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THE  
EARTHEN VESSEL.

AND

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FOR

1870.

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1870.

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# THE EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND

## Christian Record.

### “The Latter-Day Darknass,” and “The Latter-Day Glory.”

THE CRITICAL PRESENT—AND CHEERING PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE.]

Oh! sooner, dear Lord, than my tongue should proclaim  
One word that would tarnish Thine honour or fame,  
Let silence unbroken my dwelling-place be;  
The insult unthought, and unspoken by me.  
And when I shall cease to exalt Thee; O! let  
My right hand for ever its cunning forget;  
My song, while I'm here; and my theme when above,  
Thy matchless, ETERNAL, UNCHANGEABLE LOVE.

ROBINSON, IN *The Remembrancer*.

WITH careful confidence I can testify that, for years, it has been with me as Ezekiel tells us was the posture and privilege of the Watchman of Israel. For seven days he was sitting, solitary, meditating, and mourning; but on the seventh day, the Lord appeared again unto him, and called him, saying, “Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore, hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me.” I have had many days of silent mourning; many weeks of deep meditation; and months and years of heavy sorrow; but from time to time I have heard the whispers of the blessed SPIRIT, “the word at His mouth;” and more precious than any can tell have been the gentle unfoldings of the grace and glory of the Person and work of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is, indeed, the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.

Without hearing the word at His mouth, I could not commence this—the twenty-sixth volume of THE EARTHEN VESSEL. After long waiting in due time, with an enlightening and cleaving force and fulness the words arrested my soul, “When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.” My mind was at rest in a moment; and the only difficulty was, how to give in the small space I may occupy, the evidential proofs everywhere existing that even NOW, at this very time, the enemy is coming in like a flood. The latter days of spiritual darkness are fast coming over us; but that the “LATTER-DAY GLORY” will succeed and closely follow

these days is as certain, as the oath, the covenant, the promise, and the faithfulness of God can make it.

Readers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and all who may be interested in the trials, and ultimate triumphs of the truth of God, I ask you to contemplate most seriously this two-fold state of things, the Latter-day Darkness—and the Latter-day Glory. First, that we are in the midst of the Latter-day Darkness.

In my thoughts, I wandered about the valley, where many of our own churches are now dwelling. How truly awful has been the spirit and practice of many ! In those parts of the professing church wherein we have more specially laboured, deaths most dreadful, dissensions exceedingly perplexing, and dissolution enough to break the hardest heart, are everywhere to be seen. We have never been enabled to run all the lengths which that hyper-critical writer of *The Last Vials* has gone ; but the present weak, divided, and painful state of the Gospel ministry, has compelled us to read one of the conclusions of *The Last Vials* again. He says, "it is contrary to all reason to expect that we can set the world right by the preaching of the Gospel." Alas ! we must admit, that although the Gospel has been preached for eighteen hundred years, neither the world nor the Church have been set quite right by it. The Gospel was ordained to answer certain ends. It was to be preached among all nations for a witness ; and a grand old witness for Christ it has been ! A precious witness in the consciences of God's regenerated family many times it has been. Saints have been perfected, or united, thereby ; the work of the ministry has been maintained ; the Church has been edified and built up ; but the world has gone on in its darkness, rebellion, and wickedness, in some parts as though the Gospel had never been preached. Nevertheless, let us not forget to glorify God for this heavenly boon, for by it, thousands of the election of grace have been plucked as brands from the burning ; by it, poor tempted souls have been delivered ; the councils of the ETERNAL THREE have been revealed ; the "beloved Son" of God has been exalted ; and millions of the redeemed have realized the poet's homely and heavenly expression—

The Gospel bears my spirit up,  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation of my hope,  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

WHERE is the Gospel of the grace of God now ? Where stands the Gospel of Jesus Christ now : in its declaration of the eternity of New Covenant settlements, in its essential spirit and experience, in its allegiance and obedience to the laws and ordinances of the great Author, or in its sealing and establishing demonstrations ? Ah ! where is it now ? The Gospel is not quite dead ; men professing to be its ministers are not lacking ; on every hand tens of thousands appear to favour this righteous cause ; in some few cases, honest and honoured ambassadors for Christ may be found ; and around these favoured servants of the Lord stand the armies of those who are "called, and faithful, and chosen." After fully admitting all this, we solemnly proclaim the fearful fact, that into the very centre of our own churches the enemy has long been coming in like a flood. Challenge us to the proof ! Demand of us the evidences of the fact ! We have them in abeyance ; and the

day may not be far distant when trumpet-tongued we shall defy the whole of Christendom to disprove the dark assertion.

The fifty-ninth of Isaiah's prophecy is the Holy Ghost's description of the Latter-day darkness now upon us. We would, the Lord helping, clearly write out every line in that special vision; apply it to our present times; and bring forth our witnesses; but this is only the introductory chapter; the details must follow.

Let not the Christian, however, be overwhelmed with sorrow, because these things are so. "We are now," says the prophetic critic, "only at the beginning of the beginning. Mystery and confusion overspread or agitate the universe." If we might change one or two of the critic's words, there would be a suitability in them to our times. He says, "Every man stands apart from every other like so many settlers upon some savage coast. The sun (the leading light of the day) attracts the planets (when their funds are low) but he cares not for them. The planets (the lesser lights that rule the night) wonder at each other; but they neither know nor care for the destiny of their brother. Like so many rustics each thinks itself a miracle of perfection; and bounds all his ideas by his own limitations." How painfully applicable all this might be made! But we forbear for the present, because, while with a melancholy feeling we were brooding over these things, and over such facts as would make some men roar with madness if we declared them; while we were in grief over these partial shipwrecks on our great ocean of the Gospel dispensation, "the Spirit of the Lord did lift up a standard against" Giant Despair; and all his fearful train.

The standard lifted up comprised two parts. First, the class and kind of characters which God hath chosen as instruments in His hands for accomplishing, at least, some parts of His purpose. Paul says, "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things which are!" There is the Lord's description of the classes and the characters He hath chosen. And now, as though He would say to me, and to all, "Look at the men, look at the majority of the people, or ministers, or leaders I have chosen! Look at them! In themselves, in their fallen state, in their first Adam character, are they foolish, weak, base, despised? Do these elements in their characters too often appear?" "Ah!" we say, "they do." Then look at the grand ends to be answered by all this. They are two-fold. First, "That no flesh should glory in His presence!" Secondly, that Jesus Christ is so completely and eternally "made of God unto" these poor foolish things, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, that—(here comes the heaven-ordained end of the whole mystery) "That, according as it is written, he that glorieth, let him GLORY IN THE LORD."

We may find a thousand faults with ourselves; we may see dark spots in others, and condemn them; but three great facts must be acknowledged. (1.) Every man who has the true grace of God in his soul, doth, in his right mind, desire to be holy, and perfect, and pure, and devout, and to be like unto the Lord; but (2.) the adversary, the

enemy cometh in upon him like a flood; and often overwhelmeth him; (3.) out of all these deep mysteries ransomed souls arise, and sing "Glory to God and to the Lamb, who saved us, and washed us, and made even us kings and priests unto the glory of His name for ever and ever. Amen.

At the commencement of this year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy, take with you, Christian reader, this one apostolic conclusive thought, this one unalterable fact, "*that no flesh shall GLORY IN HIS PRESENCE.*"

This remarkable conclusive sentence embodies, directly or indirectly, every dispensation of the wonder-working hand of God, whereby He is bringing out in its fullest development, THE NEGATIVE, and THE POSITIVE, ends to be accomplished; namely, by *the negative*, so to hurl Satan's deep devices to the winds, and so to mar all man's supposed greatness, as that "no flesh shall glory in His presence;" while, *the positive* unfoldings and bestowings of His grace shall ultimately bring all the redeemed family to that one blessed position, "he that glorieth" shall glory only in the LORD."

I venture, after spending over forty years in writing, publishing, and disseminating the truth of the Gospel, to earnestly plead for the mutual help and co-operation of all my friends in giving this publication a ten-fold wider circulation than it has ever yet enjoyed. I ask, this, because, in the strength of the Lord I am resolved to shew forth the two-fold Scriptural result of the dispensation in which we are living. First, the growing darkness now covering the true, the living, the elect church of Christ; and, secondly, the approaching glory of that "morning" which will speedily usher in such a day of brightness as never yet shone upon this world,

I propose to commence this series of papers by showing that the great negative which the Holy Ghost has given us in the words of Paul already referred to, looks at FOUR of the greatest things which either the Bible reveals, or the history of the Church confirms. When he emphatically concludes that "no flesh shall glory in (the diviné) presence," he bids us look, first, at the greatest of all principles; that is, the end of all things, is, THE GLORY OF GOD. Secondly, Paul's word looks at the greatest of all evils; that is, Satan's efforts to tarnish, to becloud the glory of God. Thirdly, Paul's word looks at the greatest of all mysteries; that is, God's working with man as with Job, who said, "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head." Lastly, Paul's word looks at the greatest of all mercies; that is, God so making Jesus Christ to be everything, and more than all things to the church, that every one that glorieth at all, shall glory only in the LORD. Into these four quarters of the entire whole of heaven's mighty work, I have been led a little; and to communicate all the Lord hath shewed me, shall be the joyful desire of the church's affectionate and devoted servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

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South Hackney, London, N.E.

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## Memoir and Death of Mrs. Mary Congreve.

OF COOMBE LODGE, PECKHAM.

WITH THE FUNERAL ADDRESS, BY MR. G. MOYLE.

ON Sunday morning, Dec. 5th, Mrs. Congreve, the beloved wife of Mr. G. T. Congreve, of Coombe Lodge, Peckham, was taken home to rest. Mrs. Congreve was known and deeply respected by many of our readers; and the following interesting sketch of her life and death written by her bereaved husband, and read at the close of the funeral sermon by Mr. Moyle, will be perused with pleasure, and we hope profit. It reads as follows:—

MRS. MARY CONGREGVE was born at Peckham, in May, 1822. She was the second of three sisters, and carefully trained by fond and pious parents in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In childhood, she had a love for the things of God; and at times, was the subject of religious impressions; but it was not till five years after her marriage, in her twenty-seventh year, that she became fully awakened to her lost condition. The simple tale will be told best by her own pen.

Writing to her father and mother, she says:—

The period when I first began to think seriously of religion, is about fourteen months ago. At that time, I came over to Peckham, and sat under the ministry of Mr. Moyle; and then I began to see my lost and ruined state. One Sunday I was particularly struck with the sermon; the text was "A fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." Mr. Moyle said, how adapted these words were to form a prayer; and I felt how suitable they were for me, and from that time they were constant in my thoughts. He likewise spoke of the advantage of private prayer, and till then, I had never prayed in private. This led me earnestly to seek, that God would have mercy upon me for Jesus' sake. It was some time after I felt my sins forgiven, and Christ to be my Saviour. Once I found sweet encouragement from the words "Whoso walketh in darkness, and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." I had been long in darkness, and this sermon greatly comforted me. As soon as I felt assured that a change had been wrought in me, I felt it my duty and privilege to come forward to the church; but oh! the difficulty I experienced. I thought I will be a secret disciple; but still I felt it wrong. I could not rest; and earnestly I prayed daily that the Lord would shew me the way, and *make* me walk in it. One Sunday after earnest prayer, as I began to feel the withdrawing of Jesus' countenance, this text was taken: "If thy children forsake My laws, and walk not in My commandments, then will I visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes." I saw at once my sin, and determined I would speak my mind; but as soon as the sermon was over, my mouth was completely sealed. I had no rest, till on the Wednesday evening going to chapel; again I prayed, that if I were really changed, and if I should be doing right in going forward, something might be said to assure me. Mr. Moyle preached from these words, "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the way, and ask for the old paths, which is the way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." At once assurance came. I opened my mind, came forward to the church, and from that day felt the fullest enjoyment of the Gospel.

It was shortly after this, a change took place in the dear partner of her life, under the ministry also of Mr. Moyle. It was her earnest prayer that they might both walk together in the ways of the Lord. Her deeply sorrowing husband will never forget, how, on one occasion, she got him to kneel by her side while he was yet seeking peace; and hand in hand, together they wept and prayed. After this, it was their privilege to walk together in communion with the church at Rye-lane for twenty years. It was sometimes a trouble to her because she could not tell the exact period of her conversion; like many more, she was often tempted to doubt her change; but she was

much encouraged once, by hearing her dear pastor say he could not tell exactly when the change took place with him, and she thought, "Well, none can doubt about *his* conversion, why should *I* be troubled?" As a family rose up around her, they became the objects of her most anxious solicitude, and secret earnest prayer. It was her privilege to see three of her daughters put on Christ by baptism; and she had faith to the last to believe that all would be brought to a knowledge of the Saviour. She has left behind her in her life (well known) a testimony to the power of grace. All who knew her, loved her. She was a fond and tender wife, a devoted, self-sacrificing mother, a kind and gentle friend, thinking little of her own comfort if she could do good and make others happy. She had a very tender conscience, and great regard for truth; her piety was simple and unobtrusive, and though her knowledge was good, and her mind most choicely stored with Scripture, (she knew the greater number of the Psalms, and many beautiful hymns were graven word for word upon her memory) yet she was very diffident in talking about spiritual things, but always, in everything she said, *deeply sincere*.

For some time it was observed that her health gradually failed. A lingering disease of the liver, which proved to be of cancerous nature, and rapidly progressed, at last, brought her to her end. The ablest skill of the first physicians in London, and all the care of loving friends were exerted in vain. On Thursday, October 22nd, she went up to her room, and came down no more. Throughout this illness, there was a sweet and peaceful resting on the Saviour. When often asked by her husband, "Are you resting on Jesus, dear; do you feel safe and happy?" she answered always, "Oh, yes; but I should like to feel it more." Several times when a short season of darkness was realized, she would clasp her hands and say, "O Saviour, spare thine erring child." Still she had peace. Bidding "good night" to one of her daughters, she said, "So He giveth His beloved sleep." Many sweet passages of Scripture and hymns, too numerous to mention, were repeated by her. A little prayer meeting twice held in her room by the pastor and deacons, was much blessed to her comfort. She sometimes tried to think she should get better; especially when she saw her sorrowing friends around her. It was only for their sake. Two days before she died she said to her husband who was with her alone, and weeping, "Don't fret, dear, who knows but next Christmas day (their wedding day) may be the beginning of another twenty-five years of health and happiness;" and yet a fortnight before this, she had given him the text for her funeral sermon, and expressed to him other wishes also to be accomplished at her decease.

On the Saturday morning, she asked one of her daughters for a larger hymn-book, and her spectacles, that she might find some hymns, but sight failed her. She then repeated several, "What charming words are these;" "In vain the fancy strives to paint," and others. On the Saturday night she could not distinguish those around her bed, and her voice became thick. Her husband repeated the hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home," but on his missing a verse, she made a sign it was wrong. As the night passed on, and the first dim light of Sabbath morning began to penetrate the chamber, the sense of hearing and sight had left her. She tried to talk, her voice was low and indistinct, but some few words were audible. Lifting up her hands a little she said, "Higher! higher!" Again, "I am coming. Nearly home;" and the last words that could be at all distinguished, were "Safe! glory!" Then came a state of stupor, with hard breathing, and then, with all her family around her, at five minutes past ten on Lord's-day morning, Dec. 5th, her happy spirit passed away to the bosom of Jesus.

"Happy soul, thy days are ended."

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#### THE FUNERAL ADDRESS, BY MR. G. MOYLE.

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much encouraged once, by hearing her dear pastor say he could not tell exactly when the change took place with him, and she thought, "Well, none can doubt about *his* conversion, why should *I* be troubled?" As a family rose up around her, they became the objects of her most anxious solicitude, and secret earnest prayer. It was her privilege to see three of her daughters put on Christ by baptism; and she had faith to the last to believe that all would be brought to a knowledge of the Saviour. She has left behind her in her life (well known) a testimony to the power of grace. All who knew her, loved her. She was a fond and tender wife, a devoted, self-sacrificing mother, a kind and gentle friend, thinking little of her own comfort if she could do good and make others happy. She had a very tender conscience, and great regard for truth; her piety was simple and unobtrusive, and though her knowledge was good, and her mind most choicely stored with Scripture, (she knew the greater number of the Psalms, and many beautiful hymns were graven word for word upon her memory) yet she was very diffident in talking about spiritual things, but always, in everything she said, *deeply sincere*.

For some time it was observed that her health gradually failed. A lingering disease of the liver, which proved to be of cancerous nature, and rapidly progressed, at last, brought her to her end. The ablest skill of the first physicians in London, and all the care of loving friends were exerted in vain. On Thursday, October 22nd, she went up to her room, and came down no more. Throughout this illness, there was a sweet and peaceful resting on the Saviour. When often asked by her husband, "Are you resting on Jesus, dear; do you feel safe and happy?" she answered always, "Oh, yes; but I should like to feel it more." Several times when a short season of darkness was realized, she would clasp her hands and say, "O Saviour, spare thine erring child." Still she had peace. Bidding "good night" to one of her daughters, she said, "So He giveth His beloved sleep." Many sweet passages of Scripture and hymns, too numerous to mention, were repeated by her. A little prayer meeting twice held in her room by the pastor and deacons, was much blessed to her comfort. She sometimes tried to think she should get better; especially when she saw her sorrowing friends around her. It was only for their sake. Two days before she died she said to her husband who was with her alone, and weeping, "Don't fret, dear, who knows but next Christmas day (their wedding day) may be the beginning of another twenty-five years of health and happiness;" and yet a fortnight before this, she had given him the text for her funeral sermon, and expressed to him other wishes also to be accomplished at her decease.

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King of Glory shall descend from heaven; then will He gather up that particular dust, that identical dust, and enter into that temple again, then a purified body, a spiritual body, a heavenly body, for it will be immortal like unto the glorious body of the Son of God! Oh! blissful state! "Sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; sown in weakness, it is raised in power." Death is a solemn thing; it is the termination of one mode of life and the commencement of another, an eternal one. We must die ourselves to know it. Could our sister now look over the bulwarks of heaven, she would say, "Not one good thing hath failed of all the Lord hath promised." She has reached the port; she has arrived at her desired haven; she has gained a complete victory over the flesh and every adversary; she rests in safety and peace through the doing and dying of the Lord Jesus Christ. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Our sister has gained what she has been long looking for, her appointed time on earth has expired, the day of her death was the day of her majority. The heir on the day of his majority takes possession of his inheritance. Our sister has attained her majority and taken possession of her inheritance—an eternal one; and she has gained the intimate and immediate society of her Lord. *The World* has suffered a loss; every believer is a light in this dark world—that light has been removed. *The Church* has lost a valuable and an honourable member. *The minister* has lost a friend; one of my best and kindest friends is gone. When we grow old and our best friends are taken, where can we look, but to the Friend of friends—our loving Saviour? *The aged father* has suffered a loss; an affectionate daughter, one who was a comfort to him in his old age, has been removed. *Brothers and sisters* have lost a loving sister. *The dear children* have lost a devoted, anxious, kind, thoughtful, ever-watchful, mother. *The husband* has lost the wife of his youth; the partner of his sorrows and joys; the delight of his eyes; and now, like Abraham of old, he is called upon to "bury his dead out of his sight." *The poor* have suffered a heavy loss; the departed had a large and benevolent heart. But our loss is her eternal gain. We mourn the loss of the departed friend, but can say "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." May this solemn lesson be sanctified by God the Holy Ghost to the drawing our souls closer to our Redeemer. May it be a lesson to the careless, the thoughtless, and the prayerless, may none now present ever hear that awful sentence, "Depart, ye cursed;" but may every one be welcomed with the blessed words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you." Amen.

Rye lane chapel was never so densely packed as on the evening of the funeral sermon, and large numbers were compelled to leave without getting near the doors. Among the poor especially Mrs. Congreve will be missed. At the cemetery, a poor man was standing at the head of the grave with a bunch of flowers in his hand. We enquired his purpose. "Ah," he replied, "I knew Mrs. Congreve when she was a little girl in the Sunday school. She was a Christian with a right spirit. I call her a gen. Although I live in a hut, and she lived in a palace, I always received the greatest kindness, and Christian respect and sympathy from her, wherever, and whenever we met."

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The way of life is the way of the cross; an afflicted but yet a glorious way. Those who walk in it are never solitary. The Keeper of Israel, with a wakeful eye of fatherly love and faithfulness, ever attends them. Angels pre-commissioned bear up their trembling steps. To them it has been promised, "When you pass through the waters, I will be with thee."—*Krummacher*.

## Spiritual Unity, and Mental Variety.

### A REVIEW OF

THE LIFE AND THE LABOURS OF THE LATE MR. J. C. PHILPOT; HIS  
PREDECESSORS, CONTEMPORARIES, AND SUCCESSORS.

WE were seven years of age when the late WILLIAM HUNTINGTON laid down his pen, left his pulpit, undressed himself of all his earthly garments, and was called home to behold more fully the glories of that Saviour whose Gospel he had preached, and whose mysterious work of grace he had helped to unfold, for very many years. He was an extraordinary man. His origin, his conversion to God, his entrance into the ministry, his usefulness in the church, have rarely been equalled, if ever, since the days of Goodwin, Owen, Bunyan, Gill, and Whitefield. A review of the history of this remarkable man, even in our pages, may be worthy of a perusal by the many thousands of young people who are every day springing up in the midst of our churches, some of whom, being made partakers of the saving operation of the Holy Spirit, cannot always find that heavenly manna, that living bread, for which they hunger and thirst with intense desire, and sometimes with darkness of mind and sorrow. More than fifty-five years have rolled away, then, since "the coal-heaver" left his substantial chapel in Gray's Inn lane, for his Redeemer's heavenly mansion. We have studied the progress of the Gospel, during those fifty-five years; we have known, to some extent, the rising up, the going forth, and the closing scenes of that long line of singularly qualified ministers which the God of Israel hath evidently called, anointed, and honoured in his church; and we shall esteem it no small mercy if (now that nearly the last of the line has been called home) we may be favoured to gather up so many of the essential features in the lives and labours of each of these good servants of Jesus Christ, as may tend to convince the truly spiritual and the unprejudiced, that, although among them, there was a great MENTAL variety, and with them all, there were not a few NATURAL infirmities, still, a blessed and efficient "SPIRITUAL UNITY" was manifested in their ministrations; and hence, they were all of them instruments of good to the living church, even though bitterly adverse and very opposite to each other they some times might appear to be.

We belong, spiritually speaking, neither to the *Standard* party, nor to the VESSEL body. Not we, indeed! We are Huntingtonians to the heart, in the matters of GRACE and of a VITAL EXPERIENCE. Mr. Philpot's very last written piece on the epistle by Peter, is the very sentiment and experience of our soul. We have always loved, respected, and admired Mr. Philpot, for his spiritual acumen; for his logical argument; and for his careful, able, and determined contention for such a work of God's grace upon the heart, as only can prepare a sinner for the kingdom of heaven. Mr. Philpot's austerity and severity against us, and others, whom he would designate "letter-men," we always considered to arise from his educational bias, from his collegiate training, and from his utter unacquaintedness with those of whom he heard some

bad things, and consequently of them he thought hard things, and took good care never to know them personally either in the flesh, or in the Lord. We believe that a precious revelation of the Lord Jesus in the soul of a regenerated believer, doth implant in that soul such a holy freedom, and such a heavenly charity, as to cause it to be willing to

“ Tell to all around  
What a dear Saviour it hath found.”

While a narrow, contracted, and censorious spirit, would almost lead one to conclude that the glorious manifestation of the Christ of God had never been fully known; or, if known, had been almost forgotten. Further into these things we shall not now enter. Our painful conviction, our secret fear, is, that many of the present race of men in the ministry, have never savingly seen the Christ of God, in the revealings and powerful teachings of the Holy Ghost; hence, they are proud, self-willed, and, worse than all, unsafe in the work of the ministry. If, therefore, we can re-produce the facts, the fruits, and the effects, of the true grace of God in the lives and labours of those ministers of God who have passed away, we may render some special service to not a few of the dear saints of God, whose lot is cast in this day of formal and of fashionable profession of the Gospel of Christ. We purpose to begin with the late editor of the *Gospel Standard*, whose work and ministry in the kingdom of grace we shall (D.V.) fully consider; connecting therewith the exhibition of the grace of God in those men who came before Mr. Philpot, who have laboured in the same time, and of some whom he has yet left behind. Exclusiveness will not be our line. We repeat, we are not, hope never to be, it is impossible that we can be, of a bitter, unforgiving, separating spirit, as between brethren of the same family. Between such godly men as William Huntington, William Gadsby, John Warburton, John Kershaw, John Foreman, George Murrell, and others, we shall fully notice, there were natural and mental differences, but in the essential things of God, there was a blessed spiritual unity; as we purpose to show. Between such highly-gifted men as Goodwin, Owen, Gill, J. C. Philpot, James Wells, and others we shall bring on to our platform, there were, and are, mental and natural differences, wide as the poles asunder, but in the eternal verities of the new and everlasting covenant, there was a God-wrought, and a Spirit-taught vitalizing unity. But in this introductory paper, we must add no more.

As we stood beside the noble oak-coffin containing the mortal remains of the departed and much revered editor and minister, the question was asked, “ Upon whom will the editorial mantle fall?”

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#### DEATH OF MR. J. C. PHILPOT.

Mr. J. C. Philpot, the editor of the *Gospel Standard*, died at his residence, Croydon, Surrey, on Thursday morning, Dec. 9th, at a quarter to three. As was generally known his health had been delicate for a length of time; and he had recently publicly announced that his ministerial labours for this winter must cease; and he purposed to shut himself up during the inclement season.

At Croydon he was in the habit of attending the ministry of Mr.



Covell, where he occasionally occupied the pulpit. He attended here the last time the last Sunday in November, when the text preached from by Mr. Covell, was, "Happy art thou, O Israel," &c. On parting with Mr. Covell on that occasion, and shaking him warmly by the hand, Mr. Philpot very emphatically repeated the text just quoted. On the Tuesday following, Mr. Covell called at Mr. Philpot's, purposing to ask him to preach on the first Sabbath in December, but finding he was labouring under a slight attack of his old complaint, the subject was not entertained. On the next visit, Mr. Philpot's breathing was much worse; and some slight anxiety was felt about the matter, but not to any extent. On Monday, Mr. Covell received an intimation that his brother Philpot desired to see him. He immediately complied with the request; and proceeded to the house. On entering his room, Mr. Covell's first enquiry was, "How are you to-day, brother?" The reply was plain, "I am very ill." After some further observations, Mr. Covell asked, "How is your mind?" Mr. Philpot's reply was "Dark and dead;" not that there was any doubt or question as to the final issue; but he was not in the enjoyment of the felt presence of the Saviour in his own soul; and he further remarked, "Nothing short of a manifestation of Christ to my own soul will do for me." Mr. Covell then brought to his remembrance a subject which they had but recently been speaking of, that of "*open* evidences, and *sealed* evidences." With much warmth of feeling, Mr. Philpot took up the subject, and said, "It was with faithfulness and sincerity, I left the Church of England, Covell. This was an *open* evidence." Then referring to the *sealed* evidence, "How many thousands of times has earnest prayer gone up to God from these lips for grace and mercy. How many times also when you have been speaking of Scripture evidences, I have put my foot on such and such an one, and have been enabled to lay hold on it with confidence; and often while you have been in prayer, my heart has echoed the truth of your testimony." Mr. Philpot then made some reference to Hart's hymns, and quoting the expression, "Come needy, come wretched," &c., he added, "That just suits me;" Mr. Covell in reply saying, "That is as you and I came first, master; and it still suits our condition." Mr. Covell then read the 779th hymn in Gadsby's selection;

"Happy souls that cleave to Christ;"

and after some other spiritual conversation, he left never to see him again alive.

On the Wednesday morning it was hoped there was an improvement; Mr. Philpot felt somewhat better; and there was expectation and hope that he might again recover. But as the evening drew on, there was a great change, and he felt very much worse. At 9 o'clock the state of his pulse gave cause for the greatest anxiety. It was then suggested that further medical skill should be obtained; but Mr. Philpot declined this further than his esteemed brother in Christ, Dr. Corfe. At twelve o'clock, it became evident he could not last many hours. Calling his eldest son to him he said, "*I am dying, Charles;*" and the son felt that such was the case. He then, like the patriarch of old, began to "gather up his feet into his bed," and said, "It is better to die," the bitterness of death having evidently been removed. He further remarked, "I am happy," and like a fond and loving parent, he then kissed each one of

his children, and in the tenderness of his heart he said, "Love one another. Be kind to your mother; she has been an affectionate and good wife to me, and a kind, good mother to you." After this, his great anxiety for their spiritual welfare was manifest by the earnest expression when he said to them all "*Follow the Lord.*" Having thus taken an affectionate farewell of his family, he bore testimony to his full assurance of the faith he had testified for years both by his writing and preaching. He said, "I feel a firm faith in the truths I have preached." He again observed, "It is better to die than to live." He again exclaimed, "Mighty to save," and shortly afterwards the happy spirit released from the frail body, winged its flight to the bosom of its Saviour, on Thursday morning Dec. 9, 1869, at a quarter to three in the morning.

Mr. Philpot leaves behind him a widow, two sons, and two daughters.

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### THE FUNERAL.

On Thursday afternoon, Dec. 16th, Mr. Philpot's remains were interred at the new cemetery, Croydon. The weather was most unfavourable; the wind blowing quite a hurricane, and the rain falling in heavy sheets, without the slightest intermission. We were requested by the editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* to accompany him to the funeral. On arriving at London Bridge to take train for Croydon, we found a large number of friends gathered, and learned many had already proceeded by a previous train; we were, therefore, not surprised on arriving at the cemetery to find not only the chapel full, but numbers unable to gain admission. The oak coffin having been borne into the chapel the service commenced by Mr. F. Marshall (one of the deacons of Gower (street) giving out the 463rd hymn of Gadsby's selection. Mr. Godwin (of Stow,) read the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians; interspersing the reading with a number of remarks bearing on the life of Mr. Philpot, from which we gathered that for some thirty-four years the speaker and the deceased had enjoyed the closest Christian fellowship; both being born naturally and spiritually about the same period. After reading, Mr. Godwin engaged in prayer. Mr. Covell then delivered a lengthened address. He remarked that death to the Christian was the best blessing he could have, removing him from sin and sorrow to be with Jesus for ever. In a few minutes their brother had been relieved from all his sicknesses, his acting cough, his weak chest, and gently rocked asleep in Jesus. Death did more for him in five minutes than all his friends, with their great anxiety, could do for him. The deceased had experienced three birth-days: first, his natural one; second, his spiritual one; and the third was on the 9th of December, when he dropped his mortal flesh, and the heaven-born spirit ascended to the God who gave it. In the first birth, he was led captive by the devil at his will, and sin reigned and ruled; in the second birth, sin became his servant, grace reigning; in the last birth he entered into glory. Some remarks were then made on the "steps to heaven;" first, step being called by the Spirit; second step, repentance towards God; third step, faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; fourth step, to realize peace in the conscience. The speaker then expressed a wish that he had the

tongue of an angel, and the strength of Samson to speak of the deceased. Some remarks were further made, touching the deceased as an editor, as a preacher, a child of God, a father, a husband, and a friend, not, as was observed, to exalt the creature, but to show the grace of God as manifested in his life in these various capacities. As an *Editor*, how many writers and preachers had aimed their darts at him; but in all personal matters he passed them by in silent contempt; but let a doctrine of the Gospel be assailed, and his vigorous pen would be prompt at its work, and the assailed would wither beneath its lash. As a *preacher* he was bold to declare the everlasting love of Christ in his masterly way. What thousands have hung upon his lips; it was only to announce his name, and the place was full. As a *child of God*, so low in his own esteem; how he often sorrowed and sighed over his darkness, his little love, his felt want of enjoyment of the Redeemer's presence. As a *father*, how tender and kind; seeking his children's higher and better interest; and pleased when he saw them attending the means. As a *husband*, none but his bereaved widow can fully realize the loss. As a *friend*, he was no fickle brother; let him but see and feel persuaded of the work of grace, and his affection and friendship was firm and sincere. At the close of this address, the body was conveyed to the grave, where some few observations were made by Mr. Covell and Mr. Godwin, but as it was still raining with such force, and quite a storm raging, but few of the friends gathered at the grave. The funeral *cortege* consisted of a four horse hearse, and two mourning coaches. Mr. Philpot's age was 67.

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#### THE FUNERAL SERMON

was delivered by Mr. Covell, in Providence chapel, West street, Croydon, on Sunday morning, Dec. 19th. The chapel, which will seat about 400, was well filled, and the greater part of the congregation were attired in mourning costume. The pulpit was also hung in black. After singing, the 39th Psalm was read, a portion of Scripture we understood Mr. Covell read on a recent visit to Mr. Philpot. The text chosen was from Zechariah xi., and a clause of the second verse, "Howl, fir tree, for the cedar is fallen." The text was not divided into certain heads, but was a running comment and parallel drawn between the cedar tree and the Christian; and at the close, the preacher gave some particulars of Mr. Philpot's last hours, the substance of which we have given in the former part of this article. We have lengthened notes of the sermon, and may possibly next month give the substance of the discourse, but at this late date, we cannot do more than notice the same.

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#### THE LATE MR. W. FREMLIN.

BY T. JONES.

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(Continued from page 370.)

In the beginning the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. It is much so in the beginning of the new creation. Through the fall man's moral nature is in utter confusion, without form or comeliness; void, without God in His gracious indwel-

ling (2 Cor. vi. 16) and gross darkness on all that is sacred and divine pervades his faculties. The Spirit of God moves about this mass of ruin, vivifies it, illuminates it, reduces it to order; cleanses it, covers it with the robe of righteousness, beautifies it with salvation, and lo! it is a new creature, comely in the comeliness of Jesus, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. The grace, the power of this new birth, are wholly of the Lord, who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, but he uses means and employs instruments, making creature associations subservient to his own purpose. Bodily afflictions breaking down our strength premonish us of a certain dissolution which we fondly hope will be long delayed; and when the flesh is pained, and the nerves are unstrung, we feel the value of human sympathy and help. Our friend had a lesson in that school when in the full pride of his youth. A violent fever seized him, threw him on a bed of languishing, and he seemed nigh unto death. In his ext emity he sought to confide in the mercy of God; mercy to spare rather than save him; mercy as a reported attribute of the Almighty not pledged in covenant, nor justified in its flow, by a satisfactory atonement. In the remission of sins mercy joins hands with truth, and righteousness and peace kiss each other. The carnal mind cannot understand divine equity, cannot know by merely reading the words the character of his Maker, "There is no God beside me; a just God and a Saviour." That which He hath joined together we shall attempt in vain to put asunder. William Fremlin should not die till he had better anchorage for his hope, a softer pillow for his dying head, the bosom of a loving Christ who died for his sins, and rose again for his justification.

About the year 1812, business duties took him frequently into the society of an eminent Christian woman, who zealously embraced her opportunities for pressing religious truth on his attention, reasoning with him, as did Paul with Felix, of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. At her advice and persuasion, he was induced to go and hear W. Rogers, Baptist minister, Eynsford, whose messages were blest to him. His eyes were opened, the caul of his heart was rent; he saw sin to be sinful, himself deservedly condemned by the law which is holy, just, and good; and the hopelessness of escape from wrath by any merit or might of his own. The plough of conviction made deep furrows in his soul, produced great anguish of spirit, and spurred him to diligent search into the question of questions, How can man be just with God? He read the Scriptures studiously, anxiously; hearkened to the faithful preaching of the minister; cried, wrestled, agonized in prayer to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; reiterating in substance the short and comprehensive confession and petition of the dying thief, "God be merciful to me a sinner." We have many volumes on the experience of conversion, but a full, and correct history of the process by which a soul comes under arrest, is arraigned before Him who searcheth the heart, and judges righteous judgment; humbly acknowledges its iniquity, sues for pardon, finds peace, and begins the new song of praise to our God, has never been compiled on earth, and if it were the world could not contain the books. One statute of the decalogue after another is brought home; one chamber of imagery after another is thrown open to view, where forms of creeping things, abominable beasts, and filthy idols have been housed and cherished (Ezek. viii. 12.,) till the

sinner exclaims,) "Behold, I am vile, wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." This godly sorrow, which worketh repentance not to be repented of, is described by Paul (2 Cor. vii. 11), "What carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge." This shaking and searching, and sifting, continued to exercise the mind and heart of W. F., for some months, till in God's good time, a jubilee was proclaimed in his conscience, the hand-writing against him was blotted out, peace which passeth all understanding flowed in, and Christ was all in all. "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered; blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works." Such blessedness was our friend's when by faith and feeling he realized his election of God. Nor was this stream of blessing to stop with himself, he was not to live for himself, he was to serve God and His generation. Taught by the terrors of the law and the joyful sound of the Gospel, he was fitted to declare the whole counsel of God to his fellow men, to speak a word in season to such as were weary and heavy laden, and to declare, of his own personal knowledge, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. How many affrighted ones he directed to the strait gate and the narrow way whose faces are still Zionward, or have already gone to the inheritance of saints, only eternity can show; but we have before us many testimonies wherein he preached good tidings to the meek, bound up the broken-hearted, proclaimed liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound. What he had learned by the secret workings of grace in his own soul he was bold to proclaim as from the housetop. But before he should preach he must practise, and make public profession of his faith in the Redeemer. If at first there was any reserve, or feeling of shame, when he took out his Bible in the presence of scoffers, he soon rose above such weakness, and acquired courage to be consistent, and not to fear the faces of men. A sense of his deep indebtedness to God's mercy, with a consciousness of his own unworthiness made the sentiment of the poet happily appropriate.

What was there in me that could merit esteem,  
Or give the Creator delight?  
'Twas even so, Father, I ever must sing,  
Because it seemed good in thy sight.

He learnt from the Saviour's commission to His apostles, that they who believed should be baptized; and it was clear to him as he carefully read the New Testament, that Christian baptism is being dipped or immersed in water, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and that only persons so baptized on a profession of faith in Christ were properly admissible to the privileges of Christ's visible church. With this conviction he offered himself a candidate for membership to the (then) infant church at Borough Green, which was founded on Strict Baptist principles. By their approval, their pastor, Mr. Morris, baptized him in a stream at Basted, and from the faith and practice he had been led to adopt he never severed to the end of his life, though he lived to witness and mourn over a deal of wavering and trimming where he had least expected it. In those days a brutish hatred to the truth of God and the liberty of the subject were more outrageous than

at present, and he was made to feel the contempt and scorn entertained by State-made Christians for those who took Christ as their teacher and declined to bow at the episcopal altar. Even his relations were scandalized by his submission to a rite not considered respectable, and his adhesion to a sect everywhere spoken against, but he had made up his mind, and through evil report and good report he followed them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises.

(To be continued).

## What was in that Cup?

### CHAPTER XIII.

Until I saw the blood,  
 'Twas hell my soul was fearing;  
 And dark and dreary in my eyes.  
 The future was appearing.  
 While conscience told its tale of sin,  
 And caused a weight of woe within.

I HAD been preaching the other Sunday twice from the last verse in Acts of the Apostles, where Luke tells us that Paul was two whole years in his hired house, in Rome, "preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him;" and after having tried for near two hours to shew some of the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, I said, "If I preach for fifty years from this text, I shall never exhaust it," so I closed the book, and sat down. The same is true of this question, "What was in that Cup?" I have been making several efforts to answer that great question, and I am still set upon pursuing the theme, because a metaphor, or symbol, more awfully solemn on the one side, or more comprehensively glorious on the other, it is not possible to contemplate. There is a three-fold view to be taken of that "Cup." First, the negative, or, what was NOT in that cup; secondly, the positive, what it was that was in that cup; and thirdly, the identical and the evidential conclusive and inclusive, whereby a saved sinner may, by faith, look into the garden of Gethsemane, and there behold the strong arms of Divine Justice extended toward the agonizing person of Jesus; and as the saved sinner looks toward that scene, he may assuredly say unto his own soul, "Soul! see there the innocent, the spotless, the Holy Lamb of God, taking thy place, and thy stead! Thy guilt, and sin, and woe, and death, are all by covenant engagements, removed from thee on to Him. In his left hand, Divine Justice holds that cup of wrath which is due to thy sins; but instead of pouring that cup of wrath into thy soul; and which would have sunk thy soul down into hell torments for ever, Justice presenteth that cup to Jesus; the sight, and apprehension of which doth so terrify, amaze, and overwhelm the pure soul of the God-man, that HE, in the bitterness of His distress, cries out, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." In his right hand high and lifted up, ready to cut in sunder the soul of the heaven-ordained surety, is the glittering sword which will cut in sunder all finally impenitent rebels; but, which is now waiting to smite "the Man," even Jehovah's FELLOW, because the Lord hath laid on Him thine iniquities; and the pure Justice of God will only smite where sin is found. The Lord having put thee into the cleft of the rock, having covered thee

with His Mediatorial hand, while the glory of His redemption work passeth by, He will not see iniquity in thee, O thou elected, united, predestinated, and adopted soul; and therefore will not smite thee; but will smite thy Surety INSTEAD of thee; and although thy sins have given thee many deep wounds yet, by the Saviour's stripes, they will all be healed." And now, O my soul, consider: did JUSTICE there and then give the cup to the anti-typical scape-goat? No. Did, JUSTICE now, at once, in the garden, "smite THE MAN?" No. See: He surrenders Himself. He cries out, "Not my will, but Thine be done!" That is enough. Put the word "right," or "due," instead of "will." Not my right, but thy right be done. As the pure and spotless Lamb of God, His own right and due was, that the cup should pass FROM HIM; but, as He had engaged with His Father to restore unto His Father, and unto His elect bride, "that which He took not away;" therefore the Father's right, and due, and will, is, that He surrender Himself to the stroke. He does so. "Not my will, but thine be done." Immediately; that is, as soon as this voluntary surrender of Himself is made, four wonderful circumstances take place. First of all, Divine Justice stayeth His hand for a little season, because there are prophetic scriptures yet to be fulfilled. In Isaiah's significant twenty-seventh chapter, there are solemn things pointing to this in the highest sense; there is the "debating with it;" there was this debating with it, when the pure, unerring, and holy humanity of the Son of God cried out, "If it be possible." Then Isaiah saith, "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind." DIVINE JUSTICE stayeth His hand. Immediately, as I have said, the second circumstance occurs: "there appeared an angel unto Him, strengthening Him." Raising Him up from the ground. To prove the perfection and reality of His human nature, this was truly required. An angel appeared to strengthen Him. Ah! do not I see a beauty here? The Days-man, the oppressed Man of sorrows is bathed in a bloody sweat, as though all His precious life was going out of Him. But, the Father saith, "Let Him take hold of my strength that He may make peace with me." Through the angel, He took hold of strength; and was raised to meet the foe. Then, thirdly, "He cometh unto the disciples," and awakens them to the awful crisis now at hand. So, at length, arrives the closing scene. "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth." He is taken from prison and from judgment; and finally, that full, that heavy, that truly new covenant Gospel sentence is transacted, literally accomplished, "FOR THE TRANSGRESSION OF MY PEOPLE WAS HESTRICKEN." And when the Holy Ghost directs the believing eye of a regenerated sinner to look thus into the garden, and up unto the crucified Jesus on the cross of Calvary, his soul honestly and happily sings—

Until I saw the blood,  
 For mercy I was crying,  
 As if to move the heart of God,  
 Or win His favour trying;  
 But all the seeking seemed in vain,  
 The wished for peace I could not gain.  
 But when I saw the blood;  
 And looked at Him who shed it,  
 My right to peace was seen at once,  
 And I with transport read it.  
 I found myself to God brought nigh;  
 And "victory" became my cry.

On the negative side of the question, I shall have to come to the sins referred to in last chapter, and to enter upon Balaam's case; but, this short, yet truthful introduction to another year's series of enquiries into this immense subject must suffice for January. In Jeremiah xxxvi. 23, you read of one Jehoiakim, whose penknife cut up the roll, and cast it into the fire. Plenty of Jehoiakims are cutting the Bible to shreds. Readers of this EARTHEN VESSEL help in contending for all saving truth, your servant in Christ,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

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## T H E   C R O S S .

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THE writings of some gifted servants of God, decidedly Protestant, writing on this subject, have so spoken of the dreadful six hours of suffering endured by Jesus Christ on the cross, that may mislead many disposed to make it an instrument of merit, and an object of worship. If any of us had the real cross in our possession, on which Jesus Christ our Lord hung six hours, suffering, groaning, bleeding, dying, triumphing, and finishing the work God gave Him to do, what benefit could be derived from it? Would there be any more virtue in it, literally, than any piece of wood or instrument of death? I am perfectly satisfied that those renewed by the power of the Holy Ghost, and realize that Christ is their life and the "hope of glory," know what is implied in the use of the word "cross," and in the glorious achievements on Calvary's cross; but take the whole Roman Catholic population, a vast majority of the English church, and the immense multitude that have no definite profession of religion, and what is their idea of the cross? They venerate the form of the thing, it may consist of wood, stone, iron brass, silver, gold or anything else, and think the bearing it about their person, having it in their houses, or elsewhere, is what our Lord meant; Matt. x. 38, "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me," and in Luke xvi. 24; "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." Many to whom I have referred, are delighted with themselves, when they read tracts, or other writings of good men, and find the cross so highly spoken of, as the source of all happiness here and hereafter, and because "darkness hath blinded the minds of them that believe not," they infer, their adorations of the cross to be the very essence of religion. These thoughts occurred to my mind while reading the beautiful tract, "Standing before the Cross," written by brother Silverton, known to every gracious soul enlightened from above, to have reference to the Victim that bled and died upon the cross, and not the cross itself; but then, do not the cross worshippers congratulate themselves with the reassurances that their idolatry is a correct leading feature in the worship of Jehovah? I do not complain of what is written; I appreciate it, I enjoy it, and find it sweet to the spiritual appetite; but I am concerned for those who have no spiritual discernment, and are catching at everything that may seem, to them, to favour their superstition. As the word cross is used to represent the whole of Christ's sufferings, from his birth to His death upon the cross, what I contend for is the putting forth the doctrines of the cross in such a simple and truthful form that none should trust in or worship the cross, but trust in, and worship the God-man that died on the cross.

J. J. KIDDLE.



## Thoughts on the Death of my Son.

The way is dark, my Father; cloud on cloud  
Is gathering quickly o'er my heart; and loud  
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand  
Like one bewildered; Father, take my hand,  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
Thy child.

FOR several days I had secret desires to write down some few things descriptive of my beloved—now departed son, GEORGE WATERS BANKS, but I could not tell how to begin. I feel it is no easy matter for a father to write faithfully, truthfully, and purely for the divine glory, any memoir of one so near to his own heart, by the ties of fallen nature. But the Lord always helps us to do all HE wills to have done; hence, being home rather unwell this December 7th, 1869, after reading some letters the early post brought me, a packet came in from Belfast; among a bundle of papers, was one headed "The Pilgrim;" and immediately I read the first verse my heart said, "That is just the truth as regards poor George, in his dying days; and they were very many. His own dear wife had been suffering in body and mind for years. Only last August we carried her mortal remains to the grave. My own son's health had been sinking under heavy professional duties, under severe physical infirmities, and under domestic sorrows of no ordinary kind, for years. At length, on the sixth of November, just three months from the time we buried his poor wife, the arrow of death fatally entered his system, and he fell to rise no more. When I beheld him in the deep, dark waters of Jordan; when I beheld him clasping his hands together in secret, earnest prayer; when I felt grieved because he appeared to shrink from all creature converse, and to hide himself under the wings of the mercy-seat; when I remember all this, I say nothing could better express his state than does this pilgrim. He says; and secretly my poor dying son said—

The way is dark, my Father: cloud on cloud  
Is gathering quickly o'er my head; and loud  
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand  
Like one bewildered. Father! take my hand,  
And through the gloom—lead safely home,  
Thy child.

Nothing, surely, could more exactly decipher his mental, his spiritual, his dying state of soul, than these precious words do; and, therefore, I place them at the head of this paper. Like myself, he had seen and felt, "cloud on cloud," and the way was dark; but, still, he was a child of God. God was his Father in Christ. Unto the everlasting hills alone did he look. "No power under heaven," said he, "can do me any good;" Jesus alone could bear his sighs up to his Father's throne; and before I could write down a dark doubt of my dear boy's safety, I must be made to suspect that the Gospel does not mean what it says; and as I have never seriously doubted the verity of Christ's Gospel since He spake to my soul, so I hope I shall continue steadfast unto the end.

On Tuesday, November 23rd, 1869, we conveyed the frail body of our son to Nunhead cemetery, and carefully laid it in the family grave. When we were all assembled in the chapel, our friend C. L. Kemp read, and we sung that precious hymn,

My God—my Father—while I stray  
 Far from my home, in life's rough way,  
 Oh! teach me from my heart to say,  
 "Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh,  
 For friends belov'd no longer nigh,  
 Submissive still would be my cry  
 "Thy will be done."

Though Thou hast called me to resign  
 What most I prized—(it ne'er was mine)  
 I have but yielded what was Thine,  
 "Thy will be done."

Mr. Thomas Jones read Job xxxiii., and offered fervent prayer. Before we left the chapel, I stood up, and said, "Let a father speak a few words on the death of his eldest son." For a moment or two, I felt inwardly overpowered; but, recovering, I purposed to give evidence of my hope of his eternal welfare; but neither time nor feeling would let me say much. A brief outline I will give in this *EARTHEN VESSEL*, because in its earlier stages, my departed son laboured with his father and brothers to give it a useful existence. To his beloved memory, I desire to erect a small literary tribute of most ardent affection, and pure-minded esteem.

The words of Hezekiah (Isaiah xxxviii. 15,) appeared to comprehend the whole history of this, to me, sad event. In the writing of that great king of Judah after his recovery, there are these words:—

*"What shall I say?"*

**"HE HATH BOTH SPOKEN UNTO ME;**

**"And, HIMSELF HATH DONE IT!"**

How wonderfully fitted to me did these words appear! There is

1. A solemn question, "What shall I say?"
2. Most grateful assertion, "He hath both spoken unto me."
3. Cause of resignation, "And Himself hath done it."

There are times in one's life when we are suddenly pulled up; God moves toward us in some mysterious way; we cannot see the meaning, nor the end of the dispensation passing over us. Like Aaron, we do best to "hold our peace;" to be silent unto God, until as the Great Interpreter, He is pleased to make it plain. Hezekiah reviews his serious affliction, and exclaims, "What shall I say?" Hezekiah's three sentences have gone through and through me many times. "What shall I say?" I have lost my son, He was bred and born in affliction. His mother was much with my mother, when my mother was heavily afflicted with bronchial and asthmatic affections. I have feared the babe sympathized with its grandmother in her sorrowful fits of physical exhaustion; so that he came into the world with the seeds of disease and death powerfully in him. His pathway through life has been a chequered and a changing one. As I review his forty-one years in this desert, many sorrows gush through my soul; because our mutual trials were many; but he was a good boy, an industrious youth, a worthy man; and a Christian in faith and in feeling, although, in the main, a disciple of Jesus in much retirement of character, and in much silence of speech. The following testimony from a respectable City journal will shew his professional character better than anything I can say.

"It is with regret we have to announce the death (on the 19th of November) of Mr. G. W. Banks, who had been on the reporting staff of the *City Press* from its commencement, and who was much respected. Mr. Banks was a steady, plodding man, and one who could be depended upon for getting his work done at the proper time—a most important qualification for a reporter. It is a melancholy pleasure to be able to pay this small tribute to his memory—a duty, too, for the public take small note of the merits of a single member of a newspaper staff, however onerous or laborious his duties may be, but are apt to give all the credit belonging to a journal to that frequently mythical personage 'the editor.'"

I am thankful that amid all the bustle and hard toil of his city life, he was preserved in a high degree of moral integrity and uprightness; and in his communion with both the churches (our own at Unicorn yard, and Mr. Spurgeon's at the Metropolitan Tabernacle) he was never received as a tender-hearted, decided, and much respected member. But, he has passed from us.

"What shall I say," as regards any evidence of his interest in Christ? Ah! I have sinfully wished I could push my head into the heavenly kingdom, and there behold his justified spirit before the throne. That cannot be. But when the slightest doubt of his safety has crossed my mind, it has been silenced by the powerful application of those words spoken by Jesus himself, "he that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved." "Lord!" I have silently said, "Thou knowest he did believe; and upon a good confession of his faith, I did baptize him; and thy promise says—he shall be saved. There I rest in sacred hope." But, the precious little tokens for good I had, I give in full, under the other parts of this address nextmonth.

"What shall I say" to you who are yet spared? Never in my life did I more clearly see that the dying-bed is not the place to prepare for eternity. No, indeed, it is not. There is so much then to be done. Death is so busy in pulling the mortal tabernacle to pieces; doctors, nurses, and friends, are all so busy trying to patch up what death is tearing in sunder; between these two armies, death on the one hand, and the doctors on the other, the poor sufferer is amazed; strength fails, life sinks, until the dread conqueror bids all stand aside, while he unlocks the gloomy cell, and sends the spirit back to God who gave it. As I ponder over this sudden dissolution, this death-scene, I would re-iterate the Saviour's words, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." The death-bed is not the same even to all believers. Mrs. Sarah Bell had faith and strength enough in her expiring moments to exclaim, "Lord! take my aching head and lay it in Thy bosom!" Not so my son. There is, in some cases, such a pressure upon the spirit, that like good bishop Hooper, the soul can only say, "Lord! I am hell, but thou art heaven." "I am a most hypocritical wretch," said Bradford, "not worthy that the earth should bear me." A soul-humbling sense of our sinnership condition, with a living, longing, looking faith in Jesus, are the two deep seas which often meet in the experience of the departing saint, which often makes it "wonder where the scene will end."

I must defer until my next the singular way in which, as H Ezekial said, "He hath spoken unto me," in this dispensation. Also some notes

of his own, and of others, all of which will be of some interest to the spiritual reader, because they all tend to illustrate and confirm that great text of Paul's, "Your life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear WITH HIM IN GLORY."

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## Watchwords and Warning Words for 1867.

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TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

MY DEAR SIR,—As a reader of your magazine will, you allow me by means of its pages to say a few words in relation to the many dangers, trials, and sorrows, which now afflict, not only the Strict Baptist churches, but all true believers.

The writer of the first article in your October number says truly, "error is increasing and gaining giant strength on every hand." This is so; men thought to be pillars are falling away from their steadfastness, and it seems as if individual and party strife were much more prevalent than earnest contention for the faith once delivered to the saints. The form of godliness is to be found around us, but the power is wanting; sound doctrine is not endured by very many, and especially the young, and there is a consequent craving after that which is novel and sensational. There is a heaping to themselves teachers, having itching ears.

These are but a few of the things that cause us sorrow. Individual knowledge will supply many more; but they are sufficient to show that we are living in perilous times, though I fear many of us don't realize the fact that it is so. Now such being the state of the case, it surely will be well if all who really mourn our present condition deliberately consider it. I believe that if we had a true sense of the real dangers which threaten, not only our individual interests, but the very foundations of our common faith, it would more than anything else, send us in earnest prayer to the great Head of the church for help and deliverance.

We are generally ready to admit and lament the existence of evils around us, but in the present case that is not enough; we shall do well to come close home and consider certain matters which affect us individually. To enable us to do this, let us recall some of the words of our Lord to His disciples. Hear Him on the mount. "Ye are the salt of the earth;" "Ye are the light of the world." Are we, the disciples of the present day, really these? Is the influence of our daily life in the world like that of salt, staying from corruption the masses tending to that condition which lie about it? Does our light so shine before men, that they do see our good works and glorify our Father who is in heaven? Or again, our Saviour says, "This is My commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." Do men see so much love amongst us, as Christians, that they know that we are Christ's disciples!

These are some of the desires of our Lord and Saviour concerning His people, and for these ends He prayed, and to bring them to pass He laid down His life. Surely these are truths to make us ponder. If we are not living up to them, is it not our bounden duty to stay awhile, even

in the midst of our strifes and contentions, which appear so important to us, and to consider our personal ways. Our zeal is often in danger of becoming like that of Jehu. Let us seek to get an entrance into the sanctuary of God. We shall obtain a just judgment of the relative value of things there, and grace to act in accordance with the Divine will. Our strength very often is to sit still. The din and confusion of things around us, the strong current of the course of this world, the exigencies of daily duty, all tend to prevent due consideration and to hinder prayer, but we must strive against these hindrances. We must, if we would in any measure strive to have things right, get aside with our God, and sigh and cry for the abominations which prevail. We must *pour out* all the sorrows which oppress heart and spirit, and wrestle in earnest prayer for divine strength and grace, to revive in individuals, and in churches, the work of the Lord. Such a course must bring blessing to the individual, and must help to a wiser and more enlarged usefulness amongst fellow Christians.

There is, however, another argument which I would urgently press. The Apostle Peter states in his first Epistle, that those who are elect, and sanctified by the Spirit, are "a holy priesthood;" and again, "a royal priesthood." (Chap. ii. 5—9.) They are in fact, kings and priests, to reign with Christ hereafter, but to suffer and to intercede with Him now. The Apostle Paul in view of this character attaching to believers says in the Epistle to the Ephesians, "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." Here there is plainly defined work to be done on behalf of the church. In the first epistle to Timothy, the same apostle writes, "I exhort therefore, that first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men." In this passage a duty is clearly cast on believers with regard to the world. The passages we have just quoted lay weighty responsibilities upon every individual Christian, and they must not be neglected if we would yield true and loyal allegiance to our Lord and Saviour. We must not allow party strife and contention to distract us from this priestly and holy work of intercession, which must be from its very nature sanctifying to the individual so employed, and happy in its results to others.

There is one other passage of Scripture to which I would direct attention. It is found in the epistle to Jude, where, after speaking of evil times, and evil doers, even amongst professors, he says, "But ye beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." What a calm and holy place this seems to set us in! Shall we need exhortation to take it? Do we require the encouragement of example? If so, let us take that of Daniel praying and confessing his own sins and the sins of his people, and the blessed results which followed, or the New Testament pattern given us in Epaphras who laboured fervently in prayer for the saints, and whose labours are placed on record for the encouragement of all believers.

Need I say more? "There must be heresies" says the Apostle Paul in order "that that which is approved may be made manifest," and therefore we must not fret ourselves nor be discouraged, but wait only

on the Lord, who is pledged by covenant bonds to order all things well for His beloved church. Let none be faint, nor be dismayed, whatever the discouragements before us may be, but let us be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as our labour is not in vain in the Lord. I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

A DISCIPLE.

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## “Singing Hymns to Christ as God.”

(THE GOOD OLD STYLE.)

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AT our crowded meeting in Shaftesbury Hall, on behalf of “The New Testament Pentecostal Union,” between each address, brother Edwards’s choir from Islington, gave some good pieces of sacred music, in hymns, anthems, &c., and thus praise to God was given, as well as expository discourses to the people; and we are persuaded that where the three grand old parts of divine worship are cheerfully, yet consistently, and solemnly conducted, the hearts of the people are constrained to grateful adoration, while their minds are enlightened; and their spirits rejoice in God their Saviour. Praying in faith, and with fervent wrestlings of soul, opens the hearts of the people, and unlocks the gates of heaven. This is the first part. Shall we be condemned if we express the conviction, that at our meetings generally prayer is almost ignored? Some brother is requested to speak a few words in prayer at the beginning, and that is all. We believe if every minister appointed to address a meeting of friends, was to precede his speech to the people by a petition to the Lord, he would often be more useful in speaking. Then praise to God should never be slighted. It is the second essential part in our assemblies for worship. Then comes the exposition, or exhortation, as the case may be.

We most devoutly intreat our brethren to endeavour so to arrange their meetings as to give time and prominence to each, and to every part, *prayer, praise, and preaching*. And for the further pressing of this upon the minds of our friends, we ask them to read a few lines, which we extract from “Our Own Fireside.” The Editor on “family prayer” says—

“Are there not homes in which, although family prayer is offered, the voice of praise is but seldom heard? This ought not to be so. Not only for its own sake, but as a help to prayer, praise ought to form an essential element of worship. Sometimes, when words of prayer fail us, a hymn of praise would serve to unlock the heart, and the mouth would have ready utterance before God in supplication.

“It is remarkable that the revival and progress of true religion has always been connected with the cultivation of the spirit of praise in congregational worship. In the truly primitive age of church history, the first century, before Latin hymns and chants confined to the monastic and surpliced choir silenced congregational praise, we have the Roman historian’s account of the people who could be charged with no crime but that of ‘meeting on a stated day, before it was light, to sing hymns to CHRIST AS GOD,’ and renew their mutual pledges of truthfulness, purity, and love. Jerome tells us too, that in his day, ‘You

could not go into the country but you might hear the ploughman at his hallelujahs, the mower at his hymns, and the vinedresser singing David's psalms.' The Reformation gave an impetus to, or rather brought about a revival of, the primitive habit, restored the voice of praise to the congregation. 'You may now see,' writes Bishop Jewel to Peter Martyr in 1560, 'you may now see at Paul's Cross, after the service, six thousand persons, old and young of both sexes, all singing together, and praising God. This,' he adds, 'sadly annoys the mass priests, and the devil. For they perceive that by this means the sacred discourses sink more deeply into the minds of men, and that their kingdom is weakened and shaken at almost every note.' In Germany, Luther's translations of Latin hymns into the vernacular, and the new hymns he wrote, had a marvellous influence. Coleridge goes as far as to say, 'Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible.' And another modern writer says, 'Every devout man could understand the blessedness of singing God's praises in good honest German instead of gazing idly at the mass or listening to a Latin Litany. The children learned Luther's hymns in the cottage, and the martyrs sung them on the scaffold.'

"Applying this teaching of experience to family worship, may we not safely conclude that a very important and beneficial influence for good would be exerted by an earnest and persevering effort to revive and extend the habit of united family praise in the home? As a rule, family prayer ought always to be preceded or followed by family praise—loved and loving ones delighting 'to speak together,' after the example of the primitive Christians, 'in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord.' This should not be a Sunday evening practice only."

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## Productions of the Press.

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*British War History during the Present Century.* By William Stokes, Manchester. Thousands of our readers have heard of Mr. William Stokes, of Manchester, simply as a Baptist minister. We entertained a hope at one time that this immense metropolis would have been favoured with his presence and influence in our midst. We have never forgotten the opening there appeared to be made for him. In his quiet retirement from that scene where we expected to find him happily settled, he practically proved himself to be a member of the "Peace Society," even one of the highest order; and the subsequent changes in the pastorate where the author of this work was destined to stand, as many anticipated, have given rise to such convictions as must not yet be written. We rejoice in the extensive

and varied fields of useful labour in which Mr. Stokes is found. Could our earnest and devoted brethren R. G. Edwards, C. L. Kemp, and others, have been associated with such a man as William Stokes in their laudable endeavours to establish a New Testament Pentecostal Union, we are persuaded they would have found in him a wise and useful co-worker. But our God hath "set the members every one of them in the body as it hath pleased Him;" and to His providential arrangements we desire ever most devoutly to bow, with the faith of him who said, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." As regards the volume before us, we have read some parts of it, with grief; others with astonishment; and the preface with anticipations of holy pleasure. WAR, to us, is dreadful

anywhere. We are for peace and truth; and assuredly, if all "the powers that be" could only be persuaded to read, mark, learn, inwardly digest, and externally practise, the great principles developed in Mr. Stokes's new volume, the divine prophecy would soon be a living fact "the nations would learn war no more." Simpkin, Marshall & Co., are Mr. Stokes' London publishers. We hope many large editions will be issued.

**OUR MODERN NEBUCHADNEZZAR.** We have two pamphlets by Rev. C. Bullock, of Worcester, which plainly discover the false position, and awful presumption, of the Church of Rome, while, at the same time, they prove in beautiful and faithful terms, that, the only "One Holy Catholic church is that of which Christ is the alone Priest and Head;" and that this one true and living church includes (irrespective of ecclesiastical bodies, or visible churches) all who embrace, believe, and experimentally know the Gospel to be the power of God unto salvation. We feel most confident that pure Protestant and truthful tracts of this kind are useful. They bear the following titles: (1.) **WHEAT CHURCH? A question which lies below all the theological differences of the day.** (2.) **"THE ONLY FAITH AND FOLD.** Correspondence with Archbishop Manning" Both are from the pen of the editor of "Our Own Fireside," for twenty stamps they may be had, post free, from Hunt & Co., 23, Holles street, Cavendish square, London. The mask of deception which covers the true character of the anti-Christian community is so plausible, so fascinating, and so gentle in its external deportment, that but few of the fallen race of mankind can see either the danger, or the death which lies in its bosom. With a Christ-like boldness, with Christian courtesy and kindness, yet, with a persevering sternness and commendable decision, the worthy rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester, has gone into the lurking places of the leopards, and has brought to light the black blasphemies which lie under the glossy and variously spotted skins of those

beasts who are preparing to pounce upon, and to persecute to the death, all who will not fall down and worship the golden image which our modern Nebuchadnezzar has set up. Of "the Œcumenical Council" at Rome, we only say three things: 1. Beyond all doubt it is designed to test the power of Pope Pius IX. 2. It is a marshalling of the forces of the anti-Christian army, preparatory to some aggressive movements against the Protestant peoples of our own, and other countries. And 3. we ask, would it not be a wise and reasonable course of action, if the whole of the Protestant churches were to convene a council of true Gospel ministers and peoples, at which council the dangers of the Papal aggression, and the advantages of Protestant unity should be fully and faithfully exhibited?

A four page tract, entitled, *The Claims of the Temperance Movement*, addressed to the ministers and members of the Baptist churches in the United Kingdom, has been issued, demanding special attention. It may be had of Rev. S. H. Booth, Holloway. It is an effort deserving the practical co-operation of all who wish well to the best interests of our fellow-men.

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*Old Jonathan* is a delightfully pleasing volume for 1869. It is bound in a very attracting cover; its contents are varied—suited to the millions who compose our city and country life. Mr. Macintosh, of 24, Paternoster Row, has issued the yearly volume of "Children's Prize" in first-class elegant style. "Chatter-box," is a volume full of innocent and lively pictures and little tales. As presents to the little ones, nothing can be better adapted.

*The Earthen Vessel*, for 1869, and **CHEERING WORDS** for same year can now be had of Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill, in good bindings. Of whom also may be had "THE BAPTIST ALMANACK" for 1870. We have witnessed with much pleasure, the cordial reception which the Almanack has met with in every direction.



# Our Churches, Our Pastors, and Our People.

## PASTOR JOHN PARSONS, OF BRENTFORD.

It appears that some clouds of mystery, (if not of mischief) have gathered round the minds of some two or more ministers in the Western suburbs. Between Zachariah Turner and John Parsons some serious differences have existed. Zachariah Turner has, in a former number, attempted to correct his brother John; and now his brother John comes to censure us; and to justify himself. John Parsons, of Brentford, has been a faithful minister of the Gospel for many years, and we wish him to have the opportunity of setting himself right before the churches; and if Zachariah Turner has misrepresented his brother John Parsons, we trust Zachariah will publicly confess his fault; and seek his brother's forgiveness.—Ed.]

Mr. Editor, I have been thinking of the responsible position you occupy, as an editor of a religious periodical. You doubtless are the means of sending much consolation to sorrowing hearts; you might also be the means of sowing discord among brethren, as you have done in the Hayes case. Where your good judgment could have been, in admitting such a letter as Mr. Turner's, I know not. To me, and to others, it smells of the flesh, and of the cloven foot; it is enough to sicken a tender reader; as for some of us, more hardened, we can read both of his letters without much self-damage. I know but little of Mr. Turner, of Hayes; and he can know but little of me; but its clear he has seated enmity in his heart against his brother John. Some of my friends advised me not to notice his last letter; and I must say it is so much unlike an epistle of a minister of Jesus Christ, that it led me in secret on his behalf. Mr. T. may laugh at this, but the Lord is my witness, I wish him no harm. Before I notice his comment on my address, I will just notice other parts of his last letter; that is, if Mr. T. will allow me to plead my own cause this once; and to vindicate my own character. He begins his last letter by saying, "Only allow John Parsons to plead his own cause, and we shall soon see him riding through the streets of New Jerusalem with the flying colours of self-admiration and praise." It would be hard lines if John Parsons was not allowed to plead his own cause; any culprit at the bar would be allowed to speak for himself. But, if we allow John Parsons of Brentford, this liberty, we shall soon see him riding in triumph through the streets of New Jerusalem. Well! he might ride in a worse place; for it is written, "There shall in nowise enter into it, (that is, New

Jerusalem) anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie," &c. So that John Parsons cannot be the man Mr. Turner represents him, or he could not ride about in such a beautiful place as intimated by Mr. T. The streets of this city are pure gold; Rev. xxii., besides, there is the tree of life to feast on; the river of God to drink of; and the glory of God to bask in; and for John to ride about in the midst of all this grandeur and goodness in self-admiration and praise, seems to me most unreasonable. If "An Observer" had placed me on the wings of falsehood, and sent me through the length and breadth of this sinful land of ours, as he or she has done Mr. T., I might then dwell with as much pride in my feelings as Mr. T. when he first read the falsehood of "An Observer," respecting the cause at Hayes, for falsehoods they are, for though Mr. T. will not acknowledge it, Mr. Snowden, of Uxbridge, has boldly declared it. (See page 317, of October VESSEL.) If Mr. T. would lay the lash on me so sharply for the little I said against "An Observer," how will Mr. Snowden fare, who, in the VESSEL has said so much? Let us hope Mr. Turner's love will cover it all. Mr. T. knew as Mr. Snowden that "An Observer" gave a false report of the laud, but Mr. T. loved too well the exalted position "An Observer" placed him in before the public, to acknowledge the falsehoods stated by "An Observer," and Mr. T. would have rode on the wings of these falsehoods till this day, if I had not shot through the wing of one of them with my gun when at Hayes; and it appears I not only shot through the wing of falsehood, but my paper bullet scared the dignity of my brother Zachariah. I did not intend to do that, but as it is done, I would advise him with all speed to get an interview with Zion's physician, he would soon set him right in his feelings.

(To be continued.)

[We can only insert Mr. Parsons' letter in monthly portions. We call upon "An Observer" to acknowledge the authorship of his letter, as that appears to be the cause of this wretched controversy. We will continue Mr. Parsons' letter until all is given.—Ed.]

## OUR HELPERS IN THE FAITH.

FOR the guidance of such churches as are compelled to obtain supplies for their pulpits, we purpose now and then to give some notices of such good men as we know to be useful in the ministry of the word. We begin with the following: "True to the Life," as the orator said, is the cart-

de-visit of our young brother, Mr. George Cook, of South Hackney. Not only is the likeness thoroughly complete; there is, beside, something significant in the attitude and accompaniments. His right arm, his right hand, and his expressive countenance, all tend to convey the idea of a holy, courageous, and intelligent firmness in the proclamation of the Gospel. Close to his heart, he is clasping with his left hand, the Bible, and some other good book; indicating, that from the precious word of God; and from the writings of the best of men, he is fetching material with which to strengthen his faith; and so to furnish his mind as to enable him to "speak a word in season to him that is weary by the way." We pray for our young brother, the blessings of health of body, happiness of soul, and great usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord. The following note was so full of comfort, we feel certain in many ways it will do good.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You and I may each say "I am the man that hath seen affliction." I find it hard sometimes to say, "Thy will be done." Afflictions, persecutions, losses, trials, and troubles, are grievous for the present, but what a mercy that they work out for us the more peaceable fruit of righteousness, and supply us with errands to the throne of grace. 1st. You are interested in all the privileges and blessings of the covenant, which the dear Lord has ordered in all things, and made sure. 2nd. You are interested in the prayers of tens of thousands of saints. 3rd. You occupy a very high pedestal in my new heart, and neither the devil, sin, the world, nor worldly professors will ever be able to remove you therefrom. Taking all things into account, are you not a special favourite of heaven? Man judges us, but it is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment. Those are the best Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others. The world it must be expected will be void of charity toward's God's people, and judge them as fools, hypocrites, enthusiasts, evil designers, turbulent persons, and what not; but it is much to be lamented that the children of grace should judge one another so rashly as we often see them do. God knows that I have always taken a holy pleasure in defending your reputation, and have never intentionally injured one of the Lord's people. Praise, all praise to his grace. Brother beloved, you have had serious losses, but underneath are the everlasting arms. The way is rough—very rough; but the end is right, all will be well. Yours (in the face of) for life and for ever,

GEORGE COOK.

RUSHDEN.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—We were agreeably disappointed in your coming to Rushden. We were afraid you were coming as one of the big men from

London did—to eulogise Mr. — and to thrash all those who speak the convictions of their own mind, as wrought in them by the Spirit of God. Judge of the pleasurable surprise experienced by us when we heard you go straight on preaching the Gospel of the ever blessed God. Our hearts leaped within us, when we heard you mention, in such affectionate terms, our heavily afflicted pastor. Can you believe it, he is almost forgotten by many who have received grace from the Lord, in connection with his ministry. Your correspondent says, as a church, we have not much to complain of. Judge for yourself, with an afflicted pastor, a distracted church, and a spirit of contention in our midst whether his statement is true or not. Was it possible for those who had sat and had drunk in the Word of Life as it fell from the lips of Mr. Drawbridge, to sit and listen with either pleasure or profit to such incoherent and confused language as was often in our pulpit? Would you think a man who pretended to believe the doctrines of the Bible could stand and say that a man may sink into hell with the grace of God in his heart? That he did not believe that hymn "Sovereign ruler of the skies," and many more such things?

["A Lover of Truth," in a note from whence the above is quoted, quite distresses us. In our visit to Rushden, we realized much of the presence of the Lord; we felt the deepest grief for Mr. Drawbridge, and we could but earnestly plead with the Lord to raise up his servant again, and make him more than ever useful. We have a note or two about Rushden yet to come, meanwhile such a body of godly men, as we saw at Rushden, had better meet for united and earnest prayer, than hurriedly to put any man into the pulpit for a permanency. It is a fact, we have multitudes of men who can fill a pulpit now and then very fairly, but to settle them as pastors or permanent preachers, is certain to bring desolation and produce division.—ED.]

BOW.—An excellent expository discourse was delivered by Mr. R. G. Edwards, in Mr. Lee's chapel, Albert terrace, on Dec. 8, in afternoon, on behalf of the New Testament Pentecostal Union. Tea was supplied by Mr. Lovelock, of Poplar, in his efficient, and truly professional style; and at evening meeting, the brethren William Sack, W. H. Lee, Kemp, and others, spoke out in a loving and truthful addresses on the necessity of united effort in defence of the Gospel. Every meeting of this Union, as yet, has been marked by some special token of the divine favour. The following note is encouraging as regards the financial department.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you allow us, on behalf of the Committee and friends connected with the New Testament Pentecostal Union to tender our warmest thanks to that unknown, but very tried, and liberal

brother who gave at our collection at Bow on the 8th of December, the handsome sum of nine guineas? Who will be the next to follow this noble example? Of course our friends know well that this Union, increasing as at the present time, must be attended with very heavy expenses. Our object being, not only to hold meetings at different parts of the metropolis, but to protect from the errors of the present day, those places which are now in the hands of men of truth; also to open new ones where we consider there are hopes of success. May our sovereign and loving Lord shower down abundantly both temporal and spiritual blessings upon our brother; and while we praise God from whom all blessings flow, let us likewise take courage, and go forward. Signed on behalf of the Committee.

C. L. KEMP.

Treasurer.

Dec. 9, 1869.

We trust the Committee will not forget that after the introductory meeting of this Union at Old Ford, the first day spent in its behalf was one of prayer. At least once in each quarter, there should be one day devoted to earnest supplication. Prayer at our meetings is too much slighted.

ASHFORD.—Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1869. The last month in the year has opened on us with a smiling sun, and a seasonable frost. Early this morning I left the parsonage at Rye, the residence of pastor William Gill, who has now been labouring in the old Baptist chapel, in that town upwards of four years. He has thought of writing me a history of that rather ancient church where the patriarch Purdue preached full fifty years; and then in the old graveyard behind the chapel, they laid his bones to rest; his immortal spirit, we may hope, has long been in the "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

There he beholds the King in his beauty,

Walks thro' the land from us far away;

How he attends to his heavenly duty,

I feel 'tis not possible for me to say.

After Purdue's jubilee in the ministry at Rye; after his conflicts with the Welsh co-pastor had ceased; and soon after his departure for another and higher service, the pulpit and the pastorate was occupied for thirty years by a fruitful minister named Smith. After him, Thomas Wall worked there in the Gospel ten years; since he left, Mr. Kevan and others carried the seed basket, until William Gill became the minister over four years since. It is more than forty years since I first entered that chapel; last evening I stood in it, and undaunted to speak a few good words to the people; but, I had no spiritual enjoyment; so I soon sat down. On the previous evening, I gave a short address in the Town Hall, Winchelsea; but the night was wet, dark, cold, and unseasonable; so

I delivered my message, and retired as speedily as possible. In Winchelsea, Hastings, and Rye, there are several interesting characters; but being now in a South Eastern cold climate, I defer drawing portraits. The "Standard" people have their neat little Bethel at Rye, and in several other places the Bible is read, and ministers profess to preach the Gospel. I cannot say they do not; but a most intelligent man in Ashford assured me that out of all the many churches, chapels, rooms, &c., they have in Ashford, it is only in "Ebenezer" where the duty-faith idol is not set up. Mr. Richard Hancock is pastor there.

SOUTH GREEN, NEAR BILLERICAY, ESSEX.—On Saturday, Nov. 13th, the anniversary was held, when Mr. W. G. Smith, of London, preached in the morning from 2 Kings viii. 29, and showed how the prayer of faith which Solomon was enabled to put up, was answered in third verse of ninth chapter. In the afternoon, Mr. Howard preached from Psalm viii. 27, and showed while some had a blind love, the Lord's people loved first the house of God, as being by sovereign choice the house of the God of Jacob, and also, as being a truthful house, the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth. Secondly, they loved the habitation of God's house, which was Christ himself; that while there was no rest in earthly dwellings there was in Christ, and while all things must pass away, sin being stamped upon all, that Christ being declared to be the habitation of God's holiness, could never pass away, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The contrast was also noticed that those who called lands and houses after their own names passed away, and were not, but because thou hast made the Most High thine habitation, no plague shall come nigh thy dwelling. In the evening, and on the following Sunday morning and evening, Mr. Anthony Smith preached, and was well received. A good dinner and tea were provided, and although an awkward day for some, being Saturday, many came and rejoiced in this little hill of Zion, and we were enabled to say—

Our souls shall pray for Zion still,

While life and breath remain;

There our best friends, our kindred dwell,

There God our Saviour reigns.

BOSTON, U. S.—Through the kindness of Mr. W. H. Collingridge, we have been favoured to receive some American papers of a religious character. One is called, "Zion's Herald," another, "The Advent Herald," a third, "The Advent Christian Times, and Voice of the Prophets." From these, and other serials, we may soon give some notices of Christian enterprizes over the water.

## Our Colonial Mail,

QUEENSLAND — IPSWICH — SYDNEY — MR. M'CURE'S RESIGNATION—PROPOSED RETURN TO ENGLAND.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—My last letter to you was dated from Queensland, with a promise that I would give you some particulars of the cause and kingdom of Christ, both in Brisbane and Ipswich.

On Saturday, Sept. 4th, I left Brisbane by Cobb's coach for Ipswich, a distance of twenty-five miles by road, fifty miles by river, through a very fine country, that will in time to come abound with cotton, bananas, sugar, and pine apple plantations, the growth of which now on a small scale is most luxuriant. Through the guiding EYE, HAND, and COUNSEL of the Lord, I arrived in safety, which I might not have done, had I left by morning coach, which I thought of doing. When we arrived at Woogaroo, we found that a very serious accident had occurred. The coach was coming down Woogaroo hill, the leading bar on the off side got unbuckled, and the horses began kicking and plunging, drawing the coach over to the bank, where it capsized; it was full of passengers at the time, and top heavy with the Queensland portion of the English mail; one passenger was severely bruised and shaken, was unable to proceed on his journey, the other passengers escaped with only a few scratches.

How marvellously have I been preserved in connection with our chapel debt, having travelled over sixty thousand miles by every kind of conveyance. No accident whatever has happened to any conveyance by which I have travelled, the Lord has indeed preserved me from all evil.

Lord's-day, 5th, I preached three sermons, administered the Lord's Supper, gave an address to the Sunday school, where I preached in the afternoon at Bandambah, three miles from Ipswich. I was lifted up above myself throughout the day; the word had free course, and found its way into many hearts. Two persons came up to me while at Bandambah, and said that they had not heard a free grace sermon till now, since they had heard Mr. C. W. Banks preach in England, many years ago.

Tuesday 7th, a tea and public meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Ipswich, the object of which was the recognition of Mr. Garrard as pastor of the Particular Baptist church, Ipswich. 350 persons were present to tea, and over 500 to the public meeting. The ministers of the different denominations were present; brother Kingsford was unable to be there, not being well, I was therefore the only minister of our denomination on the very important occasion, except brother Garrard. About a week after my visit to Ipswich, brother Kingsford received a letter. I will here give an extract.

"One of the greatest blessings resulting

from Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure's visit to Ipswich is this: there are about eight persons who have been specially blessed through the Gospel that he preached, the Lord having blessed it to their souls; one was a very wonderful instance. His visit has been a God-send. He was most wonderfully helped; *five services in one day!* beside travelling and close conversation between the services. At eleven o'clock at night he appeared to be as fresh, and his voice as clear as when he commenced in the morning. What a remarkable instance of the truth of those words, 'The excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.' &c.

On the following Lord's-day, I preached in brother Kingsford's chapel, and on Tuesday, a tea meeting was held, having a threefold object, viz.: 1st. To welcome me on my return from England. 2nd. To take an affectionate farewell on the eve of my departure for Sydney. 3rd. To give me an opportunity to counsel them as a church in relation to their very trying position in connection with their chapel debt, £500, for which amount they have been paying 12 per cent per annum. Their pastor has been preaching to them for eight years without salary; but now, in consequence of a commercial panic, and the decrease in population, consequent upon the gold mania, that we are now and again subject to when new gold fields are discovered, many of the members of the church and congregation having gone to the "cymple," gold diggings, has very considerably increased the difficulties of the church; at the same time, it has turned out for the furtherance of the Gospel, for those brethren have now formed themselves into a Strict Baptist church on the diggings. This is one of the great difficulties we often have to experience in the colonies, before we are strong enough to bear the burden of responsibility we have taken upon ourselves for the Gospel's sake, some of our best members leave us to try their fortunes in another colony. In no one instance that has ever come under my notice, have the absentee members of our churches helped to support the cause of God during their absence, although they profess that the Lord's cause is dearer to them than all the world calls good or great.

The Particular Baptist church, Brisbane, is very desirous to be able to borrow the sum of £400, for four years, giving for security the deeds of land on which is erected a very substantial brick chapel and school, and directly the amount borrowed shall be paid, the property will then be secure in trust to the Particular and Strict Baptists for ever. If I were in possession of means to pay my own expenses, a great work might be done by now and again visiting those parts of the colonies where the Gospel is not preached. This journey has cost me £11, which I have paid out of my own pocket.

On Wednesday, I left by the steamer

"City of Brisbane," for Sydney. Arrived at my desolate home once more in safety, and preached on Lord's-day morning from "Therefore are they before the throne of God," and in the evening from, "These are they that come out of great tribulation."

Wednesday 22nd, we held a public meeting in the chapel, which was well attended and was one of the best meetings we have had for a long while; the proceeds were quite sufficient to pay the cost of repainting the chapel, £15, which had been done during my absence in Queensland. A photograph of the chapel has just been taken which I will forward to my dear friend and brother Mitson, who will very likely have a number copied for circulation in England.

Thursday 23rd, with my eldest and youngest daughters I visited the grave of my late dear wife. A most beautiful monumental stone is erected, and likewise a marble tablet in the chapel, subscribed for by the friends, bearing the following inscription: "In affectionate remembrance of Jane, beloved wife of John Bunyan M'Cure, pastor of the Baptist church, Castlereagh street, Sydney, who departed this life in the faith and hope of the Gospel, Feb. 23, 1869, aged forty-eight years." "The oup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"—John xviii. 11.

By the August mail, I informed you that I had after much prayer to the Lord, resigned my pastorate of the church in Sydney, for reasons fully stated in my letter to the church. A second church meeting was held, when the church felt it to be their duty to accept my resignation believing that the hand of God has thus directed me to leave Sydney, and believing as I do, that my work is done in Sydney, and no door opening for me in any other part of the colony, unless I could live without salary, and feeling my mind directed to England, I have decided, subject to the will of the Lord, to leave the colony some time about the beginning of the coming year.

I will forward a copy of my letter to the church, and their reply to the same, by next mail. Grace unto you, my dear brethren, is the prayer of your willing servant for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

#### NEW TESTAMENT PENTECOSTAL UNION.

As some of our friends and well wishers might desire to see in a connected form, somewhat of the past labours of this Society, we will now attempt to give it at one view as follows:

1. Thursday, Sept. 23rd, at Old Ford, its origin. 2. Monday, Oct. 4th, at Cumberland street, day of prayer. 3. Wednesday, Oct. 20th, at Islington Green, six sermons. 4. Tuesday, Oct. 26th, at Stoke Newington, various speakers. 5. Tuesday, Nov. 9th,

at Cumberland street, various speakers. 6. Friday, Nov. 19th, at Shaftesbury Hall, four addresses. 7. Lord's-day, Nov. 21st, at Poplar, three sermons. 8. Wednesday, Dec 8th, at Bow, sermon and addresses. 9. Monday, Dec. 20th, at Old Ford, various speakers. 10. Tuesday, Dec. 28th, Little Wild street, various speakers.

Thus the Lord has favoured us to the close of 1869. His blessing has been experienced in spirituals and temporals, and in his Almighty strength and matchless truth we intend to proceed, if our precious Covenant Triune Jehovah will bless us in our design, to spread the unadulterated truth of God wherever friends may invite us, and wherever we can make an opportunity, to assist weak causes of truth to the utmost of our power, and to endeavour to restore those who have wandered. To hold out a sympathizing, and assisting hand to ministers of decided truth; to strive as much as in us lieth to live in union, peace, and truth as ministers of the same Gospel, labourers in the same vineyard, soldiers of the same regiment, travellers to the same home, and debtors to the same grace; then nothing shall daunt us, but we will spend, and be spent in the work of the Lord; and if some shall still consider it more for the glory of our God and the honour of the doctrines we profess, still to walk separate and opposed one to another, if they shall persecute us for this good work, or even preach against us, as some have already, our course is forward, our motto (like the Queen's 17th Lancers) "death or glory," our prayer "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Brethren, is this a time for disunion and dissension among truthful ministers? Is there no other use for our time? Is there no foe in the field? Is there no evil in the world? No error to combat? Brethren, let us love one another, and forgive one another, and work together the few remaining days allotted to us in this world, to work more earnestly, more prayerfully, and more affectionately one with another, as servants of the same Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. O Lord, do stay that cruel envious spirit, that foul spirit of jealousy, that firstborn of Lucifer, that child of the devil. It sometimes sends daggers in the hearts and souls of some, to see or hear the prosperity of another, and then is engendered evil speaking, lying and slandering. Let not this be once named amongst us who are called saints and ministers of the Gospel; but rather may we pray that we may INDEED pray; and pray that we may preach, and pray that we may practise what we preach, "not to stand by thyself an arrogant, and never forgiving spirit," but a loving, truthful, sincere, united co-operative spirit, in the solemn and weighty mission we have in hand forgiving one another. Let not the sun go down on your wrath. Holy Spirit, bless this union with the mind of Christ. Amen.

R. G. EDWARDS.

## MR. LINDSEY, OF LEIGHTON.

FOR several years Mr. Lindsey, has been preaching the Gospel with the Lord's blessing on his labours; although afflictions have followed him seriously at different parts of his life. The following extract from a private note will show how near he has been, and still may be, unto death.

"We have been watching our dear friend Lindsey, day and night for some time past, fully expecting the Lord was about to take him to himself; and he quite thought he was going himself. Last Tuesday week, (Nov. 30,) he wished for all in the house to go to his bed-side; he engaged in prayer; and I think it was the most solemn and impressive that mortals ever heard. With what fervour did he commend the church and his relatives, and his numerous friends and connections scattered about the country to the Lord; and gave us directions as to his funeral, and wished us if we made any alteration in our apparel, we should put on white, and asked if his grave clothes were ready, that they may be laid beside him. He shook hands with us, and bade us good bye; and was as calm as though he was going a day's journey. What an affecting sight! Those who witnessed it, will not readily forget it. I cannot recall a twentieth part of what he said and the precious sentences that fell from his lips, and I could write you a very long letter. Instead of the Lord taking him last Tuesday week as we expected, and as he himself thought, the dear man still lives. The doctor gave him up, and said his heart was so embarrassed, that he thought it impossible for him to live; he seemed quite surprised that he should ever get over it. The dear man seems to be a mystery to himself and everybody about him. What the Lord intends shall result from this we cannot tell. May we have grace given us to wait and watch his hand, like Manoah and his wife, be lookers on, while the Lord doeth wonderously."

**BRADFORD.**—We are informed that pastor John E. Bloomfield has resigned the pastorate of the Bradford church. We must confess that we are really sorry to announce this. We had hoped for the rest of his days, Mr. Bloomfield had found a settled rest, and a successful sphere of labour. This resignation indicates that in Bradford he has not been so thoroughly happy as his best friends could have desired.

**BROADSTAIRS.**—Mr. Kiddle has been baptizing on two occasions lately. The cause of truth look forward to seasons of prosperity. In our future numbers this year, we hope to give auto-biographical chapters of Mr. Kiddle's life which will be found interesting.

**OLD FORD.**—The seventh of a series of special services was holden in Bethel, Dec. 20th; it was a happy and respectable meeting. Mr. W. Symons gave an address on the faith of Abel, sound and vitally good. Mr. Lee, on Noah; showing considerable Biblical knowledge; Mr. Lodge, on Moses, confirmed us all in the propriety of getting brethren to study well the characters of the Bible. Mr. Kemp, on Jacob, gently led us into some of the mysterious operations of faith. C. W. Banks, on Abraham and Lot, declared Abraham to be a good old Strict Baptist, while Lot was a free-will worldly spirited man, and an Open Communionist. Abraham was faithful and fruitful; Lot lost all his worldly riches: but his soul was saved as by fire. Messrs. J. Flory and T. Austen were well heard; and in solemn prayer, Mr. Cook closed the meeting.

**HACKNEY.**—We are painfully informed of a fearful accident having overtaken our brother Kay, the minister of Ebenezer chapel, Hackney. Particulars will be found in another place in this month's VESSEL.

**SURREY TABERNACLE.**—Mr. James Wells baptized twenty-six believers on Monday evening, Dec. 13th. A correspondent says, Mr. Wells's health appears quite established again.

**MR. NEWBORN.**—A correspondent says: "I send mite towards publishing life of that good man, the late Mr. Newborn. I should much like to see it in print. I heard him preach many times at Bethesda chapel, London, much to my souls comfort. I have no doubt his life will be made a blessing to many." [We wish many would follow this good example.]

**DEATH.**—The beloved daughter of Mr. Kealey, Miss Eliza Kealey, fell asleep, Dec. 11th, aged thirty years, after nearly thirteen years painful sufferings, borne with Christian fortitude, and with an entire resignation to the Divine will; not a murmur escaped her lips. Her end was perfect peace.

J. KEALEY.

**DEATHS.**—Mr. Richard Channen, of Brompton, formerly a deacon in the church at Unicorn yard, has recently been called home. Also, the relict of the late Mr. Blackshaw, so many years an itinerant preacher of the Gospel.

## Death of the Venerable John Kershaw.

WE hurl back with the direst contempt imaginable the wicked suspicions that we respectfully record the deaths of our opponents from some impure motive. As long as we can wield the editorial pen of this much-envied and widely-useful monthly, we shall faithfully notice the loss of any of those good servants whom Jesus the Master called into His service, employed them, and honoured them, and then took them home to Himself.

We do not believe it becomes a Christian minister or editor to bark at those who barked at him; nor do we believe it to be consistent with the spirit of the true disciple of Jesus, secretly to rejoice in the falling down of any who may not have fallen down to worship them. Neither is there much propriety in treating with silent contempt the deaths of those ministers whose lives were not exactly in unison with our own. From William Gadsby down to J. C. Philpot, and John Kershaw, we had a host of secret enemies. What of all that? They, no doubt, thought they were doing God service by seeking to destroy the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL. Perhaps they were in some sense. God alone is the judge; and He who searcheth all hearts knoweth that much as they might fight against us, for the truth's sake that was in them, we esteemed them; and therefore we shall write their history, if God will, and tell to future generations, that, after the Lord took home William Huntington, and all his little Timothies, He raised up a William Gadsby, and a few more with him; and now that, "the last of the Plantagenets," the last of the planters of "the Standard party," (as men call them) has passed home to his rest, we will furnish our readers with a little memoir of that good man, not "the vicar of Rochdale" (although we knew him well, and printed for him many thousands of his "Sunday Reader," of whom, as he must be approaching the end of his earthly career, we hope it may, through grace at last be said, his end was PEACE; but not of him; but) of good John Kershaw's end, we give the following notices which the Rochdale journals have most honourably supplied.

A faithful follower of the great Master has gone to his rest by the death of Mr. John Kershaw, for more than fifty years minister of Hope street Baptist chapel, who departed this life on Tuesday last, aged seventy-seven years. Mr. Kershaw was on a visit to London in May last, where he had been in the habit for thirty-seven years of annually labouring during a few weeks in summer, when his health broke down, and he was not able, on his return, to resume his wonted position at Hope street chapel, and has been in declining health since that time. He was the third son of Mr. William Kershaw, shoemaker, Lowerfold, near Rochdale, and was born on 25th of August, 1792. The Particular Baptist church, of which he afterwards became pastor, was formed on the 24th of May, 1809, on which day John Kershaw joined his friends in Christian fellowship, and was one of the last original members and founders of Hope street church. In 1817 he took the oversight of the church, and has remained its pastor ever since—a period of nearly fifty-three years. Mr. Kershaw was highly esteemed in the connection in which he laboured, but especially by the church to which he for more than half a century ministered, and his loss will be much regretted by a large circle of

friends and relatives. He had on several occasions urgent calls to London, to Manchester, and to Hull, where larger spheres of labour, with larger emoluments, would have been given to him, but he preferred to pass his days among his early friends, in the more humble but not less happy position of minister of Hope chapel. — *Rochdale Observer*.

The *Rochdale Pilot* says—

We regret to have to record the death of John Kershaw, minister for many years of the Baptist chapel, Hope street. Mr. Kershaw died on Tuesday morning, Jan. 11th, 1870, after a brief illness, attributable to the breaking up of the constitution through old age. Less than a month since Mr. Kershaw was in the pulpit, and on that occasion delivered a most impressive address. His life, spent with a very few breaks entirely in Rochdale, contained few striking passages, though no man perhaps has passed through more varied experiences than the true Christian who has passed away. Mr. Kershaw, who was seventy-seven years of age at the time of his death, was born in Rochdale, to which town he invariably showed a marked love. Brought up as a weaver, and marrying in that sphere of life, his mind seems to have acquired a religious tone, which led him to take an active part in the affairs of the old Baptist chapel. About fifty-three years ago, local differences of opinion led to a division in the sect, a portion of the congregation removing to West street chapel, whilst another section, of whom Mr. Kershaw was one of the most prominent members, held divine services at Hope street. Mr. Kershaw became the pastor of that congregation, and held the post with rare fidelity, and with a staunch determination to do his duty, from that time up to the period of his death. Two or three years ago, the jubilee of his ministry in Hope street chapel was celebrated by the congregation and other friends. The quaintness of his style, the homeliness and straightforward manner of his delivery, have rendered him a popular speaker, but out of the pulpit, perhaps, more than in it, he was best known to his native townsmen. In politics he was a steady Liberal, but unlike many of our present Dissenting ministers, seldom obtruded political opinions before the public. His work lay in the social and moral, and not in the political, improvement of the people, and with assiduity, the fruits of which were visible in his wide-spread popularity, he endeavoured to bring rays of light to bear upon the darker phases of our poor. His life throughout has been a consistent, unaffected, and cheerful life of religious work, and his death will cause a blank in Dissenting circles not easily to be filled up. Mr. Kershaw was twice married and has one surviving son, Mr. John Kershaw, schoolmaster of the Hope street schools.

We give the following interesting letter entire, with sincere gratitude to the writer.

Nissi Villa, near Rochdale.

Jan. 18th, 1870.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In conformity with your request, I sent you on the 15th inst., accounts of the death of Mr. John Kershaw, the late pastor at Hope chapel. Those accounts were contained in the two Rochdale newspapers, the *Observer* and the *Pilot*, and would show you what the two political parties had to say about him. I was too much engaged on Saturday and yesterday to write to you, and I can only do so now in a very hurried manner. The funeral took place yesterday. The external accessories of it were of a somewhat imposing character. I send you a copy of the hymns, and the order of procession which was followed. There were, I believe, upwards of forty mourning coaches, private carriages and hired conveyances, and, in addition to these, a considerable number of the congregation, male and female together, with the elder portion apparently, of the Sunday scholars, walked from the chapel, where they had so often heard the familiar



voice, now no longer audible, to the Rochdale cemetery ; and the route was lined with spectators on either side a great part of the distance, upwards of a mile and a quarter. In one of the carriages were your humble servant, my dear wife, our pastor, Mr. Robert Powell, and an aged friend, both of Jireh and Hope chapel, who will probably blush to see herself named in print, Mrs. Jacob Wolstenholme. Conveyances were provided, as you see for ministers and in them were Mr. Taylor of Manchester, Mr. Hardy, of Charlesworth, Mr. Bowker of Bury, Mr. Vaughan, of Bradford, Mr. Davidson, of Halifax, Mr. Leach of Hollinwood, and, I believe, Mr. Howarth and Mr. Chandler, all of the same immediate connection ; and of local ministers, Mr. E. C. Lewis (Countess of Huntingdon's), Mr. H. W. Parkinson, M.A., Congregationalist, Mr. A. Pickles, Strict Baptist, and Mr. Chapman, open Communionist. I have already mentioned that our minister at Jireh Chapel, Heywood, accompanied me.

By order of the deceased, the corpse was carried from the residence which adjoined the chapel, and deposited there during the short service which was held. This was conducted by Mr. Bowker, who read out the hymns, and Mr. Vaughan, who read and commented upon a part of the 4th chapter of the 2nd Epistle of Timothy. The comments were necessarily brief, but possessed considerable interest. Remarking upon the expressions "kept the faith" and "sound doctrine," he explained the former of the doctrines of faith, not the grace of faith, adducing the parallel passage "contend earnestly for the faith," &c., and he said he had heard the departed brother say that a sermon without election was like a cup of tea without sugar. But neither in this discourse, or rather paraphrase, nor in Mr. Taylor's address beside the grave was there any information given us as to his actual passage out of the world, or his state of mind or "last words ;" whether he passed over the river in the dark or in the light, and with the full exercise of his faculties or without. Two of the appointed hymns were sung at Hope Chapel, and the scene there, with the pulpit, &c. draped in sable covering, and the full congregation intent upon the proceedings, was most impressive and affecting. It was difficult to be present without being carried completely away in the feeling of common sympathy.

At the cemetery there was something said and done in the chapel set apart for Dissenters, but I cannot say what. Very few of the large company could obtain access there, the building being only of small dimensions. Mr. Taylor spoke at the grave side, and, allowing for some exaggeration, perhaps, pardonable in the circumstances, he was enabled to acquit himself to the entire satisfaction and delight of the friends. I heard him with pleasure, and, I trust, some profit. His allusions to the part which Mr. Kershaw and himself had in connection with the burial of the highly honoured William Gadsby, which, he said, in a few days would be twenty-six years ago, Mr. Taylor then holding Mr. Kershaw's hat whilst the latter expatiated with memorable force upon their departed friend's career of usefulness ; and his deliberate and weighty, but very brief remarks explanatory of the passage "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," two Adams and two alls, the first Adam with "his all," and the second Adam with "his all ;" these, I say, will, I think, not soon be forgotten. At the conclusion of Mr. Taylor's addresses, the third of the appointed hymns was sung by the concourse, and, after a lengthy prayer offered by Mr. William Leach, and which, as I am told, was replete with laudatory language with reference to his old friend, &c., the protracted proceedings were brought to a close. Rochdale very seldom sees such a spectacle, and the friends of Hope Chapel had every reason to be satisfied with the honour paid to the memory of their aged servant and pastor, now in the enjoyment of the crown bought for him by his Lord and Master, the great Shepherd of the sheep. May He now provide them with a suitable and able minister to occupy and adorn the vacant pulpit, and to gather together still more redeemed and elect souls at Hope Chapel for many years

to come. I may add that, D.V., according to notice given last Lord's Day, a Funeral Sermon will be preached on the occasion, next Lord's Day evening by our esteemed pastor, Mr. Powell.

Yours in Christian union,  
JOHN ASHWORTH.

## Pulpit Extravagances.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—In this age of theological degeneracy, when every imaginable distortion of Scriptural sentiment has become so common that the wildest religious absurdities fail to excite any degree of surprise, has it never struck you, or any of your numerous readers, that what we regard as the ministry of truth is here and there disfigured, and its usefulness damaged, by the expression of certain forms of opinion which cannot be supported either by reason or Scripture? It is not enough that a chapel be called a *place of truth*, nor that the man who preaches in it be called a *man of truth*, if the truth of God is done violence to in its administration. And yet such is oftener the case than those who are guilty of it would be willing to admit. An instance of this kind occurred recently, in the ministry of a man who loudly claims to be a man of truth, and on the strength of that claim, seems to be confident that nothing he says can be other than the truth; and that it ought to pass unquestioned by all who hear him. On the occasion referred to, he tried hard to unfold his views concerning the humiliation and exaltation of Christ, a most suitable theme on which to speak from the pulpit. Much that he said was good, but the appropriate effect of it was seriously marred by the strain which he put upon each of his leading points. For instance, when labouring at the contrast between the glory of Christ in heaven, and his subsequent suffering condition on earth, in order to set forth his humiliation in strong light, he spoke largely of Christ's "emptying himself," of his "laying aside his glory," of his "leaving it all behind," to become man, &c. No attempt is here made to charge upon the preacher in question the fault of originating this unsubstantiable jargon, as it has been employed on the same subject by multitudes of persons both in and before our day; and many on hearing it used would fail to perceive the impropriety of it, as it would be as familiar to their ears as Bible language. But it is not Bible language, and though it may easily be caught by one from another, and may help a man out while speaking with insufficient thought on a difficult subject, yet no man ought thoughtlessly to speak publicly on such a sublimely mysterious subject in hackneyed terms, and stereotyped phrases not authenticated by inspired language. The terms herein objected to are not only unscriptural, there being nothing in Scripture to support them; but they are anti-scriptural, there being much in the Word of God to show they are contrary to the truth.

The glory of Christ in His pre-incarnate state was two-fold; viz.: His essential glory, and His circumstantial glory. The glory of Christ essentially consisted in His being the second Person in the Godhead; and

the glory of the circumstances which attended Him as such was in consequence of the glory of His proper deity, and subordinate to it. Passing by the fact that a multitude of the heavenly host attended His entrance into our world, and that also of all the angels of God being commanded to worship Him in His incarnate state, and admitting that He separated Himself from the glory of heaven, when He came to reside on earth; it should be carefully remembered that His chief glory was retained, that is, His essential glory as the Son of God. And in this divinely revealed fact appears the transcendent glory of His grace and condescension towards us in our low estate, that He who assumed our nature, and lived, and toiled, and suffered for us here below, was really and truly "God with us."

To say the Prince of Life emptied Himself to become man, is to say that His human nature did not enshrine His proper deity at all, except in a nominal sense, which brings Him down to a level with the Socinian view of His character. And to assert that He laid aside all His glory on becoming man is equally untrue, for had He done that, there would have been nothing to distinguish Him while on earth from other good men. But all that we can justly conceive as proper to God, appeared in His life, and there was a glory attending it on which the Scriptures are not silent. The account given of His transfiguration on the mount may be mentioned as one instance in which His glory appeared. The evangelical account given of His miracles also, is introduced with a special reference to His glory. The turning of water into wine is commented on by John the Evangelist in these remarkable words, "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory." If the beginning of His miracles revealed His glory, the same may be affirmed of the whole series. But the first chapter of John's Gospel is conclusive on the deity and glory of Christ in His human nature. Speaking of God the Word, that evangelist says, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth."

