wished me not to fail in noticing; as it might be useful to others who have the same cross in their pathway, and which she was enabled so nobly to take up.

Before she knew the Lord, she (with her afflicted brother, who, I believe, was partner with her in the business,) were in the habit of baking dinners for the inhabitants of the town on Lord's-days; but when the Lord put his fear into her heart, he gave her to see and feel that she was thereby dishonouring her best Friend; and going to her sister, in agony of mind she said, "What shall I do? I cannot bake on the Lord's day, and if I leave off, I fear I shall bring my dear afflicted brother to poverty." Her sister said, "Go and lay the matter before the Lord; and if you have a single eye to his glory, I have no doubt he will bring you through." She took the advice, and in the space of half-an-hour returned, and said, "In the strength of the Lord I am determined to bake no more on the Sabbath." She told me a week or two before her death, she was firmly persuaded she had never lost one farthing on account of it.

May all the people of God, who are placed in similar circumstances, imitate her holy example.

J. BRAND.

#### Recognition of Mr. Thomas Stringer, AT GRAVESEND.

IN the EARTHEN VESSEL for the month of March last we informed our readers that Mr. Stringer was about leaving Snow's Fields Chapel, where he was ordained pastor in the month of March 1848; an account of which will be found in our April number for that year. On his resigning the pastorate at Snow's Fields, an invitation was given him to supply the pulpit of Zion Chapel, Peacock Street, Gravesend, a very neat and compact building in a retired part of that fashionable resort, erected in the year 1846. The church there assembled having given him an unanimous call to the pastorate, and he having accepted the same, Tuesday the 11th

day of November was set apart for the public recognition of the compact.

The service in the morning commenced by singing the well-known hymn of Cowper's

"God moves in a mysterious way." &c.

Mr. Felton, of Deptford, then read a part of the fourth chapter of Ephesians; and supplicated the divine blessing on the proceedings of the day; and after singing another verse, Mr. Felton proceeded to state the "Nature of a Gospel Church," or, as Mr. F. preferred to read it, "The Gospel Church." He would say *THE* church, because any other church might be called a gospel church. The church formed and founded by the Holy Spirit was the only gospel church which he recognised. He would remark, that in stating the nature and constitution of the gospel church, he did not state what she was, but what she professed and ought to be. Mr. F. considered this an important distinction to be made on occasions like the present. The church of God, he thought, was living very far below the high and important character which belongs to her. He considered her, first, as celestial in her origin; secondly, spiritual in her nature; and thirdly, compact in her gathering, and for the declarative glory of God in time. Mr. Felton further remarked,—

1. She is celestial in her origin. The great pleasure of Divinity decreed her existence. We call it an everlasting church, for we read, Ephes. i. 4, 5., "According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world." &c. God being, therefore, the Originator, she must be like him. God looks not at her as she appears outwardly to man's view, but looks at her through his Son, "Our thoughts are not as his thoughts."

2. She is a spiritual church. Hence she differs from all other churches. She is a spiritual body; every member being born of the Spirit by the act of the Father. Hence the Holy Ghost, in the new birth, acts always in unison with the choice of the Father, and the acts of the Son, by selecting chosen property. No one can belong to this church who is not horn again; they may have their names in the church-book; but unless their names stand enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life, they belong not to this church; and their being members of this church does not raise them above carnality, but gives them victory over it. To such Christ is a needed and a precious Saviour.

3. She is compact in her gathering. She is now scattered in the wilderness; yet she is to be as an "Ensign for the nations," and as a city on a hill. She is compact—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism." God says so, and you must say so too. What was said of Jerusalem may be said of you.

She is declaratively a witness for the honor of God, by confounding the world. Ministers sometimes expect too much of the people, and sometimes the people expect too much of the minister. But, remember, Christian friends, every man has his cross to bear. You will ask, "is a Baptist the only true Church?" Practically, we do and will say so. We don't say that other churches have nothing to do with Christ; but we do say that they do not act up to his commands. Bless God! your pastor is a strict Baptist. I know he won't give that up. And you are a decided strict Baptist church. Let us stick close to the truth. I have given but a short outline of the church. Practically, the church of Christ is a Baptist church, in accordance with the Scriptures and the command of God.

The above are the principal of Mr. Felton's remarks on the constitution and nature of the Gospel church.

Mr. Felton then called upon one of the officers of the church to state the lendings of divine Providence in bringing Mr. Stringer amongst them, to which Mr. Johnson responded, as follows:—

Dear brother, and Christian friends, it was in the year 1837, that in the providence of God, myself and wife were brought to reside in Gravesend. We had previously resided in London, where

we were favoured to sit under the ministry of our esteemed brother Wells. The providence of God having led us to this neighbourhood, we searched for a place where our souls might feed. We came to Gravesend, and to several other places, with very little good. Although the place we attended here, was a strict Baptist Church, still there was a very considerable difference in it to that which we had been used to; and we found that we could not profit. We now occasionally went to London on the Sabbath day, sometimes to Gravesend, and sometimes to other places, from the year 1837 to 1844. The ministry at Gravesend, (which I have before mentioned,) in consequence of the weakness of body and mind of the pastor, got lower and lower, ending in his ultimate resignation of the pastorate. The pulpit was then occupied by supplies from different places, of different sentiments. Two influences were now at work amongst the people there; some were for truth, and others not so; and discontent arose amongst them. About this time, an association arose between brother Miles, (who, we believe, is another deacon at Zoar,) and myself, there being a great similarity between us, we walked and talked together. This communion grew into fellowship, which has never lessened. It was in the year 1844, when the circumstances before mentioned occurred, that an idea arose mutually in the minds of myself and my brother, that we would take a room somewhere, that we might collect those together, who felt dissatisfied, that so we might be enabled to worship him in the ways of his own appointment. We made our thoughts known to some few others, and twelve of us met for consultation in brother Miles' house; the result of which was, that we took a room in Bentley Street, where twelve and more continued to meet for reading and prayer. The Lord blessed our souls, and we trust our meeting together was for good. After we had been here six or seven weeks, the room was wanted for another purpose! and we removed to the School Rooms beneath Stone Street Chapel. Having now more room, and our numbers increasing, we thought we might more fully carry out the worship of God more according to his own appointment, by hearing the ministry of the Word. Accordingly, we licensed the school rooms, and had various supplies, sometimes on the Lord's-day, and on Tuesday evenings. Our brother Stringer was one of the first that came amongst us. He came to preach one Lord's-day, and during his stay here, he spent the time at my house; and it was at that time, my secret desire and prayer to God, that he might be our minister; although at that time we had no means whatever to support a minister. We were thus led on for fifteen months, during which time our members increased; when we applied for and obtained the Temperance Hall. Still, there was a something wanting, namely, church fellowship. We desired that we might be united; and twenty-four persons were accordingly formed into a strict Baptist church, by brethren Wells and Allen. Brother Wells preached to us from "Only let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel." &c. Whether our conduct has conformed and squared to the exhortation, I cannot venture to say. We cannot say anything about increase of numbers. Since the formation of the church, five have been baptized here, and two admitted from other churches. On the contrary, three have been removed in providence; three, have left from other causes; and two have gone to "that borne, whence no traveller ever returned;" and we hope and believe they are now around the throne of God, and the Lamb, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. From this, you will perceive that in numbers we are one short of what we were when first formed into a church.