Pardonable as the minister alluded to may be in respect of what is objected to in his first head, he can hardly be considered to be so in that which formed his climax of the next. In expatiating on the exaltation of the victorious Saviour, it seems scarcely possible to run into exaggeration, as His supremacy is in all respects perfect and complete. But on the occasion referred to, all the ordinary forms of exaggeration were flagrantly outstepped, and that too in a way not likely to be expected, when the minister, evidently straining his mental powers to an unusual altitude, said when Christ ascended on high in His mediatorial character, that His elevation was so great, that He was exalted, not only above all created things, but above Deity itself. "What!" said he, as if anticipating the exclamation of astonishment on the part of his auditory, "What! exalted above Deity? Yes, my friends, He is exalted above even Deity itself."

The assertion is so obviously and grossly erroneous that nothing needs be said in refutation of it. Those who are fond of pushing truth to extremes should beware of pushing it into error. Of all the objects with which the human mind is conversant, none is more subject to due limitations than *truth*; to exceed those limits is error, as much so as a

deviation from truth in any other way. That the Lord Jesus Christ is at the right hand of God, in the infinitely meritorious and official character of a mediator between God and men, is a glorious Gospel truth, clearly revealed in the Scriptures. And the Scriptures shew with equal clearness that all things are put under him, yet, not so as to include the Father. "But when he saith, all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him."—1 Cor. xv. 27.

C. T. R.

## Spiritual Unity, and Mental Variety.

### A REVIEW OF

THE LIFE AND THE LABOURS OF THE LATE MR. J. C. PHILPOT; HIS  
PREDECESSORS, CONTEMPORARIES, AND SUCCESSORS.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE excellency, glory, and sweetness of the heavenly state, no mortal heart, no finite brain, no created understanding, can possibly conceive, or comprehend, to the full; but, in the article of death, three things are delightfully certain. First death is, instrumentally, the divider of the two armies which make up the Christian man *here*. The old man, the first Adam, all that which is of the earth, and is earthy, is laid prostrate, it is "fallen asleep;" there it lies, it can preach no more, write no more, be cross no more, be useful no more; the outer man is silent, is turned to corruption, must be laid in the grave. "There the weary are at rest."

A correspondent who saw and heard Mr. Philpot the last time he preached in London, says, it was clearly to be seen that he was weary; he preached a long sermon, but with difficulty, if not with some distress. How much that afflicted body affected the mind, and even burdened the soul, it is impossible for us to say. Between the flesh and the spirit there had been a daily conflict for many years. It is all over now. In his case, the language is no longer applicable, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." A heavy burden, of some kind, every godly man must carry until the messenger, death, bids him lay it down. This burden bearer, JOSEPH CHARLES PHILPOT, was born in Kent, at Ripple, near Deal, Sept. 13, 1802; so that for sixty-seven long years, he had travelled in this desert land. By what means, or through whose instrumentality, his soul was led from death unto life, we have yet to discover, with some other things confirming the reality of his vital life in CHRIST, and of his union to the SON OF GOD. A *stern reserve*, was, no doubt, some part of the burden this good man had to carry.

The present John Warburton describes this peculiar part of the burden in language so plain, that none can fail to perceive how strangely the best of men are sometimes overcome. Talk of *mental variety*! Speak we of the amazing difference existing in the minds and in mannerisms, among the servants of Jesus Christ? Yes! that is one object we

have in view. The mental development, and the habitual movements, are so wide, and so varied, that, by these things man must not judge his fellow-man. Place the late blessed JOHN WARBURTON, beside the late JOSEPH CHARLES PHILPOT, and in both mind and manner, there were extremes beyond description. Take a familiar sample or two.

1. Some years since, we were preaching in Trowbridge, for the people who had left Mr. Warburton's Zion; but we felt we could not leave the town without calling on the good man, whose ministry, on one occasion, had been so blest to us. We passed his door to and fro, afraid to knock; at length, we ventured. We were ushered into the parlour; most kindly did the venerable saint receive us; and entered into the experiences of his ministry with freedom and sweetness. We left him quite rejoicing. Set by the side of this—

No. 2. Soon after Mr. Philpot came forward as a minister in our denomination, the late WILLIAM ALLEN told me he went some distance to hear Mr. J. C. Philpot preach. After the service, the free and easy pastor of the Cave Adullam church thought he would go into the vestry and welcome him. The following scene occurred: (Mr. Allen:) "Well, Philpot, how do you do?" extending his hand to him, cordially wishing to shake his hand heartily. Mr. Philpot withholding his hand, sternly replied, "I don't know you, Sir." Mr. Allen, "I am Wm. Allen, of the Cave, at Stepney." Mr. Philpot, "I know nothing of you, Sir." Mr. Allen finding a determination not to know him, walked out, astonished and not a little grieved. Perhaps his abrupt manner was offensive to a gentleman like JOSEPH CHARLES PHILPOT; but, if the conquering grace of God had enabled the ex-clergyman to have met the unpolished Adullamite with Christian faithfulness, and with condescending courtesy, no injury could have resulted; a large amount of happy and of useful fellowship might have ensued.

For one minister of Jesus Christ to look with cold contempt upon another minister of Jesus Christ, is nothing better than Popery, nothing short of self-righteousness in another guise. We know the Saviour told his disciples to beware of men; and this well-balanced caution is necessary every day. We know Paul tells us, to "lay hands suddenly on no man." And, painful experience has wrought us almost up to the desire to "lay hands on no man at all;" but, Paul's word, "suddenly," is not one of expulsion, but of *examination*. We are not to drive men from our presence, until we have fully proved that both their company and their conversation are dangerous. Let us pass on to

No. 3. The present Mr. John Warburton writes of going once to hear Mr. Philpot, "Before service I went and saw him; he appeared distant." This so worked in John Warburton's mind, that he hoped God would shut him up, and confound him before all the people. Instead of this, the Lord helped Mr. Philpot to preach, helped Mr. Warburton to hear, and this helped them both to meet together, to weep together, and to bless each other in the name of the Lord. Here we see how retiring one good man may be toward another. Here we see how touchy, and how full of self-importance another good man may be. Just see John Warburton withdrawing from seeing Mr. Philpot. The latter is now going to preach, and he does not wish to be interrupted. The other feels he ought to have received a hot and hearty welcome. Each one goes his own way. The Lord comes in, and melteth both

their hearts with His goodness and His grace. Oh ! that our eyes were more lifted up unto Him ! Once more.

No. 4. We were once sitting in the house of the late Mr. William Parks, of Openshaw, talking over the verities of our soul's experiences, when, turning the current of the conversation for a moment, he said, "We had Mr. JAMES WELLS in Manchester the other week, and I went and heard him." "How did you get on?" was the hasty enquiry. "He appeared a strange man to me. I could not understand him." The temperaments of these two great and good men were so different, that we do not suppose at first sight, or first hearing, either one would get on with the other perfectly satisfactorily. But, under the Lord's anointing, when their two new hearts should be fully opened, they would we are sure, rejoice together in the Lord, in His Gospel, and in the good work the Lord had done for their souls. Death lays all these natural and circumstantial differences in the grave.

A second thing most certain, is this. Death, instrumentally, sets the imprisoned soul free ; and then the Lord doth send His angels to fetch the ransomed soul up into those holier heavens, where neither *Standard* men, or *VESSEL* men, are known as such, of which, there is much to be said, but not now.

The third beautiful thing most certain is, that at Christ's glorious appearing He will change our "vile" bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto His glorious body ; according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself. "The finished work of Christ" will then be consummated ; but the further consideration of these things, and of Mr. Philpot's life, we defer until our March number (D.V.)

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#### " MARK THE PERFECT MAN. "

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"Mark the perfect man—the end of that man is peace."—Psa. xxxvii. 37.

THE lucid streams of free and sovereign grace,

From Zion's hill flow on and on for ever ;

Back to their fountain-head their course they trace,

Are never stagnant, and exhausted never.

Thus souls when by God's Spirit upward borne,

Rush through the barriers which impede their flight ;

Whilst every conquered force aids their return,

To bless the church with liberty and light.

Darkness is present, where it may not reign,

But light will struggle with it to the last ;

Yea, the Prince of Darkness is already slain ;

For in the court of heaven his doom is past.

How happy he whose hidden, holy life,

Can brave the shafts of seen or secret foes ;

He breathes on earth, but lives above the strife

Which wounds the soul, and mars its calm repose.

Far happier he than monarchs on their thrones,

Whose hearts rebel against the King of kings ;

He truly is a king ; a regal birth he owns,

And all his acts to heaven's own fiat brings.

Strong in the mighty grace of "perfect love,"

He conquers tendencies to slavish fear ;

Fixes his eyes and heart on things above,

And waits the summons to a brighter sphere.

Totteridge, Herts, Dec. 18, 1869.

ROBERTUS.

## Thoughts on the Death of My Son.

### NO. II.

I MENTIONED in my last, that Hezekiah's words came to my mind at the death of my eldest son, Mr. GEORGE WATERS BANKS. I will briefly state how I felt certain, as Hezekiah says, "He hath both spoken unto me, and Himself hath done it." In the first place, on the Saturday evening, Nov. 6, 1869, (the time when he was taken so very ill, of which I knew nothing until the following Monday) I was in my study trying to read, to pray, and to be somewhat prepared for the Sunday, but such a cloud of darkness and terror came over my soul I could do nothing. Real distress filled my mind, but the exact cause I knew not. I retired to bed in this state of mind. As I lay down, these words whispered in me, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee, for He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." I was permitted to rest. Next morning, the words were still with me; and I began to preach from them; but before I had spoken more than half-an-hour, I was seized so ill I was obliged to ask our brother Symonds to give out a hymn, which he did; and they sang it; at the end of the hymn I proceeded with my discourse; but never before do I recollect being compelled to stop in the middle of a sermon. I was grieved; but went through the services of the day as usual. The next day I heard my son was ill, but I knew he had been so long subject to distressing coughs, and asthmatic afflictions, that I never thought for one moment he was worse than usual; but the next morning, I travelled over to his residence to see him. I found him in his bed; and looking exceedingly ill, and oppressed in spirit. He said, he had had many blows, but this was the last one. He believed he should never get over this. I felt deeply grieved to see and hear this. I did not think it was time. I tried to cheer him; but totally failed. I said, "You feel lonely and sad." He said, "Sad enough, but not lonely, quite the reverse; the more I am alone the better." This astonished me. And from that moment, and all through his illness, I saw he strove to retire into himself; and to wrap himself up in God. "No power under the heavens," he said, "could do him any good." While I was with him on Wednesday, I felt constrained to tell him of the distressing cloud I had on the Saturday night; and of the word coming to me, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." When I mentioned this, he looked up at me, so hard, but to me he said nothing; to my own dear sister Harriett, he said, "that word I spoke unto him was the first drop of comfort he had!" Oh, how I do desire to thank the Lord for that mysterious dispensation of His providence, for I thought every time I saw him, I could see he was struggling hard to "cast HIS burden upon the Lord," but he sank so rapidly; his life flowed from him so fast, that he could hardly utter a sentence; but as I watched him time after time, as he sank absorbed in himself, I saw him continually clasping his poor hands together, as though in the most fervent, though perfectly silent prayer. I asked him once if we might bring in another doctor? He said, "It is too late;" but, the following extract from the December number of *Cheering Words* will show another medical gentleman, a

very intimate friend of his was called in. I wrote this on the 17th day of November, 1869.

My eldest son, GEORGE WATERS BANKS, has been for some days near to death. I went this morning to his house. The friend who opened the door said to me, "Go into the dining-room, you cannot go up to him now, for the two doctors are with him. I asked how he had been during the night. "Very restless." I was given to understand all pain had left him, that mortification had set in, and that perhaps a few hours would decide the case and end the conflict here. This quite broke me up. Day after day, and night after night, I had secretly sorrowed over him, watched over him, and prayed unto the Lord to heal, to raise, and to spare him, and yet a HARD GRIEF shut up my heart like a stone, but now it was pierced and it gave vent. Still there was a sense of the Lord's mercy and goodness towards me and mine, which gradually raised up my soul in faith. The two doctors came down. I asked if there was any hope? "There is the chance," was the reply. In the conference I saw in a moment the history of the disease, and I felt a hope that this affliction was not unto death, but for the glory of God, and the spiritual and physical good of my son. I went upstairs to his bedside. Nurse said I might speak to him, but he could not speak to me. He looked at me very hard. Frequently something spake in me this strong sentence, "Do not, my dear boy, entertain one fear, either for time or for eternity, for living or dying, it will be well." And with much certain and solemn feeling did I thus address my apparently dying son, and when I asked him, "Do you not feel it so?" he faintly replied "Yes." After a little while I left him with a "Who can tell, but that the Lord may raise and spare and bless him abundantly yet?" "Did I speak truly?" "Was I justified in thus addressing him?" These secret questions arose in my mind, but the more I investigated the whole matter, the more did my confidence gain strength, of which another day I may give evidence. But now I must say no more.

The closing scenes, and some letters, with a few reflections, must in another number (D.V.) close up my brief memoir of a son, whose life can never be fully written, whose sufferings were many; but whose spirit is now at rest.

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## THE LATE MR. W. FREMLIN.

By T. JONES.

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(Continued from page 16.)

His own father was sorely vexed with his great attention to chapel and Scripture, as likely to unfit him for general society, and to lessen his diligence in worldly business. Doubtless his religion raised a barrier between him and the profane, and such as were living without God in the world, who would like his society and conversation just as much as he liked theirs, and no more; but it did not make him negligent of creature duties; its root and fruit are thus described, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He used to carry his Bible in his cart, so that he could refer to it when he had a few minutes to spare. His master disapproved of the practice, but observing that the Bible was only drawn out when there was absolute leisure, and that no duty to him was omitted on that account, he was so reconciled to the habit, that when helping to furnish the vehicle for a journey, he would pick up the Bible and put it in its accustomed place. Few employers



will object to their servants being religious if they are religiously consistent, and do not make what is called piety an apology for inattention and idleness. Every soldier in Cromwell's army was required to carry a Bible in his kit. The Royalists (and the devil) reproached the practice as hypocritical, but Cromwell himself believed in the Bible, and wished his soldiers to drink of the same fount. W. F. made no ostentatious parade of the book, but as it was his chart and his directory he did not hesitate to consult it when he had opportunity, even in the presence of the baser sort. This courage was the offspring of grace, for his nature was reserved and coy. At Leybourne school, he obtained the silverpen writing prize, but never succeeded in competing for the Bible which was awarded by the visitors to the best reader; for when called to read before a company, and for such a stake, his timidity choked his utterance, and confused his manner, so as to make his effort a failure. With new life came new qualities of mind and character. "The righteous are bold as a lion." He was zealous for the Lord of hosts, and (like young converts) his zeal did not always take counsel of prudence, for while boldly reproving men of corrupt lives, and warning them of consequences, he dared to attack the clergyman of the parish, and charge him with unfaithfulness, with conniving at the prevailing vices of his flock, and with teaching delusive errors calculated to deceive souls and lead them to ruin. Of course he was denounced by the priest and his followers as a meddling, presumptuous, schismatic, and no doubt they regretted the lapse of the "good old times" of priestly domination when a man crying fire under his neighbour's window, to save his neighbour's life, he not being duly authorised to sound an alarm, could be punished by the sleepy watchman for rudely intruding on his office, albeit he had utterly neglected it himself. Alas for these degenerate days! they could not burn him, nor gag him, so he went on declaring that "the wages of sin is death," and that "if the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch." And his honest utterances did not always fall on deaf ears; they were heaven directed, and burnt their way into the consciencè, causing even scoffers to tremble and confess "What this young man says is certainly true."

As there were in the church at Borough Green several young men of godly intelligence, and inclination to work, the pastor advised there should be special meetings held, at which each should be encouraged to give his views of a portion of Scripture, so that the church should have opportunities of knowing whether any of them had abilities which might be utilized safely and profitably in any work of faith and labour of love in which they could bid them God-speed. The friends were not long in doubt of W. F.'s claim on their patronage; they believed God had given him a mouth and wisdom, so they advised he should go forth under their sanction. In solemn prayer they commended him to the Lord, and kindly counselled him to go about his Master's business. This decision of his brethren coincided with a remarkable impression made on his mind many months before by the application of the text Psalm lxxviii. 13, "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." These words came with a peculiar power, and were for the time, an indication of enlargement and soul prosperity, and further, that he should be employed in the ministry of the word

an idea however which he tried to get rid of, feeling himself entirely unfit for the work, and unworthy of such honour. "God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts." He chooses his own instruments. It is solemnly true still, "No man taketh this honour to himself;" and it is no less true that being called of God, he is not at liberty to confer with flesh and blood on the subject. Regard to personal ease and worldly advantage may suggest an imitation of Jonah, who tried to evade the Lord's command: but vain the attempt; "He that hath My word, let him speak My word faithfully." Paul might have had his fleshly yearnings, but he felt his responsibility, "Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is to me if I preach not the Gospel." Our friend was not unwilling to work, and if the approbation of his brethren elated him, he soon had ballast enough to keep him steady under sail. Some envied the gifts bestowed upon him, insinuated that his prime motive was pride, severely criticised his language and manner, and with jealousy cruel as the grave, employed detraction and misrepresentation to delude his friends, and mar his usefulness. Through divine favour he was upheld in hope and service, and at no time of his life was he more successful in his work than when like Joseph, "The archers sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him." Some of his persecutors lived to repent of their hard speeches, and others poisoned by their own malignity, died to the church, and were lost to sight. It might be thought of some when they pray the Lord to send forth labourers into his vineyard, they mean themselves: so backward are they to acknowledge the commission bestowed on others. It was not the fate of the apostle only to walk through evil report and good report. It is well when the Lord's servants can say, "None of these things move me."

In the year 1817, he was married to Elizabeth, the only surviving daughter of Mr. Stephen Norton, of Wrotham. She was one of the first fruits of his ministry. They lived happily together for nearly fifty-two years. She remains to mourn the loss of her beloved and loving companion, though greatly consoled by the assurance he is with the Saviour he preached and trusted in, and by believing anticipations of meeting him again in the holy city wherein is "the throne of God and the Lamb, and His servants serve Him, and see His face."

During some years after his marriage he occasionally preached at Borough Green, but much more frequently at Plaxtol, a few miles distant, and there especially was his ministry owned and blest in the conversion of sinners, and the edification of believers. The wind bloweth where it listeth. The seasons of nature rotate as the Creator ordains, and the church has somewhat similar changes; it is not always summer with her, and blessed be God, it is not always winter. We have seed time and harvest; and no sight is more interesting than a praying people with an earnest God-sent teacher, in their midst, all evidently waiting for the promised dew and the small rain which refresh and fertilize the garden of the Lord, making the plants of righteousness to grow, pleasant fruits, trees of frankincense and all the chief spices. Well may we cry, "Render the heavens and come down;" "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities." "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." W. F. was enabled to produce from the

Lord's treasury things new and old, and many were enriched by his means, 2 Cor. vi. 10. In the year 1826 his health gave way, and he was compelled to retire from business and preaching, and his physician was of opinion that he could not live twelve months. The physician was mistaken. Man is immortal till his work is done, and our friend had yet a deal to do; so, contrary to medical prognostics and general expectation, he recovered, and grew strong. "I am the Lord that healeth thee," Ezek. xv. 26.

In 1830 he took a farm at Watlingbury, where he resided with his family seventeen years. His farming did not engross his time so as to prevent him serving his divine Master in the ministry. His parish was large, extending over a considerable portion of Kent; and in many villages he sounded the Gospel trumpet, going any possible distance, and through all states of weather, to preach the glad tidings of salvation full and free, for the chief of sinners. He continued for years to preach at Plaxtol on Sundays, with more or less of satisfaction to himself and his hearers, to them with acceptance always. He also preached at Meopham for a long time while they were without a pastor, not accepting anything for his services as there was a debt on the chapel, and he thus generously aided in its liquidation. Ryarsh, his native place, he often visited to testify of God in His government and grace, and exhibit in the glorious Gospel the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. At West Malling, he helped in raising a new chapel, and supplied the pulpit for some years, the Lord working with him, and confirming the word with signs following. After the death of Mr. Rogers, he served the cause at Eynesford twelve months, going and returning fifteen miles every Sunday, taking no account of cold or heat, rain or sunshine, but obeying the Apostle's precept, 2 Tim. iv. 2, "Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." Frequently some of his family accompanied him in his long drives on his mission of love, and beguiled the dreariness of a winter's night by singing with him some of the songs of Zion in which he delighted.

Isaiah lvi. 8 was a favourite text with him, "Yet will I gather others to him, beside those that are gathered unto him." He desired the salvation of men above all things, and God favoured him greatly in the desire of his heart. Had he need of epistles of commendation he could have produced them in plenty, for he received letters from many of the places he visited, telling of virtue with the word, of souls quickened and stumbling-blocks removed. In these testimonies he rejoiced, they were a good reward for all his toils and sacrifices. No money payment could equal in satisfaction these proofs of divine approbation and blessing. He had his afflictions and cares and discouragements, but to know that he was a Barnabas to sorrowing souls, and a Boanerges to some of the stout-hearted, upheld his spirit, and cheered him in days of gloom. Well he knew and boldly he declared, "Our light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for us an exceeding and eternal weight of glory." He had respect to the recompence of reward. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

He had several calls from churches to become their pastor, but while valuing the kind feeling expressed in such invitations

he judged it best to decline them, and continued to work as an evangelist, at liberty to assist where assistance was most needed, and to be ready at all times to give friendly counsel to pastors and people respecting chapel trusts, and matters spiritual and secular, and to smooth down asperities and heal breaches among brethren, when the enemy got his hoof in and made mischief. So much confidence was placed in his judgment, and so wide the range in which it was appealed to, that he was often called the Bishop of Kent. We could relate a long story of cases in which he checked wrong doers, sustained the right, and protected the property of our churches from deterioration and loss, which would tell much to his honour, but our business is not to touch old sores nor to gratify the spiteful by disclosures of family mistakes. Neither is it our aim to set William Fremlin on a pinnacle, but to exalt the grace which was given to him of God. His head and heart were well balanced, and he was qualified for more varied work than the generality of his brethren. He knew from whence useful abilities come, and was grateful to the Giver. We would not that the churches should be too ready to forget. He will be none the better for anything we may say of him, but we shall be the better for considering the leading incidents of his religious life, and tracing the finger of God in his endowments and good service.

*(To be continued).*

## P O E T R Y

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1870.

JEHOVAH! source of life and love,  
Great King of all the hosts above;  
To Thee be praise and honour paid,  
Who spake the word, and worlds were  
made.

Thou art our Father, thou our friend,  
On Thee our feeble lives depend.  
On Thee we hang for daily breath,  
And safety from surrounding death.

Another year to thee we owe,  
With mercies numberless below.  
Each rolling day, each passing hour,  
Proclaims thy ever watchful power.

Accept our humble, grateful praise,  
Thou guardian of our fleeting days;  
And grant that this new year may be  
Devoted to Thy church and Thee.

O let thy church through all the year,  
Grow in Thy holy faith and fear;  
And fruits of heavenly love abound,  
Where'er the saints of Christ are found.

Bid jarring strife and wrath depart,  
From every home, and every heart;  
And let the tongue, the look, the speech,  
Commend the word Thy servants preach.

Manchester.

\* Should any reader of the above lines charge upon them that they are too severe, let him carefully and prayerfully read that awful passage of Holy Scripture in 2 Thessalonians ii. 3-12, and then say if any denunciation can be too strong for the "son of perdition," be he whomsoever he may.

O, may that word, the world around,  
Be to all lands "the joyful sound;"  
And where the foot of man has trod,  
There let it point the way to God.

Spirit of Truth! exert Thy power,  
In this our dark and dismal hour.  
Stretch forth Thine arm, and now begin,  
The ruin of "the man of sin."

With "lying wonders," he has shown  
Himself as God upon Thy throne;  
Daring, by wicked lies, to be,  
Above the universe and Thee.

Cut short his day, his pride "consume,"  
And hurl him to his final doom.  
Why should "perdition's son" remain,  
To be the curse of earth again?

O let him die, for ever die,  
And be no more beneath the sky;  
And with him let all falsehood go,  
To their own home in realms below.\*

Saviour divine! this new-born year,  
In all thy glorious might appear;  
"Thy kingdom come," thy reign in-  
crease,  
And rule the world, thou PRINCE OF PEACE.

WILLIAM STOKES.

## J E S U S C H R I S T .

BY J. S. BANKS, MINISTER OF BAPTIST CHURCH, NEAR BANBRIDGE.

Jesus, in thee what beauteous rays  
Of heavenly light I see ;  
When by a living faith Thy ways,  
Are known to such as me.  
Jesus, who saves from sin and hell,  
Is worthy of all praise ;  
Make me to feel, teach me to tell  
Such love through all my days.

WHAT subject is most suitable for the present season, was the question which crossed my mind while sitting down to write a few thoughts for the January number of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. The impromptu was, take *the name, the only name*, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever." And surely this name must be not only welcome, but also most precious to each believer, and form a delightful and desirable theme for such to contemplate at the opening of the year 1870. We shall never tire of the subject which this name suggests, "He shall save His people from their sins," for it is now, as it was in days of yore, and as it ever will be in the great future, the all inspiring theme of the redeemed. We cannot speak of it as we would, we do not speak of it as we should, we do not dwell upon it as we ought, and hence we do not delight in it as we might. O that the few thoughts we may be permitted to write, may awaken our feelings, and inspire our love towards Him, who "is the altogether lovely, and the chief among ten thousand."

The more we think upon and study the life of Jesus, the nearer we shall get to Him, and the more we shall be like Him. This has been our failing during the past year, yea, during that part of our life, since we knew the Lord, that we have thought so little of Jesus, we have talked so little of Jesus, and therefore learned so little of Jesus, who so lovingly said, "Learn of me" and of whom God the Father said "Hear Him." He is the way, the truth, the life, the all in all, the shepherd, and the king of the spiritual flock, the Alpha and Omega of the sinner's salvation, the foundation and topstone of the one glorious church, the Son of God, the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ. This last mentioned title must be a precious one indeed ; all the names which Jesus bore were most significant, and each one presented him in some beauteous form to the soul saved by His blood ; but in this sweet double title we have a link in the golden chain of God's salvation, by which we are permitted to see how He can be just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly ; and therefore sweet to God and man, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins ;" and "Christ," the Lord's anointed, "The divinely commissioned one. Hence in the compound name we have God's grace and infallible remedy for man's otherwise fatal, and incurable disease.

Jesus, the name high over all,  
The name to sinners dear.

Circumstances may render names and events most delightful to reflect upon ; so here, the sinner's circumstances and the great event of Calvary have combined to make the name of Jesus the music of life, and the antidote of death.

Sitting beside the bed of a poor and greatly afflicted woman a few days since, who was unable to speak much, so as to be heard, I just caught these words "you told me," "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," and then stooping down I caught each word of that sweet verse as she whispered it so feelingly

"Jesus"—"It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

We cannot see Him in His lovely character, or feel His matchless preciousness, until we have felt our wounded state, experienced the soul trouble, hungered after heavenly manna, and in weariness of soul in reference to all beside, have fled to Christ, and found shelter in His love and grace. And then how joyfully we dwell upon the name of Jesus and gather from that heavenly boquet the sweetest honey, "He shall save His people from their sins." And who beside could, or would save such rebels? but the voice of sovereign grace utters this solid truth *He shall save*; and if the name of Jesus signifies this, say, what does my Jesus signify? if not the additional personal application *He hath saved me from my sins*.

To begin the present year with such a joyful note of saving truth is to begin the year under the most happy circumstances, and places the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt that to such it will be a happy new year. It is not even necessary under such an assurance to make any proviso; such as if sickness, personal or relative, do not interfere with any preconceived plan, or "if life be spared" throughout its days, all, all, under *all* circumstances will be well, shall be happy and peaceful, for Jesus is my Saviour, *He hath saved me from my sins*. We live in wonderful days, writing, speaking, and hearing, all abound, and far be it from me to say that much of this writing and speaking is not of Christ. We rejoice to know of many warm-hearted, God and soul-loving men, who are found telling forth the fame of Jesus; but as we draw near to the "only name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved," we can but see how little, very little is said of Him in proportion to the vastness of that glory which crowns the head of Jesus; or the sweetness of that name which is as ointment poured forth, the fragrance of which fills heaven and every believer with holy joy. My dear reader, hast thou called His name Jesus, because others have done so? or because of your honoured parents' testimony and experience or more, because the good old Book is your authority? All this may be well, but what is it, a mere sound? Say, is He thy Jesus? because He hath saved thee? this is most precious. Sign this, in the full assurance of faith; sign this under the sweet conviction that Jesus blood hath cleansed thee, and all is well. Now you may sing of Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the prince of the kings of the earth. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

Look at the rich man, *without* this privilege, and how poor; study the mind of the scholar *without* this knowledge and how ignorant; contemplate the character exalted on the pinnacle of earthly fame, *without* Christ and how low, mean, and vain, are all his attainments,

and glittering honours. But turn toward these blood washed ones, the poor, the rich, the ignorant, the learned, the low, the high, with the blood of sprinkling upon them can meet together, can talk together, can rejoice together, for God the Holy One is the maker of them; and the one note is the key-note of all their joy, and peace, and glory, "Jesus Christ." Come then, let us begin the present year with Jesus. What charming sounds rise from this wonderful name; all without has ever been the unsatisfactory sound of discord, which comes from a world without Christ. Every portion of light, every cheering ray, every joyful feeling, every happy moment which the believer ever has or will experience must be Christ born, must flow from Him, who is the bright and morning star, and the ever shining Sun of Righteousness. Contemplate the power of that name; it crushes every foe, for he must reign till He hath put all His enemies under His feet. It raiseth all the grace made friends to victory, and a crown that fadeth not away. What is there in a name? Little indeed that man—poor man, proud man, should exult in so fondly, but at this name every knee shall bow, and all the angels of God worship Him.

" Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,  
And as they tune it fall  
Before His face who forms their choir,  
And crown Him Lord of all "

Look at that softer shade of the same name, even that in which mercy and truth met together, and poured out of its riches on the fallen sons of Adam. The powers of mercy have been gloriously manifested in its many and wonderful triumphs, in subjugating man to the dominion of Christ. See Paul, and view the power of this mercy in relation to him; the poor publican, and its exalting power towards him; the penitent malefactor in his death struggle and mercy sweetly speaking to him, in that dark moment, and giving instant and everlasting light. Indeed, time would fail to tell of the mighty doings of mercy; for like faith, she hath subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, satisfied divine justice, saved and glorified the sinner, by Jesus. Is it not surprising that we think so little of this character, when in it we find so much of heaven, and all that is inspiring for the members of the one family on earth, while going home?

Let me, who am one of the least of the servants of Jesus Christ, ask the question, is Jesus yours? do you love Him? follow Him, prize Him, daily think of Him, want to be more like Him? Then He loves you, has given Himself for you, has saved you, and is thy Jesus. He lives, and therefore you shall live, for Jesus says "I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish." "And because I live, ye shall live also."

" Hallelujah! hallelujah!  
Praise be given  
Evermore by earth and heaven."

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## What was in that Cup?

### CHAPTER XIV.

The countless multitudes on high,  
 Who tune their songs to Jesus' name,  
 All merit of their own deny,  
 And Jesus' worth alone proclaim.  
 FROM the ground of sovereign grace,  
 They stand before Jehovah's throne;  
 The only song in that blest place,  
 Is "THOU art worthy—THOU alone!"

#### THE TWELVE MEN—AND THE TWELVE STONES IN GILGAL.

ISAAC AMBROSE speaks of "celestial flights" with which the saints of God are sometimes favoured; and if I have not at times been the subject of them I am mistaken. For days I desired to enter upon the contemplation of the negative side of the question, "What was in that Cup?" But, the very thought of Balaam and Cain, of Judas and Simon Magus, of apostates and deceivers, of being out of the glorious secret which is with them that fear the Lord; all these characters and conditions did appear so unlovely, so unhappy, so dark and distant to my mind, that I could not approach the writing on them. It does appear so certain to me that when the Lord takes a vessel of mercy in hand to use it for His own glory, He will cause that vessel of mercy to know that all his goings are ordered by the Lord; and that all his strength, and wisdom, and usefulness, descendeth from on high; and that in all this work of serving God, in all this labour of usefulness to Zion, that Scripture is solemnly found true, "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

On Saturday night, Jan. 15, 1870, I was walking in much darkness; I mean walking the street in a muddy and foggy night; and in much felt darkness within as well. I had been in the study for hours; but every door seemed closed. I walked to the doctor for some help for my throat; as I walked, the twelve stones in Joshua's time sprung up in my mind. Thought after thought most gently flowed; and some hours of rest were given to me. Sunday morning, Jan. 16, 1870, was one of the most gloomy I ever saw in London. The blackness reached its climax by twelve o'clock; at which time I was preaching out of the tenth of Revelation with much sorrow in my heart.

Before the evening service commenced, I enjoyed some blessed meditation upon the fourth chapter of Joshua; and in giving a few thoughts in this my fourteenth chapter, I am only following the strong impulse of a mind which, when filled with the sweet visions of the Holy Word, will carry me with a power I cannot resist. If a preacher of Christ's Gospel doth thoroughly know in himself that very frequently in speaking he appears to have no control over his mind, nor over his spirit, nor over his tongue; I am sure such a man will bless the Lord for keeping him from speaking an untruth, or uttering any unseemly expression. In preaching seasons, when the mind is free, when heavenly oil flows in, when the utterance is like doors on the swing, driven hither and thither by the wind, it is a mercy that Satan is not permitted then to rush in to our poor souls, and then and there to send forth some poisonous sentence which would declare there was death in the pot. Dashed to atoms, as I have sometimes been, in soul-feeling, and in circumstances too; slain in secret by a multitude of envious and



ignorant tongues; this is my comfort in my affliction, God's blessed Word, the dew of the ETERNAL SPIRIT, and the springing up of the water of life within, have often refreshed, revived, and restored my soul; while truth, the TRUTH of heaven, has been proclaimed; the Saviour's precious name has been exalted, sinners have heard the voice of the Son of God, and by that voice life eternal has been given to them, while some of the election of grace have rejoiced in God their Saviour; and bursts of holy joy to the reigning Prince of Peace have ascended to His throne. Second to no man will I stand in desires to spread abroad the glories of the Gospel; but my wings have been crippled, and low in a low place, I pray to be resigned; and say—

“Father! Thy will be done.”

Come with me for a few moments, into the fourth chapter of the book of Joshua. Read the twentieth verse:—

“AND THOSE TWELVE STONES

“Which they took out of Jordan,

“Did JOSHUA PITCH IN GILGAL.”

I must not stop to show the beautiful typical character of Joshua as the ancient Saviour of the Old Testament. In taking the Israelites safely through Jordan; in leading them into the promised land; in destroying all opposing powers; and in giving the chosen people a peaceable possession of Canaan, Joshua was a most celebrated representative of Him to whom the poet said—

“O! dearest JOSHUA bring us in  
Wash out our guilt, destroy our sin,  
Givo us a lot of love.”

To dwell at length upon the character and conduct of this blessed Joshua would please me well and I hope would edify my readers; but, there were four things into which my mind has entered a little; and wherein some essentially experimental truths are laid before us, by the command of the LORD himself; for, mark you, as soon as it is said, “all the Israelites, all the people passed clean over Jordan,” then, immediately it is added, “And it came to pass, when all the people were clean passed over Jordan, that the Lord spake unto Joshua saying, Take you twelve men out of the people, out of every tribe a man; and command ye them, saying, Take you hence out of the midst of Jordan, out of the place where the priests' feet stood firm, TWELVE STONES; and ye shall carry them over with you; and leave them in the lodging place where ye shall lodge this night.” &c.

This commandment Joshua gave unto the people. He called TWELVE MEN, “Whom he had prepared,” (as Jesus called and prepared His twelve apostles) and he sent them to the accomplishment of the work which the Lord had directed to be done, that a standing testimonial of the deliverance of the Israelites might be given to the children of men down to the end of time. Hence my text says, “Those twelve stones which they took out of Jordan, did Joshua pitch in Gilgal.”

But before you examine these TWELVE STONES which the TWELVE MEN took out of Jordan, you must read the ninth verse of this fourth of Joshua, which tells us that “Joshua set up twelve stones in the midst of Jordan, in the place where the feet of the priests which bare the ark of the covenant stood; and they are there unto this day.” Now,

let us notice, first, the difference between the twelve stones which Joshua set up in Jordan ; and the twelve stones which the men took out of Jordan ; and which Joshua pitched in Gilgal. Then, secondly, let us examine these twelve stones, and the inscriptions on each of them ; for, *The Samaritan Chronicle* (which is a good Jewish authority) says, each man wrote his own name, or testimony, on the stone which he took out of Jordan. This fact indicates that each one of Christ's own disciples went down to the anti-typical Jordan for himself ; brought therefrom a testimony to the truth ; and that each apostle, each minister, bears a distinctive testimony to the great work of redemption, and, hence, in the TWELVE STONES pitched in Gilgal, we get the complete revelation of the necessity, the nature, and the results of the blessed Saviour's way and work in recovering His people from the fall. I said, as I surveyed these twelve stones set up by Joshua in Gilgal, (with their inscriptions upon them) they form a four-square altar ; this altar has four distinct sides to it ; but closely joined together. As you approach it, you behold in the front, three *black* stones, with their inscriptions ; you turn round to the right side, there are three *white* stones, with their inscriptions on them ; turning again to the back part, there are three *red* stones with their inscriptions ; and on the last and left side, you see three *sky-blue* stones with their inscriptions. I have, therefore, to notice, the separate inscriptions upon each of these stones ; then their unity, all of them united together in Gilgal ; and, last of all, their use ; to let the children know that "the Lord your God dried up the waters of Jordan from before you, until ye were passed over, as the Lord your God did to the Red Sea. which He dried up from before us, until we were gone over, that all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty ; that ye might fear the Lord your God for ever."

The twelve stones which Joshua set up in Jordan, typically represented the twelve apostles which our Lord Jesus set up in the truths of His life, death, and resurrection when He came in the fulness of time into our world.

But, you object to this because one of them was a devil, because Judas betrayed his Master, and went to his own place.

There are two deeply engraven lessons to be learned from that fact. The first is this. No office a man may hold in Christ's church on earth, no talent or gift a man may possess wherewith to fulfil that office, can, of itself, be a true guarantee of that man's eternal salvation. A man may be apostle or archbishop, he may be rector, vicar, or curate ; he may be exceedingly popular, and useful ; but if, like Judas, he is fond of "the bag," if his heart is more after the gold of this world than it is for the glory of Christ, it is possible that man may fall away ; or, he may be left to attain his covetous desires ; to grasp the golden wedge ; and at the end of his days, die as a fool dieth. Awful consideration !

In the betrayal of Judas, there is another deep lesson. Shall the falling away of some bright Lucifer stop the work of Christ from going on ? Oh ! no. Does Satan steal away one of the apostles ? Yes ! The twelve are reduced to eleven, only for a time. The Master soon comes and calls from the deep dark sea of self-righteousness, a flaming persecutor, in the person of Saul of Tarsus ; and maketh of him a brilliant preacher of the Gospel ; so that when Paul looked at Judas and his fall ; when Paul looked at his own blasphemy and persecution ;

and at the mercy of God toward him, he might well exclaim, "Where sin abounded," as it did in Judas the betrayer, and in Saul the persecutor, "Grace doth much more abound;" as it did in his call by Jesus, and in his success in extending the knowledge of the Saviour's name. Next month, please the Lord, I will read the inscriptions on each of the twelve stones, the black, the white, the red, and the blue, which make up the altar in Gilgal; they will help to answer the question, "What was in that Cup?"

## Productions of the Press.

*Another Bunhill Fields Memorial.* 'The state of the Blessed Dead' has lately been largely expounded by Dean Alford. He says,—

It is perfectly true that the state of the departed is described to us as "sleeping in Jesus," or rather, for the words are a misrendering, a having fallen asleep through or by means of Jesus. But our texts are enough to show us that we must not take such an expression for more than it really implies. Sleeping, or falling asleep, was a name current among Jews and Christians, and even among the best of the heathens, for death, implying, its peace and rest, implying, also, that it should be followed by a waking; but apparently with no intent to convey any idea of unconsciousness. It is a term used with reference to us, as well as to the dead. To us, they are as if they were asleep, removed from us in consciousness as in presence. The idea, also, of taking rest tended to make this term appropriate. But it must not be used to prove that to which it evidently had no reference. The spirit then of the departed does not pass into unconsciousness. What more do we know of it? It is with Jesus. We have now to consider what this implies. And in doing so we shall have further to make certain that which we think we have already proved. For first, it clearly implies more than a mere expression of safe-keeping, or reserve for a future state of blessedness. "The righteous souls are in the hand of God, and there shall no harm happen unto them." This is one thing, but to be with Christ is another.

Our review of Dean Alford is yet in reserve; we only refer to it now by way of introducing to our readers a new work descriptive of the state of the once blessed living. Mr. Cornelius Slim, the venerable, the honourable, and the excellent pastor of the Guildford Baptist church has

issued his neat volume, entitled "My Contemporaries," &c. It contains brief memorials of about four hundred ministers who have lived and died during the present century. The history of many of these good men is exceedingly brief; but, as a book of reference, it will be a useful volume, not for the present only but for generations to come. The volume is well executed in every branch.

"A Theological Secret Found Out" is part of the title of a pamphlet written by (and for four stamps to be had of) Mr. Benjamin Taylor, minister of the Gospel, Pulham-St-Mary. It appears that one Mr. Elstob, a minister of Diss, has made "a wonderful discovery" in his theological researches respecting the mode, manner, subjects, and Scriptural definitions, of baptism; and in order to confound the Baptists, the said Mr. Elstob has written and published a tract, wherein he has made his own ignorance so palpably manifest, and has sent into the world so many statements calculated to mislead those who believe him, that the author of "Benjamin's Mess," has published a critical and corrective letter, addressing it to his neighbour, wherein good Benjamin Taylor has laid open the foolishness of the Wesleyan scribe, giving a biblical and heavenly testimony in proof of the old fashioned fact, that baptism, the New Testament initiatory ordinance, means nothing more nor nothing less than the immersion of the entire person of all who are, by the grace of God, called to be saints, and who, after confessing their faith in the Lord Jesus, are led publicly to "put on Christ" by being baptized into the name of the

Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. This pamphlet by Benjamin Taylor is so conclusive, decided, and plain in all its arguments and conclusion, that none will overthrow it. We heartily wish there was as much practical and Gospel unity among the Baptists, as there is vital and Scriptural truth in them; for then they would be the most powerful body of Christians in this world.

*The Way into the Church.* A Kentish minister would like to see "Unity of Spirit" in EARTHEN VESSEL well reviewed. Will our brother review it himself? The practical part of it is clear and good. We may review it, but, as the sermon is "copyright," we cannot transfer it to our columns. We had written the following note on the same sermon last month, but it was omitted.

"Unity of Spirit." No. 580, of Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit, contains a sermon by Mr. James Wells, which (in fairness to truth, and in justice to themselves) all Baptists, all half-Baptists, and all non-Baptists, ought to read, and to consider it well. It expresses, not only our faith in the constitution and conduct of the church; but it clearly defines a Scriptural, a safe, and a successful mode of procedure for the ingathering and uniting of the members of the mystic body on earth. We may give some extracts from the discourse another month.

*The Warning and Withering Power of the Papacy,* is clearly proved by that great Protestant writer, Rev. Hobart Seymour in an article of much historic interest, given in the January part of "Our Own Fireside," headed "Shreds and Scraps from History." This record shows how immeasurably rich the Papal treasury became, in ancient times, through the Popish jubilee years, wherein millions of people visited Rome, and presented their offerings in order to redeem from punishment and from purgatory their own souls, and the souls of others, for whose release they might present their offerings. How awfully black must be the long catalogue of Rome's crimes! We do not believe the present Pope, with all

his bulls and jubilees, will ever delude the people as the Bonifaces and Clements of ancient times have done. "Our Own Fireside" for January gives a wood engraving of "John Huss before the Council of Constance." It is a picture full of Popish tyranny and of Protestant zeal. Substantially edifying, in all the externals of the faith, and in all the mysteries of nature, "Our Own Fireside" promises increasingly to become.

*Report of Poor Saints' Relief Fund.* This report may be had of Rev. James Babb, of Plympton, near Plymouth. Nearly or quite 20,000 grants of relief have been made by this institution since its commencement. It studies only two things. 1. To find out God's poor saints; 2. To administer such spiritual and temporal relief to them as the cases may require, and as the funds will justify. Mr. Babb was, originally, curate to Dr. Robert Hawker. Mr. Babb left the Church of England, and built his own chapel in Plymouth; where for many years, his ministry, his charity, his Christian deportment, and his life altogether, has commanded the affectionate esteem of all who have known him. His chief delight now is to help the poor saints. We should rejoice to know many thousands of the well-off Christian people were contributors to the Plymouth, "Poor Saints Relief Fund," of which Rev. James Babb, of Plympton, is the honorary secretary.

*Sermons.* Mr. James Wells's sermons on "The Man of Sin" are unusually good; and his discourse on the admission of members into our churches is worthy of a general circulation through the whole of the Christian community. Mr. Dale's exposition of the "Infirmity of Faith; its Cause and Remedy," gives distinct expression to the excellent idea that "the Communion of Saints" when conducted in a Scriptural manner, is beautifully conducive to the invigorating of that faith which the Holy Spirit doth implant in all the regenerated vessels of mercy. Mr. Dale's sermon can be had of Mrs. Paul. We have long believed that

the isolated, divided, and separating spirit, which has long existed in our churches, has tended to weaken not the churches only, but also the faith of the people, and the efforts of the ministers. Could we have frequent meetings for united prayer, and for testifying to each other what the Lord has done for us, we believe our faith, and love, and zeal in the cause of Christ, would grow amazingly. We depend now too abstractedly upon the preaching part of our devotion.

FOR AND AGAINST TOTAL ABSTINENCE. A public discussion between the Revs. E. G. Hodgson, and Dawson Burns, has been published in pamphlet form, and can be had of Simpkin and Co. If any one desires to be satisfied of the Scriptural authority for total abstinence they may be greatly assisted by the perusal of this pamphlet. Mr. Dawson Burns met his disputant with his quiver as full of arrows as it could hold; and not only was curate Hodgson "almost persuaded," but many thousands, through reading this interesting pamphlet will be convinced that the promoters of the Temperance League have not followed a cunningly devised fable. We believe there is no enterprize, no mission, no institution, no society on the face of this earth, that ever can compare with the faithful ministrations of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is "the power of God unto salvation." Next to it, as aiming at the moral, the social, the domestic, and the temporal advancement of fallen man, is "the abstinence" movement. We heartily wish it was ten thousand times more successful than what it is. But it will be seen in future ages, its sowing time has not been in vain.

*The first Baptist Church ever planted in London*, is described, and its subsequent history recorded, in a small book, entitled "An account of the Baptist church at Little Alic street, London; with notices of the several pastors, by William Macdonald." Mr. Philip Dickerson, the present pastor, must be, we should think, one of the happiest ministers in the world, having been a successful preacher of Christ's Gospel, in a

pleasing and easy manner, for nearly sixty years; and even now he stands in the midst of a peaceable, united, and loving flock, like one gradually ripening for glory, but in the full possession of all his faculties, physically and mentally equal to all his duties; and as gladly received by his numerous body of people as ever. We may make some extracts from the pamphlet referred to another time.

*Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society.* The sixty-second annual report is now issued; and can be had at the offices, 10, Poultry, London, for six stamps. This institution for helping the really needy pilgrims in their old age, is an honour to all the churches and Christians who support it. But there are multitudes of deserving pilgrims who cannot get its help. We know a very godly widow, whose age is over eighty-five; a case more worthy of help cannot be found; and yet we cannot get her on the funds, because we have not the patronage of subscribers. Can any of our readers help us in this little work of real charity?

*Received*—"Sword and Trowel" for January contains a paper by G. Rogers on "Ecclesiastical Councils" worth reading; and some startling words, which we expect to notice elsewhere. The *Gardener's Magazine* commences the new year with as green a coat as ever; and as much spirit and talent in discussing all practical questions, and all useful matters, respecting the garden, the field, the hot house, the parks, the furzes, &c., as it has ever done heretofore. The man who cannot afford to purchase and to read this splendid library of free and useful information, is to be pitied; while the man who can afford it, yet has no happy taste for this kind of instruction must be queer somewhere.

This "Œcumenical Council" season opens up a fair opportunity for Protestants to lift up in their houses that characteristic engraving, "the Martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley," which Mr. Robert Banks, of 30, Ludgate Hill, will send free by post, for twenty-five stamps. A key to the plate can also now be had for two pence.

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

MR. R. G. EDWARDS' THIRD LETTER ON THE NEW TESTAMENT PENTECOSTAL UNION.

"Shall we meet beyond the river?  
Shall we in sweet union bow?  
Shall we sing and love for ever?  
Shall we?—yes—then, why not now?"

WHY not all the ministers and churches of truth form one solid phalanx of free grace invincibles, of spiritual volunteers, of Gospel riflemen, armed with the whole armour of God? Our commander, Jesus only; our warfare, the good fight of faith; our enemy, error in every form. Let us forget all private differences, keep our swords sharp and burnished, our rifles in our hands, and our powder dry; let us not fall out by the way; not call each other bad names; the Captain is sure to hear of it, and give us extra drill; or so many days in ward. It is against his laws, and offensive to him. To call some "Letter Preachers," or "Corruptionists," or "Dirty," is not becoming, nor beneficial. "Stand by thyself for I am holier than thou, wiser than thou, braver than thou, more faithful than thou." All this is a stench in his nostrils. If man doth disgrace his colours and regimentals; or, "if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother; but if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established; and if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church, but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican." Peter said "Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him; till seven times? Jesus said unto him, I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven." See military regulations for Immanuel's Corps, Matthew 18th chapter.

How good in the sight of our Captain, and how pleasant it is when ministerial brethren dwell together in unity! From whence come private quarrels and party conflicts? "come they not hence even of our lusts?" So thought one of the principal officers, whose name was JAMES. We try to persuade the ranks that we are doing all to the praise and glory of God; whereas this officer seems to intimate, and perhaps, he is speaking the mind of our Captain as well, that we are too often acting to the praise and glory of ourselves. Barnabas is rather too partial to Mark to please Paul, considering that Mark was not altogether so perfect as he might have been; both will have their own way; each one believes he is serving God, neither one gives way,

steam gets up to high pressure, then such an explosion, such a separation of friends; saints are saddened, sinners scoff, Satan shouts with joy, and all the Arminian multitudes sneeringly point their finger of derision—"There, that is high doctrine then! There is not a more quarrelsome, unforgiving set of people to be found than those Antinomian Calvinists!" Alas! alas! What a picture to hang on our walls! the officers fighting one another on the ramparts, to the praise and glory of God! They may assert so, but who will believe them? Sirs, ye are brethren. Barnabas is thought by some to be paying too much attention to one in the city of palm trees; this produced a fearful explosion! Many of Zion's sons and daughters have looked on with tears. "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" Is death the only doctor to cure such diseases in the army? Is there no antidote to be found in all the Gospel Pharmacopœia? O, if I could prevent it, neither party should die; neither should cross the river to yonder world of joy, until there was union of hearts again, and union of hands, in the presence of the Church and of the world, to the unbounded delight of all the shining ranks above, and on this earthly ball. Another Barnabas is as resolute to take "eternal generation" along with him; another Barnabas is enraptured with Pre-existarianism; and will take it along with him, spite of all the Pauls in the universe; same results as previous. Once when I was in Debenbam, many years since, I met with a good old saint who, after I had done preaching, challenged me with the question, "Are you a Pre-existarian?" Knowing the fatal result of a negative, and not being just at that moment prepared to die on the spot, I answered her question by asking "Are you a Pre-existarian?" "Oh, yes," she emphatically replied, with an awful air of such importance, as if all heaven was resting on its faith. I instantly drew my chair nearer to the good old saint waiting further details, but she replied, "O, I do not know anything about it myself, all I know is I am a Pre-existarian." As she could not remove my ignorance, no explosion occurred. If our beloved Barnabas's will have their peculiar pets to take along with them till they come to the river, let us bear with one another; and exercise that charity which covereth a multitude of faults. Many peculiar theories will be left in the river while passing over to that good land,

"We shall meet beyond the river  
Shall in sweetest union bow,  
We shall love and live together,  
Then, why, dear brethren, why not now?"

I can say I love all ministers of truth wherever they may be found. I loved to hear that dear old man in the Church of England, Watts Wilkinson. Who did not sink all differences, and love that aged saint, with flowing silvery locks hanging down his shoulders, while expatiating on the blessed security of the saints? I saw him place his hands over the cushion, and leaning said, "My precious Jesus would not rest in heaven a single moment if he had not his poor old dear Wilkinson along with him." Mr. Irons again in spite of his "Pet Priscilla." Brethren, let us give up our idols for the good of the saints, "love me, love my pet," is anti-christian. Let us love one another, and work with one another as far as each follows Christ, and then where we think they diverge, let us agree to differ, but no separation among the true brethren. "Little children, keep yourselves from idols," is a text I would affectionately recommend to my brethren in the ministry, and especially those in the New Testament Pentecostal Union. Consider, lastly, brethren are being thinned out. Some are on the verge, some have passed away, "the prophets, do they live for ever?" Solemnly I felt this while leaning (nearly all the time the service was performed in the Chapel of Croydon Cemetery, Thursday, Dec. 16, 1869,) against the head of the coffin of that champion of the Truth, Mr. Philpot. May the Holy Spirit rally the remnant that is left. The enemies are all on the alert, challenging us to conflict. Ministers! arise *en masse*. Churches of Gospel truth, arise, terrible as an army. Arise, do not say the union is begun in the wrong place; bless God it is begun at all. Let us rejoice together, that God hath put it in the hearts of any to do his will. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise think on these things, and the God of peace shall be with you." Amen.

R. G. EDWARDS, HON. SECRETARY.

103, Oxford Street, Stepney, London, E

P.S.—Churches in London or Country can obtain ministerial supplies, men of certain truth, by applying to the Secretary as above; none but those of decided truth are admitted to the New Testament Pentecostal Union.

PASTOR JOHN PARSONS, OF  
BRENTFORD.

AGAIN, Mr. T., seems opposed to his brother John for asking him for a sample of those sweeping expressions which he has laid to his account. For (says he) "Why does Mr. P., ask me?" &c. See his letter for this month. Why I did it, was because I wanted to know, and I knew

no one else could inform me but Zechariah; so I gave you the why; but, says Mr. T., he asks, and then enters into an explanation himself. Well, he must be a wonderful gentleman indeed to explain what he had no knowledge of. Mr. T., put on your glasses, and look at my letter again; and if you can find one sweeping expression as you call them, explained, or even named by me, then I am a dunce; and if you cannot, then you have said what is not true. Again Mr. T. gives us his reason for protesting against my address, says he, "After considering Mr. P.'s address, I thought a protest against what he said was the most likely way to draw from him remarks which would fully establish the truthfulness of my statement in July VESSEL." Now, Mr. Editor, the way Mr. T. bears his protest to me is unscriptural; and his motive decidedly diabolical. As to the first, see Matt. xviii. 15, "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone." No; says Mr. T., publish it in Gath; put it in the VESSEL; tell the whole world the awful things spoken at Hayes by Mr. P. If Mr. T. had acted as a Christian brother, he would have come or written to me for an explanation; but no, that would not answer his ends. It may be said, the portion cited above has to do with private offences. Yes. I believe it has; and I am not aware mine is a public offence. I don't know that any one else was horrified at my address but Mr. T.

Moreover, let us notice Mr. T.'s motive in protesting, he says it was to draw some remarks. Is this the conduct of one Christian brother towards another? Is this the conduct of a Gospel minister? Should he act craftily toward one he supposes to be an erring brother, instead in the spirit of meekness, of trying to restore such an one? Mr. T. lays a bait to catch, as the Pharisees did our divine Master: for he says, what he did, he did to draw remarks from his brother John. This conduct is much like the conduct of a creature I have read of in the best book, Gen. iii. 1, "Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field," &c. By his craft he drew Eve into trouble, and Mr. T. has taken a lesson from that crafty creature to bring his brother John into trouble; and by what he says he seems to have gotten his ends, for he mounts his high horse and sticks in his spurs and with a great noise rides triumphantly over a poor little thing like me. His letter, says Mr. T., exceeds my expectation, in which he shews himself to be the same man acting under the same influence, &c. I wonder what part of my letter he refers to. He ought to have pointed out to the public those particular words that would bear his meaning. Now passing by a host of things in his letter not worth notice; yea, and we will discharge the jury pitched on, as they please not Mr. Turner, surely I may be allowed to call on them to give evidence in

the present case,) there is one thing more in Mr. T.'s letter, I will just notice; he says, I sent him through the VESSEL a little egg of truth to brood over, but he being a bad brooder from restiveness, hatched out four monsters, falsehood, misrepresentations, confusion, and envy. Now Mr. Editor, would you reckon that hen to be a bad brooder that would hatch four chicks from one egg, and that a little one? Again, Mr. Editor, don't you think that hen would be highly valued that would bring four kinds from one egg: an eagle, a swan, a turkey, and a goose? I mean to say that such a brooder is not to be despised by Mr. Turner, nor any one else; moreover, Mr. T. says he sent this little egg through the VESSEL; I suppose it was one of his own laying, and if so, we may know his nature by the kinds produced, falsehood, misrepresentation, confusion, and envy; well might he call them monsters, or something out of the common order of nature, for mark, he says, this little egg was an egg of truth, and yet this little egg produced falsehood, &c. Now I would advise Mr. T. to lay no more eggs, for the first egg when hatched, produced falsehood; and the egg he has sent me this month is added.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

#### OUR HELPERS IN THE FAITH.

[We are increasingly convinced there is a goodly quantity of mental and spiritual power in our Strict Baptist churches, which, with God's blessing, only requires drawing out and directing. Is it not time some efforts were put forth?—ED.]

3, Queen's road, Dalston.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—My name and address is quite correct in Almanack, if you substitute No. 2, for No. 3, Queen's road, Dalston. I know the Master will reward you. In reading your closing address in last month's VESSEL, and your opening one in this month's, I have been led to drink somewhat deeply into your spirit as displayed therein, which after thirty-one years' observation of men and things, with a pair of spiritual eyes, graciously given by a covenant God, I am persuaded is the Spirit and mind of Christ. Indeed, dear brother, I have found in reading those two addresses, that you and I have several things in common.

1. A deep inwrought conviction of our sinfulness.

2. A humble, yet blessed confidence in the person, work, blood, and righteousness of the Lord Jesus.

3. An absolute reliance on the Holy Ghost for all gifts and graces requisite for private life, and for public usefulness.

4. Companionship in the ordinary school room of trial and affliction.

5. Fellowship in the dreadfully heated crucible of prejudice and persecution. Such being the case I do hope you will

allow me the pleasure as a brother with all my heart to wish you a Happy New Year. New evidences of the paternal care of the everlasting Father; new revelations of the Godhead of the Son; new communications of life from the Spirit; new demonstrations of interest in the everlasting covenant; new triumphs over foes from whatever quarter they may arise; new rewards for personal labours in the Lord's vineyard; new strength for the inner man; in short, all new things which you require. You will not want everything new. A new God would displease you; a new Saviour would not suit you; a new Comforter would deceive you; a new master you would not serve; a new Gospel you would not preach; a new order of church discipline you would not subscribe to; a new Bible, although written by the Pope of Rome, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, you would not read. Cheer up, my brother, things new and things old shall characterize the future as they have done the past. Before you are the everlasting hills. The wisdom, love, mercy, power, and faithfulness of an infinite and triune Jehovah. On the slopes of those hills, the grapes of Eschol grow.

"Yea, rivers of milk and honey flow;  
And all the fruits of paradise  
In endless plenty blow."

Unworthily yours in the Gospel of Jesus,

WM. JOINER.

[How precious are these truths.]

#### ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

To my esteemed and faithful friend and Christian brother, T. J. Messer, of Glasgow, Comforting grace be with thee and with thine, and with all the living in Jerusalem. It was kind of you to send me a letter so condoling on the death of my son; and I would have replied to it, but to write letters appears impossible to me. This is Saturday evening, Jan. 1, 1870, and during the whole week I have been closely at work. Since last Sunday morning, I have been engaged in ten services, besides reading proofs, and urging on the issue of the periodicals I still have in hand. Generally speaking, I have a measure of spiritual light into truth in speaking; but I am a long-standing witness of the Saviour's words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" in himself I have peace, and hitherto, in a most mysterious manner, I have been upheld; and I am as anxious as ever to be the Lord's mouth unto his people; and, instrumentally to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. Paul's words in 2 Timothy have lately been much in my mind, "I endure all things for the elect's sake?" but this self-sacrificing, self-denying spirit is almost gone out of date; and often when in darkness I walk, I have said to myself, "this willingness to do anything and everything for the publication, and for the defence, of the glorious Gospel, has so weakened my strength in



the way, that thousands cry out one to another, "Aha! so would we have it." Nevertheless, goodness and mercy have followed me; and I hope to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever. I would write you a full history of the state of our churches; but there would be nothing very profitable to you in that history; still, a few things may lead you to remember poor Zion in England, and to plead with the Lord that His Spirit may be poured upon her. I perceive you are travelling in different parts of Scotland; sometimes preaching, at other times lecturing. You have opportunities of ascertaining how far the history of the church is reproducing itself; I mean you can see whether or not we are returning to the days when the Saviour said, his "house was made a den of thieves," you can discern whether the full glory of a sinner's salvation is given to a true Jehovah, unreservedly, or whether almost every man is directly or indirectly beclouding, or ignoring some part of that glorious mystery of godliness so correctly defined by Paul. Now, if you will send me the best news you can of the growth and greatness of the Redeemer's kingdom in Scotland, I will endeavour to give you a few notes in return. May you soon be ever wrapped up in the perfections of the third heavens, prays your friend and companion.

C. W. B.

#### A FEW LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. JOHN FOREMAN.

[Again and again we have been requested to insert the following note. It comes from a private member. No one in office or authority has any knowledge of it; but, as it breathes the soul's desire of many; of many, not only of the Surrey Tabernacle friends, but also of thousands of the lovers of truth throughout the kingdom, therefore we yield to the request to insert it. We have similar communications from other quarters.—Ed.]

To Mr. John Foreman, Baptist Minister.

DEAR, DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD, AND FATHER IN ISRAEL.—I trust you read that paragraph marked off in Mr. Wells's sermon preached Dec. 12th, 1869, title "Formed for mercy," forwarded to you, and no doubt received by you. Do let me intreat you on behalf of my dear minister, and your brother in the Lord Jesus, to again weigh the Rahab sermon in the balances of the sanctuary; take the offending clause in its real spirit and meaning; and let the Apostle James hold the scales by the unerring and infallible testimony of the Holy Ghost, "When she had received the messengers, and had sent them out another way." James ii. 25. My dear minister did not say "ten thousand lies;" that would have been one thing; but "I would tell ten thousand such lies," (in the heat of preaching it was said) that is another thing. Do let that word "such,"

be thrown into the balance, and say it was the mantle of the Apostle James falling upon our minister; for, without such a lie or evasion, (ask your own heart and conscience) how could she have sent the spies out, after she had received them in?

I do but express the desire of the people of the Surrey Tabernacle in general when I say, I should rejoice to see Mr. John Foreman and Mr. James Wells on the platform of the Surrey Tabernacle; when they meet to say, the ground rent is paid, and the chapel is entirely free. As a dear father in Israel, do set some of us junior Christians an example of brotherly forbearance, kindness, reverence to the dear Saviour's exhortation, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," Matt. v. 1, 2, for to his own Master he stands or falls.

A SISTER IN THE LORD.

Baptized by Mr. James Wells.

#### THE "PRECIOUS THINGS" SPOKEN OF AT THE POPLAR ANNIVERSARY.

THE 27th of December, 1869, was a day long to be remembered by all who were favoured to enjoy the services connected with the anniversary of brother C. L. Kemp's settlement there. In the morning, a sermon was preached by C. W. Banks; in afternoon, R. G. Edwards gave a discourse on "sound doctrine;" and W. H. Lee expatiated on Jesus leading his disciples out as far as Bethany. The assembly rooms were filled to the brim with friends to tea; and during the evening ten ministers gave ten short sermons, and the choir from Mr. Edwards's chapel, at Islington, rendered the meeting both pleasant and profitable by interspersing sacred pieces, anthems, hymns, &c., between each discourse. One staunch Protestant preacher in the neighbourhood said, we were all going over to Rome; but most of us felt as though we were really going to heaven. To see and to hear about forty Christian choristers sing of Jesus, quite rejoiced our hearts; and every minister felt he had such a ponderous weight of heavenly truth in his theme, that it was too much to be beaten out in so brief a period; but every speaker travelled safely in the chariot of love; and not one failed to elucidate the precious things of which he was requested to speak. C. L. Kemp, as president, conducted the meeting as a tender and gentle father who had, instrumentally, provided a feast for a large family; and we venture to believe he never saw a happier company, nor did he ever spend a holier season in his life. As a proof that the church under his care appreciate his labours, we understand they presented him with the handsomest gift he ever had during the whole of his ministerial career. The following is a brief synopsis of the discourses of the evening, which commenced with a solemn out-pouring of supplication by brother J. Hunt, of

Barking; and closed with a thanksgiving by pastor C. L. Kemp, at a very late hour. W. H. Lee opened the glorious subjects by a spiritual dissertation on the precious things of heaven. G. Cook, late of Glemsford, since of Irthingborough, and of Trinity chapel, opened the alabaster box of ointment by speaking on "Precious thoughts." He has promised to give us that address; the savour attending it, we believe, filled the spacious hall, and entered into many a heart. C. W. Banks briefly glanced at the precious things of the earth. W. Lodge, on "Precious fruits," said he thought as in harvest time the days got longer, so, since the New Testament Pentecostal Union had been in existence our meeting had been more prosperous, more pleasant, and he hoped it would spread until the sound of it should reach unto the ends of the earth. In his address brother Lodge was energetic, evangelical, decided, making God's creation to tell the delightful tale of salvation in Jesus, and of perfect happiness in glory. Our brother Kemp, and others have rendered our annual gatherings exceedingly interesting by the intermingling of sacred music between the address. The choir on this occasion was superior to any we have ever heard on any similar occasion. R. G. Edwards on "Precious blood" in most eloquent strains, exhibited the glorious and incomprehensibly valuable redemption of the soul by Jesus Christ. This "Precious blood," drew forth the speaker's heart and mind in most thrilling appeals. Our primitive brother Swinson on "Precious promises" was a contrast to the brilliancy of R. G. Edwards and the boldness of W. Lodge. A soft silver trumpet is brother Swinson; like gentle dew his speech descended on our hearts; and of him, brother Kemp said "brother Swinson looked a deacon every inch of him," and a truly useful servant in the church is he. Brother Joseph Warren, of Plumstead, came forth with a sacred report of "Precious Faith." It was Christ-receiving, Christ-adoring, vitalizing, and intelligent. Brother Henry Stanley had the choicest note of the evening, a "Precious Saviour." This appeared to bring up the rear. He was, with his brethren Swinson and Tooke, one of the originators of this cause. It is singular that the two causes reared under the brethren R. Bowles, and J. Inward; H. Stanley, Took, and Swinson had now merged into the one meeting in the assembly rooms, under brother Kemp. Brother Stanley's intellectual and spiritual discourse on a precious Saviour, made way for the serious and searching *finale* of brother Cheshire, who brought the "precious ointment" and with this, the precious evening closed; and all departed praising the Lord.

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**WHITESTONE SCHOOL, WITH-  
 INGTON.**—The Christmas examination of children took place Monday, Dec. 27th, 1869. The whole country was enveloped

in a heavy mantle of snow; still, there was a good attendance of parents, friends, and well-wishers to the school. The examination took place in the chapel, conducted by pastor M. Plaice; with whom, also rests the direction of the schools. The subjects in which the children were examined were varied and diverse in their character, including Scripture and profane history, grammar, spelling, arithmetic, &c., recitations in poetry and prose, forming with here and there some pretty simple pieces of vocal melody, an agreeable break in the programme. The examination extended over two and a half hours, and the result was such as to reflect high credit upon both teachers and pupils. No matter how "dodged," the children answered the various questions put to them readily, and with an accuracy which showed how sound is the system of instruction here carried out, and how well grounded are the children in the several subjects. The examination over, tea was partaken of, to the intense delight of the little ones; pleasing distributions were made among them, and a devotional meeting presided over by brother Plaice, and taken part in by the leading members of the congregation closed the happy services.—[From all the communications we have received, we must sincerely hope father Richard Tyler's remark on the recognition day is well maintained. He said, he believed brother Plaice was the right man in the right place. For some years past, Whitestone schools and cause have not been in so happy and useful a position. Mr. and Mrs. Plaice, and their well qualified daughters and assistants, are raising the schools to an institution of usefulness, and any Christian family desirous of placing their junior branches in the country, cannot do better than communicate with the pastor of the Whitestone Baptist church, near the beautifully located city of Hereford. It is a source of joy to us to know the little Whitestone garden of the Lord enjoys peace, spiritual prosperity, and is withal a field of practical usefulness.—Ed.]

#### A SOLDIER SAVED IN THE LORD.

[We give the following just as it came to hand.]

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

THE departed Joseph Baldwin was one of those much tried ones, who "through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage;" and one of those rare instances of a child of God being beloved, and respected by the circle of worldly society in which he moved. Of his earlier life I will say but little; sufficient are the words of the poet—

"Of that vast army who of life were winners  
 This we safely may conclude all were-wretched sinners."

He regularly attended the ministry of Mr.

J. Wells, but was always afraid of making an open profession of the Gospel of Christ. He had very clear views of truth, and great love to all the sent servants of God, and the people of God. The word has often been blessed to him under Messrs. Wells, Page, and Snow, but he was never gifted with sufficient faith to cast in his lot practically by baptism with the Lord's people. He was suddenly laid low by Addis's renal complaint, and herein was manifested the loving kindness of an immutable God in bringing his affections off from the things of time and fixing his whole attention on Jesus. Almost his constant cry was "Come with me, Lord Jesus, through this dark valley." He said to me, "Tom, I shall never get up again; I am a great sinner; but I know that one drop of his blood can give me peace and pardon, I WANT IT APPLIED TO ME." He asked me to read John xvii., Isaiah xl., Isaiah liv., and he commented upon it; also the hymns "O God of Bethel," &c., "Sovereign ruler of the skies," and found some comfort from them. His sufferings were very great, also the darkness of mind, but under all he was sustained by the truth, and a firm hope in the Friend of sinners. I saw him again and found that his mind wandered very much, but in sensible moments, his mind was stayed on Jesus. Mr. Edwards and Mr. Wells visited him, and were made a great comfort to him. His last sensible words were "I want to be lifted up to Jesus," Jesus is more than father, mother, or brother to me now. At midnight, Christmas, he gently fell asleep in Jesus.

On New Year's day his remains were interred with military honours at Forest hill, followed by the members of the 7th Surrey rifles, of which regiment he was sergeant, Colonel Boreford following in person.

Mr. Wells gave a simple, but most beautiful address to the assembled multitude reading Isaiah liii., and pointing out that when the Spirit of God lay homo eternal things they outweigh everything, and exalting; the Friend of sinners. We have hope that good will be done in the name of the Lord. We then proceeded to the grave and deposited the body; the firing party were formed up, three volleys were fired over his grave; the band struck up "Abide with me," and we returned home awaiting that time when we hope again to meet where there are no partings, where there are no breakings in and no goings out. Amen.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—At Mr. Cornwell's Sunday school anniversary, Mr. Lee, builder, of North Bow, kindly presented the school with fifty Bibles. We mention this circumstance hoping the example may be followed by other Christian gentlemen. The report we shall give soon.

TRING.—EBENEZER CHAPEL.—Annual services were held Dec. 28th, 1869. Sermon in afternoon by pastor H. Myerson, from Matt. ii. 23. The theme was "Christ separated by the Father, as the church's substitute, surety, and representative; and also to and for the various offices and relationships he bears towards his people;" the discourse was fraught with encouragement for the anxious and wavering, and solemnly pointed to the unconverted and carnal professor. 180 persons took tea. At public meeting W. F. Edgerton, pastor, in the chair, who said, this is not the anniversary of my pastorate, or I might make some observations upon our position; however, I have to state that during the last six months collecting cards have been worked by some of the friends towards removing our chapel debt, which has resulted in £25 being gathered, which brings the debt down to £175. We must be thankful for this measure of help, and leave the matter in the Lord's hands. Success follows our preaching, but we desire to be more eminently useful in the Master's service. Pastor Colsell, of Aylesbury, spoke of "The preciousness of Christ to believers;" he was well received. Mr. Myerson expressed his pleasure in being present, seeing the pastor of the church had been brought to Christ under his ministry; he felt honoured when he saw his children walking in the truth, but much more when he stood by one who preached the truth. Some sweet remarks upon Mary at the feet of Jesus followed; many received the word with joy. Mr. Woodman, of Dunsley, gave weighty remarks upon the work of the Holy Spirit; showing the need of a deeper appreciation of his power among the churches of God. Several pieces were well sung by the choir. The whole of the proceedings were engaged in under the felt presence of the Lord of Hosts. Good, in all points, was the result. To our covenant God be all the praise.

THEOPHILUS.

SHADWELL.—Our thirty-first anniversary at Rehoboth, this year, was one of the happiest we have ever had; but, Mr. Anderson preached the Word; a select, and respectable company took tea; and in the evening our pastor, Thomas Steed, and his ministering brethren edified the meeting. This neighbourhood doth greatly need a revival. Our cause saw brighter days in Samuel Milner's prime; but he left it; under John Bruut, we had hoped to see it rise; but he left it, and some wondered why? When Samuel Cozens came, we looked for great things; but he left it too. Then Thomas Steed came; he has laboured hard and most faithfully in the Gospel, and the increase has been gradual. For such a neighbourhood, could a more suitable man be found? I am watching, because I am only

THE OCCUPIER OF A SEAT.

CAMDEN TOWN — The following quotation may be useful—"Dear Editor, on my journey from New Cross to the City on Wednesday evening, Jan. 12. I turned into the Elnathan chapel, and heard you read Solomon's song, 'By night on my bed, I sought him, but I found him not.' That verse, dear C. W. Banks, and your remarks on it, exactly suit my case. I am one of the first of the Zionites; and I have had some happy days in Zion, but now I wander and wander, and weep by the way. It cannot be said we have not the Gospel at Camden Town. Nay, my friend: our brother Higham, at the Avenue chapel, is sound in the faith; a steady preacher of Christ's Gospel and certainly deepens in his soul-experience; he is a brother beloved of the Lord, and esteemed by his people; at least, this is my conviction still, I cannot find 'him whom my soul loveth.' There is Camden hall, we have our cheerful brother George Webb; and to see our old friend Marks standing fast by this young Timothy, is a proof that he is not given to change. Well, beside these, Mr. Godsmark gives good words; and Mr. R. Wheeler sometimes exalts the Lamb of God. And yet, I cannot find him whom my soul loveth. Now I wish to ask (1) is it because I am nothing but a wayside hearer, that my soul is starving, and my seeking all in vain? Or (2) is it possible for ministers to read of Christ, to study Christ, to talk of Christ, and yet to have no Holy Ghost, no revelations of Christ no powerful unfoldings of the mysteries of grace? O, ye living servants of God, tell me, where are we now?" This "Zionite" is requested to read in "Cheering Words" for February, a paper headed, "What is your husband, is he lordly, or is he a loving one?"

MILE END — Special services were holden in Mr. Harrison's Iron church, Jan. 11, 1870, on behalf of the New Testament Pentecostal Union. James Ford, Esq., of Pentonville, presided, and in a spirit of Christian urbanity expressed his desire that the union might prove to be the Lord's instrument for promoting a truthful unity, and prosperity in our churches. Mr. R. G. Edwards contended for the defence of the Gospel in a noble and intelligent address, shewing God has commanded it; we must be faithful to the truth; as not one gem must be taken from the Queen's crown, so not one doctrine or ordinance must be slighted. Nothing can be said to be non-essential, which the Lord has commanded. Mr. Warren, of Plumstead, explained the character of the disciples to whom Christ gave the commission to preach the Gospel. He saw something grand in that commission. The Saviour put it into the hearts of disciples, that it might burn its way out therefrom to the ends of the earth. In a solemn and searching address, Mr. Warren shewed a minister might have the name of Christ perpetually on his tongue,

yet know nothing of his person or salvation. C. W. Banks spoke on the spiritual unity and mental variety exhibited in the ministers of Christ. True Christians, and their duties towards the ministers, were vigorously and correctly portrayed by the pastor of Elnathan church, Mr. G. Holmes. The treasurer, Mr. C. L. Kemp, addressed the meeting on the prospects of the Union. Prayers were offered by the brethren Stiuson, Willey, W. Sack, G. Cook, and Ford. Brethren Henry Stanley, G. Smith, Hitchcock, and other ministers were present. The pouring rain rendered the audience less than it would have been.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—MOUNT ZION BAPTIST CHAPEL, ST. MATTHIAS ROAD.—Sixth anniversary of Mr. C. Cornwell's ministry was holden Sunday, Jan. 9th; three sermons were preached; morning by C. L. Kemp, of Poplar; afternoon by R. G. Edwards, of Islington; evening by C. Cornwell, minister of place. We had good sermons, and the collections were good; although we have not made much progress during the past year, thank the Lord he has preserved us from going back. We do hope the Lord will keep Mr. Cornwell amongst us; we do not think his work is done here; the Lord has given us a heart to love him for the truth's sake; if the Lord wills to remove him from us, we hope it may be to increased usefulness, while it grieves us deeply that he should leave us. On Tuesday, Jan. 11th, after our tea meeting two sermons were preached; first, by Mr. Lodge; second, by Mr. Cornwell, with the sum of £8, as a token of their love to him, as a faithful minister of the Gospel of Christ. L. W.

[We publish this with pleasure. Mr. Cornwell is a faithful, and honoured preacher of the Gospel. If spared he will be a useful minister and pastor.—Ed.]

VICTORIA PARK.—In the surroundings of this beautiful public garden, large efforts have been made to accommodate the thousands of newly-located dwellers with commodious places of worship. During the last seven years more than ten large chapels, or churches as they are now called have been erected; at least, in one or two of them ministers of much intelligent zeal have been settled. From Mr. Ollerenshaw, as a man mighty in prayer; and Mr. Lovell as a minister self-pledged to defend the glorious doctrines of the Trinity, we may hope good will arise. The Baptists have a new large place for one of Mr. Spurgeon's students; Mr. Finch still holds on in his iron church; Hope chapel is doing well; and Mr. Saxeby's new place is opened. A much larger chapel is desired for Mr. Lee, of Bow; Mr. Myerson, in the Oval, is earnest and useful; Mr. Kaye, in his Ebenezer, Cambridge Heath, is still growing; and even the memorable John Osborn, at Claremont, is determined still to

prophesy. These with some other places, will, we hope, be the means of extending the knowledge of salvation by the great Redeemer in these eastern climes.

**CROWBOROUGH.**—On Tuesday, Jan. 11, a pleasing entertainment was given by E. Latler, Esq., Crowborough Cross, to fifty of the eldest scholars in connection with the Particular Baptist Chapel Sabbath School, Withyham, who were accompanied by Mr. E. Littleton, the minister of the place, and a few friendly to the religious training of the rising generation. The party arrived at the house at half-past two o'clock. The entertainment so kindly and liberally provided for scholars and friends was in readiness, and at once partaken of to the evident satisfaction of all. After which the young people retired to the large upper room, where, with the assistance of harmonium and piano presided at by Master E. Littleton, one of the scholars, the school went through various pieces and hymns, also recited many things previously committed to memory, and interesting dialogues, all tending to convey to the young mind moral and religious truths, to the satisfaction of those present. The exercises they were put through on the whole reflected much credit on their esteemed superintendent Mr. Kingsbury, of Groombridge, the teachers, and all who take so lively an interest in the training and welfare of the young connected with this place of worship. After the tendering of thanks to Mr. Latler, for his past and present kindness, which was warmly acknowledged by him with very flattering words relative to the superior condition of this school over the church schools in the immediate neighbourhood, the scholars and friends who were principally with Mr. Latler himself, connected with the Church of England, dispersed with signs of pleasure and we hope the time was spent to the good and profit of all.

**ERITH—ZOAN CHAPEL.** On Wednesday Oct. 20, 1869, the public recognition of Mr. J. J. Cooler, of Albert villas, Crayford road, Erith, late of London, took place; as pastor of the above chapel. Mr. S. Milner of Koppel street, Russell square preached in the afternoon. In the evening a public meeting was held, several ministers and brethren delivered addresses. The senior deacon gave Mr. Cooler the right hand of fellowship in the name of the church. It was felt to be a profitable and an interesting service. We, as a church, have abundant cause for thanksgiving for the revival of this little cause, and prayerfully look for a yet larger outpouring of the Divine blessing upon us. I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, C. WEST, Deacon.

**BROADSTAIRS.**—Mr. Kiddle, and the Baptist church held special services first week in New Year. On Monday, Jan. 3rd, the members of the church and congrega-

tion took tea together; Tuesday, the Snappay school children had a rich treat of tea, cake, and fruits. Wednesday, Mr. Rayment lectured on the Jews. Thursday, poor men's wives were treated with tea at Reading street. Friday, a prayer meeting, to implore the blessing of God on the faithful preaching of the pure Gospel. Messrs. Denis, Rayment, and J. Kiddle, gave addresses. They were well attended, and a gracious influence realized.

**FAVERSHAM.**—Mr. John Searle, of Margate, and Mr. Drake, of Sittingbourne, two ministerial brethren sound in the faith, and of genuine experience in the grace of God, preach regularly in the late Mr. Beale's chapel at Faversham. The renegade of the traveller, referred to previously belonged to a strippling of another school altogether. When we remember such valiant men as the Siborns, the Beales, the Thiseltons, the Broadbridges, and many more, whose tears and prayers have been poured out before the Lord on behalf of his Zion in that favoured Faversham, we cannot believe that God will leave himself without witnesses there.

### Notes of the Month.

**CRITICAL QUESTION.**—"To the Editor of the EASTERN VESSEL." Dear Sir,—The practice of churches in an influential position (when they are in want of a pastor) to invite a minister from a settled position which presents less pecuniary advantage with a view to a permanent engagement, is a custom I think "more honoured in the breach than the observance." No doubt, if a pastor deserts a prosperous cause for a more advantageous position, he exposes himself to animadversions (often more true than pleasant) which should be a sufficient deterrent from such a questionable course of proceeding. Man, however, is but a man, and it needs much more strength of mind, much more love, and much more self-denial, than some of the best men in the present day feel called upon to exercise. It would of course, be folly to contend that a Christian minister should not aspire to preside over a well-filled place of worship, that he should never enlarge his sphere of usefulness, or that the pressure of temporal circumstances may not sometimes render it his duty to accept such an invitation, especially if he observes stagnation in his own cause. But when he is called upon to desert a church, which under his ministry shows manifest signs of increasing prosperity, whose institutions are flourishing, and whose people love him, something deserving a harder name than selfish must be given to that body of Christians who present the temptation, and who are thus seeking to make the welfare of a sister church subservient to their own. To these remarks, I antici-

pate the objection: "It is the duty of the officers of any church to consult its best interests by selecting the man for the pastorate whom they deem best qualified for the important position." Undoubtedly it is, when that selection is fairly conducted but if this result is obtained, at the expense (and possibly to the serious detriment and injury of another church,) I think its propriety as well as its probity may very fairly be questioned, and that it is time churches in a less influential position, protested against this nefarious mode of seducing from their posts men who were happy with their position, but whom it will be more charitable than true, ever to call "settled pastors."

#### VERITAS.

HERTS.—4, Frogmore crescent, Hemel Hempstead. Dear Brother Banks,—I write to say I am still in the body, though very weak and low; my disease has turned to dropsy; both legs have burst, the discharge is great. I have been confined to my sick chamber six weeks; though I am not able to lie down. My conflict has been at times very severe, but still, grace reigns; bless the Lord, I never lost my hope, which is built on Christ the Rock. In him is all my hope for everlasting life. I desire to thank all those friends who have contributed towards my support, varying from a sixpence to a sovereign. The Lord will repay you; and I will add, to the honour of his name, though my illness has extended over a period of six months, hitherto I have not wanted. I remain yours in the covenant, HENRY HUTCHINSON, December 20th, 1869.

[Once more, we must say, to all our readers, in your petitions at the mercy-seat and in your practical sympathy, remember this much-honoured, and afflicted minister, who is leaving behind a devoted godly wife, and young family.—Ed.]

WARNING.—A letter signed by four leading members of one church, and sent to the deacons of another church, denouncing, in awful terms, a minister who had removed from the former to the latter, has been laid before us. Many things now existing prove to a painful demonstration the necessity of some soundly organized board of appeal; whereby our churches might be supplied with approved, and well-proved pastors; and also wherent persecuted pastors might be heard, and defended if possible. The present loose and careless manner of supplying the pulpits of many of our churches is disastrous and painful. The committee of the New Testament Pentecostal Union are prayerfully anxious to benefit the churches and ministers of truth; protecting, instrumentally, both churches and ministers from causeless injury.

APPEAL FOR FUNDS TO RE-BUILD CAVE ADULLAM, STEPNEY.—My dear friends, To whom be grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. On behalf of the church

and congregation meeting for worship in Cave Adullam chapel, Stepney, we have ventured to make an earnest appeal to you, for your kind prayers, and pecuniary help in this our hour of need. In consequence of some person or persons having called the attention of the Metropolitan Board of Works to our chapel, it has been condemned as an unsafe and dangerous building, so that we have been compelled to vacate the place. We are now meeting for worship in the Assembly rooms, near the Edinburgh castle, it being the only place that we could procure. Our kind friend and brother Mr. Thos. Stringer has kindly granted us the use of his chapel for our week night service, and a kind gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Harris, a clergyman of the Church of England, has granted us the use of a room in his Mission church for our Sunday school, which is in a very healthy and flourishing state. The ground landlords have consented to cancel the old lease, and to grant us a new one for forty years, on the condition that we erect a new chapel, within three months, granting us permission to purchase the copyhold, and new chapel for £570, within ten years. The ground has been secured, and we purpose, with the blessing of the Lord to commence building at once. To accomplish this we shall require about £650. Towards this we have about £250, which has been collected from the school, the church and the congregation. We have done our utmost, and had we been unmolested by the enemy, should have realized a much larger amount. But in consequence of having to vacate the place, at so short a notice, we are compelled to lay our case before a sympathizing public, and appeal to the liberality of our friends, who have the welfare of Zion at heart. The smallest donations will be most thankfully received by either of the following persons who will duly acknowledge the same. GEORGE REYNOLDS, Pastor, 8, Barnes street, Stepney; C. P. PEASELEY, JOSEPH GREEN, Deacons; THOS. CULYER, Secretary, 91, Whitehorse Street, Stepney.

SCOTLAND.—We have read in a Glasgow paper a long letter by our Christian brother T. J. Messer, from which we learn he is much afflicted in his body; this excellent partner has long been near death; and yet in Fifeshire, and other parts of that primitive land, he has been preaching the Gospel, and lecturing in defence of total abstinence as arduously as ever. When we survey the number of our churches who are crippled for want of efficient ministers, we can but desire that our brother Messer should be settled over one where his last days might be devoted to feeding some section of the true church of God.

DEATHS.—Mr. Thomas Bewick, for some time minister of Unicorn Yard chapel, died early in January, 1870. Mrs. Price, the devoted wife of Mr. Price, Bankside, Withington, departed Jan. 8, 1870, after a very long and intensely painful affliction.

# A Sermon

PREACHED IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, RYE LANE, PECKHAM, ON THE  
LORD'S-DAY EVENING, DEC. 12, 1869, ON THE OCCASION OF  
THE DEATH OF MRS MARY CONGREVE,

BY

MR. GEORGE MOYLE.

THE PASTOR.

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“For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.”—Job xix. 25.

THE voice of nature, providence, and Divine revelation, all bear one united testimony to our mortality,—“It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment,” Heb. ix. 27. “Death—the sentence of death, has passed on all men, for that all have sinned.” “The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?” They are gone! Neither their usefulness nor their piety rendered them exempt from the dissolution common to human nature.

There are only two instances recorded in the Word of God, of any going to heaven without dying—Enoch and Elijah; but no doubt a change passed on them, equivalent to death, or they could not have entered heaven, for “flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.” It is exceedingly cheering, and encouraging to a believer in Jesus, amidst all the trials, pains, and dissolution of humanity to raise his eyes and his thoughts above such an aceldama to the regions of light, glory, and happiness, and say with the suffering Job, “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.” This was the consolation of this good man in his most desolate state, anticipating death, and the grave with all its concomitant solemnities. Yet he rises above this, and looks to Christ, his only resource,—and the only resource for you and me. This feeling possessed our dear sister. Amidst all the pains of body attending dissolution, she was enabled by the grace of God to say, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

You will observe that the very nature of religion is designed to support and sustain us; it is designed for a foul day as well as a bright one; not merely for life, but for death; not merely to talk about, but to rest upon, so that “when heart and flesh faint and fail,” we may experience God to be, “the strength of our heart and our portion for ever.” Find any other theme in the whole world, that will support us at such a time? There is none other! Time will not allow me to enlarge here, as I have to give you the living and dying testimony of our departed sister. I will, therefore, call your attention to a few leading features of the text. First, we have the well known character of Christ,—the Redeemer. Secondly, we have the experimental knowledge of him,—“I know that my Redeemer liveth.”

And then, in consequence, the anticipation,—“He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.” I shall also have to touch upon the following verses as I proceed, in order to render the subject more complete.

Let us glance, first, at the character of Christ; and the first idea that struck my mind on the contemplation of it (as I should think it would yours) was Jesus Christ standing forth the great centre of the faith of God's elect, as the Redeemer. To Him every eye looks, and every ear listens; to Him every heart beats; and the reason is plain; because all who are taught by the Holy Ghost are one great family, and all have ONE faith. If we go to the apostles, they say the same to those in their days, they have the “like precious faith;” and we shall find this faith was the corresponding faith of those before THEM. Hear what they say. “We having the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believed, and therefore have I spoken, we also believe, and therefore speak.” 2 Cor. iv. 13. They believed in the Lord Jesus Christ as their Redeemer, and so did the prophets. If we go higher we come to this man Job, and higher, to Abraham, of whom the Redeemer spake, “Your father Abraham rejoiced to see My day; and he saw it and was glad.” We may go higher still, to Noah, a preacher of righteousness,—not of mere moral duty, “but the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference,” Rom. iii. 22. If we go higher still, we come to Enoch, the seventh from Adam, for he prophesied saying, “Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints,” Jude 14. We may go higher still, to Abel, “who 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.” We may go higher, for as soon as ever man fell, God speaks to trembling Adam in the garden, and tells him “The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.” And John says, “That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the word of life; for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us. That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us,” 1 John 1. 2, 3. We may step out of time, to eternity, for in the covenant of grace, Christ undertook to be the Redeemer of all His people. The covenant stands upon His mediatorial work, and the whole family of God look only THERE, for there is no salvation anywhere else, and “There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.” It is well we should examine where our faith centres; whether we stand isolated, or whether we stand united with God's elect. If you and I are looking by faith to Jesus Christ, we are in one and the same position with the whole family of God, “whose names are written in heaven.” The name of Redeemer, grows out of His redemption work. Redeemer is His name because He redeemed His people from their sins. It was promised He should be a Redeemer, consequently, “When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.” Now the excellency of



His character might serve for a lengthy reflection, but I will drop but a few words more upon this head. Our blessed Redeemer in His excellences; possessed all the perfections of humanity and all the attributes of deity. Our redemption demanded blood, therefore He must be man in order to bleed, "For without shedding of blood is no remission of sins;" and as the Apostle Peter writes, "Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ." He must be God to make it of infinite value,—“That He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works, that He might redeem us from the curse of the law, and that He might redeem us to God by His blood.”—That’s the redemption!

Now the right of redemption belongs to Him, for according to God’s law the work of redemption belonged to the next of kin. If a man, or his servant or his property, was sold, the right of redemption devolved upon the next of kin. Redemption is a family work, and Christ stands next of kin to us; “Bone of our bones, and flesh of our flesh;” “He passed by angels, and laid hold of the children’s flesh and blood,” and became our elder brother, and the devoted husband of His church, “For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord of Hosts is His name, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, the God of the whole earth shall He be called.” Isa. liv. 5. Who then is so near to us as Jesus Christ? therefore the right of redemption belonged to Him. It is a great thing to be able to say He is MY Redeemer. Job said so, and why should not you and I, and all who have a living faith, say so, as well as Job? How often do we read in the Word of God such expressions as my Lord, my God, my strength, my Redeemer, &c., coming from the lips of God’s children. But how shall we KNOW He is our Redeemer? By divine emancipation, from the slavery and dominion of sin. Redemption has two aspects, first, by purchase, for Christ paid the ransom price due to law and justice.—“He hath redeemed us to God by His blood out of every kindred; and tongue, and people, and nation. (Rev. v. 9.) Secondly, by power, for by His omnipotent power He has rescued us from the thralldom of sin, from the world, the flesh and the devil; and He has “delivered us from the bondage of corruption, and brought us into the glorious liberty of the children of God.”

My hearers, has God by his Spirit rescued you from the love of sin and the world, and brought you to trust in Him? If so, it is the glorious freedom of the children of God. “My Redeemer liveth.” Here is experimental knowledge; He lives the everlasting God; He lives as the God-man Jesus Christ, for although for us and for our salvation He died, yet He arose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven; and now sitteth at the right hand of God. And Himself has declared, “I am He that liveth, and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore.” Here is divine revelation. We know that He liveth by divine revelation. Job had this revelation by the Spirit without the Word, we by the Spirit in the Word—that Jesus lives, and lives for ever! He lives as the Covenant Head of all His living family, for He is the fountain of life to every man, woman, and child, that ever received life by the power of the Holy Ghost, the author and giver of life. *But all comes from Jesus Christ;* for “In Him was life, and the life was the light of men,” and when this life comes into your soul, it draws you near to Him with holy joy, an

childlike confidence. This made Paul to say, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Rom. viii. 33, 34. You can't plead your own cause before God; you must put it into the hands of Christ.

How do I know that my Redeemer liveth? By divine revelation and manifestation.

Have you ever felt these things brought to your heart, my dear hearers? You are not His unless you have. But you that have may take comfort, for Jesus says, "He that loveth Me, shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." And if so, He will comfort you, and strengthen you, and increase your faith, your hope, and your love, and, you will be sure to feel the effects of it. Now every manifestation of kindness I receive from a friend shows he is alive. If he did not live I could have no manifestation. I will go further, and speak of communication, and will illustrate it thus. I may have a friend in America; I have communications from him, therefore I know he is alive; so when Christ is manifest to your soul, you know that Christ liveth. Then comes the anticipation, "He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." This comprehends the first and second Advent of Christ. When He first came, He came to accomplish the great business of redemption; when He shall come the second time, it will be without sin unto salvation. It is a faith that looks forward through the vista of time. It was this that supported Job, and will you, and did our sister in her dying moments. Job had a deep consciousness of his own dissolution, for he says "And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." So every believer must be humbled when he reflects on "corruption, earth, and worms." "I have said to corruption, thou art my father; to the worm, thou art his mother, and my sister." This man of God looked forward to his dissolution in the humblest way and manner; he contemplated the corruption of the grave. "And though after my skin worms destroy this body,"—But what comes next? The triumphant declaration, "Yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another, though my reins be consumed within me." This body will come up again; this self-same body that the worms have consumed; *these very eyes* shall behold him. Ah! but some will say, "How are the dead raised up? And with what body do they come?" The apostle answers, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die." Sow the seed; barley won't bring forth wheat, nor wheat barley, but, "every seed his own body." So here, it will be the identical body that was sown in corruption, that shall be raised in incorruption; the same body that was sown in dishonour, that shall be raised in glory; the same body that was sown in weakness, that shall be raised in power; the same body that was sown a natural body, that shall be raised a spiritual body. This was the faith of our beloved sister.

I will now run through a little history of her Christian experience. [Here Mr. Moyle read the memoir, written by her bereaved husband, which appeared in our magazine of January.]

I shall not longer detain you, or attempt to speak more than a few

words to the dear mourners, for their feelings are most deeply tried as you well know. I would only say to you, my bereaved brother; look to this portion of God's word, look to the living Redeemer. And to you, children, I would say, may you "cleave to Him with full purpose of heart," for He only is your life, and then you will (like your mother) be able to say when you come to die, "He is my life in death." God grant you that holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord, enlighten your minds and bring you near to Himself. And to all here I would say, let this be the source of your happiness which was our dear sister's experience, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." And I pray that this living Redeemer may be your Redeemer for ever and ever. Amen.

(Taken down by W. A. ADAMS, a member of the Church.)

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## A N E W R E H O B O T H .

GOSPEL MINISTERS WANTED IN AMERICA — NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN IN A GOSPEL POINT OF VIEW — GREAT OPENING FOR CHRISTIAN MINISTERS AND PEOPLE—INVITE TO THE EDITOR OF "EARTHEN VESSEL"—THE COMMUNION EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE—C. H. SPURGEON EXPECTED IN NEW YORK.

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285, Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

January 5, 1870.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL,"—It is two years since you heard from me; I hear from you every month by your VESSEL; it sails across the broad Atlantic every month, with its glad tidings of Gospel truth. What we should do if we did not get the VESSEL, "Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit," &c., I do not know. Thank God we do get them; and hope some day you will send out a man of Gospel truth, to preach unto us the unsearchable riches of Christ. New York has 800,000 inhabitants; Brooklyn, with a river separating it from New York, (the same as Southwark from London city) has a population of 500,000, but no place of sound Gospel truth. Brooklyn is called "the city of churches." Their preachers are of the Beecher and Spurgeon stamp; and in the E. Church, several of the Hugh Allen school; but no West, Doudney, or Hewlett; no Banks, Wells, or Foreman. We have about two hundred churches of various sects in Brooklyn. In America all denominations have fine churches; and paid for them themselves; each sect pays its own ministers well. In Brooklyn, where I live, the Baptist churches are all Strict Baptists as to communion, but not in doctrine. There are not ten Open Communion churches in the United States. We who love the truth in these parts often wish you could not only send out ministers to preach but some of the poor people round you with scarce anything to eat; here is room in this country for all in Europe, and then we should not be as thick as you are in England. May God put it into the hearts of some of your rich ones to send such out here; they can have 160 acres of land for about 20s., they can have seed to plant the land free, from the Free Government of the government of the United States. Mr. Editor, I wish you could come out amongst us for twelve months or so; I think in the Lord's hands you might be the means of doing much good; and of saving much people alive. Come if you can; let the churches in England send you, with others as plants to be planted where the Lord shall be pleased to use them. There are to be great times here next May; The Evangelical Alliance meets in

New York during that month. C. H. Spurgeon, and some fifty other preachers from England, France, and Germany, whose expenses are to be paid by one church in New York, Dr. Halls, (late of Dublin). He is said to be a sound man, with a rich church. It will cost about forty thousand dollars to bring all your men over and send them back again. Do you think you can get the same done by one church in England? C. H. Spurgeon is expected to preach in the Scatcing Rinks large buildings; some of them hold 100,000 people. So eager are people to hear and see Mr. Spurgeon, they are making preparations already. There is a Spurgeon in Brooklyn; not by name, but in his manner of preaching; and if you were to see him, you could scarce tell the difference. He has just come from Coverington, Kentucky; southern preachers are better preachers generally than northern men; in the south the people do not like to have sermons read to them, in the north generally it is contrary. Can you give us the address of Mr. John Brindle? I ask if any of the large number of ministers you know, with no stated place to preach, and some of them scarce bread to eat, would come to America, to write to me where they would like to go to, and I could tell them by letter. I shall be glad to answer any questions to intending comers. Here is room for thousands: 260,000 arrived in New York last year; the Germans bring their ministers with them, so do the Irish; not the English. Pray send us one godly man; a place is ready for him to preach in, a house for him to live in when he gets here. People are willing to have truth from honest men in these parts; hundreds of preachers are wanted. Call upon the Strict Baptist church to send out men to preach Christ to our people in the Southern States; it is a nice climate for a man to live in; everything cheap. The State of Texas alone is larger than England and Wales; beef sells at one penny per lb., and everything else as cheap. Some will say, "Can people live in these parts?" Yes! they can. The black people are a religious people in most cases; not Roman Catholics, but Baptists and Methodists; but they want men to preach the Gospel to them in those parts. Make it known among truth-loving people to come. Oh, I do wish that something would happen by the power of God to shake some of his servants out here.

Wishing you a blessed new year and prosperity in preaching the truth, believe me to remain, I trust in love with you and Him,

R. SEE.

[Glad should we be to see some of our good brethren uniting to help many of the sound-hearted ministers to go over to these desirable States. England is overflowing with preachers. Whether they would be more useful in America than they are here, is a question we cannot touch.—ED.]

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## THE RUSHDEN CHURCH.

C. DRAWBRIDGE—AND A. BAKER, OF SUTTON.

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INSTEAD of printing all the letters which we have received from Rushden, from our good brother A. Baker, and from others on Mr. Drawbridge's ministry, and his heavy affliction; instead of giving the communications themselves, we will, as opportunity may offer, carefully review the things which have passed before us; and in commencing we would ask all carefully to read that one golden sentence of the Great Master, to which our mind has been sweetly led. We print the words distinctly:—"Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God."

One of these "peace-makers" we would ever desire to be, but then, in the revelations of God's Holy mind, we read that "peace and truth" were married in heaven; they are to be united on the earth, and they are to be

perfectly and gloriously harmonized in the kingdom of Christ for ever. Twice in Zechariah's eighth chapter, we have this union of peace and truth proclaimed and commanded. Mark, God's holy words: "These are the things that ye shall do; speak ye every man the TRUTH to his neighbour; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates; and let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbour; and love no false oath, for all these are things that I hate, saith the Lord." Jarchi says, one brother hating another brother without just cause, was a ruling vice under the second temple, and was the cause of its destruction. Christian brethren, at Rushden, even to you who have written us your hard letters, we say, let us be careful that we incur not the displeasure of our most adorable Lord and Master, for He has promised that the fast of the tenth month shall be to the house of Judah joy and gladness, and cheerful feasts. But this can only be where the following exhortation stands in a living exercise: "Therefore—**LOVE THE TRUTH AND PEACE.**"

To promote, to establish, to extend this union of "the truth and peace," we shall in some future numbers consider.

First—Brother Charles Drawbridge's ministry, his affliction, &c., and we can testify that from dying beds, and from the lips of most sincere believers in different parts of this kingdom, we have received positive testimonies of the essential and permanent benefits resulting from his ministry. And even now, in his fearfully painful and isolated affliction, his ransomed soul sometimes breaks out, (when he thinks he is by himself) and in eloquent strains does he exalt the Prince of Peace, the Sinner's Friend, the Son of God, the Saviour of all the Father gave unto Him; proving that his mind, when freed for a moment from the mysterious trammels which afflicts her, flies forth in exalted strains of flashes, shouting victory to the Lamb for ever. A little-brain says to us, "Ah, he was no friend of yours." What has that to do with it? Charles Drawbridge, for nearly sixty years, preached the Gospel of the grace of God; sinners were converted, saints were comforted, a church was planted; above all, the crown of glory was ever set upon the head of the great Redeemer. Some parts of the natural machinery of Charles Drawbridge's mental power became over-strained; through the cracks and crevices of this distressed and over-taxed mentality, Satan would rush in, and when Charles Drawbridge was left in Satan's power for the season, most unhealthy sentences would be uttered. To justify any excess of the flesh is not our work; but believing there are very few of us who are sure at all times, and believing the Rushden pastor to have been useful in the church of Jesus Christ, we ask the fervent prayers of the righteous seed that God may yet recover him to a clear and happy sense of his interest in that covenant, which, for many many years, he delighted to unfold to thousands of the sons of men. More of this another time. We desire to produce satisfactory evidence of the position we take up. But, now—

Secondly—The church at Rushden, the bereaved, the afflicted, the divided church. And before we enter upon a review of the letters, &c., received from the different leaders, of the different sections of that church, we shall write down one bold persuasion; it is this: if the church at Rushden and the committee of the New Testament Pentecostal Union could arrango for a series of devotional services, and could those meetings for fervent prayer, for faithful counsel, and for the unfoldings of the precious Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, be conducted in the spirit of holy love, and with pure and earnest zeal, we believe great blessings would result therefrom. Some of our bishops may sneer at this. They may do that to their cost. We are hopefully persuaded blessings will attend the efforts of those brethren; and from our own experience of the Lord's merciful anointing us when called to preach in Rushden, we must believe there are some hundreds of living souls there who would rejoice in the heavenly-instructed ministration of the deep things of God.

We reached Irchester station late on the Saturday night; walked in the dark to Rushden; in the comfortable dwelling place of John Packwood and

his good wife we were well taken care of. The four services on the Sunday were occupied in testifying of Jesus, with all the zeal and light the Lord afforded; and on the Monday morning as we left for Bedford, circumstances led to the penning of some simple, quaint, yet truthful lines, a part of which are given here, leaving our Rushden letter-writer and our brother A. Baker's letters, to come in for careful attention, and due order.

The first part of the note referred to, is as follows:—

Around old Rushden parish church  
Which stands just in the town,  
I saw twelve stout and noble trees,  
Whose leaves were tumbling down.

Like many other things in this world, I should have taken no particular notice of them; but having to walk from Rushden to Irchester station, it was suggested that a venerable man, a member of Mr. Drawbridge's church, should walk with me. This good and ancient brother on passing the church-yard, so singularly directed my attention to these trees that when I was quietly seated in the railway carriage on my way to Bedford, I hastily put the remarks of my aged brother into the following shape, and I hope the perusal may not be in vain.

"These twelve large trees," my friend exclaimed  
"The twelve Apostles have been named."  
"Indeed!" said I—"the scene is grand:—  
"To guard the church—how well they stand!"  
"Ah!" (quoth my honest, ancient sire—  
And as he spake his soul caught fire)  
"D'ye see there's one looks very queer?  
"His heart's not sound—'tis not sincere:—  
"His trunk—his branch—his leaf—and all,  
"Look quite as bold—grow just as tall  
"As all the rest: but old men say  
"He's JUDAS—who did once betray  
"His Master. And when that was done  
"He fled. Alas! but where's he gone?"  
These solemn things quite aw'd my mind.  
To hold them fast, I felt inclin'd,  
And though to other themes we turn'd  
The word—"THAT'S JUDAS!" in me burn'd.  
Hence when at last I left my friend—  
The following lines I meekly penned:—  
Just like these trees—in many a place  
There stands stont men professing grace.  
But if like Judas, they're not clean,  
Where Jesus shines, they'll ne'er be seen.  
'Tis only souls new-made and blest,  
That can with God in glory rest.

[No more room this month.]

#### THE FAITHFUL SAYING.

"I am come that they might have life."

BEHOLD, the Lord of heaven and earth,  
At Bethlehem, his place of birth;  
The heir of all things, and the King  
Of whom the angels sweetly sing.  
He came his people for to bless;  
He came to give the weary rest;  
He came to put their sins away;  
His coming made the Gospel day.  
Thy light is come, ye chosen seed;  
The Holy One; to suffer, bleed.  
Through him, redemption's glorious plan,  
Unfolded is to fallen man.  
Our God, the Father's, ancient grace,  
Shines through the MAN that took our  
place.  
He man became, that man should be  
Redeemed to God; from sin made free.

Amazing love to man; behold,  
In the great Shepherd of his fold.  
He died to make its greatness known:  
'Tis strong and lasting as his throne.  
Did I not hear the Saviour say  
I love to-morrow as to-day?  
My church once loved by me shall be  
Loved unto all eternity,  
I love my church, but not her sin;  
My blood is shed to make her clean.  
She shall appear as loved by me;  
I bore her cross, and made her free.  
I will adorn her naked soul;  
I'll heal her wounds, and make her whole  
It shall be seen what love can do,  
I'll give her grace and glory too.

H. VEALE.

# What was in that Cup?

## CHAPTER XV.

We do but taste his bitter cup;  
 Jesus alone could drink it up;  
 To burn for us was His desire;  
 And He baptizes us with fire.  
 This fire will not consume but melt;  
 How soft, compared with what He felt!  
 All cleansed from filth, and purged from dross,  
 Baptized CHRISTIANS! bear the cross.

WHAT a fathomless, boundless, almost unanswerable question is this—“WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP!” If all the angels in the heavenly world could be gathered into one vast conclave; and if to them this solemn enquiry was presented, I believe not one, not all, could fully grasp the theme, or explore the depths of death and sorrow, of life and salvation, of wrath and justice, of transgression and righteousness, of Satanic defeat, and of God-accepted-glory, of darkness most dreadful, and of light most bright and eternal, which were concentrated in that one sentence, “The cup which My Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?” Angels desire to *look* into these things; but fully to define them is not, I believe, in their power. There is a striking difference between the expressions of Paul respecting angels, and of Paul respecting himself. Of the heavenly intelligences, when Paul is speaking of the great mystery of godliness, he says—“SEEN of angels;” but of himself the apostle says, “that I may KNOW Him; and the power of His resurrection, and the FELLOWSHIP of His sufferings, being made CONFORMABLE UNTO HIS DEATH.” Even this apostle, who had such extraordinary revelation, tells us, in the knowledge of Christ crucified, in the Gethsemane and Calvary sufferings, he had “not attained; he was not already perfect;” but while he could count all things as loss for that excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus His Lord, he was still pressing forward for a fuller and more intimate acquaintance with HIM, whom to know is life everlasting.

Ah, brethren, we can preach up the types, we can quote the prophecies, we can mention the promises, we often strive to exalt the Master, by describing His person, His complex character; and *declaring* the sufficiency of His mediatorial life; and the perfection of His atoning sacrifice; but of the deep darkness and distressing nature of His humiliation, are we not so lost in the amazement of the mystery, so weak in comprehending the extent of His agony, that it is with us, as it was with Peter, James, and John, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, at the entrance of the little garden—(for Maundwell says, Gethsemane was not more than fifty-seven yards square) where Jesus said—“Sit ye here, while I go and pray *yonder*?” Three times did the precious JESUS go—and return to them; but they never went into that thick darkness where all the waves and billows went over Him—where His soul was exceedingly sorrowful even unto death, where He rolled, and cried, and sweat as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.

Mysterious conflict! dark disguise!  
 Hid from all creatures' peering eyes.  
 Angels astounded—viewed the scene;  
 Yet wondered what it all could mean.

Known only to the three GLORIOUS PERSONS in the Trinity (in perfection) were the full contents of the cup. My conviction is, that, could you range the confines of the regions of the lost, they could not tell out a measure of the dark side of this question; could you travel through the armies of the spirits of just men made perfect, they could only open to you some parts of the bright side of this question. Incarnate deity alone can answer the question, "What was in that cup?" The Father knew how stern Justice did bruise the Son; Jesus knew what He suffered; the Spirit, as God, was a truly sympathizing witness of the whole mystery; but whether angels or men; whether justified and glorified spirits will ever fully reach the whole of this "wonderful" transaction, must, to us, be as yet unknown.

Am I then presuming, in attempting to answer this tremendous interrogation? I trust not. We are to "follow on to know the Lord;" we are exhorted to "consider the apostle and High Priest of our profession;" we are to "look on Him whom we have pierced;" and on the broken bread, and on the poured out wine, it is written in most positive but loving words, "this do, in remembrance of me."

If ever our captivity is turned, if ever our churches arise from the dust of wordism, formalism, and lukewarmness, it must either be by a God-appointed time of hot persecution DRIVING us, or by the out-poured SPIRIT drawing us to a closer and cleaner fellowship with the once crucified, but now exalted Lamb of God.

As I contemplate this incomprehensibly glorious and mysterious question, I feel my soul doth realize something of that supernatural state of mind our apostle was in, when he wrote "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, by whom (whereby) the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Certainly, I feel assured, the man who stands experimentally and by faith in that Scripture, is not far from the kingdom. While preachers and professors have been for years casting contempt upon me, this only has been my comfort; that with Paul I could ask myself, "Have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord?" And looking to some at least I might make the appeal, "Are not ye my work (the fruit of my ministry, wrought by the power and grace of Jesus Christ) in the Lord?"

Now, then, in the light and power of the eternal Spirit, I have been baptized into the sight and love of the LORD JESUS, and, if by the grace of God, I am kept looking unto the precious Jesus, and coming to Him, surely, He will in no wise cast me out! Nay—nor you either, poor drooping soul, if on this solid rock thy only hope is laid.

Although in deep and sorrowful seasons I have condemned myself as certainly lost for ever; yet, when I carefully consider that at three distinct periods of my life, there have been overcoming manifestations of the Son of God to my soul, I cannot come to any other conclusion than this, Satan has shot his fiery darts into me; and done his utmost to drive me to despair and to destruction; but JESUS lives to save!

My soul desires to make her boast in the Lord, because he hath done great things for me whereof I am glad. First, in 1828, when He called me out of sleep, out of darkness, yea, out of bed, saying in me, "A wake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light," on that blessed Sunday morning, when I reached the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel, and the minister said, "Being confident



of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ," then, under that sermon the glory of the Lord filled the house with such ineffable light, and filled my soul with such overflowing measures of His wondrous love, that whether in the body or out of it, I could hardly say. There His glorious person, and His entire work, were so revealed in my soul, that I was as a fountain of refreshing waters; and not one atom of sin or one shred of unbelief remained. Long time I lived and loved Him too; never dreaming of the danger that awaited me.

Again in 1842, (fourteen years afterwards) in old Zoar, in Great Alie street, under that God-sent and Christ exalting minister, William Gadsby, I had another visitation. "O Naphthali!" was his text, and in that sermon the sight and feeling sense of the wrestling and agonizing God-man in Gethsemane, broke my poor heart in such contrition, and with such minglings of sorrow and of love, that I thought surely a full deliverance was come; but no. Under good George Abrahams, in 1843, he came again; how? "Leaping over all the mountains and over all the hills, and by His most precious blood, washing them all away, so completely, and so

Assuring my conscience of her part  
In His atoning sacrifice,

that my peace did indeed flow like a river. Since then, I have travelled thousands of miles; have spoken of Him, and written of Him, thousands of times; and my only joy is to

Tell to sinners all around,  
What a dear Saviour I have found.

And wherein I have erred, I mourn with grievous, mournful grief. But that Jesus has been made of God unto me, "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, I must not doubt; that He is unto me a merciful High Priest, I must declare; therefore, brethren, let us look to Him, trust in Him, preach of Him, point poor sinners to Him; and in all ways and works, may we honour the Lamb of God. Amen and Amen.

*Do you ask, then,*

"WAS MY SOUL'S ETERNAL SALVATION  
IN THAT CUP?"

It certainly was, if you are the subject of that which Paul calls, "*the power of His resurrection.*" The twelve stones which the Lord commanded Joshua (chap. iv. 20) to fetch out of Jordan by the hands of his twelve men, and which Joshua pitched in Gilgal, represent the perfect testimony of truth, which the faith of God's elect doth embrace, and realize in the souls of all who are led by the Spirit into all the essential branches of a Divine and saving knowledge. I may declare Joshua set up an altar of truth, with these twelve stones; and the Gospel of Christ is but the spiritual anti-type of this ancient altar which Joshua set up in Gilgal. If then, thou art a sinner quickened in thy soul, and raised up out of nature's sinful pit; and if thou art coming up, and looking up, and seeking to know what knowledge, or persuasion, or faith that is, which the Lord God doth give unto the heirs of glory, if this be thy

character, and thy spiritual course, then come with me, for one moment, and view this

TWELVE-STONED ALTAR OF TRUTH ;

and if thy faith doth solemnly receive this testimony, I believe all the Bible declares that Jesus is thine.

As we travel from Jordan to Canaan, we come first to Gilgal ; that is where our reproach is rolled away ; in this Gilgal stands this altar ; made up of the twelve stones already referred to, and on each, and on every one of these stones, there is an inscription written : and these twelve inscriptions constitute the substance of all that is essentially necessary to be believed by the seeking seed of Jacob. I can only read the inscription this month. You read them, and consider them. I may more fully examine them another time. As we approach this altar, we come first to its north side, where we may behold

I. *Three Black Stones*—Standing with much stern and strong uprightness. On the first black stone is written, “All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.” On the second black stone is written, “No man can by any means redeem his brother, or give unto God a ransom for him.” On the third black stone, I read “Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.” I might show how many have sat down on this north side in despondency almost as black as the stones themselves ; but proofs and illustrations of the truth of each stone I must reserve for another month.

II. Come with me from the north to the east side, here are three *Sky-blue stones*. What a change ! On the first blue stone is written, “It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.” On the second blue stone, in such beautiful letters, “I am come to seek and to save that which was lost.” And on the third blue stone, in bold plain words, I read, “Come unto Me.” “Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.” The sun shines on this side of the altar most cheerfully ; but the cutting east wind is often very severe.

III. Turn round to the south side of the altar ; here are three *blood-red stones*. Amazing sight ! See, on the first red stone you read, “As for thee, by the blood of thy covenant have I sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein there is no water.” That is a new covenant stone altogether ; and its history is given in some ancient manuscripts which I will unfold another day, if I am held up in life and peace. The second blood-red stone says, “Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.” Third blood-red stone is more sparkling red than any, “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.” Oh ! the effects of these blood-red stones is beyond all expression ; but I have a great cloud of witnesses that can prove the precious truth of every word.

IV. On the west side, are *three white stones* ; they look as pearly-white, as innocent, as calm, and as solid, as the purest wool, as the drifted snow, and as the full moon on a cloudless night, and as firm as the choicest marble that was ever found in God's great storehouse. On the first white stone, all sparkling the lines appear, “By grace are ye saved, through faith ; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not

of works, lest any man should boast." On the second white stone is written, "He that believeth hath the witness in Himself." And on the third, "After ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise which is the earnest of your inheritance."

This glorious Gospel altar has stood the test of thousands of years. Storms and hurricanes have assailed it; it stands for ever sure. Millions have read, believed, and received every word of it. I could give you the most heavenly testimonies of its virtue and value, but I have exceeded my space. Walk round and reflect upon this altar, and of its design expect to hear some more from yours in hope,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

## Spiritual Unity and Mental Variety.

### CHAPTER III.

BETWEEN John Hudson (who wrote the following little sketch) and John Kershaw, (whose death occasioned the discourse) there was a vast difference as regards position, and apparent usefulness; but in the fellowship of the Gospel; in the faith of the new covenant; and in decision for the verity of God's Holy Book, there was no discernible disparity. John Kershaw was steady, solid, savoury, and searching in his ministry; John Hudson, is simple, sincere, sudden in his flights, short in his arguments, sententious, but not sentimental. Both at Whitestone, and at Ringwood, the Christian people loved John Hudson, but in his study he required more mental power to persevere in meditation and in preparation; and in his pulpit, he required a better method, and a larger freight of Biblical, of experimental, and of illustrative matter. We hope his heavy trials have been so sanctified as to render him more useful in the ministry of the Gospel. As a brother in Christ, we esteem him very highly; and should rejoice to see him working as a missionary-minister in our awfully sunken districts of Bethnal Green, Seven Dials, &c. The following notes (given us by Mr. Hudson) of Mr. Taylor's sermon is all we can find room for this month.

An immense amount of service might be rendered to our churches, if godly young men who are sound in the faith, would receive kind and useful hints from those brethren who have long laboured in word and doctrine. Paul's epistles to Timothy and to Titus are our authority, and guide. But we proceed to notice Mr. Taylor's sermon, of which the following is but a brief notice.

### SKETCH OF A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF MR. KERSHAW, OF ROCHDALE.

PREACHED BY MR. A. TAYLOR, IN ROCHDALE CHAPEL, MANCHESTER,  
LORD'S-DAY EVENING, FEB. 6, 1870.

After the worshipping parts, Mr. Taylor said—  
DEAR FRIENDS,—I rise this evening to fulfil a promise made to our departed friend at Rochdale; that if I died before him, he would preach my funeral sermon; and if he died before me, I would preach his.

That promise was made two years ago. May the blessing of God attend it: The portion I shall read to you as a text is in John's Gospel, chapter xi., "Thy brother shall rise again." These are the words of the Redeemer to a woman not to grieve in spirit in consequence of her brother's death, Jesus intimating to her that he would rise again, and met her objections by saying, "I am the resurrection." This is the key-stone doctrine of the Gospel.

In the first place I would call your attention to the relationship "thy brother." Second, the promise of the Lord Jesus, "He shall rise again." Third, notice some things about our brother.

In one sense, we are all of one blood, and brethren; nationally, socially, politically, &c., the same affections dwell in black and white men; there is, nevertheless, a distinctness of brotherhood throughout the family of man, as the Jewish tribes, &c.; for my own part, I think I belong to a McGregor family, and that his blood runs in my veins this moment. There is a relation in which there is an elder brother; that elder brother is the Lord Jesus Christ. Here you find one to whom you can commit your cares; can you look to your elder brother in your family, and have communication with the father through him? One brother after another drops off the stage of time; our brother was a brother not only in the relation of a saint, but you that knew him knew the tenderness of his mind. He was a brother in regeneration, in adoption, in tribulation, and a brother in the ministry. When he began to preach he was a young man; the first place he preached in was Slaithwaite, in Yorkshire. He was so unparsonic in his appearance, that the wife of the husband whose house he went to, gave him the cradle string to rock the cradle, which he did for about two hours before the master came home. But on the morrow he proclaimed the Gospel. Subsequently he became a preacher in Rochdale. His manner of preaching was somewhat peculiar; he was made a blessing to the sick; he visited the poor in the cellar, in the garret, and in their sick beds. Many hearts had been made glad through our brother John Kershaw. Twenty-six years ago, William Gadsby died, our brother Kershaw buried him, and preached his funeral sermon; and now he has gone, but he shall rise again; the same John Kershaw—a glorified body, sown in corruption, raised in incorruption; sown in weakness, raised in power.

The resurrection of the just will rise on the ground of union to Christ, and Christ is the first fruits, and afterwards those that are Christ's at His coming. Is there a brother or sister gone out of this world in the dark? What does it matter? Why are you repenting over the dead? Repentance is not what many call it; God gives it to you, and you are working it out every day. If thy brother gave only one instance of the mercy and love of God in his heart, that will do.

And now may I say a word to the church bereaved. Church government belongs to the church, stand fast in the Gospel rule. As soon as you can, get a pastor after God's own heart. Pray for it. Not one of fire and zeal, but of love; one who will struggle to take you something on the Sabbath day for your spiritual good. And now, though our brother's body is laid in the grave we cannot sorrow as those who have no hope. There are no sighs yonder. He had many souls to his ministry. Many spirits have been revived by his instrumentality. You have received from his ministry what another cannot supply. Give God the glory.

## THE LATE MR. W. FREMLIN.

BY T. JONES.

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*(Continued from page 46.)*

WE have seen how, through many years, of which we have given a brief report that Mr. F. was actively employed doing, to the best of his ability and measure, the work John saw in progress, Rev. xiv. 6, "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth;" and a greater part of all that time he was a deacon of the church at Borough Green, not unfrequently filling the office of preacher and pastor, in all the pulpit and private duties thereof; being in the full sense of the word the servant of that church. The sacrifices he made of time, strength, and pocket, are only known to God, to whose cause these services were especially rendered, and from whom alone he obtained his reward. Next to the blessings of a faithful, loving pastor, good, diligent, wise deacons are of great value to a church; and he is not a wise pastor, and they are not a wise and grateful people who do not treat such with respect, and encourage them in their onerous work, in which they have a great deal to do, and for which they receive no pecuniary pay. No doubt there are men in the office who lack the judgment and temper needful for judicious, patient service, and men whose ideas are fossilized, whose joints have grown stiff, and are rather obstructives than helps in church progress. The suffrages that blundered them into office ought to operate, discreetly and kindly, for their retirement; but after many years observation, we feel authorized to say, and have great pleasure in saying it, that our churches have more claims on their thanks for efficiency in this department than they seem conscious of; for the rest we would say let judicious actions reduce them to the ranks. We believe our friend Fremlin was all that a church might reasonably expect of a deacon, always allowing for those evangelist calls which carried him to remote localities, an inconvenience which any Christian community would gladly endure for the general good.

In the year 1857, he again received an invitation to become a settled pastor; this time from the church at Foots Cray, after having very generally supplied the pulpit for two years; this invitation he accepted and never regretted doing so. The union prayerfully formed, was consistently maintained, and ardently cherished to the day of his death. No one knew better than he, the responsibilities, and essential qualifications of a pastor, who has to preach and teach, to direct enquirers with their faces Zionward; tenderly encourage the timid, repress with gentleness the hasty; explain and enforce the laws of the Master; and feed the church of God, which He has purchased with His own blood. These duties he applied himself to with diligence, and was honoured in their discharge. The love and effort were not all on one side. The people treated him with respect, followed his counsels, and aided him heartily by their prayers. "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." There is no spectacle on earth more cheering to a filial disciple of the Prince of Peace, than that of a church living in Christian concord, of one heart and one soul; and no sight is

more distressing than a quarrelling, captious, froward flock, having an angry zeal for what they call truth, but of whose creed love is not an article, and whose hearts, by some strange process, have been driven into the gall bladder, whereby temper and speech are rendered acrid and caustic. Joseph's exhortation to his brethren is as pertinent now as then, "See that ye fall not out by the way." There is a solemn fact implied in the apostle's words, "Let brotherly love continue." Every candidate for membership in our churches professes to love Jesus, and his servants; the apostle's precept is founded on that profession. You joined this people in the garb of charity; study its characteristics as described in 1 Cor. xiii., and exhibit those fruits. You talk of your faith, shew it as incarnate in this grace. "Faith worketh by love." We can hardly be too diffuse and urgent on this topic. Too seldom are our churches "quiet resting places." We denounce what is called free will doctrine, but are not sufficiently careful to avoid the mischief of *self will*, not less disparaging to the name we bear, or destructive of the calm and bliss—the fellowship of saints. We will venture on Elihu's licence and shew our opinion, which is that those who are litigious and persistently turbulent should be withdrawn from. Zion is no sanctuary for the madman who casteth firebrands, arrows and death; let him betake himself to the tombs. May we add a word on what we think a kindred subject, involving the neglect of available strength, and in which charity guided by wisdom might do a good deed? While there are in some of our churches Ishmaelites in spirit, who should literally dwell alone; there are in most of our congregations truly godly folk, who for some prejudice or mean motive, are not invited to join the ranks, and do battle with their brethren under the banner of love. Let the spiritually wise see to this.

Our friend after more than ten years' labour in the service of the church finding the infirmities of age growing upon him notified to his flock that he felt it becoming to resign his charge; and advised them to apply to the Chief Shepherd for guidance in seeking a substitute, one according to his own heart, able to feed them with knowledge and understanding; and as soon as they could be suited, he would retire, and until then, he would do the best he could, whether by preaching or obtaining supplies. This conduct does him honour. He eschewed a sinecure, a pastordship, more nominal than real. The welfare of the church lay near his heart, to promote which he would willingly surrender name and place, and life even. We think we have seen a case or two sadly unlike this. It does seem glorious to die in harness, but there is not less genuine magnanimity, when natural strength fails, in meekly yielding to the Captain's will, and resigning the sword to the younger and stronger, as He shall appoint. Surely W. F., could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Nevertheless, he continued to preach when there was failure of supplies; to administer the Lord's Supper, and to conduct weekly prayer meetings, both at the chapel, and at the house of Mr. Thos. May, one of his deacons, and in these services was often refreshed by the Lord's presence. Just two months before his decease, he broke bread to the church, when he was more than commonly solemn and weighty in his utterances, and a deep spirituality of feeling was manifest in him which extended to many that were present, who, perhaps, little thought

it was the last time they should join him in that commemorative ordinance. It was as "the latter rain" before the harvest, or as the final anointing for the approaching burial. Happy they who are thus made ready, whose garments are scented with the perfume, myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."—Psalm xlv. 8.

(To be continued).

### THE MINISTER'S WIDOW AND HER CHILDREN.

[Surrounded as we are by cases of distress, and urgent need, we must call attention to the following.—Ed.]

Two Waters, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

February 14th, 1870.

DEAR BROTHER,— I take my pen to give you an account of the latter end of our departed friend, the late pastor of the Baptist church, Bedmond, H. Hutchinson, who departed this life, Friday, Jan. 21, 1870, after a long and painful complication of diseases. To my knowledge he has, for twenty years, suffered from asthma and rupture; and about the last six months laid aside from his daily occupation and ministry; and has been out-patient at Brompton Hospital. At length he was confined to his room more than eleven weeks, during which time I visited him frequently; found him at first in a low state of mind; the enemy seemed to present to him his position as having to leave a young family behind; he tossed him upon the ground of self righteousness, by presenting to him how he had served the Lord, for years by working in His vineyard. He saw this was but Satan's flattery; he was led to mourn over his own sinfulness; but the Lord lifted him up from this miry clay; and the next visit I found him rejoicing that he had set his feet upon the rock, Christ. Those words were precious to him:

"On Christ the solid rock I stand,  
All other ground is sinking sand."

He said, he could leave all; he was only waiting the Lord's time; he hoped he should be favoured with the grace of patience, and submission to the will of God, although a great sufferer, not being able to lie down for many weeks. He asked me to preach his funeral sermon. I promised to do so. He was of a meek and quiet disposition. My wife often, after sitting up with him, said she never saw any person bear affliction with such patience. I shall not soon forget my last visit to him: upon entering the room, I asked him how he was; he hastily replied, "WAITING!" He requested me to offer a prayer as I was wont to do; he spoke out with a firm voice, "Amen, thank you." He was in this calm state of mind to the end; although insensible the last few hours; he breathed his last without a struggle, aged forty-nine years; leaving a widow with three helpless babes, under three years of age, and five of the first family, to lament their loss.

The funeral took place, January 26th, at Boxmore chapel ground; his deacons, also some of the members, followed; and on following Sabbath I preached the funeral sermon to a crowded congregation, from Job xiv. 14, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." Put this in EARTHEN VESSEL. May it help the poor widow. Any one may direct to me, at above address; it shall be strictly attended to. She has applied to the parish; they have settled 3s. per week for six months. It is a sorrowful case. I do not see how she can do anything for a living. Three babes want all her attention. Yours affectionately,

R. SEARLE.

[Henry Hutchinson was a worthy minister of Christ. We hope no minister will fail to make a collection for the destitute family. Brother R. Searle is everywhere known as a prudent, truthful servant of Christ. Through him, let us raise a fund to place the widow in a position to get her own living. She is an excellent sister in the Lord.—Ed.]

## A GOSPEL ORDER OF THINGS.

BY J. PARSONS, MINISTER, BRENTFORD.

[The following is the concluding section of Mr. Parsons' letter; and we think the explanation he has given is highly creditable alike to his heart and to his head. If a little controversy now and then draws a good man out in this definite manner we do not believe any injury is done. We would recommend our readers to peruse the entire letter now at one sitting. It will be found complete now in the January, February, and March numbers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.]

MR. TURNER has given your readers an outline of my address at Hayes, at least he has tried to do so in a way most suited to his own ends. I cannot promise to give your readers that address word for word, but I will give them the substance of it as near as possible. My subject was the Tabernacle, which I endeavoured to show was a type of the Church Militant. The Tabernacle had three coverings: its outside covering was badgers' skins; second, ram skins dyed red; third, fine linen. First, or the outside covering was a covering of no beauty; so the Church of God is outwardly mean in the eye of the world. The world sees no beauty in the Church, she appears in her badgers' skin covering in their view, but inwardly, like the Tabernacle, she is beautiful and glorious; as it is written, "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." Song, i. 6. And again, "The King's daughter is all glorious within." Ps. iv. 13. The second covering, rams' skins dyed red, would denote our redemption covering, or being protected by the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. 3. The inner covering of fine linen would denote the spotless righteousness of the dear Redeemer. Now after enlarging a little on these points, the outside meanness and the inside glories of the Church of God, as typified by the Tabernacle, I came next to the brazen altar which stood in the outer court, exposed to the view of all, and to which all the Israelites had liberty of approach. I said this altar was typical of our spiritual altar, Christ, as it is written, Heb. xiii. 10, "We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat which serve the Tabernacle." The brazen altar, under the law, was a type of Christ. This altar was made of shittim wood, which is supposed to be the most incorruptible and durable wood that is. I held this forth as typical of the durable, incorruptible, and spotless humanity of the Saviour, our spiritual altar; but though his human nature was spotless and incorruptible, I could not conceive how his humanity separate from his Deity could endure the fire of God's wrath due to the sins of his people; but when we consider Deity in union with humanity as the wood and brass of the altar, we then can understand how the Saviour's humanity was preserved and supported under the wrath of heaven, as the brass preserved the wood of the altar in the Mosaic dispensation. I next noticed the horns of the brazen altar. The horns of the altar was a place of refuge. A horn is the symbol of power, and as the blood of the sacrifice was put on the horns of the altar, it might sweetly set forth the Saviour's power and atonement, and as these horns were placed on the four corners of the altar, it would show it mattered not from what part of the globe the sensible sinner comes, here was salvation held forth in power and blood, and when the sensible sinner could lay hold by precious faith on the horns of our spiritual altar, that is the Saviour's power and atonement, he then felt safe. Now the Tabernacle being pointed out as typical of the Church Militant, and the brazen altar with its horns and sacrifices offered thereon as typical of Christ, I then said I thought New Testament order was typified under the Law, as well as the doctrines of the Gospel being typified by the sacrifices. And here I began with the priest as typical of the whole spiritual family of God, as it is written in 1 Peter ii. 5, "A holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." Again, same chapter, 9th verse, "Ye are a royal priesthood." Again, in Rev. i. 6, "And hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father," &c. Now as the people of God are the priests of God, we then noticed the order of their approach to the holy place. The order of the priests under the Law resembled the Gospel order, or the way these priests are to enter the Church of God. First, the



priests, under the Law, had to appear at the brazen altar with their offering; yea, the brazen altar was a place of confession, and where atonement was made; and no priest under the Law was allowed to enter the holy place any other way but by the brazen altar or sacrifice; and this I considered to resemble the way in which the spiritual priesthood of God enter the true Tabernacle or holy place or Church of God in this Gospel dispensation; and to admit into the Church or true Tabernacle persons rich or poor who have never been brought to the place of confession, who have never fled for refuge to lay hold of the horns of the altar, or the hope set before them, and who are strangers to that One Great Sacrifice, which has removed sin for ever, is to admit aliens into the family. But, allowing the priest under the Law to have acted orderly, as far as the brazen altar was concerned, yet they dared not enter the holy place without washing. Now let us suppose for a moment a priest under the Law who was determined to enter the holy place, and to eat the shewbread without washing at the laver, would he be a law-breaker or not? Yea, would the presiding priest allow him to enter in this disorderly way? I trow not. This, I considered, resembled a Gospel order of things, and before a sinner, rich or poor, enters the Church, he ought, first to prove his spiritual descent, 2. He ought to be a person who has been brought to the place of real confession. 3. He ought to be a person who has some knowledge of Christ's sacrifice for himself; and fourth, if they enter the Church orderly, they must come to the place of washing, which is baptism, and then into full communion with the royal priesthood; as it is written, Acts ii. 38. Again, same chapter, 41 verse. Now, as a minister of the Gospel, in every person who offers himself as a member of the Church at Brentford, I first seek for signs of Divine life; 2, repentance toward God; 3, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; 4, submission to the ordinance of believers' baptism; and if any who satisfy me they are partakers of life, who have mourned over their state as sinners, and also rely on the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and yet wish to join the Church without baptism, I, for one, would object to their entering the holy place in such a manner, even to those venerables named in Mr. Turner's letter. This may be harsh to thousands besides Mr. Turner; but as a steward in the house of God, I make conscience of the matter. My Master's law and Apostolic order are more to me than either the smiles or the frowns of dying mortals. As a Strict Baptist I would do as the presiding priest under the Law, point out the order of the House, and if that order was opposed I should say, "Stand aside, my brother, until your will is lost in your Master's." And if this would be consigning them to eternal perdition as thieves and robbers, as intimated by Mr. T. (those expressions are eggs of his own hatching), it must be so. I was not aware till Mr. T. informed me, that objecting to a candidate's admission was consigning him to eternal perdition. Is the Church Militant heaven? I hope not: for I should not like to find in heaven some things I find in the Church Militant. But, however, Mr. T. seems to make the two one, for he intimates that shutting out of the Church is shutting out of heaven. His doctrine seems to be this,—as Moses was shut out of Canaan so the objecting candidate also must be shut out of heaven, or consigned to eternal perdition. Mr. Editor, I neither believe in salvation by water, little or much, nor in salvation by Church membership. I fear there are many who have been baptized and added to the Church who will never see heaven; I believe there are many who never were baptized nor added to the Church who will arrive there; and however Mr. T. might have screwed my speech about to suit his own purposes, I can tell him that I believe dear Irons (I must name him first because he once was my pastor, and I love the memory of his name), and dear Hawker, Romaine, Newton, Toplady, Abrams, Berridge, and more like them, are all with their Master, and if they were all on earth now, and were to offer themselves as members of the Church at Old Brentford, and were rejected on the grounds of their opposition to believers' baptism, I believe the act of the Church would not consign them to eternal perdition. If I had said in my address any-

thing leading to such a conclusion, I believe I should have received a sharp rebuke from the chairman of that meeting, neither do I believe that Mr. Hazleton would have sanctioned my speech as he did. I will not ask Mr. T. but I will ask others who were at the meeting if it is true that I said that the Lord Jesus stood by baptism, and said to the regenerate soul, "You shall not come into the Church without baptism, or it is false as the kiss of Judas!" There were many other words which were coined by Mr. Turner and put down to my account, but they are eggs of his own. Mr. T. may send you more; I shall have no more to do with him. Mr. T. may as well write against the moon as to write against John of Brentford. Mr. Editor, there may be words added which were not expressed at that meeting, and there may be things left out which were spoken at that meeting. In this letter you have the substance of my address. It is a long time since it was delivered, and I have done as well as my memory would serve me.

Yours in the Gospel,

J. PARSONS.

*Ealing Lane, Old Brentford, October 14th.*

#### A NOTE FROM MR. W. FELTON.

[The following touching note we have received and read with deep sympathy. We never could see it was right that our excellent brother W. Felton should leave Deptford. He had been God's instrument in raising the cause, and building the chapel; and there, as long as he could labour, he should have continued. Why he did not continue, has always been to us a mystery. He has had many years of sorrow over a suffering and dying wife. She is gone home. We hope the Lord will now gird up brother Felton's heart; and enable him, for a little while, out of his rich furnace like experience, to come forth and feed the Church of Christ, ere he goes home to dwell with that Saviour whom he has so delighted to preach to his fellow sinners. Our bereaved brother says]—

Wharnccliffe street, Globe street, Bethnal Green.

February 9th, 1870.

MY CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—In hope of eternal rest, departed from a world of sorrow, Mrs. Rebekah Felton, on Friday Jan. 28th, 1870, fifty-two years and one month the afflicted and beloved companion of Mr. William Felton, well known to the Particular Baptist denomination as the pastor of four churches: March, Isle of Ely, Boston, in Lincolnshire, Deptford, in Kent, and Ipswich, in Suffolk; comprising a period of nearly forty years. Her end was peace; after near six years of intense suffering, and being quite blind for the last nine years of her life. She was stayed on a good hope—through grace; and blessedly supported amid extreme suffering and prostration. Those sweet lines oftentimes revived her son.

The Gospel bears my spirit up,  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation of my hope,  
In oaths, and promises and blood,

Her mortal remains were interred at Nunhead cemetery, Tuesday, February 4th, 1870, now the resting spot of several dear departed ones from Zion chapel, New Cross road, Deptford, where her now bereaved and afflicted husband laboured for twelve years. She had reached the age of seventy-eight years, and about six months; and had consequently to travel in the department of labour and sorrow. She is I trust now

happy in singing the praises of God and the Lamb, which was her delight to do here below in blessed hope, but now realized in endless fruition.

One gentle sigh her fetters broke,  
We scarce could say she's gone;  
Before the willing spirit took  
Its mansion near the throne.

Believe me in real Christian love, yours affectionately for the Gospel's sake,  
W. FELTON.

## Productions of the Press.

*Benjamin on Baptism.*—The Diss Methodist parson has been very severe upon our brother Benjamin Taylor because Benjamin exposed the Diss parson's efforts to pour contempt upon the sacred ordinance of believers' baptism by immersion; but good Benjamin has met his antagonist like a man, like a Christian, like a scholar, like a zealous and able defender of the faith. We think it quite right to throw a little strong ammunition into the enemy's tents now and then; it is sure to set them hissing, jumping, and making a great noise; but while their enmity is all boiling over, and they are spluttering and crying out for help, some of their people are sure to run off to see and hear these bigoted Baptists and then frequently they are caught. The Baptists in these days are too tame by half: they wish to be polite, genteel, classical, and extremely pedantic. Hence they are almost useless. We are persuaded of three things:—1. Baptism by immersion is Christ's own ordinance and command. 2. We believe our good Master's will is that baptism be preached in the Gospel, or he would not have said,—“He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved.” 3. We believe if our Baptist Churches could secure godly and gracious clergymen a good living out of the Church, many of them would soon come out; but the fear of poverty and persecution makes them stifle their consciences, and on they go with a lie in their right hand. Fearful living! Let us who have and hold the truth in this practical department never be ashamed to follow Jesus Christ therein. All the churches in Christendom ought to

encourage good Benjamin Taylor of Pulham St. Mary.

“*Ministers Sailing Under False Colours*” is a stinging paper in February “*Sword and Trowel*,” by C. H. Spurgeon. Not in England only, but in Scotland also, this fearful calamity is becoming awfully prevalent. Mr. Spurgeon has gone a little way into the dark subject, but thoroughly to investigate this wide-spreading delusion it is necessary to show clearly, first, what are the true colours of a Gospel minister; then, secondly, the essential work and responsibility of a minister of Christ; thirdly, to bring the testimony or enunciated faith of each minister to the test of Christ's own standard. Would not such a scrutiny bring forth against thousands the charge, “Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting”?

“*The Prime Minister of the Church of God*” is the title of a pamphlet by George Pung, B.M., of Cottenham, wherein the typical character of Eliakim is ingeniously discovered. Every Scriptural effort to unfold the glory, beauty, perfection, and saving benefits of the Lord Jesus is sure to be useful to some of the seeking family. Thomas Steed said recently, at the Islington meeting, “Every true minister of Christ will do his best to honour and serve his Lord.” This Mr. Pung has done, and we wish him much encouragement in every branch of his holy work.

“*Peace with God*” is a neat Gospel instrument with five musical keys: the price is only one penny, to be had in No. 587 “*Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*.” This weekly issue is improved and enlarged.

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

### GOSPEL MINISTERS IN AUSTRALIA.

BROTHER BRYANT'S GOSPEL SERMON—THE PREACHER FROM THE SURREY TABERNACLE—  
HIS CALL IN AMERICA.

[Some thousands of charitable believers in England have recently shown their practical sympathy with the sister churches in the colonies. They will, with us, rejoice in the cheering tidings which our letters from Melbourne bring us this month. We have printed and written documents proving that the Spirit of the Lord is raising up living ministers, qualified to defend the truth, and also to feed and to build up the churches of Christ in those distant lands. A sermon by "pastor W. Bryant, of the George street Baptist church, Fitzroy," is one of the best Gospel discourses we have read lately. We shall give the English churches an opportunity of reading it for themselves. In Mr. Bryant's sermon there is bone, muscle, and nerve; a consecutive form of sound words; and a fulness of Gospel, so plainly and interestingly enunciated, that it gave us pleasure to peruse it. On Sunday night, January 30, 1870, (after preaching with great liberty) we sat down to read Mr. Bryant's discourse, entitled "Human Helplessness and Victorious Grace." We commenced it with care and jealousy, we gained confidence, and courage. If it was in our power thousands of it should be circulated in this country, because it meets the dispenser and his objections; defends Gospel truth manfully; and comes out of the heart of a man who has, by grace divine, been brought from the trammels of a delusive Gospel. We call attention to the following letter just received.]

Melbourne, Australia.  
Dec. 6, 1869.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Since I last wrote to you, it has pleased our gracious covenant keeping God to cheer the souls of his poor cast down children, in this far distant land, by disappointing the enemies of truth, who boastingly said that the high doctrine people were now but few, and soon would be quite extinct in this part of the globe, I rejoice to say that their joy is the joy of the hypocrite; for in Melbourne the Lord has, in a most unvarious way, raised up one of the most able men out of the ranks of Ar-

minians; and I bless the Lord for this mighty power shown forth in the person of Mr. W. Bryant, who is gathering together the scattered handfuls of God's living family, that can feed only on the pure grain of the Gospel. I have sent you one of his sermons, there you will be able to judge of the man.

Also another of the Lord's servants has settled in Melbourne, Mr. James Bassett, from Adelaide, to be pastor of the church in Collingwood, vacated by Mr. Allen, who is labouring in the pulpit of the late Mr. Dowling, at Launceston, whose labours the Lord is blessing. Our brother Bassett is well received; the chapel is far too small, and we are about to build another; thus our enemies shall be found false. They had good grounds to think as they did; the Particular Baptist churches were low indeed; one quite extinct, another nearly so, one chapel sold to the mixed Baptist for a Gospel Mission Hall. I pray that great good may be done in it, for it is in the heart of the city; the other where Mr. Bassett now labours. Out of both churches it was painful to see the empty benches; but now the chapel is too small. I believe he (brother Bassett) is sent of the Lord; it's his whole theme as the apostle said, "I am determined to know nothing among you but Christ and him crucified;" he is a man of talent and education; here we can shout aloud, and say "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised is our God." He has again shown us that his arm is not shortened, that he cannot save; neither hath he forgotten his people, in his own good time he has appeared for them.

Our brother Bryant, whom I before named, is just out of a bed of affliction; laid by from his work for thirteen weeks. The first time he preached from these words, "Chosen in the furnace of affliction." Such a discourse, I think, I never heard; out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spake; the Word was attended with power and comfort; it was like honey from the honey-comb; the dew-dropping of heaven to a large congregation. He gave notice that when he was

strong enough, and, by the Lord's help, he would deliver a lecture on Strict Communion, after which he is determined to make a stand for truth; and the church will be called to settle the matter, or reject him. O may the God of Israel stand by his faithful servant in this great and noble step for truth. I believe God will work in the hearts of the church; so that our brother will do a great work in again building up Strict Communion churches. He is a man of extraordinary power in preaching to the unconverted in a way that is quite of the primitive order, yet faithful and sound. We have now two of the most able servants of God in this city. To God we give all the glory. Yours in the Lord,

W. STEPHENS.

#### THE RECOGNITION OF MR. JAMES BASSETT.

The God of all grace is mindful of his covenant engagements; he said, "I will never leave you comfortless, I will visit you with my salvation," and for the building up of the church in the faith once delivered to the saints, will give you pastors after mine own heart, which I believe has been done to the people in Wellington street, Collingwood. I have heard our brother Bassett with pleasure, and profit, and will give you a short account of his meeting. A public tea meeting was holden on November 17th, when nearly 400 sat down to partake of the well spread tables, for which Australia is noted. After tea, a public meeting in the large chapel of George street, lent for the occasion. Mr. William Bryant, pastor of the above church, took the chair. After singing a hymn, he called on Mr. Day, of Geelong, to implore God's presence and blessing on the new pastor and people. The chairman then said they had met to recognise brother Bassett as pastor of the church worshipping at Ebenezer chapel; and after some few remarks, called brother Day to commence, which he did, before an assembly which crowded every part of that spacious chapel. Brother Day in a solemn manner spoke of the importance of the work of the ministry. He compared it to a marriage union, one that none dare put asunder, for it was a marriage of pastor to the church; the union was of God. He spoke of the trials and discouragements he would have to meet; hoped the Lord would be with him at all times. It required a man of courage to take a wife; he hoped brother Bassett would have that courage always to meet his partner in all the troubles she would be

exposed to, and to take great care of her. In the name of the deacons, he gave the right hand of fellowship to brother Bassett, after which brother Bassett gave a short account of his call by grace; as he had been preaching to them for some time, there was not time to go into it, but would state his call to the ministry. He said his mind was deeply exercised while at Mr. Wells's Surrey Tabernacle, but told no one of it; he left England for America; while on his passage, a child died; the captain being a wicked man, the father of the child asked me to bury it. I said I was not a minister, but was obliged to officiate; and spoke several times after on the voyage. On arriving at New York, I took care to keep my preaching to myself; here the Lord visited me with a heavy trial by taking my partner in life. In my deep sorrow, I was cast down indeed; not knowing what to do, a way was opened up for me to go up the country to Oregon, to work for my support. The man knew the Lord. The second day he found I was able to speak in prayer, and at once I believed could preach; without acquainting me, he sent round to all his friends for miles, to come on Sunday, as there would be preaching at his house. The place was full; he told me on Saturday what he had done, and expected at once I would be prepared. I was astonished, but saw at once the hand of the Lord was in it. I dared not draw back. I preached twice that day and got the name of the preacher from London. From that time he dated his call; he laboured some years amongst the people, and then left for New Zealand; but not seeing a door open, he left for Sydney; there to Adelaide, where he was instrumental in raising a Strict Baptist church; here the Lord blessed his labours to the calling in of some, and building up of others. In the guidance of Providence was called to Melbourne, to take charge of the church; his call to the pastorate he believed was of the Lord. I believe all present were well satisfied with our brother's statement of his call to that people. Mr. W. Bryant then addressed the new pastor. I can only give you the heads. In substance, he said:—You are called to a great work; deep responsibilities will lead you to ask "Who is sufficient for these things?" Nothing to glory in, although you shun not to deliver the whole counsel of God. Your gifts are only lent of the Lord; you will be kept continually dependent on the Holy Spirit; the qualifications required for the work you know; my prayer is, that you may be preserved blameless; that

wisdom from above may be given you, so that peace may be preserved, and usefulness promoted. Your character is one of the locks of your strength. Many people, you will find, have no regard for your reputation. May the Lord preserve you in this respect, and bless you with diligence, prudence, and firmness of mind independence of spirit, and fixedness of purpose. You desire to be useful in this great work; outward prosperity is no evidence of success; large numbers to attend is no proof of spiritual success. I desire that you may be made successful in building up the saints; and be eminently useful in the conversion of sinners. In order to do this you must be earnest, as though an angel from heaven stood at your back. Your ministry must be adapted for usefulness, for the church can only grow in grace as they grow in knowledge; the doctrines of grace must be faithfully, fully, and practically exhibited, and where these drop as the rain and distil as the dew, the righteous will flourish like the grass of the earth. Your preaching must aim at the unconverted, here it must be very pointed, searching, and humbling. The Lord bless you in this great work, enable you to finish your course with joy, arm you against every temptation, and work by and through you till you shall hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Brethren Matthews, Ward, Lush, Peach, and Johnson, addressed the meeting, which did not conclude till a late hour. This meeting will not soon be forgotten; such meetings are rare in Australia, where so few faithful men of God are found to stand fearlessly to proclaim a full, free salvation, based on a firm foundation of God's sovereignty.

Melbourne. W. STEPHENS.

#### LETTER FROM JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

Sydney, Dec. 3rd. 1869.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—My harp is not yet to be taken down from the weeping willows, for it is still with me the floods of great waters, the surging billows of those waves, my ever gracious Lord is pleased should still pour over me. I did hope that before this my letters would be of a more cheerful character than they have been, and that I should have to record, "That the Lord had turned for me my mourning into dancing, and put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness." But why should

I look for a thornless path through the wilderness?

"The heirs of salvation, I know from this word,  
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord."

I informed you in my last letter, that my dear daughter Jemima was united in marriage to Mr. J. S. Kingsford. When I left Brisbane in the middle of September last, I left my dear son-in-law in good health, and my daughter much better than she had been; having considerably recovered from the shock to her nervous system, occasioned by constant attention to her mother during her illness and death.

I have received a letter from my daughter informing me of the very dangerous and sudden illness of her dear husband. The following is an extract from her letter to me:—

"Never did I think that I should have to witness such sad scenes again as I had to witness during the early part of dear mother's illness. You will be grieved to hear that my own dearest John is laid upon a bed of suffering, only about three months after our marriage. He has felt poorly the last few days, but nothing to speak of. On Monday, while in the shop, he expectorated a small portion of blood, which was thought to have come from the throat. Did not seem well on Tuesday and Wednesday. Not being any worse, we spent the Wednesday evening with his brother-in-law; stayed till about ten o'clock; came home, went to bed, John was in bed, and I was in the act of blowing out the light, when he said, 'I feel very ill, send for the doctor.' Before that I could get anything on me, what followed was truly dreadful. He threw up a large quantity of blood, which continued for some time. I was all alone, and was obliged to run out, just as I was, for help. Two doctors arrived, and his father and mother; the excitement on seeing them brought on the hemorrhage again. Oh, it was a frightful sight; and their grief was great; but what is their grief compared to mine? it is a trial almost too great to bear. I have never left him, nor closed my eyes. Who ever would have thought of such a trial? one who always looked so well and strong, and now so suddenly cut down. He has not taken any thing but ice for a week. At times I cannot believe that it is my dear husband. I fancy it is mother, lying there, for he is just as she was. I know that there is nothing too hard for the Lord; he can raise him up, and give him more strength than ever he has had. I do trust that he will, for I cannot endure to think that he should be taken from me so soon, it is more than I can bear. I cannot write more now. Do pray for me."

On Saturday, I received a second letter, informing me that my son-in-law is about the same.

"He has brought up more blood, he is

very nervous, and very weak, yet he is happy in mind, and says it is well with him. I do pray that he may be spared to me. Special prayer meetings are being held on his behalf in Brisbane."

Thus my dear brother, it is still with me the "bush on fire." But it is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed. During last week, those words came to my mind, "Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid!" "And call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." I could not understand the meaning of their application, but I know it now, and feel my need of the power of believing importunate prayer to call upon the Lord in this day of trouble with "My will swallowed up in his;" "Not my will but thine be done."

Himself hath done it! yes, although severe

May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup;

'Tis his own hand that holds it, and I know

He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

While our dear ones are dying, and we are dying too, oh, for grace to sing this song, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

I send you these few lines, that you may know that your sister Mrs. J. Kingsford, and her dear husband are called to endure a great trial as well as myself in the person of their dear son.

Wishing you the abundance of grace from the God of all grace in the hour of need, I remain, my dear brother, yours for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN M'CRE.

#### ALAS! FOR SCOTLAND.

[We have read the following note with mingled feelings of pleasure and sorrow. We give it entire; and ask for it a careful perusal.—ED.]

58, Holmhead street, Glasgow.  
Feb. 2, 1870.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND AND BROTHER,  
— I cannot let the very fraternal epistle addressed to me by you in this month's EARTHEN VESSEL pass without a reply. It is quite true that I have been heavily burdened through personal and family affliction for some three or four months past, so that I've again and again born some resemblance "To a torn lyre which ne'er hath spoken since the day its muster's chord was broken." My harp has often been hung on the willow's bough, and like the venerable and sorely tried patriarch of old, I have been almost wearied of life. Despite however, of the terribly acute pains I have had to bear, I have now and then, especially when I have been in the pulpit, "risen superior to my pains," and have been empowered as in days gone by, earnestly to make known to listening hundreds of the people of Scotland the "truth as it is in Jesus."

I thank you for the desire expressed in

a paragraph at the end of the VESSEL for me to become again the pastor of a truth-loving people. I endorse that wish, but there seems no probability of such a thing transpiring. Had I been in the habit of using intoxicants dietetically, I have no doubt that long ere this, my wanderings as a temperance lecturer, would have ceased, and I should have been wholly employed in doing that which I love best. Having, however, seen so much mischief done by strong drink, both, among ministers as well as private Christians, I cannot—*dare not* give up that principle which I have loved so intensely for so many long years. If I received a call from a church, the members of which would allow me freedom of action respecting the delivery of an occasional lecture in behalf of the God-honouring, man-elevating temperance enterprise, I should feel it my duty at once to accept the call, especially so, if it came from my favourite city, London. There in the year 1820, I began my regular ministerial work, and there, if it was the will of the Father in heaven, I should like to finish it. With regard to the promulgation of the truths of the everlasting Gospel in their fulness and power in Scotland, I may I think, without being at all ucharitable say, that those truths were more fully proclaimed in the dim distant past than they are now. Arminianism and Fullerism are now the order of the day. Even the occupants of what are called Baptist pulpits, do not generally, if at all, promulgate those glorious truths which you have loved and clung to with an undying tenacity, through honour, and through dishonour, for so many long years. If we get any real spiritual teaching now, it is not from oral utterances, but from our good brother Wells's sermons, and your valuable periodicals, which through the kindness of a dear friend, who used to hear me when I was at Mason's court chapel, we regularly receive. But for those monthly messengers of truth both myself and Mrs. M. would starve outright. This morning, a packet of Mr. Wells's most recently delivered sermons, the VESSEL, "Cheering Words," and "Zion's Trumpet," reached us from the friend above referred to, and they will be read with greediness, and I doubt not with profit. So the venerable John Kershaw has gone to his rest!

Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away.

What a mercy it is, dear brother, that Jehovah can bring his workmen one after another without his work coming to an end. He is indebted to none of us. If all who now assiduously labour to make known the eternal changeless love of the three-one God of Israel were wrapped in their shrouds to-morrow—

He would light a thousand more  
Stars of greater beauty;  
Send them blazing round our shore,  
To each post of duty.

As long as there is an object of his eternal choice upon this earth needing instruction, depend upon it the instrumentality for accomplishing that important point will not be wanting. This murky, busy, unhealthy, city is dotted all over with what they call churches; you will agree with me that it is an egregious blunder to apply that word to houses built of wood and stone, and to these so-called churches, the tribes go up on the Sabbath regularly, but the number of really vitalized attendants is comparatively small. Cold formality abounds! admission to churches is easily obtained; and when I tell you, I have seen elders of churches drunk on the highways, since I have been wandering over this "land of brown heath, and shaggy wood," you will conclude that a laxity of discipline is not a very uncommon sort of thing on this side the Tweed. If I was to jot down a tittle of what I have heard and seen during the years I have been toiling in Scotia, you would be surprised indeed. In this land where Knox laboured, and where many of his contemporaries bled for the truth's sake, popery is making rapid strides, and so is that beggarly imitation of Popery—Puseyism! The labours of another John Knox are almost as much needed now as in those days when Mary Stuart sinned and suffered. But I shall weary you with the length of my rambling epistle, and therefore must hasten to a close.

You know perhaps that T. W. Medhurst's voice has ceased to be heard in Glasgow. We used to hear some truth from his lips but since he departed, we have been wanting spiritual feeding to a very great extent. I heard that John E. Bloomfield was preaching in the Hope street Baptist church (Dr. Paterson's) in this city, very recently; I regretted that I was not able to hear him. You will be glad to hear that I am in possession now of one brother Silverton's acoustic trumpets, by which I am enabled to hear more than is said by preachers and lecturers than I have done for many years past. I would not be without it for fifty times its value. And now, hoping you have been greatly comforted and upheld whilst suffering from providential bereavements, and that you are still strong to labour, and wishing you an abundance of spiritual and temporal blessings, I am, as ever, your affectionate friend and brother,

T. J. MESSER.

#### MR. THOMAS STRINGER'S ANNI- VERSARY.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, "Is there anything diverse between us and the pastor of Bethel chapel, Stepney?" We answer, on our part nothing. To many thousands Mr. Thomas Stringer has been a useful herald of Christ's Gospel; and the lines written

by "The Watchman" years ago are as true to-day as ever. He says,

"Struger in doctrine loud and strong,  
His loving heart goes with his tongue,  
And should he make a blunder,  
He may be blamed, cannot be scard';  
A true Boanerges, must be heard  
Among the sons of thunder.

To some his words may give some pain,  
But thunder-clouds oft bring much rain,  
Till, like a flowing river,  
It waters all the Gospel plain,  
Brings forth sweet fruit, and flowers and  
grain,  
To praise the glorious Giver."

We are requested to insert the following, expressive of the happy position this brother in the Lord still occupies.

"VEUSZS on the presentation of an excellent new suit of clothes, and an Albert gold watch chain, by the Church and congregation at Bethel chapel, Wellesley street, Stepney, to their pastor, Mr. T. Stringer, February 1st, 1870.

"Dear pastor, high in our esteem  
You stand, and now it shall be seen  
You yet have friends all are not foes,  
Therefore accept this suit of clothes.

Go on, the Gospel trump to sound;  
Let Jesus King of kings be crown'd;  
Though many things your way oppose  
Be cheer'd with this new suit of clothes.

One sister kind among the rest  
Thought you should have the very best,  
A golden watch-chain she bestows  
To wear with your new suit of clothes."

"Now one and all may hear and see  
Whence came this handsome gift to me;  
May heavenly blessings rest on those  
Who gave to me this chain and clothes.

Now when old Satan comes again  
With 'No one cares the least for you,'  
I'll point him to my clothes and chain,  
With 'Look here, false one, yes, they  
do!'

Beloved friends, we're in the way  
That leads to everlasting day;  
There, ever free from wants and woes,  
We'll need no more a suit of clothes.

Cloth'd in apparel all divine,  
Ten thousand suns we shall outshine;  
In garments clean, and white, and pure,  
We'll bask in bliss for evermore.

T. STRINGER.

The cause at Wellesley-street is healthy, happy, peaceful, and prosperous. In the month of December, 1869, we had collections three successive Lord's days, and no one was displeased, but ready to do more if required. The first collection, six pounds, was for and distributed among the poor; the second, near five pounds, was for the cause; the third, five pounds, towards the interment of our departed brother, Mr.



Edwin Healf. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" T. S.

We have been favoured with the following report of the meeting:—

February 1st, Mr. T. Stringer and flock held meetings commemorative of the re-opening of their chapel—Bethel, Wellesley street, Stepney. In the afternoon Mr. B. J. Wale preached, after which there was a tea, and that duly discussed the pastor took the chair in the presence of the largest company we ever saw there, filling, in fact, all available space on floor and galleries. Reporting progress Mr. S. said the cause was in excellent condition, congregations good, sittings all let, finances flourishing, and in proof of the generosity of his hearers he exhibited himself in a new suit of clothes and a splendid gold watch chain their gift. Well done, Bethelites. Mr. S. sung his acknowledgments in verses of his own composing, which vastly amused the audience.

The subject proposed to the ministers was the "Everlasting Gospel," on which Messrs. Jones, Wale, Cartwright, Steed, and Lawrence gave their deliverances apparently with good effect. Most of the assembly remained to the end.

#### MR. FRANK GRIFFIN'S SECOND ANNIVERSARY AT EAST ROAD.

The second anniversary of Mr. F. Griffin's ministry in connection with the Church meeting in Jireh chapel, East road, City road, was celebrated on Tuesday, February 8th.

According to announcement the sermon in the afternoon was delivered by Mr. John Hazleton, minister of Mount Zion chapel, Chadwell street. The preacher selected his text from the Acts of the Apostles xviii. 9, 10, "Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city." Mr. Hazleton, in his exordium, took a short but comprehensive view of the position of the text, after which, in an intelligent manner, he spoke of Divine sovereignty: "for I have much people in this city." In the course of his remarks he said that so far as man could tell he himself was the most unlikely person ever to have been brought to know the truth. He had been brought up in a part of the country where darkness reigned. He certainly had heard of God, but so far as the plan of salvation was concerned he had not the slightest notion; but God knew him and brought him to the feet of Christ. So here Paul went and preached as at Corinth. Now the Corinthians were sunk in the deepest immorality. They were a learned yet degraded people. Yet even here "God had much people in this city." This might appear to human reason strange. Yet so it was. Turning to other matters the

preacher said there were words of encouragement to ministers of the Gospel. "I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee." Let them simply deliver their message, and leave the rest with their Master, and if any had in their minds determined to leave their Master's service, let these words which were spoken to Paul encourage them to go on their way. Mr. Hazleton shewed in concluding that holiness was an absolute necessity to the Christian. A hymn was sung, and the afternoon service closed with the benediction. Tea was then served in an excellent manner by the ladies.

At half-past six o'clock the evening meeting commenced. The chair was occupied by Sir John Thwaites, there being also present Mr. Frank Griffin, the pastor, Mr. W. Flack, Mr. G. Webb, Mr. J. Bennett, &c., &c.

A hymn having been sung, and prayer offered,

Sir John Thwaites said he was sorry to announce that their friend and brother Mr. Samuel Milner was prevented from being present through indisposition. Their venerable brother Mr. John Foreman had proposed to be present, but the same cause kept him at home. Now he regretted they had not a better chairman, because he was not aware that he could be of any use to them. He had been asked to occupy that position and had consented. Of course he might have framed many excuses which he felt sure would be valid, because his engagements were many, but he had come to show his respect for their young friend the minister of that place (hear, hear). He (the chairman) had known him at Richmond, and felt a pleasure in being present on that occasion. It had been alleged that the Strict Baptist ministers were not so well educated as others, and in many respects were not up to the mark. He admitted there was too much truth in this. Of all men ministers should be well read and deep thinking men. He did not know much of their young friend in this particular way, but if he were not what he ought to be there was time for him to mend. Of course the Word of God ought to be their text-book. He had no objection for a minister to gather flowers to decorate his discourse, but the principal book must ever be the Word of God. In going about the country, and even in town, there seemed to be a sad departure from the truth; God's ordinances seemed to be almost despised. It had been said they were a poor people; if they were, yet they knew in whom they had believed (cheers). He loved the truth because he had found it suited to his circumstances and to his wants. There was nothing which could be put in its place. He had ever had great respect for the venerable brother who had ministered to that Church so long. Now he had departed he (the chairman) was glad that the same truth was maintained in that place. He had never before been there, but was pleased

to see such a clean and comfortable chapel. It was generally money that was wanted at these meetings, and Mr. Griffin and his people did not form an exception to that rule. If that, however, was the only guile they could lay to the charge of their pastor it might be forgiven him. It appeared there was a debt on the chapel; he did not know how much—£100 he believed.

Mr. Griffin: £200, Sir John.

Oh! £200. Well, he hoped that they would manage to get that amount or make some arrangement to get it that night, so that no other meeting should be called for that purpose. As usual the ladies were the larger portion of the congregation on that occasion, and this had caused some uneasiness in the vestry; but he confessed it caused him no such fear. He always found the ladies the best beggars. If his wife ever wanted money (which of course was always used economically) she could always get it; and he believed that half-a-dozen lady collectors were preferable to a dozen gentlemen (cheers). As there were seven other ministers announced to speak, each one would have to confine himself to fifteen minutes. Much might be said in that time; and he hoped no one would trespass beyond that time, or he should feel bound to touch him on the shoulder (cheers).

Mr. William Flack, Mr. J. Bennett, Mr. G. Webb, Mr. J. Hazleton, and other brethren delivered addresses well suited to the occasion.

SHADWELL—REHOBOTH CHAPEL. TO THE EDITOR.—The writer of the so-called account of the last anniversary at the above chapel can have no regard for truth, and must be void of the least grain of common sense, or he would not have sent such an account as appears in your February number; it tends to cast discredit on those connected with the cause. In the first place he writes, *our thirty-first anniversary was one of the happiest we have had.*\* This is a palpable untruth, as it was, without doubt, one of the most miserably cold anniversary meetings that ever took place at Rehoboth. Again, he writes, BUT, Mr. Anderson preached the Word; not very complimentary to Mr. A., as it would appear that his preaching the Word put a damper on the whole concern.† Again, a select and res-

\* The writer of the paragraph referred to, who sat in a seat in Rehoboth in Mr. Milner's time, wrote, "was NOT one of the happiest," &c. The compositor (as though moved by an evil spirit) omitted the word "not"; the reader of the press also omitted to detect the omission; hence arose this blunder. With this fatal exception, there was nothing but what was penned in the kindest spirit to Mr. Steed, his people, and his meeting.

† We cannot see the truth of this gloss.

pectable company took tea. What a comfort to know that the company was respectable; and as to its being select, the numbers certainly did not give much trouble, about forty sat down to tea. With respect to the afternoon service, Mr. A. wished to know "who he was to preach to?" the forty not having arrived. Now comes the public meeting. The writer adds, "Our pastor T. Steed and his ministering brethren edified the meeting." Far be it from me to say anything against those brethren who so kindly supplied the place of those who were absent; but I would just remark, that of five ministers whose names were on the bill, only two put in an appearance; this is but the old story over again. Then comes a lot of stuff about former ministers; shewing how ignorant he is of the facts, when he places Mr. Brunt before Mr. Cozens, and leaves out Mr. Field; with regard to Mr. Brunt leaving, he says, some wondered why. I believe that was known well enough by those who attended his ministry.‡ Then comes the closing sentence, I am watching." Indeed! Perhaps the sooner he quits watching, the better it will be for the cause at Rehoboth; it is well that he styles himself the "Occupier of a seat," as it takes the blame from the shoulders of the deacons. In concluding, I would advise the writer to abstain from sending any report of meetings at Rehoboth. What must the friends think who were present?

TIENS A LA VERITE.

[Had the word "not" been inserted, the seat-holder pleads "not guilty" to any other error.]

READING—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, OXFORD ROAD. Meetings were held in connection with New Year. Jan. 4th, three excellent sermons were preached by brethren Hetherington, of Chobham, Edwards, of Islington, and Reynolds, of Stepney; they appeared at home and happy in their work. Collections good, and great cheerfulness manifested. Over 100 took tea. Evening meeting was large; brother Grey offered prayer; the pastor delivered a short address, referring to the events of the past year, and the various changes we had experienced; many of our friends had been removed by providence, others by death; showing the uncertainty of things in the church militant. On the other hand we had much to be thankful for; some additions had been made to the church; blessings in providence, blessings of health, and preserved in peace; thus

We omitted a common-places laudation; leaving the reporter to affirm simply, that Mr. A. preached the Gospel. Neither the reporter nor the editor intended the slightest disrespect for Mr. Anderson or his preaching. Nay, that be far from us.

‡ What will Mr. Brunt say to this—and some others?

this New Year's meeting afforded opportunity for us to unite in love, gratitude, and praise, to our covenant God and Father, as well also to render a little help in carrying on his cause; trusting it may prove the harbinger of more prosperous days. A warm hearted address from brother Edwards; brother Reynolds spoke in the same kind spirit; we feel grateful for their kindness in coming to bid us God's speed. The church have decided to put forth another effort to reduce or pay off the debt on the chapel. Many have liberally united, trusting the Lord will dispose the hearts of many more friends to help us, so that this house built for God and the proclamation of his truth, may continue in our possession. Should this meet the eye of any one who knows the Reading cause, and their hearts sympathize with it, any donation will be thankfully received by

ABIJAH MARTIN.

CAMDEN TOWN.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have read in *VESSEL* for Feb. a few lines by a Zionite, late of James Nunn's. I should like the Zionite to be a little more more explicit. He says, "Our brother Higham, at the Avenue chapel, is sound in the faith, and a steady preacher of Christ's Gospel." Then I would add, our good brother the "Zionite" must be in a position to know whether or not he is only a way-side hearer. I believe, if ever Christ has been made precious to our souls, we know it; and we know whether we are the "almost Christian," or not. I am afraid our faend is like a rolling stone. We have many such in our churches; these are a continual source of grief to our ministers and deacons. We have within two miles of Camden Town many causes where the truth is preached in all its fulness, unctiousness, and blessedness; had we fewer places of truth to go to, methinks we should oftener be found at our own homes; and that would encourage our ministers to see their children walking orderly. I must know this good brother; I trust the Lord will grant him his soul's desire. Wishing you, dear brother Banks, the presence of your Master when you stand up to declare his truth; and may you in your latter days have many a soul to encourage you, is the desire of one of the first

MEMBERS AT ZION.

Goldington Crescent, Old Pancras road.

[The "Zionite" is no wandering star. We expect he will be more explicit presently.—ED.]

ISLINGTON.—Since the settlement of Mr. R. G. Edwards as pastor of the church meeting in Providence chapel, High street, Islington, there has been a gradual uprising of the cause. A friend says, Sunday evenings, the spacious chapel is well filled up

with anxious hearers; and we hope the ripened and laborious ministry of the present pastor will be the means of increasing the knowledge of the Redeemer's name in that immensely populated suburban district unto which access from every quarter is so convenient and abundant. Special services have recently been holden. "The Old Year out, and the New Year in" services were very blessed seasons. Joseph Warren's discourse on the Atonement; C. Cornwall on the Incarnation; C. L. Kemp on Whit Sunday, and other addresses, were heard so well; and entered so deeply into the greatest of all themes, that a request has been made to publish them. We hope the volume of E. V., will contain them. W. H. Leo, on the "Resurrection of Christ," was excellent; W. Lodge's Review of the Old Year; R. G. Edwards's "Anticipations of the New Year," were edifying. C. W. Banks was requested to speak on "The Day of the Church's Espousals," and on "The Glorious Wedding Day;" but neither the ministers nor the people would quietly hear him; he made two efforts to expound those solemnly experimental realities; but feelings and time failed. We have notices of other very special gatherings in this much honoured sanctuary which will soon be given.

PLYMOUTH.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Peace be with you and yours, from our Lord Jesus Christ. I hope you are kept in health physically, mentally, spiritually, and circumstantially. Many trials you have already had, afflictions still await you; some of the ordinary, and others of the extraordinary class. If trials bring wealth, then are you very rich; if they open the pathway for the flowings of divine grace, then are you greatly favoured of the Lord; and may the year 1870 be to you a happy year indeed. The world is hastening on to its appointed destiny for weal or for woe. In the Œcumenical Council at Rome, the Pope appears for the present to be having things his own way; but the end is coming. Yes! it is approaching nearer every day; and his present effort may be the means appointed for his overthrow. His power has gone; who cares for the decrees of Rome? The Emperors, Kings, and Queens of Europe, are very tranquil; and enquiring Christendom are waiting to see what the upshot will be with tolerable equanimity. A few and only a few fiery tongued angels are engaged in preaching the everlasting Gospel in the midst of the ecclesiastical heavens. But the Lord is at work, and we shall sing by and by, Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, Hallelujah. I am, dear brother Banks, your brother and friend,

FRANCIS COLLINS,

COLNBROOK, BUCKS.—Here there has been a cause of truth after New Testament order, for 163 years. The chapel has been built about 115 years, and

now needs either great alteration or improvement, or possible pulling down and rebuilding. But more especially a school-room is required, as the children have to be taught in the chapel, much to the discomfort of all connected with the place. The jubilee of the Sabbath schools was lately held, the undersigned being present on that occasion. The report was instructive and very satisfactory. A subscription is earnestly solicited by the undersigned, who feels a great interest in the cause; he is sure the donation will not lessen the comfort of the donor, may possibly add thereto, but will most assuredly contribute to the welfare of the cause, and encouragement of the pastor, deacons, and teachers.

W. SNOWDEN.

2, Park place, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

RUMFORD, ESSEX.—ZOAR BAPTIST CHAPEL, NORTH STREET. The congregation meeting in the above place, having solicited the co-operation of the London Itinerant Ministers' Association, with a view to strengthen the cause, held a public meeting on Tuesday, Jan. 18th, on which occasion several ministers, members of the association, spoke upon interesting Bible subjects. Mr. Bracher, of West Ham, presided. After singing, reading, and prayer, offered by Mr. Ford, the chairman stated the object of the meeting, which was to afford an opportunity to hear the addresses and to give further publicity to the little cause which has existed in the town for nearly eighteen years, chiefly under the management of Mr. Ford, who has from its rise, taken a deep interest in its welfare; but now in the order of providence, he is removed from the locality; hence the need of help from the above named association which it is hoped will be the means of reviving the cause, and promoting its prosperity. Mr. Flory delivered the first address, founding his remarks upon Ruth in the field of Boaz. Mr. Archer followed with some encouraging remarks upon the successful application to the Saviour, of the Syphenician woman. Mr. Houston delivered an instructive speech upon Sennacherib's invasion and defeat. Mr. Chipchase interested the audience by remarking upon Elijah's challenge upon Mount Carmel. Mr. Austin spoke upon the two buildings named at the close of the Sermon on the Mount. The attendance was encouraging, and it is hoped the fruits of this effort will be seen by an immense attendance on Lord's-days.

MOTTINGHAM.—A pleasant gathering was held here Tuesday, Jan. 18, 1870; the second anniversary of opening of our place of worship. Pastor W. K. Bloom preached. Tea was provided for full company. At evening meeting, Mr. Mathews presided. Mr. Thos. Parks, senr., prayed for us. Mr.

Armstrong gave an account of the work carried on, showing how, in the providence of God, he had been brought to reside in the neighbourhood, and being desirous of doing something in the service of his Lord and Master, he called a few of his neighbours together, and on Lord's-day evening, Jan. 18, 1868, eleven met together to read the word of God, to join in singing his praises, and imploring his blessing. From that day to the present, the services have been continued. About six months since, when we were getting cast down and discouraged at the difficulty of getting efficient supplies, our very dear friend and brother, Mr. Sparks, sen., came to preach one Lord's-day evening. The people heard with much acceptance; he stands engaged to supply every alternate Lord's-day. A Sunday school was commenced Feb. 11, 1868, and up to the present time, upwards of 120 children have been admitted; about seventy are still in attendance. Their annual treat was given Nov. 30, 1869, when a lecture was kindly given by Mr. Sparks, jun. We were sadly in want of help in teaching, some months ago, when our friend and brother, Mr. Maers, came down here to reside, expressed his desire to render assistance, and has thrown a heartiness and energy to the work which has done us good. One thing has encouraged, it is the remembrance of some remarks made by C. W. Banks. He told us how the Lord commanded the Israelites when they reached the promised land, to plant all manner of trees there; but they were not to gather of the fruit till the third year. I have thought of this many times; we are getting towards the close of our second year of waiting, and now with confidence in our God, we are looking with earnest expectation for the fulfilment of His promise. Some neighbours do not like the name by which we call ourselves, namely, Baptists. I turn to that memorable sermon by Peter, recorded in Acts; I find, when his hearers were pricked in the heart and cried out, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" that he said "Repent, and be baptized every one of you." He made no exception, neither should we. We sympathize with Christian Episcopalians, or Congregationalists; but we must not give up those principles which are laid down by our Lord. Mr. Thos. Whittle spoke on "the faith of God's elect;" Mr. Cowdry on "the day of small things;" addresses were also given by Messrs. Dinmock, Deeks, Harris and Maers. Our collections amounted to £1 15s.

T. G. C. A.

NEWPORT, MON.—It is pleasing to know the cause of truth, and the people who abide fast by New Testament doctrine, experience, and practice, are favoured of the Lord under the ministry of our brother J. P. Thomas, at the Hall. The congregations are larger, the word is going forth,

good is done, the Lord be praised. But this prosperity seems to come out of the fires of affliction, and a great trial of faith. As we read our correspondent's letter, we pause solemnly to reflect upon those painful yet truthful words, "It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." Let the disturbers of our churches, and the scatterers of God's saints, think on these words, and take warning.

**CAMDEN TOWN.**—Interesting services were holden in Avenue chapel (Mr. Higham's, most kindly lent for the occasion), Tuesday, February 15, 1870, when a church was formed of the members originally worshipping in Zion, under the late Mr. James Nunn's ministry. Mr. Gander, late of Claygate, was publicly recognised as pastor of the Church, who now worship in the Camden Rooms, corner of King-street. The services were conducted by brethren Thomas Stringer, C. W. Banks, T. Austen, Gander, Kempson, Nugent, Ireson, and others. A report is promised for next month.

**READING.**—The friends here have come we think to a very wise determination, and that is to sweep off their debt. We should be sorely grieved to see the chapel lost to the denomination; it is a good, substantial, well situated place of worship; and is a credit to our denomination. This debt must be removed, and the friends there set free. They have helped themselves; and therefore deserve aid. If we remember rightly they have paid about half the cost of the chapel. Let us give them a little encouragement, which we are sure will be gladly received by our good brother, Mr. Abijah Martin, Reading.

**BLACKHEATH.**—Fifth anniversary of Mr. B. B. Wales, Feb. 14th; excellent tea was provided. At public meeting, the pastor presided; who stated he enjoyed unbroken peace in the church; his deacons had never given him an angry word; after speeches by Messrs. T. Jones and R. G. Edwards, one of the deacons presented to the pastor the sum of £30, which was understood to be their usual custom, and not a bad one either. After a few words of acknowledgment, the chairman called upon Mr. Lawrence; then Mr. Reynolds to address the friends. Mr. C. L. Kemp engaged in prayer. The pastor closed it with the benediction.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

**STONEHOUSE.**—Mr. Westlake's annual tea meeting was holden January 31st. The schools in connection with his cause are prospering. Mr. Westlake's "Ebenezer" is a kind of link between the two large towns. We should truly rejoice to know his ministry was largely useful. Mr. Col-

lins, at How street, has large numbers who appreciate his lectures.

### Notes of the Month.

**BAPTISM**—At West End chapel, Tring, on January 2nd., three by W. F. Edger-ton.

"THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN REGISTER," of Nov. 2, 1869, has been sent us from Adelaide, containing report of Bible Society meeting, at which Mr. Samuel Cozens delivered a speech on the circulation of the Scriptures which, in every way, was highly creditable to his head as well as to his heart. He shewed the British and Foreign Bible Society had given to the wide, wide world nearly or quite sixty millions of copies of the Word of God in nearly two hundred different languages. From east to west, from north to south, the word is flying, the good resulting the great day will declare.

**MINISTERIAL CONFLICTS.**—How many of the Lord's sent servants will read the following with real sympathy. A tried and honest servant of Christ says:—"The Lord's cause is surely prospering. We have more encouraging congregations than when you were here. We are much in each others' affections; and see generally eye to eye in his law. We must not expect to be favoured with the success accorded to more liberal Christians. I have grave doubts sometimes as to what the Lord intends doing with me. I did not seek preaching, but was often and earnestly pressed to the work; and have been assured again and again that my preaching has been blessed to the building up, and comforting of his professed people; but why are there no conversions? If the Lord does not use me as an instrument to the salvation of sinners, am I not right, when I fear and doubt my being a seal? Ah! my soul has been harrowed, and is sometimes almost overwhelmed with fears. Oh, I am the most unworthy creature upon God's earth. Losses from the world, deceived by those whom I loved and trusted, a burden of sin, and the sentence of death in my soul; and no one under heaven's canopy to whom I can tell my sorrow, as to a sympathising and honest friend. Brother Banks, when you think of me, ask the Lord to reveal himself to me, as to whether I am sent to preach; if so, he shall take all my goods; it not, let him silence me effectually. The Lord God help you.

**GREAT CATWORTH.**—I am requested to forward to you the following obituary. Died, on Lord's-day evening, Jan. 9, 1870, in his twenty-fifth year, of inflammation of the lungs, after but a few days' illness, Mark, the third son of the late Robert Holmes, Great Catworth, Hunts. The sudden and comparatively early death of our young friend, in the prime of life, has caused quite a sensation in the village and neighbourhood. His mortal remains were

committed to their last earthly resting place, on the following Thursday; a great number, both rich and poor, attended to pay the last tribute of respect. On the following Sabbath evening, I attempted to improve the solemn event, by preaching a funeral sermon from Job ix. 12, to crowded congregation; several friends belonging to the Church of England being present as well as persons from other villages. Our young friend was one of a family of twelve children, ten of whom survive him; he had also well managed his mother's family for the last three years and a half. His sudden removal is a striking proof of the sentiment, "In the midst of life we are in death." May the God of all consolation bear up the mind of the bereaved mother, (who is a member of the church meeting in Rehoboth chapel, Rushden) and sanctify the stroke to the family and vicinity, prays

TROS. NEWBOLD.

MRS. FELTON.—A correspondent, writing Feb. 4, 1870, says—"I have been to-day to the cemetery, Nunhead, Mrs. Felton has been buried by Mr. Striager. Mr. Wells was there burying one of his members; so many are dropping off now, both old and young; what a mercy to be ready for the solemn change! Mr. Felton seemed much cut up; he is nearly eighty years of age; he cannot expect to be long after his dear wife; it has been a long and trying affliction through which she has come; but her end was peace."

GEORGE THOMAS.—Friends, and the community at large, have recently sustained a severe loss in the decease of George Thomas, of Bristol. He was an earnest Christian, a wide-hearted philanthropist, and an enlightened citizen. Out of an income of £12,000 he gave upwards of £10,000, restricting his personal expenditure to less than £1000 a year. The funeral was attended by many thousands of persons of all creeds and classes united on this occasion in paying the last tribute of respect to the memory of a truly great man.

CAVE ADULLAM.—We understand the Board of Works have now sanctioned the re-opening of the Cave, with some few slight alterations and repairs; although at first the building was by them condemned. It will be re-opened in March, a notice of which appears on the cover.

G. H. FOSTER.—Banker, Cambridge. This honoured servant of Christ was suddenly called away on the 18th of January. He was High Sheriff of Cambridge, and a member of the Baptist church of that city. Passing through York, he found there was no Baptist chapel there, and he offered to contribute £1,000 towards the erection of one. Had he been able to hear the very faithful, able, and profitable sermon to which I listened in that chapel last Sunday morning, he would have rejoiced more than they that find great spoil. Our friend is gone, but his work abideth, and the witness

for his Master's truth. [We wish such examples were more numerous.]

The *Christian* says:—"Deeply feeling that the present are days of special peril, both as to doctrinal error, and increasing worldliness, and covetousness, among professors, we have sounded the trumpet notes of warning from the Word of God, and not in vain. Many are beginning to see what the character of the age is, and to listen to the testimony of Holy Scripture as to its end. It is this testimony, we are persuaded, received in the power of the Spirit, which must in these last days separate believers unto God."

POPULAR.—Dr. G. Smith, the Independent minister of Poplar, and Secretary of the Congregational Union, died at his residence in Poplar, Feb. 13th, 1870; and was buried in Abney Park Cemetery, on the 19th. He was a Devonshire man, and an expressed opponent of what is termed "Hawkerism;" but we hope the spirits of the two divines once on earth, are now with Jesus in heaven, where no enmity can exist.

"CAN THESE BONES LIVE?" in next month. "R. R." has the right key. He can give us more soul breathings. William Potter's questions, and others, shall be attended to; we are now visiting dying, and burying dead, and see scenes of distress we cannot alleviate; it is afflicting and unfitting for quiet study. Shrewsbury enquiries as soon as possible.

"CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY."—Under this heading will be given in *Cheering Words*, some of the many kind notes sent us on bereavement experienced; as they all give testimonies of the usefulness of both *EARTHEN VESSEL* and *Cheering Words*, the editor is solemnly grateful and also encouraged.

SEEKING FOR TRUTH.—"To the Editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. Sir,—Will you, or any of your numerous subscribers, give me the meaning of Isaiah xli. 19,? "Who is blind but my servant? or deaf but my messenger that I sent? Who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant?" I believe that a great many of the Lord's redeemed family take the passage to refer to the Lord Jesus Christ, while others are of a contrary opinion.

INQUIRER.

[We leave the question open to our readers.]

BOROUGH.—"An Old Citizen" is visiting "some chapels where truth is preached" is afflicted to find so few in attendance. At Trinity, the other Sunday evening, the doors were closed." We hope brighter and better days await our churches.

## Sudden Death—Instant Glory.

ADDRESSES DELIVERED BY THE BRETHERN THOMAS JONES AND  
B. B. WALE, AT THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. JESSE GWINNELL.

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[AGAIN we are requested to record the calling home of the servants of the Lord. The tender hearted LUKE SNOW, of Wimbledon, and the sturdy, but deeply tried JESSE GWINNELL, of Greenwich, are both gone home. Very reluctantly do we fill our pages with these mournful tidings; but, three things demand our serious attention; and we hope the oft-repeated opening of the grave, will speak loudly and usefully to many yet on the walls. Let us lay to heart the three following facts: the fathers in our churches are rapidly going home; the divisions in our churches are numerous; the declining of spiritual power is everywhere painfully felt. Oh! that the arm of the Lord may be made bare; that the dead may hear His voice and live; and the living labour to glorify His name while their days are yet lengthened out. When Mr. Gwinnell first came to London, he called at our office; he was collecting money to clear off a debt upon a chapel in Trowbridge. We recommended him to Greenwich. They wanted a minister. The Lord made his ministry a blessing to many; there for nearly twenty years he has testified of the trials of God's people. He is gone! The following reports are sacred and instructing.—ED.]

Monday, Feb. 28th, 1870, will long be remembered by officers, members, and congregation of Devonshire road Baptist chapel, Greenwich, as the day on which their beloved friend and pastor, Mr. Jesse Gwinnell, entered into his heavenly rest. He had long suffered from heart disease, and blindness; but although suffering, and unable to read, he was permitted to stand in his much-loved pulpit to proclaim the Gospel of the ever blessed God. His last sermon was preached Sunday evening, Jan. 23rd, from Job, "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." He hath been tried. He has passed from the crucible and the refining fire; now without dross or impurity, appears as the real standard gold in the Jerusalem above. His last visit to the sanctuary was on Sunday evening, February 27th, 1870, hoping to enjoy a meal at eventide; he had scarcely taken his seat, when a violent palpitation of the heart came on, and he had to be supported out by his wife, son-in-law, and friends, to his home. He passed a restless night, but ate his breakfast as usual on the following Monday morning. A little while afterwards his fond and affectionate partner went into his bed-room, found him partly dressed, in his favourite attitude of prayer on his knees by his bed-side; quietly approaching him, she gently laid her hand upon his shoulder, when he moved his head on one side, drew a faint breath, and his immortal spirit was carried by the angels to be

Far from a world of grief and sin  
With God eternally shut in.

On Monday, March 7th, the funeral service was held in the chapel, which was crowded; many stood outside. Mr. Thomas Jones com-

menced the mournful ceremony by giving out three verses of Dr. Watts:—

And must this body die?  
 This mortal frame decay;  
 And must these active limbs of mine  
 Lie mouldering in the clay?  
 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
 Shall but refine this flesh;  
 Till my triumphant spirit comes  
 To put it on afresh.  
 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
 And often from the skies  
 Looks down and watches all my dust,  
 Till He shall bid it rise.

There was marked solemnity in the singing, which came from full hearts and throbbing breasts.

Mr. Griffin read several portions of the Word; after which he most earnestly prayed.

Mr. Thomas Jones gave out these verses—

Arrayed in glorious grace,  
 Shall these vile bodies shine;  
 And every shape and every face,  
 Look heavenly and divine.  
 These lively hopes we owe  
 To Jesus' dying love;  
 We would adore His grace below,  
 And sing His power above.  
 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
 Of these our humble songs,  
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
 With our immortal tongues.

Mr. B. B. Wale then entered the pulpit, and said, My dear Christian brethren, we have met to-day to do for one brother, what kindly hands and loving hearts must ere long do for us. This sight is suggestive of the tomb of Jesus, with the two angels, the one at the head, and the other at the foot where the body of the Master had lain. They were typical of faith and hope in every believer's tomb; and they seem to say to every mourner, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay." This is not only the death of a Christian, but a Christian minister, and a Christian minister who has laboured long in the service of his Lord. His death was sudden, but to him it was sudden glory. As a steward he dealt faithfully with the mysteries of the kingdom; as a star he has passed away, not lost in the darkness of death, but lost as the stars are lost in the brilliant light of the morning. "He was a star in the Master's right hand." There will be no graves in paradise; no sin there. Death! how impartial it is! It removes the monarch from the throne, the statesman from his duty, the tradesman from his business, the pastor from his flock, and the infant of a day old. How painful is the separation, but it must come. To you, as a church, it is a painful separation, and one it may seem difficult to replace. The faithful ministers in the Master's vineyard are few. "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." There are ministers, there are labourers still. He hath them, although death has been very lately removing a Philpot, a Kershaw, and now a Gwinnell. There are others yet left. It is beautifully recorded that Dr. Owen remarked shortly before his decease, "While the great Pilot is at the helm, He can spare



a poor under rower like me." The grave has a two-fold aspect ; it has its "consolations," as well as its separations. Hear what the Master said to His servant in the Isle of Patmos ; see, John, I have the keys of "Hades, hell, and death." Death to the believer is but as a long dark avenue ; to the body it is a place of sweet rest. Our brother knew well what pain was ; now that body is at rest ; for "So He giveth His beloved sleep." Say not that is our brother in yonder coffin ; nay, that is only the machine, his spirit is with the burning seraphs before the throne, hymning the praises of his Saviour. Our brother has struck his tent, and passed away. It is not our brother there. No ! no. He lives now with the white robed brotherhood in yonder glorious home. Christ has divided the spoil with the strong ; for while the grave can claim the body, only Jesus claims the soul ; and death's empire is but a partial one ; its reign shall give way at the resurrection morning when it shall be compelled to deliver up all its subjects. The rainbow of hope spans the sepulchre, while the sunshine of another world illuminates this. Mr. Wale concluded with prayer, after which the mourners and the congregation with the body, proceeded to the cemetery at Shooter's hill.

The thoroughfare in which the chapel stands was thronged with spectators, who evinced the deepest respect and sympathy for the faithful and honest pastor who was thus borne to his last resting place. The hearse and four mourning coaches were followed by carriages, cabs, and other vehicles, containing the officers of the church, its members and friends, while scores of others followed on foot to the place of sepulture, many coming from London and miles round. On arriving at the cemetery, the coffin was taken to the grave, and it was then surrounded by his bereaved widow and family, the deacons and members, while nearly, if not all, the congregation of the chapel were present to pay the last tribute of genuine affection and respect to their faithful minister. Mr. Thomas Jones conducted the service most impressively, in the highest degree sincere and sympathetic. The words that flowed from his venerable lips were marked by solemnity and consolation, as he spoke of his beloved and honoured friend and brother. He then engaged in prayer, committing the bereaved widow, church, and congregation to our all-wise and heavenly Father.

Sorrowfully the friends departed from the place of burial, leaving behind them the remains of one whose memory will long be (in the words of our dear and venerable friend Mr. Thomas Jones,) long—very long embalmed in their memory and hearts.

Servant of God, well done,  
 Rest from thy loved employ ;  
 The battle fought, the victory won,  
 Enter thy Master's joy.  
 At mid-day came the cry,  
 To meet thy Lord "prepare,"  
 He sighed, and caught his Captain's eye ;  
 Then strong in faith and prayer,  
 His spirit with a bound  
 Put off its cumbrous clay ;  
 His tent at sunset on the ground,  
 A darkened ruin lay.  
 Servant, of God well done,  
 Praise be thy new employ ;  
 The battle's fought—the victory's won,  
 Rest in thy Master's joy.

## THE LATE MR. W. FREMLIN.

BY T. JONES.

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*(Continued from page 81.)*

“To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven; a time to be born, and a time to die.” Birth and death are not matters of human purpose; so the purpose for the events, and the time for their occurrence must have been formed in heaven, which is the teaching of Holy Scripture all through, wherein it is declared “All things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto Himself by Jesus Christ.” Very blessed it is to have the soul sweetly imbued with this truth, to have in our bosom a cordial welcome answer to the question in Job, “Is there not an appointed time to man upon the earth?” To feel that our times are in His hands, and are measured by His will; to sing, and to sing with intelligence and approbation—

“Plagues and deaths around me fly,  
Till He bids I cannot die;  
Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love see fit.”

The subject of our story accepted the decree. *Chance* and *contingency* were merely words of convenience, suited to human ignorance, but having no application to God, or the fixed arrangements of His government, so he patiently waited the days of His appointed time till his change came, and at length it came.

In the month of August 1869, he and his beloved wife went on a round of visits to their children and other relatives. It was to be the last visit, when he should remind them of words oft spoken, and give his fatherly benediction, commending them to God and the word of His grace. The filial respect with which they received him, and listened to his loving counsels, must have been grateful to his feelings, and the memory thereof must be pleasant to them. Perhaps neither he nor they apprehended the fact that they should not so meet again, though we have reason to think he was not unaware of his nearness to the end. It were well if Christians always made their visits as in the presence of death, that their speech may be with grace seasoned with salt, that survivors may say of those first taken, “Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked with us?” Our friend, in this circuit of love, had reached the house of his nephew, Mr. Ralph Fremlin, and while there the walls of his earthly house received a shock which told plainly the siege had commenced in which the foe of mortality is ever victorious. His visit to his nephew was hastily terminated, and he returned to Footh Cray, the scene of his pastorate, the neighbourhood of the flock he had been honoured to feed. It is said that not only man, but the inferior animals, inasmuch as they may be said to have a home, will, if they can, retire to that home to die. The Christian certainly, like the Shunammite, by choice, would dwell among his own people both here and hereafter; and while cheered by spiritual associations when descending into the valley, is still conscious of nature's instincts in favour of a locality where he would like to breathe out his

final adieu, adding "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, for though I fall (under thy stroke) I shall arise and enjoy an eternal victory."

For two weeks after his return to his own domicile, he was able to take his place at the hearth, and then disease had made such progress as to compel him to take to his bed, to which he retired with the persuasion he should never rise from it by his own strength. The medical form of his disorder was declared to be jaundice, which all means failed to subdue. With one of his daughters he conversed very complacently on his case, saying he was perfectly resigned to His will who never erred and of whose love he had no doubt. He had no right to choose for himself whether to live or to die, and had no wish, satisfied that all was well and could not be altered for the better. A little later he told her he had been repeating that beautiful hymn of Toplady's—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Later he said, "No plea, no plea," and she said, "Not in yourself, dear father, but in Jesus Christ gloriously complete," to which he smiled an assent. She remained with him several hours, and at intervals between weariness and pain he discoursed with her on a variety of Bible subjects, as the doctrine of the fall of man, whereby the image of his Maker was marred in him, his intelligence displaced by ignorance, his purity by pollution, and his felicity by fear, shame, and curse. This led him to speak of the wondrous mercy displayed in redemption, the grace of it, the wisdom of it, and the safety of those included in it. Then of the preciousness of the word, how beautiful, how consistent, how full of instruction, and how its description of the blindness of men was verified in their nonperception of its excellencies, adaptation, and glory. He drew her attention to several passages of sweet import, such as Moses' blessing, Deut. xxxiii. 3, "Yea, he loved the people; all his saints are in thy hand; and they sat down at thy feet; every one shall receive of thy words." He told her that since he had studied the Scriptures he had always believed that very many were saved at the time of the flood, though not saved from it. That when they saw the waters rising higher and higher, covering every hill and height to which in terror they fled, they relinquished vain confidence and sued for mercy, when, like Peter, they began to sink, and calling upon God in their distress, he heard and saved. But in the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, it was not so; there was no space for repentance; destruction was sudden and certain, and all perished. He acknowledged these were his own private thoughts which he thought as a man, adding "My dear, we cannot understand these things, God's judgments are a great deep." Referring to the heavy trials of some they had known, he said we read of a great multitude which no man could number, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, who are said to have come out of great tribulation.

"Yet the dear path to thine abode,  
Lies through this horrid land."

His bodily sufferings were at times very severe, painful to witness, but his mind seemed always clear, even when he was too oppressed for speech: the glint of his eye spoke approbation of good words, and

thanks for kind efforts to give him relief. At one time, when he appeared to be comparatively easy, his children then present said, "Father, we do not wish to tax your little strength, but if you can, without too much fatigue, tell us somewhat of the Lord's work in your soul we shall be glad to hear it from your own mouth." Presently, he replied, "I have realized much of my heavenly Father's goodness while lying under this affliction. Many precious portions of Scripture have been opened up to me and brought home with power." Among others he named this as particularly comforting, "Though I make a full end of all nations, yet will I not make a full end of thee." As he went on to tell of rich free sovereign grace, so magnified in his own experience, the excess of his joy became too much for endurance, and he exclaimed, "Stay me with flagons, and comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love." And anon, "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." He said the Lord had dealt very tenderly with him, for although he had suffered so much pain in his body, his head had been spared; no pain, no confusion there. Adding, "He hath stayed His rough wind in the day of His east wind."

Looking at his children around his bed, he said with a smile, "There are not so many as poor old Jacob had." His youngest daughter said, "Father dear, we are not all present, but give us your blessing as Jacob did." He shook his head, intimating that he could not bless; and then with great pathos and solemnity he rejoined, "I pray God bless you all, both for this world and that which is to come." Some of them must needs depart to their respective homes, and as each came for a parting kiss he addressed each with language appropriate to individual circumstances, and with tender impressiveness urged them to pray and watch, and diligently follow, and through faith and patience inherit the promises; and finally, he shook hands with each, saying, "God Almighty bless you, farewell." This scene was almost more than he could bear. He knew he should see those dear ones no more, and he sank on the bed exhausted, and cheerfully sad. He said little through that night, and most of the next day, though it was seen he was much in prayer and converse with heaven. In the evening his nephew Ralph came to see him, when he revived sufficiently to speak to him with a fluency and energy which astonished the family, taking for his subject the efficacy of the great Atonement completed on Calvary; the precious blood of Christ that made reconciliation for the sins of the people; the precious blood of that spotless Lamb of God whom he was so soon to behold. We might say that this theme, atoning blood; satisfying divine justice; cleansing from all sin; bringing peace to the guilty conscience, and securing to the Saviour the grateful affections of the saved sinner, was the theme on which he ever delighted to dwell in and out of the pulpit, and we cannot wonder that it increased in fond interest as he got nearer to the end.

We must beg permission to add one more paper to this series.

T. JONES.

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## The Prize—Privilege—Practice—and Pattern.

When I, a worm believed  
 In Christ, the Christ of God,  
 And mercy first received  
 Through His atoning blood,  
 Such peace ensued—such joy, such love!  
 My raptured soul was drawn above.

So wrote William Allen many years ago. So says the heart of the "Village Preacher," although, surely, none could be more driven by the winds of adversity and sorrow, than is the poor thing who holds this pen. Still, there are times when the Gospel, or, the Triune Jehovah revealed in the Gospel, maketh one as solemn, and as happy, as ever we can expect to be in this waste-howling desert; and such a special season of mercy was OUR LAST SUNDAY NIGHT AT PURLBROOK.

When round the farmer's fire we met;  
 That solemn time—we'll ne'er forget.

PURLBROOK! Does my reader ask—"what renders Purlbrook so sacred?" I can answer that readily. There is,

I. Something in the *natural position* of Purlbrook very delightful to me. You might travel from the city of Hereford to the city of Worcester, on the high road, a thousand times, and never notice it. But, if you should ever visit that part of the country, if you should be walking from Whitestone chapel to Yark hill, on the left hand, just after you pass "My Lady Somebody's Mansion," you will see a large gate opening into a meadow. The meadow rises from the gate almost up to a high point like a young mountain. Well, enter the gate, ascend to the top of this meadow-mountain. Now, stand still, look around you, down the opposite from whence you entered, you see, (at least when I entered, I saw) a beautiful long garden; splendid roses in full bloom all up each side of the pathway which leads to the house, to Purlbrook farm house: the once happy residence of my faithful friend, Richard Tyler, the senior, and his Christian wife; a more industrious, kind-hearted, truth-loving couple, you will not meet, if you travel from Dover to Cornwall; and all their sons and daughters are like unto the parent-stems. I have said, "the happiest family I ever met in my life;" and I was with them in spring-time, in summer-time, in reaping and hopping, in ploughing, and in sowing; in wet weather and in fine; but, it mattered little which way the wind did blow, you would always find a hearty welcome there. I never knew any man who ever tarried with the Tylers, at Purlbrook, but he would say—

Here I could live—here I could die;  
 Here I could sing—here I can sigh;  
 Here I can read—here I can pray;  
 Here I feel happy—every day.

In the natural, or creation-sense, of this Purlbrook, there is the rich scenery which its locality possesses. Walk on to the top of the young meadow-mountain again. Looking onward from the house, your eyes are refreshed with a grand review of the Malvern hills. They form a kind of circular fortress, stretching from left to right, in such soft and

beautiful majesty, enough to make you desire to climb to their forest-like tops ; which seem to reach almost to heaven itself ; and unfolding in their immense bosoms pretty farm houses ; Lady Emily Foley's estates and mansion, and churches and cottages so many and so varied that the sight fastens you to the spot ; it makes you wish to be always gazing through these works of nature and of art—

Up—in loving contemplation—to nature's God Himself.

Turning toward the house again, "Shucknell hill," with its immense army of trees, intersected with winding roads, huts, cots, tents, and villas on the declines, all fill you with admiration and wonder. But now let us leave the little mountain with its grand old Hereford ewes, (which the farmer takes such care of) for they often looked at me as bold and as knowing as possible ; and their very eyes seemed to ask me, what I wanted there ? Let us leave them, and turn into the Stone Hall.

Ah ! you should have just looked in there one winter's Sunday evening. There would be the strong and always steady master, good Richard the elder. There was his unassuming, but deep-thinking wife. There might be her good brother JOHN GOSSELL, an innocent, quiet, pure-minded, yet as decided a man of God as you will find in any of the north-western counties. There might be James Lewis, the other deacon ; a clever machinist ; a good engineer, but, above all a thorough Barnabas. Then the sons would sing, the daughters play the music ; and prayer would close the meeting.

Last autumn, Purlbrook was sold ; the purchaser required it himself. The long-standing tenant, and his devoted family, had to leave it. It so happened I slept there the last Saturday and Sunday night before they left it.

That last Sunday morning we all went to chapel. Something said to me, "Read Genesis xlv. in the chapel this morning !" I felt I would. The chapel, the people, the singing, all looked so sweet, all felt so heavenly that blessed Sunday morning. It was April 25, 1869. As I sat in the pulpit, my heart began to melt, my tears began to flow. My soul said, "The Lord is in this place !"

O how my heart with bounding joy can spring,  
And how my lips thine hallow'd praises sing ;  
When, firm in faith, my spirit can record,  
That all salvation flows from THEE—THE LORD.

I feared I would not be able to read. But singing done, I stood up, and as I read how Joseph could not refrain himself, how he made himself known unto his brethren, how he said, "Doth my father yet live ?" How he declared, "God sent him to preserve life," how he ordered the waggons to go and fetch his father, and all the families, and come down, "for here" said he, "I will nourish thee ;" and how Jacob's hearted fainted ; and he believed them not ; but how when "Jacob saw the waggons Joseph had sent to carry him, his spirit revived," when I read through this sacred history, and thought how soon my beloved friend and his sons, and all he had, must get the waggons, load up their goods, leave their Purlbrook Goshen, and journey to Wessington Desert, I thought my heart must burst. But when I read those precious words, "God spake unto Israel in the visions of the night, and said, "Jacob ! Jacob ! fear not to go into Egypt ; I will go down with thee into Egypt ; I will also surely bring thee up again,"

then, I say, when I read those words, I felt the Lord would fit every back for the burden ; and every burden I rolled upon him. I prayed, and preached, and then broke bread with them ; preached again in afternoon ; went in evening and preached at Lugwardine ; of which, and our last meeting in Purlbrook, I wish to tell you in next chapter. Until then, and until life shall close, I pray to be found, your useful servant,

THE EDITOR.

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## What was in that Cup?

### CHAPTER XVI.

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“ Come hither, ye that fain would know  
Th’ exceeding sinfulness of sin ;  
Come, see a scene of matchless woe,  
And tell me what it all can mean.”

SORROW, certainly, is a word which marks the whole of the New Covenant and God-elected family. The word which we translate “sorrow,” signifies intense labour and weariness ; that is one sense of the word ; but it has many stronger and deeper meanings than that. The Psalmist speaks of the sorrows of death ; and of the sorrows of hell ; because when the burden of sin and the sentence of death is found in the soul, it frights and alarms that soul most awfully ; and, then, the death-bed is a scene of such sorrow as no one can look upon without grief ; and because in the state of the lost soul, there is NO REST, therefore, the “sorrows of hell” mean that everlasting restlessness and agony, of which the Saviour spake, when He said, “there shall be in the outer darkness, weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

In the vision Isaiah had of the humiliation of the Son of God, he gives him a title which is given to no other in the whole canon of Scripture, “A Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief ;” yea, mark you, Isaiah says, “He CARRIED our sorrows.” All the eternal sorrows belonging to the sins of the church were carried, borne, and realized, in Him ; because it pleased the Lord to bruise Him ; to put Him to grief ; and to make His soul an offering for sin.