After remaining sometime at the Temperance Hall, steps were taken for the erection of this place; and having completed it we wished to get a settled pastor. Who it was to be we could not tell. It was only a short time since, we heard

that brother Stringer was likely to leave Snows' Fields; one of our members waited upon him to know if such was the case; and finding it to be so, we gave him an invitation to supply our pulpit. He accepted the same, and having fulfilled that engagement, we gave him another invitation for a longer period, at the end of which the church called on him to accept the pastorate; and we have met together this day to make it more fully known that this is the case. We have here a wide field of usefulness; and we hope our brother Stringer will prove to be like an Ezekiel in calling together many of the dry bones scattered up and down in this valley.

Mr. Felton then called upon Mr. Stringer to give in as brief manner as possible some account of his call by grace to the ministry, as also a confession of the faith and doctrines he intended to advocate in that pulpit. To this Mr. Stringer replied. We refrain from giving any particulars connected with Mr. Stringer's call by grace, &c., for two reasons; first, because a full account thereof appeared in our July number for the year 1845. Secondly, because a little work is still in existence, containing a plain and straightforward account thereof.

The church then publicly recognised Mr. Stringer as their pastor, and Mr. Stringer ratified his assent. Mr. Nevill, of Sutton-at-Hone, then gave to the pastor and some of the members the right hand of fellowship; and Mr. Felton concluded the morning service with prayer.

In the afternoon Mr. John Nicholls, Editor of ZION'S TRUMPET, read a suitable portion of Scripture, and offered up prayer on behalf of the pastor and people; after which Mr. Foreman gave the charge. Mr. Foreman quoted 2 Cor. vi. 4, as a text, "But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God."

Some very wholesome advice was given to the pastor by Mr. Foreman, and many said they never heard Mr. Foreman deliver so excellent a discourse.

In the evening Mr. Wells gave them a warm, cheering, comforting, sound, and solid discourse from Ephesians v. 8, and dilated largely upon first, what we were; second, what we are; third, what we are exhorted to do. First. That by nature we were in a state of most awful darkness—as darkness in death, in the law, in position, and destination; this was solemnly and scripturally proved. Second. That by the mediation of Christ, and the grace of the Holy Spirit, all evil and darkness was removed, and all good and light revealed—spiritual, saving, and everlasting light possessed, and enjoyed. Third. Exhorted to walk as such, morally, practically, in truth and fellowship. These things were largely noticed from the context.

The place was crowded with an attentive and profited audience. Faces shone, hearts were warmed, and souls fed with the "finest of the wheat." The pastor was admonished to work hard for the people's spiritual good and advantage; and the people he was sure would, and was admonished to do according to their ability for the temporal benefit of the pastor.

The day was finished, and the services closed with singing that well-known, short, and sweet anthem called "Adoration," the precious words of the apostle Jude, "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling." &c. May the little Zoar be a refuge for many a rescued and delivered Lot from that "horrible tempest" which will one day inundate the world and all the thrones of error and iniquity in destruction and everlasting woe. And God grant that the Little one may become a thousand; and the small one a strong nation. Amen.

### A Baptist Church at Balcombe.

FEELING my work was done at Cuckfield, where I have been labouring about six years, and not without the presence and approbation of my divine Master, who has not only blessed, refreshed, and comforted my own soul, in delivering the word of truth, but in the conversion of sinners, restoring

backsliders, and refreshing the bowels of the saints; so that in the space of five years, about forty seven were added to the church, and I may say, for some time we walked together in sweet fellowship. In course of time, some having lost their first love, and some said they could not profit as in times past, after making it a matter of prayer, my mind became impressed that I had better leave; I gave notice to that effect. I had been preaching for five years once a fortnight, at a village called Balcombe, where the Lord blessed his word to several souls, and as these felt warmly attached to me for the truth's sake, said upon my leaving Cuckfield, "abide with us;" and as the place for preaching there was become a consecrated spot to my soul, through the many sweet opportunities I had enjoyed there, I consented to commence preaching there on the Sabbath; and on the first day of opening, the Lord laid sweetly and powerfully on my mind the following words, "In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." Exodus xx. 24; from these words I preached morning and afternoon, and we can truly say, that God did verify his word on that day, and on each subsequent day; for he has caused the heavenly dew to descend on our souls. There has not been a Sabbath that we have met together, but what God has made his word good in coming unto us, to bless our waiting souls, and as God had thus sealed us, and seeing others were rejoicing that the Gospel was come unto that place, which had never been known before on the Sabbath, we felt our mind stirred up and encouraged to form ourselves into a church, hoping it would become a candlestick to hold forth the truth for many years to come; and on the 29th of October, 1851, we met together at three o'clock in the afternoon, for prayer and praise, when six brethren addressed the throne, after which we took tea together; and then brother Cooper lately settled over the little flock of Christ at the Crab Tree, Sussex, commenced the evening service in reading and prayer; then I proceeded as the Lord enabled me, to describe according to the New Testament, a gospel church, its head and ordinances; and then read a statement of those sacred truths that we believe, receive, and act upon. This being done, and each one subscribing their name to them, we joined in the name and fear of the Lord, shewing we wished to walk together in all the ordinances of the great Head of Zion; we then brake bread and eat, and received the wine in commemoration of his dying love, whose blood we hope has washed away our sins. It was a time of love, joy, peace, and humility. Brethren, pray for us, that the little church consecrated of eleven members, namely, five male, and six females, may walk in the truth, being increased with all the rich gifts and graces of the eternal Spirit, and soon be increased in numbers tenfold, and the eternal I AM shall have all the praise throughout eternity.

E. ARNOLD.

*Cuckfield, Sussex, November, 11, 1851.*

### ANNIVERSARY OF THE PASTORATE OF Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street, SOUTHWARK.

THE fourth anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. W. H. Bonner took place on Tuesday evening, Nov. 4th; when a large and respectable audience enjoyed a good cup of tea, and plum cake. We noticed friends from Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, Cumberland Street, Shoreditch, Alie Street, White-chapel, Trinity Street Chapel, and various other places around.