Let us have one little chapter this month, upon this SORROW, and of the sympathy which the true sheep of Christ have with their great Shepherd in that distress and affliction which He endured for them, in order to bring them into that holy city, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying ; where God shall wipe out the cause of all tears ; for the former things, all the earthly things, all the fruits of the fall, will then have passed away for ever.

I had been preaching on Sunday morning, the sixth of March, in this year 1870, from the words, “Behold, O God, our shield ; and look upon the face of thine anointed ;” but I had not been very happy in my own soul. The text had come into my mind when I was on my knees seeking the Lord in prayer ; and I had some sacred meditation upon the mediatorial and intercessory work of the Lord Jesus Christ ; still, in preaching, there was a lack of the inward anointing in my poor heart ; and while travelling on with grief, most tenderly did some one

seem to speak to me, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger."

So fully did these words fix themselves in my soul, that as soon as I could, I retired to reflect upon them; and a season of strong soul-feeling I had in speaking to our beloved people that evening from those holy and expressive words.

Jeremiah sat in his dungeon or cave, or in the hole of a black rock when he wrote his "Lamentations;" at least, so the historians tell us; and many passed by in that day of dread calamity which then befel the Jews.

But Jeremiah was the Lord's prophet; and in the spirit of prophecy the Lord did here anticipate the sorrows of His soul on the cross at Calvary's hill.

Stand you there, my soul, awhile; look at the Lamb of God, listen to the sacrificial and atoning priest of the Most High God, as He hangs nailed to the tree; and if the Spirit of the Lord be with thee, thou shalt from this scene of sorrow bring forth fruit which shall be for thy comfort and peace for many days to come.

Consider the appeal first. "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" The margin renders it in the positive: "It is nothing to you, all ye that pass by." True is this testimony. If a man can heedlessly pass by the cross of Christ, and heed it not, it is a dreadful sign of his present reprobate condition. But the appeal is indirectly descriptive of character. Jesus Christ is lifted up in the Gospel ministry as a great Saviour for the sinful sons of men. There are three large classes of persons who pass by, as though neither CHRIST, nor His cross, was of much account to them. This "passing by" implies they come near to Him, they may look, they may listen, but still, they pass by. Men, who have no true sense of their awful condition as sinners exposed to the wrath of God, pass by. When a man's eyes are opened to see the preciousness of his own soul, and he looks upon sin, and the punishment for sin in hell, for ever, as the greatest of all evils, John Bunyan says, such a man will fly to Christ for a refuge. Oh, yes! he will not pass by. The drawings of the Spirit will have a voice to him saying—

"Come, poor sinner, come away in meditation sweet,  
Let us go to Golgotha, and kiss our Saviour's feet;  
Let us in His wounded side, wash till every whit is clean,  
That's the fountain open'd wide for filthiness and sin."

Men pass by when they have no fixedness of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

It does appear to me that THE FAITH, which is of, and unto, salvation, does clearly apprehend that three-fold GREATNESS which is in the Son of God; and of that greatness each of the chief apostles had a distinct mission to declare. For instance, Peter saw the greatness of the Person of Christ, "Thou art the CHRIST, the Son of the living God." Paul saw the greatness of the salvation by Christ. The cross of Christ, the sufferings of Christ, the atonement, the offering, the one sacrifice which put away sin; this was Paul's theme; not by any means to the exclusion of a perpetual testimony to the glory of the Person of Christ. Nay. Of HIM, whom Paul had seen; of Him at



whose feet Paul had fallen ; of Him, he spake and wrote most comprehensively and conclusively ; still, SALVATION was his one great theme ; while John beheld the greatness of the GIFT. " Behold, what manner of love, the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." If a man's soul is not fixed by faith on the Person, Work, and Gift of Christ, he will pass by.

Let me speak to thine heart, my reader, concerning the essential, the all-sufficient evidence of thy interest in the substitutionary cup of salvation. It is three-fold. Faith in the Person of Christ, kindles a flame of pure and abiding love to Him and to His Gospel in every branch of it. Faith in His salvation draws out a lively hope ; while faith in the great gift of God in giving His Son for thee, and to thee, createth in thee a confidence assimilating to that of Job, " Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." With this love looking to, and this hope longing for, and this confidence, leaning upon Jesus, thou wilt never pass by. Like that simple little poet, thy soul will say—

" I'll creep beside Him as a worm,  
And see Him die for me."

To you, the appeal is not condemnatory, " Is it NOTHING to you ?" Nay ; you can say, more than millions of worlds is this dear Lamb of God to me ; this " JAH," the breather and speaker of life to the soul ; for in His name is life, eternity, and glory.

A third class who pass by, are those who certainly appear to favour the righteous cause ; they will hear, sometimes they will support the Gospel ; but they will not, they do not obey the Lord in the observance of His ordinances ; nor in rendering submission to His laws. It would require a long chapter to prove and delineate this class. I forbear now ; and pass on to the second sentence of Jeremiah's text, which shadows out the ministry of Christ. It is an invitation, " Behold and see." Before His incarnation ; in the days of His tabernacling here ; and since His ascension, His ministry has been as the voice of wisdom calling to the sons of men to examine for thyself. Was there not a three-fold degree in the ministry of Christ? First, a crying. This is for the awakening of the souls of His people. " Doth not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice ?" " The voice said, Cry, all flesh is grass," &c. " In the last day, that great day of the feast, JESUS stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." " He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth." It was this voice which spoke life and light into my soul ; and in those four verses, twenty-seven, eight, nine, and thirtieth of John's tenth chapter, I see enough to kill all the Arminianism in the world, if it was the Master's will. Look at the mercy, the majesty, the invincible might of those precious words. Look at them, wrap them up in thy bosom, bind them to thy heart, eat them, digest them, live upon them, they are thy life. Hearken ! " My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me ; I give unto them eternal life ;" (He put the " AH"\* into both Abraham's and Sarah's names ; that was Himself ; therefore) " they shall never perish ; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. 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."

\* I will endeavour to explain this more fully another time.

Christ's voice, therefore, is in union with the Father's will, and gift. Between the two immutable, the Father and the Son, the church is bound up in a covenant ordered in all things and sure.

In Christ's ministry, there is not only His cry, but there is His "COME UNTO ME!" The cry quickens, the "Come" draws. How secret and certain, how sweet and powerful, is His "Come unto Me;" then there is His command, "Zaccheus, come down; make haste, and come down, to-day I must abide at thine house." Beautiful ministry is the ministry of Christ. He sent Moses and Aaron. He sent prophets and apostles and martyrs. He came Himself. He sends His Spirit, His written word, His angels, yea, all the powers in heaven and earth, wait to do His bidding, in calling home the family His Father gave Him. So here, to some of the passers by, He says, "Behold and see."

In the third sentence, He calls to an investigation of one of the most tremendous subjects ever contemplated by angels or men, or even by the eternal God Himself. What is it? "See if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger."

It has been thought to be impossible to look into the depths of this most holy mystery. I believe as the poet says—

"GOD ONLY knows the love of God."

So, the GOD-MAN alone knoweth the full extent of those sorrows which poured His soul out even unto death. All the godly men, in all ages, whose testimonies I have read, have had their minds most powerfully and acutely exercised on the cross of Calvary, on the crucified Christ of God. And it is thought this will be more powerfully the case with the one living church of Christ in the latter end of the Gospel dispensation; for, of "that day" the Lord doth speak most emphatically and specially in Zechariah's prophecy, where THE CAUSE and THE EFFECTS of the cause, are wedded and tied together by Jehovah Himself. The word is in Zech. xii. 10, "I will pour upon the house of David, &c., the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced; and they shall mourn for Him as one that mourneth for his only son; and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born."

This prophetic declaration is wonderfully definite; and I would ask Mr. James Wells, who, I think, considers all prophecy as being already fulfilled, if he believes this one in Zechariah has been, or is, to any extent, in our day? I know full well, it has in some individual cases been deeply experienced. Watts wrote from the fulness of his soul, when he penned those lines—

"See from his head, his hands, his feet;  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

But, how few now appear to be "living a life of faith upon the Son of God," having "fellowship with Him in His sufferings." I do not know any minister of this day, whose sermons are more continuously filled with Scriptural developments of the substitutionary work of the Son of God than have been the published sermons of Mr. James Wells, the author of the "Sure, Tabernacle Pulpit; but, in the fear of the Lord,

I would ask him if there has been in connection with his ministry, such an out-pouring of the Spirit of grace and of supplications upon the people, as to constrain them to look through the ministry unto the slain Lamb of God; and there to have such clear views of the heinous and dangerous nature of sin, such views of the sternness of divine Justice in smiting the Lamb of God for sins not His own, and such views of the compassion and power of the Lord Jesus in becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, as to cause them to mourn in the bitterness of their souls, feeling their own cursed iniquities drove the nails into his precious body, and thrust the spear into his heart?

I fear that even the pastor of the flock in the Surrey Tabernacle often grieves over the too manifest want of the out-pouring of the Spirit of God upon the hearts of the people.

When I preached upon the sorrows of Christ recently, I was so filled with the dreadful sense of sin on the one hand, and my sympathies were so drawn out toward the bleeding Lamb on the other hand, that I was almost out of myself; but the people appeared unmoved; while I was stirred to the very depths of my soul, and urging upon them the solemnities of a Saviour's death, the singers were heedlessly looking after their closing hymn and their tune; and the people sat as unconcerned, apparently so, as though it was a formal and lifeless ceremony. Oh! how dreadful all this sleepy and careless state of things is to me. Alas! I too often feel encased in iron myself; and know most bitterly that until the Spirit is poured upon us, we shall not look to Jesus in all His bloody sweat and agonizing sorrow; or, if we do look, we shall not mourn with broken hearts and with contrite spirits; much less shall we honestly and practically break out—

“ Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all!”

If the SPIRIT of God was now leading us to look to JESUS, in the garden, on the cross, and as now standing on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, should we have such dry, cold, brain-spun theological theories in some pulpits where men “sound in the faith” do minister? Should we have such fleshly contentions between ministers and deacons, such scatterings of the people, and such carnal exhibitions as make the professors to turn away with contempt, and the partakers of grace to mourn in their souls? Nay, brethren, these earthquakes and mountebanks, these dry dissertations and uncomely disturbances, all declare, that the power and the heart-melting unction of the Holy Ghost is wanting. Everybody must, I think, almost everybody does admire, the zeal and success of Master C. H. Spurgeon. I have loved him in my soul when I have read his efforts to set the crown of a sinner's salvation upon the head of Jesus alone. And in his enterprizes to shelter the orphans, to comfort the aged, to instruct the young, and to send out the truth of the Gospel, he has been successful beyond any man we have ever heard or read of. But, when he turns to lectures on candles and bells, and the holding of bazaars, &c, I feel distressed and perplexed; I ask myself, did Jesus ever authorize such commingling of trumpety

with HIS TRUTH? I ask myself would Peter, or Paul, or James, or John sanction such approaches to merchandize in the house of the Lord? Would George Whitefield have stooped so low? I trow not. If the preaching of Christ, and Him crucified, is not sufficient to support the efforts we make to benefit our age; if organs, and concerts, and bazaars, and secular movements must be blended, then, I have misunderstood the great commission which Jesus gave unto His own chosen disciples, and through them to all His ministers to the end of time.

Let no man dare to deny this fact, we are living in an age of unprecedented effort; but, as regards the vitalizing Spirit, I fear we are degenerating into dreams, delusions, and into death itself. As regards the sorrow of the Son of God, I am prevented from approaching this fathomless fountain this month. I have had a three-fold view of it. The Saviour had

- 1.—His relative sorrow.
- 2.—His mediatorial sorrow.
- 3.—His prospective sorrow.

These branches of the suffering Saviour's mediatorial work must be left until the next chapter; as also notices of Mr. Wilcockson's marvellous book of joy and sorrow; and the Bishop of Winchester's discourse on "fellowship with Christ." Both these unusually spiritual testimonies will help us to a consideration of the subject. So believes your increasingly anxious servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

#### PEACEFUL PASSAGE HOME.

THOUGHTS ON THE SUDDEN DEPARTURE<sup>B</sup>  
OF OUR LATE BROTHER, MR. EDWIN  
REALFF, PRECENTOR AT WELLESLEY  
STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL, STEPNEY, E.

OUR brother released from all care,  
Has passed to the mansions of love;  
Where Jesus has gone to prepare  
A place for his people above.  
And anon he will call us away  
From this sinful vale, and all strife;  
To rest in the realms of bright day,  
Far, far from this wilderness life.  
Yes! Jesus our Saviour while here,  
Said plainly he would come again,  
And take us from this lower sphere,  
To heaven to live and to reign.  
Our brother he passed a few years,  
Then anxiously looked for a change,  
While on earth he'd a great many fears,  
Yet how peaceful he was under pain.  
The notice, 'tis true, was but short;  
Still ready he was to depart;  
By Jesus, in faith he was brought,  
To love him in deed and in heart.  
Ah, yes! by God's grace he was brought,  
To believe, love, and serve him below;

Not only in word and in thought,  
But in actions without any show.  
He was a sweet singer while here,  
Although with occasional jars;  
Now he does tune his bright lyre,  
For ever with all perfect bars.  
May we, by the Spirit of God,  
Depart in like manner as he;  
How lovely at times is the road;  
Soon at home for ever we'll be.  
Rejoice, then, dear sister; ere long  
We'll share with our brother the same;  
Then we shall enlarge the bright throng,  
Singing praise to Immanuel's name.  
Dear brother, we leave thy dust here;  
In hope, sure and certain, that when,  
Our Jesus on high shall appear,  
We all shall be glorified there.  
Good brother we bid you adieu,  
We soon shall behold you again;  
May Jesus our spirits renew,  
And take us with him for to reign.  
Sure I am we shall safely get home;  
The moment, O! I dinna ken;  
Our Jesus has told us to watch;  
So we leave it to him as to when.

AN EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MR. JESSE GWINNELL,  
OF GREENWICH.

THE pastor of the Baptist church, Devonshire road, Greenwich, has gone to his rest. His pulpit services have been somewhat intermitted during the last few months, owing to catarrh in his eyes, and the suffering induced by surgical operations. But when able to preach, his testimony was as distinct and savoury as ever, and the people heard him gladly. It was hoped he would recover his sight in part at least, and live to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus for many years to come. The oculist had no doubt of success. The patient, however, was very despondent on the subject, and frequently said he was near his end. He was led to the chapel, on the evening of Sunday, the 27th of February, and almost immediately on taking his seat, he said to a friend "*I am struck for death.*" Taken home, he soon afterwards revived, and those about him concluded it was a nervous affection which would pass off; probably he was conscious of symptoms predictive of the approaching result. Many times in the night he was heard imploring closer nearness to the Saviour, more in-shining from Him that dwelt between the cherubims. He took a little breakfast, and his good wife went out to purchase some arrowroot, leaving him in bed. She was soon back, and found him partly dressed, and on his knees. He was cold and speechless, and when laid on the floor, a peculiar gurgle was heard in his throat which she too well understood. His lungs had collapsed, the spirit had flown.

Monday the 7th of March, was chosen for his interment. The body was carried to the chapel, Devonshire road, where a crowded congregation assembled, and many could not gain admission. Mr. T. Jones commenced the service by giving out a hymn, after which, Mr. Griffin read several portions of Scripture suitable to the occasion, from the Old and New Testament, and called on the assembly to unite in prayer to the God of all consolation. After the singing of three more verses, Mr. Hall gave an address on death, and its subjection by the Captain of our salvation. The distance from the chapel to the cemetery (Shooter's hill) was too great to be walked, except by the strong in will and muscle, but more than a dozen mourning coaches and other carriages followed the hearse; and we found a dense throng of sympathizing friends surrounding the open grave. The coffin being deposited in its resting place, Mr. T. Jones spoke on the solemnity of the occasion; of the breach death had made in the family and in the church; of the alleviations of creature sorrow furnished in the Gospel, which declares the eternal safety of those who stood in covenant union with Christ, before the world was made, were redeemed from among men by the death of their Divine Surety, and made to realize their interest in everlasting love by the renewings of the Holy Ghost. He referred to the Egyptian mode of treating the dead, embalming their bodies in costly spices to preserve them from corruption, and to perpetuate their memory; but the God-honoured minister of Jesus has a more pleasing and permanent covering than the choicest aromatics which grow on earth; he is enshrined in loving hearts and grateful memories, where he is associated with blessed experiences of truth in its might and mercy, help in the time of need, cordials in soul sickness, feasts of fat things full of marrow, and wines on the lees well refined; in all which the faithful pastor has been a willing servant, a helper of their faith, and a sharer in their joy. He, the speaker, had no doubt that the memory of the deceased was made dear to many then present, by the gracious messages he had been commissioned to bear to them, and which had been witnessed to by the Holy Spirit. The deceased in his natural character and bearing was not so attractive of human friendship as some men are, but, by so much the more is it evident to us, that the

place he holds in the esteem of so many gracious people was given him by our divine Master, by virtue of the blessing and grace revealed through his ministry. A short prayer concluded the service at the grave.

It is only justice to add that the funeral was conducted with every mark of respect. The dais or rostrum was shrouded in black cloth. The coffin was covered with the same material. The undertaker must have had liberal instructions, which were as liberally carried out. The spectators, including the congregation at the chapel, and ditto at the grave, must have counted hundreds, and most of them were clothed in mourning.

"We believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

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## THE WIDOW OF THE LATE PASTOR HUTCHINSON AND HER BABES.

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DEAR C. W. BANKS,—Mrs. Hutchinson requests me to return her sincere thanks to you for your kind appeal in the *VESSEL* this month; and to the kind friends that have so liberally responded to it, which has melted her in tears of gratitude to God for such an interposition of his providence. The enclosed is a list of Donations received by me up to the 18th of March, 1870. Please insert this in April *VESSEL*, many of your readers will be looking for it, according to their request. I promised you the rise and progress of the cause at Bedmont, but I have had so much writing in answering these letters, that I have not been able to do it. The Lord bless and prosper you.

R. SEARLE.

Baptist Minister, Two Waters, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Friends by Mr. T. Stringer, Stepney. - - -	2	2	0	Three Friends at Clapham - - -	0	3	0
Friends at Street, Somerseset - - -	1	4	0	Mr. J. Harris, London, Parcel of new clothes for children, also - - -	0	2	6
Mr. T. Miller, Eltham road - - -	1	0	0	Mr. C. Powell, Old Kent road - - -	0	2	6
Mr. Whichelo, Linslade - - -	1	0	0	A Friend to the widow and fatherless - - -	0	2	6
Mr. Boys, Chalk Farm road. - - -	0	15	0	Mr. Carr, Brighton - - -	0	2	6
Mr. Cox, Denham - - -	0	10	0	Mrs. Carr, Do. - - -	0	2	6
Mrs. Cox, Do. - - -	0	5	0	Mr. Tritton, Cheshire - - -	0	2	6
E. V., E. J. - - -	0	7	0	Mr. Blagdon, Southgate - - -	0	2	6
A Friend from Chelmsford - - -	0	5	0	J. C., London, - - -	0	2	0
Mr. Saunders, Topsham - - -	0	5	0	A Friend - - -	0	1	0
A Friend from Wales - - -	0	5	0	A Friend - - -	0	1	0
A Reader of The Earthen Vessel, Penzance - - -	0	5	0	S. S. - - -	0	0	10
Mr. Warren, Ramsgate - - -	0	5	0	Mrs. K., - - -	0	0	20
A Friend from Dover - - -	0	3	0	Mr John Closs, per C. W. Banks	0	1	0
Three Readers of Vessel - - -	0	3	0				
Mr. T. Jones, London - - -	0	5	0				

[We weep for joy over the help which has been given; but, there are scores of our ministers and churches, great and small, who have not, as yet, noticed this case. We beseech them to do so at once. To every reader of THE EARTHEN VESSEL we say most earnestly, do three things at once before you forget them:—(1.) Read James i. 27. (2.) Plead with the Lord that His word in Isaiah liv. 4—11, may be the portion of this beareaved sister, who was given to His poor servant to nurse him in his last days; then, (3) speak of the case to your people, and send to her all you can. Brother R. Searle is a well known and most humble servant of Christ, he will see the best is done with all committed to his care for the Widow and her babes.—ED.]

## Nineteen Years in the Fire and not Consumed.

[Our brother, Samuel Foster, of Sturry, requests insertion of the following cheering note. His existence, and his experience, are both powerfully expressive of the wonder-working, sovereign hand of the Lord.—ED.]

Sturry, Canterbury, Dec. 8, 1869.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I am with you in spirit, and as I cannot commune with you face to face, I will try, (the Lord helping me) and commune with you by my pen. It is written, "They that feared the Lord, spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written." Since we parted in October, many changes I have passed through; trials, temptations, and much heaviness; but hitherto the Lord hath helped me; and by grace thus far I am come, and He who hath helped us hitherto, will help us all our journey through. Much I have thought about you since I read of the death of your dear son George; truly you have found "how hard and rugged is the way to some poor pilgrims' feet." Out of one trouble into another. Out of the fires into the waters. Fear not, the Lord is with you: the Lord will stand by you, and deliver you out of every trouble, and preserve you unto His heavenly kingdom. These lines were sweet to me—

Not all that earth and hell can say,  
Will turn his love from me away.

I hope your son has left a sweet testimony that all was well, and that he is now with Jesus, singing the new song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Your path has been most trying, death in all your families, your dear wife so heavily afflicted, with your own trials; had not the arms of everlasting love been beneath you, you must have sunk. This promise you have believed in your own heart, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and the rivers they shall not overflow thee." It has been a sweet portion to me, I have realized its truth and power. The Holy Ghost applied it to my heart, nineteen years and eight months ago, when the Lord first put me in the furnace for his own glory and my good. Nineteen years in the fire, and not consumed! Truly, I am a monument of mercy, a miracle of grace; it is of the Lord's mercy I am not consumed, because his compassions fail not; they are new every morning; great is His faithfulness. I do not forget you, as the Lord enables me, at the throne of grace. The Lord bless you; Himself having suffered, being tempted, He knows how to succour them that are tempted. These words came to me the other evening, "He learned obedience, by the things that He suffered, and being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation," &c. I should like to tell you my thoughts upon this solemn portion, but it is a great deep.

I am still very slowly improving, I get a little stronger. What the Lord is about to do with me, I know not; my times are in His hands; He performeth all things for me. I need great grace to lie passive in His hands, and know no will but His. Lord! do with me as seemeth good; conform me to Thy image, and help me to live to thy glory. In my case it may be hard, "is anything too hard for the Lord?" After near twenty years' affliction, shall I be raised up again? What the

Lord has done is marvellous; I believe the Lord has greatly blessed the means, and I believe the Lord has heard the prayers of many of my dear unknown and tender friends; and in answer to this prayer, is raising me up again. Last spring I could not stand more than a baby, now through sovereign mercy, I can walk around my room very tremblingly. Oh what wonders love has done! I am not well: many pains; but I do desire to bless the Lord for what He has done for me. I sometimes say, "Shall I ever leave this little sanctuary, where Jesus has done so much for me? Where the Lord of life and glory has communed with His sinful worm?" My sick chamber has been made a little Bethel. It has been heaven on earth; many times I felt I was near glory, and longed to depart, to be with Christ; but no; a few more sighs, a few more tears, and we shall bid adieu to pain. I must tell you the Lord is very gracious to me. The Word of God is very precious. One morning I was much cast down; so shut up I could not come forth, the word was sealed, I much oppressed; but, in waiting upon the Lord, He poured down His Spirit, and I was enabled to draw nigh in faith. O, what holy freedom I enjoyed! I longed to depart, to be with Christ. I would like to have died at his dear feet. Many such lessons I have had. Last Lord's-day we had a prayer-meeting in my chamber. The Lord was with us in truth. He has brought us to the close of another year; goodness and mercy have followed us to this present moment. O help me to praise him for His mercy; O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together. The Lord bless you.

SAMUEL FOSTER.

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### In Memoriam.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—Rev. xiv. 13.  
 Go, sceptic, to the dying couch of one  
 Approaching to the dark abyss of death!  
 Say, why those prayers, which mingle with each groan?  
 That praise which floats to heaven on dying breath?  
 The storms of life's rough sea are almost past;  
 One more propitious gale, and all is o'er;  
 Faith, Hope, and Love, can bear the final blast,  
 And then, the ship, full-freighted, gains the shore.  
 We muse of one, who four-score years did roam,  
 Amidst the chequered scenes of life's dull night;\*  
 Who, when the summons came to call her home,  
 With Jesus on her lips, took gladsome flight.  
 Why mourners weep, if she can weep no more?  
 Her sun went down, in brightness all was light;  
 Yea, it has risen on that blissful shore,  
 Where tears are dried, and "there is no more night."  
 Survivors, listen to the well-known voice  
 Which speaks in loving accents from the dust,  
 "If you through life make God your only choice,  
 He will not, when you die, betray your trust."  
 You loved the pious dead, walk in her ways;  
 Her foot-prints on time's sands will long be seen;  
 Thus God's own truth will shed its brightest rays  
 To shew the path, and help you walk therein.

Totteridge, Herts, Feb. 18, 1870.

ROBERTUS.

\* Mrs. B——, of B——, finished her earthly course, January 25th, 1870.



## Happy Saints: Heavenly Scenes: Holy Songs.

A MEMOIR OF MARY ANN LEGGE.

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ANOTHER vessel of mercy has been removed from the temple below to the temple above; another lily transplanted from the garden below to the garden above. Our beloved sister had known the Lord from early years. She had a great attachment to the house of the Lord; but being so employed on week-day evenings she could not attend the prayer meetings; hence she offered her mistress part of her wages, if she would but let her attend the week-night prayer-meetings. Might not some adults learn a lesson here? About six years since, she came to London, and was baptized by Mr. Glaskin, just previous to his relinquishing his pastorate of Providence chapel, Islington green. She remained a consistent member, a warm-hearted friend to the cause of Christ, and a zealous teacher in the school. When the cause was in difficulties some years since, she came forward with others, to lend the little money she had saved to assist the friends in carrying on the ministry of the Gospel in that place, which has lately been repaired. She was of a weakly constitution, which was accelerated by the death of one to whom she was ardently attached. Last summer her health so far failed that she was obliged to leave her uncle and aunt (Harvey's, St. Paul's road,) with whom she had lived since coming to London, and seek the benefit of her native air, at Torquay, Devonshire. A young female friend writing from thence, says, "When I first began to visit Mary Ann last summer I was pleased to find her in a peaceful, patient frame. She never appeared to entertain a hope or desire to recover. Once she expressed reluctance to leave her mother behind, (who also feared the Lord) and she prayed that her mother might die first, and herself soon afterwards. If the Lord would but take her mother first, then she felt, she had no desire left in this world, but to be with Christ, which is far better. She thought her dear mother being a widow, would feel so disconsolate without 'her Mary Ann,' so would she without her affectionate mother. She earnestly desired of the Lord that neither one might be taken away far distant in time from another. In reply to questions respecting the state of her mind, such as 'Are you happy?' 'Do you feel the consolations of the Holy Spirit?' she invariably answered 'Yes.'"

Her prayer that the Lord would take her mother to heaven first, was answered; her mother died by her side in bed one morning. On the same day she said to her friend, "Now I hope the Lord will not be long in coming for me, but do pray that I may be patient." She seemed always to possess a fear lest she should sin through lack of patience. She then wrote a letter to her cousin (Mrs. White) concerning her mother's death, imploring her to pray for her that the Lord would support her through the trial. She also said, "It is a different thing talking about death, and realizing it." Her dear aunt (sister Harvey), then went down from London to Torquay on receipt of the painful intelligence, and found not only her beloved sister lying a corpse

but also her niece very ill indeed ; thin in body, breathing bad, could eat but little, yet her countenance not altered in the least. The doctor said, with care she might live some time ; her aunt likewise thought the same ; but as for herself she had no wish to recover.

On the day of her mother's funeral she said to her friend, " Will you read me the chapter where Jesus says, ' I am the resurrection and the life,' and 1 Cor. xv., ' O death, where is thy sting ?'"

On one occasion, her friend and constant companion spoke to the doctor outside the door, but did not intend to tell her sister about it, but it could not be concealed ; she would know all the doctor said. When she was informed of the doctor's opinion, that she might linger some time, or might die any minute, she putting up both her hands, exclaimed, " Thank the Lord, my time will not be long." To those who spoke to her respecting the state of her mind, she said, " Very happy," and wishing to go. A day or so previous to her death, her friend said to her, " You will soon be in heaven now !" She replied, " I hope so ; I am a poor helpless creature, but I go to Jesus, crying,

Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

I rely on nothing but the blood of Jesus."

On the Friday before she died, her aunt asked her if she was afraid to die, she replied " No ; not afraid to die, underneath are the everlasting arms."

On the morning of her decease, Lord's-day, Feb. 27th, her nails turned purple, an intimation to those around her, her last change was approaching. A lady having come to see her, and going to her bedside said, " Well, Mary Ann, you will soon be at home," a sweet smile lighted up her face as she said " Do you think so !" She asked her young friend to sing some hymns for her, such as

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,

and two others. Her friend writes to say she shall never forget the peaceful holy calm that Mary Ann and herself enjoyed that morning. In the afternoon this friend said to her, " You cannot talk with me now, dear." She had only whispered for some time, she now shook her head. When asked if she still felt Jesus' precious she nodded assent. About eight o'clock in the evening, ten days after her mother's death, her ransomed spirit took its flight to where her mother had lately gone, without a struggle or a groan. She was buried on Saturday, March 5th, at Torquay, and her funeral sermon was preached by her pastor, Lord's day evening March 13th, to a large congregation, from those words in Song vi. 2, " My beloved is gone down into his gardens to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies." Noticing the garden His church ; the bed of spices—as the saint's chamber of death, where the graces of the Holy Spirit were often so very fragrant ; and the gathered lily, our beloved sister Mary Ann Legge, aged twenty-seven years.

R. G. EDWARDS.

### A COMFORTABLE HIDING PLACE.

- " Lot others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear;  
But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,  
What feeble things we are.
- " Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.
- " Our life contains a thousand strings,  
And dies if one be gone:  
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long."

Flavel, in his book on "Divine Providence," shews what strange vicissitudes, what sudden changes, attend the sons of men in this world; against the bitterest distresses of these changes, even the best of men have need to make use of such means as the kind providence of God may throw in their way.

Twice in the Book of Proverbs Solomon says — "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself." A truly prudent man is not a reckless Antinomian; a prudent man is not an abstract fatalist. A prudent man, in the highest sense of the term, is one who knoweth the value of his own soul: knoweth his soul's ruin by sin, and knowing also the remedy God hath provided in the person of His Son, fleeth for refuge unto the hope set before him in the gospel of Christ. But, a prudent man's care extendeth also to his body, to his family, to his position in this world altogether; and while he lives a life of faith on the Son of God, he is led to be diligent in securing for himself, and for those most dear unto him, all that provision, which the wise and thoughtful of our generation have brought into existence.

For young Christian men, these few lines are particularly intended.

A young man the other day asked the permission of a Christian Minister to be allowed to pay his addresses to his daughter. The Christian Minister said, "Before I give my consent, let me ask you, young man, three questions."

1. "Do you fear God?" The young man dared not say he did.
2. "Have you learned a good

and useful trade whereby to provide things necessary for a wife and family?" "No, he had not."

3. "Are you a member of any Sick Society, so that in case of your falling ill, there will be the means of supplying the wants of yourself, and those about you?" "No." He was a member of no Christian Church; he belonged to no Benefit Society; he had not really learned any useful trade. The father positively refused.

To all truly Christian young men who have not yet secured for themselves the benefits resulting from belonging to a good sound sick society, we feel it quite consistent with our work to call their attention to the Report of the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society, which they can obtain and peruse for themselves, by applying to the Secretary, Mr. Robert Banks, at his offices, 30, Ludgate Hill, in the City of London, from whom we have received the following note.

#### SURREY TABERNACLE BENEFIT SOCIETY,

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have much pleasure in forwarding you (per Book post), a copy of our Annual Report, and should you consider the Society worthy of a notice in your invaluable Magazine, (of which I have been a constant reader these twenty-five years), I shall be greatly obliged.

I believe a great number of our Members are readers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and they will be pleased to hear of our continued success. When I took office in Oct. 1866, our Invested Capital was £3,300. It now stands at £4,500: showing an addition of *One Thousand Two Hundred* pounds in a little over three years.

With kind regards, I am, Dear Editor, yours truly, THE SECRETARY.

30, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.  
FEB. 7, 1870.

The Report shows that the Surrey Tabernacle Benefit Society has been established nearly twenty-eight years: it has nearly one-thousand members, and a rapidly increasing capital. The Executive consists of a number of thoroughly practical Christian men, men who not only thoroughly understand the working

of the Society, but devote a large amount of time to its interest, quite voluntarily. The Benefits are £1 a week in sickness ; £15 for his funeral when the Lord is pleased to call him from this land where mercies and

miseries are mysteriously mingled together.

Most honestly and earnestly do we recommend this Society to all young men who are not thereby provided for in times of sickness and sorrow.

## Productions of the Press.

*The Gospel Magazine* for March, certainly breathes the spirit of Christ in every possible way. The late John Kershaw is spoken of as a brother in the Lord much beloved by Mr. Doudney. The death of the devoted wife of Mr. George Muller, of the Orphan Asylum, near Bristol, is also commented upon in very tender and affectionate terms. We have read Mr. Muller's address at the funeral of his departed wife ; and we must acknowledge he speaks not simply as a man of extraordinary faith, nerve, resignation, and quietness ; but, as a Christian man whose degrees of confidence in God, and of satisfaction with God, are so far beyond what we generally meet with, that the perusal of such exhibitions of strong faith, almost make us sometimes fear we are out of the secret. Still, in our measure, under heavy and numerous bereavements, we have been most wonderfully supported. Mr. Doudney, the editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, is branching out into mission work, soup kitchens, and, in fact, in every way spiritually and temporally, to benefit his fellows who surround him. In these practical and benevolent works flowing out of a love to the Lord and His Gospel, we behold "the fruits" which adorn and commend the true Christian life.

*The Last Vials* for March contain some terrific reflections upon the Romish council ; and upon the "open mockery of God" practised by heretical Protestants, who "pray for the conversion of the Pope." We believe *Last Vials* is too correct when he asserts we have as much to fear from the abominations and heresies of professed Protestantism as we have from Romanism. "The Invisible Church of Christ" as she stands in an eternal union with the

glorious covenant Head, is the only safe body of people in this world. When the martyrs' monument in Smithfield was uncovered by the Earl of Shaftesbury, on the 11th of March, 1870, it was deeply afflicting to hear how the orators contradicted each other in their speculations upon the future of Rome's triumphs over Protestant England, as they call our nation. The Earl of Shaftesbury evidently believed that true spiritual, heaven-born Protestantism was fast sinking in this country. Indeed it is. We dreadfully fear "the oil" is almost stayed. The "empty vessels" have been gathered, filled and almost all taken home. What have we left? What are we who make up the professing Protestant churches now? The answer is too horrible to be written. At any rate, we cannot now attempt to describe the pride and deceptive creaturefulness which is now almost everywhere prevalent. Indeed, this is no hasty dash of our pen. We inly mourn over the parade of that thing called talent ; and the absence of that which Paul calls power.

*The Wonderful Word JAH! The Challenge of the Chief Rabbi Refuted, and the Eternal Trinity of Jehovah Elohim proved from the Law and the Prophets, &c.*, by EDWARD POULSON. London: Published by Houlston. This sixpenny book is beyond all commendation valuable and precious. The glory and the condescension of the Eternal Son of God is so learnedly and powerfully developed and defended, that we purpose to examine and refer to it at greater length presently. There is nothing to be compared with the knowledge of the Covenant God of Israel, a Triune Jehovah. To a more perfect attainment of such

knowledge this book of Mr. Poulson's will be safely helpful.

*The Paradise of the Working Man.* Such is Australia, as a paragraph in Shirley Hibberd's *Gardener's Magazine* describes it; and from whence it appears that the harvest in Australia this year is rarely abundant. Praise the Lord for this! *The Gardener's Magazine*, published weekly, by E. W. Allen, Ave Maria lane, is a library in itself on all out-door business; it is a companion of pleasure and profit to the amateur, as well as to the many thousands of our professional horti-flori-botany and bee-producers.

*The Little Foxes.* Five consecutive sermons in one sixpenny book, by GREY HAZLERIGG, on Solomon's Song, entitled, "The Voice of the Bridegroom, and the Voice of the Bride," have been issued. We do not personally know the author; we never heard him preach; but, from these expositions it is clear Mr. Hazelrigg has a large knowledge of three things; of the professing church, of the true Christian, and of the many sources of deception on the one hand, and of distress and sorrow on the other. "The Little Foxes that spoil the vines" are numerous, and mischievous; Mr. H. has well hunted them out of their holes; and the church's prayer to have them taken away is so beautifully referred to, that we are anxious to quote a few lines another time. There are many foxes dividing and weakening our vines in these times; and if the whole Christian church was united in prayer to God for their removal, it would be a mercy for many thousands. Instead of that, this fox family increases rapidly; they threaten to destroy our vines altogether. Destroyed, the spouse of Christ can never be; but annoyed and filled with sorrow in this valley of tears, she certainly is.

*New South Wales.*—No young man can read of the beauties in nature, of the virtues in the air, and of the fortunes to be made in the mechanical and agricultural businesses of New South Wales, but will speedily wish thither to make his way. Shirley Hibberd's *Gardeners' Magazine* for

February contains authenticated and glowing accounts. This cheerful and faithful chronicler of all and of everything about gardens, fields, parks, vineyards, forests, and flowers of all sorts, is more varied and valuable than ever.

*A Sailor and a Saint.*—The first part of Mr. James Newborn's life is now ready. Thirty-six crown octavo pages for threepence, post-free for four stamps, from Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate-hill. Such scenes of danger and distress as are here recorded but few men, we hope, experience. James Newborn might well be an experimental preacher. He bought his own experience at a very dear rate.

*The Apocalypse.*—We are questioned whether Mr. James Wells's lectures on "Revelation" are published. We believe not. Perhaps when completed they will be issued in one volume. Of necessity that must be expensive and beyond the reach of thousands.

"*Your Shepherd's Voice*" is a pastoral letter to the Church and congregation of Providence chapel in Broadstairs by its worthy minister, Mr. J. J. Kiddle. It is a narrative of Providential leadings, and of circumstances illustrating the trials and faithfulness of a servant of the Lord.

*Science and the Gospel*—This immense work requires more research than we can yet bestow upon it. We are fearful that the wisdom of the world (beautiful sometimes in itself), is beclouding the Gospel; but we do not prove this until the work has been carefully perused.

MR. MITSON, of Stamford street, has succeeded in obtaining a very excellent *Cabinet* portrait of Mr. James Wells of the Surrey Tabernacle. Any friend desiring a copy of the same, can obtain it by writing to Mr. Mitson.

*Dr. Marston's Funeral Sermon* for the late J. C. Philpot, M.A." is on our table. It will have fair criticism presently.

Mr. Jeffery's little tract, advertised last month, "The Wiltshire Centenary" is a most precious little literary gem.

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

### OUR WESTERN CHURCHES.

It was July 7th, when the steamer took me into the city of Exeter. I had been mentally seeking for a message or two, as I was expected to preach there twice that day. As I approached the cathedral city, I had a text in Job for the afternoon, this was it; "He shall deliver the island of the innocent; and it is delivered by the pureness of thine hands." Although eight months have rolled away, I remember how sacred to me appeared the fact that, in the highest sense, the church of our Lord Jesus Christ is indeed an island; the river of God's everlasting love flows entirely around her; as well as through the midst of her, the deep red sea of atoning blood surrounds and cleanses her; while the ocean of heavenly truth overflows her banks, purifies her air, and so refreshes her inhabitants, that they live for ever. The deliverance is by the pureness of hands. Hands are for working; for giving; for lifting up in worship. Jesus' hands were PURE hands. "A body hast Thou prepared me." His hands were pure in their origin; pure in their nature, pure in their design, pure in their action and motive; yea, impreguably pure. Nothing could taint them. Beautiful and glorious, perfect, and undefiled were those hands which wrought out Zion's righteousness, which bestows on her every needed mercy; and they are lifted up on her behalf; at length, embracing her, and presenting her unto himself, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing! Who can tell the holy joy of that heart and mind which are irradiated with loving views of the perfections of him who is the eternal Son of God? While deep in thought, the train stopped. "Exeter! Exeter!" the porters cried, and on looking out, I saw my loving little nephew John Hunt Lynn, waiting to receive and welcome me; and right glad was I to find myself in his vicarage, where his wife had provided a dinner fit for a prince; and in converse and communion we partook of refreshments, and then journeyed on to the chapel where the services were to be held.

I have been a long time in coming to this part of my western journey; I have the notes of it all; and do not intend to omit one section of it. It was a fine tour. Plenty of work, kindness indescribable, and a blessed supply from the upper and nether springs, keeping body and soul in tune. Blessings for ever on his name! Exeter is a city of carefulness and cleanliness. I could dwell a long time over the labours of Whitefield here; Henry Tauner's conversion, and master Hicks's singular life, his success, his bright and his bitter, his faith and his fainting, but, it

would require volumes to enter into all these particulars. A few lines at a time is all I can give. To the Chard "shepherd," to his zealous spouse, to the city curate, and to all the friends of truth, I ever feel grateful, and would pray that the little one may there become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. Amen.

### FORMATION OF GOSPEL CHURCHES IN LONDON.

[The following details may be useful to many who seek instruction as to the mode of services in instrumentally planting churches after the New Testament pattern.—Ed.]

OLD ZION BAPTIST CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL, KING STREET, CAMDEN TOWN. Services were held Tuesday, Feb. 15th, 1870, to form into church fellowship some of the oldest members of the church who used to worship in Zion, Goldington crescent. The use of Avenue chapel, was kindly granted them.

In the afternoon, Mr. T. Stringer, of Stepney, preached from Acts xv. 11, "But we believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved even as they." His sermon was a concise unfolding of the plan of salvation; calculated to encourage and instruct the hearers. Many friends met at the tea table; the evening service commenced by Mr. Stringer taking the chair, and the chosen minister, Mr. Daniel Gander giving out the hymn—

"We are thy servants, dearest Lord,  
Love to preach the Gospel word;  
Give them clearer brighter views,  
While they sound the blissful news."

After asking divine blessing, Mr. Stringer called for a statement of the causes which led to the present meeting.

Mr. Brazeley, on behalf of the church, stated that when Zion was closed at the end of 1867, the neighbourhood was searched to find a place of meeting for the church and school, but none could be found nearer than the Caledonian road, where there was no room for the school; and to which the church went, leaving the school to be scattered; but that himself, as superintendent, and some other friends, had tried to find room for the school, and had asked advice of their friends, and amongst others, of Mr. Higham, who had kindly offered, rather than see such a good school dispersed, to make room for them in Avenue chapel, but that providence directed them to their present rooms, where they have remained since; and preaching had been conducted by Mr. Wheeler, and other kind friends. They had long wished to

form a church, but it was only recently that the hand of providence had pointed out the way, and they believed that Mr. Gander would be a suitable minister for them. Nearly all the members had known no another for periods of from ten to forty years, and they had all been baptized.

Mr. C. W. Banks then gave the right hand of fellowship to each one of the members, exhorting them to brotherly kindness and the practice of every Christian grace. Mr. Banks then declared them to be a New Testament Gospel church of Christ.

Mr. Stringer called upon Mr. Gander to state his call by divine grace, and to the office of the ministry; and also to state his views on Gospel truth.

Mr. Gander stated that Almighty grace had arrested him when a young man about twenty-nine years ago; and he had joined a church at Brighton, under Mr. Sedgwick, by whom he was baptized; and he used to be in a Sunday school connected with Mr. Savory's church. That church opened some country places for schools and preaching, and at one of these the minister was taken suddenly ill, and himself was, for first time asked to speak. This he did in much fear and trembling, but the Word was blessed, and he after that, often spoke in the name of the Lord, until removed to London some years after, where he was joined to Mr. Stringer's church in Snows fields, where he was quiet for a time; but several years ago, he was again called on to assist in various services, which resulted in his going to Claygate, in 1866, where he had since regularly preached the word, going down every Sunday. Providence had led him to leave there, and join himself to the friends now before him. He believed in one God, in three separate Persons, each having a distinct office as regards the church. That none but those who were eternally loved would be quickened by the Spirit, and would be able to lay their sins upon Christ to the exclusion of any merit of their own. That all are sinners, but those to whom the Spirit was given, would by the power of that Spirit be upheld through time, and saved eternally. That none but baptized believers had any Scriptural right to church fellowship and its privileges, and that if he altered his present views on these matters, he would at once resign his pastorate over a Particular Baptist church.

Mr. Stringer then gave his hand to Mr. Gander, as the minister of the church, exhorting him to be faithful and fearless in the truth.

Mr. Austin gave out the hymn—

"Jesus, accept our humble praise,  
While we our Ebenezer raise,  
Thou hast thy promise now fulfilled,  
On which our hopes were fond to build."

Mr. C. W. Banks then addressed the minister from Isaiah lii. 11, "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

[Much that could not be said for want of time—with what was said—may appear another day.]

Mr. Nugent then gave out the hymn—

"Ye messengers of Christ,  
His sovereign voice obey;  
Arise and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend your way."

Mr. Stringer addressed the church from 2 Cor. xiii. 11, "Finally, brethren, farewell, be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of peace shall be with you." Taking each clause of the verse he gave them some sound, solid, cheerful and loving advice, and hoped that righteous peace and prosperity might be with them all.

Mr. Kempston then gave out the hymn,

"By night I sometimes wonder,  
And wonder oft by day;  
I wonder now, and wonder  
Shall while on this earth I stay.

'Twill be a pleasing wonder,  
When I shall safely come  
Through every storm to Zion,  
My peaceful happy home."

Mr. Gander, on behalf of the teachers, thanked the Avenue friends for the kindness shown to the school during the last two years.

Mr. Stringer asked the Lord's blessing upon all assembled, and thus brought these interesting services to a close.

#### BRITISH PENITENT FEMALE REFUGE, HACKNEY.

ON Tuesday evening, Feb. 22, the Christian community gave their annual entertainment to the inmates, of this most excellent institution. There were a large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the drawing room soon after five o'clock. Here we learned that the British Penitent Refuge is the oldest institution of the kind in the country, and has been in existence nearly half a century; that many a poor erring sister had been reclaimed from the streets, and had been put in the way of getting their livelihood in a respectable manner.

At six o'clock, tea was announced; and at the same time two large folding doors which led to an adjacent room were opened where the inmates of the institution were seated. The matron then announced that there was her happy family. Here were over forty young females; many of them were not much over sixteen years of age. Each one had a history of her own, too painful indeed to pen in these pages; not refined enough for polite ears, too painful almost to bear, but which has to be borne by many who are unknown and unseen except by those Christian men who toil in the midnight movement. However, they feel conscious of a reward, "For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren

only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so?"

Tea was served in a most excellent manner.

At seven o'clock a meeting was convened. Mr. Ward was chosen chairman. During the singing of the first hymn, C. W. Banks put in an appearance, and quietly took his seat in one corner of the room. He evidently thought he was unperceived. He had however no sooner taken his seat than a gentleman at once took him by the hand, and introduced him to Mr. Atkinson, the Secretary of the Christian community. The opening speech having been given by Mr. Ward, he said he felt much pleasure in calling upon Mr. Banks, a gentleman who had ministered for many years in the metropolis. Mr. Banks still sat in his chair, seemingly quite unconscious that he had been called upon to speak; indeed it seemed as though he was lost in contemplation, for it appeared some time before he could understand his position; when he did, he was quite up to his work, and delivered a short but masterly address. He said one line on the card which he held in his hand would be the groundwork of his remarks: "British Penitent Female Refuge." Upon each of these terms Mr. Banks expatiated. The term penitent he said, in its highest and noblest sense could be given by God the Holy Ghost alone; it was a desire to breathe a purer atmosphere, and live a purer life. The term refuge was a sweet one, and which pointed to Christ, as the only refuge for guilty sinners. That house was a refuge to them, and had given shelter to many an erring sister; but as it was but a time refuge it would cease; yea, before even that, for after they had been in that institution a certain time, they would have to go out into a cold and selfish world. Happy indeed if they heeded the good things taught them; and happier still if they were led to find Christ as the refuge for weary souls. Then, when the weary wheels of life stood still, they would be taken to that home where there would be no more trial or sorrow. British, was a term which bound them to their country. They had no desire for foreign institutions, but he hoped they were loyal to the throne. The word female was a domestic term, and was endeared by thousands of recollections. He hoped that the Christian community would be supported in their labours of love; and he should be pleased to hear that large subscriptions were sent to their secretary Mr. Atkinson, 71, Mortimer road, Kingsland.

Some other short addresses were given; after which the company and inmates were regaled with some of the good things of this world. The inmates sang some anthems in a very creditable manner; and the proceedings were brought to a close at ten o'clock.

A CORRESPONDENT.

BILLINGBORO, FALKINGHAM.—It

pleased the Lord to visit us as a church in the removal of our dear brother Richard Green from the church militant to the church triumphant; he had been laid up for ten months, but we hoped he would be restored to us, until a short time before his death. He was, with his companion and one more formed into a church on Strict Baptist principles, on April 22nd, 1867; little did we then think he was so near the end of his days. He had been mainly instrumental in raising the cause of truth here. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" I thought in the event of his being taken from us, the cause must break down; but in spite of foes, the cause goes on. Our brother felt very anxious about the success of the Gospel here; he would often enquire about the attendance, and he appeared pleased to hear that the congregations increased; he has often said, "Oh, how I should love to meet with you once more!" That wish was not granted; that wish was swallowed up in the full fruition of glory. He was a man of sound Gospel views; he had a remarkable gift in prayer; was eminently qualified for his position in the church as a deacon, to conduct the worship of God, reading sermons, &c., in the absence of the minister; he will be missed by the church and congregation. The Lord can raise up another to fill his place. Our prayers are toward the Lord in that respect. He was kept in a very even frame of mind the greater part of the time of his illness. He very rarely questioned his acceptance in Christ; his faith appeared firmly fixed upon the covenant of grace, upon the atonement of Christ, and the final perseverance of the saints to eternal glory, through the invincible operations of the Holy Ghost; but he had no ecstasy, no raptures; he would not speak beyond what he felt. We cannot help remarking here what a difference there is in the family of God; some appear to be all their life-time, subject to bondage, through fear of death; while others appear to enjoy much Gospel liberty. Months before his death he was taken suddenly worse; I was called to his bedside; he appeared to be repeating Scriptures and verses of hymns. He appeared in a comfortable state of mind, in the prospect of death. He rallied again until September. I saw him the morning of the day he died; he appeared better, but was taken in a fainting fit and was gone very quickly.

W. WILSON.

OLD FORD. — Dear brother Thomas J. Messer, I sit down on moment, this first of March, 1870, to write you one line to let you know our meetings at Bethel, yesterday, were favoured seasons to many. The following ministers, among others, were present, brethren George Cook, J. Clinch, C. Cornwall, J. Cartwright, J. Dixon, R. G. Edwards, J. Flory, G. Holmes, W. House, R. Howard, Thomas Jones, A. W. Kaye, W. Joiner; C. L. Kemp,



W. H. Lee, W. Lodge, W. Kempson, S. R. Lewis, Perren, W. Sack, W. Symonds, G. Smith, W. A. Thomas, J. Warron, &c. We commenced in afternoon, with prayer. Brethren Joiner, Lodge, and Sack prayed in the Spirit; R. G. Edwards, C. L. Kemp, and W. Lodge, gave short addresses. A large company sat down to tea; and a much larger assembly crowded Bethel in every part at evening meeting. We have been passing through a melancholy winter season; sicknesses and deaths, surround us; but this was quite a spring meeting. I hope, without presuming, I may say, the Lord's sanction rested upon our efforts to praise his name and to expound his word. Our deacon, brother Symonds, presided with Christian zeal. My hearty thanks are ascending to the Lord for his merciful kindness, and to all the ministers, and friends, who came from all parts of London, and some from the country, I desire ever to prove grateful. The Sunday before, I was helped to preach three times; at home twice and at Brixton. Thus, my brother in Christ, you may see I am not dead and buried yet. To love and to labour for my Lord is my most intense desire. In all your labours may the Lord support you, prays  
C. W. BANKS.

CHATHAM—I beg to inform you of the progress of the Gospel at Chatham. At end of 1868, brother Witts was invited to supply at Enon chapel, with great satisfaction to many. Some did not appreciate the discriminating ministry of brother Witts. His services to appearance being ended at Enon chapel, but a few worshipping at Jireh chapel invited him, and with many prayers, and to our great joy and consolation, brother Witts has continued with us through the year 1869. To confirm our hopes that the Lord sent brother Witts to us, seven candidates presented themselves on the first Sunday in Jan. 1870; three wanderers, four from other churches, each testified their call by grace. Monday Jan. 3rd, we had thanksgiving service. Brother Bonnett, of Woolwich, blew Gospel trumpet in afternoon. Tea was provided; then a public meeting. Brother Witts presided: and spoke of the past, the present, the future, of the goodness of God to us as a people, and of his coming in our midst. Brother Canton, of Maidstone, the Welsh missionary, spoke at great length of the Lord of light and glory. Brother Bennett spoke from Micah, "this man shall be the peace." We trust we realized the sweetness. Many precious souls rejoiced. On the last Sunday in Jan., our brother Witts baptized three at Enon, kindly lent the fruits of brother Witts' ministry. Numbers witnessed the ordinance. We hear of many more coming. Sunday, Feb. 6th, the candidates were received into church fellowship; and others, making eleven added to Jireh. The Lord will go on to bless, and bring more wanderers into

the fold; it is the Gospel we need; if the Gospel goes forth, God will bless it. Hope we may live to see greater things yet. Yours in Gospel bonds,

W. G. RAYNER.

Jireh chapel, Ordnance place, Chatham.

BANSTEAD, SURREY — BETHEL CHAPEL, TADWORTH. Two believers were baptized Sunday evening, Jan. 30th, by Mr. G. Herring, after an appropriate sermon from Acts viii. 36, "See here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" It was a most pleasing sight, long to be remembered by those who were present. The chapel was crowded; very many had to remain outside. It was felt in a blessed manner that the Lord was there, owing and blessing his own word and the faithfulness and obedience of his humble followers in the ordinances of his house. It is not always easy to walk in the ways of the Lord's commandments. So our brother and sister found it. Many obstacles arose which appeared to the natural eye insurmountable, but prayer was made unto the Lord in their behalf; and when they were tried like Job, came forth as gold, unhurt by the fire; as soon as they were proved faithful to the Lord, every obstacle was graciously removed, and they like the eunuch, went on their way rejoicing. May many others of the Lord's tried family who may be hesitating on account of difficulties, commit their way unto the Lord. Leave it all with him, as these dear ones did, and listening to his sweet voice when he says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments, 'go and do likewise.'" The cause at Tadworth has been established about forty-seven years, and like many other sections of the church militant, has, during that period, seen many vicissitudes, sometimes enjoying prosperity, at other times very low. For several years it has been in this latter state. But the time of refreshing was nigh, the Lord remembered Zion, and graciously poured out upon his people the spirit of believing prayer, and again has proved himself to be a God that verily heareth and answereth prayer. Christian reader, suffer a word of exhortation, do you desire to see the cause of truth flourish? every seat to be occupied? the word of God to go forth with power? and very many to be added unto the church daily? then the Lord thy God says unto thee: "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it."—Psa. lxxxi. 10.

G. HEUNG.

COLCHESTER.—To C. W. BANKS. Dear brother in Christ,—Peace be unto you; may our blessed Master speak his peace into our souls. You remember twelve months ago you inserted in EARTHEN VESSEL the fact of my being in Colchester preaching the Gospel of the grace of God. I came here in much affliction, both soul and body; my feet were so diseased that a

London doctor wanted to amputate the great toe; I am happy to tell you, through the great mercy of our God, I am quite recovered; I can walk with comfort. O help me to praise the Lord for this great mercy. Last summer I had to be carried to and fro in a bath chair, and preached in great pain. Through rich grace I kept on in the work of the Lord, finding that promise true, "My grace is sufficient for thee." I am sorry to tell you the chapel on St. John's Green is to be sold; the mortgage, which is £350, is called in, and the friends cannot raise the money. We are to give up the chapel the last Sunday in this month. We shall have to separate; it is very painful to those who love the ministry; what can we do? On the side of error there is power, wealth, and name; but we are poor and needy, and have no influence with any party that we can look to for help. It is distressing to our feelings to see a place of worship go from us, where Mr. Dowling and Mr. Brocklehurst preached the unsearchable riches of Christ. Truly we live in solemn times. I shall be at liberty after the second Lord's-day in April, to go where the Lord may open a door. I rejoice that you and your VESSEL are upheld by the grace of God; making a firm stand in defence of the truth as it is in Jesus. Your VESSEL is very acceptable in country towns among God's people. The piece "What was in that cup?" has been solemn and sweet to my soul. I should like to see in EARTHEN VESSEL a description of the twelve gates of the Holy City, you spoke upon it in the year 1844, at my house in the Borough. I shall never forget the savour it left on my spirit. The Lord will keep you unto the end, and then give you a crown of glory. I am, yours truly,  
J. W. DYER.

#### FAREWELL MEETING

AT DORCHESTER HALL.

[Communicated by brother R. G. Edwards, of Islington.]

THE tenth, and last anniversary of brother Crowhurst's pastorate in this hall, was holden March 6th, 1870, when brethren G. Holmes, R. G. Edwards, and W. Crowhurst preached the Gospel. On March 8th, there were tea and public meetings, most encouraging to our brother. The pastor took the chair, and commenced with "Kindred in Christ for his dear sake," &c., read Psalm cxxxiii., and brother Lodge offered prayer. Mr. Miller, one of the pastor's many warm friends, immediately rose and heartily thanked the ministerial brethren who had cheerfully supplied the pulpit for them during their pastor's serious affliction; he also thanked the friends for their constant attendance and support, expressing gratitude to the Lord for that sincere love that dwelt among them. Mr. Miller expressed great pleasure in presenting their pastor with a token of

their love in the shape of a purse, which contained £7 10s. The pastor, experiencing evident emotion at such expressions of affection, requested the friends to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow;" this being responded to, Mr. Crowhurst said with much feeling, "I have known that my church love me, and I love them; to separate from them would be like separating my arm from my body. I thought once I should never stand here again; but the Lord performeth all things for me; it is all by the grace of my covenant God, because of the precious blood of my Jesus." In a very touching manner he concluded by saying, "With all my heart I thank you; with all my soul I thank you; may the Lord bless you abundantly, and fill your souls with every heavenly grace and gift. I have occupied this position ten times. We opened this hall with only two or three. I have baptized thirty-one; we have lost ten by death; some, on account of my heavy calamity, thought of dissolving the church, but one of our sisters stated she had the following passage laid upon her heart, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." This was my feelings; I could not do it. So we shall next Lord's-day, God willing, worship in Church street, Arlington square, New North road, where we hope to realize the blessing of our God. R. G. Edwards, then expressed his deep sympathy with his brother Crowhurst, who had met with the calamity at their last year's Sabbath school excursion. W. Flack said he liked Dorchester hall, it was a hallowed spot; here they first formed a nucleus of a church; here they first broke bread; here they first raised money for Salem chapel. He hoped the people would build brother Crowhurst a nice chapel. Mr. Evans, of Hounslow, said this meeting reminded him of the time when his brother Flack was there, and himself with them; he congratulated the pastor on the Lord's goodness towards him in sparing his life, and thus far restoring him, praying the Lord would complete that good work in him, and make him a long and lasting blessing to many precious souls. He also congratulated his beloved partner in life in having him spared to her, and also the church and people of his charge. Brother Lodge said there was now a great outcry about the Pope, but there were popes in Baptist churches, and some of the ministers set up that business for themselves. Why is there such dissension among Baptist ministers? It is the spirit of Popery. As brethren we should be joined heart in heart, and hand in hand. We hope the day is arriving. The New Testament Pentecostal Union is formed for this express object; by the blessing of God to walk together in union, and in the spirit of the Gospel; not speaking evil, not pulling one another to pieces; there has been too much jangling; it only exhibits the spirit of Popery. Some of us are bound together to seek God's blessing in

the paths of Christian and ministerial love. Love is the spirit of Christ; love is the spirit of the Gospel; love is the cementing bond. I am a loving man; look! try if you can find a Popiel, jealous, covetous, parson in God's Word. Surely the ministers of the true Gospel ought to pull one way; pull altogether. Some think we shall soon go down; we do not belong to the down family, but to the up family. Let us, as ministers shew the spirit of the Master, to love one another; if others will not, we will still go on in the fear of the Lord. Some are afraid of the times of sore persecution coming again, and what shall they do? Why, remember that the God of the martyrs liveth. Mr. Osmond, of Hoxton, said he had like brother Crowhurst to work very hard six days in the week at his secular calling, and had not that time he could desire for the fulfilment of his ministerial labours; he thought we did not think enough of souls; he prayed the Lord to make us more earnest; also that the pastor might enjoy every blessing he needed." Brother Cartwright, who had been many years an Itinerant minister in various parts of England, said, some of us cheap parsons are not thought much of; but an aged saint once said to him, "I do not so much mind the dish, its the food I care about." Brother Cartwright hoped truth, a spirit of love, and unity would be found among the ministers and saints of God, this would prove an effectual barrier against Popery.

[Our correspondent here describes the intrusion of a vain attempt to wound the spirits of the Lord's servants; but, while we heartily thank brother Edwards for his courage, faithfulness, and sympathy with brother Cartwright, we will only add, such unhappy spirits soon find their own level.—Ed.]

**LIMEHOUSE** — At Coverdale school room, Waterloo street, Commercial road, E., the friends who worship here, since November last, (consisting of the late deacons and some of the members of Cave Adallah, and Bethel, Wellesley street, fifty-six in number) were united and formed into a church on Strict Baptist principles, by Mr. Lodge, of Cumberland street Baptist church, Shoreditch, assisted by Mr. Christmas, on Lord's-day evening, Feb. 21st, 1870. The love of our Lord and Saviour was then commemorated by the new formed church, and by about fifty members of other churches of the same faith and order, who were present with the congregation, and were affectionately invited by the church to break bread with them. The blessing of God appears evidently to have rested upon them in their efforts to promote his glory, and the spread of the everlasting Gospel. First, in directing them to a convenient place to meet in until they shall be led to a more permanent place of worship. Secondly, in enabling them

to worship the God of their fathers without let or hindrance, according to New Testament order, and the dictates of their own consciences; and thirdly, in sending to them, men of truth and earnestness, preaching the word of truth in love, whose only desire is the glory of God and the good of souls. May the Lord still continue to smile upon them and bless them till "the little one shall become a thousand." Amen.

A LITTLE ONE.

Feb. 21st, 1870.

**IPSWICH.** — Seventy-third birthday and the twenty-sixth anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. Thomas Pooock, of Bethesda, was celebrated recently; between three and four hundred persons sat down to a well provided tea. The venerable pastor announced a public meeting would be held, which commenced by singing and prayer. The balance sheet for past year was read by treasurer, which showed a satisfactory balance on the right side. The highly esteemed and patriarchal pastor feelingly alluded to the object which had brought together so many hundreds; and expressed his grateful acknowledgments to those friends who had again so kindly presented him with renewed tokens of their affection, among which was a pocket book containing 13 guineas. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. S. Collins, of Grundisburgh, who has filled the pastorate there for upwards of forty-two years. Mr. Whorlow, Chelmondiston; Mr. Houghton late of Bury; Mr. Clark, Somersham; Mr. Willis, Zoar, addressed the friends; in the intervals of addresses the audience was delighted by the well rendering of several anthems by the efficient choir.

**BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.**—**EBENEZER, WEBB STREET.** On Tuesday, March 8, the ninth anniversary meeting of the Sunday school was held. The chair was occupied by that aged servant of God, Thomas Pocock, Esq., who in his opening address, seemed as well and as lively in his Master's service as ever. The Secretary, Mr. Thomas Quott, read a very encouraging report, in which there appeared only one thing which the Committee had to regret, namely the want of school accommodation, causing them Sabbath after Sabbath, to turn away numbers of children who had applied for admission. As the Ebenezer folk are however collecting to build or purchase a chapel and schools at the expiration of the present lease, they hope soon to remedy this defect. The balance sheet, showing something like £30 expended for the benefit of the school last year, was also of an encouraging kind. Messrs. Thomas Jones, H. F. Griffin, J. L. Meeres, C. L. Komp, W. Caunt, and the pastor, Mr. Lawrence, gave some encouraging and lively addresses on Sunday

school work and its influences. The collection was a good one, the attendance cheering, and altogether a very happy evening was spent. The meeting was closed with prayer by the Chairman.

**STEPNEY.**—An Invocation and an Exhortation, in the form of an Acrostic, addressed to Thomas Stringer, Minister of the gospel, Bethel Baptist Chapel, Wellesley street, Stepney. Tuesday evening, February 1, 1870.

The God of all grace, and all comfort, and love,  
 Help you on in your work, with His smiles from above;  
 On you, and your flock, cause His blessing to flow,  
 Making all, with one heart, in affection to grow:  
 And in union of spirit, in the sweet bond of peace,  
 Sustain, and preserve, and your numbers increase.  
 Sauntch defender of truth! and exposor of lies!  
 Trumpet-blower in Zion of the Gospel you prize!  
 Regardless of foes to the cause of your God,  
 In walking the paths which the fathers have trod,  
 Neither halting, nor turning to right hand or left,  
 Go on, man of God! till of strength you're bereft:  
 Endure to the end, your reward will not linger,  
 Rough—but faithful—and kind—and sincere Thomas Stringer.

3, De Crespigny Terrace, W. A. ADAMS.  
 Denmark Hill, March 10, 1870.

**BOW.**—Mr. Lee's Anniversary of his pastorate was holden March 13 and 15. Brethren Thomas Stringer, R. G. Edwards, C. W. Banks, C. L. Kemp, Holland of Aldringham, &c., delivered discourses. The pastor, W. H. Lee, spoke gratefully of the Lord's goodness in sustaining him, and increasing the church; giving them quietness and prosperity. Deacon May read a good report; the other brethren James and Henry Lee moved its adoption, in doing so, they presented their pastor with a most handsome silk bag full of gold and silver, which brother Lee acknowledged in a respectful and cheerful manner. There was no foolish ambition to spoil the meeting. It was a favoured season.

**PLUMSTEAD.**—Baptist Chapel, St. James's place, Sandy Hill road, Plumstead. The church and congregation that twelve months ago were turned out of the Tabernacle, (since meeting for worship in the Collegiate school room, Bloomfield road), have taken the above place; enlarged it,

and fitted it up conveniently, held opening services February 8th: two sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, Mr. Avery, of Lessness Heath, read the Scriptures and prayed; about one-hundred sat down to an excellent tea. Although it was wet and cold, our chapel would not hold near the number of people: we obtained the use of the Baptist chapel in the Conduit road; the evening service was held there. We hope this tried cause will have the blessing of the Three-One God resting upon it. The church will, D.V., be recognized, as several are waiting to unite.

**STEPNEY.**—RE-OPENING CAVE ADULLAM for Divine worship took place, Lord's day, March 6th. The Pastor preached morning and evening; Mr. J. S. Anderson in afternoon. The following Tuesday, two sermons were preached in afternoon by Messrs. Wale and Stringer. The chapel well filled: collections good: 190 persons sat down to tea. At evening meeting chair was taken by the Pastor. Mr. Little asked the Lord's blessing. Messrs. Anderson, Stringer, and Steed gave addresses. Mr. Peaseley, one of the deacons, said he had now a pleasing duty to perform; viz., to present to his pastor the sum of £6 12s. the proceeds of the tea, and to assure him all his friends had not forsaken him. Mr. Reynolds, in appropriate words, acknowledged the present, remarking, it was evident his people did not believe in the theory, that if they starved the minister he would preach the better: that theory had departed with the element lately purged out. Mr. D. Friend, one of our oldest members addressed the people. Thus ended one of the most happy and successful meetings ever held in Cave Adullam.

**ST. NEOT'S. HUNTS.**—Services commemorative of the 86th birth-day of the venerable George Murrell were held in the Baptist chapel and the public room on Wednesday, February 16th. The chair was taken in the afternoon by Mr. Richard Bax, the pastor. Suitable addresses were delivered by Messrs. Wale (of Blackheath), John Foreman, and King, (of Little Gausden). Between three and four hundred persons sat down to tea in the public room. After which, Mr. Wale delivered one of his popular and interesting lectures to a large and attentive audience. The venerable brethren Murrell and Foreman were present.

**BECCLES.**—The venerable George Wright, in a letter to his people, says:—“If I am spared till the 21st of April, I shall have completed the forty-eighth year of my ministry, and on the same day I would, with grateful and adoring love, give up my pastorate to Him who called and ordained me to it. His will is done.”

**BROCKENHURST.**—On Feb. 9th, a tea meeting was held in our Baptist chapel. Tea was provided by friends to whom all felt grateful for the bountiful supply. Our place of worship was decorated with nature's produce, also with different portions of truth, which had a tendency, by the ever blessed Spirit's power, to lead some minds up from nature to nature's God. About 120 took tea. Evening service commenced by our beloved pastor, R. Blake presiding.

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

led on the worship. The throne of the heavenly grace was approached. After a solemn address by our worthy pastor, brother Diamond spoke to us; very graphically did he set forth the rich and conquering grace of God in the hearts of the most fallen sons of Adam's race.

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be."

Our good brother Kitcher spoke from portions of the word; many things did our brother say undoubtedly good to the poor tried of Christ's flock. Our pastor, R. Blake in a very suitable speech, took leave of the meeting. His vacated chair was occupied by brother G. H. Holland, who very ably spoke from the words "Jesus our pilot," (one of the mottoes in the chapel); his address to the youth; and to various Christians in their different experiences was refreshing. The mercy-seat was again implored, and this interesting meeting was brought to a close. We hope the Lord was glorified, and precious souls helped on their way.

GEORGE MAKEPEACE.

**LITTLE WILD STREET CHAPEL,**  
—"**CAST DOWN—NOT DESTROYED,**" The church meeting here has passed through a variety of vicissitudes, and has been at such a low ebb that the friends feared they must close the doors. At present things are looking better; under the divine blessing, we hope the church will arise and shine as in ancient days. On Tuesday, Feb. 19th, a tea and public meeting was held; about eighty friends took tea; public meeting was presided over by Mr. Lodge; who, in his fertile manner, ably discharged that duty. Several ministers (members of the Pentecostal union) spoke on the subject of Christian unity. The choir of Providence chapel, Islington, kindly lent their service on the occasion; very beautiful pieces were admirably sung. The friends purpose to hold another meeting, of which see notice on wrapper. We have pleasure in announcing Mr. W. A. Thomas now preaches here with acceptance to an increasing congregation.

**KEDDINGTON.**—Miss Wallace, so many years the true friend of Christ's cause in this place, has been called home.

Mr. Murkin, the pastor, has been unwell; and around us scenes of sorrow have been mingled with our mercies. We sigh over the loss of our ever much beloved friend, JOHN DILLOSTONE, whose memory is most precious still; and of his departed brother Sergeant, we must hope well. Their families are rising in the stead of the fathers, but the widows mourn their bereavements. How stern a messenger is that death! Remember, reader, you must die.

**HACKNEY.**—Dr. Bell gave a strong and truthful review of the Outer Court, and some blessed words on the Future of Christ's Kingdom, in brother John Osborne's "Claremont" on the 15th of March. We believe such plain developments of Satan's Anti-Christ, must be useful.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—We are happy to announce that brother Abraham Howard has been restored; and returned to his people Lord's day, March 20th, when he preached again in Rehoboth.

### Notes of the Month.

**LIFE IN THE EAST OF LONDON.** Such is the head line of a paper in last month's *Our Own Fireside*, and glad enough we are to know some little effort is made to rescue some of our neighbours from a cold, a cruel, a lingering starvation. But, we know that the poor suffering Christian hides his poverty many times until all relief is too late. We have recently been to the grave where suffering, sorrow, and want, helped fearfully to embitter the declining days of a departed martyr to pain and to poverty. During the last month, we read to the committee of the New Testament Pentecostal Union, a letter from a young man, a shoemaker and itinerant preacher, whose total lack of employment, and heavy domestic afflictions, had reduced him to abject destitution. We trust our readers will allow us to call attention to the efforts now making to form a branch of the "Poor Saints' Relief Fund" in London. Through the charity of that Devonshire fund, we have been enabled to carry a little relief to a few; but not one quarter sufficient to meet the most necessitous of the cases which come under our notice. "The Peabody gifts" might be imitated to advantage now; not in buildings, but in actual money.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE will leave Sydney for England by the *Ninerve*, the same vessel he left England in, at the end of March, so that we may expect his arrival here at the end of June, or early in July. Mr. Allen has taken the oversight of Mr. McCure's church, so that they are not without a pastor. Mr. McCure will bring his three youngest children with him, one a youth of 15, whom he desires to place in some business. Communications for Mr. McCure may be sent to our office.

MR. GEO. ABRAHAMS, for thirty-five years the minister of Providence chapel, City road, London, is correctly represented by a photograph from life, executed by Mr. G. Hooper, of London. Mr. G. Abrahams was one of those truthful and experimenters, who, during part of the last half century, was very useful in feeding different portions of the Lord's family, in many parts of this kingdom. The late Joseph Irons commenced his London ministry in 1816; some ten years after that Mr. James Wells was raised up; then Mr. Abrahams, and several others. In fact, during the last fifty years, London has been favoured with several good sound men who have been devoted to the ministry of the Gospel of the grace of God; they have been rapidly passing away, since William Gadsby died; before many years, the few now standing on the walls will be gone, who will fill their places? Ah! who?

RUSHDEN.—Feb. 25th, 1870, was the day appointed for our annual trustees meeting; then all accounts are settled. Between £60 and £70 income; the same expended. The previous years were generally between £80 and £90. Blessed be God, under all circumstances, with an afflicted pastor, &c. we have much to rejoice in. The Lord is merciful, long-suffering, keeping mercy, for thousands that love him. May his smiles of peace be upon us. May he forgive us, our trespasses. And thrice forgive them, that have trespassed against us.

Ten thousand praises all in one,

Roll on the head of Zion's King

Then may the praises thus begun,

Through the vast heavens for ever ring.

C. LUCAS.

"WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP?"—My dear Mr. Editor, I have read with a very great amount of pleasure and comfort each month your articles upon "What was in that Cup?" Cannot some means be adopted to issue it in parts? I mean reprint it; so that persons may have it bound up; it should be a standard work, as they call it. It would be most useful for students for the ministry. I would subscribe a shilling towards a fund for that purpose, if your readers would agree to any plan for carrying out this idea. Such expositions of Biblical truth are seldom met with now-a-days; your papers contain the essence of Christianity nobly set forth. They are elaborated, they are precious; I often read them over and over again. I would give a hundred pounds towards having it sent all over the world if I had got it.

A COUNTRYMAN.

[It so happens that we know, or think we know this "Countryman" to be a real friend; and we thank him for his suggestion: which we shall be most happy to carry out, if the necessary funds are provided. We will venture to state, that all

who desire these papers in a separate volume, might intimate the same by a letter to us at our publishing office.]

We have been struck with those words, "Jeremiah lamented for Josiah;" thus, secretly, have we mourned over the death of brother Luke Snow, the pastor of the church at Wimbledon, in Surrey. He was a devout and sincere Christian man, a faithful minister of the Gospel, and a truly affectionate disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ. For twenty years he was the much respected coachman of W. H. Peel, Esq., M.P. for Mid Surrey; and in every way his position was most excellent. In the prime of life he has been taken from a young and affectionate family; from a united church, and from a position where his services were highly appreciated. We feel his loss. We hope to give particulars of his end another time.

SYDNEY.—We have received a large photograph view of Mr. John Bunyan McCure's chapel and house. The chapel has all the elements of exact neatness, light, and free accommodation. Not a single extravagant or unnecessary thing about it. The parsonage house looks respectable and comfortable. In this photograph, Mr. McCure is seen standing at the entrance gate, whether going in or coming out we cannot tell. He looks in a doubtful mood; full of anxiety and distress. Certainly, his life has been full of changes, mercies and miseries rapidly succeeding each other. Whether he stays in Sydney, or returns to England, we believe the Lord will honour him, and at length give him rest. Copies of this chapel view, we expect, may be had of Mr. E. Carr, of Camberwell.

"The Pope in the chair," and "The young Pharisee," (who cruelly contemned his aged brother) are proper specimens for the British Museum, but not suited to our pages. Their antecedents, and their present perilous position, call for pity; the Jews denounce rash judgment, so do we; especially when dearly beloved brethren are interested in the questions at issue. We see bills announcing entertainments in connection with a Baptist chapel in London at which entertainment, there are to be "songs, glees, choruses," &c., and we are told these things must be got up, or the causes would die down. Well, well, surely the artificial and semi-theatricals of our chapels now-a-days prove that the spiritual and essential must have left them.

MINISTERS WANTED.—A correspondent says, "You well know how difficult it is to get right men. We want plain, faithful men; no mincing or chopping; bold, intelligent, unctuous men, fearing no frowns; courting no smiles; honesty of heart with grace poured into the lips; that's the man. Oh! I do pray the Lord will send such, that we may see a shaking among the dry bones." [We have been sighing for these men for over thirty years. We hope some are coming.—Ed.]

## Forty Years a Watchman on the Walls.

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“ They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego ;  
For souls which must for ever live,  
In raptures, or in woe,  
May we that Jesus, whom we preach, .  
Our own Redeemer see ;  
Lord ! watch Thou daily o'er our souls,  
That we may watch for Thee.”

“ HAIL ! joyous *Seder* nights !” exclaim the devout Jews when they are preparing to keep the Passover. In their account of these *Seder* nights it is said, “ these seasons are golden fetters which attach the Israelite to his faith.” And if there is a natural, a national, a ceremonial, and an hereditary joy in the heart of the Jew in his Jewish Passover, how much more deep and holy, spiritual and eternal, must be the joy of the true Christian when he joins in the prayers and praises of that Gospel worship, the foundation of which is laid in the apostle's exclamation, “ Christ our passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast !” A spiritual feast to the souls of many was the antitypical passover as commemorated in the New Surrey Tabernacle last Good Friday, April 15, 1870 ; of which a report is given in another page of this number of **THE EARTHEN VESSEL**. As we walked toward the Surrey Tabernacle Wansley street, Walworth, that afternoon, we saw thousands of the people pouring forth in every direction, seeking rest from toil, recreation, and change of air. We are never tempted with the slightest desire to walk in the broadways of this world's pleasure. The Psalmist sings out our soul's delight, “ I have loved the habitation of thine house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth ;” therefore in order to hear the afternoon sermon we hastened to that noble house of God which, some few years since, was erected for the fast-growing congregations attending the ministry of Mr. James Wells, whose fortieth anniversary (as pastor over this one church) is to be celebrated, the Lord permitting, in October next.

Serious thoughts occupied our mind as we travelled onward through the thoroughfares of the metropolis that afternoon ; and if we might have occupied (without intrusion) one hour in addressing the people, the essential features of a true minister, who is made and sent by Jesus Christ Himself, would have been our theme. We know very well that, in all directions, ministers, deacons, and people, have used their little influences to pour contempt upon the minister of the Surrey Tabernacle, as well as upon the editor of this periodical. We have painfully realized, too, a fearful conflict in our own breast, the result of which would have separated us from the whole band of the Strict Baptist body, if conquering and preserving grace had not been given us.

One fact excited our spirit ; a truly experimental friend said to us, “ My father wrote twice to Mr. Philpot to ask him if he thought Mr. Wells was a minister of Jesus Christ ?” That was never answered. But what evidences have we that the sacred office has

not been presumptuously assumed? In one moment (while pondering deeply over our own, and also Mr. W.'s position as before God) the serious question was solved, and in the streets, and on the platform, in this small paper, yea, everywhere, we could have exclaimed, "Yes! we are both of us the Lord's watchmen, although in many things we may differ: things which touch not the foundations of the faith of God's elect, may be differently expressed."

This satisfying reply came from the gentle application of those words spoken to Ezekiel, "Son of Man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore, hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me." From that Scripture, the following evidences of a true watchman stood up before the eye of our understanding:

1. Jesus Christ himself, by His Spirit, doth make, call, qualify, and send to His Zion, every faithful watchman; consequently,

2. The true watchman doth wait upon his God; and doth hear the word at His mouth; "the Watchman of Ephraim was with my God," saith Hosea.

3. The true watchman doth work hard in the delightful garden of God's most holy word. Some may have larger mental powers than others, but all of them diligently study in the fields of revealed truth; and there they gather their fruit; and having been first made partakers of it, can with holy confidence, go forth to feed the flock of slaughter.

4. The true watchman has his eyes in his head; and doth use them too; foreseeing and foretelling things that shall come to pass.

5. The true watchman doth lead the worship of God in the church of God, with purity of faith, with the fervency of divine love, and with an eye to the glory of God.

6. This true watchman doth strive, instrumentally, to win souls unto Christ; and

7. He will, as led by the Spirit of the Lord, warn men of the dangers which surround them, and of their awful destiny, if they never find in Jesus Christ a refuge from the fiery law.

Full of these sacred meditations we entered the Tabernacle; a large assembly was gathered; and when we heard the sermon from the words, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" when we heard Mr. Wells's address at the public meeting; when we listened to the beautiful Christ-like speech of Mr. Butt, when we reflected upon the origin, the growth, the long-continuance, the character, and the usefulness of Mr. Wells's ministry, we inwardly rejoiced in the manifestation of the fact, that Christ had made him a watchman unto the house of Israel. But when called upon to address the immense multitude that evening, we could not venture upon this exposition.

Why then give it here? Simply with a desire that the Lord God may hereby remove prejudice, enmity, malice, and all uncharitableness, from the hearts of His own servants, and His own dear saints; and cause us all to be more devoted, more sincere, more successful, the few remaining days we have to live; for, although our infirmities and faults may have been many, still, with all becoming honesty and humility, we can exclaim, "For us to live is Christ, and to die is gain." C.W.B.



## The Young Disciple Called Home.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF JAMES NORRIS.

FOR the information of his numerous friends, it is the wish of those closely connected with him that a short account of our departed friend and young brother in Christ, should appear in this magazine.

James Norris was born December 20th, 1849, of God-fearing parents, both of whom are living. At nine years of age he became a scholar at Zion Sunday school, Goldington crescent, Somers Town, under the pastoral care of the late Mr. James Nunn, afterwards of Mr. George Webb, where he proved himself a very apt scholar; punctual in his attendance; respectful and attentive in his behaviour. As he grew older, he became a teacher in an infant class, of about twenty-five scholars, and continued as such till a few months before his death, both at Zion chapel and at the Camden Hall rooms, Camden hall, where the school is now removed to. In the summer of 1868, a class was formed among the young men connected with the school called, "The Christian Young Men's Mutual Instruction Class," of which he was a member; and at various meetings held by that class he gave some very striking and sincere addresses. He continued a teacher in the school till the summer of 1869, and his mode of teaching his little infant train often called forth the praises of both the superintendent, Mr. Brazely, and myself. Their knowledge of the Scriptures through His earnest efforts exceeded, in many instances, that of the higher classes. However the Lord saw fit in His wisdom to ripen him for glory. He always had delicate health, and about the beginning of the summer he caught a severe cold, which never left him, but struck deeply into his system. He went (very reluctantly leaving his class) into the country, and stayed there some time, which seemed to do him some temporary good; but after his return to town he became worse and worse; and was finally obliged to stop at home altogether. About three weeks before he died, he took to his bed; his state of mind was calm, but suffering acutely from his cough which sometimes lasted all night, followed by great pain, he could speak but little. Many of his friends visited him, but his extreme weakness only enabled him to tell one or two of his state of mind. The superintendent of the school at his request prayed with him, and he told him it was all right; he was going home. He told his sister Mary Ann his hope was built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness. To his friend Charles he said, "The lot is cast," and to another friend, "It is well," and to his pastor, Mr. George Webb, "It is all right above;" pointing upward with his hand. He liked very much to be alone, and in the dark, which shewed how much he felt the presence of the Master; for when any one went into the room, he would tell them to retire, as if he was being interrupted in communion with some dear friend. As he drew near his end he seemed more and more to commune within himself, but on the morning of the day he died, (Nov. 11, 1869) he called his father to his bed-side, and said, "Don't fret, I am going home." At half-past two he became partly insensible, and at half-past five breathed his last, and quietly fell asleep in Jesus:

The Sunday following his interment pastor George Webb, of the Camden Lecture Hall, improved His death from the words, "Thy son liveth," his mother and sister being present. The same evening, Mr. Gander, of the Camden Hall rooms, King street, spoko regarding him, from the words, "But to die is gain." His disease was consumption, one lung being entirely gone; it made sad havoc with him, and his poor wasted form was sad to behold.

The above is written in remembrance of a dear departed friend and brother; his age was twenty. The well-spring of life within was quick and rapid in developing itself to those around. The work of grace was short but sure; death did its work grimly; but God, who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, tempered the poor frail body to bear its icy grip, and although suffering acute pain, we believe the dear beloved Master was administering sweet cordials to his happy ransomed soul. And now those poor remains, once sown in weakness, we firmly believe will be raised in power. This corruption will put on incorruption, this mortal will put on immortality, than shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory." God grant that both his friends and fellow labourers in the school, and elsewhere, may be brought to feel as deep an interest in the things of Christ, and experience the same strong arm of Jesus in a dying hour. In ending we would say of our young departed brother—

Till the day breaks, and the shadows  
With sin and sadness, flee away;  
We leave thee treading on the borders  
Of a never-ending day,  
Receiving pleasure,  
From God's fullness all the way.

REUBEN.

[The insertion of this paper has been unavoidably delayed.]

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## THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

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"Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in My name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

BOTH Matthew and Mark give us these assuring words as spoken by Jesus; they have been a comfort to us many times; and the forty-first Psalm we have realized with much sacred peace; "Blessed is he that considereth the poor (margin says, 'the weak, or sick,') the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth," &c.

We adoringly praise the Lord for the heart, and the opportunities, given to us, of "considering the poor;" in the midst of them we have laboured for many years. We know that, in the literal meaning of the word, "the poor have had the Gospel preached unto them."

Frequently we have endeavoured to get some of our aged fathers and mothers in Israel on the Aged Pilgrims' list; but as we could not subscribe ourselves, and as none of the wealthy donors ever patronized us, we could never succeed. The extreme distress of some of our afflicted brethren and sisters in Jesus, drove us at last to apply to the

late Dr. Hawker's Poor Saints' Relief Fund; and from thence several have been relieved. We are now endeavouring to establish a metropolitan branch. Mr. William Symonds, a respected and honourable brother in the church, has consented to be treasurer; and from him we have received the following letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR BROTHER, — Would you favour me with printing the following for enlisting of Christian sympathy towards the Lord's afflicted and poor people? In last month's EARTHEN VESSEL you placed my name as treasurer to the Poor Saints' Relief Fund; but no one has sent me any donation for that purpose; my office, at present, is only in name, not in reality. Now I desire to make this appeal to some of the rich brethren (through the medium of your VESSEL) those who have plenty of this world's goods. I ask them to help us in establishing an East London branch of Poor Saints' Relief Fund, to be conducted exactly on the same principles as that established by the late Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth, many years since; and which has worked so well, which has relieved a large number of the Lord's poor saints when they have been in great distress. That parent society has been a blessing to some that have come under my own observation in circumstances of deep distress. Believing that those who give to the poor in times of deep distress and trial, do indeed lend to the Lord, and that they shall receive, some time or the other, a real reward.

I appeal to Christian friends for help, and I hope all will be done with singleness of eye to the glory of God, and for the pecuniary aid of the Lord's poor people, in the East End of London; I say, the East of London, because I believe there will be shortly a movement in the other districts of this our great metropolis. There has been, of late, so many dire distressing cases come under my own observation, in my own locality, that it is distressing to hear them repeated. Doubtless, it is the same through all the East of London; and, I think, my dear Christian friends, we ought to try and do something in this way, and get up a society having in view this special object for the Lord's afflicted people, in times of pecuniary need. This original institution was not so much for continual relief, as it was for sudden calamity, for cross providences, which attend the Lord's poor people in this world; and, I believe, always will, while we are in this wilderness. I have received from our brother Josiah Cowell, of the Chelmsford branch of Poor Saints' Relief Fund, some reports and rules, which branch has been under his management. I can heartily subscribe my name; and my prayer to God is that this movement may be carried into effect. If this should meet with the approbation of any kind friend or friends that may feel a desire to lend us a helping hand, I should esteem it a favour if they would communicate with me on this subject, so that we may form a committee of management. I will send to any friend, a report which has been sent me by Mr. Cowell.

W. SYMONDS.

Launceston House, Old Ford Road, North Bow,

London, March 21st, 1870.

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## The Great White Throne and its Issues.

WITH ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS :

“WHAT IS THE SOUL?” AND

“WHERE ARE THE SOULS OF THE DEPARTED?”

IN the Bible (the revelation of God's will and work) there are drawn out, by the finger of the Lord the SPIRIT, THREE LARGE MAPS ; and the careful study of each of them has ever been found to be purifying to the heart, edifying to the mind, and ennobling to the man altogether.

The first, the foundation-map of all is, the map of Jehovah's everlasting love, embodying the whole scheme of the Covenant of Grace, which, under the anointing of the Three Glorious Persons in the Trinity, David said, was “ORDERED IN ALL THINGS AND SURE.” The son of Jesse said, “The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and His word was in my tongue.” Then he adds, “the God of Israel said ;” finally, “the ROCK of ISRAEL spake to me.” Thus, by the three-fold testimony of the eternal God, the Covenant of Grace was revealed in “the man who was raised up on high ;” who was “the anointed of the God of Jacob ;” and “the sweet psalmist of Israel.” Of this Holy Covenant, the man of God gave a three-fold expression. (1). “Yct, hath He made with me ;” both in his typical, and in his anti-typical character, it was “MADE with Him.” (2.) It was “ordered in all things and sure.” (3) “This is all my salvation, and all my desire.” How sweetly and seasonably to my soul do Kent's good words come in—

“This Covenant stood ere time began,  
That God with man might dwell ;  
Eternal wisdom drew the plan,  
In all things ordered well.”

It is a significant fact that in nearly, if not in quite all the general and modern selections of hymns, this blessed song of praise is omitted. Nevertheless, we may add—

“This Covenant, O believer stands  
Thy rising fears to quell ;  
Seal'd by the bleeding Surety's hands,  
In all things ordered well.”

This first map has for its title, or heading, those two comprehensive words, “ALL THINGS.” And in its explanatory list of contents, there are many such sentences as these : “All things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation.” All things are for your sakes.” “The Son is the image of the Invisible God, the first-born of every creature ; for by Him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers. “All things were created by HIM, and for HIM ; and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist ; and He is the Head of the body, the Church ; who is the beginning ; the first-born from the dead ;” (the transcendently glorious climax of which is this) “That in all things HE might have the preeminence.”

The second map is that of "PROVIDENCE," as we call it; the roll of time; the course and circle of events from the Creation down to the Final Judgment; of which we cannot now speak particularly, because of

The third map—THE ETERNAL FUTURE; of this we wish to give the testimony of the Lord Himself respecting those three great questions which are agitating the minds of many, even of the saints of God, who ask, first, "What positive proof have we of the state and condition of the soul's existence when it leaveth its earthly tenement—the body? Secondly, "What will be the position of the redeemed saints of God in the great judgment?" Thirdly, "What answer can we give to those who ask, "Is the lost soul to exist under a sense of the divine anger for ever?"

We engage, the Lord permitting, not with presumption or with a curious spirit, to show "the law and the testimony" on these points, believing we are called upon "earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints." The following note is but one, leading us to desire to stand before the churches clear in every revealed doctrine of the Holy Word; but, we can only furnish these expositions as time and grace may be given. One correspondent, of many, says:—

MR. EDITOR,—I was much grieved to see over the first piece in EARTHEN VESSEL for April, these words, "Sudden Death, Instant Glory." Dear Sir, allow me in kindness to say, if Paul and Peter were right, none of them which have fallen asleep in Jesus are gone to glory; neither will they be glorified till Christ comes to raise their bodies. See Col. iii. 4, "When Christ our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory;" and 1 Peter v. 4, "When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." Not till then, I believe Sir, for even Christ was not glorified while His body lay in the sepulchre. Numerous other scriptures might be referred to, but a word is sufficient for the wise, and it is written the testimony of two men is true. Sir, I remain a lover of the Gospel, and a well-wisher to both thee and thy magazine,

AMOS SHARP.

5, Vine Fields, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

P.S.—I believe Paul and Peter are yet waiting for their crown, and I believe I shall have mine the same day as they do. [We give the note in full: it is suggestive, and is identified with doctrines of the largest meaning.—ED.]

As for me, I labour under the scourge of many tongues; I shall be everything that is bad while alive, and everything that is good when dead. "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I can but finish my course with joy, and the ministry that I have received, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." I know in whom I have believed, whom I love, and whom I serve with a pure conscience. My reward is before me, and my work is with my God. He alone called and commissioned me; He sent me and blessed me, and He will keep, save, own, and acknowledge me, and receive me to Himself when the building of mercy is completed, and the top-stone brought forth with the double shout of "Grace, grace, unto it!" —*Huntington.*

The path that leads to God, and the way in which He leads His chosen, is hid from all living, nor can it ever be discovered but by the light of the Lord's countenance.

## What was in that Cup?

### CHAPTER XVII.

“Behold the Man! His sacred forehead crown'd  
 With the accursed thorns; His mournful eyes  
 Uplifted to the dark and dreadful skies;  
 His hands which hold the scornful reed, fast bound;  
 His precious blood slow-dropping to the ground  
 In payment of that awful sacrifice,  
 Which fills the world with dumb surprise  
 That no less glorious victim could be found.  
 What sweet and solemn feelings I may borrow  
 From daily converse with that face so marr'd,  
 And full of such unutterable sorrow!  
 Oh! by that look divine, may nothing sunder  
 My heart from Thee, and leave it cold and hard;  
 But, may I still BEHOLD, and LOVE, and WONDER!”

THE Rector of Londesborough gives us the above lines in *Our Own Fireside* for April. Many times have I read them. They direct us to the only source of health and healing; and the more we are favoured to “behold THE MAN,” the more, by grace, shall we understand that severe test of true discipleship, “they that are Christ’s, have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts;” “knowing this, that our old man is crucified with Him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.” How full of meaning, in every sense, is—THE CROSS!

If any man be disposed to ask WHY I continue this enquiry, “WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP?” humbly before the Lord God I answer, because I cannot help it. I cannot resist the intense impulse within my heart, to set forth the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, respecting the Person, and the sufferings, of the Eternal Son of God.

For many years I have considered; I have watched; I have wondered; I have trembled over, the diverse doctrines of men concerning the Cross of Calvary, and the Christ of that Cross. I have known that between the noble Dr. Crisp, and the heavenly-minded Samuel Rutherford there were sentiments wide as the poles asunder; among the Arminian teachers there has been spreading a heresy as adverse to the Gospel as darkness is to light; in the souls of the saints themselves there is but little clearness of vision, or confidence of faith; and, then, alas! as Martin Tupper writes (in *The Rock*) everywhere the idolatrous spirit of the times, is opposed to the Spirit of God. Satirically, he says:—

“Organs? yes! toil at your anthems, your chanting;  
 “Sounds going forth” must evangelize earth;  
 Not like St. Paul’s puritanical ranting  
 PREACHING THE CHRIST, and the Spirit’s new birth;  
 Down with the *pulpit!* and all its old story,  
 Faith and forgiveness, and life from the dead;  
 Up with the altar! in candle-light glory,  
 For the priest’s Gospel—a morsel of bread,”

Is not this too true? Too true indeed. As for the organ, I would

make no noise about it, IF, in the pulpit, we could have preached in the power of the Spirit, Christ in the Covenant, Christ in the Gospel, Christ in the heart, Christ in His glory. The organ is the smallest part of the mischief. Organs, harmoniums, and the like, may be called playthings. But they are not the root of the heresy.

" Playthings? say rather with subtlest intention,  
Poison-drops—meant for consumption at home;  
Arsenic's sweet-meats, of Jesuit invention,  
FATAL for England—but, vital for Rome."

So it is:—but the stern word of command to all of us who know the truth, and have freedom thereby, is this, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of glory." In this fight for faithfulness, we must not be in league with Satan, whose enmity is now put forth, as "the accuser of the brethren;" little boys, and novices of every name, are railing against those who hold fast the perfect work of Christ without, and the powerful witness of the Spirit within. We must not sit in the seat of the scorner. We must not slander our own mother's son. Our only course is, to lift up the great Saviour, the eternal Redeemer, in all His holy relationships; in all His righteousness and sufferings; in all His temptations and conquests; and as

" The Spirit keeps election in His eye,  
Knowing exactly for whom Christ did die,"

so, by the revelation of Christ, the Spirit will call home the sheep; and the Great High Priest shall "see of the travail of His soul, and He shall be satisfied."

*The Last Vials* says, "The present time is the day of Satan and of man." Awfully verified doth this statement appear to be in the working of Satan; and in the abounding wickedness of man; "The Gospel has been given (continues Mr. Purdue) not with the smallest intention of converting the world. The design of the Gospel is to gather out from the world a certain determinate number of persons who are called the church." This calling will be, by the power of the SPIRIT, through the faithful preaching of Christ and Him crucified; and of this "Elder Brother;" this Husband of the chosen bride; of His sufferings and sorrows for her; of her fellowship with Him in those relationships and afflictions, I will pray for grace and wisdom still to write, and print, and publish, until, either the power is taken from me, or I am taken from this world, to those happier regions where the conflicts of the Christian, the divisions of the church, the mischiefs of Anti-Christ, are known no more for ever.

That text in the thirty-second Psalm has made many a broken heart to ache, "Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, but he that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about." Sorrows are spoken of in the plural, the perpetual, and in the eternal sense. Our blessed Lord Jesus Christ had "MANY sorrows." His sorrows were in the plural; and His sorrows were perpetual; and as regards the issue, the result, of them, they were eternal. I mean, they did procure for all believers an eternal deliverance and exemption from eternal misery; hence that precious word in the Hebrews, "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered, and being made perfect, He became the author of ETERNAL salvation to all them that obey Him."

Those words express, or describe, a three-fold glory belonging to the

Great Redeemer. There is the glory of His Person, He is the Son of God. There is the glory of His work; "He learned obedience by the things which He suffered;" and, "being made perfect, became the author of Eternal Salvation." Then there is the glory of His reward. His redeemed and called ones, "Obey Him" in the Church on earth, and perfectly adore Him in the Church in Heaven.

Deeps unreachable, at least by me, are in this three-fold glory of the Holy CHRIST of God; but let us, as before proposed, try and fetch out some food for our poor souls, from the nature of Immanuel's sorrows, and the fruits resulting therefrom; for "sorrows" and "songs" are words of immensely different meaning; and yet, they are so wedded that the Holy Ghost declares, "If we have been planted together in the likeness of His DEATH, we shall be also in the likeness of His RESURRECTION." I have said, the sorrows of the Saviour were *Relative, Mediatorial, and Prospective*.

Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ certainly did stand in a manifold kind of relationship; from every branch of that relationship, He had sorrow, and the revelation thereof shows both the perfection of His Person, and the sympathy of His heart toward every person, principle, or power, with which He stood in union.

May I indulge my soul for one moment in allowing her to try and give forth a thought of her Saviour's relationship which far off in the distance appears unto the eye of her faith? Gladly would I exalt HIM, if I might, if I could; but after more than fifty years labour at the printing-press, and forty years work in the study and in the pulpit, I can only fall back upon the apostolic exclamation, "Great is the mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the flesh;" and while straining my mental vision to its utmost I can only find relief in the desires of my favoured poet—

"O let me climb those higher skies,  
Where storms and darkness never rise;  
There He displays His powers abroad,  
And shines, and reigns, the Incarnate God.  
Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears;  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold Him face to face."

There is complexity in the relationships of our Lord, and when our faith can so reach and realize our union to Him in those relationships, our souls are carried into a holy atmosphere, and we enjoy, for the time, the essence of Paul's word, "we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the SAME IMAGE from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

The ever-to-be-adored Christ of God stands (1) In a Divine relationship to His Father, and to the Holy Ghost. (2.) In a relationship to all the elect and unfallen angels in the heavens above. (3.) In a New Covenant relationship to the whole election of grace. (4.) In a national relationship to the Jews. (5.) In a legal relationship to Moses, and the Holy Law of God. (6.) In a typical relationship to all the ceremonial, figurative, and Old Testament Dispensations. And (7.) In an Eternal relationship to all the prophecies and promises which preceded His incarnation. Every one of these relationships brought sorrow into the soul of the Saviour; hence, the prophet in his large



review of the offices, characters, responsibilities, and sufferings of the Messiah, declared Him to be "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." From this multiplicity of Jesu's sorrows, the Holy Ghost draws forth a rich cordial for the support of the saints when by Paul He says, "Seeing then that we have a Great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession, for we have not an high priest which *cannot* be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted LIKE AS WE ARE, yet without sin." None of the ransomed can ever be lost; yet there is a danger of their hands being beat off, for a time, from holding fast by faith in JESUS, through the heavy temptations wherewith Satan may assail them; and if once the adversary can plunge them into sin, he will immediately bind them up in presumption; and then hurl them into black despair, if grace prevent not. We know that sovereign grace will either prevent or recover all that the Father gave unto the Son; for, never be it forgotten, that all the relationships, offices, characters, attributes, and works of our Lord, sprang out of the ocean of Jehovah's everlasting love. Out of the bosom of the Father, did come forth the Son of God. Love divine set Him up as the head over all to the church; love divine gave to Him the whole election of grace, and in the Holy Covenant the Head and the members became so indissolubly one mystical, one spiritual, one eternal body; one family; predestinated to become one glorious kingdom, one chosen generation, one royal priesthood, one peculiar people, that neither the black river of sin which has rolled over them, nor the Red Sea of wrath which threatened to overwhelm them, the deep waters of affliction which have oft-times come into them; not one, nor all of these could ever quench the love of God towards them, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord. This is a truth, in the reality and in the experience of which it is good to be established. Nevertheless, forasmuch as the whole design of salvation was, for the full manifestation of all the glorious attributes in the Deity, so, not love only, but justice and mercy, wisdom and power, holiness, righteousness, long-suffering, immutability, and faithfulness, with every other perfection in the Godhead, unite, co-operate, have a hand and an influence in the accomplishment and application of that salvation which Jonah said is "Of the Lord." "His glory (indeed) is great in our salvation." Great in its origin, in its objects, and in its inexpressibly grand results. Immensely great as it is, however, JESUS did once express the whole of it in one of the sweetest simplest forms of speech that it is possible to utter: when He said, it is, "MY FATHER'S BUSINESS."

I well remember walking from Downham to Denver, on Saturday morning, March 21, in the year sixty-three, when those gracious words of "the child Jesus" came into my soul, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Oh, precious Immanuel! How simply and intently was thine heart set upon that one tremendous mission, so appropriately termed "MY FATHER'S BUSINESS!" A business which has engaged the thoughts of the Almighty from everlasting; a business which has called forth the eager gaze of the whole of the angelic choir; a business the depths of which prophets and apostles, martyrs, and millions of the best of men have laboured to look into, and to make known to the sons of men; a business, dear reader, which I sighingly and believingly anticipate, will

take your soul and mine into the mansions of purity and love, where we shall more fully behold its perfection and blessedness; and help to swell the hallelujahs of praise to God and to the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.