The chair was taken after tea by Mr. Bonner, when he expressed the gratification it afforded him to see such a goodly company present; and though he had no formal report to present to them, yet he had many pleasing instances during the past year of the Lord's goodness and mercy to them, which called for their deepest gratitude.

After a few other remarks, he said he should trespass no farther on their time, but would call upon Mr. Betts, of Westminster, to speak upon the uses of Scripture history, which was done in a very excellent manner; Mr. Ball, of Wandsworth, gave an exposition of the faith of Abel to the gratification of many present; Mr. Woodward, of Ilford, dwelt upon the call of Abraham; Mr. Dickerson upon the offering of Isaac, in which he sought to prove that Isaac was not a type of the great Antitype, but a type of the church of the living God; Mr. Samuel Milner, of Shadwell, upon the waters of Marah; their bitterness he dwelt upon with some striking illustrations; Mr. Wyard, of Oxford Street, upon the quails; Mr. Atkinson, of Woolwich, upon the defeat of the Amorites. Each speaker was short and to the point, and seemed to give satisfaction to their chairman and the friends assembled. May much good be the result is the prayer of one who was present.

#### A POOR WORM.

#### HAPPY MEETING AT

#### Ebenezer Chapel, Mason's Court, Shoreditch.

A good brother has sent us a lengthened report of the meeting held on Monday evening, Nov. 10, 1851, in the above place. It was truly a great gathering of persons friendly to the Editor of this work, to the work itself, and to the cause of truth generally. We should think seven-hundred people were crowded together. As regards the tone of the meeting, as we were much interested, delicacy of feeling would cause us to desire to take no public notice of it; but this would be so ungrateful to our friends who took an active part therein, that we must, with a little abridgement give the report as it came.

About 150 persons sat down to tea at five o'clock. At half-past six the chapel was filled, and the public meeting commenced by deacon Samuel Hosken proposing that pastor T. J. Messer should take the chair. This motion was seconded by brother T. Garnett, and was carried nem. con. Pastor T. J. Messer, on taking the chair, opened the meeting by giving out the 511th hymn, Dr. Rippon's Selection, which was very cheerfully sung by the large congregation; and after he had offered prayer, he spoke nearly as follows:

Christian Friends.—By the good providence of Almighty God we are assembled together this evening for two important purposes—First, To evince our respect for a brother in the ministry who has been, and still is, “in labours more abundant;” and secondly, to do what we are able towards lessening the difficulty connected with the carrying on of that valuable miscellany of pure gospel truth of which he is the Editor.

As chairman of this meeting it would ill become me to speak at great length. A chairman is never expected to say much. Keeping this fact in view, I will endeavour to make my address as brief as possible.

With the circumstances connected with our brother Banks taking charge of the cause of God in this place, I am not sufficiently acquainted to allow of my saying much on that point. Another speaker who has to follow me, and who is more intimately conversant with those circumstances, will perhaps refer to them more particularly when I have resumed my seat. I will content myself with uttering a few sentences in reference to the state of things at Ebenezer when I arrived here in August last, and the state of things now.

When I opened my mission here, August 10th, I found, that though under the ministrations of my predecessor a considerable congregation had been drawn to the place, still but few persons had been gathered into the church during the previous twelve months. The church when I arrived was in a deplorably low condition, numerically and other-

wise. Not more than two persons had been added to it for a considerable time past; and even some of the few persons recognised as members had become somewhat remiss in their attention to church duties.

Nothing daunted by this state of things, “In the name of our God we set up our banners,” and soon had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing the goings forth of Jehovah's power. I may, perhaps, have reaped some of the fruits consequent upon my predecessor's toil, and if so, that saying of the great Teacher has been verified, “One soweth, and another reapeth.” Be this as it may, during the short period of my location here I have been down into the watery tomb with three disciples of Jesus, and have given the right hand of christian fellowship to eighteen persons, of whose eligibility for communion we were fully satisfied prior to their admission. Our congregations have also gradually increased in number and intelligence, so that the places of those who left on the departure of our brother Banks have been more than filled up, and devout attention appears to be paid to the word preached. For this and other unmistakable evidences of the divine approval and blessing, we ascribe, as a church, all praise to the God of all grace and mercy, without whose benediction and unction we have long been convinced Paul planteth and Apollos watereth in vain.

This state of affairs, we feel persuaded will afford pleasure to him who is the guest of this evening, as well as to those ministerial brethren who have favoured us with their presence and valuable aid. Like the master spirit of the apostolic confraternity (for a portion of the same influence which filled his great soul I believe these brethren to possess, or I would not fraternise with them) they will rejoice to find, that here, as well as in their own individual fields of effort, “The word of the Lord has free course and is glorified.” 2 Thess. iii. 1.

We earnestly, affectionately and sincerely reiterate the interrogation of Paul, “Brethren, pray for us,” and we hope our request will not be urged in vain. Pray that the unction of the Lord the Spirit may accompany our feeble efforts to exalt the great Melchisedec of our holy religion. What, dear friends, is the most eloquent, most oratorical, most zealous, most aged, and experienced minister without influence from on high? Men might talk of the things of God with the silvery eloquence of angels, but unless the hallowed unction of the Holy Spirit accompanies their labours no callous heart will be melted, no darkened understanding will be illumined, no way-worn pilgrim traveller to Zion will be cheered, no forgiven sinner through their instrumentality will ever be heard to cry, “Abba, Father! my Lord, and my God.”

To return to the guest of this evening. May I be allowed to say, that for his usefulness as a minister and as an editor I have often prayed, since he closed his more stated labours here. I wish him all possible good. Should he be made more useful through his future days, “My heart will rejoice, even mine.” We, as a church, have also prayed for him, and all belonging to his household, that

“When soon or late they reach that coast,  
O'er life's rough ocean driven—  
They may rejoice no wanderer lost,  
A family in heaven!”

In that bright abode of cloudless serenity and undisturbed repose, where every inhabitant will be a priest and a king, we hope to meet our brother, when the fever of life is over. May he, and the brethren who have kindly visited us this evening, sweetly close their days on earth, and awake up when delivered from the shackles of mortality, in the likeness of their crucified Lord, to mingle their voices in that joy-creating song, the power and sweetness of which will increase through eternity.

“Unto him that loved us,” &c. 1. Cor. i. 3, 6.

A few words more, and my humble work is done

When our esteemed brother somewhat unexpectedly as to time, closed his stated labours here, a letter was introduced at our church meeting by a member, the contents of which were adopted *UNA VOCE*, by those present; and it was duly forwarded to him. That letter I will now read:

"Dear and honoured sir—We address you with no common feelings, when we contemplate and contrast our present circumstances with what they were thirteen months since, when you kindly and benevolently undertook the superintendency of the worship of God and the preaching of the gospel in this place. Our poverty at that time would have prevented our asking a minister of even inferior abilities to take the charge of us; and we should almost as soon have expected to have gone to dwell in the garden of Eden, as to have a minister of superior abilities placed over us. We will give thanks to our God and Father—to our Saviour and our Friend—to our Preserver and our Sanctifier, who has so abundantly prospered your efforts. It is true, as a church we have not increased, but it has been yours to plough and to sow, and we are anticipating reaping the fruit. And herein is that saying true, "One soweth and another reapeth." May you reap a hundred-fold in this life, and eternal bliss beyond the skies. Dear and honoured sir, be pleased to accept our sincere gratitude for all the kindness you have bestowed upon Ebenezer, and believe us to remain with affection and esteem, yours in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,

"Signed on behalf of the church,  
"T. J. MESSER, Pastor.  
"WILLIAM PACK, SAMUEL HOSKES, Deacons.  
"Ebenezer Chapel, August 31, 1851."

Since the letter just read was sent, a member of the church suggested the holding of this meeting, and her proposal the deacons and myself assented to; and brother Banks, when he had been told that it was intended to present him with the proceeds whatever they might be, very nobly proposed that those proceeds should be given to the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. Having been an editor myself for several years, I at once appreciated the feelings which prompted him so to decide. An editor looks on the work he edits, as an affectionate father looks on a beloved child; he desires to see it prosperous and healthy. May that desire be realized.

I now leave the matter in abler hands, and hope the business of the meeting will so progress, that at its close, many may have to say, "It has been good for us to be here."

Brother Hosken then rose, and referred to his acquaintance with Ebenezer for more than twenty years past. He expressed very feelingly his gratitude to God for having made brother Banks an instrument of good at Ebenezer, and especially for his having been the means of introducing their present pastor among them, whose labours had been so greatly blessed already. "And," he added, "if we go on increasing in the same ratio we have done the past eleven weeks, we shall soon require as large, or a larger chapel than the Surrey Tabernacle to accommodate the people." After proposing a vote of thanks to brother B. for his past kind attention and earnest labours at Ebenezer, which was seconded by brother T. Garnett, and carried unanimously, he gave way to

Brother Meen, a near relative to the owner of Ebenezer; and though not a member of the church there, he is evidently a brother who desires its prosperity. He directed the attention of the meeting to the moral condition of the masses surrounding the locale in which the chapel stood, and exhorted the people earnestly to exert themselves, in order to bring those poor downcast ones under the sound of the gospel of Christ. This chapel was raised by the active efforts of an individual or two; they first opened a room, in which many of the outcasts were gathered, then established Sabbath schools, and then built a house for God. "When I look back," said the speaker, "upon the last twenty years,

and mark the various things that have occurred in connection with this place, (and those who have worshipped here have had clouds as well as sunshine,) I feel after all very grateful, because I believe many souls within these walls have been born of God." After presenting the thanks of the owner of the chapel to Mr. Banks, for the kindly manner in which he had always treated her, and expressing his gladness at hearing of the success which had accompanied the labours of their present pastor, which success he hoped would be still more abundant, the speaker sat down; having been the means, we believe, of awakening very excellent emotions in the hearts of many of his hearers.

C. W. Banks then rose to address his old friends. He commenced by observing, that he would much rather speak to them about the Lord Jesus, than about himself. That all-glorious Christ had done him good, pardoned his sins, and made him a partaker of much joy through believing; and in some measure qualified him to proclaim his love, blood, and righteousness; and he had also blessed his labours. He then referred to the getting up of the meeting, disavowing all personal interference or wish in the matter; and having pronounced an eulogy on Mrs. Bradley, who first suggested the meeting, he proceeded to say that many persons had surmised this, that, and the other about his so suddenly giving up preaching, &c., at Ebenezer, after the present minister there had become his co-pastor. He heard of these surmises, and let them go by, waiting for a proper time to explain. Some had said that he and the present pastor had "fallen out by the way;" but that was altogether false; he had never, either by writing or otherwise, received an unkind word from their pastor, nor had he treated him contrarily. He then said, that had he been disposed during his location at Ebenezer to make money by the place, he could have done so, for Mrs. Bradley had placed the chapel entirely in his hands. During the time he laboured there, he had been better remunerated for his labours than at any other place; so that there was every temptation to continue. "I must confess," said the speaker, "I did at one time wish to leave the Borough and come to Ebenezer altogether. I own I wished to have a chapel as large as brother Wells. Well, the indulgence of these thoughts brought darkness into my mind. I felt my work at Ebenezer was almost done. I expressed these convictions to friends. In May last I was instrumental in bringing brother M. to supply here for a month. I found his labours were blessed. I wrote to him on his return, and asked him if he would come to London. He replied, "No." I wrote again and again; but still he said, "No!" At length, after much correspondence, he saw his way open to accept the offer of the church to become co-pastor with me. I submitted to the co-pastorate; but was soon convinced the Lord had work elsewhere for me to do. A place in the City Road was opened to me, and, as I was shut up in soul, I resolved to give all up into his hands. I do not regret having done so. I am glad to find his labours are blest; I wish they may be blest more and more. I desire to be successful also. Brother M. may not be heard by some as well as they hear me, and vice versa. I go down into the deep, he travels on the tops of the high mountains. There is diversity of talent, but the Lord worketh all in all. After acknowledging the vote of thanks the speaker resumed his seat, amidst expressions of pleasurable satisfaction on the part of his friends and brethren present.

The 440th hymn, Dr. Rippon's Selection, was then sung, and the Chairman called upon brother James Wells to address the meeting.

We regret our inability to furnish anything more than a meagre outline of this zealous brother's address. He so operated upon us by his peculiar mode of speaking as to make us forget we were taking notes.

He commenced his address by some very apposite remarks on the title of the work for which the collection had to be made—*EARTHEN VESSEL*. He then very happily illustrated that important text—

"We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." After a series of exceedingly soul-stirring observations, the speaker proceeded to adduce the following reasons for his attachment to, and interest in the EARTHEN VESSEL. He said he liked it, first, because of the solidity of the matter it contained; second, because of the independence it exhibits; third, because it gives us fellowship with the sound churches of Christ throughout Christendom; fourth, because of the good it had done; fifth, because it carried the gospel into places where ministers could not go to proclaim it. On these reasons he enlarged with his accustomed ability at great length, and afforded his hearers both pleasure and profit.