In my next chapter, the Scriptural review of the divine, the substitutionary, and the eternal relationships of the Lord Jehovah Jesus, shall be commenced; wherein I hope to give the chaste exposition of the Bishop of Peterborough,\* so recently issued. The experimental testimony of the ancient and modern saints (shewing how, by the "CRUCIFIED ONE," they realized salvation,) is the safest ministration for the times in which we live. There is no other remedy until the Son of God shall Himself be revealed from heaven. Such is the faith of

C. W. B.

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## Baptizing in the River:

OR,

THE BLIND AND THE LAME ASSISTING EACH OTHER.

AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE BY F. PEARCE, MINISTER OF  
OXFORD ROAD CHAPEL, READING.

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IN the neat and pretty little village of H., near the favoured town of T., in the county of Wilts, stands a beautiful little chapel; and there it has stood considerably more than half a century. Many have been the souls who have resorted to that solemn and sacred spot from time to time to listen to the glad tidings of salvation during such a long period; and who can tell the amount of good which has resulted through the preaching of the everlasting Gospel in that place? I can bear testimony to the truth that not a few wended their way to the better world, during my ten years' pastorate there; but what are those to the multitudes who were called to go home during the pastorate of my dear old late friend and brother D——, who laboured so successfully among the people, say, for a quarter of a century or more, and of whom I may say it fell to my lot to inter at the foot of the pulpit-stairs up which so many times he had ascended, beaming with love towards the souls of his fellowmen.

In the year 1845, January 12th, I was called in the providence of Jehovah to pay the dear friends of H. a visit, and to preach unto them three times in the name of the Lord. The day was both dull and dirty, and my mind was quite dark and barren. The people were very few, because for a long time they could never be sure that dear Mr. D—— would be able to preach to them, he being often taken very ill suddenly, in consequence of which the congregation became scattered. My first visit was made a blessing; I was invited, and went again and again, and ultimately became the pastor; and remained there, breaking the bread of life unto the people for the space of ten years. The chapel soon began to fill. "The eyes of the blind were opened, the ears of the deaf were unstopped, and the cripples were made to leap as the hart." Isa. xxxv. Soon after my first visit, I was requested to call on a poor

\* Winchester was a mistake.

cripple, who had for some time lost the use of her limbs. I endeavoured to open to her the Scriptures, and found her quite ready to listen, but alas! like many others, she had no real saving knowledge of Jesus, Although none are fit to die without it, yet how few seem to have it! O how important the question, "Have I love, real love to Jesus?" After awhile, and as I was one day on my way to chapel, I was surprised at seeing the poor cripple being driven along in a bath chair by a blind man, and she, the cripple, guiding the wheel, so the cripple was assisting the blind, and the blind was helping the cripple, and that too, to go and hear the Gospel preached. How many vain excuses will some make in order that they may refrain from attending the house of God! On the other hand, when souls are concerned and made anxious to know Jesus, what difficulties will they brave in order to go there. This was the case I am happy to say with each of these; they had souls to be saved or lost, which to them was a matter of great moment. Aye! and so must it be to us or we can never enter heaven. Well! our friends at last reached the chapel, the one was led to a pew, and the other was carried and placed in a pew also, just as the poor palsied man was brought and placed before Jesus. Mark ii. 4. Both listened anxiously, whilst God acted sovereignly, for both were ultimately brought to rejoice in Jesus, but not the same time, the one as the other. Our dear crippled friend had much to endure, from sin, from Satan, and from the corruptions of her own heart; she had to wait, to pray, to struggle, and many times to fear mercy was never intended for her. She travelled much by night, and had to do business in deep waters, and could say, "I sink in deep waters, where there is no standing." However, in the course of time I was led to preach from Solomon's Song viii. 6—7, "Set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thy arm, for love is strong as death," &c. This sermon was overruled to the bringing of love, joy, and peace into the heart of our dear friend, and upon every visit now when it is my privilege to see her, she would be sure to remind me of her spiritual birth-day. Being thus assured of her interest in the love of Jesus, her enquiry was, "How shall I show it forth?" I must be baptized, because my Saviour has said, "If ye love Me keep my commandments." Bless His dear name, I do love Him; I am a poor dependent creature upon Him, and cannot live satisfied without following Him. She came before the church, told what love had done for her, and was listened unto with pleasure, and was accepted; but some said, how can she be baptized? her limbs are all paralyzed; if we carry her into the water in a chair, people will laugh at us, and say how foolish we are; besides, she is so ill, and will surely take cold. But the day arriving, difficulties were removed, and she and five other candidates were found by the side of the water, at the brink of the Kennet and Avon canal. It was a lovely morning. Paul and others had a liking for much water, (Acts xvi. 13,) so had we, there the praises of God were sung, and prayer was offered, and an address delivered by my dear late brother B—, of B. G., who laboured in that place successfully, over forty years, and of whom it is said there were over three hundred persons at his funeral, amongst whom was the vicar of the parish, occupying a most prominent position amongst the mournful company, for he laid aside his armour on the past year, and entered into his rest as a shock of corn fully ripe for the sickle. O that

my last days may be like his, and may my reader realize the same unspeakable blessing. The countenance of our dear friend looked cheerful and happy, for the sun shone both upon her and within her. The eyes of the gazing multitude, of which there could not have been less than two or three thousand, were upon her also; some had thought that many would laugh and jeer, but my mind was particularly impressed with the poor man in John v., waiting for the moving of the water. I was helped to address the multitude for a few moments upon that topic, and afterwards said, "As our dear sister cannot walk, and as she desires to be immersed, we will carry her into the water," so we did; and there was a death-like silence; tears dropped from the eyes of many who never wept before in consequence of their sins. We resorted to the house of prayer after immersing our beloved friends and the rest of the candidates in the liquid grave, in the name of the Eternal Three, and our crippled friend declared at the close of the day, that she felt better in her body, and better in her soul than before she was baptized. We all had a good day, long to be remembered, and eternity alone will unravel the good therefrom.

Our dear friend still lives, although quite helpless and confined to her bed, as she has been for many years. Many times she has appeared to be on the brink of eternity, but even then her confidence has not entirely forsaken her. Others have been taken from the same chamber where she now lies; she has seen them die; many times has my heavenly Father paid me sweet Bethel visits when in that room. We have conversed together of His goodness and supplicated the throne of His majesty, and I hope soon to be so favoured again, if the Lord will. Many friends both from F. and H., visit our dear sister, and she is never better pleased than when she has the friends of the Redeemer around her. May the Lord still give her patience to wait until she is taken to her destined home to receive that crown of glory which the Lord Himself will give to her at that day. And may my dear readers be given by the the grace of God to seek that Saviour whom she loves. One dear blind friend was ultimately brought to seek an interest in a Saviour's love, it was my privilege to baptize him at the same place, although not at the same time, he has long time since exchanged worlds, and I doubt not that his vision is now perfect, and that he is without fault before the throne. "The last shall be first, and the first last." May God of His mercy bless these truthful incidents to the souls of many, so prays yours in the Gospel,  
F. PEARCE.

January 19th, 1870.

[We wish our brother had put names and places in full. In these days when baptism by immersion is so fearfully slighted, we hail with grateful feelings solemn facts like those here recorded by a brother so much beloved, and so highly favoured.—E.D.]

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God Himself, (Hosea xi. 9,) when He had aggravated His people's sins to the height, then, to show what God can do, breaks cut into a sweet promise, "I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger!" And why not! "I am God and not man. I will show the Almightiness of my mercy."—*Gurnall*.

A VOICE FROM A SOJOURNER IN THE LAND OF THE  
CHALDEANS.

New York, March, 1870.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS, — In the recent afflictive dispensation you have been called to pass through, I trust you have been enabled by strength from on high to say with the Psalmist, "I will be glad and rejoice in Thy mercy ; (and he assigns as the reason) for Thou hast considered my trouble, Thou hast known my soul in adversities ;" and like the Shunammite woman when asked if it was well, to answer as decisively, "It is well." There is much bitterness of soul experienced before this point is reached ; the adverse dealings (as we in our short-sightedness call them) of the Lord are to this very end ; there was an earnest determination produced in this woman, she would not be deterred, she caught hold of the man of God by the feet, and I hope, my brother, that such has been the case with you ; that you have in this bereavement, been brought to catch hold of the man of God by the feet, or in other words, it has brought you into the sweet position and happy spot (as you have before found it) of sitting at the feet of Jesus, and hearing the gracious words which proceed out of his mouth, and if so you also will again, as in times past, declare His mouth to be most sweet ; sitting down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit sweet to thy taste. But you doubtless found or met with Gehazis, as did this woman, who would fain have thrust you away ; "but the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force," as notice Jacob wrestling, culminating in prevailing Israel, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," and his wrestling was in the night season until break of day. This was heaven-born prayer, earnest and sincere, which rested not until the blessing was obtained. There are very, very few even among those of whom good things are hoped, who have anything at all like an approximation to an adequate idea of what true spiritual prayer is. If our prayers were tested by the results, what would be the answer? James says, "We ask and have not, because we ask amiss," there is prayer of which the Lord Himself is the inditer, and this prayer is always heard and answered. In one sense, my brother, I make this assertion, that there is too much prayer and not enough praise ; this may startle some, yet none the less true ; none worked more zealously than the Apostle Paul to lead believers to more highly value their privileges, to complain less, and rejoice more ; to look upward, for you see your calling, "Let no man take away thy confidence ;" "let no man take away thy crown ;" "Lie not against thy right," &c. But not to digress, let us again return to this Shunammite woman, and we find that though Elisha bid Gehazi do his bidding, that is, go and lay Elisha's staff (not a staff to beat or cudgel with, as some would fain interpret that word) upon the child ; yet the woman, notice her decision, declared "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." This brings vividly to our mind another notable woman, whose language was "Intreat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, thy

God my God," &c. Noble resolve! and my dear brother, if this bereavement has been sanctified to you, it has increased thy determination to cleave more closely to the Brother who was born for adversity, and cause you like Habakkuk to declare that come what may, "Yet will you rejoice in the Lord, you will joy in the God of your salvation;" then indeed it is well with you; and this submission to the Divine will you will heartily attest to be brought about in the day of His (not our) power.

These trials and afflictions will enable the child of God to better realize *what was in that cup* on which solemn and momentous subject you have made some remarks lately in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*; a question which none but Deity can fully fathom; the saved sinner may have some knowledge thereof, but ah! how feeble and imperfect the view, how far short of the actuality! There was that in it, that made even Christ's natural will, (perfect man though He was) stand up in power for a time, hence the words, "Father, if it be possible, remove this cup from Me," and had the case rested here, how would the Father's purpose have been accomplished? how would Christ's mission have been fulfilled? and the Holy Spirit's work would have been fruitless and unavailing, and what would have become of such guilty wretches as you and I? Eternal thanks to His dear name; His natural will was brought into sweet submission, hence the words so pregnant with meaning, "Not My will but Thine be done." Those who have the deepest knowledge of themselves as sinners in God's sight, will have the deepest knowledge of contents of that cup; yet while the subject is too deep and profound for finite mortals to grasp, both you and I weep and rejoice in the fact that our everlasting welfare was concerned therein, and that never-ending eternity will not be too long for us to utter forth His praise and speak of that love which indeed and of a truth surpasses knowledge; all our attempts on this subject in this time-state, will be but as looking through a glass darkly, but when our corruptible hath put on incorruption, then shall we have a clearer conception of the intensity of Christ's sufferings, a subject so deep that even the profound Apostle Paul at times loses himself, exclaiming, "Oh! the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are His judgments, (as we see them all centred upon Christ) and his ways past finding out," (in providing a ransom) a Lamb who could bear our sins upon His back and carry them away where they could never be found; who could provide one that was mighty to save, that could take that cup and drink its deadly contents, for deadly it was to Him who drank it, He the Holy One dies, the just for the unjust.

With this I send you a copy of three letters we received lately, from a sister of my wife's, who, though isolated and alone, (in a spiritual point of view) out in the Western prairies of Kansas, (some 1,400 miles from New York) yet has the Lord for her teacher and instructor. You will observe how highly she esteems one of the Lord's greatly favoured servants whom she has never seen, nor heard, and only knows through the medium of the Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit she receives and prizes much. Yours in sympathy,

BENJAMIN JAMES ROGERS.

[The enclosed letters in future numbers.]

PULPIT EXTRAVAGANCES.  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—Every careful reader of the "Pulpit Literature" of the day, must observe the many strange notions men put forth. It seems as though the good old way had not enough of telling "effect" with it, but whilst admitting the abounding of these fangled expressions, I cannot agree with all your correspondent "C. T. R." says in last month's issue respecting the Lord Jesus Christ "laying aside His glory;" neither am I prepared to call it "unsubstantiable jargon;" and that it is not a modern "idea." Need I quote the well-known words,

"Mild He lays His glory by?"

Did He not leave the bright realms of bliss, to dwell on earth, become a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief, greatly abased, stricken, smitten, spit upon? And did He not also pray to His Father, "And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee, before the world was?" Good old Bishop Hall hath it "Once only, blessed Jesus, while thou wast wayfaring upon this globe of earth didst thou put on glory; even upon mount Tabor in thy heavenly transfiguration. Then and there did Thy face shine as the sun and thy raiment was white as the light.—Matt. xvii. 2. Well might Peter say, 'Lord, it is good to be here.' But it was the will and the pleasure of Thy heavenly Father, that this glorious appearance should soon be overshadowed with a cloud, and as those celestial guests now in the midst of Thy glory, spent their conference about Thy bitter sufferings and Thine approaching departure out of the world, so wast Thou, for the great work of our redemption, willing to be led from Mount Tabor to Mount Calvary; from the height of that glory, to the lowest depth of sorrow, pain, and death."

GERSHOM.

CHRIST SHALL BE MAGNIFIED IN MY BODY.

Phil. i. 20.

TUNE *Wells*.

I SOAR from scenes of earth to Thee,  
Thou triune Deity;  
By jarring discords here I'm driven,  
To seek my peace in heaven.

I feel the struggling powers within,  
Of holiness and sin;  
Yet grace which works by love, I know  
Will conquer every foe.

In me thy grace be magnified,  
Jesus, the Crucified;  
Then all my future life shall be,  
One sacrifice for thee.

And when the last dread enemy  
To heaven shall summon me;  
That stroke shall magnify Thee more,  
Than all my life before.

Yes, if for me to die be gain,  
Death will itself be slain;  
And faith's bright eye e'en now may see  
The double victory.

Totteridge, Herts, March 16th, 1870.

ROBERTUS.

## MY OWN DEAR MOTHER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I have often been exercised about sending you an account of the Lord's goodness in the conversion, and happy death of my dear mother. For several reasons I have postponed it; sometimes fearing my motive was not pure; that there might be secret pride at the bottom; to exalt the creature more than to glorify God. I have also been much afflicted, often too ill to write.

In *Cheering Words* I read the following sentence, "Very few write either letters or sermons fit for the press; thousands of skewer-drawn papers have I tried to correct, and make them pleasant and profitable to peruse." By this I learnt you would correct mine, and publish it if you thought it worthy. My object in sending it forth is to testify of the Lord's faithfulness in answering the prayers of His people, and fulfilling the desires of those that fear Him; even though He often keeps them long time waiting. Believing there are many of the Lord's little ones praying, waiting, anxiously longing for the salvation of those who are dear to them as their life, and fearing at the same time that their desires will never be granted, it is for their encouragement I write, praying that the Lord may use it to the strengthening of their faith. And to His name shall be the glory. I will therefore give a brief outline of my own experience in connection with the point in hand, and write in my own simple way.

My dear mother was born January 10th, 1805, of poor, but industrious and strictly moral parents. Her mother died before she had reached her fourth year; therefore her education was much neglected. She could not write even her own name, but was able to read a chapter in the Bible tolerably well. She married in 1826; became a mother of ten children, of whom I am the eighth. Being of a weak constitution, and delicate health, I was not able to go out in the world the same as the others; therefore, when they had all left home, I became her constant, and almost only companion, during the last six years of her life, as my father was away from early morn till night. My mother was a woman of remarkable good sense, of quick discernment, a kind, thoughtful, and judicious mother; but of an irritable temperament, which was greatly aggravated by disease and nervous debility. During the last few years of her life, this often beclouded her other good qualities; but being of a naturally fond and affectionate disposition, I loved her dearly, and have lost in her my best earthly friend.

About twelve years ago, I was brought to know myself a poor lost sinner, and Jesus as my Redeemer. Now I began to be concerned about the salvation of others, especially my dear mother, and younger brother and sister. For although my mother was a most conscientious and strictly moral person, so much so, that many thought her a Christian, although she made no profession, and my father (who had been a member of a Strict Baptist cause some years previous to my birth) always prayed as if he thought so too, yet I greatly feared she had never been "born again;" but I did not mention it to anyone, lest they should think I judged her wrongfully; so I kept it pent up in my own breast for more than nine years. During this long period, I was often deeply exercised about it. Sometimes praying, and hoping the Lord would answer my prayer on her behalf; at other times desponding and fearing; and then again trying to believe she was a Christian; yet the more I knew of spiritual things myself the more fully convinced was I that my mother knew nothing of vital godliness. During the last three years of her life she was often brought very low with influenza fever. But again and again the Lord spared her to me in answer to prayer. What I suffered at such times I cannot describe. "O that my mother knew the Lord," was the longing desire of my heart; while unbelief would say



that will never be, that she was not one of the elect, and therefore it was no use my praying; it was only presumption; that God would never change His mind to please me. After despairing of ever being answered, still I prayed; for nothing would satisfy me but her salvation. Her death I always dreaded as the greatest calamity that could possibly come upon me; and so selfish was I that I sometimes wished I might die first, to be spared the pain of parting with her never to meet again! And yet I could never get sufficient courage to tell her how anxious I was about her eternal safety, and ask what her hope was built upon. It was very evident to me it was built upon something; because she never appeared anxious or afraid to die when she was ill. Her strict morality was the great barrier; if she had been guilty of open sin, I think I could then have asked her, but I always feared she would think I thought her a great sinner, and she could refer to her consistent life, and say she was as good as myself, and I should not be able to make her understand the spirituality of the law. But I would often read to her, and sometimes pray with her, and tell her all I could remember of the sermons I heard, and often of a Sunday evening I would get into conversation with my father on man's depravity, the necessity of the new birth, and salvation through the finished work of Christ alone. Praying in my heart that the Holy Spirit would bless it to her, but she was always reserved and silent.

In the beginning of 1867, my younger, and only sister living, was brought to know the Lord; for whose salvation I had prayed ten years. I now unburdened my heart to her, asking her to join with me in praying for our dear mother, giving her this promise to plead, "If any two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." As I write this beautiful promise; spoken by him who has never forfeited His word yet, and never will, I wonder how I could ever be so unbelieving, yet blessed be His name "if we believe not yet He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself."

The Lord's faithfulness in answering prayer for my sister, and this gracious promise to plead, inspired me with hope and confidence for a time. But when another eighteen months rolled away, and I saw her getting weaker every day, and no signs of spiritual life, the enemy came in like a flood, my mouth was shut, and I was again in despair, fearing the Lord would not grant me my desire, because it was not His will to save her. Sometimes I would try to be resigned to His will, feeling He might justly have consigned me to eternal perdition; at others, rebelling against His sovereignty, and even doubting the power of His grace, thinking it would be easier to convert anyone than my mother. Thus like His ancient people I "limited the Holy One of Israel." But in His matchless love and forbearance, He bore with my ill manners until the "set time" came to display the riches of His grace, and make known the good pleasure of His will, in making known even at the eleventh hour, that He had chosen her before time began, redeemed her in time, and that now He was about to take her to be with Him throughout eternity, and that "heaven would not be complete without her;" for if one soul for whom the Saviour died was missing, His crown would not be complete.

Five months previous to her death she had been in a very weak state, but able to get up a few hours in the day. On the 28th of August, 1868, she was taken very ill with nervous fever. I had a presentiment of her death, and felt sure the Lord was about to take her from me; but my rebellious feelings were subdued. I was melted at His feet, and made willing to give her up, feeling the Lord had a right to do as He pleaseth with His own, and who, or what was I, that I should arraign the Almighty at my bar? Then it was when my will was completely conquered, that the first ray of hope was given. On the evening of the 1st of September, after reading and praying with her, I took up a book which lay near, and read

that beautiful and well-known hymn—

“ I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest ;  
Lay down, poor weary one, lay down,  
Thy head upon My breast.

“ I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad ;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.”

I stopped, and trembling with emotion I said, “ Mother, can you say that ?” She replied, “ No.” My heart sank within me, and I could say no more ; but after, I had hope, for had she said yes, I should have thought she was deceiving herself.

The next two days she was very reserved, and I could elicit nothing from her. On the fourth, I read the 25th Psalm, and explained it in my simple way ; when I came to the 20th verse, “ Let me not be ashamed, for I put my trust in Thee.” I remarked how none ever trusted in the Lord and were confounded ; and how David could testify of the Lord’s faithfulness in many of his Psalms, etc. “ Ah,” she said, “ David was very different to me ; he had been a Christian all his life, and knew.” I tried to point out to her that David was only a poor sinner like her, and saved through faith in Jesus, that God was no respecter of persons, but whosoever cometh, He would in no wise cast out. I talked to her for some time, and was enabled to pray in simple, child-like confidence, believing the dear Lord had begun the good work in her heart. My beloved pastor (Mr. J. J. Kiddle) came to see her the same evening ; read and prayed with her. She made no remarks. But he believed there was a work of grace in the heart. How my poor heart leaped for joy ; I scarce knew how to contain myself, the joy was so great ; for I felt as sure of her salvation then, as if I saw her rejoicing in the full assurance of it. These words confirmed it to me, “ It shan’t be said, that praying breath was spent in vain.” Now I could triumph over Satan, chide my unbelieving heart that I had been so vile and base to listen to him ; and more ready to believe him, than the absolute promises of the Omnipotent and unchanging Jehovah.

The next ten days, the sins of her past life, and her hard heart, were her chief complaints. She would say “ O this hard heart, it is like the nether millstone, it won’t be sorry.” I said, “ But you wish you had never sinned against God, don’t you ?” “ Oh yes, I do,” she replied. Once when lamenting over her past life, she said, “ After such length of years, can He, will He forgive ?” etc. When I put the question to her, “ What did Jesus leave His bright throne in glory and die for—*why did he die ?*” She very quickly replied, “ Why to save His people from their sins.” I said, “ Yes, and you are His, don’t you think so ?” She replied, “ I hope I am.” She said but little at this time ; but would desire to be left alone, to try to sleep ; but instead of this we would hear her pleading the promises—at one time I heard her saying, “ Thou hast said if we confess our sins, Thou art faithful and just to forgive us our sins,” etc. At another time,

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

Although she was greatly troubled in mind and I read, talked, and prayed with her every day, yet she was still very reserved until Saturday morning 12th, I read a few verses of Isaiah xliii. commented on it and prayed. About two hours after she said, “ Do tell me about poor worm Jacob, I do love to hear you talk.” I conversed with her for some time, but her trembling faith could not lay hold of the finished work of Christ.

She was very weak and low ; the doctor thought her better ; our hopes were raised only to be dashed to pieces on the following day, when he gave

us no hopes of her recovery, and we could see that death had set in. She was anxious and troubled all day, in the evening she became more conversant. I asked her, "how long she had felt herself to be such a sinner?" She replied "Only since I have lain here." My sister (before mentioned, who came home just at the time I needed her for a holiday) with myself spent much time in reading and prayer, that pardon and peace might be seated home to her troubled conscience, Mr. Kiddle visited her on the 14th and 15th, but no assurance came; he thought the mind too weak to embrace the truth, and told me I must not expect any testimony, unless it was a lightening up of the countenance, and even that might not be given; but he felt sure it was a work of grace, and that her soul was safe for glory. I felt a little comforted by what he said, but still I could not rest satisfied, for I must tell you when I saw her sinking into the arms of death, my faith began to fail, the enemy suggesting it was only natural convictions through fear of death, and you know you never put any faith in death-bed repentances, it can't be the work of the Spirit after all. Now this I would not believe, for it had been so clear to my mind that it was a work of grace in the soul; then says unbelief, "Why don't the blessing come? if those prayers were the mind of the Spirit you would have received an answer before now;" but blessed be God those prayers were answered (notwithstanding all my vile unbelief and impatience) in His own way and time, for

"He loves to come when others flee,  
Or coming cannot aid;  
To save in faith's extremity,  
When hope's last glimmerings fade."

Mr. Kiddle had not left us more than half an hour, (it was his last visit as he left home on next day) when my youngest brother (who had recently put on Christ by baptism) my sister and myself were watching by her, fearing she would not rouse to speak to us again; and inwardly groaning that some blessed testimony might be given, when suddenly she opened her eyes, and looked so calm and peaceful. The troubled anxious expression was gone. My brother said, "Is Jesus precious, mother?" She replied "Yes." He again said, "Do you love Him?" She said "Yes," and appeared so happy, and kissed us all. Oh! how our hearts rejoiced, we felt we could willingly part with her, now the Lord had granted us our desire. Oh! how kind, how good He is to all who seek Him! The text for the day was "Prayer was made unto God without ceasing." Their prayers went up like fire, and brought down blessings like water. How true was this in our case! But clouds soon covered the light, and her sins rose up like "a great mountain" before her; and she was greatly troubled all the night. My brother was praying, reading, or repeating hymns to her at her request for the whole of the night, for she scarcely slept the whole of the three weeks.

(To be continued).

I solemnly profess, before God, angels and men, that I am not conscious of my being endued with that self-determining power which Arminianism ascribes to me as an individual of the human species. Nay, I am clearly certain that I have it not. I am also equally certain that I do not wish to have it; and that, was it possible for my Creator to make me an offer of transferring the determination of any one event from His own will to mine, it would be both my duty and my wisdom to entreat that the sceptre might still remain with Himself, and that I might have nothing to do in the direction of a single incident, or so much as a single circumstance.

## Productions of the Press.

THE WORDS OF THE WATCHMAN ON THE LIFE, DEATH, AND MINISTRY OF THE LATE J. C. PHILPOT AND OTHER MINISTERS. Once upon a time, not fifty years since, there lived in the town of Dunmow, a young man of "good promise;" and as minister of the Baptist church he was useful in preaching the Gospel of the grace of God. Interesting circumstances occurred which almost made him a gentleman for life; and on taking the oversight of another sphere of labour in a distant county, he devoted much of his time to the composition of poems, prose essays, and experimental papers, which have been sources of amusement, of instruction, and of comfort to many. We shall not now write the life of this good man; nor shall we criticise, at present, his former productions; upon the whole he has been one of the most singular, if not eccentric, ministers and authors of the present age, and his biography, if faithfully developed, would present a man of more mental and spiritual capabilities than falls to the lot of thousands whose empty exterior have rendered them for a season much more popular than ever this Watchman was, or can be. Nevertheless, although the mannerisms of his ministrations have not attracted multitudes, we believe the steady, the deep, the gracious, and the discerning spirit of the man has proved a blessing to thousands who, during the last thirty years have either perused his papers, or listened to his preaching. And still he lives; still he ministers the word, and now and then he sharpens up his critical pencil, and portrays the features of some of the living, or of the dead, as may best please his mind. His last issue from the press has just been put into our hands; and after a careful perusal, we feel we must not hastily write our thoughts upon a review in which, as the Latins say, the *con* and the *misceo* are so mingled and so huddled together, that really one can hardly tell what

the intention of the writer is. With some difficulty, we restrain our pen this month: but when an elder in the church takes occasion from the death of one of his brethren, to write such a production as this *Impartial Review* wherein the elements of discord are sown broadcast, we can scarcely tell whether a pitiable contempt, or an honest rebuke, is the most becoming valor. The pamphlet before us, is, in some respects, one of various meanings. It requires analyzing to the core; some dark misrepresentations might thus be corrected, and in the end, be useful to the cause of truth. If the Lord, who is long-suffering, and of great mercy, shall keep and help us, the real good of His Zion shall be sought in a minute examination of this most singular effusion.

### FREEDOM—FAITH—FELLOWSHIP.

"Oh, would my Saviour, from on high,  
Break through these clouds and shine,  
No creature then, more blest than I,  
No song more loud than mine."

In the second part of Mr. Newborn's life now gradually passing through the press, we have an excellent testimony respecting the spiritual freedom into which his soul was brought in St. Luke's; also, of his searching the New Testament to understand for himself the kind of obedience which the Lord commands His pardoned ones to render unto Him. There are three classes of persons to whom this part of Mr. Newborn's testimony may be useful. We have felt in reading it, that there is that spiritual sympathy, that Godly sincerity, and that practical honesty, in it, which proves it to be of the Lord, and must commend itself to every good man's conscience as in the sight of God.

First. Persons in soul-trouble, and those delivered by the power of the Holy Spirit, ought to read this testimony, and not allow themselves to be led astray by those who would

seduce them from the New Testament path of Christian obedience.

Secondly. Ministers might here have their pure minds stirred up to more lively concern for their hearers ; and,

Thirdly. The deacons and members of our churches might here receive a most wholesome reproof ; and with the Lord's blessing, they might become more diligent and useful in their office. We do believe many of the Lord's dear little ones are lost to our churches by reason of two things : First, in our churches there is too much cold, abstract indifference manifested toward many who attend our places of worship. The poor things cannot speak for themselves, and no one speaks to them, consequently, the second thing is some of the over zealous members of other denominations often lead them away from us. To these things, and to Mr. Newborn's life we hope to refer again.

*Future Punishment* is a large and instructive paper in *Sword and Trowel* for April, by the head tutor in Mr. Spurgeon's college, Mr. G. Rogers. Awful theme ! Surely, every soul that has been brought to fear God, and to realize the terrors of His wrath against sin, and against unrepenting sinners, every sinner who has been, by the Spirit of God, convicted, convinced, and so converted as to know there is no "fleeing from the wrath to come," but by flying for shelter to the Lord Jesus Himself, every such sinner is most dreadfully assured of the fact, that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, and to hear Him say, "Depart from Me, I never knew you." The gigantic efforts now made to ignore all the eternities of God's Word are to us momentous signs of approaching judgments. Eternal election ! eternal redemption ! eternal predestination ! and eternal wrath, are all disputed ; yea, all are by many rejected ; but the eternal God is our refuge, in Him let Israel trust, for only there they are safe.

*The Kingdom of God in Relation to Human Affairs.* A lecture by Robert Roberts. London : Nichols and Son,

&c. Mr. Roberts is evidently a clever man, and against the different sections of his lecture we shall offer no opposition. When we read books of this class, we almost sinfully wish we had been permitted to live when these most blessed prophecies shall be most literally fulfilled. But, if we are favoured to behold the King in his beauty in the high and holy kingdom where millions, we hope, are now enjoying the unclouded glories of the Great High Priest above ; if with Him, and like Him, it shall be our happiness to appear, then, all that concerns Immanuel's exaltation will tend to our purer happiness, and then will come to pass that delightful saying of the Good Shepherd—"What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter."

*The Greater the Ignorance, the Finer the Language.* Some pretenders and unlearned apes at eloquence should read in *Our Own Fireside* for April, "Things Worth Noting." True eloquence is often found with those in whom dwelleth the Spirit of the Lord. His secret unfoldings of truth in the mind of the speaker and His application of saving truth to the hearts of the hearers, produceth the richest eloquence that can possibly come forth from the ministrations of man. The old "chop-stick carpenter" of Somersetshire, was of more sterling value to the souls of the people than are all the assumed essayical utterances of scores of men who have acquired a little learning, but whose hearts as yet, have never been either broken or healed. When striplings dare to smite the aged sires, they may gain the applause of unsanctified professors, but the living in Jerusalem can only grieve over the fact that novices dare to rush in where angels fear to tread.

A Prophecy of the probable weather in 1870 is given in Squire Hibberd's grand magazine for gardeners. It also contains several splendid engravings of ancient trees, with professional and practical papers on the progress of the fruit, flowers, and fern sciences, beyond any journal of its kind which crosses our path.

*Owen Jones's Church of the Living God*, can be had, substantially bound, at our office, 30, Ludgate hill.

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

### GOOD FRIDAY AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—With your permission I purpose giving your readers a sketch of our Good Friday services at the Surrey Tabernacle. I cannot attempt a verbatim report, not that it would be uninteresting, or unprofitable, but for the reason that it would require about half your number for such a purpose. I will therefore, as the reporters say “summarise” the proceedings.

In the afternoon, the pastor, Mr. James Wells, delivered a discourse from that solemn question of our Saviour’s, as recorded in Matthew xxvii. 46, “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?” Many who heard the discourse bore testimony to its solemnity, its depth of Gospel truth, and the power that attended the delivery of the same. Some six or seven-hundred friends took tea together; and after being thus refreshed, we held a public meeting in the evening.

The object before the meeting was explained by the pastor, who presided; and from the results that followed I should say that explanation was fully satisfactory. It is generally known that the cost of the new building approaching towards £12,000, had, in a comparatively short period been most cheerfully paid by the church and congregation; and every one concerned rejoiced in such a happy result. But there is an annual ground rent of £115 to pay; and the pastor, with some of the friends, felt a strong desire to make some provision to meet this yearly accruing liability. Not that at present there is any difficulty to meet this amount; but, as I think, looking wisely, to the *future*, there was a very commendable wish to make such a provision as should remove the possibility of a loss of the chapel through the inability of the church at any future period to meet this annual sum. The plan proposed whereby to make a provision so desirable, was to erect some houses at the rear of the chapel on a piece of land belonging to the same plot, the rents of which would go towards meeting the ground rent and repairs of the chapel. The houses have been erected. The cost was £2,400 and it was the balance of this debt it was desired to remove at this meeting. Mr. Wells, in his opening address at the evening meeting, referred to a number of places that had been erected for the proclamation of the Gospel by men of truth, which had been lost to the denomination after their decease, and in many cases, simply because no provision had made for the usual annual liabilities. The fine chapel in Gray’s Inn lane, that was built for the late William

Huntington, and where, for years, he declared the whole counsel of God, what had become of it? For want of provision for the ground rent, and other expenses, after the good man’s death, the church not being so prosperous, and unable to meet these claims, it was sold, and the very first sermon that was preached in it after its transfer was a libel and a reproach on the character of the God-honoured coal-heaver, who was designated “an illiterate man;” a circumstance which at the time called forth a very warm and just rebuke from Mr. Rowe, the then editor of *The Gospel Magazine*. Again, what had become of the large chapel in the Waterloo road? The Wesleyans (or as a gentleman said to Mr. Wells, “we sly ones”) had got that. Numbers of cases might be cited, especially in the country, where this loss of places of worship to churches of truth had occurred solely for want of provision being made, and the pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle reviewing these circumstances, remarked that it was one great desire of his life, to see that beautiful place of worship put into such a position that it would be impossible to take it from the church for whom it was intended. During the past year they had been quietly at work to attain this object, and with what results they would presently hear.

Mr. Edward Butt, in following the chairman, took a review of the past; gave some information as to the present, and added a word as to the future, as regarded the church and congregation. These annual gatherings, were to his mind, times for solemn thought. Many who were with them last Good Friday had been called home; old friends and familiar faces were gone for ever; but there was a pleasing feature in their congregation, they had many young men and young women in their midst; and in some cases the children were taking the places of the fathers. From Mr. Butt’s address we learned that the amounts contributed to the various benevolent operations in connection with the church, had in no way suffered from the extra effort in connection with the houses; during the year no less a sum than £520 had been subscribed to assist the poor in various ways. They had gone through the year with some success; the ministry of the word had been with spirit and life, and they had cause for much thankfulness for the past. As to the present, the year 1870 was a year of much interest to them as a church; should they be spared to the 13th of October next, the church will then have existed forty years, and during that long period one pastor had been spared to labour among them in peace and prosperity. In content-

plating these mercies he thought a suitable subject for contemplation on such an occasion would be found in the words, "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness." In reference to the debt, last Good Friday it stood at £1,330. During the year the ladies had worked well, having collected about £520; there was also the result of last Good Friday's collections, which with the ladies, weekly collections, and some other assistance, had reduced the debt down to £425. Mr. Butt asked the friends to subscribe and make promises so that the matter might at least be cleared away by their October meeting; and in closing brought subscriptions amounting to about £60.

C. W. Banks said while hearing Mr. Wells that afternoon on the five reasons why the Father did forsake Jesus when on the cross, his attention was fixed specially on the last reason, God did forsake Christ in order that he might never forsake his people; and while listening to this branch of that solemn discourse, this question sprung up in his own mind, "how can a poor soul believe God has not eternally forsaken him, when all is fearfully dark within, and when all things are gloomy and wretched without?" C. W. B. said the question received some solution in the following manner. On the previous day he purchased a copy of *Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*, containing Mr. James Wells's sermon on "Immanuel's land." The perusal of that discourse led him to study carefully the tenth chapter of Zechariah's prophecy; and in that chapter the Lord himself gives a threefold reason why his people should be restored. In the sixth verse of that chapter, the Lord says concerning his people, "I will strengthen the house of Judah, and I will save the house of Joseph, and I will bring them again to place them," &c. Then comes in the beautiful finishing stroke of all these promises, "And they shall be as though I had not cast them off." Why? What reasons does the Lord give for all this? He gives three. Three times that weighty little word "for," is given—"for I am the Lord their God;" "for I have redeemed them;" "for I have mercy upon them." In the general experience of the Lord's people, these three essential sources of salvation are realized by them even in their darkest seasons, if they are enabled to draw near unto the throne of grace. There the Spirit of adoption will come forth, and "Abba Father" will express their relationship to God: faith in the Redeemer will often work for them, and in them, a blessed experimental freedom of soul, although the joys of salvation may seem to be gone from them; and by reviewing the way the Lord hath led them, they will certainly discover that goodness and mercy have followed them; and the hope that they shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever will revive while they are pleading at the blessed

Redeemer's feet. The speaker then briefly referred to the two-fold spirit of persecution now so mischievously at work; (1) persecution arising from enmity to the truth of God; and (2) the persecution arising from that envious spirit which existeth in some ministers' hearts against others. He held in his hand a tract written by an old "Watchman" who had taken advantage of the death of Mr. Philpot to write and to publish things against other ministers which were calculated to keep up those unholy divisions which were tearing our churches to pieces. The speaker then read an extract from a letter which had reached him with others from the far-off settlements of the United States which proved that Mr. Wells's sermons were truly useful to those of the Lord's people who were called to dwell alone; and expressing his determination to expose these false spirits, and desiring a blessing on the Surrey Tabernacle minister and people, he concluded a brief but earnest address.

Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Beach, Mr. Boulden, Mr. Carr, and Mr. Mitson also assisted at the meeting. Mr. Carr appears to have inherited somewhat of his late respected father's faith and spirit in the cause here. John Carr "laughed at impossibilities;" when £10,000 was wanted for the new tabernacle, and said "it should be done;" and it was done. And the son said twelve-months ago he would not rest till this last debt was discharged. He has kept his word; and in rendering an account of his stewardship, gave proof he had worked as well as talked; he brought up a good array of donations, and concluded with a "strong argument" in favour of paying off the debt immediately, which argument he laid on the table in the shape of a £50 Bank of England note given him by Mr. Ambrose Carr, on the condition that the debt was extinguished that night. Then came our rather curious but very energetic friend James Mitson: he had been "selling Mr. Wells," and brought £30 as the profit of such sales. What with Mr. Butt's list of donations, Mr. Carr's subscriptions, then his £50 strong argument, followed up by the £30 Mr. Mitson had sold Mr. Wells for, it was evident the spirit of the meeting was now fully up to "immediate payment" heat, and it was only to ask and have. The collection was made; and it was then found that there was some ninety odd pounds wanted to remove the debt entirely, so to business went Messrs. Carr and Mitson, and in a few minutes, in subscriptions ranging from 2s. to £10 10s., the whole debt of £125 was swept away in one evening; and "the Surrey Tabernacle" (as was remarked by the pastor on the following Sunday morning) "is now as good as freehold for nearly one hundred years to come." We all stood up, and then sang very heartily—

"Begone, unbelief!"

In closing the meeting, Mr. Wells said he was wholly astonished at the result, and

was never more taken by surprise in his life.

Mr. Butt thanked the friends for their great liberality, and remarked, such acts of kindness must be very encouraging and gratifying to the pastor, and also to the deacons. We sang again that beautiful hymn—

“A day's march nearer home,”

Mr. Wells pronounced the benediction, and thus brought to a close a Good Friday meeting in more senses than one. I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours truly,

R.

#### THE PASTOR TO HIS PEOPLE.

[We believe good service might be rendered if the pastors of our churches did occasionally address and send unto their people, printed letters of congratulation, of counsel, and of comfort. The following is a condensed copy of one recently issued by brother J. A. King, to his loving people the church and congregation at Ebenezer chapel, Morice Town, Devonport.

**BELOVED IN THE LORD.**—Fifteen years have passed away since the commencement of my labours amongst you, and without attempting even an outline of the past, I am quite sure on reviewing the loving kindness, mercies, care, and love of our gracious God, vouchsafed to us through Christ, you will heartily join me in adopting the interpretation given to the name of our little sanctuary, and say, “Hitherto the Lord hath helped.”

I deem it expedient, however, to offer a few words, which may serve to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. It has always been my aim faithfully to proclaim Jesus and him crucified, as the sum and substance of Jehovah's Gospel to poor sinners embracing those glorious and eternal purposes of grace given to the church in him. I have been happy also in securing the services of many eminent servants of God, who have visited our neighbourhood. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper has been administered every month without interruption. Prayer meetings twice a week have been observed, and I rejoice that a third meeting of this kind has been recently established. We have also a Sabbath school, which has by the tender care of our God, so far, outlived its difficulties, under the efficient supervision of its present superintendent and officers. Now as all these elements are means of grace, the question may very probably be asked by us of ourselves and each other, what good has been accomplished thereby?

If we had power to converse with the saints in glory, we should find many who once were our companions in Christ, “with whom we went to the house of God, and took sweet counsel.” If we look abroad on the surface of the globe, do we not see a goodly number who though

absent in body are present in spirit? A glance into our own family circles, will in several cases demonstrate that “Bread has been cast upon the waters and found after many days.” It gives no pleasure to observe also, that our present worshippers include a large portion of my earliest friends, who have stood by me, and the cause of God and truth, from the day of your choice of me as your pastor until now. To them, and to you all, I feel a deep debt of love and gratitude for many personal proofs of your affectionate regard. There is one subject to which I must now ask your prayerful attention, and that is the gradual decrease in our numbers on Lord's-day mornings and week night services during the last three months, which will bear no comparison with the attendance at the Lord's table, the average at this service is about seventy, and the enquiry often raised at our prayer meetings is, where are the members of the church? I am especially anxious too that our brethren should not restrain prayer in public, but come forward in humble faith that the Lord will fulfil his promise, “Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.” I venture to think also that a determination on the part of every one of our existing congregation to bring at least ONE friend would tend materially to our increase, which under the Lord's blessing might result in a larger number of seat-holders, and above all additions to the church; this can be better done by yourselves than by your minister. Gladly should I hail the offer of teachers for the Sabbath school, for the male side particularly.

And now a word on the subject of finance; our trustees are alive to every legitimate means for the reduction of the debt on the chapel, as well as an economical expenditure; they have paid off a few small loans with interest thereon, but still find themselves with a burden of about £390.

Above all things, my dear friends, have fervent charity among yourselves, “pray for the peace of Jerusalem,” speak to the timid “good and comfortable words,” which shall induce them to cast in their lot amongst us, that we may grow in grace and in knowledge of our Lord. Accept my warmest love in Christ, as well as those my humble suggestions or your spiritual and temporal welfare, while I remain, yours sincerely in Jesus,

J. A. KING, Minister.

50, Haddington road, Stoke.

**HORNSEY RISE—EBENEZER CHAPEL, BRICKBECK ROAD.** The ordinance of believer's baptism was administered April 7, 1870, to two, who had gladly received the Word, were baptized in the True name of Israel's God. We are thankful to say that an attentive congregation gathered from the surrounding locality, witnessed the beautiful and significant rite. W. S. WATERBURY, pastor.



### MR. SAMUEL MILNER'S FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

THIS anniversary at Keppel street chapel, Russell square, was celebrated Tuesday, March 29th, 1870. Tea was served. At the public meeting the chair was occupied by Mr. Samuel Milner; amongst those present, were brethren John Hazelton, Philip Dickerson, George Webb, J. C. Meeres, Joseph Wilkins, Green, Griffin, Dearsley, Wise, and H. Cooper, Esq., F.R.C.S.

After the opening by singing and prayer, Mr. Milner delivered an address, reviewing his long life in the ministry, and expressing gratitude for the number of friends present. Mr. John Foreman was suffering from cold, and could not be there. Mr. Milner had now been speaking forty-one years. At first he preached occasionally among small causes; but it was forty years since he was first settled as pastor in the East of London. During that time many friends had gone hence. It was difficult for an aged man to make new acquaintances. In looking over his life, he could say, he had loved the work of the ministry; but, sometimes it was hard work. It often made him pray more than he liked, and yet it did not. He often could study an hour, where he could not pray a minute. But this work drove them to prayer. The fact is, God's word is a sealed book; until God opens it, none can. There are seven seals, and no man can open one, except God give the power. Some men preached, who were not partakers of grace, they were only actors. To preach the Gospel, and then to be cast away was a sorry matter. In 1823, it pleased God to stop him in the course of sin; soon after he commenced speaking in the Lord's name. Perhaps this might be the last time he should meet them on a similar occasion; if so, he hoped his life had been one of usefulness in the service of God. When he first came to Keppel street, those words in Joshua struck his mind, he hoped they were given by God, "Have I not commanded thee? be strong, and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed." And although they had not been what is called a prosperous people, yet they had kept their way, and had had some tokens of heaven's approbation.

All Mr. Milner's friends were grieved to hear of his affliction; but hoped God would spare him some years longer yet. His ministerial course has been comparatively a quiet one, an honourable one, and to many a valuable one. He has seen many pass away since he first began; before many years, himself, and his fellow-labourers in the Gospel, will also have passed away; but, "God will save Zion, the seed of his servants shall inherit it; and they that love his name shall dwell therein."

The venerable Philip Dickerson, the deep-thinking John Hazelton, and other brethren spoke much to the edification of the meeting, which was calculated both to

solemnize, and to cheer the true Christian heart.

**RYARSH.**—Presentation March 15th. We spent a very profitable service. A good company partook of tea. The service commenced by singing; prayer by the minister; then one of the deacons, on behalf of the church and congregation, rose, and with a few suitable remarks presented the minister with a very handsome book case, as a token of respect and esteem for his labours among them in preaching the word. Many valuable volumes of books have been presented in previous years, but this year a case for their preservation. The present having been acknowledged by an expression of heart-felt thanks for their kindness and prayer, that in future it may tend to create love and union, and that the word may still be made a blessing. Mr. George Wyard addressed the meeting on "Christ the High Priest of God;" showing he was the incomparable High Priest, and it was he alone that could atone and put away sin, appease the wrath of God, and save the sinner. Mr. Dalton followed on Christ the slain Lamb, shewing that he was slain for sin, and his blood that cleanseth from all sin; he is the Lamb in the midst of the throne. Mr. Dexter, the last speaker, gave a few introductory remarks upon the importance of all children being taught secular matters; then came to the subject, the "Holy Spirit a teacher, showing what he taught, how he taught, and for what he taught; sinners the way to heaven, and the evidences of having been taught. Those secret desires, and longings for God are evidences of being taught by the Spirit. With singing and prayer, a full house of friends returned home, saying it was a truly spiritual meeting. We have much cause for gratitude in witnessing the prosperity of Zion in this locality. There is a great spirit for hearing the word; our congregations are very encouraging. Many are asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. The Lord is indeed with us in calling sinners from the kingdom of Satan, and translating them into the kingdom of his dear Son, and making the word savoury to the souls of his saints.

JOHN JULL.

Wrotham Water, March 31, 1870.

**BIRCHINGTON.**—Good meetings were holden in Baptist chapel, March 8th. The brethren Kiddle, Deuis, and Rayment, spoke to the assembled friends. Brother Rayment has been very ill; and desires help to enable him to continue to minister in the Gospel here.

**PLUMSTEAD.**—Special services were holden in Mr. Joseph Warren's "Baptist chapel," St. James's place, Plumstead, on March 20th. Sermons morning and afternoon by C. W. Barks; evening, by Thomas Steed.

SUSSEX.—Brother John Brett, who is preaching with acceptance to many in the good old truth loving county of Sussex, writes us in a blessed spirit. We thank the Lord for still raising up plain and faithful preachers. This good brother says:—I am often led to say 'tis God's mercy he has looked upon such a worthless worm of the earth. He has borne with me these many years in this wilderness; goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. Among all my trials and troubles my delight and desire has been that I may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever; but oh! brother, what a day we are living in? When I look over Zion, how many are departing from that old path of truth? It makes me cry unto my God to keep me still near him. His truth is ever dear to me; it cost my dear Redeemer's heart's blood, that he might redeem such poor helpless ones as I know we daily feel. O, how that does humble me when I have the eye of faith to see his love to me that when I was his enemy he died that I might have eternal life through him; but how many will stand at the last day before him is not for me to say. One thing I must believe, them that honour him he will honour. I have been about Sussex for some time, speaking. I trust I can say with many dear souls, it has not been in vain. I have left Dane Hill, and Newick, to the sorrow of many.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. Editor, — We desire to reply to references to Mr. A. Howard in EARTHEN VESSEL, and to say first, we believe Mr. H. has made his testimony in deep and sore tribulation, but also in much sincerity, and honesty, and uprightness during upwards of six years ministry in Birmingham. Secondly, to us it is manifest our God owneth his faithful labours, and graciously gives his blessing on the same, even until now. We speak from our own experiences. Thirdly, Mr. H. has not had any direct connection with Constitation Hill now for four years; Mr. Howard has not left Birmingham; though he has been laid aside much of the winter through ill health; by the providence and gracious compassion of our God, he was with us again in his work March 20th, at Rehoboth, and we pray if it be the will of our tender and gracious Lord God, he may yet be spared for many years amongst that people over which he has ever been as a tender father and faithful minister in Jesus. Yours truly, J. WATTS, W. NEWCY, brethren.

[Mr. Abraham Howard's ministry in Birmingham has been severely tested by many trials; yet, he has been preserved, and made a blessing. We have a long letter from him which we hope, some day, to publish.—ED.]

NOTTING HILL.—Anniversary services were holden in Johnson street chapel,

on Sunday and Monday, March 27th and 28th. Sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. P. W. Williamson, Mr. Le Riche, Mr. James Wells, and C. W. Banks. The public meeting on the 28th was interesting. The choir rendered, "For ever with the Lord," with sweet and sacred effect. After addresses had been listened to from the pastor, Messrs. Thomas Jones, Henry Hall, T. Rowley, and C. W. Banks, Mr. C. W. Williamson, the pastor's father, concluded the services by a fervent and comprehensive prayer; to which all spiritual minds could add their most hearty amen. To see, and to hear the venerable father standing by the side of, and pleading most effectively for, his own son, was solemnly gratifying to all who were favoured to realize the blessedness of such holy and happy sympathy. Mr. Rowley's proper address is 72, Castle street East, Oxford street, London, W. Both Mr. Rowley and his son have been for many years in fellowship with the church at Notting hill, under the care of Mr. P. W. Williamson, and we are glad to learn that as supplies in the ministry, both the father and the son are acceptable and useful.

VAUXHALL.—BAPTIST CHAPEL, Upper Kennington Lane. Half yearly sermons were preached, Sunday April 10th; morning by Mr. W. Alderson; evening, by Mr. D. Gracey. On Good Friday, meetings were holden. Over two hundred took tea. At evening meeting, T. Cook, Esq., an elder of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, took the chair. The pastor, Geo. Hearson, reported rise and progress of the cause; he said, a little more than six years ago, the cause was started by his beginning to preach the Gospel in the first floor of an egg merchant's warehouse, situate on the west side of Vauxhall Gardens. At the end of ten months a church was formed of eight members; and they, with a congregation of about eighty to a hundred removed to this commodious chapel, which was rented at £80 per year. The church now numbered 140 members; chapel was usually nearly filled on Lord's-day evenings. We have a Sunday School with 300 children; a flourishing Band of Hope, a large School of Art for mechanics, a Benevolent Society, a Mother's Meeting; a Building Society, and a very considerable Evangelist's Association. Prayer Meetings had been better attended this winter than at any former time. A much larger schoolroom had become absolutely necessary. The cause and all its agencies were in a most hopeful and prosperous condition; yet his motto still should be onward! progress! excelsior. Very interesting addresses were delivered by J. Buck, D. Honour, J. D. Williams, J. S. Morris, and T. Cook, Esq. It was stated that the improvement and general expenses of last year had left the church in debt £27, and that it was very desirable to clear it all off that night. A collection

was therefore made, which, with private gifts to the pastor amounted to £31 8s. 6d. The result highly pleased all present, and gratitude filled every heart. During the evening, the senior boys class presented £1 ls. through their teacher to the pastor, towards the chapel debt. This was very feelingly and gratefully acknowledged. The chairman was also commissioned by the church to present to the pastor a very handsome purse, containing a bulky sum of money for his own private use, as a token of their high esteem. This testimonial was altogether unexpected by the pastor, and he found very great difficulty adequately to express his grateful sense of his friends' kindness. He gratefully acknowledged it. Thus, one of the most numerous attended, happy and profitable meetings came to a close.

"O to grace! O for grace!  
Grace all the work shall crown." &c.

TRING.—EBENEZER CHAPEL. Special services on Easter Monday, to commemorate second anniversary of Mr. Edgerton's pastorate. A sermon in the afternoon by Mr. Colsell; 200 persons took tea. Previous to friends leaving the tea table, Mr. White, one of the deacons, rose and after a few words relative to the progress of the Lord's work under Mr. Edgerton's ministry, presented to him, on behalf of the church and congregation a handsome Geneva watch and case, also a purse of money for Mrs. Edgerton as a token of Christian regard. The pastor said, Dear brethren and sisters, I sincerely thank you for this and all other proofs of Christian love so freely shown towards me; it is my earnest prayer that God may so enable me to preach his word as to be the means of blessing your souls, and deepening our affection for each other. The evening sermon was by the pastor. The position of the church is as follows:—Number of persons baptized during the two years, twenty-three; deaths, three; dismissals, three; withdrawn from, three; number of members, sixty-eight. It was remarked gratefully that all baptized under the present ministry were walking honourably, none having gone back into the world. The chapel debt had been lowered, and under all existing circumstances, there was abundant reason to bless the Giver of all good. Things look well at Ebenezer chapel, Tring.

P. O. M.

KENT.—At Halling, on the Thursday before Good Friday, brother W. Lodge (of Cumberland street,) preached here to a crowded house full. Next morning, three boats full of happy souls went singing up the Medway, to commemorate brother Witts's anniversary at Jireh chapel, Chatham. Brother Lodge preached here on Good Friday, and on Easter Sunday; and we know the people did rejoice. Brother

Witts has been the Lord's servant in raising and increasing our cause; the Lord increasingly bless him and the people.

PECKHAM.—Solemn and interesting services were held in Baptist chapel, Rye lane, in March. Mr. Crumpton preached a baptizing sermon, then addressed the young candidates, and led them down into the water. Mr. Moyle, the pastor, read the Scriptures, and pleaded in prayer for the Lord's blessing. Mr. Crumpton looked ill, but he was strengthened in and honoured for, his work. In this day when that most striking ordinance, the baptism of believers by immersion, is so increasingly slighted, we receive with gladness tidings of a steady growth in many of our New Testament churches.

WIMBLEDON.—MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE COVENANT OF GRACE.—The dear Lord in his mysterious providence having taken our beloved pastor from us to himself, was pleased in his abounding love to give us a special day of thanksgiving on Good Friday last, having enabled Mr. Hall of Clapham, and Mr. Carpenter, of Richmond, to proclaim the glorious Gospel of Christ, as I have sat and listened to from the lips of my beloved pastor. Am also happy to say that the dear Lord put it into the heart of the friends to come and see us in our troubles, from all parts, which made our souls rejoice in the God our salvation. Trusting there are many happy days in store for Little Zoar, is the earnest prayer of a sinner saved by grace,

G. M.

LITTLE WILD STREET CHAPEL was the scene of Christian cheerfulness on Easter Tuesday. Sermons were preached by brethren Lodge and Thomas; a company of friends were bountifully supplied with excellent tea. At public meeting, James Ford, Esq., presided; and gave wise counsel as regards the means of benefiting the neighbourhood, which is a mixed one, thousands of far sunken people, and thousands of most industrious and respectable folk dwell in the immediate vicinity of this ancient, and once aristocratic house of prayer. Mr. Preston Davies implored the Lord's blessing; and the several subjects were expounded by the brethren H. G. Edwards, C. W. Banks, C. Cornwell, Kemp, Lodge, Warren, Howard, &c. The Islington choir, under the efficient leadership of Mr. Cheshiro, gave sacred pieces with such power and harmony, as delighted the audience. This meeting was given by the ministers of the New Testament Pentecostal Union, with a view to aid the cause here, which, under brother Thomas's ministry we hope will be raised to prosperity again.

WITHAM.—Mr. Preston Davies is frequently preaching the Gospel here; and the cause of truth is well sustained.

**MILE END.**—Easter Sunday and Monday were beautiful days; and useful and happy gatherings were found in Emmanuel Baptist church, in Burdett road, where the anniversary of the Sunday schools was celebrated. The Gospel, on the Sunday was preached by J. Harrison, C. W. Banks, and W. Chamberlain, to large audiences; and on Monday, tea and cake were given to the children; then the members, teachers and friends took tea; and to close the whole, a public meeting was holden, under the presidency of Captain Campbell, when a pleasing report was read, and speeches were delivered by Mr. Harrison, Mr. Chamberlain, the noble chairman, Mr. Gray, C. W. Banks, and others. Some of them were instructing, some enthusiastic, some critical, some practical, and some a little too long; but all helpful to advance the best interests of the schools and the souls of the people.

**HACKNEY.**—Mr. Myerson's meeting of ministers and friends at Shalom chapel, in the Oval, was March 29th. The sun of steady prosperity shines here upon pastor and people. We are thankful to see Mr. A. W. Kaye so far restored to health, as to be able to resume his ministry at Ebenezer, in John street, Cambridge Heath. His lecture "Hasten to the Refuge," is worthy of being heard in every direction. Dr. Bell delivered a prophetic discourse on the second advent, in Mr. Osborne's chapel, Claremont street, Hackney, on the 16th of March. We regret to learn the Dr.'s paper (*The Voice upon the Mountains*) has ceased to be heard.

**BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.**—The usual Easter Monday services were holden on behalf of the Sick Poor Fund in Ebenezer chapel. In the afternoon, Mr. Wells preached. The friends gathered to tea; and in the evening the public meeting was held. The report shows how useful such a society was in the hour of need; and in this labour of love, the brethren have not lost their reward. The pastor, Mr. Lawrence, thanked the friends for their support and kindness; and addresses suitable to the occasion were given by the brethren Kemp, Lodge, Anderson and Cant.

**LONDON.**—Mr. John Foreman's forty-third anniversary at Paddington commenced on Good Friday, with a sermon by Mr. Marks, as full of Gospel as the most faithful believer could desire. Mr. Foreman is not the vigorous and powerful man he once was; still, he holds on his way in the same blessed truth. At Wimbledon, in the late beloved Luke Snow's chapel, Mr. Hall, of Clapham, and Mr. Carpenter, of Richmond, delivered suitable discourses; and it is hoped that the cause of Christ in this place will be preserved and again flourish like the garden of the Lord. In the late John Etenson's chapel, Carmel, Pimlico, Mr. Marks again expounded the Word of Life.

And in all the different sections of the church in London, there were good gatherings; and many rejoiced in the Lord. At Stoke Newington, Mr. Cornwell's (Mount Zion) anniversary was celebrated on April 10th and 12th; sermons were preached by brethren Battson, Cornwell, H. Stanley, and C. W. Banks. It is understood Mr. Cornwell will preach his last sermons here on the first of May, unless some token for good constrain him to renew his pastorate. If he should leave, the church earnestly prays the Lord to send them another pastor. Stoke Newington is an interesting locality.

**NEW YORK.**—Mr. Thos. Hall sends us a letter he has received from Mr. E. Lee, 285, Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, in which Mr. Lee acknowledges the receipt of many more letters (from ministers in England who are willing to go to New York, and the different parts of America) than he had yet been able to answer. Mr. Lee promises to lay the letters before the friends in New York, and hopes to adopt some measures to aid those ministers out who have not the means to go out of themselves. Some things are suggested which certainly ought to be adopted. In the first place, a committee, to be called "The Gospel Mission for the United States." (2) The English committee should put themselves in correspondence with the American committee. (3) All those ministers who are willing to go into the United States, to preach the Gospel, should send their names &c., to the English committee. Then every brother who goes out, would go recommended by the English churches. Mr. R. Lee asks that every church and congregation in England be asked to give one penny per head from every one professing faith in Jesus. By adopting these measures good might be done. Who will help to form the committee?

**CURTAIN ROAD.**—Six working men have united to establish a "Christ-like Sick Visiting Society." Their office is 18, Chapel street, Curtain road. The Secretary assures us that the Lord has greatly blest their labours, and constant visits to the chambers of the sick, (with help afforded to the extent of several pounds) are made by the members. Mr. Walter James, a well-known and honoured member of the Little Wild street church, guarantees the honourable and cheerful distributions of all funds entrusted to this Society.

**RUSHDEN.**—Good Friday, April 15th, 1870, was a good day here. A goodly number of God's chosen people listened to that glorious Gospel which this spot has been favoured with many happy years. May God favour us with its blessed continuance. C. L.

[We have not heard what farther pro-

gress towards health has been found by Mr. C. Drawbridge.]

**SUSSEX.**—Mr. John Brett has been successfully preaching the Gospel at Danes hill and Newick; large congregations were gathered and many were grieved at his leaving. We cannot yet answer friend Maberly. The influence which some travelling preachers, and resident professors exercise, is awfully cruel. We think of entertaining the invitation of "M. M." If so, the meetings in the barns and on the green, will be announced if possible. Mr. Joseph Worsley, who was for so many years a great blessing in supplying the villages with the best Gospel preachers he could find, now resides at Scrase Bridge, near Hayward's heath. We believe he is willing still to serve the churches.

**OUR WATERING PLACES.**—The season is come when friends are flying from town as opportunity offers, to catch a few fresh breezes from the sea, and more silent spots of England's pretty isle. These excursionists often find themselves at a loss where to worship on the Lord's-day. We should be glad to be enabled to give them correct guidance; but this cannot be done, unless the information be sent us. We know of no watering-place near London so well supplied with Gospel ministers as is Brighton. In passing from the station at Brighton into the centre of the town, there stands on the left, down a little hill, "Galeed chapel," where the Baptists from the late Mr. Grace's church now worship. Mr. Atkinson is still in the late Mr. Sedgewick's pulpit; Mr. Ghaskin is in Bond street, Mr. Isaacs, and others, are preaching the truth in Brighton, but we will not this month attempt any description of the several good men, who are reckoned faithful in the word.

#### OLD BRENTFORD ANNIVERSARY.

—On Easter Monday, the friends at Old Brentford held their fifty-first anniversary, which was a time of rejoicing to many of the Lord's people. I have attended many similar festivals but never do I remember meeting with a more happy company than on this occasion; there were many friends from London, Wandsworth, Richmond, Hayes, Uxbridge, Hounslow, and other places, who all testified to the pleasure and profit derived from the preaching of the Word, and Christian social intercourse. Nearly one hundred sat down to a good substantial hot dinner, and about three hundred to tea. Good pastor John Parsons his esteemed wife and friends were assiduous in attending to the wants and comfort of their numerous visitors. Mr. Stringer took the morning service, and was heard with much pleasure and profit by an attentive congregation. In the afternoon, Mr. Anderson preached and was well received. The evening service was by Mr. Wells, the chapel was crowded, and many were the

testimonies of his discourse being blessed. I am informed, this is the best anniversary the Brentford friends have had for many years. The collections were exceptionally good; that in the evening alone exceeded the whole amount of the three services last year. A VISITOR.

#### Notes of the Month.

**HILLINGDON.**—Wm. Ash requests us to state if Z. T. was "Observer," or not. Our answer is, 1. When "Observer" reached our office, we were not in town; 2. When we saw it, we believed it came from Z. T., but as no name was sent with it, we laid it back; 3. By some strange accident, it fell into printer's hands, and without revision or correction, it was printed; we were then, we believe, in Wales, or Hereford. 4. Before we knew there was any offence, the MS. was destroyed; therefore, although we believed Z. T. sent it, we cannot positively assert it. 5. At much inconvenience we revised and inserted Mr. Parsons's long letter, thereby hoping full satisfaction had been given. 6. Mr. Ash says, "We are keeping alive a fire." 7. We will willingly travel to Hillingdon to put out the fire, if we can. There are three mysteries in this matter to us. 1. Why does not "Observer" honestly acknowledge the authorship? 2. What more can be said, that Mr. Parsons has not said? 3. What good can result from the different ministers and churches continually reproaching each other? "Observer" never sent his real name, therefore we ought to have burned his letter at once. Instead of so doing, we left it in the office; and it fell into the vessel unprepared. Let "Observer" come forward like a man. Let faults be confessed, then let them be forgiven, and buried.

**STRANGE POSITION FOR A MINISTER.**—Mr. Editor,—I stand connected with a Particular Baptist church, which is in a state of confusion. I shall be obliged if you will give your opinion in the EARTHEN VESSEL, of the following: The congregation has fallen off to one third of the former number, and two thirds of the members but seldom attend preaching services. His continuance as minister with the people has been under five years; a church meeting has been held, of which previous notice was given, by request of some of the members, to ascertain the mind of the church as to the propriety of the minister staying or leaving; only one out of every five voted for him to stay. The minister had told his members he should not leave, as there is a donation, and that is his property, and he should stay by power. The result of the church meeting, they have given the minister three months notice to leave as pastor, but he threatens us with law. When the church engaged him, nothing about his staying or being settled for life were mentioned; he was voted in as the pastor by the majority; and voted to leave the same way, but the minister bids us defiance.

Please favour us with your opinion as to his propriety in trying to stay in the face of nearly all the members and the deacons also.

A. Z.

[Cases of this kind have recently been decided by law. The majority can vote a man in, and a majority can vote a man out. We should strongly urge upon the minister the propriety of leaving, seeing the congregation is declining, and the church cannot receive his ministry. To persist in staying against the desires of the people, is contrary to Scripture, to law, to the spirit of Christ, and must produce destructive consequences both to pastor and to the cause.—Ed.]

**READING.**—We beg to submit a needy and fatherless family to the readers of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**. Subsisting upon less than 3s. each per week, living at 3, Wellington street, Reading, Berkshire. The father, Mr. Oliver Button, builder, died on the 8th of November, 1865, leaving a believing widow, and seven children, totally unprovided for. The youngest, Jabez Crouch, deformed, aged eleven, is the main object of this appeal, which is made in order to obtain a sufficient fund to give him a good education. Contributions will be thankfully received by C. W. Banks, Editor, J. Lynn, 70, Fleet street, E.C., W. Lynn, 27, St. Petersburg place, Bayswater, J. Short, Notting hill, W., A. Hammond, Gosport, S. Brown, Scripture reader, 3, Russell terrace, Reading, L. Godfrey Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.

**QUESTIONS AND CONTROVERSIAL SUBJECTS.** A friend sends twelve stamps for Mrs. Hutchinson and her fatherless babes; and asks, "Are there any conditions in the covenant?" "What are New Testament precepts, but as forming one code of family rules; &c. We wish friends would give name and address." "Alpha's" question on Heb. iv. 15, has been overlooked. If "Alpha" will once more put it before us, it shall, (D.V.) be immediately replied to. We believe there are many Scriptures, many doctrines, many prophecies, many and many promises very dark to multitudes who read the holy Word; we also believe much of this darkness may be removed, when the Spirit of the Lord shines upon our souls. We will attend to these queries; but the afflictions on every hand, the deaths and trials of the last winter, have filled us with work of sorrow to overflowing. We hope the Lord will enable us to fetch up the rear.

**WALWORTH.**—One evening we read, not critically, but charitably, Mr. James Wells's sermon on "peace," and wrote a brief commendation of it. Mr. Joseph Chislett, of York street Baptist chapel, has sent us a critical correction of some uncertain sounds. We have laid the two Walworth productions in our review drawer; as soon as possible, we will compare the sermon and the critique together.

**CITY ROAD.**—The people are filling the late Mr. Abraham's chapel in Regent street,

listening with much anxiety and edification to the ministry of Mr. Vinnall. As we have stood in his late father's pulpit, and have been acquainted with the origin and rise of the Vinnall family, we will furnish "a Seeker of Salvation" with some precious testimonies as soon as possible.

**DOWN, KENT.**—The note in **MARCH VESSEL** is not strictly correct. Mr. Church has been with us a long time, but has not been recognised as our pastor.

D. TOWN.

**SUPPLY.**—Mr. Frederick Green, of No. 1, Upper Yardley street, Wilmington square, Clerkenwell, has some Sabbaths not filled up; he will be settled over some truthful church as soon as Providence opens the way.

**BOROUGH.**—Allow me to say the doors of Trinity chapel have not been once closed against those who come to the regular services.

**A DEACON AT TRINITY CHAPEL.**

**RUSHDEN.**—If Foster Vorley writes all truth, there must be some singular spirits even where so much Gospel has been published. Several letters received.

**SPITALFIELDS.**—The venerable Mrs. Champness went home March 10, 1870, singing—

"On Christ, the solid rock, I stand."

She was well known to the churches in the East End.

**LOOKING AFTER THOSE YOU LEAVE BEHIND.** What they call "Life Insurance" appears to us to be simply fulfilling the New Testament injunction; it is, providing while you live, for those you may leave behind when you die. Not to do this, is declared by Paul to Timothy to be worse than infidelity; "If any provide not for his own, and specially those of his own kindred, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." We have had even higher thoughts of Life Assurance than this, but in this notice of a truly practical kind, we can only, this month, meet the wishes of not a few of our readers, as regards the safest Society for Assurance; and we have no hesitation in honestly affirming that "The British Equitable Assurance Company," under the wise, the honourable, and righteous management of WILLIAM SUTTON GOVER, Esq., is, in every sense, worthy of the utmost confidence of all who are seeking to secure to their heirs a safe and unquestionably secure inheritance. The last report of The British Equitable we purpose to notice next month.

**BIRTH.**—Maria, wife of Rev. W. F. Edgerton, of Ebenezer chapel, West End, Tring, of a son, March 27th, 1870.

**STONHAM.**—Died, Feb. 24th, 1870, aged forty-four, Louisa, the beloved wife of Mr. Edward Freeman, of Stonham chapel, Suffolk. Deceased was a true lover of God's cause, God's truth, God's ministers, and God's people. She has left a young family, who will know their loss.

# Sacred and Solemn Thoughts on Hebrews vi.

BY CHARLES LUCAS, OF IRCHESTER.

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OUR own thoughts are, that these verses ought not to be read by themselves; but in connection with an eye to the rest of the epistle; for if we read carefully, we shall perceive that this epistle was chiefly written to the weak part of the Hebrew church, especially some of them, while some neglected to assemble themselves together; and others of them were no more than mere professors, thereby bringing disgrace upon the church, which called forth these hypothetical and curiously written verses by the inspired apostle, chiefly to deepen a concern of heart, and to stir some of them up to diligence; and cautiousness in some that were weak in the way of godliness, and this being coupled with godly fear, worked well for some of them as it will do in all young Christians, and a little more of that would not do any harm to some older Christians. Moreover, let us look at Rom. viii. 30, "Whom he did predestinate, them He also justified, and whom He justified them He also glorified." This, I think, will be quite enough to satisfy any spiritually taught child of God, that the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth verses in Hebrews vi, are not of a fundamental, doctrinal character, but, they are as before stated. Moreover, the good word of God, as it is in Jesus Christ, as all spiritually taught children of God know, is a word of God's divine power and goodness, communicated by God the Eternal Spirit; and being the communicated good word of God, it always has a life-giving effect in all Christians, and the continuance of the same must be kept up by the powers of the world to come. Often when the children of God are so built up in their most holy faith, as to be strong enough to search the good word of God by faith, the strength or power must be communicated to them, to enable them to lay hold and taste of the spiritual good word of God and the powers of the world to come; and this they are all in his or her measure favoured to do, that are born again. Now I ask the question, whether any one can fall away that ever tasted experimentally the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come as here described? I answer no; and finally they cannot. All heaven and all rightly taught children of God will answer the same; yea, all will say amen. Did ever Balaam, or king Saul, or, any of the like characters recorded in the Old or New Testament, ever taste of the good word of God as is here described? I emphatically answer no. If they had, they never could have fallen away finally as some did. "By grace are ye saved, it is the gift of God;" and that absolutely and sovereignly. There is no falling away finally. Glory be to God for that! But there are many that have enough intellectual light and knowledge; who put on a profession of religion; and who see that the word of God teaches good precepts, and doctrinal truths, and in this way they taste of the word; as recorded in holy writ; the same characters bear the same resemblance to one another, whichever way you compare them. They have some resem-

blance of being true professors, but many of these fall away from their profession ; whose end is nigh unto cursing, and some I have known to have gone into all manner of blasphemy, and open infidelity, after making a profession ; and when these get mixed with the children of God, and are partakers of their language, how near they will look like the real corn, before they are found out ; especially if they have the riches of this world, and are benevolent with it. They would deceive the very elect, if possible. They may do so as to their persons, but not as to their characters. If this should meet the eye of any one of them, under God, may it prove a blessing to Zion. Furthermore, beloved, by the Spirit of God and prayer, you that are young, try and grasp in your meditation one of the chief desires of the mind of God, which runs through this beautiful epistle ; and you will see that these said verses were written in a hypothetical and suppositional manner ; and in this wise, suppose that these persons were to fall away, it would be impossible to renew them to repentance ; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh ; as if St. Paul, through the inspiration of the Spirit of God, would so deepen and impress upon their young and weak minds, the awfulness of such conduct which was seen in some of them. See how he goes on to encourage them by saying, " We are persuaded BETTER things of you ; things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak ;" for, Paul was persuaded that some of them had tasted the good Word of God experimentally ; and Paul also knew it was impossible for any one to fall away that ever tasted of the vitality of the blessedness and preciousness of the divine power of the word, for it is eternal life within them ; a life that never began to be, and never can cease to be ; it being a living principle in them more durable than the life that is in the natural blood of your body. Of course it began with you, but it never began in itself ; for it being the love of God, it must follow that it is part of God's divine nature, so it may well be called by them who partake of it " the good word of life ;" and St. John says, " God is love." So ye weaklings, you can never fall away, because God saith, " My loving kindness I will not utterly take away from you, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." You may fall or stumble foully, and tremble in your conscience, and tremble in your peccable nature ; also in your understandings, a thousand times a day. Hence, see what need there is for these exhortations, and O beloved, let us look to the things that accompany salvation, and to salvation itself ; for these things must go together in the Christian career. Let us look at the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth verses of this chapter. The miser, the slothful, would do well to read them every morning, as their portion, and digest them. Again, suffer the word of exhortation, and let us look well to the things that accompany salvation ; namely, faithfulness to God, and fruitfulness, and soberness, mixed together with meekness with all manner of suffering for Christ's sake, and diligence, by love unfeigned, after the inner man ; for if we are characters that do these things, we shall not fall foully. Finally, brethren, pray for one another.

C. LUCAS.

Irchester, Northamptonshire.

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## THE LATE MR. W. FREMLIN.

By T. JONES.

*(Continued from page 102.)*

At one time he was overshadowed in the valley by a pall of mental gloom, through which came no cheering light, and his spirits were greatly depressed. Some such experience seems common to pilgrims as they approach the terminus. It is probable that Satan, seeing he has but a short time to spend his wrath on the redeemed soul, brings out all his machinery of annoyance, and casts out of his mouth water as a flood, that he might as with a flood carry away all sense of covenant security and hope in everlasting mercy. Rev. xii. 15. It is as cowardly as it is cruel of our implacable adversary to take advantage by our bodily weakness and disease to worry us, and, if possible, to extinguish our lamp at midnight when we are expecting the Bridegroom; but greater is he who is for us than all who are against us; and this conflict with the powers of hell when so near the portals of heaven; victory, secured for us when we have no strength to fight; confirms the faith of the dying believer in the creed which has been the stay of his life, SALVATION IS OF THE LORD. The inward struggles of our friend while thus tempest-tossed he himself could not describe. How much there is in the feelings and fightings, the faintings, and revivings of the hidden life that are untold on earth, needing the more copious language of a better world for suitable words to relate them! The day following the dark one, he seemed more composed, and his wife asked him if he was more comfortable. "O, yes," he said, 'it is all right.' These words dispelled the clouds, and repulsed the enemy. 'Can a woman forget the sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.' Isa. xlix. 15. So true is it "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation."

All this while disease was vigorously doing its work, sapping the walls and loosening the joints of the earthly tabernacle. The operation was painful in the extreme. The house had been constitutionally firm, and needed strong wrenchings to detach its bands. If the destroyer made a pause for a little time, he speedily resumed his havoc with increased violence, causing anguish to the patient which could not be hid. The members of his affectionate family who kept watch over his bed sympathised with his sufferings; and was there not an unseen sympathiser, the tender loving Jesus, the brother born for adversity? He died a death of inconceivable agony when His soul was made an offering for our sins; and to know Him in the power of His resurrection we must be made conformable to his death, though in a wondrously modified and softened form, because the sting was quenched in the heart's blood of our High Priest. In any form, dying is solemn work. In the Litany of the Prayer Book there is a prayer to be delivered from sudden death. It would seem more reasonable to pray for an *easy* death; for death cannot be too sudden to the believer who being comely in the Saviour's beauty is ready at a moment's call to enter into the presence of the King. But to languish out of life with excruciating pain, wringing deep groans

from the tortured patient, suffusing his brow with cold sweat, and filling all around with pungent quiet grief on his account; we might well wish ourselves and friends deliverance from such a trial of faith and patience, if it so please our gracious Father, who does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men. It is a relief to record of Mr. F. that whatever his pain, he was submissive and murmured not. He meekly adopted the words of his glorified Lord, "It is my Father's cup and shall I not drink it?" The grace of Jesus is all-sufficient. But if his sufferings abounded his consolations abounded also. If the outer man decayed the inner man was renewed hour by hour. The extreme of bitterness revealed in the cry of the Man of Sorrows was not in his cup, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Exclamations of love to Jesus often burst forth. Many times he was heard to say, "Dear Lord Jesus, take my heart in Thine and lead me safely through the river. Do not leave me, dear Lord, no, not for a moment." And his prayer was answered for his countenance testified of inward peace. After a severe paroxysm of pain his daughter said, "Is Jesus still precious, father?" "Yes, yes," he said, "He is precious, very precious, most precious." Soon after she quoted from the poet—

His way was much rougher and darker than mine,  
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?

He immediately caught her up, with much energy exclaiming "No, no, no; I do not repine, blessed be the Lord." An hour or two later he said; "My dear, I cannot talk to you as I would, my bodily pain is so great, but I have no harassing fears, no trouble about the end. My mind is in perfect peace stayed upon God." She repeated the words of the prophet, "When thou passest through the rivers I will be with thee, and through the waters they shall not overflow thee." This portion had previously been made a great blessing to him. He lay still a short time as though in prayer; then raising his hand and looking up with his face radiant with joy, he cried "No, no, He will never leave me, He will never forsake me. I shall see Him, I shall see Him in the midst of the throne." Subsidng into calmness, he was heard saying in a low tone, "That they all may be one as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." Then in a lower voice, "My God for ever and ever." During the night preceding his death, a wonderful change came over him. His countenance assumed a look of youthful beauty, no furrow or wrinkle was to be seen; his face fairly shone with holy, heavenly delight, so that those around were reminded of the case of Moses who after converse with the Almighty in the mount was obliged to wear a veil during his converse with men. There was this wonder also, he had long been deaf, and sometimes he could not be made to hear even through his trumpet, but now his hearing was as acute as it ever was, not a whisper escaping him; and his apprehension was almost supernaturally quick. We have read of some such phenomenon seen on death-beds. Our God doeth many miracles.

About two o'clock in the morning, he said to a Christian brother who sat up with him, and on whose arm he was reclining,

"On thy kind arms I fall."

The friend repeated the words from Watts—

"A guilty, weak and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall."

And he replied, "That's it, that's it." Later he lifted up his hands, and said softly, "I see Him, I see Him."

He gradually sank into a perfectly quiet frame, every fibre seeming at rest and without a struggle or groan, he fell asleep in Jesus, Sept. 25th, 1869.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

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## A Useful Life—and a Peaceful Departure.

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"The world appears to be one common funeral; for no sooner have men ceased to weep for others, than they are wept for themselves."—RICHARD CECIL.

THE subject of the following brief sketch affords a striking illustration of the minute, and personal providence of God, in bestowing on those whom He designs to place in prominent positions of usefulness in the world, all those moral and mental qualifications requisite to the success of their life's mission.

Mrs. Wilkinson was born at Warminster on the 10th of February 1796; she was the daughter of Mr. Abraham Ray, who descended from a lateral branch of the ancestors of the Rev. John Ray, vicar of Black Notley, near to Braintree, in Essex,—he is commonly called by naturalists the English *Linnæus*." In this churchyard stands a monument erected to the memory of this great divine, to which a pilgrimage is made annually by the members of the "Ray Society," an institution affiliated on the "British Association." Her first husband died three or four years after marriage; she was afterwards united to Mr. Wilkinson, then of "Cave House," Uxbridge on the 4th of July 1834, to whom for thirty-three years she was a "help-meet," in the honourable and laborious sphere of labour marked out for them;—which was subsequently and signally blessed by the kind providence of God.

For many years, the departed had the conduct of a family numbering more than a hundred and fifty souls; how wisely and how well these onerous duties were discharged there are not a few witnesses to attest in every part of the globe. She was a most prudent deputy mother; the kindest, tenderest, and most skilful of nurses, and the most faithful friend of the many hundreds of youths committed to her care. The extensive sympathy excited by her removal, proves that she will ever live in the memory of all who were profited by her services, or privileged with her friendship.

On the 15th of June, 1867, three months after having retired from her arduous duties, with a view of passing the residue of her years in calm retirement in the bosom of her family, (and for this purpose Totteridge Park was changed for Roundcroft, near Cheshunt) she was seized with a fit of paralysis whilst giving directions to her servants; by this stroke she not only became speechless, but also lost the power of locomotion, and remained thus afflicted until "mortality was swallowed up of life." For nearly three years the patient sufferer lay in this helpless condition; manifesting, notwithstanding the pain inseparable from her disease, the utmost resignation to the divine will; and altho' gh

endowed by nature with a force of volition which nothing but grace could have dominated, and an energy in action which many years of labour had intensified, she displayed through all the phases of her sickness, the passivity of a child, and the calm resignation of one who ardently longed for the hour which would bring the bliss for which she long had sighed; this consummation came on the 12th of May, 1870, at Lincoln Lodge, Totteridge, after a few days of more than usual suffering. Two days previous, the countenance assumed a preternatural brightness; proving more forcibly than language could have done, had she been able to speak, that all was peace within. After this effulgence had set, as it were, in the brighter glory beyond, even its twilight radiance shed a mild lustre over the features, until the gentle sigh broke the mortal fetter, and wafted the immortal spirit to the realms of cloudless light, and endless bliss. Being asked before the spirit fled, if she thought she was about to leave us, she replied, "Yes." "Do you regret to leave us?" "No." Is Jesus precious? "O yes! yes."

Thus closed the life of one of the most useful and most happy of women; whose faith worked by love, purified the heart, and overcame the world; and who, though dead, will live in the heart's best affections of all who knew her. The actuating principle of her life, was *implicit faith in God*, both for sacred and secular blessings; this was the secret of all her usefulness and happiness; and no marvel, for it was—

"The life of God,  
Deep in the heart it first was laid;  
It lived and laboured under load,  
Though damped it ne'er decayed."

Totteridge, May 20th, 1870.

ROBERTUS.

— — —  
S O L I L O Q U Y .  
— — —

Once I was a wandering sheep, but Jesus sought me;  
Yea "sold under sin," but by His blood He bought me;  
Brought home! redeemed! O how His mercy I adore!  
Lost I could not have been, but might have wandered more.  
Yea! a homeless pilgrim now, without a place of rest,  
By outward cares annoyed, by hidden griefs oppressed,  
Yet faith's bright eye is fixed, with steady gaze and clear,  
Upon my final home, O that it now were near!  
My more than threescore years have vanished like a dream,  
Not that I've floated smoothly o'er life's troubled stream;  
For constant occupation gave to time its wings,  
And brought that sweet oblivion which labour always brings.  
O may I never feel the weight of sluggish hours!  
When years shall bow my frame, my mind, with all its powers,  
More vigorous now than 'twas even in manhood's prime,  
Shall work for God, and brave the ravages of time.  
A docile mind, a consecrated heart and will,  
In life's calm twilight hours will help me to fulfil  
The remnant of the objects, God designed to be  
Accomplished; and for which he gave this life to me.  
When joys and griefs, when lights and shades of former years  
Have passed into forgetfulness, and heaven appears  
Almost within my grasp, I'll list the joyful word,  
"Thy work for me is done;"—rise to thy risen Lord.

Totteridge, Herts, May 12, 1870.

ROBERTUS.

## What was in that Cup?

### CHAPTER XVIII.

“Behold, my soul, what kind of love the Father has on thee bestow'd,  
That thou should'st so much mercy prove, as to be called a child of God!  
Here, thought and all conception's lost; what can I think? what can I say?  
Fain would I have my mind engrossed in this deep subject every day.  
Here, have I oft astonish'd stood, with all my thoughts absorbed in one,  
To think the great Almighty God should call a worm of earth His son.

“That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him.”—Ephes. i. 17.

In the above stupendous verse, Paul carries up our minds to the fountain-head of all the relationships in which Christ the Lord stands unto His people; some faint discoveries of which my soul has now and then been favoured to enjoy.

All the evangelists tell us how pathetically and truly Jesus spake of His Father. Matthew only gives us a few of the Saviour's discourses in this direction. Mark gives still less; Luke rather more; but John has written parts of over fifty of the Redeemer's discourses touching the relationship between Himself and His Father; and between them both and His everlastingly beloved bride, the church. If you would study this relationship, you must have a deeply-sanctified mind, and a willing heart, to read (under the gracious anointings of the Holy Ghost) the whole of John's Gospel, which is, perhaps, after all, the richest portion of the ever-precious Word of God.

Look at this! John begins his Gospel with a bold, beautiful, plain, and powerful, testimony expressive of THE ETERNITY—the DIVINITY—and the UNITY, of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the WORD was GOD.” Then John goes on all through his evangelical narrative, with pure and positive testimonies expressive of the Perfection of the Saviour's Person, and doctrine, and work; and closes with a mysteriously prophetic glance at Messiah's fulness; for, only as a prophecy of the furtherance, and of the fulfilling of all the Redeemer began both to do and to teach, can those remarkable words which close up the Gospel be expounded; the world itself could not contain the books, if all the glorious Day's-Man's history could be written; it would be the history of God Himself; of Jesus Christ Himself; of the Holy Ghost Himself; of the Covenant itself; of the Church, and every one of its members, of all the angels, of the origin, growth, and triumphing of the Saviour's kingdom; and of what else I cannot tell. A Jewish Rabbi did say, “If all the seas were ink, and if all the rushes were pens, and if all the heavens and the earth were volumes, and if all the children of men were scribes, they would not be sufficient to write out the fulness of the Divine law.” If the Jewish Rabbis found something in their law which no human power was able to express, should not Christians be ready to admit the immensity and inexhaustibleness of the Gospel? Oh! yes, in the ETERNITY—in the PERFECTION—and in the FULNESS of the Christ of God, there are millions of seas of unsearchable treasures of which in

our finite and half-bewildered present condition, we can have no conception. Yet, "there is nothing hidden, but what shall be brought to light."

As an introductory note to the doctrine of that complete relationship in which the Head and Husband of the Church doth stand, and, into which the church herself is also to be brought, I have promised to give my readers a few words from the Bishop of Peterborough, who, while discoursing on Paul's words in Phil. iii., 10, "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings," &c., said—

"This desire to share our Lord's sufferings is to Paul a thing so desirable, that he is willing to give up everything that he may have it. He will count everything but loss if he may be in Christ and know the fellowship of His sufferings. Yet it seems a strange wish. It seems an awful wish that any mere mortal man, unaided by the strength of Divinity, should dare to wish to share the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows. Stranger still when we remember all the sufferings of St. Paul himself. Yet, not content with all these, he desires to have added to them the sufferings of Christ. Stranger still, he tells us that we should wish it too; for he tells us that this wish comes from being 'in Him' and from 'knowing Him.' If, then, we are in Christ—if we know Christ—we must know the fellowship of His sufferings. It concerns us all then, urgently, that we understand what is that 'fellowship in the sufferings of Christ,' which, if we have it not, we are none of His. *What then is it to have fellowship in Christ's sufferings?*

"In the first place, we see at once what it is not. It is not any imitation of these sufferings. The Apostle Paul was not desiring martyrdom. He was not wishing for the scourge and the cross of his Lord. He might have had these, and yet have had no fellowship with Christ. The impenitent thief had these, and yet we would not say of him that he had fellowship in the Lord's sufferings. Nor may we always say when we are wronged as we think Christ was wronged—when we are persecuted or slandered or injured,—we may not always say, 'I am suffering as my Lord suffered.'" It is clearly possible, like the penitent thief, to suffer *beside* Christ, and yet not to suffer *with* Christ. And this thought suggests to us what this fellowship really is. The sufferings of Christ were *His* sufferings—they were especially and peculiarly *His* own. There is a sense in which every man's sorrows are his own and not another's. In a common calamity, all may suffer the same affliction outwardly, and yet each would have his own sorrow in it. There would be that in his nature, in his history, in his circumstances, that would make it his own sorrow, and not another's. Ah! how many there are whose hearts will echo my words as I remind them that every heart knows the bitterness of its own sorrow, and that no stranger may intermeddle with it. It must then be in the human nature of our Lord, or in His history or circumstances, that we are to find what made His sufferings peculiarly His own. It is not in the outward circumstances of our Lord's life that we find this suffering. No; but in the human nature of Christ we must find that which made His sorrow His own. And wherein did the nature of Christ differ from our nature? In one thing, and in one only,—that it was perfectly holy. Our Lord Jesus Christ was made like unto us in all things save one.

—He was free from sin. And it was in this holiness of Christ that lay the cause of His sufferings. Because He was altogether without sin, He was never altogether without sorrow. Christ was perfectly holy. Our Lord perfectly loved God, but where? He loved God in a world where God was not loved. He loved His Father's law and His Father's name, and He saw that law daily broken, and that name daily disgraced. The 'zeal of His Father's house had even consumed Him,' and yet He saw that Father's house made a den of thieves. He loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and yet He was compassed about with unrighteousness, and He was daily in contact with all iniquity. And remember that He saw that iniquity as none but He could see it. No veil of ignorance or hypocrisy hid from Him, as it hides from us, the wickedness of other's hearts and of our own. He saw what none of us might dare to look upon,—the secret wickedness of all human hearts. The whited sepulchre, fair outside to look upon, never hid from Him the dead man's bones and all uncleanness that lay rotting within it. And yet He loved the men whose sins He loathed. He shuddered at their sins, and yet He never turned from them with the cold fastidiousness of mere purity; but He shuddered at them as some loving heart will shudder at the loathsomeness of the disease that it is called upon in its love to tend and to heal.

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“It was, then, the perfection of our Lord's nature [that explains the cause of His sufferings in a sinful world. If He could ever for a moment have been less holy; if He ever could have become more like those with whom He lived, He would have been less sorrowful. If He could ever have conformed to the present evil world, He would have been more comfortable in it. But because He could not do this, He was ever 'a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief.'”

I may add to these words, the confirming testimony of the Master, “in the world, because it is polluted, ye must have tribulation.” But, I contend, that the Redeemer's sufferings were not simply personal, but relative. His nature was holy, His mind and spirit were pure; therefore to come into the circle of unholiness, was a source of immense grief to Him; but His love to His Father, to His Father's will, law, and glory, brought into Him secret and sympathising agencies which we find it difficult to speak of, even in the most distant manner. Still, herein, above everything, is to be found the touch-stone and test of our oneness with CHRIST; for, if, in our inmost and new nature, we do not sympathetically suffer with Christ, in all His relative sufferings, we have no safe evidence of our being in Him, with Him, or of being, through Him, exalted and accepted in the great day.

There is in such Scriptures as that in Malachi a profound depth of meaning, which can be understood only as you see it realized in others, or, realize it to your own souls, in times of sorrow and sufferings. The prophet (Mal. iii. 3.) is inspired to speak of the nature of the Saviour's coming, and of the effects of his discipline all through the Gospel dispensation. The prophet asks the question, “Who may abide the day of His coming? Who shall stand when He appeareth? He is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap. He shall sit (in the government and management of all things concerning His people) as a refiner and

purifier of silver; and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, THAT—(now see the end of all this, THAT) they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness," &c.

I have realized something of this in my seasons of almost unbearable distress. When trouble like a gloomy cloud, like a thick, black cloud, has gathered thicker and darker still; when there have been thousands of tongues uniting to destroy me; when despair and a heavy sense of wrath has lain hard upon me; when destruction stared me in the face; when every refuge failed me; when I saw "no man cared for my soul;" then, grace has helped me, the eternal Spirit has prompted me to lift up my poor soul, crying, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I;" and, as I have looked unto the Lamb of God; as I have poured out my heart before Him; as I have fallen prostrate at His feet; as I have pleaded His power, His grace, His promise, His person, and His mission to save the chief of sinners, so, such relief has been afforded, such deliverances have been wrought, such mercies have been manifested, as have indeed constrained me to offer unto His blessed Majesty "an offering in righteousness," and with most intense out-goings of soul I have desired to glorify His blessed name. I meet with many, called "sound men," who I feel persuaded have never been in the furnace at all. Pride, presumption, with natural gifts, and the art of making and delivering sermons; these things render them popular for a season; but when God shall bring them into judgment, their spirit will quake and fear, and if grace prevent not, their end will be more terrible than any on this earth can tell. I would never have gone into the fire and furnace for ten thousand worlds, if I could have avoided it; but Jacob was compelled to go into Egypt. Naomi must go into Moab to fetch Ruth up to Boaz. Paul must be cast into prison to meet with the Philippian jailor; and thus with many of the precious sons of Zion, although by their haughty compeers they are esteemed as poor contemptible earthen pitchers; yet, they shall know the truth of that oft-repeated text, "I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and try them as gold is tried;" they shall call on my name; and I will hear them. I will say, It is My people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." To call upon His name, has been my secret mercy. I go again and again; I plead for three things: (1) A deeper, a holier realization of the cleansing blood of the Lamb by faith within; (2) an honourable deliverance from every demand without; (3.) a sphere of unmistakeable and of blessed usefulness in Zion, feeding the flock of slaughter. These mercies I plead for. Faith says they were all in that cup; and must be realized in God's good time.

When I have gone into that room, in Sturry, near Canterbury, where my afflicted brother in Christ has been laid down in the furnace nearly twenty years, I have realized in communion with him, that purity of soul, that perfectness of faith, and that preciousness of the word, which only can be found with those who are in the furnace. I would here invite all the dear saints of God, who may be within a few miles of Sturry, in Kent, this summer, to make a special call upon this most amazingly afflicted vessel of mercy. If the Lord enable him, Samuel Foster will unfold to them something of the effects of having fellowship with Christ in His sufferings. The same crucifixion and soul uplifting I have realized in Master Kennett's cottage, at Joss street,



near Broadstairs, whose daughter has been for years in the crucible of singular affliction; and from whose pen has come forth that blessed memoir of her own dear mother. In the Haggerston almshouses at this time I am visiting an aged sister in Christ, she is going on toward ninety; but deep in the Jordan; yet, as passive and trustful in the blessed Lord as any darling child can be. She says, a glance of Him through the lattice, is all she can get as yet; but she longs for a banqueting-house feast. When pleading at her bed-side, I feel I am presenting unto the Lord an offering in righteousness; and when I can help to minister unto her necessities, I feel it sweeter still. Again, in Old Ford, my friend in Christ, John Branch is prostrated; he cannot speak; but when to him you speak of the exalted and compassionate High Priest, his eyes beam with gladness, and his face shines like an angel's.

There is something said at missionary meetings about "self-sacrificing." It must be admitted that many professing people give immense sums of money toward missionary and religious enterprises; many persons give themselves up as missionaries, or as messengers of mercy. But is all this "self-sacrificing," in the sense in which John speaks? He says, "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." Who will do that, unless, in the power of the Spirit, we are become dead to sin, to the world, and to every earthly and external thing, and alive only to God by Jesus Christ? A minister said the other evening, "It seems to me we have reached an age in the world and in the history of the church when we do not know very much about self-sacrifice—that personal consecration embodied in the sweet lines of one who has not a very good reputation amongst Methodists, but who is in heaven striking his harp for all that,—I mean Augustus Toplady:—

"Emptied of earth I fain would be,  
Of sin, of self, of all but Thee;  
Reserved for Christ who bled and died,  
Surrendered for the crucified."

What a sentiment that is, is it not? But it seems to me that we want to know something of the spirit of the young Napoleon. When he was a student at the military college, he quarrelled with the heads of his college, and what do you think was the ground of his quarrelling? The young lad appeared before the directors and was asked what he wanted. 'Well,' said he, 'everything is on too fine a scale. We ought not to have so much to eat; we ought to mend our own clothes; we ought to attend to all our own affairs; we ought to have harder beds—they are too luxurious; we are too much looked after; and, in fact, we have not the education of soldiers.' And did not the man vindicate the youth—the man who subjugated the empires and kingdoms of Europe to his will; the man who, in virtue of the endurance which I suppose he practised in his youth, was able to surmount all obstacles and difficulties? I thought I realized in that anecdote something of what the Apostle meant when he said that the missionary of the cross was to 'endure hardness' as a good soldier. But we are all too luxurious in this age: we are too fine; we are too 'finnicking'; we are losing our simplicity. If good is to be done, we must endure more 'hardness' as good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

For thirty or forty years, of necessity, mine has been a life of self-sacrificing ; and, yet, thousands would proclaim it a most unsuccessful life. Well, in my meditations upon the Redeemer's "cup," I have drawn consolation from this fact, that—self-sacrificing, in its deepest and most perfect sense, as was the life of Jesus, yet when Joseph took down his cold body from the cross, how totally unsuccessful appeared to have been all His efforts !

Ah ! but that "little one soon became a thousand, and that small one, a strong nation ; of his kingdom there shall be no end." So, many a man may be killed all the day long, his whole life a perpetual sorrow ; yet, from his tears, and sighs, and groans, and bleeding wounds, shall flow streams of life to others, of which he himself, in this life knoweth nothing. I was surprised to find the following remark in the address of a public speaker in Exeter Hall.

"A man was saying to me some time since that he believed in success. Oh, yes, but let us believe in the unsuccessful, too. I have sometimes supposed that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ had not such results following His preaching as the Apostle Peter had. Jesus had to console His heart when it was in heaviness, and the hearts of His disciples, by saying, 'Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.' Through discouragement and despondency, His human heart had to go along upon its way, and amidst the silence of Gethsemane, after pouring out His bitter tears, up jumps Peter with his ready tongue, that lad cannot keep still for two minutes. So surely as a question was asked, out popped an answer from his lips. Dear, good, glorious Peter, the world wants thee, it wants people who are able to stumble and fall, and be picked up again, and who, by God's grace, go on repenting, and rejoicing, and converting others. 'When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.' I have often thought of that."

But I must break off. In that cup was contained the bitter dregs of the curse ; we only have a taste ; Jesus drank it dry. The many things required to be put into this VESSEL, compel me to give but short pieces at a time. May the Lord the SPIRIT, give His unction and power, so prays,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

## LETTERS ON THE GOSPEL MINISTRY TO TIMOTHY.

BY BARTIMEUS.

### LETTER THE FIRST.

You desire me to give you a few words upon your position as a minister of the Gospel ; as to what is the best course for you to pursue ; in other words, what you ought to be, and to do. What deacons ought to be, and to do ? What members ought to be, and to do ? and also what the congregation at large ought to do ? It will take several letters to throw any light upon these departments ; in all this, you must bear with me in speaking plainly and freely ; but at the same time kindly ; for if I did not feel that I am writing from a feeling of Christian love, I would not write at all.

It must be clear to you that many men of truth, earnest ministers of the Gospel, are very uncomfortable in their several spheres of labour; but comparatively few abide all their days with the same congregation, and it is lamentably common to find ministers and deacons working badly together; and church meetings are often church disputations, wherein each is determined to have his own way, perhaps upon some trifle, that if left alone, would die a natural death. Instead of this, contentions fans it into a flame, and a fire is lighted, anything but holy or hallowed; hence follow divisions, and subdivisions; the cause is sorely wounded and injured; the minister confused, is driven to his wit's end, and feels it all but an impossibility to preach at all in such a state of things. Then, after thus binding the minister as it were hand and foot, and driving his mind to distraction; then comes notice to the minister to quit, and thus before they kill him quite, they give him plenty of stupefying draughts, rob him of everything, then send him off because his ministry is so poor; agitate him until he is stripped and half dead, and then pass by on the other side, and but for a good Samaritan, or rather the good Samaritan commiserating his case, where would the poor despised minister be? And thus the Gospel in the preaching of it, and in the hearing of it, is most awfully hindered, and that too by the men who are set, professedly for the furtherance thereof. And how many young ministers have been tempted by such things, and driven from our ranks into low doctrine camps; it is true this is a bad sign concerning them, but still such things do happen, and I wonder they do not happen oftener. Must there not then be something wrong somewhere, and does not the remedy lie in great measure with the minister and the deacons, and the people themselves? Well, then, let me begin with you yourself. You are now devoted entirely to the ministry; you have not to carry on a perplexing and distracting business. Now consider your position, and how you were brought into this position, and indeed how you came to be a minister of the Gospel at all, is a point you ought to be well satisfied upon as in the sight of God. But I will not detain you upon this question, for if you follow the path which I hope to show is marked out for every true minister of the Gospel, you will then give proof of your right to be in the ministry, your profiting will appear to all.

I. Then be *independent*. Attach but very little importance to what ministers may countenance you or discountenance you; cherish a brotherly love, and the best of feeling to all men of truth. But depend upon none, never mind who may take you by the hand, or who may not take you by the hand; take yourself by the hand, and look to the Lord to take you by the hand. People will not come to hear you because you are A. 1. with Mr. B., or with any one else; people will come to hear you for the use your ministry is to them; and if your ministry be of use to the souls of the people, it matters but little who may be against you, or for you, if the word be blest to the souls of the people, they will hear you gladly, and if the ministry be not useful to the people, no association can be of any use to you; and if the word be blest, then it is of God, and not of man; and if other ministers make you an offender for a word, and try to preach you down, never mind; those to whom your ministry is blest will sympathize with you all the more. If you are left alone, never mind; He who alone can help you, hath said,

“Lo I am with you alway;” you need nothing which you cannot get without the countenance of any minister; so do not complain that you have not a brother minister to speak to. You have yourself to speak to, and you may, by communing with your own heart, teach yourself some very good and profitable lessons. “Take heed,” saith the apostle, “unto thyself,” you have friends with you to speak to, and above all, you have the Lord to speak to. Accustom yourself to feel that it all lies with yourself, and not another with you; it is for your own personal work sake, that you will be esteemed by those to whom your ministry is blest; never mind parties, nor whether your name be in this periodical, that or the other. “Drink waters out of thine own cistern,” and running living waters out of thine own well of eternal salvation. Be hampered by no party, and remember that you are accountable to God, and to God only; disdain and hold in infinite contempt the thought of being accountable to any man on earth. For what you preach, your salvation is entirely of God, so also is your mission. Know no man after the flesh; but whatever you do, do not abuse your independence, by meddling with people’s private and domestic affairs, or throwing out coarse insinuations from the pulpit, nor fine insinuations either. Your work is a most momentous work, and entire dependence upon God, and entire independence of man is to enable you freely to minister to others what has been ministered to you.