At the close of his speech a collection was taken up for the VESSEL, which amounted to four pounds. Pastors W. Allen and T. Jones then delivered brief addresses. They gave some very excellent advice to those present in reference to the best things.

The dismissal hymn was then sung, and after C. W. Banks had offered prayer, the meeting broke up. We hope much of what was uttered on the occasion will be as bread cast upon the waters, found after many days. Now if all the churches holding the truth would get up a similar meeting on behalf of the publication, and if every subscriber would try to get an additional one, the difficulties connected with the management and carrying on of the VESSEL would soon disappear like the mist of the morning, and the editor would be encouraged more joyously and vigorously to discharge his onerous and wasting duties. A vigorous, united effort, and the work will be soon done.

*Furnished by a Correspondent.*

#### Ebenezer Chapel, Colchester.

Throuoh distinguishing mercy, our dear Lord is still blessing the labours of our dear minister, brother William Chappell, in this place. Our congregation continues on the increase; and, on Thursday, November 6, after delivering a solemn and impressive discourse from Acts x. 48, he baptised three believers, one male and two females. The interesting service was attended to at Coggeshall; brother Collis kindly lending his place for the occasion, and engaged in the devotional parts thereof. Many found it good to be there.

#### Formation of a Baptist Church at Ely.

My dear Brother—I doubt not but you will be pleased to hear of the prosperity of the little cause at Ely, which you kindly opened on September 16th. I had for some months felt a desire that such a step should be taken, and as the dear Lord's presence was specially felt on that occasion, I could but hope—nay, more, I seemed to feel assured, the work would go forward. The friends have continued to meet on Lord's Days and two evenings in the week from that time, getting supplies as often as they can. And the presence and blessing of the Lord seems peculiarly with them; and on Tuesday evening last, I was requested to form a few (I hope) faithful and lively believers, into a gospel church.

After addressing them from Isaiah xxii. 22, I asked nine simple, but I hope straightforward questions, and the same being satisfactorily answered, the right hand of fellowship was given. After which the newly formed church broke bread in the presence of the Lord.

The church then called our good brother King to the office of deacon—who after many objections

accepted the call. A sweet feeling of holy fellowship and fraternal love seemed to run from heart to heart through the whole evening service. Join with us, my brother, in prayer, that peace and prosperity may attend the little cause of truth in this benighted city. Praying that every blessing may attend your numerous labours, I remain yours affectionately in the Lord,

W. FLACK.

#### The Dying Experience of Mrs. Carter,

WIFE OF MR. CARTER, BAPTIST MINISTER, DOWN, Kent.

The departure of a saint to glory, is a subject that is always attended with a degree of interest to the church of God, since it proves to a demonstration that he is faithful that has promised, "I will never leave nor forsake thee."

In her last moments, our departed sister could and did bear witness to these glorious truths, so that those that were with her in the last convulsive shock of nature, were constrained to say, "see what God hath done."

Our departed sister was brought to enjoy the sweet manifestation in her own soul that she was a redeemed sinner, something more than twenty years ago. Since that time, she has been mercifully enabled by her outward walk and conduct, to adorn the doctrines of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The writer of this brief memoir became acquainted with her about three years since, and has had many opportunities of sweet converse with her upon the things pertaining to the kingdom since that period, and was somewhat delighted to have the privilege conferred upon him of baptizing her, together with nine others, at Bexley Heath, on Good Friday last. It would appear, that after thus following the dear Lord in the ordinance of his own appointment, she was favoured to enjoy much of his presence. But ah! how soon are earthly joys ended—earthly ties severed! Soon, yea, very soon, was the summons sent forth to this daughter of Israel—"The Master is come, and calleth for thee." But how consolatory to her now bereaved husband and his family, to know, that it was to her a welcome summons; that she was enabled to meet the last monster with a smile of complacency, and say, "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?"

From a letter I have now before me, received from her afflicted daughter, she says, that from the very commencement of her protracted illness, her mind appeared to be wholly absorbed with eternal things. Every thing of an earthly nature was given up, as though they were not worth a thought, when compared with the glorious realities of eternity. She said one morning, "I have not had much sleep to-night, but have been very comfortable. I am resting upon the faithfulness of His promises, who stands engaged to save the meanest of his sheep." After the visit of a friend, and while talking with her, she said, "Mrs. —, I am going home to glory—yes, to glory;" and repeated two lines of that well known, and to her a favourite, hymn,

"Did Jesus once upon me shiue?  
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

Being troubled with continued retchings, her

strength rapidly declined, and her sufferings were very great indeed, arising from inward convulsions. So great was the pain, that her countenance was at times distorted with it; and a truly distressing scene it was to witness, more especially as she drew near the borders of the eternal world; the hosts of hell were marshalled, and permitted to have their last attack. During this conflict, her pains of body were also very great. But at length the powers of darkness were foiled, the hosts of hell were put to flight, and suddenly a heavenly ray overspread her pallid countenance, and with her hands and eyes upraised, she appeared to be conversing with invisible beings; after which, she bid us all affectionately adieu; saying, "I am going to Jesus." And then turning to her husband, as if to tell him what she saw, with her hands still upwards, and her lips moving; but mortal speech had failed, the battle had been fought, and the victory won. She then had done with all below. She lay for some time in this position, and those that were privileged to be with her, saw all that is possible for mortal eyes to see of a departing soul emerging from this frail tabernacle, to that rest which remains for the people of God. She breathed her last at a quarter past five o'clock, September 29th, 1851.

Reader, who would not say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?"

R. S. TANNER.

### Joseph Irons wishing to jump out of the Pulpit into Heaven.

No one who has heard and known of the extreme sufferings which the Pastor of Grove Chapel, Camberwell, has, of late, been the subject of, expected that he would be able this year to give us a "Powder-plot-sermon." But God's ministers never die until their work is done, and the heaven-appointed time of their departure arrives. Well, our covenant God had evidently appointed that our noble champion against antichrist should discharge another volley of gospel ammunition against the deadly system of Romanism even in 1851; and, accordingly on Tuesday evening, November 4, Mr. Joseph Irons (though apparently fast sinking) buckled on his armour once more, ascended his long favoured pulpit, and read for his text Leviticus xx. 9—"The priest shall make an atonement for his sin which he hath sinned; and it shall be forgiven him." In opening his discourse he made the following striking remarks—

"Perhaps my hearers are ready to ask, 'What! are you going to preach us priestcraft at last?' No, indeed; I am going to preach it down. But here stands the portion of Scripture which furnishes me with data for so doing. I should not have attempted to appear in public to-night at all but for the peculiar circumstances of the day, and of the things which surround me. I suppose you are aware that this evening I have finished my sixty-sixth year, and I have some hope that I shall never see another. However, I must leave that to God. I would not wish to dictate. I thought this day, when I was about giving up, of my Master, who said, 'With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I

suffer.' And I said, 'Well, with desire I have desired to bear one more testimony against antichrist. I know I cannot do it to-morrow, but I will try to-night.' And then I thought of good old John Bradford, who was told he must not preach, but must lay by and rest. It is very foolish of people to talk in that manner. And he said, 'If you won't let me preach, don't let me live.' Then I thought of dear Toplady (I cannot help going back to those worthies), who insisted upon being carried into the pulpit to confront the lies of arminianism just before he died. And at last I thought of dear Isaac Saunders. 'Well,' I said, 'if I may but jump out of the pulpit into heaven, as he did, what a mercy it will be.' And so I determined, if strength could be at all afforded, that I would once more bear my testimony against priestcraft. That is my point.

"But, say you, the text says that 'The priest shall make an atonement for him.' Very well. If you will find me the priest that can make an atonement, I will allow him to pronounce absolution; but I will not allow any of them to pronounce absolution till they can make an atonement. If they pretend to do that by the sacrifice of the mass and the rest of their superstition, I shall say, 'Get out of my way; the atonement is already made: it is full and complete; I do not want any of your help. I shall say no more.' Sure I am that one of the most faithful and honest testimonies that any minister of God can deliver in these days, is to protest, in the strongest terms, against priestcraft—for that is what has drowned the world, and made it drunk. You must hear with me if I am a little vehement upon this point. But, say you, what do you make of this—'The priest shall make an atonement for him?' Why, I make the priest stand for Aaron's dispensation till the time of Christ. I see clearly this. 'The priest shall make an atonement.' He has made atonement. It is done; it is complete; it is accepted; and there are millions in glory who have got home by that atonement; and there are more getting home."

Weak, and almost in the grave as the outer man of this gospel veteran evidently is, yet his soul was all on fire with his subject; and a most faithful discourse be delivered, which is now published in No. 176 of *Grove Chapel Pulpit*, and may be had of Messrs. Aylott and Jones, 8, Paternoster Row.

### "Sowing and Reaping."

THE above is the leading title of a tract by Mr. Tryon; and forwarded to us by a Constant Reader.

It contains much wholesome matter; but we hope Mr. Shutte is not the man Mr. Tryon would make the churches believe he is. It is quite true Mr. Shutte may speak against drawing consolation from ourselves; but, from what we have heard and read of him, we cannot but hope that Mr. Shutte knows, enjoys, and preaches something of what Paul meant when he said, "CURE IN YOU THE HOPE OF GLORY." Mr. Tryon's remarks on "gulping" the Church of England's services are dreadful; but such matters we must leave between a holy and a righteous God, and the consciences of the men concerned.

## REVIEW OF A PAMPHLET UPON THE DOCTRINE OF BAPTISMS,

By WILLIAM DELL, formerly Master of Gonvill and Caius College, Cambridge.

THIS is a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, wherein the author aims to set aside Believers' Baptism. He proposes

I. To prove that the baptism of John, and the baptism of Christ, were not one and the same.

II. That the baptism of John having ceased, of course the baptists are all in error together.

Mr. Dell places his first proposition in such form as no baptist, that we are aware of, would dispute the truth of; namely, "that John baptized with water, and that Christ baptized with the Holy Ghost." And here it is Mr. Dell gets his distinction between the baptism of John and the baptism of Christ. But we *deny* that this is intended merely as a distinction between the baptism of John and the baptism of Christ; the distinction here is not between the baptism of John and the baptism of Christ—but between that which is outward and institutional, and that which is inward and essential to salvation. Nor does the promise of the Holy Ghost to those who were baptized, imply that they were not already partakers of the Holy Ghost. Those who were baptized were convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; for without these "fruits meet for repentance," neither John, nor the apostles, would knowingly baptize any one; they baptized none but such as first gave evidence of the Holy Spirit having begun a good work in them. The promise of the Holy Ghost unto some who were baptized, referred chiefly, (as the day of Pentecost shews,) to miraculous gifts; and where it does not refer to such gifts, it refers to that *increase* upon them of the Holy Spirit, whereby, like the Eunuch, *after* he had been *down into* the water, went on his way rejoicing. The logic of this late Master of Gonvill College, runs thus: the Saviour baptizes with the Holy Ghost; therefore the ordinance of baptism—though it is from heaven, was commanded by the Saviour, and practised by the apostles—yet the ordinance of baptism ought not to be continued!

But let us follow Mr. Dell's *university* logic a little farther; for as he has put us into the road, we will at least go a few steps farther, just to see where his new road leads to; if it should be manifest that he is leading us the wrong way, we

SUPPLEMENT, DEC. 1851.

can but turn back again. His logical path, then, leads us along thus: we have the Holy Spirit inwardly, and therefore, we ought not to have the ordinance of baptism outwardly; we have the blood of the everlasting covenant for our eternal salvation, therefore we *ought not* to use the literal juice of the grape as the outward sign thereof; we have spiritually the bread of everlasting life, and therefore, we ought not to have the Lord's Supper literally; the Saviour is the teacher of his people, therefore we ought not to have any outward preaching; and as religion has a soul, it ought not to have a body; and as the gospel is everlasting, the gospel ought to have no temporal ordinances connected with it!

So much for Mr. Dell's mode of reasoning: he, of course, does not mean all this; but the premises he has laid down contain, unavoidably, these conclusions.

The whole of the epistle to the Hebrews shews the abolition of the ceremonial law, and circumcision is, in form, set aside; but where is the Scripture that abolishes the ordinance of baptism? Not one can be found; therefore Mr. Dell substitutes a most illogical and unscriptural reason for the cessation of believer's baptism; namely, that while ministers (for even the apostles had no dominion over the faith of the saints,) can only preach the Word and administer the ordinances, for this was all John, as well as others, could do—that because John distinguished between the servant and the master—between the minister and the God of the minister—between the *work* of the servant and that of the master—between the work of the minister and the work of the God of the minister—therefore, the work of the servant is at an end. Well, this certainly is very bad logic; and still worse divinity.

Did John give a single *hint* that the ordinance should *cease*? No; not in the most remote way whatever. "He must increase, but I must decrease," John iii. 30, is nothing more than every minister may and must say. Take the preceding verse, and you will see his meaning; he there calls himself the Friend of the bridegroom.