As I have said, cherish the best of feelings towards all, and learn of all where you can, but fear none; preach the preaching that you are bidden by Him from whom cometh your salvation, and labour honestly to make the people feel that you are using your independence in intense love to their souls. In a word, in love to God and man, and being thus at full liberty to plough and sow, your most earnest object shall be to meet the people with heavenly bread, and heavenly wine, and to bless them in the name of the Most High God. I will add but few more words to this short and mere introductory letter. You will see that the purpose of your independence is to enable you to do good to all, to sinner and to saints; and I shall have something to say to you in future letters about speaking to sinners as well as about speaking to saints; also upon study, learning, industry, management of your subjects, trials, prosperity, and progress, and then I must bring the deacons to book, then the members, then the congregation; and many things which I have not yet hinted at, in all that Christian love and sincerity felt by

BARTIMEUS,

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## NOT THE WORD OF GOD, BUT THE WORD OF MAN.

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DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The EARTHEN VESSEL for this month (May 1870) on its first page saith, that a person wrote to the late Mr. Philpot, to ask him if he thought Mr. Wells (of Surrey Tabernacle; at least I suppose this is the Mr. Wells meant) was a minister of the Gospel, but obtained no answer. Well, I for one am rather surprised at such a question having been asked. Of course, Mr. James Wells is not a minister of Jesus Christ. There is plenty of proof of that in one circumstance; quite enough to prove that he is not a true minister, but only a dead letter-man, and of course does not belong to the *living family*. Do you ask, where the proof is that

he is not a true minister of the Gospel? Why his name is not in the Book of Life, and, Mr. Editor, you know what the Book of Life is; if you do not I will inform you; it is that monthly periodical called the *Gospel Standard*! Whoever thought of any one being a true minister of the Gospel, or belonging to the living family, whose name is not engraven, as in eternal brass, on the only standard to be guided by? It is true, Mr. Wells's name is admitted there as the president of a very excellent and Christian Benefit Society; but that is only as an outsider; for his name is not admitted among the holy of holies; therefore, Mr. Editor, it was a piece of ill manners on the part of the person who wrote to the late editor of the *Standard* upon such a question. If the name of any minister be not found in that book of life, that ought to satisfy any true *Standard* man, that all such ministers, whose names are not there, are of course dead letter-men; and they, and the churches which they represent, are, one and all, to be cast into the lake. Aye, even Mr. John Foreman, that long-standing, and hard-working man of God, that apostle of England, whose praise is in all the true Christian churches (save and except the infallible *Standard* churches); nevertheless, as his name is not in that monthly book of life, both he and Mount Zion are outside, and must be reckoned among the dead letter-men. It is true, there may be some people weak enough to try these men by the Bible, and run away with a full assurance that these men with many others, whose names are not in the monthly book of life, have been a great blessing to many souls, as hundreds upon hundreds can testify; but all this is nothing, for if their names be not in the book of the monthly *Standard*, how is it possible they can be either true Christians, or true ministers of Jesus Christ?

So, Mr. Editor, I hope you will teach your friends better manners than to make any more such enquiries; tell them from me, that they are not to hear for themselves, neither are they to take the Bible as their guide, but simply go to the *Standard*, and if the names be not there, it is all over with them, and your friends henceforth will never hear one of these dead letter-men. But, lest I vex the *Standard* brethren, I will cease this irony, and be serious in a "serious cause," for the *Standard* people are brethren, true brethren, after all; although many good people are much prejudiced against them; not because of their contending for vital godliness, sound doctrine, and Christian practice; but, because there is much about them of an un-Christian spirit; for if they will hedgo themselves round with the churlishness of Nabal; if they will walk in the spirit of Diotrophes; if they will live in the error into which the disciples temporarily fell, "We saw one casting out devils in Thy name, and we forbade him, because he followeth not us;" if the *Standard* brethren will be of this spirit, and sow these haws and blackberries, they must expect thorns and briars to arise. Let us hope that a little more experience may teach them a few things upon the question of brotherly love, and make them remember that while all true Christians are made to feel their need of being saved entirely by grace, yet one minister hath his gift after this manner, and another after that, so each Christian has his peculiarity of experience, and his own peculiar taste after what manner he likes the Gospel preached. Those wretched attempts at uniformity without diversity, is like trying for the hand to be the foot, or the foot to be the hand, the eye to be the ear, or the ear to be the eye.

The *Standard* brethren have, of course, the same as others, a right to choose the kind of minister they prefer, and if they prefer dwelling chiefly upon their downward experiences, let it be so. Would to God there were many more in this respect like them; for there can be little or no true godliness, where the plague and grief, and evils of the heart are not deeply felt, and groaned under; there is also the remedy; and we ought not to call that Christian or that minister a dead letter man only and simply because his watchword is "thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ." Nor ought we to be unkind or cold towards, or offended with, the man whose chief watch-word is, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Let us remember

the Holy Spirit giveth to every man severally as He will; and let us be careful lest we be found to fight even against God.

The unchristian spirit that we sometimes see among men of grace and truth one toward another, is enough to tempt the Lord to take the Gospel from us altogether. Let us rather pray for grace to enable us to put on, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us."

A HEARER IN ONE OF THE GATES OF ZION THAT LIKETH HIM BEST.  
Deut. xxiii. 16.

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### THE LATE WIMBLEDON PASTOR.

THE little church at Wimbledon has lost a real and most devoted friend, in the death of our late brother Mr. LUKE SNOW. It was his desire that nothing be said about him, but we may tell our readers his affliction was long, and exceedingly severe; but through it all, he was supported. He arranged everything respecting his funeral; and requested that on his stone might be written those sacred words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The following few lines from a note is all we can give:—

"A month before he died, he sent for his mistress, Mrs. Peek, feeling that the Lord was about to take him home, and bade her good-bye, and blessed her, his master, and their child, and prayed to the Lord that when it pleased Him to call them, they would have as good a hope as he had. Also, the last Sunday he was alive, he talked most beautifully to his youngest daughter, and telling her to try and ask the Lord's blessing on all her actions, and when he had finished said, 'Now I have preached my last sermon,' and he never spoke much after."

[We much regret we had no opportunity of visiting him in his last days; but it has fallen to our share, to have bereaving and afflicting dispensations in no small measure; and we have carried so much secret sorrow for a long time that we have appeared to have neither heart nor time to visit any but those who pressed us into that painful part of the service. Brother Luke Snow was a faithful minister, an honourable brother in the Gospel, a firm believer in the truth; his early removal is a grief to us all.—ED.]

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George Buchanan, author of "History of Scotland" and other works, had early abjured the errors of Rome, and founded his faith and practice on the pure teaching of the Gospel as set forth by Luther. The Roman Catholics were much incensed at losing so eminent a man, and when Buchanan was on a visit to Portugal, he was imprisoned for some time in the dungeons of the Inquisition. He was then confined in a monastery, and here, to wile away the tedious hours of his captivity, he commenced translating the Psalms of David into Latin verse. His whole soul became absorbed in the task, and he caught some portion of the spirit of the inspired minstrel. The monks were so charmed by the exquisite beauty of the poetry that they gave Buchanan his liberty, who speedily availed himself of his freedom, and quitted Portugal to return to his native land. Like Paul and Silas at Philippi, the Scotch poet "sang praises unto God" in his prison, and "the prisoners" of a dark superstition heard him, "and immediately the doors were opened," and the bands of Buchanan loosed.

## MY OWN DEAR MOTHER.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

On Wednesday morning, the 16th, the blessed light, for which she had so often prayed, in the words of Cowper—

"O for a light to shine upon the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb,"

broke in upon her mind, chasing away all darkness, dissipating all fears, and causing her to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It was the happiest day she or we ever spent on earth, a sweet foretaste of heaven; her countenance beaming with joy; raptures of delight filled her happy soul; while the following words almost constantly escaped her lips, "precious Jesus," "precious Jesus," "blessed Jesus," "happy spirit," "lovely Jesus," "Come, Lord Jesus, O come quickly, why do his chariot wheels tarry?" In this happy frame of mind, she continued all day, often saying to herself,

"None but Jesus, none but Jesus,  
Can do helpless sinners good."

and then, as if exulting in the all-sufficiency of the Saviour, she would say putting great emphasis on the word can, "Jesus CAN do helpless sinners good." I could write much more of this day, but will pass on, for I am afraid I shall prove tedious.

About midnight she was seized with violent pains in the stomach; her agony was so great that she could not help exclaiming, "Oh what shall I do, what shall I do?" I tried to comfort her with the thought that it would soon be over, and repeated one of her favourite verses, in which she tried to join—

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,  
In seas of heavenly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast."

I also repeated many portions of the Word, and hymns descriptive of heaven; and although the pain of body was very sharp, (which lasted more than two hours) yet her very soul seemed to enter into the beautiful sentiments expressed; and she would repeatedly exclaim, "Oh! that will be nice;" "I long to be gone." "When will He come and fetch me home? it seems so long to wait." And then checking herself she would pray, "O Lord, give me patience to wait thy time, and make me submissive to Thy will, whate'er that will may be." And often in the words of the poet—

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

After hours of intense suffering, borne without a murmur, she said "Pray for me that the Lord may give me a little sleep," and in the simplicity of a little child, she would pray herself, "O Lord, give me a little sleep to strengthen my poor nerves;" and then when she was indulged to doze off for a few minutes, on awaking, she would express her gratitude by saying, "How kind, how good, the Lord is to answer our prayers."

Thursday morning, 9 o'clock, she was easier in body, and happy in mind. While I was washing her dear hands I said, "You will need no washing in heaven, mother!" She said, "I hope I shall soon be there, don't you?" I answered "Yes." She again said, "I am so glad, ain't you? you ought to be." I said "Yes, mother, I am glad, because I know you will be so happy there." And then, as if to console me she said, "Yes, and you will soon come after me, it won't be long." I have often thought of her words during my long affliction, and sometimes longed to fly away. From ten till twelve we all stood round her, expecting her every moment to be

choked. It was a painful sight, but the Lord was doing His own work, and gave sufficient grace to glorify Him in the fires. As soon as she could speak, she would ask us to pray for patience, and when we told her she was patient, she would say "O am I, but I do want so much patience, I do want to be submissive to His will whate'er that will may be." Several times during the afternoon she said, "My mind is dark," "I want the light to shine," and "I do not feel so happy as I did yesterday;" but on our repeating some sweet promise or verse of a hymn, her faith would lay hold of it, and she would be enabled to rejoice again. One favourite verse she so often repeated to herself was—

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood,  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God,  
Be saved to sin no more."

And this text "Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." She passed a very bad night,

Friday morning, 19th, my brother writes, "My poor dear mother lingers still, it seems as if the flesh is striving to retain the spirit, and the spirit is struggling to be free as the poet expresses it—

"Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O the pain, the bliss of dying;  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life."

She was very low, and we quite thought it was her last day on earth, but her mental powers were still active, all fear of death was entirely removed, she gave orders respecting her interment, also what she wished to be done with some of her wearing apparel, with as much composure as if she was only going a journey. She asked when Mr. Kiddle would be back; I told her it might be a fortnight, "Oh!" she said, "I hope I shall be in glory before then; give my dying love to him, and tell him I am going to glory." She also wished him to preach a funeral sermon from these words, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." She suffered much during the day, but calm and happy after repeating verses of hymns. Once when I thought her dozing, I heard her say, "O what a loving Saviour, Thou hast helped me hitherto by Thy Almighty power."

Saturday afternoon she requested me not to give any of her clothes away until after she was dead, adding that she might get better, and want them herself. I asked her if she would like to get better, "Oh! no," she replied, "I would rather go, but if it is the Lord's will, I shall get better now. Sometimes you know persons are brought very low, and then the Lord raises them up again." Her growth in grace was very rapid; she seemed to understand in a few days what took me years to learn; she traced everything to the Lord. She often remarked to my dear sister how wonderfully the Lord supported me, adding I never thought she could have borne it thus. She passed a very bad night.

Early on the morning of the 20th, she said to my father, "Do you think I shall go home to-day?" She also wished him to repeat some hymns to her, which he did. When I went into the room, she told me what a bad night she had passed, and how she dreaded another such night! I told her I did not think she would have to pass through another night, at which she seemed very pleased and said, "I do want to go home; I hope I shall go home to-day," and then with entire resignation, she prayed for patience to wait the Lord's time. Two of my brothers and two friends came to see her during the morning; she knew them but could not converse with them. On their leaving, she wished them good-bye, and said "God bless you." Not ten minutes before she left us for heaven, she asked me to pray, I asked her what I should pray for, she replied, "That the Lord may give me a little sleep." I prayed about five minutes, the burden of prayer was, that the



Lord would soon release her from her sufferings ; that she might soon fall asleep in Jesus ! She was able to enter into it, and repeated some of the sentences after me in an audible voice. Her last words were " For I have found a ransom." As soon as I had finished I saw a great change in her, I said, " Do you know me, mother ?" she answered in the affirmative. I said " Kiss me then," which she did very warmly. O that last kiss ! I shall never forget it. My father, younger brother, and sister, were the only persons in the room, for we did not think her end was quite so near. They also came near and kissed her, but she had scarcely strength enough to return them, and in two minutes more she was gone, without a struggle or a groan ! to be for ever with the Lord. How soon was the prayer answered. Thus she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, at half-past two p.m., on Lord's-day, September 20th, 1868, in her sixty-fourth year.

I cannot describe my feelings when I saw her draw the last breath, instead of being bowed down with grief, dumb with anguish, as I had thought I should be, my joy was so great that I exclaimed aloud, " Praise the Lord," " We thank Thee, O Lord." It was not a momentary joy but lasted for days, nay, even weeks. The blest assurance that she was not lost, but only gone a little while before. The language of my heart was " We miss thee here, yet faith would rather know thou art with thy heavenly Father."

On the evening of the 20th, we all heartily joined in singing that beautiful hymn of Berridge's, singing it in the singular instead of the plural number, " O happy saints who dwell in light." By faith we seemed to see her, and join with her in singing hosannahs to the Lamb, although our bodies were down in these low regions, our spirits were so near heaven's gates, that it was only like a veil between. Thus, dear Sir, I have given you a brief description of the conversion and triumphant death of my dear departed mother. Was it not a grand display of what grace can do even at the eleventh hour ; and of the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God, who in His infinite wisdom and love, sent the answer to prayer just at the right time, when I needed consolation and comfort ; and instead of a painful bereavement, it was only like thankfully yielding up a precious loan which I might not longer detain. Thus the period to which I had always looked forward to with dread, and as the darkest season of my life, when I came to it was the brightest, and I can look back to it as the happiest season of all my life. And yet, O how unworthy was I of all His tender love and goodness ! I who had doubted His word, limited His power, surely there was nothing in me to merit this favour at His hands. No ! all the glory shall be His ; freely He loves ! freely He gives. Therefore let those who are praying, anxiously waiting and watching for the manifestation of divine life in the hearts of those who are so dear to them, pray and hope on, for so sure as the Lord has inclined them to pray, and given them the desire, so surely will He answer them in His own way and time. For

" His wisdom is sublime,  
His heart profoundly kind ;  
God never is before His time.  
And never is behind."

" Though the blessing tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry." " He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him."

" O happy saints, who dwell in light,  
And walk with Jesus clothed in white,  
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,  
Where pilgrims meet to part no more."

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

SARAH KENNETT.

Joss street, Isle of Thanet,  
Oct. 12th, 1869.

## Productions of the Press.

*The Houses where our Fathers once worshipped; with some account of our Fathers Themselves, and an Attempt to Answer the Question "Were our Fathers better than the Ministers and Men of the present Age?"* A thick crown octavo, very well bound and printed in excellent type, on durable paper, carrying the following words on its title, "Ancient Meeting-Houses; or, Memorial Pictures of Nonconformity in Old London;" by Godfrey Holden Pike; has been sent out on the ever-flowing river of literature, by S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster row, and contains in its closing chapters, "the footprints of the Baptists in Old London." Altogether a superior, and, as far as it goes, a correct history of the labours and lives of some of the men, whose bones now mingle in the dust beneath our feet! whose spirits we hope, are found in the celestial kingdom, where churches never decay ministers never die, where the worship is never hindered, where the glory of God and of the Lamb is the light of it; and the nations of them which are saved walk in that light without a cloud or a sorrow. Mr. Pike has hereby woven a handsome literary chain-pier whereon you may walk back into the centre of the last two or three centuries, and then take a careful review of the Puritans of those times, and of the places where the ancient saints did worship the Lord their God. Of course, Mr. Pike has not descended into the little courts and corners where some of our Baptist predecessors worshipped; but when we issue our answer to the question at the beginning of this paragraph, we shall pay special regard to them.

*A Hive of Busy Workers.* We give in June number of *Cheering Words*, a few sparks from that red-hot anvil, (found in *Sword and Trowel*) which has written on it, "The Church a Hive of Busy Workers." We do wish that all who believe in Jesus Christ, that all who

have found the Gospel to be the power of God unto their own souls' salvation, were as busy in aiming to draw others in to hear, as the industrious worldlings are, who publish, and puff, and pull with all their might, to enlist customers to their counters. What did the blessed Saviour mean, when He said to the healed maniac, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee?" Certainly, he meant this, as Saul of Tarsus went and preached Christ, so every truly saved sinner is, in his own sphere and manner, to tell to dying sinners round, what a dear Saviour he hath found. Let our antinomians, lazy, half-hearted members once truly wake up to this glorious enterprize of trying to "win souls," and our empty chapels will be filled; and as faith cometh by hearing, so certainly, if the Gospel of heaven's good news is proclaimed, we may pray and hope, that, all who hear, will learn to fear, and, some, salvation find.

*Young Pancratius the Pattern Martyr.* Mr. Samuel Palmer (the only business successor of the late Ebenezer Palmer, who was, for so many years, the divinity bookseller, in Paternoster row) has recently written and issued a demy octavo volume, entitled "St. Pancras; being Antiquarian, Topographical, and Biographical Memoranda relating to the extensive metropolitan parish of St. Pancras, Middlesex; with some account of the Parish from its foundation," by Samuel Palmer, compiler of "the Index to the Times," &c., and sold by him at his ancient book stores, 20, Catherine street, Strand. This volume is a fair representative of its author's shop, wherein you may find piled up, books of every age, of nearly every nation, and suited to every mind. Thus, "Palmer's History of St. Pancras," has the most serious and neatly condensed biographies of William Huntington, Edward Irving, and other ministers,

intermingled with all statistical, satirical, sensational, and solemnical fragments of the histories of men, of manors, of places, of parsons, and of almost everything which the rise and reign of a metropolitan parish for one thousand years can be supposed to produce; some extracts we hope to give in proof; the heroic behaviour of Young Pancratius, the saint from whence the name St. Pancras is derived, will be found in *Cheering Words*.

*The Fulness of Joy.* Almost an unapproachable text is John xxi. 23, "There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written—every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written, Amen." However, the elastic mind, and ever-fruifull pen of the author of "The Last Vials" has commenced a critical exposition of this closing up of John's Gospel. He believes in Jesus as heaven's great representative, so, every word, every promise, every miracle, every doctrine, every action, in the Redeemer's incarnate days, was also representative. They were all but as the little seeds of the kingdom, which He sowed in the earth, and to write the full harvest of all these seeds would fill the universe with volumes. The fulness of Christ, in every sense of the word, is illimitable, indescribable, and inconceivable by man. The vein of thought, the fields of prophecy, herein opened by "Last Vials," are astonishing. After he has completed his chapter, we will aim to give a digest.

*The Plague in London.* J. Fletcher, of Chichester, writes a book, calling it, "Echoes from the Œcumenical Council Chamber at Rome." It is published by Messrs. Collingridge, of London. It might be added to our article, "Awful Review of England," but, we cannot either sufficiently dissect, or quote from, this remarkable book yet. Its scene is laid in the marshy bogs of Romanism. Abaddon is represented as president over a conclave of holy fathers, who are receiving such instruction as shall enable them to darken, to delude, and to destroy (for a time at

least) the Protestantism of poor old England. Mr. Fletcher has taken us behind the scenes, and discoveries deep as Tophet itself has he made. We cannot find anybody who really can believe that England is being fast sold over to Papal supremacy; but, we are full of suspicion, that the immense armies of Romanists, Free-willers, Ritualists, and Rationalists, are but so many agencies to ignore and cast away the essential doctrines and ordinances of Christ's Gospel. To us, it seems clear that our churches and chapels are turned into semi-theatres, and our so-called preachers are actors on the stage of strong delusions. Popular men are our idols; gold is our God.

*A Great Bible Reader.* Such it is said was the late George Gilbert, of Frant, in Sussex, whose life and death has been compiled by Mr. E. Stedman, of Brighton, and is published by him in a neat sixpenny book; which may be had at our office, or of Mr. Stedman, Brighton. The profits are for the "desolate widow in her declining years," and for her sake we hope the book will have a good sale, especially as it unfolds the deep sorrows and the abiding faith of a real vessel of mercy. The venerated names of Boeman, Crouch, and others, remind us of days long since passed away.

*Health and Cure, &c.,* by Mr. Arthur Wilcockson, minister of Zion chapel, Hull, published by E. Hannath, the Exchange, Hull. This is a most extraordinary book. It relates depths and heights of experience beyond the apprehension of many. Surely, Mr. Wilcockson can exclaim, without the slightest hesitation, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Criticise here we dare not. Quote, some day, we may.

*The Late John Warburton.* In our *Cheering Words* for May will be found a singular tale by the late venerable John Warburton. We believe our ministers and sisters in the Lord might scatter thousands of these *Cheering Words* among their people, and thereby some hearts might be cheered in the right way.

*Rahab and Ruth.* In *Our Own Fireside* for sweet May, there is a fine paper by the Dean of Lichfield, wherein poor Rahab is most devoutly mentioned; and after all the efforts recently made to blacken her character, we feel quite pleased to see the sovereign grace of God acknowledged in such delightful terms. "Marvelous grace of God" says the Dean, "that raised up from Rahab, such a descendant as Boaz of Bethlehem, whose genuine piety, generous hospitality, delicate thoughtfulness, noble self-restraint, cannot be surpassed. Marvellous grace that brought the Moabitish widow from her own land, and from her gods, to that honour for which other women of Israel craved so eagerly and in vain, that she should be the ancestress of the CHRIST. When God forgives sin, He does indeed forgive, and when He cleanses, that soul is clean indeed." This is a delightful recognition of the sovereignty and sufficiency of the true grace of God! Is it not infinitely superior to that semi-self-righteous pharisaism which, for years, has been attempting to crush and to curse those whom the Lord hath blessed?

*A Mouse nibbling a Mountain.* We cannot rejoice in the fact that an old man, instead of getting mellow in his own soul, and ripening for the harvest, by bowing his head under the rich anointings of the Spirit, seems to be using up his little remaining strength in a vain effort to destroy the ecclesiastical Mont Blanc of this nation. We have no sympathy with such wild political pastors; and will neither read nor review their works. It is useless to send them to us. The same decision is applicable to those poor restless things who, because they cannot succeed in one section, write sorry stuff to beguile the weak minds of another section, and thus advertize themselves, with the hope of being hired by those assemblies of people who are everlastingly seeking after the last miracles which a lack of mental weakness can produce. Between the hard hammers of an abstract creedsman, and the mock-humility of a pretended deep experimen-

talist, the good Gospel is crucified, as between two thieves, each as opposite to the other as is the darkness from the summer's day.

*The Tender Mercies of Rome*, in print, are exhibited in that large, handsome book, the volume of "Old Jonathan" for last year.

*The Earl of Roden.* With black bordered pages, and with words of weighty truth, and manifest godliness, Dr. Doudney has given in April number of *Gospel Magazine*, a precious little memoir of the late venerable Earl of Roden. To every gracious heart this testimony will commend itself; and as it was evidently written under the influence of the ever-blessed Spirit, it is sure to be received with holy joy by all who know the grace of God in truth. We are anxious to give our readers some extracts, but fear we cannot this month.

Last year's volumes of *Cheering Words* may still be had of Mr. R. Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. We desire to get one active agent for the monthly circulation of *Cheering Words* in every village in England.

MR. JOHN COOPER'S tract, on "The State of the Unconverted, and the Duty of the Churches of Christ in Relation to them," has been sent us for review. It is one of the most critical subjects a man can take up; all was said that can be rightly said by the Great Master, when He gave His own disciples their commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the GOSPEL to every creature." We have reserved Mr. Cooper's book for a careful reading.

*Mr. Newborn's Life* is progressing; a second part will appear in due course. If his friends could exert themselves to aid its circulation, it might soon be complete.

*Rowland Hill and his Ten Pound Notes* is a gem of genuine charity. It is touching and truthful; and is given entire in the "Cheering Words" for June. We are anxious to improve, and increase, both the size and the substance of this little monthly. We will lay this matter before the Lord, if we are enabled. The Lord our God causes us to know every good and every perfect gift cometh from Himself.

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

### PROGRESS OF THE TRUTH AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I send you a brief account of an unostentatious removal of a small congregation of Strict Baptists from Rehoboth chapel, in Cross street, to New Bridge chapel, Newcastle-on-Tyne, opposite the terminus of the Blythe and Tyne Railway.

Is it not surprising, that in a town of about one-hundred and forty-thousand inhabitants, God's free grace, as we understand it, should not be represented; such however was the fact. A few years ago the writer, with a few others, tried to fuse with the nearest body to our own views, but the experiment failed. A room in Pilgrim street was hired, and a few attended the services held there; the increase was gradual and slow, but the Lord's presence was evidently enjoyed to a greater or lesser extent: there are living witnesses of some good having resulted. To a more commodious place, Rehoboth chapel, Cross street, we at length removed, and remained until May 8, 1870, when this still more commodious and more pretentious chapel was taken possession of. We should have liked to open it with some demonstration; but who among the sons of the mighty was to be found to come to these cold regions to do the needful in this respect? We therefore quietly entered yesterday morning, and commenced as though we had been in the habit of attending before. Our good brother Vincent, an ardent lover of "God's truth," gave us an address, in the course of which he said, with much feeling, 'that about twelve years ago, when he came a stranger in a strange town, he stood before the chapel, and prayed that it would please the Lord to prosper him, and grant him the privilege of worshipping in that place. Yesterday, his wish was fulfilled, for the Lord hath blessed him in every sense of the word. After his address, founded on the dedication of Solomon's temple, about six of the brethren engaged in prayer for the prosperity of Zion in general, and this cause in particular. The presence of the Lord was enjoyed and much liberty, which was an evident proof of the Lord's approbation. Some diffidence was felt by some, as the place had previously been occupied by the Catholic Apostolic professors, or followers of the late Mr. Irving. Crosses, holy water, sacred fire, incense, and dresses, composing a fantastical ceremonial, had to give place to a quiet form of worship the very opposite to the other.

In the evening, a brother who usually conducts the services, preached a discourse from Psalm xiii. 5. "I have trusted in Thy mercy." He named as a text the

fifth and sixth verses, but being an unskilled workman, the time was gone before he could get through the first clause. I must say, however, that his scriptural arguments were unanswerable, and it seemed to be a profitable opportunity. The congregation too, was good, considering that no publicity had been given to the services. It is only fair to say that this brother makes no pretensions to the ministry, otherwise than as a helper in the church. If his zeal, devotedness, and persevering earnestness, were equal to his other gifts, he might be of more service.

What is wanted in these parts is a man whose whole soul, time and talents are consecrated to the work of the ministry; one with holy zeal and scriptural fire: full of truth and savour: free from nonsensical ritualism: untinged with priestly conceit: able to exhibit Jesus in all the glory and dignity of His complex person, and in the suitability of His finished work: a thorough Trinitarian, to speak with no bated breath; but one ministerially qualified to stem the torrent of Socinianism. A thorough out-and-out Calvinist, to stand out a contrast to the neither-one-thing-nor-the-other systems of the present day. One that can feed the hungry (ministerially); clothe the naked with the glorious robe; unfold the mysteries of the sworn covenant, and shew himself a workman that heedeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, and uttering knowledge *clearly*. One that can blow the gospel trumpet with a certain sound. A watchman in Zion.

My dear Sir, are you acquainted with such an one, who could come down here and do battle with the combined forces of error and superstition? If so, please to communicate with your unworthy correspondent on the subject. And believe me, yours in the truth.

J. C. JOHNSON.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, May 9, 1870.

BRIGHTON.—SALEM CHAPEL, BOND STREET. This comfortable and commodious place of worship, under the pastoral charge of Mr. Glaskin, after having been closed for two Sundays for cleaning and painting, was re-opened on Sunday, May 15th, when sermons were preached by Mr. B. B. Wale. On both occasions there were good congregations. The services were continued on Monday, when sermons were preached by Rev. W. Landells, D.D., of Regent's Park chapel, and the Rev. H. Varley, of Notting hill.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE'S RESIGNATION AND RETURN TO ENGLAND.

[We give the following letters just as forwarded to us.—Ed.]

TO THE PARTICULAR AND STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.

July, 1869.

MY DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS,—After much prayer, and deep exercise of mind, I now tender you the resignation of my pastorate of the church that it has pleased the Lord to enable me to sustain for more than eight years amid trials of no ordinary character.

Through my mission to England, and the liberality of British Christians, I have accomplished that which my heart has been set upon, viz., the freedom of the Lord's house from debt, a burden under which we have groaned for a long time, and which debt at times threatened us with complete extermination as a church. But now, on my return to you, full of expectation of reaping joy, I am called to reap in tears of sorrow upon sorrow, it having pleased the Lord to take unto himself my dear wife, twenty-three days before my arrival home. I have been strengthened as you have seen according to my days of trouble, nevertheless, my house is left unto me desolate. For that and other reasons, I now feel that I can never more be happy in my work in Sydney. The great work that I have been enabled to accomplish, through the blessing of the Lord, has been done at an immense cost, not only of labour and sorrow to me, but to my dear departed wife, who had to endure great sorrow during my absence, and while I was working with all my might in England, as your servant, serving you night and day to obtain for you the money required to pay the mortgage overdue upon our place of worship. Notwithstanding I am thankful that I have now accomplished it; but alas, at the sacrifice of ministering to my dear wife during her illness and death, and discharging the last duties of love and affection toward her, who with me had indeed sown in tears, yes, and many bitter ones have they been, some of the reminiscences of the past history of our chapel debt are too painful for me to endure.

I am, therefore, constrained to ask you to accept my resignation, that my pastorate may terminate at the end of the present year, believing that my work is now finished in Sydney, and that being the case the Lord will send me elsewhere, where he has a work for me to do. I have laid the foundation, the Lord will provide you with another labourer to build thereon; my prayer will be that he will send you one who will be much more useful and God-blessed to you than ever I have been. He will never have the trials and mountain debts with all their evil influences to contend against that I have had.

Whoever my successor may be, he being a man of God, and a true faithful servant of Christ, receive him in the Lord with all gladness, and hold him in reputation, and esteem him very highly in love, for his work's sake, and be at peace among yourselves.

And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified, will ever be the prayer of your willing servant for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

TO JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

October 7th, 1869.

DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR,—It is with feelings of deep sorrow that we now communicate to you the decision of the church last night with reference to your resignation of the pastorate. After carefully considering the matter over, we fully recognize the difficulties of your position, and greatly sympathize with you in the trying circumstances in which by the bereaving hand of our heavenly Father you are now placed, and feel constrained to acknowledge the goodness and mercy of our covenant-keeping God, who has so wonderfully strengthened and sustained you by his grace hitherto, under trials of no ordinary character, and we hope will continue to sustain you until the end. But dear brother, believing from the nature of those difficulties and trials there is no hope of your settling down to your work again in Sydney, and your mind appearing to be decidedly drawn towards returning to England, we see no other course open to us but the acceptance of your resignation which, though very reluctantly, we have now done. At the same time we would embrace this opportunity of repeating our thanksgiving to the God of all mercies and to you the honoured instrument in his hands of liberating our place of worship from debt, and we feel quite sure that it must be a severe trial to you after working so hard, and the sacrifice it has cost you in its accomplishment, that you should so soon feel constrained to leave it. Truly God moves in a mysterious way.

We also add, that should we not be settled with a true and faithful servant of God in the course of year or so, and should your mind be again (in the order of God's providence) directed towards Sydney, we should be truly happy to welcome you back again.

And now, dear brother, we commit you to the care and keeping of Israel's God, and we pray that in whatever position of His vineyard it may please him to direct your labours, he will abundantly bless and prosper you in the work, by giving you a full harvest of souls as seeds to your ministry, and should we not be permitted to meet again in this vale of tears, we will rejoice in the full assurance of meeting round the throne of our Lord in those eternal mansions where sorrow, sickness, pain, nor

death, nor parting, are seen and felt no more. We remain, dear brother, yours truly, in the Lord's hands, Christian love and affection,

SETH COTTAM.  
WILLIAM WAGO. } On behalf of  
JOSEPH FORD. } the Church.  
STEPHEN CROSS. }

Sydney, Feb. 1870.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—I have to inform you, that after much prayer, both public and private, I have decided on leaving Sydney, by the ship *Ninereh*, which is expected to sail on the 15th of March for London, full particulars of farewell meetings that will be held, will be forwarded by the deacons of the church, for publication, by next mail.

I shall bring with me my youngest children, that I may settle them in a good school where they will be carefully brought up under the inspection of a dear friend, who will act a mother's part towards them. I shall then be at liberty to do that work the Lord may have for me. There is one work my heart is set upon, and that is, to do for the English churches, that which I was enabled to accomplish for the Sydney church, viz., to free from the burden of debt those chapels in England belonging to the Particular and Strict Baptist churches. While that work is being accomplished, Gospel seed will be sown broad-cast, all over the land, and that demon Popery exposed by the light of truth. I believe that there is a great and glorious work to be done, and I feel to have great liberty in the thought of being a working servant among the churches and ministers of Christ. I hope that the churches and ministers will co-operate with me in this great work, to secure to our denomination for ever, those chapels that are now in the hands of men, because of the debt thereon.

During my travels in England, I found many churches burdened, and ministers trammelled under the burden of debt. Why should such a state of things continue? My dear brethren, our cause is good, therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober, and show to the world our faith by our works; let us be stimulated by the zeal and indomitable perseverance, and the decision of purpose of other denominations, who will compass both sea and land in order to accomplish the work in which they are engaged. Let us do likewise, and whatsoever our hands find to do, let us do it all our might. In such a work we must prosper, for our God will honour a conscientious and faithful perseverance in the cause and kingdom of Christ. I cannot see any difficulty, or impossibility whatever, in the way. Say with me, by the grace of God it shall be done, and I will be your willing servants, then will the weak hands and feeble knees of our minister and churches be strengthened and conjoined, by removing from their shoulders the burden of debt by

which they have been so long weakened and hindered in their work. It may be that the Lord has been trying me with wave upon wave to constrain me to leave Sydney, and enter upon this great and important work. By means of preaching, public meetings, and lectures, all over England, a large amount of money will be raised, and much real spiritual good done among the churches, souls saved and delivered from the reign and power of the prince of darkness, and our precious Lord Jesus glorified. If God has begun this work by working in my mind a desire and willingness to do it, and if he has given me the faith which I feel to possess; the faith that laughs at impossibilities, and says it must be done, I am confident of this very thing, that the Lord will perfect the same, and will give all the needed grace and strength for the work, for he hath said—“My grace is sufficient for thee.” I shall leave myself in the Lord's hands, to employ me just as he pleases, and when I have finished the work the Lord may have for me to do in England, I will then return to the land of my adoption and do the will of the Lord there. Farewell, brethren, till I meet you in England about the middle of June. Your willing servant for Christ's sake,  
JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

SYDNEY.—Mr. McCure preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening, May 13, from the words “The Gospel of the grace of God.” On the following Tuesday, the 15th, the valedictory services were held; tea, and public meeting in the evening; there was a large attendance; the Sunday School presented Mr. McCure with a portrait album; and Mr. Cotton, on behalf of the church, handed Mr. McCure a purse containing £55, and in so doing, said, that although called upon to part with their pastor they felt confident that before two years had passed over his head, he would be in Sydney again.

VALEDICTORY MEETING.—*The Sydney Morning Herald*; also, *The Empire*, two Australian papers, dated March 16, 1870, have reached us. They contain a report of the Meeting on the previous day, to bid Mr. McCure farewell. The meeting was demonstrative of the warmest feelings toward Mr. McCure. Letters to Mr. Carr, announce that Mr. McCure sailed on March 24th; large body of friends sailed out with him—strong sympathy and excitement. He will reach England (D.V.) about the 20th of this month, June.

[All communications addressed for me to the care of Mr. E. Carr, 19, Windsor road, Denmark hill, Camberwell.]

NEW YORK.—We think it right to call attention to Mr. Lewis's advertisement. The churches would be in safe hands in sending him, if only as a pioneer. Under no circumstances would he dishonour his commission.

GLORIOUS MEETING AT  
PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.

SPECIAL services were held: Lord's-day May 8th. Sermons were preached by Mr. R. G. Edwards, pastor; and by Mr. Wale. The following Tuesday, Mr. Wells preached from Malachi, "And that thought upon his name." Subjects were brought forth, calculated to find out the poor doubting child of God which makes Mr. Wells's preaching so acceptable; he digs very deep into Scripture. I remember him once saying, "the deeper you dig the clearer the water," so he proves it; and thus his arguments in favour of the believer's hope (if but a spark) are too forcible to be resisted. A good company sat down to tea; at the public meeting Mr. Wells occupied the chair. Mr. Willey, one of the deacons, engaged in prayer. The chairman stated the object of the special services was to liquidate the remaining portion of the debt of £54.

Mr. Wells in kindness tendered some excellent advice to the pastor, to keep close to God's word; to study it deeply, early and late; he spoke experimentally, it had been the means in God's hand, of prospering him in the ministry; he also advised where a minister is entirely devoted to the work, and out of business, to study proper language in which to dress his thoughts. Some did not pay sufficient attention to this, and so the young, to whom education is now so accessible, go away, and find fault with the manner or the grammar of the minister; and oftentimes it is not truth offends but the manner in which that truth is set forth. These remarks were not altogether so kindly received by some as they were intended. Mr. Glaskin used to say it is not the VESSEL, but what it contains. Mr. Lodge said, the gas would give as much light through an iron pipe as through a golden one; but that did not lessen the force of Mr. Wells's remarks, he would not sacrifice the life and power for an outward adornment, that is well-known, but he would advocate the two where it is possible. It is desirable that the glorious Gospel of the blessed God should be placed before people in the most favourable light. Mr. Tyler, sec. to the committee, read the report shewing the debts at the time the committee was formed, in January 1869, were £133 5s. 3d.; since that time the chapel has been put in trust; a new lease obtained at a cost of £26 17s. 1d. Since January last, nearly £70 has been subscribed by the friends, and with what the collecting cards brought before, the debt is now reduced to £54. The report acknowledged the kindness and energy of the pastor and people in the matter, expressing a hope that they might do a little more to get the debt off them, so that the committee might not appeal to them any more.

C. W. Banks moved the adoption of the report. Mr. Evans, of Hounslow, seconded it. Mr. Lodge made a warm-hearted speech, as did Mr. Lawrence, of Bermondsey; after

which Mr. John H. Mote, chairman of the committee, and a most active and useful friend to the cause, stated the result of collections which amounted to £43, £6 more had at once been subscribed in the vestry, and the friends were again appealed to as only £5 were wanting. Our esteemed chairman, Mr. Wells, who had just given a guinea, offered another half, if nine more would do the same; it was done immediately, and thus the whole of the debt of £54, was there and then liquidated; not all in cash; part in promissory notes for three months. Mr. Edwards in a feeling manner moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Wells for all his kindness to this cause, which having been seconded and carried, this very successful meeting was brought to a close with singing and prayer. To God be all the praise.

A. WILLEY.

MR. SMART'S VISIT TO GOWER  
STREET.

MR. D. SMART supplied as above three Sabbaths in April. On going to hear this father in Israel, we found the spacious building crowded, rarely more so, even on the highly prized visits of the late Mr. Philpot. Why this crowd? was the question which naturally suggested itself, as we sat listening to the homely, truthful, and sometimes quaint remarks of the preacher. Many men say as much, nay more, but no crowds hang on their lips. It is not Mr. Smart's learning, it is not his well rounded sentences, nor his flowing eloquence. Much may be due to his long and honourable standing before the churches. Perhaps more is due to Mr. Smart being a thorough representative of the, shall we say school, which has recently, by the deaths of Mr. Philpot and Mr. Kershaw, lost some of its most able and valued teachers. Mr. Smart, tells the people what he feels, what he thinks of himself, how he has passed through life, his trials, his fears, his hopes and prospects for eternity. He talks to the people, he takes them into his confidence, as friend talks with friend. He aims not at an elaborate exposition of the sacred text, but follows more particularly his own experience by way of illustration, and thus by interchange of feeling, Mr. Smart seems to awaken sympathy in the breasts of his hearers and interests if not instructs them in the thorny path which many Christians are called to travel. Much has been said and written against what is called frames and feelings preaching. But we are not without instances where it has been followed with success. It is not only on his visits to London, if we follow Mr. Smart to his labours at Cranbrook, in Sussex, we there too shall find the whole chapel crowded Sunday after Sunday, with perhaps between seven and eight hundred hearers, drawn from several miles round. There is much in Mr. Smart's honourable and gentlemanly bearing; by his unassuming conduct he



has won the respect of those who have no love for his preaching. Since his stay at Crnbrook he has lost his wife, which was indeed a sore affliction. Go where he may, he is now, as at Gower street, accompanied by his eldest daughter, who is indeed a comfort and help to her aged father. In his walks, and in his study, she is his guide. His eyesight is so far gone, that he cannot see to read; the stranger might think Mr. Smart treats the Scriptures slightly, such is not the case, his sight will not allow him to read, though he quotes with great exactness. It is pleasing to record visits as above, in comparison with the deserted aspect of so many of our chapels. More curious than useful would be, perhaps, an impartial examination of the present condition and future prospects of our very Strict Baptist churches in the metropolis. Such a task might claim our sympathy, but would scarcely have the thanks of many.

STEPNEY. — CAVE ADULLAM. On Tuesday, May 2nd, we celebrated our building anniversary. Mr. James Wells preached in the afternoon. At half-past five, a goodly number sat down to tea, which appeared to give entire satisfaction. The evening meeting commenced at half past 6, Mr. Reynolds presided, and defined the object they had in view in meeting together:—1. To hear the report of the building society for the past year, 2. To endeavour to clear off the few pounds now owing for repairs, (about £28), &c. Mr. Thomas Culyer, the Secretary to the building society, read the report. Mr. Thomas Stringer moved, and Mr. D. Friend seconded, the adoption of the report. Mr. Reynolds, on behalf of the Sunday school teachers, then presented to the Rev. Mr. Harris, a clergyman of the Church of England, a copy of the works of Dr. Thomas Goodwin, as an expression of their gratitude to him for his kindness in granting them the use of his Mission church, when they were so cruelly turned out of the chapel. Mr. Harris then acknowledged the present in an appropriate speech, after which, Messrs. Brooks and Stead, addressed the friends, and the pastor closed the meeting with prayer.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

BRADFIELD.—We are glad to find our young friend, Mr. Debnam, jun., has been settled as the pastor of that ancient church near Bury St. Edmunds, called Bradfield, St. George. Of this church we have had sufficient knowledge, as to lead us to hope that Mr. Debnam may be instrumental in raising it up into a vital, a faithful, and a becoming practical unity and prosperity. Our young friend found North Brixton Hall a useful college for a season. In his present sphere of action, he will need much grace, in his walk and his work, is in the Spirit. We are sorry the Londoners lost him. We hope the Suffolk Association will take good care of him.

MR. JOHN FOREMAN AT HORNSEY RISE.

DEAR FRIEND,—As desired, I went to see and hear Mr. John Foreman once more. I reached "Ebenezer" by three; the minister and a friend or two appeared to be waiting. Not a sign or sound about Mr. Foreman then. One gentleman told me I had better sit a seat or two back. I being anxious to hear if any good could be heard, had pressed up to the uppermost seat. This might appear forward in me, but intense desire to hear Mr. Foreman made me urgent and I forgot to take the lowest seat. Frowning eyes scowled at me, as much as to say, "What do you want here?" My little heart said, "I want nothing, but to hear the venerable man, if he comes, and if he does not come, I shall be off, as I have much to do." Time passed on; no parson came. The pastor was ready with his hymn-book in his hand; his brother, the presenter, was waiting to give the key-note; but, they feared to proceed. Between two or three there was the anxious "What shall we do?" I smiled to myself, and wondered how the scene would end. It was much over the time. Presently, they caught sight of brother Kemp, who had come in. They ran to him; and up into the pulpit he shot; singing began very nice indeed; C. L. Kemp read "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." That was the interual desire of my heart. He prayed; they sang again; vestry door opened; stooping, and much bowed down, the great and good man ascended the pulpit, singing closed, he read his text, "Behold the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy." Mr. Foreman said, if he lived until July, it would be fifty-eight years since the Lord plucked him as a brand from the burning. I thought there is no telling how long some good men may live on; there appears such a thing as getting used to be old; for, soon after Mr. Foreman had begun his sermon, his stooping went off; and he stood as upright as ever I saw him. His health appeared excellent; his mind quite at home, his memory never failed him; his voice a good deep tenor; and his matter as simple, as spiritual, as sound, and as correct as could be; not one bitter sentence, all flowed on as child-like and as sweet as possible. I thought of something George Abrahams once said to me, of this venerable and noble looking minister; I thought of his great age; of his long standing in the truth; of his usefulness in the church; and, for it all I esteemed him, thanked God and left the chapel; attended to some business in the city; then journeyed to our prayer meeting at Bethel, where our deacon Symons read the seventy-third Psalm, made some good comments on some of its solemn verses; I spoke a few words to the people; and poured out my heart unto the Lord; and so ended the services of another day. I may never see the minister of

Mount Zion on earth any more; nor, if there are degrees in glory, shall I ever see him there; because he having been such a good and great man; he will obtain a higher rank than myself; supposing I should reach the blessed place where Jesus is, and where all his redeemed shall be. As regards the minister and cause at Hornsey, I defer that now, and desire to be found your faithful friend in the truth. Amen.

P.S.—Do not fear that Mr. F. will not come to your anniversary, he looked as stern and as strong as usual. He may live many years yet. If Mr. Foreman, and his church, could find a good co-pastor now, one who was thoroughly, experimentally, evangelically, and practically sound; one who could work well with Mr. Foreman, and Mr. Foreman with him; it might be a blessing to that church, and to the cause of God on earth; but where such a man is to be found, I do not know. But the pastor and the people should now unitedly plead with the Lord to send them a sterling Timothy; one who, in the Lord's hands, may not only keep the church together; but, who may be instrumental in bringing much new life, into Mount Zion; and thus preserve the cause from being carried away in the flood which is fast pouring in upon us.

#### MR. JAMES WELLS AT ISLINGTON.

THE next day, Tuesday, May 10th, I heard Mr. Wells's sermon at Providence, Islington, when special services were holden to clear off the debt on the chapel. I suppose a report will be given, here I only notice the opening address of evening meeting, by Mr. James Wells, who presided. His sermon in the afternoon was an exposition of the end of Malachi's prophecy "Them that thought upon his name." It was a Biblical discourse; commenced and carried through with much judgment, and instructive thought. But the evening address on the best way to secure ministerial success, was one which every young minister might listen to with advantage. Whatever amount of prejudice and envy may have assailed the minister of the New Surrey Tabernacle, it is clear to me that his large mental and physical powers, have been greatly sanctified to the service of God; his time has been devoted to the perpetual study of the word of God, and all his natural gifts have well fitted to make him a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing, and dispensing the Gospel of Jehovah's grace. Mr. Lodge warmly though indirectly criticised some parts of the opening address: but with so much ability, good humour, and zeal, that we all secretly wished such a mind, and such powers of utterance, could be put under a steady course of literary and logical training; he would then be well qualified to follow John Foreman; and I believe the more William Lodge mingles with his ministerial brethren, the more he feels his dependence upon the Lord, the more he

can devote himself to the prayerful study of the Bible, the more he will be accepted by the churches; and be useful to sinners and to saints. Mr. Evans, of Hounslow, was quite the chancellor of the exchequer for the evening. Mr. Laurence, of Bermondsey, developed a little of his ministerial conflict and comfort. Mr. Wale was brief. Mr. R. Howard gave hopeful signs of future ministerial success. Mr. Edwards was grateful. I said a few words; but, the pulpit (not the platform,) is the place where, sometimes, I enjoy that liberty of soul which is as near like heaven as I can imagine.

#### THE LATE JOHN WIGMORE.

ON Sunday evening, May 8th, 1870, Thomas Taylor preached "a funeral sermon" (as it is called) in Crudwell chapel, occasioned by the decease of John Wigmore who for some years resided in London. Some twenty years since, I was invited to preach at Hankerton, in Wilts. After the service, a tall young man, in masou's attire, invited me to his house; also, to preach in his chapel. This young man was John Wigmore, then working as a stone mason in Wilts; but he was also minister of the chapel in Crudwell. At the time I refer to John Wigmore was greatly in love with the late Arthur Triggs; and the high and happy faith which good Arthur professed to enjoy, (and I hope did enjoy) quite united John Wigmore's soul to him. When John Wigmore heard me in the Gospel, he became much attached to me; and expressed his desire to see London, and there to preach the Gospel. Ever willing to aid a good young man in the glorious cause of Christ, I invited John Wigmore to preach for me one Sunday in Crosby row. This led to his settlement as pastor over the little church meeting in Riding House lane, a people more devoted to the party so opposed to me; consequently I never saw or knew much of John Wigmore after he settled at the West End of London. On the 24th of April 1870, John Wigmore died; his brother Thomas, a perfect original in the ministry, has supplied the vacant pulpit in Riding House lane for a season. Whether Thomas will succeed his brother John in the pastorate, is not yet known. Thomas Taylor's funeral sermon was a remarkable piece of pulpit oratory; but as I am now at Crudwell, preaching their anniversary sermons, I shall gather up a few good things of the deceased minister, and of the churches in this most interesting locality, and give my readers a note or two another month, if the Lord will. Some of the churches in London will be glad to know that brother Thomas Lamb, the Baptist minister of Crudwell, is still very useful to all the churches round these parts. Of him and his work another time.

C. W. B.

NOTTING HILL. — SILVER STREET

CHAPEL, KENSINGTON PLACE. The fourth anniversary of the formation of the church in this place, was held on Tuesday, April 5th, 1870, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Anderson, of Deptford, read and prayed and Mr. John Foreman, of Hill street chapel, Dorset square, preached a very able sermon from Heo. xi. 14. At five, a large number of friends took tea in the schoolroom; and at half-past six, a public meeting was held, when Mr. John Short (Hon. Sec. and Treasurer to the Young Men's Christian Association, Notting Hill) presided. Prayer was offered by Mr. Jackman, of Peckham. The pastor, Mr. D. Crumpton, then gave a brief account of the state of the church, from which it appeared that peace and unity was enjoyed, the attendance encouraging and after the removal of nine by death, &c., the number of members was sixty, eleven persons having been added during the year. He then said he had received a note of Mr. Curtis, informing him, that owing to pressing engagements, he could not be with them; also from G. T. Congreve, Esq., of Peckham, expressing his regret that as he was labouring under severe indisposition, he could not come, as he had intended to do, but had sent them one guinea, as a token of his good will and affection. The Chairman then expressed his cordial sympathy with them in their attempt to raise that cause, and said he thought he might now congratulate them on the success of their efforts, and hoped still greater blessings may be vouchsafed to them. Mr. Box, of Woolwich, then spoke on practical godliness, and trusted they would still "Dwell together in unity," "Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, inasmuch as ye know your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Mr. Wilkins, of Soho, said the time was come for those who knew and loved the truth to unite in our holy band, and in the name of the Lord to stand face to face with infidelity error, and every other evil, remembering that the triumphs of truth and righteousness were certain, for "all enemies must be put under Immanuel's feet," and he shall reign from the river to the ends of the earth." Mr. Anderson, of Deptford, dwelt on the glorious doctrines of grace, and said the signs of the times unmistakably showed that there was danger at hand, and it behoved the ministers and friends of truth to combat error, by a bold and uncompromising declaration of the "whole counsel of God." Mr. Driscoll, of St. Luke's, observed that whilst there may be danger to man-made systems, and law established creeds and churches, there was no danger to the true church of Christ, for she was "built upon a rock," and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Mr. Hazelton, of Chadwell street, opportunely pointed out that whilst it was true that there was no danger to the invisible and spiritual church, there were, no doubt, many mighty influences at work, which created grave apprehensions in devout minds, and which

may hereafter prove sources of great trial and affliction to the people of God and church of Jesus Christ, illustrating his remarks by the sufferings and persecutions many had endured in former times for truth's sake. He then enlarged on these two subjects, viz., the danger and security of the church of God, by ably expounding the precious words of truth written in the forty-sixth Psalm, remarking that the church then had a time of trouble, for "the heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved, he uttered his voice, and the earth melted," but "God was her refuge, strength, and present help," and the church said "therefore will not we fear," &c. "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." After a few words from Mr. Flack, of Wilton square, and a brief address by the chairman, the usual votes of thanks were given, and the delightful services of the day were closed with the doxology and benediction. Mr. Crumpton then said the chairman had that moment given him a cheque for two guineas, as his contribution to the chapel funds.

CAMBRIDGE.—The friends at Eden chapel were much gratified, on the 6th of April, to behold their venerable friend, Mr. John Foreman, once more in their midst. It was while he was successfully preaching the Gospel in Cambridge, that Eden chapel was built. To some of us, those were happy days in Cambridge, and we rejoiced in beholding our aged champion for the Gospel, so ripe for another and for a brighter world. But few men in this kingdom, have preached more sermons in their life-time, than has the pastor of Mount Zion chapel, in Hill street, London. Thousands of miles has he travelled. Thousands of discourses has he delivered. The age of man is passed with him; and still he stands firm and fruitful in the grace of the Gospel. On April 6th, a large company met in Eden chapel, to express their grateful esteem and affection toward their retiring pastor Mr. Marks. Alas! what changes we have seen in this collegiate city. The brethren Foreman, Allen, Poock, Field, and others have all laboured among us; but they have left us. And now our sainted and much honoured pastor Marks has retired. On the occasion referred to, the friends here presented Mr. Marks with a testimonial—consisting of a handsome timepiece, silver tea-pot, cream jug, and sugar-basin, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Samuel Marks, on his resignation, by the church and congregation of Eden chapel, as a token of love and esteem, after being their faithful pastor eighteen years, March, 1870." The testimonial was presented by Mr. Sturton, deacon, and superintendent of the Sunday-school. Mr. Marks acknowledged the gift in his kindly manner; after which, the meeting heard some good things from Mr. John Foreman, Messrs. Haynes, Deeks, Harvey, and Favell. It

was a pleasing sight even to some old readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

THE WANDERING CHILD.

By G. T. CONGREVE.

OH, Saviour, dear Saviour, remem ber me now,—

Thy child that is pining for rest,  
For dark clouds hang over the tall moun-  
tain's brow,

The storm gathers thick from the west.

The darkness of sin has covered me o'er,

The tempest is sweepiug around ;

Temptations beset me behind and before,

Nor shelter, nor refuge, is found.

Then hear the sad voice of Thy child,

No longer permit me to roam ;

Night's shadows fall dim on the desolate

wild,  
Sweet Saviour ! now bid me come home.

Oh, Saviour, dear Saviour, remember me

now,—

Thy child in the desert distrest ;

I'm lonely and weary—sweet Jesus, be

Thou

My shelter, my home, and my rest.

Oh, breathe Thy forgiveness for sin that I

mourn,

My follies, rebellion, and pride.

From Thee have I wandered, nor can I

return,

Till Thou be my Saviour and guide.

Then hear the sad voice of thy

child, &c.

Oh, Saviour, dear Saviour, I'll think of

thee now,

And long to behold thee above ;

To place my poor wreath on thy beautiful

brow,

A crown of devotion and love.

While angels,—bright angels,—Thy glory

proclaim,

And bask in the light of Thy face,

I'll spread upon earth the sweet sound of

thy name,

And sing of thy mercy and grace,

Then hear thou the voice of thy

child, &c.

From *Gems of Song*.—The Editor of this

little Sunday School hymn book received

the following pleasing testimony, relative

to the above hymn, from Rev. G. O. Jarvis,

Congregational minister, Limerick, Ireland.

"A lad in my congregation was very ill

with consumption. One day, when visiting

him, I read hymn No. 18, one of the sweet-

est in the book. A few days afterwards,

he died ; and just before his death he asked

his father to read that hymn again, it is so

beautiful, he said. The father read it, and

it gave the dying boy much comfort."

EGERTON FOSTAL. — The pastor,

Mr. Robert Banks, the church, and as-

sembled friends, spent a holy day on Good

Friday. Mr. Rayment, and Mr. Whittaker

preached the anniversary sermons.

MRS. HUTCHINSON, THE WIDOW,  
AND HER CHILDREN.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I am happy to present another list for the poor widow Hutchinson, you will much oblige her and me by inserting it in the Vessel. A friend writes to say they do not see their receipt for 6s. sent last month ; it was what appears in this month in a mistake, it ought to be E. V., 6s., instead E. J., 7s. ; the amount was my mistake, and the initial I suppose misunderstood. I do not know where to write. I have had several encouraging letters, thanking me and you for taking such an active part in her welfare. I remain, yours affectionately,

R. SEARLE.

[We gladly announce another list as follows :—

The following is a list of donations for widow Hutchinson and her babes, since March 18th, to April 19th, 1870, through Mr. Richard Searle.

	£	s.	d.
Friends at Chadwell street, per			
Mr. Minton . . . . .	1	2	0
Afflicted sister thirteen stamps,			
or, . . . . .	0	1	1
C. H., Stalybridge . . . . .	0	5	0
Two Friends, Wimbledon . . . . .	0	3	0
Mr. Fox, Stevenage . . . . .	0	2	6
Mr. Joslin, Old Ford . . . . .	0	2	0
Mr. A. Holgate, Waddington . . . . .	0	2	6
Mr. J. Well, Bristol . . . . .	0	5	0
Two friends of Mr. Boy . . . . .	0	4	6
Mr. E. Arnold, Crawley . . . . .	0	5	0
A Sympathizer, London . . . . .	0	5	0
Mr. Lurring, St. Georges-in-the			
East . . . . .	0	2	0
A Sympathizing Friend, Read-			
ing . . . . .	0	2	6
A Poor Widow, London . . . . .	0	2	6
Esther Everett, London . . . . .	0	10	0
A Clergyman . . . . .	0	10	0
S. E., Tunbridge . . . . .	0	2	0
W. Longhurst, Sunningdale . . . . .	0	5	0
Mr. D., London . . . . .	0	6	0
From a Friend at Brighton . . . . .	0	2	0
The name Lost . . . . .	0	2	6
Mrs. Gange, left with O. W.			
Banks . . . . .	0	5	0
A Little One . . . . .	1	12	0
R. N. Hastings . . . . .	0	3	0
A Surrey Tabernacle Friend . . . . .	0	2	6
Mr. S. Titton, Nantwich . . . . .	0	2	6
A Friend from Rochdale . . . . .	0	10	0
Mr. Pluckley, Ashford . . . . .	0	2	6
A Poor Person, Wansley street,			
Walworth . . . . .	0	1	0
N. H., Guildford . . . . .	0	4	0
A Thank Offering . . . . .	0	6	0
C. H., Stalybridge . . . . .	0	5	0
Two Friends, Wimbledon . . . . .	0	5	0
Mr. Fox, Stevenage . . . . .	0	2	6
Josline, Old Ford . . . . .	0	2	0
Afflicted Sister . . . . .	0	1	1
Mr. A. Holgate, Waddington . . . . .	0	2	6
Mr. Well, Bristol . . . . .	0	5	0
Two Friends of Mr. Box . . . . .	0	4	6
Mr. E. Arnold, Crawley . . . . .	0	5	0

A Sympathiser, London	. 0 5 0
Mr. Lunning, St. Georges in the East	. 0 2 0
A Sympathising Friend at Reading	. 0 2 6
Poor Widow, London	. 0 2 6
Eather Everett, London	. 0 10 0
A Clergyman	. 0 10 0
S. E., Tunbridge	. 0 2 6

CHARITY.—The lists of subscriptions received on behalf Mrs. Hutchinson was unavoidably delayed in May, through the large number of notices. The same may be said of dear Samuel Foster, of Sturry. We are constantly visiting in the East of London Christians on their dying beds, and others in real need.

STAMFORD.—For twenty-five years, the Strict Baptist church here enjoyed the ministry of the late J. C. Philpot. In 1864, he addressed a letter to his church here, in which he said—

“As to temptations, I have had a good share; there are few, whether external, internal, or infernal, of which I have not had some taste; I cannot say the same of trials, for severe trials have not fallen to my lot. I have had losses, I cannot say I have had experience of severe business trials:—when I left the Church of England I gave up all my prospects, and sacrificed an independent income, yet, through the kind providence of God, I have been spared the pressure of poverty and straitened circumstances. I have not suffered the loss of wife or children, and have been spared those severe family trials which so deeply wound many of the Lord’s dear people. But of one trial, and that no small one, I have had much experience,—a weak and afflicted tabernacle. Though my life has been wonderfully prolonged, yet I have not really known what it is to enjoy sound health for more than thirty-three years, and for the last seventeen have been liable to continual attacks of illness, such as I am now suffering under. Thus I have had much experience of the furnace in one shape, if not in some of those which have fallen to your lot. But this I can truly say, that almost all I have learnt of true religion and vital godliness has been in the furnace, and that though ill health has been the heaviest natural trial I have ever experienced, yet I trust it has been made a blessing to my soul.”

[How different this good man’s pathway to many of the children of God! Some of us Stamford Baptists would be glad of a settled pastor; but the order of the day seems to be that of keeping a race of men running all over the country preaching themselves lean and threadbare; and causing our churches to sink into a low and unhealthy state. Look at the London churches, Zear and Gower street; look at Trowbridge, Rochdale, Abingdon, our own, and many others, no settled minister, no pastor. We know this course of procedure is not good. We ask, the editor, to consider

if some means cannot be adopted to alter this unhappy course of action.—F. D.]

FARNBORO’, KENT.—DEAR SIR,—The church at Farnboro’, Kent, having sent a circular letter to the sister churches around for Christian sympathy and support in their endeavours to build a new chapel and school room, I beg to inform you and yours, that the church at Rehoboth, Clapham, have responded; and a collection was made after the sermons by Mr. J. Ballard, and Mr. Griffin, which amounted to £5 14s. 2½d., the same has been handed to the church at Farnboro’. I also had the pleasure of attending the annual meeting at Farnboro’ on Tuesday last. Brother Hall, of Clapham, preached an excellent sermon in the afternoon, after which, a goodly number of friends took tea. Public meeting in evening; one of the speakers gave an account of the opposition which chapel building met with in some places, but by the good hand of our God were overcome. Brother Hall spoke of the importance of having a righteousness not our own, but an other’s. Brother Popelwell spoke, and after a kind word from him, the meeting closed. The collection amounted to £13 10s. and £50 promised toward the new chapel. Will you kindly use this in the best manner you can on cover, or otherwise, for the good of the cause. Yours in the cause of truth

J. A. LEWIS.

SHARNBROOK.—The anniversary sermons of the Strict Baptist church, were delivered by Mr. Anderson, of Deptford, on Friday, April 15th, to large and attentive congregations. The afternoon service was commenced by Mr. Garney, of Bethlehem chapel, Sharnbrook, giving out a hymn; after which, Mr. Britain, of Carlton, read and prayed. Mr. Trueman, of Bedford, gave out the second hymn, and Mr. Anderson, then was enabled to deliver a very sweet experimental sermon, to the comforting and edifying of the living children of God. After the afternoon service about 250 sat down to tea, and in the evening, the first hymn having been given out by Mr. Woodcock, and sung feelingly and heartily by congregation, the pastor of the church, (Mr. A. Foot) read and prayed and Mr. Anderson was again helped to tell of the mercy of the Lord, the mysteries of the Christian life, and the motive the Lord had in quickening us together with Christ, raising us up together in heavenly places. See Eph. ii. 4—7. The day was one of blessing to the Lord’s tried and needy family. Friends from Carlton, Bedford, Kelsey, and other places united with congregation on the occasion, and thus the chapel was very full at night.

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. Fountain was preaching the Gospel, in Trinity, during April with good success.

**HIGH WYCOMBE.—ZION CHAPEL.**—The anniversary Tuesday, May 3rd, when Mr. Foreman, (who laid the stone in 1862) preached afternoon and evening; there was a good attendance; and a very happy day was spent in the service of God. It was feared that in consequence of the disease that had so prevailed in the town, that friends from a distance would fear to come, but the church are able to God to be able to say it was the best and happiest anniversary they ever had. Unsolicited, Mr. T. Butcher, of Tring, sent a letter to Mr. T. Chivers, containing a cheque for £10, towards the collection; those present subscribed £42, making a total of £52. We thank all our friends who thus united to render this anniversary so successful; the Lord restore them ten-fold for their kindness and great liberality. The chapel has been put in good repair, the expense of which is partly paid by some of the members already.

**COVENTRY.**—In 1859, when Mr. Tiptaft was preaching at Ford street chapel, he made the following remarks:—

"When I first came into Warwickshire, I preached at Trinity church, about the year 1826; I paid another visit at Christmas, 1832. I preached twice and administered the Lord's Supper. I seemed quite destitute of grace. How dark I was! Yet, here I am, standing up in a Baptist chapel, to disavow infant sprinkling. How unlikely it seemed at that time! I little thought such would be the case, that I should raise my voice against infant sprinkling, that it was contrary to the Word of God, though agreeing with the prayer-book. I can say in some measure I was like Abraham, when the Lord called him. He went out not knowing whither he went. The Lord brought me out of that, and put a new song into my mouth; so that I could praise him for his great goodness."

[Of Mr. Tiptaft's singular life and ministry, with letters, &c., we have much really good, when room can be found.]

**RETIRING MINISTERS.**—We are sorry to find our good friend Mr. Baldwin is obliged to lay down his ministry; and silently wait for his reward. Battling in the field is sometimes hard work; but to be laid aside in the infirmary must be harder still; that is, to active minds. But here we are only servants for a little season.

### Notes of the Month.

"**AFTER DEATH.**"—We are looking more closely into the matter of "Life Assurance" than we ever did before. And we feel it our duty to press this privilege of provision after death to the notice of our readers from time to time. The death of the late pastor H. Hutchinson—the distress into which his devoted wife and children have been plunged, with many

other cases which lay heavily upon our spirits—all urge us on in this direction. The recent convulsion in Life Offices, has given birth to the serious question:—"Where can we insure with safety?" A respectable journal says:—"The British Equitable Assurance Company appears to be about the only Institution entirely uninjured by the panic. This exemption may be traceable to two distinct causes:—the sound principles on which the Society is based, and the great vigour of its administration." We may add, our confidence in the British Equitable is strengthened and confirmed by the great fact, that the manager, William Sutton Gover, Esq., (under whose direction more particularly, this company has attained its present extensively influential and decidedly safe and prosperous position), is a Christian gentleman of known and established integrity, who would never, in any case, allow an investment to be made in that office, without the fullest persuasion that the investor and his heirs had the strongest guarantee for receiving all that the office engaged to give. The last Report of The British Equitable Assurance Company reveals a course of steady and healthy progress; and should any of our readers or friends desire it, a copy of the said Report shall be sent to them post free, if they address a note to us, at 5, Victoria Park Road, London, N.E. A more interesting or intelligent document on this subject, we cannot recommend to their notice.

**TRING.**—J. Thorne, G. Kempster, and W. White, the deacons at West End, write to announce Mr. Edgerton's consent to continue his pastorate. The work of the Lord is prospering, and there we hope he will be instrumental in giving freedom and increase to a long-struggling cause of truth.

**THOMAS SAXBY**, of Irthlingboro', thinks brother A. Baker, now of Sutton, has been misrepresented. We pray brother A. Baker may be more successful and happy in the future. As a soldier he must endure hardness.

**HOXTON.**—Mr. Crowhurst, of Dorchester Hall, baptized believers at Ebenezer chapel lately.

Brother Thomas Taylor, of Crudwell, has lost his long-afflicted wife, at eighty years of age.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—The friends at Constitution Hill, are crying out for a minister who will help to raise up the cause. Is there no man in England with grace and gift enough to go into that large midland city?

Mr. John Bloomfield will leave Bradford. Correspondents say he is open to accept another church.

Mr. W. Bloom having signified to the church at Foots Cray, his intention not to accept any further invitation, after the expiration of his engagement among them, will be open to supply after the third Sunday in April. Address, W. Bloom, Foots Cray, Kent.

# The New Bible: the Origin and Progress of the Old Version.

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THE proposed new translation (or emendation of the authorised version) of Holy Writ, has been much controverted of late by many whose spirit and temperament of mind is like that of the Athenians. Acts xvii. 21., through whom many of the Lord's dear tried ones are not a little discomfited, whose cry is,—see Psalm xi. 3. If the foundations be destroyed what can the righteous do? Nor is their apprehension of danger in this point altogether groundless; the arguments that have issued from the pen of some of the most learned men of the day, bringing into question several passages in our authorised version as without meaning, ungrammatical and even uninspired, which have filled the mouths of infidels and nominal professors with fresh matter wherewith to challenge the children of Zion to combat, while the emissaries of Papal Rome exult in the thought of an entire combustion and overthrow of the whole election of grace. But the tenor of Scripture in such a case cannot be better rendered, to the comfort of all the living in Jerusalem than that which is found in these words, *i.e.*, “No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise 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.” This has been a solace to my soul many times. Blessed be God none can erase that from the soul which has been burnt in by the Holy Ghost. The *present* version has stood the fiery test of hundreds of the Culenso species during the long round of 260 years, and has not failed in divine effect whereunto it has been sent. Moreover, it has been stated by the Earl of Shaftesbury that the 50,000 copies of the Scriptures already issued by the Bible Society (if the proposed scheme is carried out) will be “synodically condemned.” The Bishop of St. David's asserts that a “movement” of this kind “would be such a tremendous evil that no advantage which could possibly be gained could ever compensate for it” and that many “would be deprived of some favourite texts to which they might look back with regret.” The blessed revealed will of God is not to be restricted to the State Church only, for no Scripture is of any private interpretation; it is the rightful property of the Church of Christ everywhere assembled, appointed by the Spirit to be read unto all the holy brethren. 1 Thess. v. 27. Since dissent has made such rapid strides in England and on the continent, the Nonconformists have an indisputable claim to act in convocation either to denounce or approve the design; if this is prohibited what will the voice of the noble body of dissenters effect when the thing is done, and brought before the public? The Church of England has had no greater enemy than herself to contend with, for centuries past (to wit) when the 2000 were thrust out from its precincts as not worthy of her patronage (most of these men were of unblemished character, choice scholars, and glorious preachers of the Gospel) they

went everywhere preaching the word; and this established Nonconformity. The contemplated revision of the Scriptures will without doubt make the breach wider between church and dissent than is expected by the Episcopalian fraternity. One of the very best published editions of the New Testament in the "authorised version" is by Constantine Tischendorf (1869); it is without the general headings, but it has a few notes appended to it from the Greek text of three MSS. *i.e.*, the *Sinaitic*, the *Vatican*, and the *Alexandrine*. There is doubtless much original matter to work upon, if the bishops were trustworthy in matters of sound Gospel doctrine, and would give a faithful revision of the work, although it might strongly oppose their system of worship *modus operandi*; but then let it only be a marginal revision. The greatest of living biblical critics (Tischendorf) states that the "authorised version" was revised by a body of learned divines; and that the New Testament, "founded as it was on the Greek text at that time accepted by Protestant theologians, and translated with scholarship, and conscientious care; this version has deservedly become an object of great reverence, and a truly national treasure to the English Church." I am aware of the fact that there are manuscripts believed to have been originally an integral and pure part of God's word, *e.g.*, the *Alexandrine* MS. now in the British Museum, written in the fifth century; the *Vatican* MS. written a century after, then there is the *Codex Ephraem*, in Paris, belonging to the fifth century; the *Codex Bezae*, at Cambridge, of the sixth century; and last, though not least, the *Codex Sinaiticus*, discovered by Tischendorf himself on Mount Sinai in 1844, and 1859. It may not be deemed improper here just briefly to notice the varied stages of gradation into which the Word of God has passed during the nine hundred years up to James I. The Bible was translated into the Anglo-Saxon by order of King Alfred, who undertook the version of the psalms but died before its completion. The space of time between Alfred and William I. was like a dreary waste, the state of England was superlatively wretched. In 1274 the price of the Bible with a commentary, cost £30, an immense sum, considering the wages per day for labouring men was three-halfpence. Richard Rolle, a hermit of Hampole, Co. York, made the first attempt at a translation of the Bible into the English language, in the reign of Edward III. After which came the early reformer, a star of the first water, John Wickliff, (whose views of predestination were of a surprising nature, which even made the immortal Toplady express that he was an absolute necessitarian). He translated the Bible with the Apocryphal books, between 1360 and 1380. The New Testament of Wickliff's version sold for four marks and forty pence, or £2 16s. 8d., as appears by the Norwich Register of 1429; this is a sum equivalent to £40 of the present coin. The very first printed edition of the Bible in any language was that of the Latin Vulgate, bearing date 1462. In 1526, William Tyndal translated the New Testament, which was printed without his name at Antwerp, but the English vendors of it were condemned to ride with their faces to the horses' tails, with papers on their heads painted with the devil, and the books they sold tied about them, to the standard in Cheapside. Tyndal in 1536 was condemned as a heretic, then strangled and burnt. Wickliff's bones were exhumed, after he had been buried fifty years, then burnt and cast into the river. Truth was precious in these days,



for I find that some gave a load of hay, for a few chapters of St. James or of St. Paul in English. Luther published a New Testament after it had been revised by Melancthon in 1522. Coverdale's Bible in folio was published in 1535, by royal authority, this was objected to by the bishops as faulty, but they admitted that it contained no heresies, the king said, "Then in God's name let it go abroad among the people." In 1543, an act was passed prohibiting all (excepting a certain class of rich folk) from reading the Bible aloud. The testimony of a poor shepherd of that period is worth recording, it was found written on a spare leaf of Polydore Virgil's Work, *i.e.* "At Oxforde the yere 1546, browt down to Seynbury by John Darbye, price 14d. When I kepe Mr. Letymer's shype (sheep) I bout this book when the testament was obberagatya that sheperdydys might not red hit, (read it) I prey God amende that blyndness. Wryt by Robert Wyllyams, Keppynge shepe Uppon Seynbury hill, 1546." Cranmer's Bible was published in 1538—9 by Grafton and Whitechurch; a rare copy of which I had the pleasure of reading in the private library of the British Museum the other day, it is printed in black lettered type, with a frontispiece by Hans Holbein. In 1560, under the supervision of Elizabeth, the Bible was translated, after which came the "authorised version," or King James' Bible. In 1604, consequent upon a request made by Dr. Reynolds, a Nonconformist divine, to King James, fifty-four learned persons (although only forty-seven occurs on the list) were chosen from both Universities to make a new translation; this was begun in 1607, and completed in 1611. The Septuagint only occupied two years and nine months to translate. But it is considered a very excellent translation; although it must be understood that absolute accuracy is impossible in the translation of any book. One of the first printers who commenced business in the reign of King Edward VI. deserves notice; this was John Day; his first publication after the king's death, was, "the Sum of Holy Scriptures, imprinted by John Day, dwelling in Sepulcher's parish, at the sign of the Resurrection." He adopted the following as his *insignia*, "Arise, for it is Day." May God's interposing mercy be manifested in this critical juncture in maintaining the veracity of the vernacular Scriptures and preserve the promoters of this system from falling under the terrible weight of the words found in the Apocalypse xxii. 18—89. For, if, as some estimate, that to make a correct translation, five verses out of every six will require alteration, it is time that the Strict Baptist body should adhere to the pillar and ground of truth as it is set forth in the old authorized version of 1611, which has proved by the Holy Ghost a great source of comfort to thousands whose souls are now in glory, and to an untold number of saints whose daily mercy it is to feed upon it by divine light as the true bread of life which cometh down from heaven. "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven." Psalm cxix. Allow me, dear brother, to ask pardon for trespassing upon your valuable space so much, truly old George Herbert's hymn is worthy of notice on the point.

"O book of books, removing doubt!

When God, its author, speaks to me;

Thy words do seare, and find me out,

And I my God find out in thee."

Yours in the truth,

Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

## LETTERS FROM THE HEART.

## A PRECIOUS LETTER SENT TO SAMUEL FOSTER.

[Our brother Foster has favoured us with the following excellent epistle. It is the fruit which flows from a heart in which has been realized that heavenly, that homely, that ever-gracious promise, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." We commend the perusal of the annexed letter to all who enjoy, or desire to realize, the happiness of that grace which carries the soul up into the higher chambers of adoration and praise.—ED].

Hartley Villa, Plymouth, Jan. 23, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Again and again have I wished to answer your kind letter, and to send you a new year's greeting, but I am brought to experience day by day and hour by hour, that all my springs are in the Lord, and unless He is pleased, graciously and sovereignly, to communicate the power, I cannot run in His ways with delight; I cannot soar upward and heavenward, I cannot enter joyfully into the inner court of the King's house. Instead of feeling like a child at home, I am at an infinite distance from Christ, my rest-tower; instead of realizing access through Him by one Spirit with the Father, I am, in feeling, as far removed from Him as is the East from the West. Still, I well know, even in these dark and wintry seasons, what would cause rejoicing of heart, what would enable me to sing as in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept; let the Lord but whisper, "It is I, be not afraid;" let Him say, "Shake thyself from the dust, and sit down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion;" and what is the effect produced? An instant vibration.—We know His voice, we enjoy His presence; we feel His peace passing all understanding, and we go forth in the dances of them that make spiritually merry. Ah! when the heavens drop down dew, the earth rejoices; when our Beloved joys over us with singing, we praise Him and extol Him who is the health of our countenance and our God. Yes! our God for ever and ever, and He will be our guide over death, for He has promised us He will guide us with His eye; and He has further assured us He will come again and receive us unto Himself, that where He is, there we may be also. Oh the depth of the riches of His grace thus to pluck us as brands from the burning, to set us among princes, and make us inherit the throne of glory! Well may we shout "Hallelujah; for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" "His way shall be known upon earth, His saving health among all nations. Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation, who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved." In deaths we may be oft, in prison-houses frequently, but we are not moved away from the hope of the Gospel which we have heard, neither are we in despair, for though we walk in the midst of trouble, the Lord will revive us, and though we sit in darkness, the Lord will be a light unto us; yea, He who rides upon a cherub, and flies upon the wings of the wind will make darkness light before us and crooked things straight. These things will He do unto us and not forsake us. All His works praise Him and His saints bless Him, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

But what are seas, or skies, or hills,  
Or verdant vales, or gliding rills;  
To wonders man was born to prove,  
The wonders of redeeming love?

The beauties of creation strike us on every hand, but, as one has well said, "Grace scenery far surpasses natural prospects." O! what sacred delight fills the soul when Jesus presents Himself in the midst, and by His Spirit, opens up to us some of the glories of His Person. We then enjoy the earnest of that heavenly rest which our Father has reserved for us; we sit at the feet of our precious Adonai, lost in wonder, love, and praise; whilst, filled with adoring gratitude we exclaim, "Lord, it is enough, my cup runneth over." O! for more of these revivings and overflowings of His heart-love; but all is well, though we love to feel a little respite, a little cessation of conflict, an entering into our eternal Sabbath, a falling into the hands of our God with the words of the prophet indited in the heart, "Now, O Lord, Thou art our Father, we are the clay, and Thou our potter." We are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God, who by His Spirit's power hath called us by His grace and revealed His Son in us. It is this close union, this indissoluble oneness, that to my soul is so unspeakably glorious. We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones; He dwells in us, we dwell in Him; He lives in us, we live in Him; He walks in us, we walk in and with Him, and we are satisfied with favour, and full with His blessing, which maketh rich, and wherewith is added no sorrow; when He causes us feelingly to inherit sustenance, and when He fills our treasures. O! can we not individually echo the language of the Psalmist, "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house, they will be still praising thee?" and

"That we may know Him!—still 'twill be,  
When lost in love's unfathomed sea,"

for never shall we exhaust infinity or compass immensity. Oh! no. Of His fulness shall we be ever receiving, and still in his light we shall see light. With Him is the fountain of life; in His presence is fulness of joy, at His right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Here we do but have streams and rivulets at most, but

"When in that blest habitation,  
Which our God has fore-ordained,  
When in glory's full possession,  
We with saints and angels stand,"

we shall behold the King in His beauty face to face, and we shall know even as also we are known. Yea, we shall see Him as He is, showing that the sight will have a transforming effect, and that we shall reflect His glory; and this is in keeping with that portion in Rev. xii. 1, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet." By faith we put on the Lord Jesus Christ; and now appear clothed upon with our house which is from heaven, perfect in His perfection, comely in His righteousness, and covered with the garments of salvation; and in the upper and brighter world we shall still be arrayed in these spotless robes, and accepted in Christ our beloved.

"Oh the heights and depths of grace!  
Shining with meridian blaze.  
Here the sacred records show,  
Sinners black but comely too."

Black in themselves as Kedar's tents, but in Christ, "beautiful as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners." The Lord Himself fights our battles, hence though weak in the creature, we are strong in Him, and we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. May we have grace to stand fast in the liberty wherewith He has made us free; and may we grow up into Him, our living Head, in all things, fully assured that

"He feels afresh each member's pain,  
For our affliction's His."

And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you. *AMEN.* We both unite in kind regards, and believe me to remain, yours in Him,

E. L. THORNTON.

## LETTERS FROM MINISTERS.

MY DEAR AND FAITHFUL BROTHER WHEELER,—Our adorable High Priest is still pleading for us in the heavens of divine love and glory ; this truly is a marvellous grace, an immense privilege, and unspeakable rich blessedness for such vile, wretched, ill-deserving offenders as you and I are. O, so black, foul, and guilty, that everlasting love, redeeming merit, and triumphant grace will shine with more than a little majesty and divine glory in our salvation. Our God saves millions of sinners, but among them all there are no little sinners, for they are all great sinners whom He of His free grace saves, and therefore His glory is great in their salvation ; very great indeed, so as to fill all hell with confusion, and all heaven with the most joyous admiration.

Now, to have some measure of spiritual knowledge of these mighty things is a great mercy ; to have that knowledge daily increased by the teaching of the blessed Spirit, is a greater mercy ; for that increase of knowledge to be accompanied with renewing gracious operations, spiritual revelations, pure fellowships, with the holy, holy, holy, Three in the One Jehovah, is yet a greater mercy ; but to know these things, to have the power and fruition of them in all their brightness, fulness, sweetness, substance, harmony and immortal transportations, as they are experienced in the glorified presence of our precious Christ, is the perfection, top and crown of the whole.

My dear brother, we cannot live without sinning against heaven ; “sin is mixed with all we do ;” but in our heart of hearts we do hate it, and we do sometimes long to live in the bright light, pure pleasures, unknown glories and everlasting wonders of the glorified person of our matchless and precious Jesus. We do not expect to feel at home, to enjoy richly and undisturbedly the blessed rest of heavenly wonders, till it is the powerful and loving pleasure of the mighty Friend of sinners, to convey us to the place prepared for the objects of eternal love and mercy. No, till then, winters will return, bitter cold winds will (at least at times) blow, corruption oppress, sin plague, Satan rage, conflicts abound, afflictions, desertions, and manifold painful exercises will abide with us ; but when we die, all these things will die too in our joyous experience. This is a blessedly refreshing truth when there is a powerful application thereof by the Holy Spirit, and a lively apprehension, through a living faith, of its reality. Besides, we do well prayerfully to remember that our exalted Representative, is at the top of all elevation in heaven, to love his people unto the end of loving them ; to give them a safe passage through the wilderness ; to pray them triumphantly into heaven ; and to fill them there with his own fulness of delights for ever and ever, hallelujah, amen. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wheeler, and to all that love the truth, and love the Master, and love me. I am, my dear brother, yours, through electing love, in a precious Christ, for ever and ever,

Irthlingborough.

GEORGE COOK.

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Withington, Hereford, April 18, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I marvel that I have not seen a line from you for so long a time. I hope you are well ; and growing, through

grace, to a higher standard of devotedness, which, I doubt not, you feel earnestly to desire. Is it not the Christian's true-glory to be despised by the world, and to be poor and mean with Christ? Surely it ill becomes us to seek to be honoured and courted by the world which crucified our Lord. O, for grace to love Him more, and serve Him better. We are going on happily as a church and people. O brother! I want to see and feel the power of the Lord in quickening grace. I am happy in my work. I feel the Lord is very gracious to us. My time is fully occupied. We have evening classes until nine o'clock. Through mercy we are all well.

M. PLAICE.

We made a collection of thirty shillings for the widow Hutchinson. [We are thankful.]

Samuel Rutherford the Younger! your very kind letter cheered me much. I have been so pressed with anxiety, care, and difficulty, as well as too much mental labour; that I have neglected all correspondence lest my doleful ditties should impart misery to others. Yet our path has not been cheerless; depths of mental pain and anxiety, and soul-trouble, have proved to be but the deeper and broader ways for the flow of heavenly comfort, and sovereignly-given support and strength! I am glad that I have to pass through these scenes where I am powerless and self emptied; though unspeakably painful to nature; yet, I do most sweetly prove therein and thereby, the efficacy of that precious covenant of grace ordered, in all things and sure, and ratified by the pricelessly precious blood of my sweet and most dear Lord and Master, friend and brother, my ever present Jesus, yes, ever present, not perhaps realized as being so, but still I do know that each separate moment he is my very present help. I wait my heavenly Father's will of poverty or plenty, pleasure or pain; my whole desire is to be a faithful servant, spending and being spent continually.

## What was in that Cup?

### CHAPTER XIX.

“ We give THEE, thanks unfeigned,  
O JESUS! FRIEND in need,  
For what Thy soul sustained,  
When Thou for us did bleed.  
Grant us to lean unshaken  
Upon Thy faithfulness,  
Until to glory taken,  
We see THEE face to face.”

MY fellow-sinners, let me say to you, at the very outset here, that there was SALVATION in that Cup of which I have now been writing to you. Mark you, when Paul is commissioned by the Lord Jesus to declare the nature and design of the “Sacramental supper” as it is termed by some, he says—“After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying—This Cup is the New Testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.” There are immense heaps of meaning in those words; but before I advance a thought upon them, do ye set your heart upon them; by prayer and meditation, search and seek out their meaning, for it is of

infinite moment, when thy soul's eternal interests are duly considered. But, only one serious thought, or Scriptural fact, will I refer to in this short chapter, which is this, SALVATION ALWAYS HAS BEEN A PERFECT WORK IN THE HANDS OF GOD:—but, in the working out of His salvations, DREADFUL THINGS HAVE ATTENDED THEM.

There were three typical salvations: they pointed out the most essential features in the one great salvation. (1.) There was the salvation of one distinct family. (2.) There was a salvation by the shed and sprinkled blood of the Passover Lamb. (3.) There was a salvation by SEPARATION—the *deliverance* of the Israelites: the *destruction* of their pursuing foes, the Egyptians.

These three salvations also furnish a three-fold evidence of our interest in the Redeemer's One Perfect Offering for sin. Spiritual union to the family of the faithful; receiving by faith the Passover Lamb; and hiding ourselves under the sprinkling of that blood: with a separation in spiritual and soul matters from the world, both profane and merely professing. These declare we are saved in the Lord, and that in the great day, our place will be on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens.

Noah and his family were saved; but, then, there was the dreadful flood. The Israelites out of Egypt were delivered; but then there was the destroying angel. The Red Sea divided, and Israel passed over, then “the waters returned, and covered the chariots and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them: there remained not so much as one of them; and Israel saw that great work,” and standing on the solid Rock, they sang—“Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the mighty ones? (margin) Who is like unto Thee, Glorious in Holiness, Fearful in Praises; doing Wonders?” Ah, how blessed when we poor Gentiles here can sing

“He lives! (and blessed be my Rock),  
The God of my salvation lives:  
The dark designs of hell are broke:  
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.”

If you carry this two-fold thought with you through the Scriptures, and through the whole of the church's history, you will always find it true—God's salvation is perfect, but dreadful things attend it. Certainly this was more awfully manifest in the person of the Son of God, than any powers of mortal man, or angelic expressions can declare.

There was a boy born in the City of Glasgow, in the year 1583, whose name was DAVID DICKSON, and of him I may say with much confidence, he was a child given to his parents as much in answer to prayer as was Samuel given to Hannah. David Dickson was devoted to Jesus and His gospel, and I think no man ever did more minutely or correctly set forth “*the Degrees of the Sufferings of Christ's Soul*” than did this David Dickson. Were I to withhold his testimony from my readers, it would be unjust in me. Therefore, in my next chapter, please the Lord, it shall most certainly be given; and, if my readers will read it for themselves, with prayer, it will, I hope, prove a source of great comfort and of establishment in the faith to them; and if they will read it in the midst of all the assemblies of the saints where they can do so, I believe it would have a hallowing effect upon the minds of the people: yea, God knoweth, if such a thing were possible, I would

read the deep, the holy, exposition of David Dickson, on the sufferings of the Son of God, and on the persons for whom He suffered, in every part of this kingdom; for it is my inmost conviction, that if the Holy Ghost—if God the Eternal Spirit, will bless anything to the souls of men, likely to awaken, to quicken, to stimulate, to establish, and to meeten them for service here, and for glory hereafter, if the GREAT REVEALER and SANCTIFIER will work by any testimony, it is the faithful unfolding of the sacrifice and the salvation of the Son of God; and of that sacrifice, and of that salvation, David Dick, (as men were wont to call him), has left a golden and gracious dissertation, which shall be found in the pages of THE EARTHEN VESSEL for August, if the Disposer of all events permit, and may it be read to the reviving and soul rejoicing of thousands in our Zion, is our silent prayer. Amen.

RELATIONSHIP is the corner-stone by which all salvation matters are blendid together. Therefore, Paul tells the true church, "Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to SUFFER FOR HIS SAKE."

Believers in Jesus! it is an easy thing to look back into the Old Testament and there see how perfect were God's salvations, yet what dreadful things surrounded those salvations: that is easily done, but to realize both parts of this fact in ourselves, is not so easy to endure. Were any men more highly honoured of God than were Moses, Job, David, Solomon, and the Prophets? None. Yet what terrible things attended their pilgrimage through the earth! Did JESUS ever use a man more effectually than He did the Apostle Paul? Yet, how to the utmost verity, was Christ's prediction carried out! Do read those wonderful words (in Acts ix. 15, 16) which "the Lord" gave to Ananias, when He said, "Go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and Kings, and the children of Israel, for I will show him how GREAT THINGS HE MUST SUFFER FOR MY NAME'S SAKE:" and the sufferings even of Paul will never be fully known here. When the blessed JESUS called me: when He drew me to Himself: when, in my soul I beheld something of His glorious Majesty, when I walked in the closest communion with Him—when with melting heart and streaming eyes, I first began to preach His gospel, when sinners were called, and saints rejoiced, how little did I think of the dreadful things which would follow to kill my pride, to stain, to stifle, yes, to destroy me, that in every sense, JESUS alone might be exalted!

I must give in, or I shall swim into sorrowful self. "My cup," said Samuel Rutherford, "wanteth not gall:" and this comes not only from what I know of myself, but because, like that same blessed man, I sorrowfully sigh in my soul as he did, saying: "The Apostate Church hath played the harlot with many lovers. They are spitting in the face of my lovely King, and mocking Him: all men now run away FROM HIM!" Truth! Innocent truth, goeth mourning, and wringing her hands in sackcloth and ashes. Woe! woe, woe is me, for the inhabitants of this land are gone into a perpetual backsliding. So fears

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

## Preaching in Prayer,

Islington, May 6th, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—To “pour out the heart” to God, is genuine prayer. When a youth, I had given to me a copy of Dr. Watts’ “Guide to Prayer,” and by his judicious suggestions, very much good I have found ever since, now upwards of forty years ago; therefore, with a like experience of so hallowed an exercise, and privilege, I may be a little in advance of some brethren of our “common salvation.” One remark therein made, I found invaluable, namely, in substance as follows: “Whenever the mind fails to realize so full a manifestation of the indwelling Spirit of God as to prevent those utterances for special blessing we could desire for ourselves and for others, instead of employing a vocabulary of long, unhearty sentences, it may always be regarded that, such depression and heaviness on the part of the speaker is sure to find an echo in the hearers, and is an indication that he should leave off. Of course, my remarks apply not to private, but to the public service of God.

Most forcibly was I reminded of this fact, one Lord’s-day morning, last month, when I went to hear one of our most judicious, sound, and useful ministers, whose name and chapel I forbear to mention, because our friend is by no means an exception, it permeates the public prayers of many ministers of various denominations of Christians. The service commenced with the exquisite hymn of William Cowper’s,

“Israel in ancient days,”

and by the hearty, united voices of the congregation, (no instrumental music) I soon felt a glow of the like spirit, and as heartily joined others in singing. After a careful, sedate reading of God’s word, then, the public prayer, which occupied at least half an hour. For the first ten minutes or so, my mind was alive to the petitions presented to Almighty God; but when the worthy man commenced, (not pleading God’s promises) expatiating, interpreting, arguing, upon topics quite foreign to genuine prayer, and solely pertaining to preaching, I could no longer ‘mount up with wings as an eagle,” and felt more inclined to go to sleep, than to keep awake. To add to my trouble, a poor man, who sat on the same free seat as myself, soon began to make a noise equivalent to sleep or groaning, which only ceased after the laborious prayer of the worthy minister. I write “laborious,” advisedly, because, I perceived, that his mind was under a cloud, and whose mind is not, every day and hour? After another well selected hymn, and hearty singing, which awoke me and my neighbour, then the sermon, and a more faithful, instructive discourse, I would not desire to hear, but the good man was obliged to curtail it, and why? because, he had been preaching in his prayer, the time had passed for the dispersion of the congregation, and a short doxology concluded the service.

It is many months ago since I before heard our friend, and I soon perceived that there was maturity in his growth of spiritual experience, and if he, and many other public servants of God would take some pains to comprehend the true definition of the word “prayer,” they would not expound, argue, preach, as is now done, when engaged in the sanctuary. “We know not what to pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession within us according the will of God.” Yours faithfully,

JOHN MORRIS.

P.S.—I know of nothing more dispiriting to a young disciple,



than to hear long prayers, who conclude that if they cannot stand up and pray, for ten minutes or so, they cannot be the children of God: well do I remeember this feeling in my own experience.

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### MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

[We cannot possibly give more than an extract from Mr. McCure's letter to us this month.—ED.]

TO THE DEACONS AND MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, SYDNEY.

MY DEAR BRETHREN,—Through the boundless mercies of our gracious God, we have arrived within a few hundred miles from the English Channel. I will therefore now commence my letter to you, and finish it when I arrive in port. The whole history of the voyage I have written in my log book, and which will be published, and forwarded to you, I hope, by next mail. The voyage altogether has been a most prosperous one; the weather, both in the cold and warm latitudes has been most favourable. The cold of Cape Horn was nothing whatever to complain of; the children did not suffer at all from the cold, except when they played snowballs, Jack Frost bit their fingers rather sharply, which frightened Lydia and Arthur very much, they came to me crying with the pain of Mr. John Frost's cold embrace. Through the preventing mercy of God, I escaped from what might have been a far more serious accident than the one that befel me. The sea was running mountains high; a lady desiring to behold the sea in its majesty and glory, of course I offered her my arm, when all at once, a heavy sea caught the ship, and sent us flying to leeward, had I not thrown myself down, I must have gone over into the sea: in my auxiety to save the lady, I was driven with great force with my right foot against the ship's side. I thought that my foot was broken, but through the mercy of the Lord it was not so, only a very bad sprain, the bruise extending from the heel to the calf of the leg. For seven weeks, I was unable to walk, which to me was a very great trial; but I am thankful in being able to say that the Lord has graciously restored me, and once more I have experienced that the "Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble, He knoweth them that put their trust in Him." Give my love to brother Allen and all the friends by name. I shall finish this letter on my arrival.

June 13th.—We entered the Channel, eighty-one days from Sydney, the wind light, but the weather delightful, and all well.

14th.—Passed the Start.

15.—Off the Isle of Wight. Pilot came on board. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits? my heart was full of thankfulness unto the Lord, who has always been mindful and gracious unto His poor servant. Presorving and sustaining mercies. Steam tug "Victor" has now taken us in tow.

16th.—Off Dungeness. 8 o'clock a.m., past Dover. Arrived at Gravesend, 7 o'clock p.m.

17th.—3 o'clock a.m., we entered the Docks. After breakfast, we arrived home, and were received, with a Christian welcome by my dear brother and sister, E. Carr, whom I found quite well with their dear children. Oh, what an Ebenezer have I to set up, to the praise of my ever gracious Lord, who has preserved me most wonderfully in my going out, and coming in, over the wide, wide sea, a distance of 64,000 miles, while sailing twice round the globe. My dear brethren, the Lord reigneth. Grace unto you, will ever be the prayer of your willing servant for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

Mr. E. Carr, 19, Windsor Road, Denmark Hill, Camberwell.

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## "Alpha's" Question on the Temptations of Christ.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

It is now just over twelve months since I first brought to you my question on Heb. iv. 15, "But was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." I shall be glad to have your thoughts, which you have kindly promised, on the same. I will, as near as possible, lay before you the original question.

As an old subscriber to your magazine, and, I trust, somewhat acquainted with the truths you advocate for many years, would feel thankful if you could answer a question of great interest, of much concern, and much anxiety to me, respecting the priesthood of Christ. Before I put it to you, you must understand I firmly believe in His complex character as the Saviour of His body—the church. He being holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, He came not by natural generation; and while He could say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" to the Jews; and to Satan, "he could find nothing in him;" fully believing Him to be the sinner's surety; yea, believing Him to be the only name given among men whereby we can be saved, and with the Apostle Peter, knowing something of the preciousness of believing in him; in fact, to sum up all, believing that without an interest in Him, as God's salvation, I must eternally perish, I come to the question, "Was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." These *all points*, are the words I should like to understand. I cannot see clearly how our dear Redeemer, as the Great High Priest, can sympathize with His people in internal conflicts, arising from the plague of the heart; from indwelling sin, hardness of heart; or, as the Apostle, to cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am;" "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened," &c.; and numberless other things which God's dear children are the subjects of. I would humbly ask could our dear Lord at all enter into the experience of a sinner thus exercised, Himself being holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, made higher than the heavens? I think you see what I mean, although I have gone a long way round to get at it. I never hear, nor have I ever heard the question stated or explained, and should be thankful to have it elucidated to my mind, as it has caused me at times very deep, careful, and anxious thoughts. By giving me your thoughts on the subject, you would confer a lasting favour on yours in the best bonds,

"ALPHA."

"Alpha," if we understand his question correctly, believes the glorious "High Priest of our profession" had *not* a deceitful and depraved heart, as we have; He had *not* a sinful, corrupt, and defiled nature, as we have; He had *not* the root and ever-shooting branches of unbelief in Him, as we have; He had *not* the impure, rebellious, and even blasphemous thoughts within Him, as sometimes we may have. Consequently, "Alpha" says, Christ could *not* experimentally and sympathetically enter into the feelings, the conflicts, the inward pains and distressing griefs which often fill a poor child of God with confusion, cover his mind with darkness, and make his hands to hang down,

like one who feeleth he is guilty of the most dreadful transgressions against the person, grace, and government of the eternal God.

The first part of this argument is quite correct ; in His nature, the LORD JESUS CHRIST had not any of those indwellings of an impure and unholy nature which are inherent in us ; but, decidedly we must not, therefore, conclude that the Saviour could not, or that He cannot, sympathize with the members of His mystic body, in all the conflicts and trials they endure in this their fallen state. Nay, we must not allow our sense and reason to *limit* the powers of the Redeemer's sympathies with His people: We must hold fast the following three great facts:—

I. Our Lord Jesus Christ was *Omniscient* ; He knew what was in man ; He read every heart, and understood every thought. He could see, He still can see, all that is passing within the inmost parts of the weakest and most tried of His people ; and the union between Himself, as the head, and all the members of His body, is so entire, so perfect, so keen, so sensitive, that He may well be said, “to be *touched* with the feeling of our infirmities.” Pre eminently, and in the most perfect sense, our Lord Jesus is the great Spiritual Analyzer of the whole human frame and system ; His understanding eye, His sympathizing heart, His Omnipotent arm, His skilful hand, can—ever docs—penetrate into—and reach every case ; “Neither is there any creature that is not manifest in his sight ; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him, with whom we have to do.”

II. In the pure and spotless humanity of the Son of God, there was the cleanest and the keenest SENSITIVENESS. We are (even after all the grace we have received) hardened by the indwelling of sin ; but the inexpressibly holy nature of our lovely Immanuel, was so delicately and tenderly sensitive, that the knowledge He has of His people's inward temptations and sorrows, draweth forth His heart of pity toward them in a way we can never fully understand in our present imperfect state. There is a comforting truth in the expression of Watts—

“He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For He has FELT the same.”

The lamb-like, dove-like, lily-like, yea, God-like purity, compassion, and holy tenderness of our Redeemer's complex Person, must be holden fast in the hand of faith ; for it is one of the grandest pillars in His mediatorial kingdom.

III. Our faith must grasp with a firm and abiding tenacity, the testimonies of the Holy Ghost respecting this great truth. It is not Paul, simply, that tells us that “We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities ; but was in ALL POINTS TEMPTED LIKE AS WE ARE ; yet without sin.” God, the Holy Ghost, has inspired, and instructed, His servant Paul to write that sacred truth and to hand it down to us, for our consolation. We may not be able fully to comprehend this wonderful declaration. Our sense, our reason, may not reach the definitions and distinctions connected therewith ; nevertheless, the truth remains the same ; and it is essentially requisite for our peace of mind, that by faith we become fully persuaded of this one branch of the Priesthood of the great Redeemer.

We have only thus commenced our reply to “Alpha.” The subject is of infinite weight. It is one that has exercised the minds of many of the best of the Lord's people. We will, please God, enter a little further into it another day.

## A Visit to the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Edward Butt, one of the most devoted friends of the true pilgrims to Zion, I was invited to visit the Asylum, on Thursday, June 9th, 1870; and very much I enjoyed the opportunity. My chief motive for making special reference to it here, is, to endeavour to awaken a larger sympathy in the hearts of Christians generally to this most excellent and useful institution. Often have I heard of the Aged Pilgrims' little lodges, but never before had I seen them. Have walked, and preached, in nearly every part of London and its suburbs; but never until the ninth of June did mine eyes behold these palaces of peace, these tents of Jacob, "where prayer is wont to be made."

"Where is Westmoreland place?" said I, to a fine looking mechanic, as I walked down Southampton street, Camberwell. "The seventh turning to the right, down this street," quickly responded the man, while he was uncording the deals in his truck. "The seventh turning" thought I. How singular! I am sure to find this number seven every where. I had been thinking of Paul's words, "but ye are come unto Mount Zion." Yes, said I, to myself, "that is where there is but ONE of everything essential to the Church's salvation. A seven-fold oneness! When Paul is beseeching the church at Ephesus to endeavour "to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," he urges his plea by a sevenfold argument: says he, "there is *one* body; and *one* Spirit: even as ye are called in *one* hope of your calling; *one* Lord, *one* faith, *one* baptism; ONE GOD, and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all!"

What a seven-fold array of the Persons and Powers in the New Covenant plan of salvation! One God and Father, one Lord Jesus Christ, one blessed and glorious Holy Ghost the Comforter, one body, the church, elected in her covenant head, before all worlds, one good hope into which all the redeemed are, in the Lord's time, called, with one internal and essential grace, called "faith;" and one external test of our true discipleship called "baptism;" and of these seven, surely I may say, whosoever possesseth them, hath everlasting life, and shall never come into condemnation.

Deeply pondering over these things, I was rather struck when the man called out, "the seventh turning on the right." On we went, (for my spouse was with me) and carefully did I count the turnings, until at the seventh I saw on a board, "To the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum, Westmoreland place." The county of Westmoreland is famous for its rivers, its valleys, its mountainous peaks, and for the sharpness of its air. Westmoreland place is a quiet, shrub-like, and pretty little thoroughfare, in the midst of which stands the alms-houses referred to. As soon as I entered the lodge, or chief gateway, I saw a cheerful looking familiar face, in the form of a Christian gentleman, whom I afterwards learned was the warder, once a devoted and industrious deacon in the church, over whom, for many years, that good man, GEORGE FRANCIS did preside as the minister of Christ's Gospel.