The friend of the bridegroom was a confidential person, who carried messages to and fro between the bride and the



bridegroom; but when the bride and bridegroom came together, this friend of the bridegroom was no longer needed in his former office. So ministers, when they have carried their messages, and presented their allotted number of souls, as chaste virgins, to Christ, these friends of the bridegroom must then retire from their office, and go home to their rest, and enter into the joy of their Lord. But what has this to do with the cessation of gospel ordinances, except at the final close of the world? No, Mr. Dell, though formerly master of Gonvil and Caius college, can find not one Scripture to shew the abolition of John's baptism. John's baptism was not John's, except in the same sense that Paul says, "my gospel." The baptism of John, and Paul's gospel, were of God; but believer's baptism has in it a little *inconvenience* to the flesh; therefore men labour to persuade themselves out of it. But is it not better to be able to say, "So did not I, because of the fear of God?" Neh. v. 15. We will presently let Mr. Dell speak for himself; after observing that it is clear that the baptism of John is not abolished, but intended to continue down to the end of time—"And if there are three that bear record in heaven, and these Three are One;" so there are three that bear witness in earth—the Spirit, (the ministry of the gospel,) the water, (the ordinance of baptism,) the blood, (the ordinance of the Lord's Supper.) And these three agree in One; they all agree in pointing to eternal things.

"The baptism of John was of God."

John i. 33. This same baptism was sanctioned and continued by the Saviour. (John iv. 1.) The Scriptures which demonstrate that this same baptism was practised by the apostles, are too numerous to be here even referred to, much less quoted. Where, then, is the abolition of this ordinance, not in the Bible, but only in Mr. Dell's book?

But now let us have Mr. Dell's arguments:

Page 8, "It is still called John's baptism, even when the apostle used it."

Oh, dear! this is Cambridge, is it? John's baptism still called John's baptism after he is dead; and therefore it must be distinct from the inward baptism of the Spirit, and so should be like John himself, no more. All the prophets and apostles are in this world no more; yet their writings *continue* to speak, and are called after their names; if this be a

specimen of the reasoning of the *master* of Gonvil College, what must that of the pupils be? But in connection with this, Mr. Dell gives us a little piece of Greek; this is, I suppose, to make the argument look decent and respectable; but then, unhappy man, he is as wrong in his Greek as he is in his divinity. Mr. Dell says that John saith, (Matt. iii.) "*Ego MEN baptizo udati;*" "I baptize you WITH water." But John does not say, "*Ego MEN baptizo udati;*" "I baptize you WITH water;" but "*Ego EN baptizo udati;*" "I baptize you IN water;" though our version renders it "WITH water." But as Mr. Dell is not *now* master of Gonvil College, it is hoped that by this time he knows better.

Mr. Dell labours hard to shew that the baptism of John was not either regeneration or salvation; all this we readily grant. Now Mr. Dell, again—

"John's *temporary* ministry had but a temporary baptism; but the everlasting gospel hath an everlasting baptism." Page 16.

Behold, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, was this *temporary*? The kingdom, the everlasting kingdom of God, at hand, was this *temporary*? were fruits meet for evidential repentance accompanying eternal salvation temporary? Yes; but his baptism was temporary. Well, of course it was; so are all outward ordinances.

But now my good ex-master of Gonvil, go on again:

"True, indeed, the apostles did practise water baptism, but not from Christ, but from John." Page 21.

That is, if we understand Mr. Dell rightly, the apostles all fell into error together. John's baptism had ceased to be an ordinance, and they did not know it; they knew circumcision, and the ceremonial laws were at an end, and never practised the same, except in some few solitary instances among the Jews; but they never practised circumcision as a New Testament ordinance, but baptism they everywhere practised as a New Testament ordinance; yet in all this they were wrong, and never saw, or confessed that wrong. The Apostle Paul had a good opportunity of confessing he erred when he discovered that it was more his business to preach than to baptize; yet he still goes on, and makes, especially in the sixth chapter of Romans, the ordinance of baptism beautifully illustrative of eternal things.

The matter then, stands thus—either

all the Apostles were wrong, and Mr. Dell is right; or else, the Apostles were right and Mr. Dell is wrong. Mind, I judge Mr. Dell from his own book, for he says, the Apostles practised this ordinance, and yet holds that this ordinance belonged only to John's day. If Mr. Dell had been in their day they might have discovered their error—but, alas! they died without the sight!

Mr. Dell assures us as well as he can, that to go and teach all nations, baptising them, does not mean water baptism, but that it means that they were to baptise them with the Holy Ghost, *into* the name of the Father, *into* the name of the Son, *into* the name of the Holy Ghost.

Well, this perhaps, is making amends (in Mr. D.'s way) for charging the apostles with such a serious mistake as they committed in practising water baptism; for here they are to take the Master's work into their own hands, and baptise with the Holy Ghost. Who would think that so learned a man could so distort language? Can any one make sense of such a reading as Mr. Dell gives to this 19th verse of the 28th of Matthew? At the same time is there not abundant proof that the apostles understood from this part of their commission *not* that inward baptism by the Holy Ghost of the soul, which God alone can minister, but the ordinance of baptism which they everywhere preached? First, they are to teach, and then when it is evident the Lord has rendered their teaching effectual, so that the people are translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son; when they are thus brought spiritually and inwardly *into* the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; when they are thus taught and brought inwardly into the name of the Lord, then the next step is to bring them outwardly by the ordinance of baptism into Christ; so that while they have the Paschal Lamb in the house, they may sprinkle the blood where it may be seen; and so be not ashamed of Christ, lest the destroying angel in judgment find them out. So by baptism the early christians came *outwardly* unto a confession and profession of Christ, and then, when thus brought in, they were to go on learning all things that should guide and be for their present and everlasting peace.

Mr. Dell seems much pleased in the discovery that it does not in the original

say, baptising *in* the name, &c., but *into*. Mr. D. must know that *eis*, here translated *in*, has a variety of meanings. Matt. xxv. 1st verse, "went forth *to* meet." we could not well read, "*into* meet." Again, Mark i. 9th verse, "and was baptised of John *in* Jordan." If Mr. Dell prefer it, this may be rendered "*into* Jordan;" but we will be content to have *in* Jordan. So we incline to hold with our translators, that we are to baptise *in* the name of the Holy Three; not that we are at all put out by rendering *eis* *into* instead of *in*, because it will come to the same thing in meaning, that it is an outward coming *into*, as the result of the previously inward coming into the name of the Lord.

The apostles did not, as Mr. Dell says, use this form of words; perhaps not; but they acted in their spirit and meaning, all being embodied in the name of the Lord Jesus, "for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily:" the way of truth only is right in the sight of the Lord, whatever it may be in the sight of men.

The ordinance of baptism is of God, and is essential, not to the salvation of the soul, but to christian obedience and gospel church order; nor do the Scriptures authorise any other way to the Lord's table; however highly we are to esteem the brethren, we are not to set the disciple above his Master, which we should do were we to put down his established order of things merely to meet the wishes of the creature. Baptism is the *outward* way into church fellowship, and he that adds a second door to God's ark—he that will have some other way into the tabernacle, and is not willing to enter at that door at which all were commanded to appear—he that will thus harden himself against God—let him answer it. "Let God be true, and every man a ———." A LITTLE ONE.

#### FORMATION OF A GOSPEL CHURCH AT

#### Mount Zion Chapel, Nelson Place, City Road.

THE friends who have recently taken the above place of worship, were publicly formed into a church on New Testament principles, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 4th. The service commenced at six o'clock, by Mr. Garritt giving out an appropriate hymn. Mr. Atkinson, of Woolwich, read part of the fourth chapter of the epistle to the saints at Ephesus, and fervently and affectionately implored the divine blessing and approbation upon the occasion. Mr. Wyard gave a brief account of the nature of a Gospel Church, and called upon one of the friends about to be united together, to give publicly a statement of the lead-

ing of divine providence on their behalf; which statement was read, and is as follows:

"Christian Friends—The eventful steps that have led to our present position, are simply as follows: For several reasons, (we believe both scriptural and just,) that may not be necessary to state here publicly, in the month of July last, with painful feelings, we were compelled, for conscience sake, and the honour and glory of our Lord, to withdraw ourselves from church fellowship, with that body we had (most of us) for many years been united to. Through divine grace having been favoured to walk in love and unity together for so long a time, we found upon our leaving, it was exceedingly painful to our feelings to be separated from each other's company, especially when the Lord's Day returned, which was necessarily the case, some going to one place to hear the Word, and some to another, thus being as sheep without fold or shepherd. And being between thirty and forty in number, of one mind, it was particularly impressed upon our minds unanimously, that it would be very desirable, if the will of the Lord, of cleaving together. Upon this being mentioned, there was but one desire expressed—viz., that we meet together, at least once, at one of our brethren's houses, for the solemn and important purpose of seeking counsel of our God in the matter. Agreeable to this proposition, we met at our brother Minton's house on Monday, August 4th. After consultation and prayer, it was unanimously agreed, that we meet again on the following Monday evening for the same purpose (August 11th). After again in-treating the Lord's directing hand, we agreed to take a school-room in President Street, King Square, to meet in for further guidance.

"Lord's Day afternoon, August 17th, we met in the above place with one accord, for prayer and supplication; when finding the room both too small and inconvenient, it was proposed that we seek a large and more convenient place to meet in, and finding a suitable room in Corporation Row, Clerkenwell, we met together there on the following Lord's Day, August 24th, afternoon and evening, for prayer, praise, and reading the Word. A spirit of prayer was poured out, and we could say from heart-felt experience, "The Lord was there."

"After having met for several times in this way, and having enjoyed the favour and approbation of our God in our meetings, we were encouraged to believe our steps were thus far of the Lord's ordering. But one thing we felt was now lacking—viz., the preaching of the everlasting gospel in our midst. This became the next important matter laid upon our hearts; and this also was laid before the Lord in prayer. Just at this period, Mr. Banks' labours of a Lord's Day afternoon and Monday evening, terminated at Mason's Court, Shoreditch; and finding he was desirous of another door being opened upon the above occasions elsewhere, and being ourselves in circumstances of need, we were led to view the providential hand of our God in this, in answer to prayer. We accordingly invited him to preach to us, to which he readily assented; and on Monday evening, September 8th, he came to preach for the first time in Corporation Row. The room was well filled, and the Word evidently blessed amongst us.

We soon found this room too small for this purpose. However he continued to preach to a

crowded audience in the above place with acceptance, up to September 28th, and in the interim, search was made for a suitable place, either in Clerkenwell, or Islington parish; but nothing whatever could we find. This place had been thought of, and looked at, and rejected. 1st, On account of its situation being so near to other Baptist causes. And 2nd, Because of its deplorable condition.

However, after praying and searching, here we were again directed and compelled to come; and on Friday, September 19th, the repairs of this place were commenced. Three sermons were preached at Corporation Row on September 28th, and thus terminated our meeting there; and on Lord's Day, October 5th, we entered this place for the first time, for special prayer and praise to our covenant God.

Eight of our brethren called upon our Lord in prayer, and we found it a truly soul-refreshing soul-uniting season. On the following day, October 6th, this house of prayer was publicly re-opened for the worship of God, by our kind friends Messrs Foreman, Allen, and Banks. It was a day to be remembered; the Lord of heaven and earth was manifestly present to bless and consecrate it, by attending the Word delivered by his servants, with power and consolation to many of our souls.

Looking back upon our eventful footsteps, we cannot but view and admire the good hand of the Lord our God which hath been with us, and gratefully say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." With a single eye to his glory, and dependent upon his grace alone, we desire now to stand fast in one spirit, striving together for the faith of the gospel; to walk in the truth, and to walk out the truth; to walk in love, and in all the commandments and ordinances of our Lord blameless, that we may shew forth His praise who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light, and truly appear a city set on an hill, whose light cannot be hid. Having had many tokens of the presence, favour, and approbation of our God since we have met here, in blessing the word preached to our soul's edification and comfort, we are encouraged to believe the Lord is in our midst, that he will be mindful of us, and will bless us, and we are therefore now desirous in this open and public way, to acknowledge whose we are, and whom alone we desire to serve in conformity to the apostle's injunction, "Let all things be done decently and in good order." This statement having been read amidst the greatest silence and attention, Mr. Wyard called for an open declaration of our faith and practice; which was also given. And Mr. Foreman, of Hill Street, Dorset Square, proceeded to address us with some important and weighty remarks, calling upon us to stand up and join hand-in-hand, and then to lift up our right hand in solemn vow to our covenant God, by the help of his grace, to stand fast in the faith we had publicly professed, and to endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. He then gave to two of the brethren the right hand of fellowship on behalf of the rest, and proceeded to the solemn ordinance of the Supper of our Lord, in breaking bread to us now as a church of Christ. Mr. Garritt and Alldis implored the divine blessing at the table. Several friends from other churches united with us in commemorating the dying love of our common Lord.