This good man soon ushered me into one of the sweet little tents occupied by a venerable sister-saint, who was quite blind. To her and to her nurse I talked a little. Poor dear! she was cheerful; she was

full of faith, and comfortably assured of her interest in JESUS; but, not being able now to read the Bible (her precious book in which she told me she had read for hours together; this, she feelingly said,) was a grief unto her. We talked away until our hearts began to glow with holy joy; and having that day cut some truthful verses out of the *Rock*, I asked her, if I should read one or two of them to her; and she said, oh, yes; I wish you would." So I began—

"The thought that cheers a dying hour;  
Oh; tell me what that thought it may be?  
The thought that shall in death have power,  
To soothe—to comfort me

"Ah, indeed!" said this poor blind sister.

"Can you hear it?" said I.

"Oh, yes!" she replied. So on I went—

"When life is ebbing fast away,  
The world eternal drawing near!  
What thought can in that awful day,  
The trembling spirit cheer?"

"The thought that in a dying hour,  
Must raise tumultuous thoughts within!  
That thought, I know, I feel its power;  
It is the thought of SIN."

Again, my eagerly-listening sister sighed out a solemn anxious expression.

With stronger and louder emphasis, I continued—

"But, tell me, what the thought that may,  
Those fears disperse, this tumult quell?  
What thought can light the shadowy way  
Through death's dark valley?—TELL!

\* \* \*

Can all the conquests ever won  
O'er self?—can all the deeds of love  
That tender hearts have done,  
Make peace for man above?"

I paused. "Can THEY?" said I.

"Oh, no!" spontaneously, and with much feeling emphasis, exclaimed the dear soul; but evidently anxious I should give the next verse; and so, stronger still, I read,

"NO! all for sin cannot atone;  
By works no soul is justified;  
One thought can cheer—and one alone,  
That thought is—CHRIST HATH DIED."

This sentence relieved her beating heart. She found I, and my poet, were on safe Gospel ground; and leaning forward, she panted for more of this richly truthful poem. So I read to her the two following stanzas which made her face to shine with holy joy.

"The Lamb of God, His precious blood,  
Can cleanse the foulest stain of sin,  
The soul borne on that crimson flood,  
The heavenly port shall win.  
This thought can cheer my dying hour,  
And bid my bosom tranquil be;  
This thought in death itself hath power,  
To soothe—to comfort me."

We were rejoicing over the truth expressed by the poet, (Charles H.

Bingham, of Ramsey, in Huntingdoushire) when the good warder entered the lodge, calling out, "Come, you must cut that string, and come to tea!" There was a tea and public meeting in the Pilgrims' chapel, and I was obliged to leave the quiet tent, to join the party there. I visited others of the Pilgrims, but I must defer until August number, my account of them. I wish to try and raise an EARTHEN VESSEL subscription list monthly, for the Aged Pilgrims. Any donations sent to my son, Mr. Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill, will be handed over to Mr. Edward Butt, and acknowledged in the monthly issue by the Pilgrims' grateful servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

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## LETTERS ON THE GOSPEL MINISTRY TO TIMOTHY.

BY BARTIMEUS.

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### LETTER II.

WHAT MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL OUGHT TO BE AND DO ;

WHAT DEACONS OF CHURCHES OUGHT TO BE AND DO ;

WHAT MEMBERS OF CHURCHES OUGHT TO BE AND DO ;

WHAT CONGREGATIONS OUGHT TO BE AND DO.

To TIMOTHY :

NOW THAT you have entered upon the ministry of the gospel, you must seek to be "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed;" you must be a studious, hard thinking, meditative searching, and praying man. The chief object of the present letter shall be to show that hard and constant study is scriptural, and that there is no good success, unless you meditate upon these things, and give yourself *wholly* unto them. Hold in contempt the notion that you are not to be in full possession and master of your subject before you go into the pulpit. *How to go to work to study*, I will show in a future letter. No unstudious man is ever successful, except in a very limited extent: there is no position under heaven that requires more laborious thought, and prayer, and toil, than that of a minister of the gospel. Look at the infinite amount of thought and skill displayed in the materials that make up the universe in which we live: it is both Godly and Godlike, deeply and carefully to think. Why, the slovenly, loose, rambling, unmeaning way in which some men preach, can be but little else than confusion and torture to the hearer, and the hearers put up with it because they can get nothing better. Be not thou, therefore, like unto them, unless you would like to be mentally, as the Russian priest we read of, was morally: he went about all the week sotting and smoking from house to house, and was hardly ever sober: the people being aware of this, always took good care to catch him on the Saturday morning, and shut him up all day, in order that he might be sober enough on Sunday to go through his duties. And so if you idle away your time during the week, Saturday comes, you shut yourself up with your book, and groan and sigh, and are as miserable as you can exist, and make every body miserable about you. You are not groaning and sighing lest the Word on the coming day should not be blest, but because you know not what in the world you can say. You go into the pulpit and begin where you can, and leave off where you must, and the only merit which your sermon has, is, that it does not break the

second commandment, for such a mix-medley of words, with scarcely any meaning, that your sermon hath not the likeness of anything in heaven or in earth, or under the earth, and all the hearer can say is, that he heard a great tumult, but knew not what it was. Now, if you suffer your mind to be a vagrant and a vagabond all the week, or nearly so, at liberty to wander about where it pleases, led away by every vanity, is this meditating upon eternal things, and giving thyself wholly to them? Labour is the source of wealth, is as true spiritually as it is materially. The diligent soul shall be made fat. Mind, I speak now only of those who are devoted entirely to the ministry, as for those who are engaged in business all the week, for them there is every excuse, but no excuse for those who are supported entirely by the people—you, dear brother Timothy, must not idle your time away, and as to having fixed times and hours for study, this is mere delusion; such rules may be very well for statesmen, and philosophers, but you must work at all times when you can. You cannot command the Holy Spirit of God, but work every day. But I have said I will in a future letter show *how* you are to proceed in this all essential and solemnly important matter. Can the mind be better employed than inquiring and searching into eternal things, things which angels desire and delight to look into? Think you that Noah did not laboriously think and meditate until he thoroughly understood the plan of the ark? Think you that he did not act upon the wise Proverb xiv. 27?—"Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field, and *afterwards* build thine house?" Think you that Moses did not deeply meditate upon the pattern shewed to him in the mount? and think you that the Lord did not stir him up to meditation and faithfulness? "see," says He, "that thou make it according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount." See with what minuteness the details are given. Must not Moses meditate carefully, and prayerfully, in order perfectly to master all those details? and how ample and divine was the reward. Truly his profiting did appear unto all, for the tabernacle was filled with the glory of the Lord. Think you that Solomon did not deeply meditate upon, and study the plan of the temple—that plan received by the Spirit of the Lord? Then again see the reward—the house was filled with glory divine. And thus Noah, Moses, and Solomon, with Zerubbabel, received a full reward, as all shall do who truly abide by the spirit and order of His eternal covenant.

And was not Israel's king to be deeply studious (Dout. xvii.) when he should be upon the throne of his kingdom? He was to write him out a copy of the law, and it was to be with him, and he shall read therein all the days of his life. Think you that he was to read merely? was he not to read most earnestly, most carefully, so as to understand what he read? "Understandest thou," said one, "what thou readest?" Nothing short of understanding what thou readest should satisfy thee, and thus reading to understand he would hereby learn to fear the Lord his God, and to keep all the words of this law and these statutes to do them, that his heart be not lifted up above his brethren, that he turn not aside from the commandment to the right hand or to the left. And now mark the reward—"That he may prolong his days in his kingdom, he and his children in the midst of Israel." Had all the kings of Judah thus studied, meditated, and acted, what woes would they have

escaped! But the King of Zion hath done all this. And is not the man commended, who day and night doth in God's law of truth meditate? Shall he not be as a tree planted by the rivers of water, and shall such cease from yielding fruit, and shall such ever wither? shall such fail to prosper? And among men it is always important, and in some cases a question of life or death, as in military orders, and commands, that orders be obeyed. But must not the servant meditate, study, and be careful to understand the orders *beforehand*, that his service may be what it ought to be! Shall the minister of the everlasting gospel be the most notorious of all men for doing his work badly, and then glory in his ignorance when he has done? and even boasting in the pulpit that he had not a word to come with, and wishes to put his hearers off with the notion, that his tautological ramble has been by the immediate teaching of the Holy Spirit. But then it so happens, that God is not the author of confusion. Be not thou like unto this, that is as a general rule. Be thou not like unto this, for there will be now and then a time when, in spite of all your praying, your care, and your industry, that you will be like unto this. But then this will be the exception, and not the rule. Rising pride, and self-importance may now and then need a solemn check. And very often there is another meaning, that is, what that confused sermon shall do, only what just such a sermon could do. God permits the confusion, and overrules it. But this is no argument against carefulness and order.

And think you that Joshua must not deeply meditate in order to understand his mission, and to serve the Lord acceptably? He was to meditate (Joshua i.) in the law of the Lord, day and night, that he may understand his business and have good success. He did as he was commanded, and he had good success.

Grace enable you to do the same, so prays your humble but sincere friend,

BARTIMEUS.

## The Aged Pilgrims:

THEIR NEW ASYLUM AT HORNSEY RISE—THEIR ANNUAL MEETING—  
THEIR ASYLUM AT CAMBERWELL—AND THEIR JUNE ELECTION.

Oft lift up the latch of chill poverty's dwelling,  
Explore the sad chamber where care sits obscure;  
When you see tears of want wash the withering bosom,  
Then think of your Saviour and give to the poor.

We shall have to trespass rather largely upon the reader's patience, and the editor's space, this month in noting some of the recent movements of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, and its Asylum; and we deem it quite unnecessary to offer any apology for so doing, as we know of no institutions that deserve the warmest and heartiest support of all Christians more than those whose proceedings we are now to record.

Our first duty, and it is a pleasing one, shall be to record the

LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION  
STONE OF THE NEW ASYLUM,  
AT HORNSEY RISE.

On the 24th day of May, 1870,—the fifty-first anniversary of our gracious Queen's birthday,—the foundation stone of the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum to be erected at Hornsey Rise, was laid, under most favourable circumstances. The weather was delightful; the bright blue sky was almost cloudless, the sun shone with cheerfulness and warmth, and a soft healthful south-west breeze gently swept across the Rise. Before arriving on the spot, we found a goodly number of friends were on the way to witness the ceremony, and on reaching the ground, were gratified to witness a large company already anxiously awaiting the commencement of the proceedings.



A few minutes after three o'clock, (the time appointed for the opening of the ceremony) the Honourable Arthur F. Kinnaird, M.P. arrived, and was received with a right hearty welcome by the friends, and Committee, who were gathered on the temporary platform, erected for the occasion. Among the friends present we noticed the Revs. John Corbin, Francis Tucker, Josiah Viney, W. Tyler, Vinall, (Independents); Revs. R. Gunnery, M.A., G. Savage, (Church of England); Revs. G. Moyle, W. K. Rowe, J. E. Perrin, D. Crumpton, W. S. Waterer, J. Whitteridge, (Baptists); Mr. Michael Murphy, the Secretary of the Society; Mr. William Jackson, the Hon. Sec. of the Asylums; Mr. Wortley, and Mr. Rogers, the treasurers; Messrs. Beach, Butt, Box, Corney, Johnston, Mote, Odling, Pillow, and Whittaker of the Committee, W. H. Collingridge, of *City Press*, James Mote, Esq., solicitor, F. Barlow, Esq., treasurer, J. Soul, the indefatigable secretary of the Alexandra Orphanage, and others, and several Committee ladies.

The proceedings were commenced by the Rev. R. Gunnery, the Vicar of St. Mary's, Hornsey Rise, (the parish in which the ground is situated) who gave a brief statement of the object for which the building was intended; in the course of which he expressed the great satisfaction he felt in the anticipation of receiving into his district "such a large accession of aged Christian parishioners." It was to be a home for the aged pilgrim, where in quiet and peace they might wait till called to their eternal rest.

The following hymn was then sung:—

Praise, everlasting praise be paid,  
To him that earth's foundation laid,  
The heavens above, the earth below,  
His power, his skill, his glory show.

Father of glory, God of love,  
Grant us Thy blessing from above,  
We come to chant thy worthy praise,  
Thou Three in One of ancient days.

With holy faith, and humble fear,  
We lay this stone securely here,  
May the whole building be complete,  
And our glad eyes the top-stone greet.

We would with sympathy and love,  
Strengthen and cheer, and point above,  
We would dry up the falling tear,  
Relying on thy grace and care.

May we on Christ, the corner stone,  
Build and rely and trust alone,  
Chosen of God, the solid rock,  
Who well supports his faithful flock.

Rev. John Corbin, of Park chapel, Crouch End, read several portions of Scripture from the Old and New Testaments, suitable to the occasion; after which the Divine blessing upon the effort

and all connected therewith, was asked by the Rev. G. Savage, a Church of England clergyman, in the absence of the Rev. William Pennefather, who was prevented from attending.

Mr. F. Boreham, the architect, in a few words explained the arrangement of the building; and exhibited the various plans. The "cottage plan" is to be adopted, each one to contain four rooms, one for each pensioner; these cottages or houses will communicate at the rear by means of an open corridor, thus enabling the aged inmates to pass from one house to the other without being exposed to any inclemency of weather. There will be a chapel, Secretary's and Committee rooms, and other necessary offices.

Mr. William Jackson, the honorary secretary of the Asylum, was called upon to give a statement of its position and objects, to which he replied as follows:—The Trustees and Committee of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society desire gratefully to acknowledge the kindness of the Hon. Arthur F. Kinnaird, M.P., in consenting to lay the foundation stone of their new asylum, for a portion of the Society's pensioners. The erection of this additional home for the Aged Pilgrims' originated in the bountiful and loving liberality of that most active and laborious officer of this Institution, the late Mr. John Box, who for many years held the office of honorary secretary. His lengthened observation of the great benefit derived by them in the Asylum at Southampton street, Camberwell, led him to the resolution to devote a large portion of his property to the erection of another and larger asylum for their benefit on the north side of London; and some time before his departure to his eternal rest, he set apart and placed in the hands of trustees a munificent sum to be devoted exclusively to the completion of the building, and also another sum of money as the beginning of a fund to ensure a supply of coals for each inmate throughout the year. £3,500 has been expended in the purchase of land with its attendant charges; about £4,000 has been received on the ordinary account from subscriptions and donations, and about £280 remains to be paid or promised. The Architect of the building is Frederick Boreham, Esq., of Great James street, Bedford row, whose plans were adopted from among others after a careful and anxious consideration. The contract for the whole has been entrusted to the hands of Messrs. Hill and Sons, for execution, and much of the founda-

tion work is already complete. The Committee hope, and believe that by March in the next year, the Asylum may be ready for the reception of its inmates. The cottage, or family plan, has been adopted in the construction; and each house will accommodate four persons. All the houses are connected with each other, and with the chapel by a covered way, so that in passing from one to the other, there is shelter and protection in every change of weather. The chapel is to accommodate about 150. The Committee have studiously avoided every unnecessary expenditure by which the comfort of the inmates might be sacrificed, especially in the matter of needless ornament. Large funds, however, are still required. Some for the maintenance of the building, some for the furnishing of the cottages, some for the supply of needful comforts for the inmates, and a considerable sum for the payment of attendants, and for sundry charges with which the building may be chargeable. The mode of admission will remain as heretofore, in the hands of the subscribers and the parties eligible, must be pensioners on the Society, who are sixty years of age and upwards. The committee beg to express their hearty thanks to many kind friends who have contributed towards this new undertaking. Prayerful, zealous, co-operation and effort, sanctified by the blessing of God, which alone maketh rich, will enable us to see a building erected adequate to the wants of the many pensioners, now on the Society, numbering 700. The foundation laid in faith, the top-stone shall at length be brought in with shouts of gladness, and making the widows' hearts to sing for joy, and filling many lips with praise.

Mr. Wortley, one of the treasurers, on behalf of Mrs. Wortley, presented to the Hon. A. Kinnaird, a silver trowel, as a memento of the occasion, which the hon. gentleman accepted with a few suitable words. The stone was then raised, and a bottle containing some coins, the last report of the society, a report of the Orphanage, the Jubilee address of Society, and some other papers, was inserted in a cavity made for its reception.

The Hon. Arthur F. Kinnaird, M.P., then delivered a short address, expressing the great pleasure he felt in being honoured to lay the foundation stone of a building to be devoted to so noble an object as that of providing a home for aged Christian pilgrims. He was an old friend to the Society; this was not the first occasion he had been privileged to assist at its gatherings, or advocate its claims. He must congratulate the Com-

mittee on the site they had been successful in securing; he believed a more suitable spot could not be found within so easy a distance of London. The hon. gentleman then made special reference to the increasing distress prevailing in London, especially in the East; it was the great problem of the day, to learn how this distress which had prevailed for the past three years, was to be successfully grappled with. And not a small portion of such privation and sorrow was found among Christians; therefore any effort having for its object the alleviation of such poverty, was deserving of the utmost support. His desire was that the blessing of the Lord might abundantly rest upon their labours. The hon. gentleman then proceeded to lay the stone; having spread the mortar or cement, in quite a workman-like manner, which rather pleased the friends, and drew the remark from Mr. Kinnaird that "he was an old hand at it," the stone was lowered into its position, the plumb-line was placed on its head, the mallet was brought into use, and the stone being found to be "square," the hon. gentleman declared it "duly laid," amidst the hearty cheers of the great multitude of friends. The inscription on the stone is as follows:—

#### THE AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM.

THIS STONE WAS LAID BY THE  
HON. ARTHUR F. KINNAIRD, M.P.

On the 24th of May, 1870.

W. ROGERS, Treasurer.

W. JACKSON, Hon. Secretary.

F. BOREHAM, Esq., Architect.

HILL and SONS, Builders.

After the laying of the stone, an address sketching the life of a pilgrim was delivered by the Rev. Francis Tucker, of Camden road chapel, with much life and energy, and was listened to with marked attention. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Josiah Viney of Highbury, and the afternoon proceedings closed.

The site for the new asylum is adjacent to that noble institution, the Alexandran Orphanage for Infants, the object of which is to take and entirely provide for orphan infants from one year old and upwards. To that kind-hearted gentleman, Mr. Joseph Soul, and his industrious daughters, we are indebted for this home for infants, where many now be seen some two hundred orphans, whose ages range from one to ten years, gently and kindly provided for. What could be more appropriate? As you ascend the Rise, on the right hand you have a home for those

whose tender years preclude them from helping themselves; and on the left hand, is now rising an asylum for those who "are not under three-score years of age," and who are unable circumstantially and physically to help themselves. On the occasion of laying the stone, Mr. Soul, the Orphanage secretary, kindly placed at the service of the Committee the use of the hall and grounds connected with the Orphanage. After the ceremony was over, between three and four hundred friends adjourned to these grounds, and under a marquee partook of tea, at the close of which.

#### THE EVENING MEETING

was held. Mr. Edward Butt was called to the chair. After singing, prayer was offered by Mr. Perrin.

In opening the evening meeting, the chairman spoke of the object that had brought them together, and took a review of the Society for the past five-and-twenty years. It was an occasion of peculiar interest that had gathered them together; many who had assisted to bring about the object which they had seen that day commenced were now in glory; and not the least to be remembered among such, was their dear friend Box, whose untiring energy, and great benevolence on behalf of the institution, had been the means of gathering them on that occasion, for, had it not been for the large sum which was left for building a New Asylum by Mr. Box, in all probability no such meeting as the one they had witnessed that day would have been held. He (Mr. Box) had toiled night and day for the Society; his labours were incessant, and God crowned and blessed them very much. As to the New Asylum, by a deed of trust made some years before his death, he left property to pay for the balance due on the erection of the building. No doubt his object in so leaving it was quite right; he often spoke of the very great difficulty he had experienced to obtain the last thousand pounds to pay for the erection of the Camberwell Asylum; and he therefore made it a condition of his gift that it should be to pay the remainder due on the building, so that no debt would be incurred. He might also mention others who were now at rest, who took a deep interest in the Society; there was John Stevens, of Soho, and Joseph Irons, of Camberwell. The Lord had greatly blessed the labours of those who "had gone before;" and he (the chairman) felt sure a greater work was still before them. They had that day seen the commencement of the build-

ing; and he hoped by that time next year it would be completed and opened. But they must not suppose it was all provided for. Since the jubilee year of the Society, (eleven years since), they had received from the Christian public about £4,000 toward this object. The church at the grove, Camberwell, had given £100 and sent a second donation a few days since of £80. There were auxiliaries also at East lane, (where the nephew of their benefactor, Mr. John Box, was secretary, and who was that day with them;) at Mr. Tiddy's, Camberwell; another at Blackeath; and one had recently been formed at Regent street (the late Mr. Abraham's) where Mr. Vinall, from Brighton, had taken the pastoral charge, who he was also glad to find amongst them on that occasion. There was also an auxiliary at the Surrey Tabernacle, which had in the last seventeen years paid to the parent Society £2,895 16s. 10d., and he had £100 in his pocket for the new building. He rejoiced to see other ministers with them; and he prayed that a great blessing might attend all their labours.

Mr. Vinall, of the City road; Mr. Waterer of Hornsey Rise; Mr. Tyler of Mile End, gave addresses; also Mr. Soul, who read the following appropriate verses composed by himself for the occasion:

How strange the combination which appears!

Here are weak children; there—increasing years;

Here in this house we little steps attend;

Across the road—the Aged Pilgrims' Friend.

These little ones, the orphans, are God's poor,

His promises are theirs, and ever must endure;

And so for widows even to the end,

God ever is the Aged Pilgrims' Friend.

We gathered round that cold foundation stone,

We saw it laid, and left it there alone.

But the foundation none can ever rend,

That Rock is Christ—the Aged Pilgrims' Friend.

Upon that Rock we buildings raise and spread;

Grace is the top-stone, placed by Christ the head;

We hear the voices saints and angels blend  
In hallelujahs to the Pilgrims' Friend.

A little while we have our work to do;

For old and young that work we must pursue,

Our Christian duty then is help to send

Such one should be an Aged Pilgrims' Friend.

Other friends advocated the cause of the

Pilgrims; and the meeting was brought to a conclusion in the usual way. Thus was closed a most happy day, not anything having occurred to mar the good feeling that was exhibited by all interested in the proceedings; a day long to be remembered by all who were present, but especially by "Aged Pilgrims."

We might here observe, the contract for the New Asylum is about £10,000, but in the erection of a building of such magnitude, the necessary extras cannot be foreseen, so that probably the net expenditure may be between eleven and twelve thousand pounds. The cost of the ground, with the legal expenses has been in round figures, £3,500. There will then be the cost of furnishing the whole of the cottages, and other parts of the buildings, which will be a rather formidable item in the expenses.

Mr. Butt (at the evening meeting) promised to be responsible for the cost of furnishing one of the rooms; Mr. Tyler also made a similar promise. Will any of our readers imitate so laudable an example? if they will, Mr. Jackson will be happy to receive their name and promise. The cost would not be large.

A very pleasing memento of the day's proceedings, is published by Messrs. Lile & Co., of the "studio," 129, New North road. It is a large photograph of the ceremony of laying the stone, taken just as Mr. Kinnaird was about to perform that interesting task. It is a very good picture, and we hope the artists will be rewarded for their pains. It can be had either at 129, New North road, or at the office, 10, Poultry; where may also be purchased a very pretty coloured lithographic view of the New Asylum for 2s. 6d., and we agree with Mr. Jackson, that it will form a pleasing ornament for any parlour wall.

#### MODE OF CONDUCTING THE SOCIETY AND THE ASYLUM.

Our readers should understand that "The Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society" is established for giving life pensions of five and ten guineas per annum to the aged Christian poor of both sexes and of every denomination who are not under sixty years of age; and who give Scriptural evidence they are of the "Household of Faith." Then the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum is for providing a comfortable home, with medical attendance, and coals, and other comforts for the inmates. The Camberwell Asylum has forty-one inmates, twenty-four of whom are recipients of the ten guinea pension and the remainder are in receipt of the five guinea pension. All the in-

mates of the Asylum are pensioners on the Society. The new Asylum at Hornsey Rise will accommodate from eighty to 100 inmates. It should be understood that the *Society* and the *Asylum* are distinct charities; that is, their funds are independent and distinct one from the other. The *Society* is managed by a Committee of twenty-five gentlemen; and out of this Committee, a Board of Management is selected to govern the *Asylum*. At the present time there are on the Society's funds 94 pensioners receiving ten guineas per annum; 569 receiving five guineas per annum; and there are 27 approved candidates receiving 4s. per month, besides many now under visitation. All pensioners seeking the benefit of the Society are first placed on the approved list of 4s. per month; these are removed by rotation (as fast as the funds permit) on to the five guinea list. To be raised to the ten guinea pension is by election of the subscribers, held annually the first week in June, but no pensioner is eligible to receive the ten guinea pension who is under seventy years of age. During the sixty-three years the Society has existed it has been the means of assisting upwards of 2,700 of "the poor of this world but rich in faith." The expenditure for pensions alone now amounts to upwards of £3,500 per annum.

There is another quiet agency at work on behalf of the aged pilgrims, which we must not fail to note; it is the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee, composed of 27 ladies, whose business it is, "to solicit subscriptions and donations on behalf of the society, and the visiting a portion of the recipients of its bounty." It is generally acknowledged if you wish to succeed in a benevolent object, the wisest course is to enlist the aid and sympathy of the ladies; and from what we know of the "begging abilities" of some of the ladies on this committee, we feel inclined to think the Aged Pilgrims have been very fortunate in securing such a "tower of strength."

#### MEETING AT THE CAMBERWELL ASYLUM.

In another part of this month's magazine will be found an article entitled, "A Visit to the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum." That article was written by the editor after attending a meeting held there on Tuesday, June 9th. It was not a public meeting, but rather a social and spiritual gathering of a number of the Pilgrims with the Pilgrims' Friends. Our invitation came from Mr. Butt, and on reaching the Asylum, we found he had extended the invite to about one hundred

and forty, who were gathered in the Asylum chapel, doing justice to a very excellent tea, which Mr. Butt had very kindly provided for his guests. After tea, we held a cheerful, peaceful and very happy meeting, over which Mr. Butt presided, and Mr. Mead asked the Lord's blessing. The chairman thanked the friends for their attendance; it was a gratifying sight to him that gathering of the aged, with those who had endeavoured to assist them. We often heard of treats for the young, but this was a treat for the aged, while on their pilgrimage, a little time of rejoicing; often his soul had been blessed while visiting and listening to the experiences of the pilgrims in that Asylum. "Here," said Mr. Butt, "are a number of aged saints who can bear testimony how the Lord has been to them a Covenant-keeping God: how he has helped them thus far on their journey, and their faith is unshaken that he will keep them to the end, and be with them in the swellings of Jordan. After singing,

"Pilgrims we are to Canaan bound,  
Our journey lies along this road,"

Mr. C. W. Banks expressed the pleasure he felt in accepting the invitation to be present; it had made his heart rejoice to witness the scene he had that day. He was to tell them something of the life, experience, and prospects of the pilgrim. A text had been resting on his mind for some days, and he would speak a few words from it; the words were, "They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God." From these words, interspersed with some strange scenes connected with his early days, the speaker with evident happy feelings, being apparently "the right man in the right place" in addressing Aged Pilgrims—gave us a few of the features in a pilgrim's life. Mr. James Wells followed, and said he very highly approved of such meetings as the present, it made the inmates feel that not only did the friends subscribe to the Asylum, but in coming in their midst and sympathising with them, it showed that they felt a companionship with one another—it was a right and a true feeling. There was a great deal in the manner of a gift. The subscribers to the Aged Pilgrims did not say, "Oh here's your guinea, and be off, and don't come troubling me," as was the case with some societies; but here the two—the subscriber and the recipient—had deep sympathies one with the other, the object and their end was the same. Mr. Hall, of Clapham, expressed his willingness to assist the Society, and after we had sung

"A day's march nearer home,"

we separated, mutually congratulating

one another on having enjoyed an hour's fellowship with some aged saints.

THE JUNE ELECTION.

The following are the names of the twenty successful candidates for the ten guinea pension, with the number of votes they polled at the June election.

	No. of Votes.
Allcock, Emily ( <i>Asylum Inmate</i> )	665
Lamborne, Sarah	587
Grimes, Sarah, A.	573
Jacob Sophia	559
Jones, Ann ( <i>Asylum Inmate</i> )	552
Trout, Elizabeth ( <i>Asylum Inmate</i> )	546
Thomas, Philadelphia ( <i>Asylum Inmate</i> )	545
Gwillim, Elizabeth	536
Hughes, Maria	487
Rawlings, Ann	453
Arnold, William	444
Howard, Mary Ann	430
Reeves, Jonathan	422
Garner, Sarah	421
Thompson, Mary	414
Tuck, Henry	410
Herbert, Fanny	405
Gale, Michael	402
Springell, Margaret	391
Nuding, Sarah ( <i>Asylum Inmate</i> )	385

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

We must content ourselves with a very few words about the annual meeting. It was held at Exeter (lower) Hall on the last day in May. The member for Hackney presided, and confessed his knowledge of the Society was small, but since he had made its acquaintance, the more he knew of its working, the better he liked it. The Report read, stated that there were 690 Pensioners on the Fund, whose pensions amounted in the aggregate, to £3,624 per annum. The annual subscriptions and donations for the year had only realized £1,900, but by the valued aid of the auxiliaries, collections, lectures, and amounts received through the Magazines, with the dividends on Stock, sufficient had been realized for the payment of all pensions. During the twelve months two new auxiliaries had been formed; 159 pensions had been raised from 4s. per month, to five guineas per annum; 20 pensions had been raised to the ten guinea pension, being considerably in advance of what was done in the preceding year. The Earl of Roden the president, and J. Harris, Esq., the treasurer, had been removed by death during the same period. Addresses were then given by Messrs. Wilson, Dibdin, Herschell, White, Jackson, Butt, and others, and the proceedings closed.

Further we must not trespass this month, but progress will be occasionally reported as to the Society and the Asylum by your's truly  
R.

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

### OUR OLD LONDON CHURCHES.

Why go back to the old churches? Why travel by research, review, and reflection, into the history of those churches and ministers who have long since ceased to be? We answer,

1. Because thereby we see how frail, how perishable, how fleeting, are all things here below. The most flourishing churches, the most devoted ministers, the noblest, the strongest, and the richest of men, have all passed away; the places that knew them, know them here no more for ever. How short is man's lease of life and labour here! When Mr. Seddon gave his last lecture on "The Millennium," he expressed his conviction that the Gospel would yet be preached for one hundred and thirty years; that would complete six thousand years from the creation; then would come one thousand years when the Prince of Peace would reign, by the power of the Eternal Spirit, in a more spiritual and glorious manner. As this dispensation commenced with the down-coming of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost; so, this dispensation will be succeeded by the "Latter Rain;" when the Spirit shall be poured out upon the churches in a marvellous manner. We do not expect to be here to witness that; but, the thought almost creates the desire that we might behold that time, when Jesus shall reign by his Spirit, throughout the whole earth; albeit, many will, even then, be strangers to the realization of his salvation.

2. We review the past, because, while we thereby behold the falling of churches and the departure of the ministers; still, we read, in every line, the great fact that in every generation the Lord has a seed to serve him, and a people to call him blessed.

The two-hundred and twenty-seventh anniversary of the Baptist church, now meeting in Cumberland street, Curtain road, Shoreditch, under the pastoral care of brother William Lodge, was an occasion for reviewing the wonderful history of that venerable and faithful Strict Baptist church, of whose origin, growth, changes, preservation, and usefulness, we purpose to give a faithful record; although now we only notice the anniversary itself.

On the last Sunday in May 1870, Mr. Lodge preached the anniversary sermons in Providence chapel, Cumberland street, and on the following Tuesday afternoon, C. W. Banks preached from Psal. lxxii. 17, "His name shall endure for ever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun, and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed." So happily has Mr. Lodge's congregation increased, that they have been obliged to remove the pulpit, and on the occasion referred to, the chapel was inconveniently crowded. The Tuesday evening meeting was full of interest to the crowded assembly. Pastor Lodge presided. Mr. Cheshire prayed; C. W. Banks gave an outline of this ancient church's existence, which will appear in different sections in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*. Mr. Lodge was that day presented with a useful present, and all things declared the blessing of the Lord was still upon the minister and the people. On the platform surrounding brother Lodge, were ministering brethren, J. W. Dyer, R. Howard, Cheshire, G. Smith, Kemp, Crowhurst, and a host of friends from all parts of London and the suburbs. An elaborate essay was delivered by brother C. L. Kemp, on the qualifications and work of the ministry. Mr. Crowhurst delivered a spiritual, experimental, and truthful address on the secret and solemn progress of Divine grace in the souls of the exercised vessels of mercy, proving himself a living witness for the truth and the power of the Gospel of Christ. Mr. J. W. Dyer enunciated useful words touching the necessity of holding up Jesus Christ to the people at these public meetings; also of setting forth the ruin of man's condition in the fall. Brother Dyer said, when a boy he had sometimes crept to the door of the chapel, to listen to the word of life and peace. Concluding address by brother Lodge, beautiful hymn by the choir, and closing prayer by C. W. Banks, ended a really refreshing season in Zion.

### DECISION FOR CHRIST'S GOSPEL IN NOTTINGHAM.

SINCE Mr. E. J. Silverton came to Nottingham, two years ago, and our formation into a church of twenty-five members, as a result of his ministry here, we have had a continuous increase, simply

through the preaching of the word, accompanied with regular attendance at our week evening services, when earnest prayer has gone up to heaven for a blessing, which has descended in answer thereto. We find ourselves growing into a church of good proportions, numbering some hundred and thirty members, and thirteen more about to be added to us by immersion. Nor are we content to stop here; but our eyes are looking to God for a further increase. Our Sunday school is well cared for; and sustained by teachers in whom the fear of God dwells; a good library is added; and appreciated. We continue to meet in the lecture hall, Burton street. We have commenced a fund for the building of a tabernacle; raising £160 the first evening; this by home effort has now increased to some £300. Our members and congregation are chiefly of the artisan and labouring classes, with whom the silver and the gold is not plentiful, and we are gratefully sensible of their love and zeal in the matter thus far. Faith is not small in the matter, and although the means are small, the fund increases. We purpose making extended efforts for its more rapid growth, by an appeal in some form to our brethren the churches of Christ in this country, and should such find the Lord prompting them we hope they will liberally respond by tangible support. The lambs of the flock are here visibly mixed up in Christian union with the elder of the fold; peace and prosperity attend us. The ministry of Mr. Silvertown is blessed; and not a few cheerfully acknowledge him as the instrument. By these his ministry will be valued; nor is it less so, by the more matured amongst us. To many of us the contrast to our former odd and hybrid condition for a quarter of a century, under well meaning, unorganized existence, is both strange and welcome, and a church enjoying union and prosperity, after so protracted and effete a condition is not lightly to be esteemed. Our cause commands itself, as the work of the Lord, to the people of God. Freed from the trammels of patronage opposed to believer's baptism, we have no mixed communion, under the specious plea of "not being led to see it," &c. The fact is we simply know it, and the Lord's supper, to be alike plain as sister ordinances of Christ, and leaving others with excuses of the hackneyed type, we insist upon the former as the right road for a regenerated soul to the latter, and so with us what "the Lord hath joined together let none put asunder." Christ having said of this ordinance among the rest of his commands "If ye love me keep my commandments," who are we, to allow it to be set aside, and who are other Christians to attempt it? In this matter, much as we love Calvin, Huntington, and other good men, even they, like Peter, when withstood by Paul, are to be blamed, and not to be followed; but Christ only. If the two ordinances are separated, it must be done elsewhere,

and we must hope for the candid consideration and forbearance of all who differ from us in these matters. As to "baby sprinkling," "baptismal regeneration," "sponsor's confirmation," and other ecclesiastical rubbish, we know none of them except as of the wardrobe of an apostate harlot. And although good men, and many of them, are taken with some of these, it is no marvel, any more than Isaac's fondness for Esau's venison, or early Jewish Christians clinging to circumcision, and is to be testified against rather than imitated, connived at or excused. The antiquity of 1,500 years is surely no valid plea for things so opposed to the New Testament, although current coin in the Missal and Prayer Book. If the prophet Jonah could growl under the gourd at the sparing of Nineveh, and because his prediction was not as yet to be fulfilled, it is a small matter that ecclesiastics and priests (not in like manner sent of God) should sneer and snarl at the conformity to Christ amongst the free men and women of Zion, here and elsewhere. To make void the commands of Christ, by the ordinances of Popes and councils, is no uncommon occurrence. But that good and gracious men are to be found prostituting their knowledge of the Word of God to the furtherance of such a work is as out of place as Lot's choice of Sodom for a residence. Thus in Nottingham we are a people somewhat despised yet wondered at; and many a long uttered prediction of our giving up the ghost, has been more desired than realized. We have been spared to see the foremost of these ravens leave the ark of nonconformity and find food in the carrion and rest in the haven of high Anglicanism, while others have left their flocks, and gone elsewhere. And who were said to be nothing and nobody, remain monuments of God's fatherly care and protection, which may be continue for Christ's sake. Amen.

BETHNAL GREEN—HOPE CHAPEL, GREEN STREET. On Monday, May 16th, a tea and public recitation meeting, in connection with the Sabbath schools was held. 170 persons sat down to tea. In the evening, the chapel was quite filled. Mr. James Griffith, pastor, took the chair; after singing and prayer, the secretary laid before the meeting the state of the school affairs, which showed that there were 160 children in attendance and twelve teachers, eleven of whom are members of the church. They are inconvenienced for want of a suitable place for the children, being compelled to use the vestries and chapel. They had long contemplated building, and by their mutual efforts had in hand the sum of £85, bringing in 4 per cent. They hoped to have that sum so augmented as to justify them to commence building. The evening was spent in hearing a number of the children recite many useful and interesting pieces, which was done with great freedom and correctness, much to the gratifica-

tion of all present. During the evening a collection was made, which, with the result of the tea, amounted to £26 10s., raising the sum in hand to £111 10s. The friends would be glad to receive the sums kindly promised by friends some time past, and to receive any contributions that any other kind friends will send them, which will be gladly received by JAMES GRIFFITH, pastor, 9, Rokeby road, New Cross.

**BOROUGH—TRINITY CHAPEL.** This place of worship having been closed for repairs, was re-opened Lord's-day, May 22nd. Sermons were preached by Mr. Palmer, of Homerton row, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Stringer. On Tuesday, May 24th, the re-opening services were continued. Some friends took tea; and at seven o'clock public meeting was conducted by Mr. Thomas Jones, of Artillery street. Mr. Robins asked the Lord's blessing upon the service of the evening. Mr. Hudson explained the object of the meeting; some repairs were necessary; they had had these matters attended to, which had involved an expense of about £12; the cause being in a low state, they had called this meeting with a view to assist in clearing that off. Mr. Jones then introduced the subject to be spoken to, which was to be found in 1 John v. 7, 8, "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one. And there are three that bear witness in earth, the spirit, the water, and the blood; and these three agree in one;" and Mr. Pearce, of Newington Causeway, addressed the meeting, in a manner that proved he was not strange to the subject. Mr. Austin followed with solemn and highly interesting remarks. Mr. Ballard, of Farnborough, continued and concluded the speeches of the evening; he proved himself a thoughtful and studious minister. A vote of thanks to the chairman, brought the meeting to a close.

[The venerable William Palmer, and the devoted pastor of the Clapham church, were expected, but they did not appear. Mr. Hudson has laboured most zealously for many years; but he has not witnessed that ingathering of souls to Christ which his soul hath desired.]

**TRING.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—The notice of my resignation of pastorate being published in *EARTHEN VESSEL* for March, a word of explanation may not be out of place relative to my continuance with the church over which in the providence of God I am placed. Existing circumstances relative to church affairs which weighed heavily upon me, led me on the 14th of February to send in my resignation. Two church meetings were consequently held; at the latter the church unanimously expressed their wish for me to stay among them; it was proposed, seconded, and carried that this be published in the *VESSEL*, &c. This course has been adopted so as to

give a thorough explanation to those who may have read the previous notice. Having acceded to the wish of the church, they having made it possible for me to do so, I now express the earnest desire that more extensive effort may be for the future used by pastor and people in the cause of Christ, and that copious showers of blessings may descend upon our hill of Zion. We baptized three believers, April 17th.

WILLIAM FREW EDGERTON.

Ebenezer chapel, Tring.

#### THE RISING CAUSE AT BOW.

THE second anniversary of the church under the ministry of Mr. W. H. Lee, at Mount Zion, Albert place, Bow, was celebrated May 29th. Mr. C. Cornwall preached two such Bible sermons as only such a hard student as himself could preach. Some talk about John Bunyan McCure following the pastor of the new Surrey Tabernacle; but, the "Phrenological Inspector of brains and body," says there is not a man in London, growing faster in theological lore; not a man in the metropolis whose mind, memory, self-control, powers of concentration, and consecutive manner in the ministry better qualify him for a post of extensive usefulness, than is Charles Cornwall, the Cambridgeshire carpenter. His heart is of oak, real new covenant oak; and if he grows a little more chaste and flexible, years to come will declare him to be one of our largest, and most decided, and it is to be hoped, useful men. Let his heart be broken all to pieces with heavier soul trouble than he has yet endured; let the Holy Ghost baptize him again and again deeper still in the seas of spiritual sorrow and of heavenly joy; let his feet be preserved in the clean and holy pathway of grace, godliness, and communion with a true Jehovah, and then, many souls will bless the Lord for sending forth such a man to feed and establish their souls. The anniversary evening sermon was preached by the pastor, W. H. Lee, which showed him to be a growing young man in the ministry of truth. Congregations and collections good. On the following Tuesday, June 1st, the people assembled again to hear Mr. James Wells; instead of him, C. W. Banks appeared; and said, "I had resolved to hear Mr. Wells this afternoon, if possible. I have been to the ends of Dorset, and Hants, during the last week; and fancied I had preached too much, so thought to have a rest; brother Lee called on me, requesting me to preach in his chapel this afternoon, Mr. Wells being too unwell. I was sorry Mr. Wells was not able; sorry for him, for he loves preaching; sorry for you good people, for you love to hear him, but while this sorrow was in me, I sat down to think, and this word flew into my mind, 'Run, speak to this young man, saying Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls, for the multitude of men and cattle therein, for I, saith the



Lord, will be a wall of fire round about ; and will be the glory in the midst of her." Zec. ii. 4, 5. The name of this prophet Zechariah, and the design of his prophecy, are worth your notice for a moment. Haggai, Zerubbabel, and Zechariah, were three noted men who came up with the ancient Jews from their captivity in Babylon. Haggai means they were going up to keep a feast, to praise the Lord. Zerubbabel means they were going up to put an end to all confusion, and Zechariah means they were going up to prove that the Lord had not forgotten them. And I hope these three will all come into this place to day, then we shall be free from confusion, we shall be able to praise the Lord, and we shall know the Lord has not forgotten us.

The design of this prophecy was to stir up the people to build the temple, and I hope you will soon set to and build your new chapel, and then help me to build mine. Now to the text. We have

1. The sources of all real Gospel prosperity.
2. We have to notice what that prosperity is.
3. The preservation of the Church of Christ.
4. Her ultimate perfection.

From these thoughts, the editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* gave us a short discourse. At evening meeting, our pastor, W. H. Lee presided ; and addressed the people in a neat and brief manner. Mr. Warren, of Plumstead, was seriously discursive ; the venerable Thomas Jones was cheerfully quaint and illustrative ; C. W. Banks was aiming to deceive the deceived ; C. Cornwell set up ten reasons why God will not have his people say a confederacy with those who aim at an universal confederacy. We believe C. Cornwell's "TEN REASONS" will be published ; if they are, every church in Christendom, and every minister of the word in this wide world, ought to have a copy. They were peculiarly penetrating into the word of God, and powerful in argument. The brethren C. L. Kemp and Joseph Flory uttered kind words. Brother William Symonds offered real prayer. Those twin-deacons, and devout brethren James and Henry Lee, helped the friends in the offering up of praise ; and we all separated grateful to the Lord for all such good Gospel as this anniversary was distinguished for. The vote of thanks to the Christian ladies was well deserved, and appreciated ; although not acknowledged. £150 has been offered towards building a chapel for Mr. Lee.

#### DACRE PARK, BLACKHEATH.—

The usual anniversary services in connection with the church meeting here under the ministerial care of Burlington B. Wale, were holden on Whit Sunday and Monday. On the Lord's-day the pastor occupied the pulpit ; and the services were continued on the following Monday, when Mr. Alderson, of Walworth, preached an excellent Gospel

sermon in the afternoon to a good congregation ; after which nearly 200 friends were refreshed with tea, very nicely served in the kindest manner by the Dacre Park friends. Between tea and the evening meeting, we strolled up and down green sward surrounded by the evergreens and secluded by the trees, on the ground in front of the chapel, mingling our thoughts and experiences one with the other, not forgetting our sorrows, and remembering also our mercies, touching "the way he hath led us." At seven o'clock, the company returned to the neat and pretty sanctuary ; the pastor presided, and after singing, and reading the 45th Psalm, prayer was offered by the pastor of "Kishoboth." Mr. Wale in his opening remarks expressed much pleasure in seeing so many present, especially friends from other churches. The object of the gathering was to consummate the eighteenth anniversary of the opening of that place ; it had been eighteen years of gradual growth, eighteen years of peace, not peace without conflict, but peace acquired through conflict. Many years since, in coming to reside in that locality, the brethren Whittaker and Motz found no church of the faith and order which they believed was in accordance with truth. The first meeting was held at Mr. Whittaker's residence ; a small room was afterwards taken, and eventually the present chapel was erected, but not till considerable difficulty had been experienced in obtaining the ground. Thus the cause had gradually grown. The six years he (Mr. Wale) had spent there had been the happiest six years of his life ; and although he was occasionally away he could assure them "he never felt at home when he was out." The truth was maintained, and the Gospel had never been "buried" there ; and he hoped it never would. Very softly, and very sweetly we then sang that beautiful and touching hymn of Dr. Bonar's, which reads—

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me, and rest ;  
"Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,  
Thy head upon my breast."

I came to Jesus as I was —  
Weary, and worn and sad ;  
I found in him a resting place,  
And he has made me glad.

Mr. Thomas Struger, after expressing the pleasure he felt in this his first visit to Dacre Park, gave an earnest, warm-hearted and very energetic address on the "power of the Holy Ghost." Mr. Alderson followed with some remarks of a cheering and thoughtful character on these words, "So shall the king greatly desire thy beauty," and in his opening observations congratulated the church on "the very happy circumstances in which they appeared to be placed." Young pastor Griffin, although rather bashful at first, gave a few thoughts upon the words "I will water it every moment." We were glad to hear also our

aged friend Whittle, a man valiant for truth, who spoke for a few moments; and then after singing and prayer, we closed a meeting, which the writer can say he enjoyed, and in so doing, believes he echoes the feelings of the goodly number who gathered on the occasion; and we should indeed have been pleased could we have entertained the thought that the many thousands we met on the road who were returning homeward on that Whit Monday eve, had been as profitably and as richly entertained as it had been our privilege to be.

ISLINGTON GREEN.—PROVIDENCE BAPTIST CHAPEL. Dear brother Banks,—Last month, one of my good deacons, (brother Willey) sent on board your VESSEL a very encouraging testimony of the goodness of our God, the God of Israel, toward us, in moving the hearts of his people to furnish sufficient supplies, so as completely to remove the previous existing debt, and thus enabling us to rejoice in the removal of those financial pressures. Our next work must be, if spared, the cleaning and repairing the house of our God, which is much needed, and will incur a considerable outlay, but Jehovah Jireh is our banker, and—

"We have a never failing bank,  
A more than golden store;  
No earthly bank is half so rich,  
How then can we be poor?"

But my purpose in this writing, is to again record the goodness of the Lord toward us spiritually, in adding to us those which are better, and we love more than gold and silver, the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Seven Christ-living and Christ-loving souls were received into communion on Lord's-day, June 5th; four males and three females, five of whom were baptized on the previous Lord's-day. Baptism is the way into the visible church of Christ, baptism is the way to the Lord's table, and since the Lord has called me into the ministry more than a quarter of a century, never have I received or admitted one into the church, or to the table of the Lord, without previous immersion in a profession of their faith in the finished atonement of the Lamb of God. Neither do I ever intend, by the grace of God. Particular election, particular redemption, particular calling, particular communion, and particular perseverance, is the way which some call heresy, but so worship I the God of my fathers, and the older I grow the more I feel the necessity and value of a closer walk with God, a righteousness implanted, as well as a righteousness imputed. I want to see the work of God the Holy Ghost more active in my own soul, and in the church of Christ generally. During the last eighteen months thirty-six precious souls have been added to us as a church, for which we are thankful, but not satisfied. No, my dear brother, I should be more pleased to see thirty-six

each month; ah, that multiplied ten fold, if it was the Lord's will. However, "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed;" and I pray for a sanctified mind in all things to rest here, "All he designed I possess;" "Godliness with contentment is great gain;" but my poor sinful heart seems generally more inclined to feel contentment in prosperity than in adversity, with abundance rather than the day of small things. Heavenly Father, pour down Thy Spirit into our hearts for the sake of Jesus, and his finished work; bless thy people with more grace, and may we have more the likeness of Jesus, who was faithful to the truth, loving to the saints, compassionate to sinners, going about doing good to all men, especially to the household of faith. Yours affectionately in Jesus,

R. G. EDWARDS.

103, Oxford street, Stepney.

LESSNESS HEATH.—Our dear brother Mr. Thomas Goslin departed this life on the 27th of May, in his sixty-seventh year. Nearly forty years he had been a member of the Strict Baptist church at Lessness Heath, and during the greater part of that time had sustained the office of deacon. He was a gracious man, and a steadfast believer in the Gospel of Christ in its simplicity, refusing to know anything else for doctrinal truth or for ecclesiastical polity. His religion was manifested in his daily life; and as a jobbing gardener, he was respected and esteemed by his employers, and regarded as an upright man by all who knew him. As a deacon, he purchased to himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith. To say that our brother had his faults would be to say only that he had a fallen nature; but this by the grace of God he was enabled to keep under in a blessed measure, and to bring it into subjection. For many months past, he suffered acutely at times, and often expressed a desire to depart and to be with his beloved, precious Jesus. He has now attained his desire, and rests from all his pains and sorrows. He has left a very excellent widow, wholly unprovided for, and having upon her hands two orphan grandchildren of Mr. Goslin, her late husband. If the Lord should lay it on the heart of any one of his people to minister to our sister, the writer believes that they would be ministering to Jesus. The funeral took place at the old Baptist chapel, Bexley Heath, on the 2nd of June, and on the following Lord's-day evening, a funeral sermon was preached at Lessness Heath, by Mr. A very, the pastor, from 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8.

THOS. AVERY.

Lessness Heath, June 16, 1870.

ASHBURTON.—The friends of Baptist chapel held anniversary services, Monday June 6th, 1870. In afternoon, Mr. F. Collins preached a sermon to an attentive congregation; a good collection followed. Tea was provided in a large room on the premi-

ses of our esteemed friend, Mr. J. Giles, which was well filled. At public meeting in the chapel, Mr. Collins presided; brother H. Giles engaged in prayer. Brother Glanvill, the senior deacon, addressed the meeting in a scriptural and appropriate manner. He stated the church and congregation had manifested good Gospel truth in a practical way, to their supplies. Short time since, a present was made to Mr. Sercombe, their senior deacon; since then, a present had been made to brother Varder, another of their supplies; who is now expected to become settled over the church at Yeovil; now he had the pleasing task to perform, in offering for the acceptance of their other supply, Mr. Robert Bardens, of Plymouth, a present, in the form of a purse containing ten sovereigns, which he handed to Mr. Bardens. Brother Bardens said he deeply felt the kindness of the friends in presenting him with so liberal and seasonable a present; he had now been there to supply for the past six years, by the Lord's help he was still willing to labour for the Lord in their midst as the Lord should enable him. He accepted their kindness as a proof that they were satisfied with his services, and an evidence of the blessing of the Lord resting upon them. Mr. Varder then said his mind had been much exercised in being called to take his leave of the Ashburton friends. He bore testimony to the unity, peace, and brotherly kindness which prevailed among them as a congregation; and the brethren who supplied the pulpit. This interesting and happy meeting was closed with prayer by brother Pown, of Ashburton. On Tuesday, a number of the friends accompanied Mr. Collins, with Mr. Bardens and Varder, to Widdicombe, on the Moors, where a sermon was preached by Mr. Collins, and a public meeting held in the evening. It is a question whether any part of the world can present more charming natural scenery than the glorious Creator and Redeemer has planted over these Moors. The travels, the services, the friendships, all conspired to set forth the sweet loving-kindnesses of the Lord to his poor, afflicted, and tempted people while in the valley of tears, they go forth weeping, bearing precious seed. Our friends with their horses and vehicles, under the keeping divine, brought us to Ashburton in safety. The Lord be praised.

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**STEPNEY—BETHEL CHAPEL, WELLESLEY STREET.** Having been closed for cleansing &c., was re-opened, Lord's day, May 29th, 1870. Sermons, were preached by Mr. Haaks, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Stringer. On Tuesday, 31st, Mr. Bowles preached in afternoon; at five, 200 sat down to tea; after tea, hymn was sung; brother Baldwin implored the divine blessing; the chapel, which looks well as becometh the sanctuary of God, was filled; spiritual, sober minded, solemn, sound, addresses were delivered, on the words, "As the truth is in Jesus,"

Col. iii. 2, by brethren Stringer, Baldwin, Bowles, Steed, Reynolds, and Lee. We had no reserve fund, nor working balance, nor do we mean to have any. The debt incurred for renovation (which was done worthy of the workmen) was £30. We issued collecting cards, which were nobly responded to, without any grumbling; in the order of God's kind providence, they realized the exact sum required. Among the donors, our good and venerable brother Mr. T. Pocock kindly gave two guineas; Sir John Thwaites, £1; Mrs. Hill, £1; all acted liberally towards us; bless the Lord, the debt is paid. "In the Lord put we our trust." Our brethren Mr. Baldwin, secretary, and Mr. Commander, treasurer, act in unison with the minister, and with each other in cheerfully and willingly conducting the secular affairs of the cause; so that harmony and happiness exist among us. Our thanks, as a church and people, we sincerely give to all those kind friends who so readily helped us to set the house of God in order. We had a great, good and glorious meeting, and to our great, good, and glorious God, Father, Son, and Spirit, shall be all the honour, praise and glory. Hallelujah.

#### A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH.

**YATELY, HANTS.**—Forty-third anniversary was held, Tuesday, June 7th, 1870. C. W. Banks came and preached two sermons. The attendance was most cheering. Brethren assembled in large numbers from surrounding districts, together with many friends from Reading. It did seem from the display of brotherly love and friendship exercised, that they truly endorsed the language of the Psalmist when he says, "Behold, how good, and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." I believe all the "household of faith" felt it indeed good to be there. This I do know, and can thankfully testify to the honour of Christ, that my soul was disburdened, so that I felt in truth lifted above the beggarly elements of corruption and the world, so much so that I was favoured to feast upon the rich and heavenly viands of love, "the portion of God's people," even life for evermore. The Holy Ghost gave a very certain sound through the vessel of instrumentality, so that many hearts could re-echo the emphatic persuasion and firm belief "blessed is he that blesseth thee." Tea was served in the barn in good order, and was partaken of by more than 100 friends, whose general apparent sociality gave proof they were quite at home. In the evening, Mr. Banks was helped to glorify and extol his Master, and I think I may safely say that none of the spiritual poor went down to their homes empty, and barren, but could gladly say "O Lord, this day we adore thee, for making our hearts glad by thy salvation." Oh that Zion here may flourish, and souls be added to the church militant, who shall, by and bye, join the chorus of heaven's

triumphal conquerors in singing, "Worthy is the Lamb." May each honest heart's soul respond to this earnest prayer, and say Amen.

Reading.

F. P. Brown.

**SHARNBROOK, BENS.**—Anniversary sermons of Strict Baptist Sunday schools were delivered Lord's-day, June 5th, by Mr. Flack of London, to attentive congregations; amongst the hymns sung by the congregation and school was one, the subject of which was, "Why I would not be an angel," a good reply to that erroneous hymn—

"I would like to be an angel."

Following Tuesday, the children assembled in the chapel: a most interesting meeting was held. The pastor (Mr. A. Peet,) supported on his right and left by Messrs. Flack, Brittain, and Woodcock, heard those children (who had merited prizes) their recitations, giving to each fortunate child a good and comely book, it was pleasing to find that twelve children were found who correctly, and in a few cases most admirably, recited pieces. After the service, the superintendent and teachers marshalled the children into a beautiful field at back of chapel, the girls and boys forming two circles; then came the children's tea. At half-past 4 the friends had tea in the school room, after which they joined the children in the field. At 7 the children and friends entered the chapel, when a public meeting was held; the chair was taken by the pastor, who in his opening address alluded to the death of a scholar, and the gradual increase of the school; able addresses were delivered by Messrs. Flack, Brittain, and Woodcock. The happy day was brought to a close by singing and prayer.

**OLD BUCKENHAM.**—The Lord having been pleased to increase my bodily affliction, I have resigned my office as pastor of the church. In closing my ministry I had the pleasure of baptizing three young persons by immersion, on profession of faith, on Lord's-day, April 3rd, the youngest being only seventeen, and the oldest twenty-three years of age. They were seals to my ministry. The Lord gave me just sufficient strength and none to spare. It was a precious season to many. Also, on Tuesday, April 19th, at a public meeting held for that purpose, we had the pleasure of witnessing the enfranchisement of the chapel property, with all legal expenses paid for, and a new trust deed, signed by the old and new trustees, enrolled in the Court of Chancery, and secured to the Particular Baptist denomination to the end of time; so that the people here have a place of worship free of debt. May the Lord send them a man of truth as pastor of the church. I now submit myself to the will of God, with my dear partner, who is very ill. We have been united together forty-eight years. We are waiting the

appointed time till our change come. My address will continue to be Old Buckenham, near Attleborough, Norfolk.—J. BALDWIN.

**CUBBERLEY.**—Mr. Editor, Anniversary services were held at Cubberley chapel, Whit Monday, June 6th, when our good brother Huxham, of Bethel, and brother Jackson, of Cambray, were announced to preach. Mr. H. preached in afternoon, from Heb. iv. 16; a real good time we had; the friends from Bethel numbered thirty-three, consisting of minister, clerk, senior deacon, organist, and some part of the singers; we travelled over a nice tract of country near the seven springs; where we, in Gloucestershire, consider to be the rise of the Thames. After afternoon service good tea was served up in pastor Weaver's first rate style. No doubt the greatest credit was due to his devoted wife. After a walk we returned to chapel for the evening service, expecting to hear brother Jackson; to our surprise information came that brother Jackson would not preach in the chapel; brother Huxham went to see him; found he was gone to a field with a party; bishop Weaver ordered brother Huxham to go into the pulpit and preach; he did so; and a most precious and original discourse brother Huxham delivered: the best we have had since he has been in Cheltenham. The chapel nearly full, although the other preacher and his party had gone to the field. We hope to see our old cause at Bethel revive again; we are looking upward. God will bless his own word now preached there.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

**PECKHAM.**—The forty-eighth anniversary of the Sabbath school was held on Lord's-day June 12th, when sermons were preached morning and evening; and a juvenile service was conducted in the afternoon in the chapel, by Mr. Congreve, who gave an address on the word Gospel, in an acrostic form, which appeared by the attention paid to it, to interest not only the children, but also the large number of adults that were present. This is a somewhat new feature Mr. Congreve has introduced into our Sunday school system. There were short prayers for special objects by three or four brethren; two addresses; and five hymns sung; the entire service lasting not more than an hour and a half; and the attention everything that could be desired, and the interest well sustained. Mr. Congreve is a thorough Sunday school man, and he understands his work well.

**WHITESTONE.**—Brother Plaice sends pleasant report of the anniversary on Whit Monday, near 250 sat down to tea: the brethren Tyler and Lewis (deacons), and the kind Goddells and Godwins, rendered special help. The chapel, garden, and all under the shady trees, filled. At evening service brother Barker offered prayer; Mr.

Mudge of Fowhope, presided, his kind and humorous manner, with sound and practical remarks, gained the attention of, and enlivened the meeting. Mr. Nicholson of Ledbury; the Messrs. Foster, Barker, Chandler, Hull, and Oakfield, gave addresses. Our Sunday morning and Thursday evening prayer meetings well attended. Schools continue to increase. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."—M. PLAICE.

CHATHAM.—BROTHER BANKS, Some years ago, the VESSEL said—in our beloved Enon, believers would find the truth preached in all its purity—permit me to say we are just the same now: the gospel in all its parts is strictly maintained; and beg to contradict a Jireh friend, when he says, Mr. Witts's ministry was too discriminating for us. JAMES OLIFF.

[We never allow one church to reflect upon another, when we discover it: but, little flies will come in. We must have keener eyes.—ED.]

BOROUGH GREEN, KENT. — Very delightful meetings were holden on Whit Tuesday, at Boro Green chapel, Kent, (brother Wyard's). Three very excellent sermons were preached on the occasion, full of Gospel matter. That in morning by brother Wilkins of Soho; that in afternoon by brother Alderson, of Waltham; and that in the evening by brother Wale of Blackheath. There were large gatherings of people, large numbers sat down to dinner, and between two and three hundred to tea, and all expressed themselves delighted with the provisions of the table, and the provisions of the pulpit; and withal the collections were good. The Lord be praised. G. WYARD.

CHELMONDISTON.—Lord's-day, May 29th, two brethren and two sisters were baptized in the river Orwell, in the presence of a very large concourse of spectators. The weather, scenery, and tide were all that we could wish; it was gratifying to see such order and attention during the sermon and administration of the ordinance. We hope soon to make a similar communication; we have several desiring to enter the holy place; that must be a holy place where Jehovah in Covenant dwells. "This is my rest for ever, here will I dwell, for I have desired it." May we all have grace to pray that we may be holy in walk and conversation, and realize by faith our perfect holiness in the Lord.

G. G. WHORLOW.

GLOUCESTER.—Mr. John E. Bloomfield, late of Bradford, formerly pastor of the church in Meard's court, Soho, has been invited to become the pastor of the Baptist church in the city of Gloucester. This western, ancient, cathedral city, has never been a fruitful field for the doctrines and ordinances of the New Testament. We

have preached in the city of Gloucester; but, we never yet considered that the whole truth of the Gospel was fruitfully, and successfully represented there. A few critical correspondents now and then in vour us with their notes; from them we shall learn if out of that densely-populated part of England, a large ingathering of the true Israel has been realized.

DOWN, KENT.—On Wednesday, June 1st, I was privileged to baptize three persons at Foot's Cray chapel, kindly lent for the occasion, thus making seven persons that have been added to our little company in sixteen months. One of our number, our dear sister Whitehead, well known to yourself and others that have visited this place, fell asleep in Jesus last November, her end was peace, and after a short illness reached the shore where the inhabitants say no more "I am sick." Mrs. Sales, likewise well known to you and many of your readers, was also removed by death on the 2nd of this month. There was hope in her end.—J. CLINCH.

CROYDON.—Mr. Thurston, the pastor of the old Pump-pail cause, has been ill. Mr. Dyor and other brethren have supplied for him. We hope to hear speedily, he is quite recovered. He has worked hard and well. We hope usefully, but that is better known to the Lord than to us; or even to the Croydon pastor himself. What with the Standard prejudices on the one hand, and the protestors on the other, all of whom must die out in time, we know but little of the real spiritual prosperity of the churches in the South-Eastern suburbs.

### Notes of the Month.

CURIOUS CRITICS IN OUR CHURCHES.—In my travels amongst the churches situated between the Land's End, and John of Gaunt's, I have been successful in picking up the following thoughts written some years ago, by a man of God who has some time since passed up to his heavenly rest, and finding among our churches many of the same characters now infesting them. I thought I could do no better than send it to that kind and obliging little man, the editor of VESSEL, and ask for an insertion of it in the VESSEL, which is read with so much interest by the truth-loving, and truth-living people of God, far and wide. Your insertion of it will render all godly ministers under a lasting obligation, especially the one signing himself "One of the Sufferers." A species of busybodies are the self-conceited, whose little knowledge, or rather ignorance, has inflated their funny minds with vanity and pride, and who possess so much of the organ of self-esteem, that they are perpetually on the watch for holes and blemishes in the conduct and conversation of others; they wear convex glasses when they look at the

imperfections of others, and concave glasses when they view themselves, they mark the mote in the eye of their neighbour, but cannot discern the beam in their own. So wise and understanding are they, that although they cannot read with propriety, nor write grammatically, nor speak correctly, nor yet open their mouths in conversation without exposing their gross ignorance, nor conduct their own affairs with discretion, yet they can give advice in all these matters to any one else; they know a vast deal more of a sermon than the minister who has carefully studied it, earnestly prayed over it, and unctuously preached it, they can tell to a hairbreadth what he should have said, yea, more, how he should have said it, both in cadence and gesture. For some, he is too dull, for others too fippant; some compare him to a man doling out the mournful tones of a last dying speech and confession in the precincts of Tyburn; others to a mountebank who sets all his audience in a titter. If he preaches doctrine, he is not experimental enough: if he set forth the work of God in the soul, he is too mystical; if he dwells upon the preceptive injunctions of Holy Scripture, and enforces the duty (or rather privilege of the privileged set) of Christian obedience as a test of Christian principle, then he is too legal, and does not preach (what they call the Gospel) and although he may by manifestation of the truth commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God, yet those very learned critics (or diviners) say a man may preach the truth, and yet not preach the Gospel. Yea, although he may preach the word ever so honestly, soberly, earnestly, and conscientiously, yet they will have it that they have got so far advanced in spiritual attainments, that they want something beside the word of God, but what that something is they are not able to define. Therefore they pay no regard to what the preacher has said, except to find fault, and ridicule both the truth, and the preacher of it. All the mourning of John the Baptist will not make them lament, nor all the piping of the dear Redeemer make them rejoice; one they say hath a devil, the other is a winebibber, these spoil children sit in the market, and mimic what they have heard; they are extremely fond of a new toy, what they designate a little change to do them good, everything that is wonderful and strange pleases them for a short time, a very short time indeed. They still want something new and stranger still, poor empty creatures; they have the form of godliness, but destitute of the power, like Balaam, they wish to die the death of the righteous, but not live their life, therefore they are changing, clouds without water, vessels without compass, driven to and fro, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, their creed uncertain, their faith unfounded, their hope presumptuous, their profession barren, their prospects fallacious, did they but know how contemptible they appear to all others, they would keep silence, and not venture to broach their

peculiar opinions, and show the emptiness of their skulls and their asinine pedigree; for, as Solomon says, "As the legs of the lame are not equal, so is a parable in the mouth of fools; he uttereth all his mind, he poureth out foolishness, he will be meddling, he layeth open his folly; he saith to every one that he is a fool, his lips enter into contention, his mouth calleth for strokes; his mouth is his destruction, and his lips the snare of his soul." So saith the Holy Word. C. F. J.

TO POOR CHURCHES.—Mr. P. De La Mare is willing to deliver his lectures on "Our First Parents," or, "Babylon," for the benefit of any poor Baptist church in London, on application, to Mr. Walter James, 31, Windmill street, Finsbury. These lectures have been heard and approved by Mr. Lodge, of Cumberland street, by Mr. Walter James, of Little Wild street, and others, who recommend the lecturer and his lectures to the attention of all where help is required.

DEATH.—In grateful remembrance of Mr. Evan Edwards, who departed this life full of peace and joy, the 8th of June, 1870, aged 70. For thirty-five years he was a member of Mr. James Wells's church, and for twenty-seven years held the office of deacon in honour and uprightness, much loved by all who knew him. His pastor believes that during the period he stood a member of the church, he must have walked not less than forty-thousand miles to hear the truth, as he resided a considerable distance from the chapel, and was very regular in his attendance. He was buried at Brompton cemetery, followed to the grave by his widow and family, his pastor, and his six brother deacons; and between three and four hundred members of the church and congregation gathered around the open grave to pay their last tribute of respect, where a very solemn address was delivered by Mr. James Wells. On the following Lord's day evening the funeral sermon was preached to a crowded congregation from the words—"The righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart," &c. In his death, the Surrey Tabernacle church have lost a consistent Christian, a loving friend, a faithful and honoured deacon, and a firm and undeviating believer in the truth.

DEATH.—Joseph W. Donovan, oldest nephew of Mr. George Donovan, fell asleep in Jesus, April 23rd, 1870, aged thirty-one, and was interred in Bow cemetery. Mr. Flack conducted the service over his remains, he having known the departed from his boyhood. May his bereaved sisters be more and more encouraged to pray for those near and dear to them in the ties of nature; feeling assured that praying breath shall not be spent in vain; and although they are so frequently called to attend the death bed of beloved brothers they have this consolation that their loss is eternal gain. May God bless the widow and her two babes, and may their father's God be their God. Amen.

## The Grave Garden at Whitestone.

There is a spot—a lovely spot,  
Embosomed in a quiet nook,  
The eye of splendour marks it not,  
Nor travellers note it in their book.  
'Tis here the villager will stray,  
When all his daily work is done,  
When evening sheds the western ray  
Of sweet departing summer sun.

To me, a spot more sacred, earth's phases cannot show. The garden gate, the tombs, the stones which tell of some who are gone before, the walk around the chapel side, the seats beneath the trees, the pulpit where tears of silent joy would sometimes flow; the voice of him who read the sacred hymn, the liberty enjoyed in telling out the tale of love and mercy, with the battling-hope within that God would draw the waiting hearts in seats so high, up to Himself, and make them nigh; all these remembrances of Whitestone chapel, of Whitestone baptistry, and of Whitestone friends are too deep in my heart ever to be erased. Well do I remember on Good Friday night, in 1869, sitting around brother Plaiçe's fire, (after preaching three sermons in his chapel) and as he was telling me of his desire to leave the Sudbury rectory, the silent voice within me said, "this brother will do for Whitestone." Faith said, it is done. Quickly, did a merciful providence remove him from Sudbury to Whitestone. There the Good Master smiles upon him. The following letter is from his pen.

Withington, June 13th, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Our sister, Mrs. J. Godsall, has lost another child, Emma, aged eighteen years; she died of consumption on Lord's-day June 5th. Had been gradually sinking for several months. I have, with my dear wife, and Mr. and Mrs. G——, often visited her; have read and prayed, and sung praises together; we found it profitable. I am satisfied she was a real seeker after Jesus; but she being naturally reserved, I could not elicit much from her at first. Now and then a few words would drop from her lips which convinced me she was a sensible sinner. Often she felt much difficulty in breathing, and suffered much pain. She has, however, said sufficient to humble my soul within me; and cause me to adore the riches of free and sovereign grace. Grace is precious! but sovereign grace is most precious of all!

Some months since, she was led to feel herself a sinner before God; and to seek after salvation through Jesu's precious blood; it is about two or three months since her soul was set at liberty; (it was the last time she came to chapel); the Holy Ghost owned the preaching of the Lord Jesus to effect this almighty work. I assure you I prize this testimony more than thousands of gold and silver. In answer to a question as to her having any fear of death, she emphatically replied "No, I have no wish to live;" she quickly took her Bible, turned to Isaiah lvii. 16—19, said these words had been a great comfort to her. I believe the Holy Spirit applied them to her soul. More than once she sent for me. I found her in peace of mind. Truly our God "has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb."

The evening before she died, she requested her mother to read the hymn beginning—

“For ever with the Lord,”

and remarked it would be the last night she would want her to sit up, and so it proved.

On the following morning, she expressed her disappointment, saying, she hoped to have been in heaven, which she realized at 3 o'clock p.m. Her tired spirit departed without a struggle.

“One gentle sigh her fetter breaks,  
We scarce can say she's gone;  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her station near the throne.”

Thus it was evidenced God had, from the beginning, chosen her to salvation “through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth.” It is to be feared, many mistake a natural credence for that faith which is of the operation of God the Holy Ghost in the heart of a poor sinner; they seem to think and talk as if believing in Christ was only a natural assent of the mind. Thus, “Christ died for sinners; I'm a sinner; then Christ died for me.” The Lord the Spirit taught dear Emma far beyond all this; she knew experimentally her ruined state and condition, hence, she looked away from herself to Jesus, the Saviour of the lost. A mere intellectual faith, and a faith wrought in the soul by the power of the Spirit of God are very different; the latter has always the Lord Jesus Christ for its object. The Holy Ghost first convinces the poor sinner of his true state before God, and gives him solemnly to feel the justice and holiness of God, and thus brings him to feel his need of salvation from the curse and condemnation of God's holy law, and the wrath to come. This faith (which is the gift of God) lays hold of the person of Christ, the eternal Son of God, in His divine person, and the Son of Man in His human nature, one every way suited to a ruined case. This, through the abounding grace and mercy of God, was dear Emma Godsall's case, and had one questioned her upon the object of her faith, they would have discovered she had a living faith in the person, blood, and righteousness of a dear Immanuel. Therefore we dry our tears and joyfully sing—

“She is not dead, the child of our affection,  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule.  
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led;  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives! whom we call dead.”

“I am, with my dear wife, happy in the work of the Lord; we do count upon Him to see the cause prosper, and many sinners brought to know His dear name. Through His mercy, I experience largeness of heart, and am favoured to open my mouth wide, in supplicating spiritual blessings upon the children committed to our charge. It is no small comfort to us that the little church is walking in peace, and in the comforts of the Holy Spirit; and I am happy in knowing that the friends with myself feel somewhat of that love that existed between David and Jonathan towards you. I assure you our time is quite occupied with the school duties, and visiting. The Lord is our helper. Bless His holy name for evermore. I am, dear brother, yours in Jesus,

M. PLAICE.



## Another Sinner Saved by Grace.

"Behold, at that time, I will undo all that afflict thee."—Zeph. iii. 19.

IN sending to you a brief account of the Lord's gracious dealings with my very dear departed wife, my reasons are two-fold.

1st. That the awakening, conquering, supporting, and crowning grace of God, which, in her case, was clearly manifested, may be seen and acknowledged, and His Great Name praised and glorified.

2nd. That the afflicted, and tried in Zion may be encouraged in their onward and homeward bound journey through the wilderness, their faith strengthened, their hopes confirmed, their love increased by the inward operations of the Spirit of God, and the outward manifestations of the same, as seen in those of his family, who have now crossed the flood, and entered into their eternal rest. My poor wife was seven and thirty years afflicted in her bodily health, having immediately upon our marriage taken cold, which turned to settled asthma, and continued with her the remainder of her days. Her sufferings in the winter seasons, were very painful and severe, but borne with a cheerfulness and patience which astonished many.

At the time of our union together, poor dear, she was one of those who considered that real religion consisted in taking her Prayer Book in her hand, and attending church on Sabbath morning, and real pleasure she considered might be found in the evening of the same day at some place of public amusement. I was at that time with the Wesleyans, and although I knew not what it was to have the heart fixed, yet I believe the Lord had implanted His fear there, consequently, I could not do as she wished, and I often had a scolding for being too particular. Nevertheless, I often prayed for her, and looked to the Lord, but often felt discouraged, and feared it was in vain. At last, however, she consented to go to class, and was considered a member, although I fear all in the flesh. After some little time my own soul became nearly starved under the Wesleyan ministry, and some errors in their preaching began to pain my mind very much, and I was directed to the ministry of that dear servant of God, Mr. David Denham, of Unicorn yard, where, Oct. 1835, I was baptized, and received into communion. My dear wife frequently attended the chapel with me, and many an evening when the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered, and I have left my seat beside her under the gallery, to sit at the ordinance with the members in the body of the chapel, she sat and wept nearly the whole time.

This went on for nearly seven years, until one Lord's-day evening, Mr. Denham preached from John xii. 32, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth," &c., when the long cord, and strong cord of everlasting love entwined itself around her heart, bound her affections, and ever after held her soul fast. About the same time, one Lord's-day evening, she was unable to attend chapel, and was reading the Word of God at home, and pouring out her heart in prayer, when she said a very solemn conviction came over her, and in deep anxiety she was led to exclaim, "What must I do to be saved?" and as if spoken with an audible voice she heard and felt the reply, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Shortly after this, Mr. Denham called at our house to see me:— I was not at home, but he had some conversation with her, when she told him of these things, and the dear man said, "O sister, I shall take down your name, and at our next church meeting propose you for baptism and membership." She begged he would not, as she was so unworthy. "Oh!" he said, "if you tarry till you're better, you will never come at all." When I heard and saw those things, my heart rejoiced:—it all lay between the Lord, His ministering servant, and her own soul, and in June 1844, she was baptized, and received into the church; almost immediately after, Mr. Denham resigned his pastorate through ill health; this was a severe trial to her, but the grace of God never left her. We continued with the church at Unicorn yard, until 1849, when we removed to the church at Crosby row, under C. W. Banks, where we had many happy seasons again; the preaching was blessed; dear Elijah Packer led the singing, and the Lord's blessing was often realized in the place, and she often much regretted that it so soon came to a close.

After that we both joined the church under Mr. Thos. Chivers, at Bermondsey New road, where I still remain a member. Her afflictions of body increased every year, and from last October, until her departure, on the 2nd of May, she suffered greatly, but the work of grace shined out also. "Ah!" she said one morning, in the early stage of her last affliction, "the Word of the Lord came very sweet last night. I am drawing consolation from it this morning." I said, "What is it?" She said, "Hope thou in God, I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God;" her repeating it made it by the Spirit's application come sweet to me also, and I think I preached from it the following Lord's-day. She frequently said, "My hope is built on Jesus only, nothing else will do." To a dear brother who came to see her, she said, "I long, and pant, and thirst;" I said, "What for, I suppose for Christ, and salvation;" she said, "Yes."

The day previous to her death, she said, "I cannot say many words but I can say that underneath are the everlasting arms, and my refuge is the eternal God." About two hours before her departure, she said her heavenly Father was going to send for her; she took a very affectionate farewell of me, and her sister put her dear hands together, offered up a sweet prayer, said she had been talking to Jesus, and was going to be with Jesus. "Yes," I said, "He is very precious to you, He is all your hope of salvation," when she replied with an emphasis I shall never forget, "Yes, and all my heart's desire." I said, "My last appeal;" and with much feeling she carried it on, saying "Is Calvary's blood, and I'm prepared to meet my God." 'Tis through grace she was ready dressed in the garments of salvation, waiting the coming of her Lord, whom having not seen, she loved; and He did not keep her waiting long. She soon began gradually to sink into a sort of doze, when the messenger silently drew nigh. Seeing the translation was about to take place, I said to her—

"While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye strings break in death;  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy glorious throne,"

she tried to say

"Rock of Ages, shelter me."

I said, "Yes, you want that shelter now, but you have also got it." She replied, "Yes," and calmly, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, full of faith and hope, leaving behind the poor afflicted body, and all the infirmities, and failings of the flesh, to join the spirits of the just made perfect, round the dazzling throne. The promise in her case was fulfilled, "Behold at that time, I will undo all that afflict thee."

The Lord be pleased to grant unto every member of His living family the same grace, the same support, and the same triumph prays,

WM. BRADLEY.

(Itinerant Baptist Minister.)

## Brother Rayner's Tent at Halling, Kent.

It was Thursday evening, June 16, 1870, when I read for my text at Old Ford, that grand old verse, "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early." As soon as I had the words, a thought or two occurred to me, which I will here write down. I said, it is twenty-four years ago this very day, that the present Pope of Rome ascended his Papal chair. The Church of Rome says, Peter reigned as Pope twenty-five years; and that no Pope has ever reigned so long as Peter did. This is all a jumble of falsehoods; as almost all the papal records shew. That this Pope has reigned twenty-four years is true enough; and it is also true that in England, Popery has largely increased; the show of it, and the spirit of it are everywhere deluding the people; and we fear sometimes, that the spirit and power of true Bible Protestantism are waning, and departing for a season from us.

This week, however, I witnessed a scene which told me that the true grace of God is as powerful, and as sovereign, and as demonstrative as ever, whenever it really enters the heart of a vessel of mercy. I was invited to preach at the first anniversary of the rising cause of Gospel truth at Halling, Kent. The account of its origin appeared in the July issue of this monthly. On reaching the village of Halling, I found a commodious, and well-constructed tent had been erected adjoining brother Rayner's house, and in this tent the service of the Lord had commenced. When I entered it, there was a large company of cheerful looking people, aged sires, stout men, mothers, daughters and children, in charming association.

In the temporary pulpit, I beheld that honourable and venerable Welsh witness for the truth of Jesus' Gospel, brother Cantan, of Maidstone. He was reading and expounding with much decision and intelligence. Beside him, sat brother G. W. Rayner, the instrumental founder of this rising cause; and I could see that William's heart was about as full of love, gratitude, and earnest zeal, as it could well hold. On both sides of the pulpit, in what might be called the table-pew, there was a number of ministers, and of choristers, of both sexes, and they conducted the praise department of the worship in a spirit and manner both exhilarating, and soul-comforting. Brother Charles Witts,

of Chatham, preached the afternoon sermon from those words in Ezekiel, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." It was a discourse in which error was made to fly before the enunciation of truth, whereby the sinner was warned; the way of life in the soul was delineated; and the souls of believers comforted and confirmed. The Lord has honoured the ministry of Charles Witts in these parts; and if his life is spared, and his prospects brightened, he cannot fail of being a useful preacher of Christ's Gospel.

The immense tent was filled with a happy company taking tea; and when the evening service had commenced with singing, brother Rayner stood up, and addressed the large assembly, telling them, that "the humble few" who met for worship in his house, had resolved to present each of the good ministers who had come to speak unto them, with a copy of the written Word of God; accordingly to his brother Witts, to brother Lamb, and to brother Martin, good William gave a demy octavo Bible, well bound, and gilt, and to each of them William delivered such feeling and grateful words, that the whole company appeared moved to tears and feelings of joy; especially as between each address the choir gave "Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord."

When the Bibles were all distributed, brother Witts presented his friend and brother Rayner with a copy of Denham's "Melody," and then the Welsh brother Cantan, the happy looking brother Lamb, &c., acknowledged the gifts, and the service proceeded. To myself I said, sure enough, this is the true grace of God! It looks like grace, it speaks like grace, it feels like grace, it solemnizes one's heart like grace, and I would advise brother Rayner, and his friends, to address a circular to all our churches, asking each and every one of them to allow one collection, to enable the blessed saints at Halling to erect a house for the Lord, and to inscribe thereon, "A MONUMENT OF MERCY." Feeling assured it is Christ's own cause, to help its growth all I can, will be a pleasure to

C. W. B.

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## What was in that Cup?

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### CHAPTER XX.

"He comes! with succour speedy  
 To those that suffer wrong;  
 To help the poor and needy,  
 And bid the weak be strong;  
 To give them songs for sighing;  
 Their darkness turn to light;  
 Whose souls condemned and dying,  
 Were precious in His sight."

AH! it is the coming of CHRIST which is salvation! But, how full of mystery to us is that coming! He came to the patriarchs, and to the prophets, of old; but His comings to them were always different in their manner. So is his coming now to the soul, by the SPIRIT, by the Gospel, by the promise, by angelic ministrations, and, perhaps, by a thousand methods we never can understand here; the manner of His coming to you, to me, to others, is diverse, but the end of all His comings is salvation to all the Father has given Him; and that salva-

tion brings forth faith in Him, love to Him, and secret longings to be like Him, and to be with Him for ever. Of these comings of Christ, I would gladly write largely; but now I am thinking of a long journey, nearly to the northern end of my native county, so I will only commence the fulfilment of my pledge, giving David Dickson's words on the sufferings of the Saviour.

I have my eye upon the reviewer of Tanner's book, and the semi-self-righteousness there discovered; but, I will only say to suffering souls, the suffering Saviour is more precious than any words can tell. David Dickson was a suffering saint. Let us hear him on

#### "THE DEGREES OF THE SUFFERING OF CHRIST'S SOUL."

Among the degrees of the suffering of Christ's holy soul, we may number, first, that habitual heaviness of spirit which haunted Him all the days of His life, as was foretold by Isaiah: "He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." We hear He wept, but never that He laughed, and but very seldom that He rejoiced. Second, He suffered in special sorrow and grief, in the observation of the ingratitude of them for whom He came to lay down His life. "We hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not." Third, the hardness of men's hearts, and the malice of His own covenanted people, and the daily contumelies and despiteful usage He found from day to day, increased His daily grief, as by rivulets the flood is raised in the river. "He was despised and rejected of men." Fourth, He was tempted in all things like unto us; and albeit in them all never tainted with sin, yet with what a vexation of His most holy soul, we may easily gather by comparing the holiness of our Lord with the holiness of His servants, to whom nothing is more bitter than the fiery darts of the devil, and his suggestions and solicitations to sin; especially if we consider the variety of temptations, the heinousness of the sins, whereunto that impudent and unclean spirit solicited His holiness; and withal the importunity and pertinacity of the devil, who never ceased, partly by himself, partly by those who were his slaves, and partly by the corruption which he found in Christ's disciples, to pursue, press, and vex the God of glory all the time He lived upon earth. Fifth, the guilt of all the sins, crimes, and vile deeds of the elect, committed from the beginning of the world, was imputed unto Him; by accepting of which imputation, albeit He polluted not His conscience, yet He burdened His soul, binding Himself to bear their deserved punishment. Sixth, unto all the former degrees of suffering of His soul, the perplexity of His thoughts fell on Him, with the amazement and astonishment of soul when the full cup of wrath was presented to Him in such a terrible way as made all the power of His sense and reason for a time to be at a stand. Which suffering of His soul, while the evangelist is about to express, he saith, "He began to be sore amazed, and also very heavy;" and to express Himself in those words, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death." Seventh, another degree of the suffering of our Lord's soul is the interruption for a time of the sensible uptaking and feeling of that great and peaceable enjoyment of the felicity of the human nature, given (for the point of right) unto it in its personal union with His Godhead, in so far that in the midst of so many disciples, Greeks, and Jews, looking on Him, the

vehemency of His trouble did not suffer Him to hide His perturbation, for our Lord cried out, "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say?" and made Him declare His exceeding heaviness: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." In which words He insinuates that to His sense, death was at hand; yea, that in no small measure it had seized on Him, and wrapt Him up in the sorrows of death, for a time, as in a net, of which He knew He could not be holden. Still, eighth, neither did the vindictive justice of God, pursuing our sins in our Surety, stay here; but in the garden went on to show unto Christ the cup of wrath, and also to hold it to His head and press Him to drink it; yea, the very dregs of the agreed-upon curse of the law was poured into His patient and submissive mouth, as it were, and bosom, and the most inward part of soul and body, which, as a vehement flame above all human apprehension, so filled both soul and body that out of all His veins it drew and drove forth a bloody sweat, (the like whereof was never heard) as when a pot of oil boiling up and running over by a fire set under it, hath yet further the flame increased by the thrusting of a fiery mass of hot iron into it. . . . Among the deepest degrees of the suffering of Christ in His soul, we reckon that desertion, whereof Christ on the cross giveth an account, crying out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" By which speech He doth not mean that then the personal union of the natures was in Him dissolved, nor yet that God had withdrawn His sustaining strength and help from the human nature, nor that the love of the Father was taken off Him, nor that any point of the perfection of holiness was taken from Him; but the true intent is to show that God for a time had taken away sensible consolation, and felt joy from His human soul, that so justice might in his sufferings be the more fully satisfied. The last degree of Christ's sufferings—wherein He may be said to have "descended into hell," so far as Scripture in the Old Testament, or the history of Christ's passion in the New, will suffer us to expound that expression—is that curse wherein the full wrath of God and the dregs of that horrible cup were poured forth upon his holy nature, while heaven and earth and hell turned to conspire to take vengeance on Him, and fully to punish our sins in the person of Him our Surety, by that cursed death of the cross, which was the evidence foretold of the malediction of God lying on Him in so far as was necessary to complete *punishment* of LOSS and FEELING, both in soul and body.

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## Awful Review for England.

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A GENTLEMAN now residing in London was, for several years, an honourable member of the Old Conference Wesleyan body, and when the "fly-sheets" caused an eruption, he was called to attend some of the private controversial assemblies at which the delegates of each party conflicted so fiercely, that he was compelled to come to the conclusion that it was simply "two dogs fighting for a bone," and he left them altogether. Some years after, having become united to a section of the Baptist body, in the course of things he was summoned to attend a

meeting of some of their aspirants for the ministerial office. To his great surprise, he found there was a conspiracy in one part determined upon the overthrow of another part of this body ; and he saw and heard some young novices fiercely denouncing poor old Rahab ; and actually asserting she was of the same stamp as was Ananias and Sapphira. Awfully saddened at the wicked spirit which evidently influenced these partizans—these ambitious zealots, he left them, exclaiming, “ I have no faith in these men. I must be separate from all such speculative theorists, and if I walk alone, so let it be.” This gentleman is but one of multitudes who, seeing the divisions which rend and distress the visible church, are asking, “ whither can we turn to find the people who worship God in sincerity and in truth ?” These dry theological earthquakes are working an immense amount of mischief. We have chapter after chapter on them ; but, as a preface, we only this month give the following, as written by the editor of *Gilead*. He says—

“ No one can look abroad on Europe at the present day without seeing that everything totters and rocks ; constitutions are rent into shreds ; churches, venerable for years as establishments, are thrown down ; everything we see is suggestive of the question, why should it continue to be ? It is literally a fulfilment of the prophecy of Haggai—“ I will shake all nations—the heavens, the earth, and the dry land ; and the desire of all nations shall then come. This signifies of those things that are shaken, that those things that cannot be shaken may remain.” No one can look around him without seeing great changes imminent in every direction, and the question of questions is not—Do I belong to this church or that church, but to Christ ? There is too much “ churchianity ” in this world of ours, and too little Christianity in these hearts of ours. Belong to Christ and you cannot belong to the wrong church ; belong to the best and purest church in Christendom, and you may not belong to Christ. I do think Romanism is gaining footing every day. The present Archbishop Manning boasts that he has made 2,000 converts in one district of London within the last few years. Out of these converts nearly twenty are clergymen of the Church of England, who have served their apprenticeship to Ritualism, and went over, most logically to the Roman Catholic Church. Out of these converts he states that two are noblemen—one a Scottish nobleman of ancient hereditary rank. He has joined the Church of Rome, and shows he has got the spirit of that Church, and it is a spirit of self-sacrifice, for he has put down his name for £5,000 a year for five years, to build a Cathedral at Westminster, for Archbishop Manning, and in the course of a few days £30,000 was collected to lay the foundation of this magnificent pile. Altogether in England they have got about 1,700 priests, bishops, and one arch-bishop. They have about 1,400 cathedrals, churches, and chapels. There is an Archbishop of Glasgow, and there will be the Hierarchy in Scotland very soon after the Pope has got over the troubles of his General Council. How strange it is that while all over the Continent of Europe it is dying down to its roots, in England and Scotland it is striking its roots again, and flourishing as with the promise of perpetual verdure. Austria, the country of the Concordat, has burst its bands, and now in every school the child may read its Bible, and in its own tongue, and no priestly shadow dare be cast over its gleaming page. In Spain they have burst the fetters of nearly one thousand years—a

place holding 2,000 in Madrid is filled with Protestants, and in Seville, one of the suppressed churches has been purchased for the Reformed Faith. In Italy the priests are breaking off from the Church of Rome, and freedom is maintained everywhere except within a narrow city, called Rome, where there is no freedom, and no liberty of conscience, or liberty of worship, or liberty of any sort at all."

## The Great White Throne.

[SECOND INTRODUCTORY NOTE.]

"I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God."

OUR previous introductory note, with Amos Sharpe's foolish speculation, has brought us many letters. We give them as we can. Respecting the believer's immediate departure to the presence of God on his soul leaving the body, is no question with us; but, the immense amount of gross error now prevailing over the minds of many, seems to call for a faithful, a scriptural, and a practical demonstration of those sublime truths which reveal man's future. That much-beloved servant of the church, William Caunt, favours us with the following note:—

"I have been a reader of the EARTHEN VESSEL, from its commencement; I never remember reading anything so startling as the letter of one 'Amos Sharpe,' who seems to deny the truth of 'Absent from the body, present with the Lord.' What can he be thinking about? I suppose he reads the same Bible as I do. I read there of the Mount of Transfiguration, in which there appeared with the Saviour, Moses and Elias; also, of Elijah ascending into heaven in a whirlwind; again, 'Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.' The dying thief also heard the voice of mercy, 'To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.' 'Not glorified, till our bodies rise from the dead!' What, Amos, "even Christ was not glorified, while he lay in the grave!" Strange assertion! This Amos thinks (he cannot believe it) that Paul and Peter are waiting for their crowns; he says he shall have his the same day as they do. According to this theory, Paul and Peter must have wonderful patience. Believers in such a creed must have a curious faith; I hope we may be kept from these speculative notions; may our souls be decided for that teaching which comes from Christ, with the unction of the Holy Ghost. What can be more plain than those words of the dear Redeemer in His memorable prayer, 'Father! glorify Thou them with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was?' Wishing you much prosperity in the work of the Lord, I remain, yours truly,  
WILLIAM CAUNT."

[It is well to let the churches see how spuriously the deceiver is working. The subjects much obscured in our days, are, first, the total impossibility of man's soul ceasing to exist; secondly, the certainty, that the soul goes, immediately, from the body, either to the blessedness of our heavenly Father's mansions, or to the misery of the outer darkness; thirdly, that, as true as God is the eternal Jehovah and the God of eternal truth, so will there be a final resurrection, 1. Of "THEM, THAT ARE CHRIST'S, at His coming;" 2. Afterward, "the rest, who



were blinded;" and then, body and soul united, it will be "Come, ye blessed;" or "Depart, ye cursed," for ever and ever. We have been convinced that multitudes of people who profess the Gospel, are not so deeply impressed with these awful truths as they ought to be, hence ariseth, clouds of profession, as empty as chaff. Who will help us to ery aloud, and spare not, in these days of delusion?—ED.]

## LETTERS ON THE GOSPEL MINISTRY TO TIMOTHY

BY BARTIMEUS.

### LETTER III.

WHAT MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL OUGHT TO BE AND DO ;  
 WHAT DEACONS OF CHURCHES OUGHT TO BE AND DO ;  
 WHAT MEMBERS OF CHURCHES OUGHT TO BE AND DO ;  
 WEAT CONGREGATIONS OUGHT TO BE AND DO.

#### To TIMOTHY :

I THINK I said enough in my last to shew that hard and deep meditation is necessary. Now, in order profitably to meditate, you must first obtain the materials to work with, or you will go dreaming on as about nothing, or next to nothing; and, you are to obtain the materials by reading the Holy Scriptures, chapter after chapter; but never let a chapter go if you can help it, until you can get something of a clear view of the subjects which it contains. And do not be too ready to conclude when you have got a little light upon some of its parts, that you have got text, sermon and all. No, read again, go on reading, and get a little more light: remember that reading, attentive reading, makes the full man—"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly." And as you go on from chapter to chapter, you will as a general rule get a little more and a little more light, and your mind will become well stored, and in this way you will sometimes get your sermon before you get your text; and, you will meet presently with a Scriptur that will embody and express the main subject formed in your mind; you will see the Scriptures and the paragraphs in several parts of the Word, which will be needful to you to enable you to carry out your subject, and prove the truth of what you are advancing, and in which you should aim to be as strikingly clear as possible. But if it be not clear to you in your own thoughts you cannot make it clear to others: as we say,—“so hold the light that you yourself can clearly see, then others also can see.”

But I must be careful to lay great stress upon a solemn, earnest, reading of the Holy Scriptures. Here you obtain the good things unmixed with any alloy. But go on, work hard, time is short, and hindrances within and without almost innumerable beset you; you will find it even at the best, hard work. Often the heavens will be as brass, and the earth as iron, and you as cold and gloomy as death. Your position is no sinecure I can tell you. Often when the minds of others are free and buoyant, you will be over-

whelmed with weakness and fear. But there it is—in season, out of season, you must go on, you must not look back, much less run back. And the more negligent you are, the harder will it be for you—your labour in hard reading and solemn meditation will never be lost. If you do not at the time you expected, reap the benefit, you shall ere long, and so will others too: you labour not for yourself merely, but for others also. You must indeed be sober and earnest: the demands of the pulpit come round very rapidly, you must therefore never feel that you have nothing to do.

You cannot be quite always at the Bible; an hour or two at a book of general information some way connected with your position, may be a little relaxation, and even recreation to you. General information and pointed anecdotes are very well in their way, but they are second, third, or fourth class things, and do but little good. “The sword of the Spirit” is the weapon you must use; and a little Godly exercise, a little trying, humbling experience, or a little of the comfort of the Scriptures, will enable you to do more than a cart-load of books.

You want to find your way direct to the souls of the people, and nothing can do this like the Word of God, and even this does not do it without the Spirit of the Lord. So you will find that when you are in the spirit, with what freedom and power can you best witness of eternal things, when great grace is thus upon you. And where are you most likely to drink into the Spirit of the Lord, but by the Word of the Lord? You will sometimes find it good to read carefully all through one of the prophets, or one of the gospels, or one of the epistles; read diligently, especially when you are in a good state of mind for reading, and holy thought, and feeling. Read, but do not form any rule or theory how much you are to read, but search all you can and as you can, as the Lord shall enable you; for our own appointed times and order, may not be his times and order; but always labour to have as full a possession as possible of your subject before you go into the pulpit, and if you do not need it all, you can easily leave it. And this full possession of your subject by no means hinders, but rather helps to new thoughts as you go along—you will often find that this masterly possession of your subject will bring unexpected treasures to you as you go along. The Bible will well repay you for its diligent search. Holy prophets *searched* and enquired diligently, and this searching and enquiring diligently is nothing else but reading the Word carefully and prayerfully.

Think, then, when the Lord seeth us searching and desirous to ask Him, that He will say nay? No! but anoint your eyes with eye-salve, and teach you to buy of Him gold and white raiment. But, as I before hinted, dream not of ease, or that you can now take it easy; nor be surprised if, when you have done your best, you are simply found fault with, and you feel as though you would never speak again; but God is faithful, “He stood by me,” saith the Apostle, “and strengthened me.”

Read the Word and understand for yourself, and get a sure hold of your subject, so as to feel you cannot lose it. This weakness of men so often losing their subject, is because they have not so meditated as to

get it into their understanding—into their feelings and affections, so as to feel its weightiness, and love to the Lord thereby, and to the people who are coming to hear what the Lord by His servant shall say unto their souls.

Thus you will see that the main secret of ease to yourself, is to be thoroughly acquainted with, and master of, your subject. And the only way to be so master of your subject is, to read the Word of God through diligently, and thereby you get good and soul profiting material for thought, and your mind brought into a proper state for the public service of God. Private devotion to God, and the pulpit—these are the chief places where mighty works are to be done. So believes

BARTIMEUS.

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### SUDDEN DEPARTURE OF MR. MARKS, LATE OF CAMBRIDGE.

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ON Wednesday evening, July 6th, 1870, Mr. Marks (who was pastor of the Baptist church at Cambridge nineteen years) was suddenly taken home to his heavenly rest. Our readers are aware Mr. Marks resigned his pastoral office last March. On the 23rd of June he went to Hastings, to reside. He felt the time was come that he should rest from his ministerial labour, and quietly wait until the moment of his change should come. On the evening above referred to, he had taken tea with Mr. Gausden (the well-known friend to the cause of truth at Hastings) and had walked rather hurriedly to Salem chapel; was seated in one of the front seats; but soon after the minister had commenced the sermon, he fell forward and expired.

The following note addressed to Mr. P. W. Williamson, the minister of Johnson street chapel, Notting hill, gives the particulars:—

3, Castledown Terrace,  
July 15, 1870.

“My Dear Mr. Williamson,—I am pleased to know you were with Mr. Marks, when at Cambridge; and that he expressed to you what he did; it does one good to hear an old servant of Jesus Christ speak to a younger one, it is encouraging. Mr. Marks had a great mind; what he said, he meant; I am from my very heart grieved that we have lost so great and valuable a man. Of Mr. Marks' death I can only say, he had expressed that evening that he had never felt himself better. Mr. Gausden tells me that he had taken tea at his house that evening; and he walked down to chapel rather in a hurry; he, being subject to heart disease, was the cause, I understand, of so sudden a death. He never spoke one word, I was close to him, he dropped like a stone, and was gone. He was under treatment for the heart disease, which was the sole cause of not needing an inquest. His niece, Miss Penny, was living with him; but was not with him at chapel. We sent for her. I never saw anything so sudden in all my life; it was indeed solemn for all present. He was taken to Cambridge on Wednesday, to lie with his dear partner. I trust it has brought many hearts to ask themselves the solemn question, “Am I also ready?” My wife is very poorly; she thinks her time here will not be long. Our desire is that we may be found in Christ living or dying. Yours in Christ,

C. DIBBIN.

## The Black, and the Blood-Stained Deeds of the Days in which we Live.

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“ God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.”

THERE are four powers at work in this present time, adverse to the peace of European nations; opposed to the prosperity of the Gospel, and hurtful to the extension of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. We refer to them because we are fully persuaded our ministers, deacons, elders, and influential laymen, are bound to lay these things to heart; to lay these before the Lord in prayer; and to convene their churches and congregations together, and unitedly to call upon the Lord, beseeching Him to ARREST the onward march of the destroyer; and to prevent him from slaying the thousands of our fellow-men who may be summoned to the cruel conflict.

First of all, the war-like prospects of the nations so near unto us, are more dreadful than many anticipate, or realize, at the present. Whoever will read “*British War History*,” by William Stokes, of Manchester, will see that the tyrannical and ambitious, spirit is springing up again. There is a book which has circulated by tens of thousands, bearing the title, “*Louis Napoleon, destined monarch of the world;*” and modern prophets have said, that man believes he is to be the universal conqueror. His under-current course of action has always led us to believe that it was in his heart to set his throne very high in the political heavens; and beneath a rod of iron, to compel the nations of the earth to bow down at his feet. Let no abstract-fatalist sneer at this; England herself may yet be drawn into the vortex of continental and European war; while the true church of the Redeemer shall ever realize the truth of the forty-sixth Psalm, “*God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early.*”

Secondly, “*The death-knell of the Papacy*,” has been sounded from the Vatican by the promulgation of Papal Infallibility. The majority which obtained this highest point of blasphemy was composed of men who behaved more like fiends, than friends either to God or to man. With what thunder-like terror does that Scripture re-echo in our ears, “*for this cause God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe A LIE;*” and a more palpable lie never came from the bottomless pit, than is this “*Popish Infallibility, for the promulgation of which it is said, ‘That they all might be damned, who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.’*” We will not say more now, than that we believe the voice of the glorious ADVOCATE before the throne of God to every regenerated believer, is, “*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.*”

Thirdly, the professing churches, the masses of nominal Protestants in our land, are increasingly casting out, or holding back, the foundation principles of “*the faith once delivered unto the saints.*” Letters every day declare unto us, that Free-grace ministers are rejected, whilst Free-will ministers are received. This breaks our hearts, and fills us with sorrow deep and heavy.

Last of all, perhaps, worse than all, the quickening, and regenerating, and God-converting power of the Holy Ghost appears to be withholden. Pride, presumption, and an unsanctified profession, stands in the places where the saving energies, the soul-creating, and conscience-cleansing grace of the SPIRIT should be found.

If the sense of these calamities duly impressed our hearts, we should be found congregating in our places of worship, unitedly and mightily crying unto God, beseeching him to "arise, and to plead His own cause;" so, sincerely believes  
THE EDITOR.

## COMFORT FOR CROSS BEARERS.

[The following is from the pen of an aged and afflicted citizen of London; of whom we hope to have more to say another time.—Ed.]

"The Lord knoweth how."—2 Peter ii. 9.

WHAT sad perplexing scenes arise  
To pilgrims in this land of woe;  
Which makes them walk with downcast  
eyes,

Forgetting that—the Lord knows how.  
Their way hedged up with thorns and  
briers,

[In every niche a lurking foe;  
No way to escape:—the soul enquires;  
The word replies—the Lord knows how.

Fell ruin stares them in the face,  
And furrows deep the anxious brow;  
To save in such a trying case,  
They scarce believe—the Lord knows  
how.

So baffled is all human skill,  
It cannot extricate thee now;  
Then bow to this mysterious will,  
And help shall come—the Lord knows  
how.

Thou'rt but a frail and erring child,  
And thus proud reason he lays low;  
Of idols we must be despoiled,  
To feel this truth—the Lord knows how.

While everlasting is his love,  
And boundless his compassions flow,  
He can all barriers remove,  
And raise us up—the Lord knows how.

His ancient wonders will repent,  
Too hard there's nothing for him now;  
Then cast thy burden at his feet,  
Cheer up and sing—the Lord knows how.

Pharaoh's proud host must all be drowned,  
But Israel on dry land shall go;  
Safety with lions may be found;  
Thus Daniel proves—the Lord knows  
how.

The great Redeemer bore the curse,  
Wading through deepest seas of woe,  
Then left this precious truth for us  
Who walk by faith—the Lord knows  
how.

A little while, and 'twill be o'er,  
Ended our every grief below;  
A bright exchange on yonder shore,  
Which we shall gain—the Lord knows  
how. J. L.

Word street, Lambeth Walk, May 4, 1870.

## LIFE FROM THE DEAD.

"O ye dry bones, hear the word of the  
Lord."

"Can these bones live?" Jehovah cries,  
Can sinful, fallen man arise,  
And shake himself from sin and dust,  
And make my arm his only trust?  
"Can these bones live?" yes! when my  
breath

Shall call them up from guilt and death;  
No arm of flesh shall be their prop,  
For I alone will raise them up.  
"Can these bones live?" yes, when my  
love

Brings them to feast on things above;  
Unless they hear my mighty name,  
For ever dead they must remain.  
"Can these bones live?" yes! gracious  
Lord,

If thou impart the living word!  
Till then they are but dead and dry,  
Without a thought of joys on high.  
"Can these bones live?" O! wondrous  
grace,

To helpless sons of Adam's race,  
That God himself! should be their stay,  
When nature, time, and works decay.  
"Can these bones live?" O! Spirit come;  
Let thy "sure word" pierce through the  
tomb.

Say to the prisoned soul "Come forth,"  
And view and praise the Saviour's worth.  
"Can these bones live?" O! Spirit shine!  
Illumine this darkened heart of mine!  
Give real thirst, and true desire,  
And breathings after Christ inspire.  
"Can these bones live?" yes! if my guilt,  
Is washed by blood on Calvary spilt,  
O! Spirit come! my pardon seal,  
And Jesus' boundless love reveal.

London Jan. 15, 1870.

R. R.

It is a remarkable circumstance that in Hebrew there is no PRESENT tense. All the tenses are either past or future. It has been the will of God to elect as the vehicle of his word a language that seems to recognize no present time—that is for ever occupied with the future or the past. The thoughts of God are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways. We think most of all of the present; his word seems to overlook it altogether; for the present is but an instant of time, before we can think of it it has melted into the past, and we ourselves have parted from it for ever, and have moved on into the future.

## Productions of the Press.

THE LATE JUDGE PAYNE. *Old Jonathan* for June has a good likeness of this most singular philanthropist; and a brief memoir. Thousands will thank *Old Jonathan* for this vision of the face and form of that excellent man whom multitudes admired. It seems but the other evening we were associated with the late Judge. at one of those Workhouse meetings where we were favoured to speak to many hundreds of the poor of this world, when "The Christian Community" gave their tea treat to the inmates of the London Unions. It may be a bit of egotism, but we do not mind that; we wish to preserve a memorial of the good Judge. So here it is. On the occasion referred to, the Judge presided. When he introduced us to the meeting, he said—"Mr. Banks will next address you. There are different kinds of 'Banks,' some are sterile, marshy, and unsafe; others are fruitful and flowery banks. I think our Mr. Banks partakes of the two last qualities." I was thankful he let me off so easy. I always much esteemed Judge Payne, because he laid himself out for simply doing good. The poor have lost a great friend.

*What we Want*,—is a paper of immense power in "*Last Vials*" for June; but we do not know that any one will believe its doctrine true. We dare not dispute a word of it. He says, "After some more years of increasing misery, the world will answer the question—What do we Want?" CHRIST, in all His glory will be the All-sufficient Antidote for the long continued awful consequences of the fall. The law condemns all for sin—the gospel calls comparatively few; but, even the gospel is now so perverted and paralyzed, that one scarcely knows where to find it in heavenly purity, or in omnipotent power:—but, the Redeemer's kingdom is safe—His triumphs are secured—His sheep shall be gathered—His church shall

be perfected—His name and person will be glorified. Hallelujah. Amen.

*The Baptist Messenger* tells us Benjamin Stephens of Ryeford, died in April, aged forty-five. They called him "the Spurgeon of the Forest of Dean." He was a poor working collier; but during the last fifteen years of his life, he made great ministerial advances. Richard Snaith and Benjamin Stephens were neighbours, but whether Benjamin thought Richard too straight, or whether Richard thought Benjamin too compromising, we cannot tell; but that they did not run together like horses in Pharaoh's chariot, was a grief to some. It is to be feared that many young ministers—for the sake of being considered charitable yield too much to the enemies of Christ's gospel: this is now almost universal. We never can surrender one essential point. Good Richard Snaith, the Cinderford pastor, is as determined for truth, as is a lion of the forest for his prey: consequently large numbers will not support him.

*Crumbs from the Master's Table*.—A minister was walking down the Old Castle stairs, which lead you from Newcastle-on-Tyne to the bridge which unites Gateshead to the Metropolis of the North, when some one called out—"Look ye here! Many folks say they have no time for reading. Well, I can believe that thousands even of God's poor people really have little or no time for reading volumes, or the loike o'that; for when a heavy day's work is done, if one tries to read a chapter and pray a bit, ten to one but poor old nature gives way, and instead of reading so as to mark, learn, and inwardly digest, why, one is fast asleep, and so shame covers a many o'us poor things; but here's a delightful little book that requires no reading, as one might say."

"What do you mean?" interrogated the minister.

"I mean," saith the Northerner, "that this precious little book called

*The Marrow of Dr. Thomas Goodwin's Works on Divinity*, is so full of pith, and powerful sentences, that a poor fellow like me might carry this little jewel in his pocket, and when a spare moment occurs, just open the sweet treasury, and in one line he will get enough to feed on all the day."

"Ah! my friend—take care—"

"Take care!" quoth the Northerner, "I know what you mean, you half-hearted parsons! you say these precious doctrines 'are only fit for the parlour—not for the pulpit.' So if a poor slave like myself, has no parlour, he may go starving all his life long, because such doctors as you take good care that not one morsel of free-grace gospel like this shall ever be found in the pulpit. Why, sir, you are as bad as the Pope himself: he says—'Keep the Bible from the people;' and you say, 'Keep the truth from the people.' But, I ask you, sir, if, in *your* parlours you meditate upon these glorious doctrines which you say shall never enter the pulpit? You know, sir, neither your heart nor your head—neither your parlour nor your pulpit, ever said to the rich doctrines of grace—'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without!'"

The minister, although sorely offended, kept his gentlemanly bearing, and asked—"Who has dared to issue a second edition of a work so highly Calvinistic?"

"The Publisher," said the Northerner, "is one Mr. Robert Banks, whose offices are noted for the genuine works of the ancient Puritans; and I hope thousands will send seven stamps to him at 30, Ludgate Hill, London, and help hereby to feed the poor starving sheep."

"Good evening," said black coat, and was soon out of sight.

*Everlasting Life, Everlasting Punishment.* These solemn realities are expounded and enforced, in an original and most conclusive manner in Dr. T. G. Bell's little book, entitled *The Cross of Christ*. Was it possible, we would gladly transfer the whole of these treatises to our pages; but that would not be just toward

the author; and how to give extracts puzzles us, as the whole of the arguments, proofs, and Scripture evidences are so interwoven, that to separate the one from the other would not be well. Nothing Dr. Bell has said can be overthrown; nor can any pure mind require further testimony. We ask our readers to read Dr. Bell's *Cross of Christ* for themselves. It is published by S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster row. For three stamps sent to R. Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill, a copy will be sent to any given address.

*The Hyper-Calvinists.* Some English and Scotch journals have lately been treading upon ground which certainly does not belong to them; and the value of which they are not at all competent to form any proper estimate of. Never did we see that proverb more true—"Fools will be meddling." In these papers the living and the dead have been unkindly criticised Robert Hawker, John Stevens, William Huntington, James Wells, THE EARTHEN VESSEL, — Silverton and others, have been referred to in abstract, and sarcastic sentences. Even Sir John Thwaites has not escaped. As the truth of the gospel is ridiculed, and its earnest advocates treated with contempt, we must endeavour, as soon and as far as we can, to disabuse the public mind.

*My Fourth Log Book.* Mr. John Bunyan McCure has exercised more literary powers; and breathed in a more spiritual atmosphere, while compiling the fourth number of his series, than is to be found in all the preceding ones put together. If in his future "Log Books," (and no one can opine how many more voyages he may make round the world yet; if) he continues to grow in mental and in spiritual strength as he has done, his "Log Books" will become standard works, and will be read with interest by thousands of people in all quarters of the globe. This *Fourth Log Book* is full of information on almost every topic connected with sea-faring or domestic life. We suppose for seven stamps, Mr. R. Banks will send a copy to any address.

THE BIBLE AND SOCIAL TEACHING. In our recent sojourn at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, our attention was called to a pamphlet bearing the following title.—*Sacred and Secular*.—Two Sermons on Education, by J. Harwood Pattison. At the present crisis, these sermons are of importance; the principles and sentiments embodied are such as every man ought to read, and every minister ought to promulgate for the benefit of future generations. In our description of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, these sermons have special mention.

*Zion's Advocate*. This paper is published at Fort Royal, Virginia, in the United States, twice every month, edited by G. J. Clark; and contains articles and letters written by godly, devoted, and sound-hearted men, as far as we can decide from those numbers we have seen. We find in those parts, there are experimental and faithful witnesses for Christ and His Gospel, which gladdens us much, and of them we hope to give proof before long.

MR. JOHN LINDSEY'S last book from the press, *Lost Diamonds* is full of painful facts. Where or how to recover these losses, is a difficult problem. We have seen the truth of Mr. Lindsey's statements, and have silently mourned over them for years. Most lamentable it is to find all other sections spreading and reproaching us, while we divide and dwindle.—While illness has much silenced Mr. Lindsey's tongue, it has set his pen to work—and many excellent pieces he has issued. We have heard Mr. Lindsey is improving in health under Mr. Flory's treatment.

*The Keepsake Scripture Text Book*, which has just been issued, is an attractive little volume. The Rev. J. C. Ryle, who has contributed a well written preface, describes the work as a pocket companion containing "a text and a few lines of a hymn for each day in the year, with a blank space opposite for recording any thought or fact that one wants not to lose." *The Keepsake*, which will be found very acceptable to gather together the autographs of friends, and to record wedding,

birthday, and all memorable days, has been neatly printed on good paper, and is very prettily bound.

*The Great Salvation. God's Gospel and Man's Contrasted*. By A. Preacher of the Poor. Robert Banks. Who this preacher to the poor may be, we know not, but he has here preached that gospel which the Lord's living poor will always be glad to receive.

*Circular Letter of Suffolk Association. The Hardships of Provincial Letter Carriers: and Gardener's Magazine*, with other papers, are to hand. The Editor being in Northumberland, cannot this month review all that has been received.

*Special Aspects of the Church of Christ in England* is a kind of Ezekiel's vision into the abomination of desolation; and is, we think, the best article in *The Sword and Trowel* for June.

*The Rock*—published every Tuesday and Friday—has had the best series of articles extant, on the Revision of the Scriptures. They should be universally read.

WATCHWORDS AND WARNINGS—in *Cheering Words* for July, communicated by John Stock, of Devonport, are suitable for universal distribution.

*Mr. James Newborn's Life* is progressing. Second part is now ready.

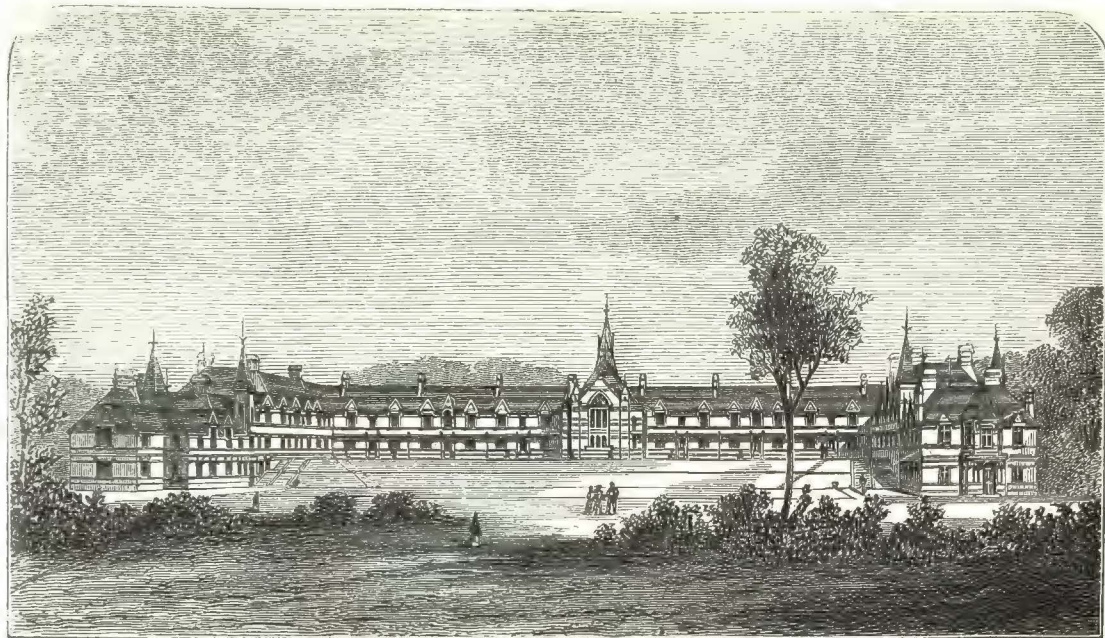
*The Sacred Melodist* is a good and marvellously cheap Monthly Miscellany. Published by F. Farrah, 282, Strand, London.

*The Hand of Providence; and The Story of The Inquisition*, are powerful papers in July number of *Our Own Fireside*. We shall be anxious to analyze them if it be possible.

"MY Last Resolve and Refuge" is an experimental paper in *Gospel Magazine* for June:—"Jesus Only," is another excellent paper: in fact, for true spiritually minded people, there is nothing better issued than is the old *Gospel Magazine*. The editor is ripening for glory.

"Europe in 1870." Surely this book is prophetic; it is terrible if true.





AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM, HORNSEY RISE.

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

### THE NEW ASYLUM FOR AGED PILGRIMS, AT HORNSEY RISE.

WE are pleased to find that the full statement we gave last month of the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum and its operations has met with the approval of the large body of our

readers. We this month present them with a view of the New Asylum now in course of erection at Hornsey Rise, which we hope will be opened early in next year.

### A REVIEW OF THE SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.—DEAR SIR.—It falls to my lot to give you an outline of the annual meetings at Occold, on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 14 and 15, 1870. A very few particulars must suffice for your monthly. There was not much to me very interesting or pleasing; except the beautiful weather and the lovely spot where the people were called to assemble

The tent was pitched in a small meadow belonging to a gentleman who acted in a noble and generous spirit, setting apart every place required for accommodation; a large barn was fitted up, decorated, and well supplied with the good things of this life for ministers, messengers, and a favoured few, also for those who could pay for the honour of dining with the great folk. A large orchard was set apart for a smoking saloon, and was well patronized; some buildings were used for horse accommodation. Several houses in this lovely village were open for accommodation of strangers; they gave a comfortable supply at a very small charge; this contrasted most satisfactorily with inhabitants of other villages in past years where exorbitant charges were made. The last meeting of this association at Occold was held twenty-three years ago; the writer was there on that occasion, and though midst changing scenes and dying friends, he has been spared, and could not help thinking upon many who have left this world of sin and sorrow. How altered too, the appearance of old friends! How few to be seen of those who were there in 1847! True, our God is the same; Jesus, the dear Redeemer, is the same; the Holy Spirit is also the

same in His soul-quickening and reviving operations in the heirs of salvation: the grand bulwarks of truth—eternal truth, are the same: the good old paths are the same: the articles of faith on which the society is based, are still adhered to; and there are a few old familiar faces amongst the associated ministers who still maintain the old faith, while indications are seen of hankering after the fashions of the day.

The Churches generally are in a low condition; about ninety baptized, forty more received by letter, experience, &c. Taking in account the dismissed, separated, and dead, there appears to me only about twenty real increase on the whole association. In some of the letters for years past, there have been plans laid of work to be done; some of the noted ministers have said, if there was more exertion, there would be more prosperity; more souls saved; but the desired results are not seen as yet. Some old fashioned folk at this year's gathering thought there was no better plan than the plain simple preaching of Christ, waiting in humble dependence on the Almighty Spirit of God to give the blessing: all success without this is smoke and confusion.

The tent was hoisted in open space; exposed to a hot summer's sun. Soon after service commenced the tent was filled; great attention was paid to the reading the extracts from the letters, as it had been determined not to read them in full, in consequence of their length; many would have preferred the letters being read by the ministers themselves; that would be better.

The Chairman for this year was Mr. Kiddle, pastor of the Lowestoft Church, who acquitted himself well, giving weighty, pointed remarks. Mr. Bland, of Beccles, offered prayer, pleading earnestly that all things at these meetings might be done in a brotherly loving manner. This sentiment, expressed in a solemn way, was felt; the desire vibrated through every heart: only once was this spirit departed from during the morning. One minister did turn upon a dear brother in a very unloving way; and spoke more like a pope than a brother, to one who was but just recovering from a deep affliction. The impression on many minds was, "Popery is not confined to Rome, nor idolatry to the banks of the Ganges." With this exception, the morning service passed off pleasantly. The reports from the Churches were faithfully given.—**First,**

*Wattisham*: hopeful signs were expressed—baptized four, received by letter two. *Beccles*: April 21st, the beloved George Wright resigned his pastorate; with deep regret the church were obliged to accept the same; no settled minister yet; restored to fellowship one, dead seven. *Halesworth*: not yet recovered from their late calamity and trial; Mr. Gooding, the pastor, has been very ill; school again established; received by letter one, dead four, dismissed one, separated four. *Rattlesden*: baptized six, dismissed two, separated one, dead three. *Friston*: baptized one, dismissed one. *Grundisburgh*: here all seems prosperous and happy; baptized five, dismissed one, dead seven; pastor presented with a purse containing thirty pounds: no reference to efforts made to feed the hungry, and otherwise provide comforts for the poor members of the flock. *Norton*: baptized one, separated two, dismissed two. *Lawfield*: large congregations assemble to hear the word: prayer meetings and village services well attended; school prosperous; baptized six, restored three, left two, dead five: members two hundred and sixty, school two hundred and eighteen. *Waldringfield*: baptized three, separated one, dead four. *Somersham*: letter cheering and hopeful; baptized four, lost by death, the most able, and one of the best friends of the cause. *Cranford*: no additions, two dead. *Occold*: a hearty welcome to ministers and messengers; dead two; not much progress reported. *Pulham*: one of the best and most cheering reports was from this church. Baptized six, restored one. *Stoke Ash*: pastor Hill better in health; baptized five, received three, separated

one, dead four. *Sutton*: baptized one, dead one. *Rishangles*: baptized five, received two, restored one, separated one, dismissed one, dead one. *Bungay*: baptized one, received two, dead two. *Charsfield*: Mr. Greenwood still preaching here; not accepted the pastorate yet; baptized three, dismissed one, dead three. *Great Ashfield*: by letter one, separated one; eighteen members; prospects encouraging. *Walsham-le-Willows*: chapel debt all paid off; baptized two, received one, dismissed two: good letter; pastor Barnes stepped forward, and said he did not write the letter; Mr. Collins assured his brother Barnes it was done quite as well as if done by himself, and perhaps a little better. *Hadleigh*: baptized four, received one, separated two, dismissed one. *Tunstall*: Mr. Lamb, the pastor, was settled in November; £100 paid off debt, leaving £72; hope soon to pay that off; baptized three, received six, restored one, dismissed three, separated two, dead five. *Fressingfield*: pastor Caleb Broom is progressing favourably; baptized three, dead one; members seventy-four. *Horne*: a chill seems to have come over this cause; not so cheering report as formerly; how necessary for young ministers to be well balanced: baptized two; separated one, dead one; members eighty-two. *Glemsford*: honest report, more cheering than last year; baptized four, separated two, dismissed three, dead one. *Saxmundham*: better days have come over the cause here; outstanding debts paid off; baptized two, received five, withdrawn six, dead three; members 37. *Lowestoft*: reviving cause; baptized six, received two, dismissed two. *Aldringham*: good attendance; baptized two, received two, separated two, dead five. *Yarmouth*: not making much progress; baptized one, received two, dead one; members eighteen. *Gildingeroff*, *Norwich*: sad report from here; anything but cheering and satisfactory. *Sudbourn*: good attendance; prayer meetings good and profitable; baptized two, separated one. *Bradfield*: Mr. Joseph Debnam has settled here with much encouragement; baptized eight, dismissed one; good day school. *Orford Hill, Norwich*: Mr. Brunt moving steadily; baptized two, received two. Mr. Collins here made a short address; gave touching reference to good old George Wright: not universally endorsed. A few notices by Mr. Collins, in place of the Moderator, and prayer by Mr. Harris, closed this service.

At half-past 2, afternoon service commenced. Mr. Large conducted the ser-

vice. Mr. George Wyard, senr., read and prayed. Mr. Hawkins, of Pitt street, Norwich, preached from Heb. xii. 28, 29. The preacher brought out good sterling truth; sermon somewhat unconnected; unfortunate reference to old association; better left alone; at the time the churches divided, the old society was quite as good as present one is now; and many of the good old ministers were an honour to the county, ornaments to their profession, and quite as sound in the faith as some in this association. Mr. Hawkins ought not to cast a slur on the memory of men of God who are dead and gone to heaven; those days, those men, and their devotedness to God, are still fresh and dear to the writer.

The evening sermon was by Mr. Leach, of Swavesey; good, plain, edifying discourse.

The prayer meetings the following morning at 6 and 9 o'clock, were seasons profitable and refreshing. Mr. Cooper preached the first association sermon in the forenoon, from Hebrews ii. 9. "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man." Here was a fine opportunity, and Mr. Cooper embraced it, of introducing a pet doctrine of some, viz., *pre-existence* of the human soul of Christ. That the Son of God existed from all eternity is the teaching of the Scriptures; that, no one spiritually enlightened will even question; but the human nature of Jesus is not so set forth—"The first man is of the earth, but the second man is the Lord from heaven." Of all dry doctrine embraced and preached by good men, this surely is the driest and most unsatisfying; and why such crochets should be annually forced upon assembled multitudes, I am at a loss to conceive. In this instance much precious time was wasted, the people were not interested enough to listen; not more than about one third part attempted to hear the preacher; walking, talking, sleeping, or any thing rather than attention, was the general order. In this beautiful scripture much is wrapped up, very precious and profitable, but no attempt was made to open the latter part of the text; this was not only keenly felt, but freely expressed by many present.

Mr. Sears, of Laxfield, preached in the afternoon. It was computed that near four thousand persons were present; many could not, many would not, try to hear. It would have been much better if another preacher had been appointed to

preach in the beautiful shady orchard a short distance off; more attention would have been secured, and the collection bet'er too. But it is useless to argue with official obstructives.

The circular letter will be anxiously looked for. Comments were freely passed in the meadow upon the conduct of some who now-a-days seem afraid to have SOUND DOCTRINE set forth; it must, in the opinion of some of the notables, be well guarded and softened down.

May your readers, dear Mr. Editor, be kept in the good old paths, and sanction nothing but that which is according to godliness. The next association is to be held at Pulham St. Mary, Norfolk. Yours in the grace of God,

E. R.

#### NORTH OF ENGLAND.

KIND brother Plaice, the honoured and esteemed pastor of the Whitestone Baptist church, allow me to assure you, that although I have not written you, although I could not come to your happy anniversary, still, neither yourself, nor the friends with whom you stand united, are seldom out of my mind. I am thankful the Lord sent me to Whitestone; and through my instrumentality, he sent you there; blessed you both to the rising and the riper races of the people, and still preserves them in the truth on whom my heart was set, as the called of the Lord Jesus unto life eternal.

This is Saturday, July 2, 1870; I write these lines on a Great Northern Thirdor, being on my way to Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is a journey of near 300 miles; the tunnels are many. The company give us no lights; we are at this moment near where the awful crash took place the other night; but in the Lord's hands we are safe; and nowhere else but there. The heavens are gloomy to-day. I believe the Lord will give us some rain; and if he will pour us down showers of blessings on our souls, on our families, on our ministers, and upon our churches, I am sure we shall revive and rejoice; and my soul feels the necessity of a heaven-wrought revival in our churches very sorrowfully. Churches, and ministers, and anniversaries, and efforts of all kinds are numerous; but the unction of the Holy One I cannot find. Good brother, as you work on in your pleasant and primitive diocese, may the Lord comfort you within, and make you a blessing. I am going into the distant Northern climes. I am leaving home, family, church, and I know not what. It is singular how this journey has been opened up to me. I hope you will have some notes from this mission that may make you glad.

The English and Scottish journals have been unjustly criticising the "Hypocrits," Mr. James Wells, Mr. Gadsby,

THE EARTHEN VESSEL, Mr. Silverton, and others, have passed under review. I am writing a corrective errata, of which you may hear more ere long.

C. W. B.

*Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*—July 3rd, 1870. Compassionate brother Plaiice, I will give you a note or two of my work in this Northern part of our kingdom. I am now nearly or quite upon what our geographical teacher calls, "the top of England." I have seen the "backbone of England," but never before did I stand on her summit. Some say, "little things will be climbing," and I must say amen to that: for in a small way I have been trying to climb upwards for full fifty years; never reached any mark of an external kind yet. However, in a geographical sense, I am on the top now, but as there are hundreds of thousands of great people on the platform of this old "metropolis of the north," I shall be scarcely seen at all, and very soon I shall pass from it altogether. Yet, if you can believe me, I must tell you, I do feel an inward struggle in my mind, to try and make these northerners of England hear "the Word of the Lord." I am not presuming that "no Gospel is preached here." Nay, I see many churches and chapels in all directions, and as to what is preached in them, is so unknown to me, that I cannot decide; but, by some who "know the truth," I am informed that an earnest defender of new Covenant principles and a faithful promoter of New Testament practices, is not to be found in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, except it be in those good men with whom I am now labouring, and of whom you may hear much more yet.

*Tynemouth,* July 5, 1870. — The sands here, like myself, are very soft; the water, like my mind, as low as it can well be, a strong east wind blows clouds and dust about. Still, the health seekers are numerous, the Noah's ark kind of machines are busy, although hosts of them are waiting to be hired. We had a meeting for prayer last evening in the Baptist chapel, Newcastle; (if any of the friends to the strict doctrine, and strict disciplined Baptists should be staying on a Lord's-day either in Newcastle, Tynemouth, or the Shields, they may find the chapel I refer to, in New Bridge street, opposite the railway station, in Newcastle.) There, as I have said, we met for prayer. Brother John Vincent read John xvii., and expounded a little out of his own heartfelt experience. Two brethren lifted up their hearts to God in prayer. Then, from Paul's words, ("For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me.") I spoke for fifteen minutes; and I enjoyed pleasure in contemplating (1) Paul's exaltation; he was caught up, proving there is a kingdom of pure and holy pleasure beyond this world; then, (2) Paul's humiliation, lost he should be unfitted for his

work through the abundance of heavenly enjoyments, there was a messenger of Satan sent to buffet him; and a thorn in the flesh was given to him. Poor fellow! Paul could not be at all comfortable with this thorn-plague, this Satanic bruising; hence, (3) you have his supplication, "For this thing I besought the Lord thrice;" and under bruising I have sought him too; but, lastly, see his sanctified satisfaction; Jesus said, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" that was enough; now the climax, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Brother Plaiice, these thoughts are worth your notice.

*Seven views of a beautiful river.* Brother Plaiice, my second Sunday in Newcastle was one of misery and mercy and mingled together. In the morning I was in soul fetters; in the evening, I had a sight of the blessed door, under the threshold of which Ezekiel saw the waters issuing out. Never did I see the truth of Jesus' words so before, "I am the door;" if you wish it, I will explain; the little light I had almost set me on fire. On Monday evening, our brother Mr. J. C. Johnson read and expounded Psalm cxlvi. He experimentally opened it; prayer and praise; and a short address closed another meeting here. In this giant-like town, there is a good man who has been preaching the Gospel more than thirty years. His name is "Bailey," but, his church and congregation are not numerous. Old fashioned truth has but few friends in these northern climes. God bless you, in your sweet little bee-hive at Whitestone. Amen.

*Newcastle-on-Tyne,* Monday morning, July 18th, 1870. It was twenty minutes after four in the morning, when I awoke up from a dreamy slumber in my bed, at 5, Oxford street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Sorrow seized my spirit as soon as I was awake; reflecting on the past Lord's-day, I grieved over the remembrance that although I had been free in study, earnest in prayer, and favoured in meditation over the Word, still, when I came into the public services, there was a locking up of my soul; and a lack of that sweet unction without which prayer is but chattering, and preaching is poor work for the soul. Oh, how I mourned over this! I thought, "Now I am going, if the Lord will, to Newport Pagnell, to preach twice; but, if forsaken of God like this, what shall I do?" With gentle whispers, little by little, Peter's words came up into my heart, "Searching what, or what manner of time, the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that shall follow." Immediately, I thought of the great men, the prophets, their great endowment, "the Spirit of Christ which was in them," their great

experience, "Searching what, or what manner of time," their great subjects, "the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that shall follow." I arose from my bed, had one cup of tea, walked to the central station, took ticket for Wolverton, and now, secretly beseeching the Lord to guard, to preserve and use me, I am following the steam to Sunderland, and onward. If my Lord appear to help me, I hope to write of his mercies, that others may rejoice with me; but only think of having five hundred miles per rail this week, beside all the writing, revising, preaching, and so on? To John Bunyan McCure, who goes 16,000 miles round the globe at one stretch, it might seem nothing, but to a little one like me, I feel it will be kind indeed if the Lord gives his angels charge concerning me.

York, July 18, 1870. Came safe through Durham into York; felt to want some dinner dreadfully; but could find nothing, but some cold stuff. I believe if a man thinks hard, preaches hard all Sunday, sleeps but little, rises at five, next to no breakfast, rides in a North Eastern for several hours, gets a thorough good rolling and shaking, reads lots of proofs while babies are crying, and ladies are sighing, because they have lost their tickets, all this will make a poor fellow wish he could have some dinner; but if he cannot, he must learn to endure hardness, and in that school I have been a short time, but mine has been nothing compared to some. So now we leave old York for Normanton, passing Milford junction; the heat is most intense; and I can find, bad as it appears in the north, it becomes hotter as we leave it.

Normanton. This is a junction for all the world; one difficulty is to find out how and when next to proceed. One officer tells you your train leaves at 1-8; supposing he is right, rest awhile, ask another, "Your train is gone." Turn to third, "All right, sir, in a few moments." Having now no confidence in any, I ask every fellow I can find; at length station-master says "Go on to Sheffield, then change again." Oh dear! One brother living at Castleford declares no church of truth doth exist in these parts.

Sheffield, July 18th, 1870. Merciful is the Lord to me. Our train from Normanton to Sheffield was like a ship tossing from end to end, but the cutlery town was reached in safety. In the grand new Midland station I waited until ordered to proceed to Leicester, "then enquire again;" and really as though the train was in a desperate passion, tearing the dust up, and rushing onward with rolling speed, we are leaving Yorkshire for Leicestershire. Not one has said a word to me all day about the best thing indeed. I work on, and quarrel with no one. I could wish the French people were as much for peace as I am, they would not then go cutting the poor Prussians up, as everybody says

they will do. Dreadful must be the responsibility resting upon that man who could dare to hurl thousands into danger, perhaps into death; no signs of a millennium on the earth; yet, brother Plaice, I might say, a German sailor, whose ship was detained in the Tyne by reason of the war, came and heard me at the Baptist chapel in Newcastle last evening; and at the close of the service, he stepped up to me, and in a warm-hearted spirit said the sermon had been a blessing to him. I had a few words with him. His faith appeared warm, and his soul quite happy in the Lord. The Lord is surely fetching out his hidden ones, although we may fear there is nothing doing.

Leicester. Another change; running from platform to platform, all but losing train; at last, packed off again. This stocking making city of Leicester has been a place for the gospel for many years. That most extraordinary man Thomas Hardy, was pastor of a church here; I believe I stood in the pulpit many times. Thomas Hardy's letters and labours were streams of comfort to many; he is long since gone to his rest; so is the nervous and eccentric but spiritually-minded Chamberlain, one of dear Huntington's Timothees; but William Garrard, the ancient watchman on the walls is still spared, to scold some, and to edify others. These Leicester parsons have been gentlemen, compared with some who have to work for their living. Master Vorley, of Leicester, was one of the richest. Our Archbishop married a daughter, but she is gone home, rich and poor all die.

Rugby. Younger men than me might feel tired of such perpetual changes, and rockings, but let my slow, cold, hard, ungrateful heart praise the Lord, that after all the ins and outs, and toils of this 250 miles, I am now near the end of it for this night. As I sat musing yestorday, I saw beauty in those words, "Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it." A loving Christ and a whole Saviour is he, and a thought upon this another time. Newport Pagnell is a new place to me. I have read that word lately, "Where I record my name, I will come to you, and I will bless you." Oh, that the glorious grace of the Spirit may rest upon us to-morrow at Newport Pagnell, so prays C. W. B.

[Written in a tunnel.]

#### EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL, WALTHAM ABBEY.

In giving a running comment upon our annual meeting, it may not be out of order briefly to state, that, Waltham Abbey is a spot deemed sacred by many new born souls, and is, moreover, well known by principal of the ministerial brethren, who have trudged the weary way through wind and storm to minister comfort to the Lord's

own flock, gathered together here. Of all such men I must say in the language of one I love—

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and  
whose life

Coincident, exhibit lucid proof,  
That he is honest in the sacred cause;  
To such I render more than mere respect."

These brethren as also the annals of the Strict Baptist body, can bear proof of the steady adherence to the great fundamental of the good old fashioned Gospel, maintained through divine power in the hearts and lives of the church above mentioned. Nor has the lapse of time told in the least upon the stringent nature of its fidelity to the truth. Nevertheless what with the interpolation and diffusion of unsound doctrine amongst the more general (or degenerate) churches and congregations and in other cases the entire disregard and abrogation of all true church order and discipline; there can be no well grounded plea, *argumentum ad fidem*, for any possible union to exist, or good feeling to arise out of such heterogeneous systems, which are contrary to Scripture, although held under the guise of evangelical Nonconformity.

"O popular applause! what heart of man,  
Is proof against thy sweet seducing  
charms."

We will not, by the Lord's help, "say a confederacy to them that say a confederacy." Whereby we are esteemed lightly by the great bulk of professors, and counted the offscourings of all things, even unto this day; for which we bless and magnify the Lord, as a powerful evidence of the veracity of inspiration. The cause of God at Ebenezer is a growing cause, its increase is strictly genuine; it is the only Strict Communion Baptist church in the whole parish with its 6,000 inhabitants, (not 20,000, as was erroneously stated E. V. some time since). On Tuesday, June 28th the forty-sixth anniversary was held; the attendance on this sweet occasion was not unusually large; it was respectable and select. Among the ministerial brethren present we noticed Messrs. F. Wheeler, (the officiating minister *pro tem.*), F. Green, late pastor of Ebenezer, H. Wise, C. W. Banks, J. Flory, T. Austin, G. Holmes, and J. B. Baynard, of Paradise row.

Mr. J. Flory opened the afternoon service with Dr. Watts' metrical paraphrase of the 132nd Psalm—

"Arise, O King of Grace, arise."

Mr. H. Wise, late of Carmel chapel, Pimlico followed with a discourse founded upon 1 Sam. xvii. 37, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." The major portion of his sermon might be duly rendered logical, and even, perhaps, classically argumentative; bearing upon the ordinary functions of the human mind, in

conjunction with the power of divine grace operating thereon. The application of the text to the heart of the preacher was somewhat similar to his own experience; which enabled him to speak the truth in soberness and with great feeling; principally dwelling upon the first part of the text, *i.e.*, "The Lord that delivered," which set forth the confidence of faith exemplified in this son of Jesse, and the difficulties he overcame by it, against the giant of Gath. Moreover, showing that the order of God's laws were in agreement with his own divine will and character; so that nothing that concerns a Christian can be of a fortuitous nature; especially in salvation. Brother Wise gave a very short delineation of the true faith, in the finished work of Christ; showing the cause and the effect. This apt discourse was followed by a good tea, much enjoyed by the friends.

In the evening, C. W. Banks delivered an excellent sermon from the words, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." The metaphor in the text was made to exhibit the mainspring of all vital godliness in its various degrees, so beautifully expressed by Ezekiel in his vision of waters that issued out from under the threshold, which were first to the ankles, then to the knees, afterwards to the loins, then swelling to a river of peace above.

May this be the portion of all that labour at Ebenezer and elsewhere, proving the sweetness of the words arranged on the *hederal* motto for the occasion, "Lo, I am with you always."

#### "AQUAM VITÆ."

STREAMS from yon glory sphere, peerless  
and sweet,  
In essence full and grand; e'en such as  
those,  
Pure disembodied spirits drink, and live  
To immortality. Flow on and on  
In rich redundancy, with unremitting  
Joy. A bliss ineffable to me. Glad  
Boon of heaven's unlimited delight  
Swell into life as with a mighty flood,  
The immeasurable desire; ere my best  
Nature quits this carking stage; in all  
base  
Passions disencumbered then, 'twixt life  
And death. Away, on wings I soar away  
Through yon ethereal light supernal,  
With peace superlative and an *unsung*  
Song; more vast in ecstasy than seraphs  
Sing. But stay awhile the bands of dull  
Mortality exists in strength. Can drops  
From this pellucid fount suffice to quench,  
The power of sin, and satiate the thirst  
Thy love imparts? Speak, Lord, to me, in  
language  
Most equivalent to my necessities;  
And say 'tis well with thee, right are those  
drops;  
Fraught with the earnest of a future state.

Yes, but the more I hardly need on earth;  
Yet still my spirit craves to bask in mystic  
Vision as in days of old, when that high  
gifted

See (long gone to rest) stood on those verdant

Banks of En-glain. There with him  
would

I dip my weary feet and lave the while,  
And catch those limpid streams that rush  
From 'neath that glorious azure throne so  
bright

A river spreading east and south, onward,  
To felicity inexhaustible;

With life that ever lives. O uncreated  
Spring! blest source of peace transcendent;  
wert, O!

Wert thou mine! sweet Jesus, thou in such  
degree,

As would extinguish doubt; exhilarate

My captivated soul to sing in strains

Sublime the fount I gladly hail in faith,  
So sacred inexpressibly divine.

Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

NOTTING HILL—JOHNSON STREET CHAPEL. The eighteenth anniversary of the Sabbath school was commemorated, Sunday and Monday, July 10th and 11th. On Sunday afternoon, the children, with their teachers assembled in the chapel, when the pastor, after reading Proverbs viii., addressed the children in a familiar manner for half-an-hour from the words, "He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul." He then presented to each scholar the reward earned by regular and punctual attendance, and repetition of Scripture lessons during the year. After singing and prayer, the children were dismissed. The teachers, friends and some of the senior scholars remained and took tea together, after which, according to our annual custom some of the teachers and friends delivered short addresses, most of them testifying to personal benefit received from Sabbath School instruction. On Monday, the children and teachers, with a number of friends left Kensington station, for Gattou Park villas, Red Hill, Surrey, (our pastor's new residence, he having been obliged to remove from Notting Hill on account of his wife's delicate health). Arriving at Red Hill station, the children walked in procession to the house, where, after singing, they proceeded to Gattou Park, (Mr. Williamson having obtained permission for the children to enjoy themselves there) and immediately dispersed, some to explore the romantic walks, others to take part in the various amusements. At one o'clock, the friends sat down to a hot dinner, the preparation of which had been kindly superintended by Mrs. Williamson, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The afternoon quickly passed away; the children assembled to tea, after which the friends took tea. At seven, the whole party re-assembled at the house, where, having

partaken of some refreshment, and passed votes of thanks to our pastor and his family for their kind attention, also to — McCulloch, Esq., for the use of the Park, they set out on their return to Notting Hill; the only drawback to a very happy day being the heavy rain which fell during the journey home. About £3 has been realized by this excursion towards the school funds.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE  
LEAVING SYDNEY.

Camperdown, Sydney.  
April 14, 1870.

I THOUGHT a short account of the resignation and departure for England of our pastor, John Bunyan McCure, might be acceptable to the readers of the VESSEL. Never shall we forget the warm sympathy expressed and practical zeal manifested in our behalf by our dear friends sending our pastor back with a rejoicing heart, giving glory to the God of all grace for that he had crowned his labours with success. I need not enter upon a statement of the sorrow and affliction that awaited him on arrival in Sydney, that has already appeared in the VESSEL. Many and severe have been the waves of trouble overwhelming his soul during the past twelve months. Blessed be God, he was sustained through them all; he never omitted a single service, from the time of his arrival till the day of his final departure from us, for he presided, as usual at our week night prayer meeting on the evening before his departure, when he had to go direct from the chapel to the ship.

On Lord's-day, July 25th, he gave in his resignation to the deacons, who convened a church meeting August 4th, to consider the matter. The church was so cast down by sorrow at the idea of losing their pastor, that no one felt either able or willing to consider the subject. The meeting was adjourned. The deacons declined calling the church together again for two months, hoping they might be enabled to induce him to recall his resignation, and continue with us; I am sorry to say, without effect. October the 6th, the adjourned church meeting was held; and seeing there was no other course open but to accept the resignation; it was accepted with many expressions of sympathy and regret. The decision of the church was not officially conveyed to Mr. McCure until three weeks afterwards; and the letter of his dismissal authorized by the church, was returned in the possession of the deacons until January the 5th; they purposely delayed calling the church together to confirm the minutes of the previous meeting until that date; during the interim, they made every effort to prevail upon Mr. McCure to retrace his steps; still without success. The only comfort that he felt himself justified in affording us, and which we were thankful



for, was a promise that he would not leave us until we obtained another minister or had a good prospect of one, to supply his place. With this object in view, the deacons, instructed by the church, sent an invitation to brother Allen, late of Collingwood, near Melbourne, who was then supplying the church at Launceston, presided over for many years by that honoured servant of God, Henry Dowling. I am happy to say, Mr. Allen accepted our invitation. Thus by the mercy of God, we shall not be without a shepherd; one we know will not preach any other Gospel but the Gospel of the grace of God. The Lord grant his coming may prove a blessing to both church and people. Mr. McCure now completed his arrangements for leaving Sydney by the good ship *Nineveh*. The *Nineveh*, sailed Thursday, March 24, 1870. A steamer was engaged to give the friends an opportunity of accompanying the ship a short distance outside the heads, and thus escort Mr. McCure out to sea. I can assure you the time was very pleasantly spent. As the time drew near, the friends once more sung

"Shall we meet beyond the river?"

At last steamer, steam tug, pilot on board, anchor weighed, the ship began to move we keeping within speaking distance. Mr. McCure and his three children standing opposite to us all the time. In this way we continued until we got about three miles outside the heads. We then gave three hearty cheers for Mr. McCure and children; three for Captain Barnett, and crew, and one cheer more for the good ship *Nineveh*. The crew and passengers returned the compliment with three times three cheers in true British style, and then with a God speed the *Nineveh*, we left her to pursue her voyage homewards: waving of hats and hankerchiefs continued on both ship and steamer until the distance between us became too great to distinguish each other, and returning to Sydney, we arrived at the quay about half-past six in the evening, having been on the water since nine o'clock in the morning, and had spent a very pleasant day. Yours in Christian bonds, SETH COTTAM.

LUTON. — DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD, — I send note of departure of two of the Lord's dear children; my mother-in-law, a mother in Israel for near forty years. It pleased the Lord, on Oct. 17th, 1868, to afflict her by taking the use of one side; she lay down for some months, then sat up in a chair tied in like a little child. Being left untied one day, she fell down, the chair fell on her, and broke her thigh; it could not be set as it was the paralysed one. This was in 1869. All things tended to weaken her mind; she would say to me, "Do you think I am the Lord's?" I said, "Can you say the Lord has done nothing for you?" She burst into tears; she said

"No; he has been so good; so kind to me in past days; do you think he will let me sink at last?" I have answered "No;" if God begins a work, he will perform it. Our God never begins a work in vain. Do you think he does work in me as a child of his; or, do you think I am only a hypocrite?" I have said, "These afflictions are not to prove hypocrites; Whom the Father loveth, he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." "No affliction seemeth joyous, but grievous, yet, it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby." On the last Sunday in May, I bid her good bye; she said, "We shall meet again in heaven." On June 1, 1870, her departed spirit took its flight, and on the Sunday, her remains were deposited in the chapel burying ground, at Barton, Beds. Thus ended Mary Burrigge, aged seventy-one years. Next morning, my uncle John Brown died, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Our God is taking his own children. The Lord has his own way of taking his children home; he was pleased to take my uncle with a short confinement to his bed; but my mother-in-law with a lingering disease; they are both gone the way of all flesh, both in the Lord. My uncle was not only a father in Israel, but a teacher; close examinations I have had by him; theory would not do for him; nothing but a right beginning would do. Once he asked me, "What was the first lesson I learnt?" I told him I thought I was a sinner, and needed the blood of Christ to cleanse me. After much conversation, he told me I must learn first of the Father; all that learned of the Father, cometh unto Christ. At that time I had passed a severe law work, and I knew what it was to learn of God; but not of a reconciled Father. Our conversation was savoury to each other; we conversed together as father and son. Death has closed the scene. Who can tell how nigh death is to us? Let us be on our watch tower; "What I say to one, I say to all, watch; for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Lord shall come." His remains were buried at the Barton chapel. If you place this in VESSEL, I will send you the exercises of my mind on Job xiv. 10, "Man dieth, he wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he."

T. BURRIDGE.

Luton, Beds.

LONDON. — The church under the late J. Wigmore has sent good Thos. Wigmore home to his native land, "a diamond in the rough," but not considered quite the man to follow his brother John. Thomas Wigmore is a sterling man of God; but the churches have left him too many years to toil in the stone quarry; hence the refused of these times cannot recognise him as a London pastor. The church in Riding House

lane, Langham place, decide to carry on their cause by having supplies. This system opens the way for a host of men who can travel about and preach; but would never do for settled pastors. The supply system, also, pleases those who like a constant change in the ministry. Mr. Wise, of Watford, has resigned, and left Carmel at Pimlico, after thirteen years' pastorate. He will, we hope, while ripening for the glorious harvest, enjoy much holy quietude and peace. At Mr. Williamson's chapel, Johnson street, Nottinghill, anniversary services were helden June 26th and 28th, the younger ministerial brethren Briscoe, Griffiths, and Griffin, acquitted themselves pleasantly; while the cheerful Thomas Jones, the pastor, P. W. Williamson, and Mr. Anderson, of Deptford, united to throw a serious gravity into the services; rendering them useful. On the same days, the profound John Hazelton, and others, assisted Mr. Flack in his special services at Wilton square, in the New North road. Of course, we do not hear many of these excellent men who have more recently been called to represent the Strict Baptists at their public gatherings. Those who do hear them, speak of them as extraordinary men; but the gatherings are not so numerous, the exchequers are not so heavy as in former times. Unless, our ministers were more powerful and prosperous, we must believe, our chapels and public meetings are too thick.

**CAMBERWELL.**—Thirtieth anniversary of Mr. Thomas Attwood's pastorate. Few ministers in the metropolis have worked with more steady perseverance, than has the pastor of Charles street chapel in the Camberwell new road. The following note from him will be read with pleasure by all who have through his ministry received spiritual blessings.—Ed.

**MR. EDITOR.**—I send a brief account of thirtieth anniversary of Charles street chapel, Camberwell new road, held Lord's-day, June 19th. I preached in morning from Luke v. 26. We noticed (1) the actings of faith; (2) how the Lord honoured faith; (3) what effect it had upon the bystanders; (4) they saw the strange thing of the poor afflicted man take up his bed and walk. In afternoon, brother Griffin preached good Gospel sermon. In evening, brother Hall, of Clapham, gave us a discourse from Psalm cxii. 4. The friends had a good day. The Monday following, a happy company sat down to tea; afterwards a cheerful and numerous meeting; the pastor read the word of God; brother Clapp sought the blessing of the Lord; the chairman, G. T. Congreve, called upon the pastor to say a few words on this interesting occasion. It being the thirtieth time of his appearing before, and with, his friends; he said, no less than 4,500 times had he

preached the Gospel in that chapel; also he had preached in 137 different pulpits, and in nine counties during that period, with what results, eternity alone can make known. He had baptized 216 persons, hoped to baptize seven more the next Thursday evening. The amount required, as due to the treasurer, was £27 5s., to our surprise the amount realized was £27 6s. 6d. Thus the Lord appeared on our behalf. The chairman gave us some good advice; brother Griffin spoke well; as did one of our deacons; brother Anderson gave an address upon the effectual working of the grace of God; showing it was that alone that kept pastor and people together so many years in peace, love, and unity. Brother Alderson spoke encouragingly to us all; solemnly appealingly to the pastor, as to his having been much afflicted of late; stating that we could not expect to dwell below much longer; but

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

and there we hope to meet and remain for ever with the Lord. Thus one of the happiest and best meetings we have ever known was brought to a close by singing and prayer. The friends rejoiced in the Lord's abundant goodness to us as a church and people, after so many years. That every pastor and people may dwell together unitedly as we do, is the desire and prayer of yours in Jesus,

THOS. ATTWOOD, Pastor.

137, Camberwell New Road, S.

**HALLING, KENT.**—BROTHER BANKS, —With delight I write you; you will be glad to hear of the progress of Zion in this dark place; a few in this neighbourhood feel for the welfare of precious souls, I was constrained to pour out my soul to the Lord for direction; and the Lord did appear; the Spirit's power applied this portion into my soul, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, he will direct thy steps." Such a promise comforted my soul, and meeting with brother Witts, who was supplying at Enon, Chatham, I invited him to my house to preach, in Nov. 1869. He did to the comfort of many souls; then three other brothers presented themselves to preach on Sunday evenings. Brother Lamb, of Halling, brother Canton, of Maidstone, brother Morton, of Chatham, and brother Witts preached on Wednesday evenings; thus we continued through the year 1869. The word was much blessed; some were pricked in their heart, and did cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" Our hearts were encouraged; we went on our way rejoicing. In the beginning of 1870, two presented themselves for church-membership, being blessed expressly under a sermon by brother Witts from "This is the way, walk ye in it." They gave a testimony of their call by grace out

of darkness into marvellous light, and were baptized by brother Witts at Enon chapel; it was a good time; we all went on our way rejoicing. On the following Sabbath they were received into the church at Jireh, Orduance place, where brother Witts labours successfully. Thus you see, brother Banks, the Lord has blessed us indeed; though Satan roars, professors sneer at us, ungodly men ridicule in the midst of all, poor sinners are crying. Many are coming with us; some that never heard the Gospel are wondering what is the matter; for these despised Nazarenes are come here also, to destroy their pleasure, and to turn Halling upside down. It is the Gospel that has caused such confusion. Our prayers are that God will go on to bless the Gospel to precious souls. Our place is too strait for us; I sincerely trust our God will provide for us a chapel; so that his kingdom may extend here, and that you may see the grace of God in Halling, for the Lord has a people to gather in here. W. G. RAYNER, Lower Halling, Rochester, Kent.

[The anniversary day at Halling, on the 14th of June (noticed in another page) was an extraordinary day. A large tent was erected; sermons were preached; near 150 had tea; and the Lord made the place and season sacred and happy. A chapel must be built here. The wealthy citizens of Zion must help the Halling friends.—Ed.]

CLIFF, NEAR ROCHESTER. — The friends belonging to Particular Baptists, in village of Cliff, had a happy day June 21st, on re-opening their chapel; it had been closed for alterations. Service began by singing—

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

Mr. C. Martin read and offered prayer; Mr. Shepherd, of Gravesend, read for his text, "This God is our God for ever and ever, he will be our guide even unto death." He preached for an hour and a quarter; we then had a good tea; evening service began by singing—

"Faith—'tis a precious grace,  
Where'er it is bestowed;  
It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the gift of God."

The brethren spoke from given subjects. Mr. Shepherd, "Full Assurance of Faith;" Mr. Witts, of Chatham, "Full Assurance of Hope;" Mr. J. Bloomfield, of Stoke, "Full Assurance of Understanding."

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

and prayer closed the blessed season. In the bonds of that covenant ordered in all things and sure,

JOHN MIDDLETON.

BROADSTAIRS, KENT.—June 22nd, 1870. The friends at Providence chapel, High street, presented their pastor, Mr. J. J. Kiddle, on Wednesday evening last, with a valuable testimonial of their esteem and appreciation of his ministry. After the sermon and close of the evening service, Mr. W. Dixon (in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Hodgman from home,) requested the minister and congregation to continue their seats, and then said, "I have a testimonial to present, a writing desk and the contents. The desk is of the best description, containing twelve useful articles, and two bags with gold and silver in them. Also with these, are two valuable books, etc." In a very humorous, suitable, and manly speech, he presented them to Mr. Kiddle, assuring him of the love and esteem in which he was held by himself, the church, and congregation. Mr. Kiddle in a very feeling manner expressed his surprise that it should be so complete a secret until now, to him, and assured the assembly and contributors to the testimonial, that his love to them was not less ardent than that expressed by Mr. Dixon and the valuable present he received from them, and he could only pray that God may be exalted and the man humbled.

#### MR. H. WISE'S RESIGNATION AT PIMLICO.

MR. H. WISE, for twelve years the pastor of Carmel chapel, Pimlico, has resigned his office. Mr. Wise believes his work to be done at Carmel, and also finds the incessant travelling from Watford to London, to tell upon his failing years, and prevent him fulfilling his duties as desirous. The members and friends met at a social tea on Wednesday, June 22nd, to take leave of their late pastor; where, after adjourning to the chapel, Mr. Wise addressed a few words of affectionate farewell and advice, also acknowledged some tokens of regard received from some friends. Mr. Kealey who was present, delivered a speech of warm eulogy in reference to the high esteem in which our late pastor is generally held, which very opportunely expressed the sentiments of all present; we were also glad to hear Mr. Wise remark, that, although retired from the pastorate of Carmel he had not given up preaching the Gospel. Asking pardon for intruding on space, allow me to subscribe myself, dear Sir, yours in the truth,

A DEACON.

SHREWSBURY.—One of our correspondents exactly describes the manner in which truth is now gradually falling. In the north, we commenced a bold definition of all such sliding-scale declensions. There is no room this month; but, if we must answer, we shall do it fearlessly.

**CLAPHAM—EBENEZER CHAPEL, WIRTEMBURG STREET.** Our heart ascends in gratitude to God for another instance of his merciful kindness towards this cause in the anniversary which was held on Tuesday, July 12th. Our friends seemed to feel the importance of prayer, hence on the preceding evening, and on the early morn of Tuesday, they assembled for that purpose, and he who heareth prayer was not unmindful of the earnest petitions which were presented. The weather was beautifully fine; and the preachers, Mr. Foreman, McCure, and Mr. Hazleton, were mercifully helped to testify of the Gospel of the grace of God to the profit of their numerous hearers, for our friends assembled in large numbers, so much so, that good as the morning congregation was, the evening and afternoon were overflowing. The collections were good, upwards of £16 was added to our funds, it was, in every sense of the word, a good day. The Lord be praised; while to our friends far and near we tender our warmest thanks, and still beg an interest in their prayers, that he who has been so mercifully with us, may continue his presence and blessing that the Word of truth may have full course, run, and be glorified for his mercies' sake.

**BEDMONT, HERTS.**—As a church and people, we have much to be thankful for; although our dear pastor, Henry Hutchinson, has been removed from us. Mr. Cook preached no good anniversary sermons, and brother R. Searls has been a real friend to us in preaching Jesus, and salvation by the Son of God, with much precious ministerial grace. On Sunday, May 29th, 1870, we had a singularly blessed day. Our old friend, brother Samuel Jones, of the city of London, visited us, and glad were we once more to hear his voice, after so many years' absence from us. He was happily at home in unfolding the mystery of godliness; and, in the afternoon, his eldest son, Samuel Jones, junior, gave us an exposition of that precious scripture, "The forerunner is for us, entered, even Jesus!" He is a young man, apparently qualified to be useful to the church of Christ; and we hope to hear of his success in that cause so glorious in its design and issues. Brother Searls, of Two Waters, preached to us in the evening of the same day. There was a holy solemnity in the services. We believe spiritual blessings were realized. We have been in the sieve of late. We have had to cease from man; but the Lord is our refuge, and the faithful friend of all who trust in him.

#### MR. W. H. IBBERSON'S LATE VISIT TO SALEM CHAPEL, SOHO.

THIS time-honoured cause has passed through trying changes during the past few years. It is indeed a loss to lose so able a minister as Mr. Ibberson from our metropolitan churches. He came before us

and aroused our expectations as calculated to infuse new life into our school of preachers. But our hopes are dispelled almost as suddenly as they were raised. Mr. Briscoe is expected to accept the vacant pastorate. On Sunday, May 22nd, the anniversary sermons for the Sabbath schools were preached by Mr. Ibberson. On the following Tuesday, the annual meeting of the Sabbath schools was held; Mr. Ibberson presided, and opened the proceedings with an encouraging speech to all who feel an interest in the Sabbath school work. Mr. Earne read the fifteenth annual report, which stated there were 112 children on the books and the average attendance was good. The speeches were above the average for such occasions.

**SEER GREEN, BUCKS.**—Anniversary of Baptist chapel, on Tuesday, May 24th. Afternoon service began by Mr. T. Chivers, reading and seeking the good will of him that dwelt in the bush. It was a petition that will not soon be forgotten; full of holy and affectionate aspirations, that all blessings treasured up in our adorable Redeemer may be vouchsafed. Then followed a sound and savory discourse from John x. 28, by Mr. P. Gast, of London. 130 partook of tea, beautifully supplied. In evening, public meeting; the chair was occupied by Mr. John Harris. Addresses delivered in a loving spirit by brethren, J. Duthie, of Beaconsfield, T. Chivers, High Wycombe, A. G. Free, of Chesham, P. Gast, of London, G. West, of Chalfont St. Giles, T. Saunders, and E. Gadbury.

R. STONE.

**VAUXHALL.**—BAPTIST CHAPEL, UPPER KENNINGTON LANE. The seventh anniversary of the Sunday school was commemorated on Sunday the 10th, and on Tuesday, 12th July last. Dr. Bell preached an excellent sermon on Sunday evening to a crowded congregation of about 600. The children sang some pieces in a very creditable manner. The collection was much larger than any former one. There are upwards of 300 children in regular attendance. The annual excursion to Bushy Park, took place on Tuesday. Pastor G. Hearson, and about ninety of his friends accompanied the children. The day was fine. The provision abundant. The arrangements and tent accommodation complete. All returned quite safe, highly gratified and encouraged. May the Lord continue to smile on this much-loved and prosperous Sunday school, for Jesus' sake.

**STONEHOUSE.**—Mr. Westlake's Sunday school anniversary was June 19; Mr. Vaughan, and the pastor, preached. On June 29, the school excursion is to Mount George. As a steady, persevering minister, friend Westlake is a good example. Against much discouragement, he puts a cheerful courage on; and leans upon his God.

MR. J. B. McCURE.—MY DEAR BRETHREN:—It is with the greatest possible pleasure I have to inform you, that through the all-sustaining grace of God, I was enabled to remain with my late church in Sydney twelve months after my arrival, and perfected the great work begun—the freedom of the Lord's house from debt. The chapel is vested in trust, and secured for ever to the Particular and Strict Baptists in the names of JOHN BUNYAN McCURE; J. DICKSON; J. CLARK; G. WAGG; — PONT; H. Benley; J. COWLEY.

I have left the church in peace, and enjoying a measure of gospel prosperity. The people will be supplied by Mr. D. Allen, late of Melbourne, who is a man of God, and faithful in the gospel. Thus I rejoice that my labour has not been in vain. I remain, my dear brethren, yours for Christ's sake,

J. B. McCURE.

19, Windsor-road, Denmark-hill,  
Camberwell, London.

July 14, 1870.

MELBOURNE.—MR. BANKS. I was surprised on perusing letter in EARTHEN VESSEL for March, written by Mr. Stephens, of Melbourne, in which he exults in now having two ministers of truth in Melbourne: he has omitted to name our pastor. It is my pleasure to inform you, long before the ministers named in Mr. Stephens's letter, stood in Melbourne to advocate truth, we had been favoured with one of the Lord's servants for upwards of twenty years: one, from whom we have the truth in its entirety; who declares the whole counsel of God. Many in our midst are living witnesses of the Lord having sent him to preach; others having borne a precious testimony have gone to their rest. Our pastor has not laboured in vain: in the Lord's hand he has been instrumental in feeding and building up the church of God committed to his care. I refer to Mr. John Turner, pastor of the Particular Baptist church, corner of Lonsdale and Stephen's streets, Melbourne; late of Brighton, England. Yours respectfully,  
E. BLAKE.

Park street East, Emerald hill,  
Melbourne.

May 20th, 1870.

SIBLE HEDINGHAM.—At the anniversary of Rehoboth Sabbath school, we spent two profitable days. On Lord's day, 3rd, our brother James Howell, assisted by brother Smith, was blessedly helped to lift up his Master on the pole of the everlasting gospel, to large congregations. On the following Monday afternoon, the children enjoyed themselves in a meadow lent for the occasion. Tea was provided, and all passed off in a very orderly manner; friends enjoying themselves and felt quite at home. At the public meeting brother James Howell took the chair. The report shewed an increase of teachers and of scholars; our present numbers

being,—teachers, fifteen; scholars, one hundred and five. The meeting was addressed by the Superintendent, "My God shall supply all your need;" Mr. Wilson, Obedience to Parents; Mr. Wren, Christ's Obedience; Mr. Kemp, the Teachers; Mr. Morling on Patience, Punctuality, Perseverance; Mr. Smith, Parents. Collections good; so in all respects we can say it was the best public meeting that Rehoboth has witnessed. To our Triune God be all the praise, and may such tokens of His love and providential care lay us low at His feet in praise for the past, and a humble faith given to trust Him for the future, is the prayer of yours faithfully

J. D. BOWTELL.

LEDBURY.—Religion has not been fairly represented in this town by some who were hired, and paid, to render good service to the best of all causes; nevertheless, we have the Gospel now and then. On the 10th of July, Mr. Plaice, of White-stone, preached in our Baptist chapel, morning and evening; and in the open air in the afternoon. I am only a poor traveller; but I think, Mr. E. V. if you staunch men of truth would carry the Gospel out sometimes in a good temper, the common people would hear you.

ST. LUKE.—BETHESDA CHAPEL, LEVER STREET. Mr. J. T. Briscoe has resigned his pastorate of Bethesda, taken his farewell at Bethesda. Mr. Briscoe has graduated from the Sunday scholar to the teacher and superintendent; from the private member of the church to become deacon, then pastor, the latter office he has held about two years.

WOOLWICH.—A correspondent says: Last Sabbath morning (July 17th) Mr. C. Box, of Enon chapel, High street, Woolwich, announced his attention of retiring from the pastorate, which he has held, I think, over thirty years. The cause, is, I think, in a very low state.

PLUMSTEAD.—On Tuesday, June the 28th, Mr. J. Warren baptized five believers in the name of Father, Word, and Spirit. As a little church, we are happy and united, and the Word of the Lord is made a blessing in our midst. Yours very sincerely in truth and love.

JOHN CROWN.

GRAVESEND.—DEAR SIR, In justice to Mr. Shepherd, of Gravesend, I must say that though his name appeared in the *Gravesend Reporter* as being among the "Revs." on the platform, I have been told the announcement was an error.

THOMAS C. NICHOLS.

STOWMARKET.—An old Suffolk friend says, Mr. W. H. Lee, of London, has been preaching here in our pilgrim's lodge, in our villages, and places round about, and some heard him gladly.

# The Late Sir John Thwaites.

HIS BIRTH, PROGRESS IN LIFE, CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

“I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine, and whose life,  
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
That he is honest in the sacred cause.  
To such I render more than mere respect,  
Whose actions say, that they respect themselves.”

In the spirit of the above lines we devote some space to a brief review of the life and character of the above respected Sir John Thwaites. He was a man “that favoured the righteous cause;” also, as a public benefactor, his career and usefulness furnished a pattern of perseverance leading on to prosperity. If, however, the inward anxieties and crushing cares of his public life could be read, (as they cannot here) they would present a lesson to the Christian man, proving that it is exceedingly difficult to maintain a high state of spirituality of soul, when the mental and physical powers are intensely and perpetually burdened with the responsibilities of offices of weight and of worth in the civil and political affairs of a great city. That Sir John Thwaites was destined to accomplish reforms and improvements, essential to the health and commerce of London, must be apparent to all who will carefully peruse the following brief sketch of his life, from the literary pen of Mr. Wm. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, which we have been reluctantly compelled a little to condense. Mr. Winters says—

“The subject of this memoir, in conjunction with many others of a kindred spirit, has been vividly portrayed by Solomon, Prov. xxii. 29, viz., ‘Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.’ Which, if literally considered, might appear an incentive to fire the moral ambition of the young aspirant to reach the pinnacle of fame. But the stern realities of life are subject to the sovereign disposal of God, who puts down one and sets up another, and who has, moreover, endowed man with a modicum of intellect to fit him for the sphere in which he is to move in his progress onward; that God in all things might have the pre-eminence.

“Sir John Thwaites, the well-known Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, son of Mr. Christopher Thwaites, and Hannah, his wife, of Toddy Gill Hall, in the county of Westmoreland, was born at Meaburn House, in the same county, in the year 1815. Early in life he was sent to school at Reagill, but little is known of the height he attained in the proficiency of letters whilst there. He removed to London when quite young, and fought his way with the steady independence by which the northern yeomen are so eminently characterised. He soon entered into business in the woolen trade, having obtained a partnership in this branch, and the hand of his master's daughter. He devoted himself at leisure times in assisting the younger members of his society in their efforts to improve and educate themselves, and hence took an active part in the early closing movement. In this calling he laboured for many years, in order to obtain a respect-

able livelihood, both in the Borough and Oxford street. Whilst thus engaged, he was frequently employed on Boards of parochial committees in the metropolis, where he soon attracted the notice of eminent and public men, and subsequently became an intelligent participator in local administrations. About eighteen years ago, he was nominated as one of the members of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, in which he sat as the representative of Southwark. In December 1855, he was chosen as the first Chairman of the new established Metropolitan Board of Works, and was facetiously christened at the time as the "Senate of Sewers." In that capacity, it fell to his lot to superintend most of the important improvements in the streets, public buildings, and drainage of the metropolis. Although he met with so much success throughout, yet he did not entirely escape the stinging sarcasm of some, principally on account of his religion. But notwithstanding these aspersions, he continued to ascend till he reached the summit of affluence. When Mr. Aspley Pellatt first successfully contested Southwark, Sir John (then Mr.) Thwaites was the Chairman of his committee. In 1865, he received the honour of knighthood as a compliment to his high and respectable office upon the completion of the main drainage works, of which Lord Palmerston was so strong an advocate; and upon the subject of which Sir John Thwaites had then recently published a work entitled—*A Sketch of the History and Prospects of the Metropolitan Drainage Question*. Therein he winds up his powerful arguments in these words "Let the elect of two and a half millions reflect, that in their hands trembles the balance in which the health and happiness are weighed against the disease and misery of their fellow-citizens; upon their decision depends the welfare of myriads yet unborn. Great will be the glory of success, heavy the responsibility of failure. Nay, who shall venture to predict the awful results which may ensue should they falter in their task? Have not the ancient capitals of the east become in succession places of desolation? Babylon, Nineveh, Tyre, are not their very names synonymous with decay and death? Is not the former mistress of the world an unwholesome swamp, despite her sewers of Roman magnificence? And shall our great city escape the law, which enforces that our sins themselves inflict their punishment? The reflections of some future traveller from the antipodes on beholding the ruins of our capital have been anticipated by the pen of our eloquent historian; a yet more eloquent pen has prefigured the desolation of our capital's great anti-type. 'Is this your joyous city whose antiquity is of ancient days? her own feet shall carry her afar off to sojourn. Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth?' Isa. xxiii. 7, 8. On the opening of Victoria Embankment, it fell to Sir John Thwaites to receive the Royal party, and to present an address to the Prince of Wales, which he performed in a manner befitting the occasion. His salary as Chairman of the Board of Works was upwards of £1,500 per annum. Sir John attended (contrary to his medical attendant) the opening of the New Bridge over the Thames at Walton. He was very ill in the morning of that day, became worse while at Walton, and on arriving home, took to his bed, from which he did not rise, but expired on the 8th inst., at his residence, Meaburn House, Putney, in the 56th year of his age. His remains were interred at Nunhead cemetery. His

sudden death will be lamented by a large number of persons throughout London, especially on the Surrey side of the water, and among the many Strict Baptist causes in other places which he had ever been ready to assist as chairman at their public meetings. Sir John was what has been termed, an 'old fashioned Calvinist,' and a 'Strict and Particular Baptist.'

"He was a magistrate and a deputy-lieutenant for Middlesex; also a magistrate for Surrey; was twice married—first in 1836, to Harriet, daughter of Mr. William Bardwell, of Uggheshall, Suffolk; and secondly, in 1861, to Eliza, daughter of Mr. Daniel Woodruffe, of Harwich, and widow of Mr. B. Carington, M.D. He has left issue by his first wife three sons and one daughter.

*Abscripta est mors in victoriam.*

"Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS."

## SIR JOHN THWAITES AS A CHRISTIAN—A DEACON OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE, &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

Several friends having applied to me for information respecting the decease of my friend Sir John Thwaites, with whom we were associated for sixteen years in the office of deacon at the Surrey Tabernacle, I have sketched out a little of his Christian character. May the Lord sanctify the dispensation to his family and friends, and the circle in which he moved. Yours truly,

E. BUTT.

Denmark Terrace, Cold Harbour Lane, Camberwell.

The daily papers noticed the death of the late Sir John Thwaites, and the position he held in the world; some of the religious papers expressed admiration of his conduct as a citizen, but described him as a very rigid Strict Baptist, of advanced Calvinistic views. I have been thinking, and looking over a period of twenty-five years since I first became acquainted with Sir John Thwaites, then residing in the Borough of Southwark, and can say of him as a Christian and citizen of Zion—

"Thy charter of mercy and love,  
Jehovah's unchanging decree,  
Enrolled thy salvation above,  
And made thee eternally free."

In his earlier days, he attended the Poultry chapel; after which he united with the church at John street, Bedford row; Mr. Evans was then the minister. After some years, he became unsettled in his mind, and wandered about: the day of soul adversity was realized, when, after much deliberation he came to the Surrey Tabernacle; here he was led to ask whether all was right between him and God? Being at times like an owl in the desert, and a pelican in the wilderness; as a sparrow alone upon the house-top; enemies without and within; it was no easy matter to pray; he found that the flesh was the flesh still; that his strength was nothing but weakness; and when eternity appeared in view, all things seemed against him. At times he was led into a discovery of the greatness of the love of God; of the completeness of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ; he was enabled to appreciate the word spoken with some little pleasure and profit, under the ministry of Mr. James Wells; and was received as a member of the church April 8th, 1844. In the year 1847 he was chosen, with other brethren, to the office of deacon, which he held for sixteen years. On one occasion, at an annual church meeting, he was led to speak in a clear, concise, and experimental



manner, as to the way the Lord first began a work of grace in his heart ; the way he had been led along in the truth ; of his first acquaintance with Mr. Wells, and of the feelings he had towards the cause of the Surrey Tabernacle ; concluding with some remarks upon the stability and certainty of vital godliness, and of the ultimate end and destiny of all those who are one with Jesus. Many remember, with feelings of pleasure, that occasion. My friend devoted himself for some years to the cause of God at the Tabernacle ; and his services were appreciated by the people. The deacons were of one heart and of one mind ; their united desire being for the welfare and prosperity of Zion ; for this they laboured, and the Lord blessed them in the work. After a time, our friend removed some distance away ; his position in life brought great cares and anxieties ; he became much mixed up with the world ; and found (as many God-fearing men had done before him) it did not increase his spirituality of mind. Notwithstanding, Mr. Thwaites stood firm to his principles ; he was decided for the truth ; he knew by grace alone he was saved, through faith, and that not of himself ; it was the gift of God ; that he was a debtor to mercy alone. No other ministry satisfied him but that which dwelt upon the entire helplessness of the creature, and the alone ability of God Almighty to save him from first to last.

In 1863, he resigned his connection with the Tabernacle ; except occasionally attending. On Lord's-day morning, July 24th, he worshipped with us, and heard the word gladly. I believe it was the last sermon, or the last but one he ever heard ; he expressed himself, as he left the sanctuary, refreshed ; little expecting never to see us again. One extract from that discourse (No. 611 of our weekly sermon) will not be out of place here.

“ Our God is a covenant God ; he has formed a covenant of infinite wisdom and perfection in all its provisions. That covenant in its progress through time has never met with anything which the Lord did not foresee, and for which he was not prepared.

“ Our lives through various scenes (and very trying scenes some of them) are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares ;  
But his eternal thought moves on  
His undisturbed affairs.”

This seems applicable to our friend, who was so shortly to leave his worldly titles and take possession of that mansion prepared. I cannot give you any of his dying experience ; the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the power of the Holy Ghost. A few days brought him so prostrate that the medical men prohibited any one from seeing him ; his wife carried out their instruction. A little before he died, the question was put to him by Mrs. Thwaites, “ Is all well ? ” He answered, “ Yes,” It is recorded (and bless the Lord for it), “ These all died in faith.” On Saturday, August 13th, his funeral took place at Nunhead ; a very large number of old friends of the church and congregation at the Surrey Tabernacle assembled. Mr. John Foreman conducted the service. In looking at the grave these words came to my mind—

“ Why fear we then to trust  
The place where Jesus lay ?  
In quiet rests our brother's dust,  
And thus it seems to say—  
Forbear, my friends, to weep,  
Since death has lost its sting ;  
Those Christians that in Jesus sleep,  
Our God will with Him bring.”

The departure of one after another seems powerfully to say, “ Be ye also ready.”

EDWARD BUTT.

## SIR JOHN'S LAST DAYS.

WE frequently heard, of late, with much pleasure, that Sir John Thwaites was worshipping at the Surrey Tabernacle. We know a very near relative of

his had said, Sir John had never been happy since he left the ministry of his esteemed pastor, Mr. James Wells ; between whom and himself a deep-rooted Christian affection had for many years existed. Sir John had tried to satisfy his soul's desires for spiritual edification under different ministers, both in the National and in the Nonconforming churches ; but in vain ; and we considered his occasional visits to the Surrey Tabernacle, as strong evidence of three things ; first, he could not realize a settled rest in any of the places of worship to which he resorted ; his large and deeply-sanctified mind could not be happy under the superficial Gospels he became, in some measure, associated with, neither could he conscientiously countenance those long, stereotyped forms and ceremonies which must be waded through, ere he could listen to a sound, Gospel sermon, even from such a clergyman as Mr. Lush, who for doctrinal and experimental faithfulness has few, if any equals in the metropolis. Secondly, Sir John's rather frequent attendance under Mr. James Wells's ministry clearly proved to us that the GOSPEL of the grace of God, in the divine power of it, was of more importance to him than all this world, or even the professing churches could present to him. We believe Sir John Thwaites, for a long season, had the sentence of death in himself ; he knew, he felt he was a dying man, and *necessity*, a stern soul necessity, drove him to seek for those living streams of vital truth, where he well knew they flowed from that river whose streams do indeed make glad the city of God. And thirdly, Sir John's attendance again and again at the Surrey Tabernacle evinced a noble-minded manliness ; a spirit, which could rise above all the petty feelings of offended dignity ; a spirit which could forget the things which were behind ; and reaching forth unto those things which are before, he pressed toward the mark for the prize of his high calling which was of God in Christ Jesus.

"The proud person," saith Swinnoek, "is Satan's throne, and the idle man is Satan's pillow." In both these senses, in the case of Sir John Thwaites, Satan was dethroned. Sir John was made by nature for a proud man, and a lofty bearing became him, under special and peculiar circumstances ; but, the grace of God, the Spirit of Christ, the honest and hearty love of the truth, dismantled his inner man of every atom of unbecoming pride, and like a little child, he sat at the feet of Jesus, and gladly received of His words ; for Sir John had learned to prove very painfully the immense difference between the two distinctive lines of Paul—(1) the negative, "our Gospel came (not) unto you in word only ;" of which class there is an abundance of administrations in our day ; (2) there is the positive, "Our Gospel came to you also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance ;" and when Sir John Thwaites, after some few years' absence, resolved to return as often as he could to the ministry of his former pastor, he practically said, "I must have the Gospel in the truth of it, in the spirit of it, in the power of it, and therefore I must, in measure, retrace my steps.

How strong, how striking, the contrast between the Christian courage of Sir John, and those effeminate characters who, in iron-like, unbending, and unrelenting hardness, still maintain the prophetic exclamation of Jewish hypocrisy, "Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou." "These," saith the Almighty, "are a smoke in my nose, a fire that burneth all the day." And in the estimation of thousands in Christendom they are a smoke of a most unhappy kind.

As we stood around the large well-prepared grave of Sir John, on the 13th of August, we could not resist the thought, "What a glorious opportunity would this solemn occasion have afforded for good men to have met, and to have buried all minor differences ; and on the slender margin of time which yet awaits them, to have united not their testimonies only, but their honest and loving hearts and hands, over the grave of him who was such a practical admirer of all good and godly men.

A friend writes—"Sir John said not a word about his funeral, or who he would like to speak over him ; or well I know who he would have

preferred." Certainly, and, when the venerable Mr. John Foreman was invited to officiate at the funeral, if he had said, "I have no objection to take part in the solemn ceremony; but as our brother Wells was so many years Mr. Thwaites's pastor; as Sir John had partially returned to the Surrey Tabernacle; as the very last sermon he heard in this world was from the lips of brother James Wells; as on both recent occasions when our brother Wells was ill, Sir John visited him in the most friendly and kind manner; as brother Wells went specially to see Sir John only a few days before he died; and as it has been clearly manifest that Sir John preferred brother Wells's ministry before any other man in London, if, under all these considerations," brother John Foreman had said, "you invite brother Wells in conjunction with myself, to perform these last sad offices; then, over the grave of our mutual friend we will speak of God, and His covenant of grace, of Christ, and His eternal salvation; of the Holy Ghost, and His essential work; of the Gospel, and of its happy triumphs, so blessedly realized in the soul of the departed brother," and if in accordance with such well-becoming desire, these two brethren had thus officiated together, it would have made the entire body of people present on that occasion to weep for joy; and thousands through all our churches everywhere would have praised God for such expressions of unity, Christian love, and Christ-like behaviour.

We, alone, are responsible for these remarks. We have no favours to ask at the hands of any man which influence us in our editorial work. We can render equal honour to Mr. Foreman as to Mr. Wells. For many years they have both served the churches of truth to the best of their several powers; and thousands in our land, in America, in the colonies, and in other parts, bless the Lord for having so largely employed John Foreman and James Wells in the Gospel; and neither the bitter enmity of one party, nor the petty jealousy of the other, will ever destroy the blessedness which multitudes have found in the faithful testimonies of these valiant men of God, and we venture to affirm, that whoever took upon themselves to separate them on this solemn occasion inflicted great pain upon the minds of hundreds who witnessed with what difficulty Mr. Foreman fulfilled the task he had undertaken to perform by himself.

When we saw the immense body of highly-gifted citizens grouped in with hundreds of true Christians, who had come to pay their last tribute of respect to the late Sir John Thwaites, we could but sympathise with many who grieved to find such an opportunity for a faithful representation of the Gospel almost completely lost. But so it was, and sorrowfully disappointed did multitudes retire from the sides of that grave.

A word or two of his last days, and we must close. A correspondent says:—

"The last sermon or last but one he ever heard was at the Surrey Tabernacle, a fortnight before his death, which was Sunday morning, July 24th; the text was from Deut. xxviii. 47, 'Because thou servedst not the Lord thy God with joyfulness and with gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things;' of this sermon Sir John spoke highly. Lady Thwaites asked him a few hours before his death, if all was well? he said "yes." No one saw him to speak upon eternal things, or pray with him; nor am I aware he said anything during his last illness about his hope for a better world, though no Christian can doubt but all was well with him."

PUBLIC TESTIMONY TO THE VALUE OF SIR JOHN THWAITES AS CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF WORKS.

One of the newspapers said—

Sir John Thwaites is dead! Dying in the plenitude of his power, in the meridian of his life, with the great works, with which his name is associated, just realising to the Metropolis, what business-like capacity, pluck, doggedness, and perseverance may effect, there is not one but must regret his loss. He has had his share

of abuse for profuse expenditure of the rate-payers' cash; and a certain imperturbable haughtiness, and imperious manners have been laid to his account, but the business-like aptitude for the work he took in hand, and the intelligence he threw into everything relating to local administration, and the wants of the Metropolis, made men forget his little foibles, if he ever did indulge in them wittingly—therefore,

“According to his virtue let us use him,”

now his lamp is spent. John Thwaites may be buried beneath a nameless mound, the Thames Embankment and the Main Drainage are sufficient monuments of his worth, and his labours.

The loss of Sir John Thwaites will be severely felt at the Metropolitan Board of Works, where his business-like habits and earnest devotion to his duties were fully appreciated by his colleagues. For thirteen years he had held an office which exposed him to the vilification of many who were unacquainted with him personally and who held him responsible for works, when, in reality, he was but the instrument in the hands of others. Sir John was fallible, and therefore liable to error, but the mistakes he has made are nobly covered by the undoubtedly grand improvements which have been made in the metropolis. The Main Drainage, the Thames Embankment, the magnificent streets in all parts of London, remain as lasting monuments of his active exertions, and the grandest of modern improvements have been achieved during the thirteen years of office of a man whose proudest boast was that by his own vigorous exertions, strict integrity, and business habits, he had raised himself from a comparatively humble position to the proud one which he occupied for so many years.

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### THE FUNERAL.

The remains of Sir John Thwaites were interred at Nunhead cemetery, on Saturday afternoon, August 13th, 1870. The *cortège* consisted of the hearse, sixteen mourning coaches, and seven private carriages. Four of the mourning coaches contained the widow, relatives, and friends of the deceased; and twelve were occupied by gentlemen connected with the Metropolitan Board of Works. The grave, which is brick built, is in the Dissenters' ground, to the right of the path as you approach the chapel; on arriving at the chapel, the only service there was a prayer offered by Mr. Foreman. The massive coffin was then borne to the grave, where an immense body of persons had congregated. After the body had been laid in the house appointed for all living, an address was given by Mr. Foreman, who took for the foundation of his remarks, the words in Ecclesiastes viii. 12, “Surely I know it shall be well with them that fear God.” Reference was made to the deceased as a Christian, as a citizen, and as a man of remarkable mind, whose gifts had made room for him. “But after all, the speaker remarked, “The question now arose, was Sir John a good man?” He was; his whole life had been a demonstration to that fact. After some words of consolation and comfort to the family, prayer was offered; and the service closed.

We noticed in the cemetery grounds several ministers of the Gospel; among them, the brethren John Bunyan McCure, Joseph Warren, of Plumstead, Geo. Moyle, of Peckham, Lawrence, of Bermondsey, &c. Also Deacons Butt, Lawrence, Boulden, and a large company from the Surrey Tabernacle.

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## The Late Mr. Philpot, Mr. James Wells's Christian Experience, &c.

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[Everything ought to be done, which can be done, to lessen the ignorant and unhappy prejudices of some ministers against others. None of us are perfect; the more of the grace of God a man has in exercise, the more will he be humbled in himself; and the more will he desire to honour and to magnify the Person and Work of the Redeemer. The following letter is from a brother in the Lord, who for many years, has carried the cross. Let us read carefully a testimony like the following:]

Hadlow, June 17, 1870.

MR. EDITOR,—I would say a few words concerning the question asked Mr. Philpot, did he think Mr. Wells was a good man? According to the testimony Mr. Philpot received of the late John Warburton, Mr. Wells is a child of God. When he said, the Letter-men did the cutting down, but the bringing into liberty was reserved for the Lord's dear children; although this would amount to little or nothing with me; but when a minister is made manifest to my conscience, all that good or bad men say will not alter what I have received. But is there not much ignorance manifested in the term "Letter-men," and "the letter killeth?" Is there such a thing as the letter of the Gospel in distinction from the Gospel? Is it the Gospel or not the Gospel? is the question. There is not a word in the Bible against, or about Letter preachers, or Letter preaching of the Gospel; the only Letter preachers were ordained of God, as was Moses, which was, and is a ministration of death, but it was, and is glorious, as it was ordained of God; but the ministration of the Spirit so far exceeds the ministration of death, that the glory of the one is lost sight of when looking at this excellent glory of the ministration of the Spirit; therefore *all Letter-preaching applies only to the law*, and not in any wise to the Gospel. In my ignorance, when a boy, I called men Letter-preachers, and thought no one would go to Heaven but those who went to hear Mr. Crouch, of Pell Green chapel, Wadhurst, Sussex. I am well aware there are many who preach Jesus Christ as the way to be saved, who give but little or no evidence what it is, or how it is, a sinner is brought to see his necessity of God's salvation, but such preaching is calculated to build people up in a delusive hope, that it is their duty to believe the Gospel; but God first gives a man life, without any instrument to receive the things of the Spirit of God, for the Gospel was never intended to regenerate people. God does that, and then he is in a position in the Lord's time to receive the blessings of the Gospel and the sinner finds then that it is not in Word only but the power of God unto salvation. One remark here. When the Gospel is in word only, it is the Gospel, not the letter of the Gospel; and the children of God, though they mourn the absence of the power, still in their judgment, they know whether it is the Gospel or not. I have heard the remark about ministers say, like Judas, the Lord never sent him, but the Lord did send Judas, and who

would like to say the Word was not blessed that Judas preached? Surely the Lord used for a blessing, as the blessed truths preached by Balaam, have been the words by whom some of the Lord's family have realized freedom. The Lord is not beholden to any good man as an instrument to convey a blessing to his people, but I have believed for above twenty-five years that Mr. Wells is a child of God, and a minister of Jesus Christ for the following reason: I heard that a Mr. Wells was coming to preach at Tunbridge; this was the first time I had heard of him, they said he was a good preacher, but that he said sin could not hurt\* a child of God. I was not then aware how people will tell a part of what a minister says, and leave out what he said with it, neither was I aware how falsely they would speak (Mr. Wells denies having said so) but if he had, I could freely forgive him.

I heard him once say, it is well to be foxy, people would take you in if they could, that is, look out and not let them do so; but some said, and I believe to this day say that he said, be foxy and take people in; but the effect on me of sin not hurting a child of God was this, I felt for many days a longing desire to go and hear him; but the thought of his saying sin could not hurt a child of God, made me conclude he must be a bad man; and what to do about going to hear I did not know; however, I, with several others, walked about four miles to hear him, and all the way there I kept praying to God not to let me go with a prejudiced feeling, but to give him an impartial hearing, but this still stuck to me, he says sin cannot hurt a child of God. With these feelings I entered the chapel, and very strongly suspected that he was no better than the devil. He read a few verses in Zechariah, and commented on the horses black, white, grisled, and bay; he went to prayer for a few minutes, they sang a hymn, he then gave out his text, Isaiah lv. 3, "And I will make with you an everlasting covenant, even the sure mercies of David." He spoke a little of the literal covenant made with the Jews. Up to this time, my suspicion was not removed; he then spoke of the Covenant made with the Lord Jesus Christ; he said, "I must have a touch upon the doctrine of election;" he shewed the mercy of such a doctrine, the everlasting love of God to his people before the foundation of the world. While he was thus speaking, my heart leaped for joy, whilst the tears rolled down my cheeks. I wept to the praise of the mercy I found; or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariot of Amminadib. I had known from a child that the doctrine of election was a truth of the Bible. I used to go with my parents to hear Mr. Crouch, at Pell Green, of which I could say much, but I did not love it, though I knew it was true. Since that I had felt the necessity of such a doctrine, but now I received the truth in the love of it, in such a blessed manner, that I was so full of joy and peace, with the overflowing goodness of the love of God shed abroad in my heart, I felt as happy as I think I could this side of heaven; it was indeed sweet to be nothing, and God everything, and there was scarce a

\* Mr. Wells does not, and never did hold such a vile, wicked, and diabolical sentiment as that sin can do the child of God no hurt. He holds that sin does all the harm; whether to a child of God or any one else; he does hold that even for a child of God to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves, is perfectly scriptural. But to set a contradiction over against all the misrepresentations that have been so freely made of Mr. Wells, would require almost a volume, and if there are but few righteous Judges on earth, there is in heaven a righteous judge, and He is Judge of all.

day for six months, but what I felt a sweet humbling before God, as one who had obtained mercy, the loving kindness of the Lord was too great; the savour and power so rested on me, that even to this day it seems refreshing to think upon it. I could then with all my heart seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, believing that all temporal necessity would be added unto me. Many times since, when thinking or relating the above circumstance, have I felt overcome with God's goodness towards me, one of the basest of men, by painful experience, proving that without Christ, I can do nothing pleasing or acceptable to God. I therefore received the truth, and Mr. Wells with it in my heart that I believe will never depart out of it again; but I don't mean by this that Mr. Wells never says anything wrong, I have not that view of myself or any man. Jesus Christ alone is the only perfect preacher, ALL HIS OWN SENT SERVANTS say something that the Holy Spirit has not led them into; although I was told a few years ago, that if I heard a "Standard" man, I should never hear anything wrong, and one he named as a specimen, I knew had said more than was true, when speaking of his own experience. At the close of a very good sermon, he spoke a little of his own experience, saying, that the thoughts of the Almighty had not been off his mind for one five minutes, sleep or awake, for the last twenty years. Who can believe it? But I do not by this mean to cast a reproach on him, as I am quite sure that a child of God may tell his experience under a feeling of God's goodness towards him, and at another time speak of it boastingly, implying that scarce anyone has had such a deep experience. Such is the pride of the human heart; neither can I reconcile the statement sometimes made that a minister has a text come to him with such power, and then say scarce ten words upon it. When I have heard such things, I have very naturally supposed that God had with power applied a text for them to preach from; but how disappointed when they have begun talking about their family affairs, and how their flesh has crawled to see dogs following men for the purpose of dog-fighting, they themselves having been dog-fighters and prize-fighters, and have finished their statement with, "I quite forgot to look at my text;" but I do not write these things with a reflection upon only some few "Standard" men, for in many things we offend all. For was it the Lord's will I should be glad to see thousands who are dead in sin, and dead while professing to be followers of the Lamb of God, brought to bow down to the discriminating truths of the Bible as preached by "Standard" preachers. I never heard one yet lay a man too low, or exalt Christ too high, and many of them preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and shew, evidentially, who are interested in it, but the folly of some is preaching themselves when they are not aware of it, relating again and again their dreadful feelings, their family trials, and condemning others they have never seen, their faith pinned to what the late editor of the "Standard" said, of whom had he known them, or Mr. Huntington, neither would hardly liked to have owned them; they are in bonds and shackles, not free, through the fear of man, which bringeth a snare. A hearer a short time ago said he believed in the doctrine of annihilation, but said he would give it up if Mr. Philpot said it was wrong. I know a minister now that used to wait to hear what Mr. Philpot's opinion was, before he would give any view of his own; with all due respect to the ability, learning, and knowledge of Mr. Philpot, but such is trusting to an arm of flesh.

I would just say a word of what I felt towards the people at the Baptist chapel, Hadlow. When I came here about twenty-eight years ago, my wife asked me if I was going to any place of worship. I said I shall not go to Church, nor to the Wesleyan chapel, and I said, "I dare say they are only a letter lot at the Baptist chapel." However, I went there, and continued to go there for some time, and as the late Mr. Crowhurst at times spoke of hell and damnation, I used to feel as hard as the seat I sat on, but when he spoke of Jesus Christ, it had a softening effect; I felt a guilty sinner, and a mercy that I was out of hell, and could not help hoping God would some day speak pardon to my soul, my prayer to Him was that he would give me a token if I was his child, and to bring it about in that way, that it might be satisfactory to me, that I might become a member of the church at Hadlow, without my doing any part to further it towards being one. I wanted God alone to decide it. I had been in this state about a year and nine months, when one Lord's-day evening, my wife's sister, and a young woman and her brother, who was a very joking young man, took tea at our house. I could not help laughing at the jokes, but it was with the heartache, and a guilty conscience. I had not courage enough to express my disapprobation, but seemingly encouraged them; they went to chapel, I followed by myself, feeling more than lip confession, a thorough hell deserving sinner, and concluded that I should surely be lost. As I went along, I felt, like the door on its hinges, going to and fro, I thought I might as well go into the world and have all the comfort I could get there, for I should certainly have none in the next. With these thoughts, with my hand on the handle of the door, not knowing whether to turn back or go in, when this thought came, I can but go to hell if I go to chapel, I opened the door and went in and sat down; they were singing as I went in, the next verse given out (by George Crittle, the late deacon of Hadlow chapel) was

I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try;  
But if I stop away, I know  
I must for ever die.

I felt all my horrible feelings gone, which were all but in hell. Now it was feelingly all but in heaven, it seemed so manifest to me that the Lord was there, that it was predestinated from before the foundation of the world, that that hymn should be given out, and by G. Crittle: that it was a set time to favour Zion; it was an experimental favour to me. Oh, how precious Christ was to me; it was all mercy; I felt as though I was melting away in the goodness of God. Where could merit come in here, when half an hour before I was laughing at sinful conversation? Here was no confidence in the flesh, but truly I rejoiced in Christ Jesus; however, I begged of the Lord to give me another token; I reminded Him of Gideon, how he first had the fleece wet, and then asked to have it dry.

Three weeks from the above, I went home from chapel in the afternoon, sat down to a table, and opened upon the words, "The full soul loatheth the honeycomb, but to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet;" and let me go to whatever part of the Bible, these words were uppermost with me for an hour. After tea, I went again to chapel, when Mr. Crowhurst got up and gave out the very words for a text,



("the full soul," &c.,) they came with all that sweetness and power I received three weeks ago; I could say, "Enough, Lord, this will do, this is what I wanted." Mr. Crowhurst was driven for a text that night, he had preached from it about twenty years before that. A man just for his bare word's sake, went that night to chapel, as he told me he would do nine weeks before; this was his last Sunday night at Hadlow, I could see he was the full soul, and that I was the hungry one, and the Lord certainly fed me with the honeycomb that night. I had some conversation at times with Mr. Crowhurst, upon the things of God, but never gave the least hint to him or anyone else, that I should like to be baptized. One Saturday evening, he came to see me, I was not at home, he left word he would like to see me on the Lord's-day morning. I went and saw him, we conversed for about half an hour, when he got up out of his chair and said, "I shall propose you to the church." I was struck dumb, I could not say yes; and as I wanted it brought about without my helping or forwarding, I could not say no; the result was, I was received, and knowing that the Lord has blessed my soul, honoured me with His presence, the place is holy ground to me, and I hope ever to take my shoes off when I go there or elsewhere to worship God. I do not mean by this I think anything of bricks and mortar, but that I cannot help feeling attached to the place, and I also feel an union to those I believe to be children of God, and I even wish to be kept from feeling contemptuous or sneering of others that are still dead in trespasses and sin, for this is Arminianism in one form, for if God has made me to differ from others I have nothing to boast of, it is always a truth, it is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed. I have known but little for many years of that sweet communion I had twenty years ago, and if a growing acquaintance with a knowledge of our vile selves; still, finding the longer we live, we are worse than we thought or knew years ago, is growing in grace; then it appears to me I must after all know what it is. I am sorry to say I do not seem to trust God as I used to do; I am a miserable man, and have been for years, with but a little reviving now and then, and if I judged from my feelings there is not a day but what I should conclude I should go to hell, but I dare not say from past experience that I believe I shall be lost, there will be enough to sing about salvation to all eternity.

Should you feel disposed to insert this, you are at liberty to do so, or if you think it only fit to burn, do so, and forgive my troubling you with it. I remain, yours in Gospel bonds,

G. R. SEGAR.

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THE EFFORT TO MAKE OUR BAPTIST HOMES A KIND OF NOAH'S ARK.  
SEE TO IT.

"This is a people robbed and spoiled."—Isaiah xlii. 22.

If there is any such people on the face of the land, it is the Strict Baptists, *i.e.*, Baptists who abide strictly by what they believe to be taught by precept and precedent in the New Testament. How many chapels have they built out of which they have been driven, through fickle, weak, and time-serving preachers, and by proud, worldly professors, who, under pretence of charity and liberality, tear up the

landmarks of Zion, and open her gates wide enough to admit intruders of all creeds and no creed, who covet the name of Christ, which is respectable, but shirk the cross of Christ which is an offence. Where is the honesty of the men who take money on false pretences as for building a Baptist meeting house, which, as soon as it built, they alienate from its declared purpose? or of those who craftily undermine the constitution of a church and the faith of its weak members, so as to get a majority against that which for many long years has been accepted, preached, and maintained as the law of the Lord's house? Is this to go on through all time? are the conscientious consistent adherents of Baptist principles to be snubbed on their own ground, or to be summarily evicted as trespassers on another's premises? We know a judge gave an unsound judgment on a case submitted to him, in which he repudiated law and equity, taking as his rule what he called "the liberality of the times." This reminded us of the decision of a French judge during the reign of terror, when a citizen was charged with taking forcible possession of another citizen's house. The complainant offered evidence to the effect that he inherited the house from his father, who inherited it from *his* father. "Why," said the French vice-chancellor, "you are proving the defendant's case; the liberality of the times goes for the claim of your opponent, your family having held the property for several generations the liberality of the times rules for taking turn and turn about." It has been hinted the Frenchman's communistic dictum ought to be in force even in England. We cannot see it, and we decidedly demur to its adoption in the church. Ask anyone who knows his mother tongue what is a Baptist, he will certainly reply, "one who holds the baptism of believers by immersion." Ask further what is a Baptist church? and perhaps he will smile at your simplicity as he says, "why a united company of Baptists to be sure." And if you choose to go on interrogating, and ask what is an Independent, you will be told it is one who practises infant baptism, and an Independent church is a society of Independents. We have never known a case in which Baptists have invaded the freehold of the Independents. Why should any of contrary opinions annoy the Baptists, and by trickery and wheedling, oust them from their religious homes? Of course we shall be told that all that is aimed at is to make the Baptist's home a sort of Noah's ark, in which animals of all kinds shall herd together, albeit their instincts are totally dissimilar. We take leave to protest against this hibernian reciprocity, "all on one side!" could they not try it on the Quakers? None more philanthropic than they. Nay, we sometimes think we should like a leaf or two out of their book. We should like to see these pious levellers worming themselves into a Quaker community; we should speedily behold a new touch of an old tale, "keep thy own ship, friend!" Aye, but the Quakers don't keep a table, and the Baptists do, and our disturbers say let us come to the table, it is the Lord's table, and we are the Lord's people, and you have no right to forbid us. It is just because it is the Lord's table we fence it against those who do not approach it in the Lord's way. To us nothing is plainer than that under the first preaching of the Gospel, those who received the Word were baptized, professing their faith in the Saviour, and being joined together in one spirit, they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and

in breaking of bread and in prayers. This is the order of Scriptural Baptist churches to this day. Repentance, faith, baptism, the Supper of the Lord. We have yet to learn where authority is given to men to change that order.

In reference to baptism, they say they have been baptized; they have no memory of it, and it was by no consent of theirs; but they have been told that they had something done to them in their babyhood, and that *something* was called baptism. Call it what they will, we do not call it, nor accept it as Christian Baptism in any sense of the word. Lastly, they upbraid us with being bigots and exceedingly uncharitable. We candidly confess we are not like the feigned character in the play who said he liked to be despised; nor is our piety so refined as to oblige us to gratitude for reproach, but we are comforted by the thought that hard words break no bones, and we know a large proportion of unjust censure babbled in coteries polite and rude has its source in ignorance of persons and facts. If by charity is meant a belief of all things in general and nothing in particular, a quiet ignoring of the distinguishing doctrines of grace, a slipshod loyalty that affects a sensitive regard for one of the King's commands, while it pooh poohs another command equally binding; greater complacency for human prejudices and enmities against the truth than for the truth itself, and Him whose honour is bound up in the truth, if this is what they mean by charity we own to the impeachment, and admit that we are uncharitable, and have no wish to be otherwise; but if charity stands for good-will to men of all classes and colours, a disposition to construe their actions liberally, to entertain the best hopes of all who profess to hold the head, and willingness to refer all difficult and doubtful matters to the ultimate judgment of the Searcher of hearts without an unwarrantable forestalling of the same, if this be charity, genuine Christian charity, we firmly believe we have a larger share of it than the generality of those that denounce us as uncharitable bigots. We pray, and pray heartily, "Grace be with all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." It is no offence to the spirit of that prayer to protest against the shilly-shallying of unstable men, in or out of the ministry, who, to curry favour, gain popularity, or from any other motive, better or worse, do that which is unjust, foster schism, and weaken faith in the integrity of Christian men. Latitudinarianism is the shame of our times. English episcopacy, which assumed to be horn of the Reformation, and retains Reformation tenets in its articles, is now decreed by the chief exponent of its laws to be essentially Popish, and sufficiently elastic to embrace every shade of belief, real or pretended. Daniel O'Connell's sarcastic compliment on the English Church is no longer a jeer. He was fond of quoting the sentiment—

" It is the best of the reformed,  
Because re-formed the least."

Were the facetious barrister still living, he might be Dean of Arches. And in the different sections of dissent we see a little more of the same vague generalizing drift. In their serials we find weekly, philosophical theories, laboured theses in disproof of New Covenant truths, derisive flings at "the elect," and exultant assurances that Calvinism is in a moribund stage and will soon be buried out of sight. Their large

charity smacks as strongly of reprobation as any hyper-Calvinistic sermon we ever read. Occasionally they give us able anti-Popish papers but it is the Pope's popery, political popery, their zeal attacks; the reformers aimed *their blows* at Popish Pelagian doctrine, and were wonderfully successful; these modern champions of Protestantism disdain the weapons of Luther and his coadjutors, and are sadly unsuccessful. We believe Antichrist must be assailed and slain by the force of Christ's truth, the sword of his mouth. Looking at the several encampments of profession we see no inducement to change our own for any one of them. We must dwell alone, as did Israel of old. We do not covet our neighbours' dwellings, we beg they will not covet ours. We are no pirates flaunting false colours. We never veil our opinions, though by doing so we might escape censure. We are Baptists, Calvinistic Baptists, believers of the free-grace doctrines taught by Christ and his apostles, and no less believers in the divine order the Redeemer of the church instituted for its government. God help us to hold fast our profession, to resist error by whomsoever propounded, to take no part in modernizing "the old commandment, the word we have heard from the beginning."

Earnestly would we warn our young brethren against menpleasing at the cost of their own consistency. We have seen, almost always, when the communion condition is relinquished, other defections go in company, and the ministry becomes pointless, and powerless, and even when that has not been the case, the man has worked in bonds and his acceptance with established Christians has diminished. We could name more than one good man of this generation whose usefulness and happiness were sorely impaired through vacillation on this particular. We claim no dominion over the faith and practice of any, but we accept in its fullest integrity, the maxim of the Apostle James, "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." See to it.

T. JONES.

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## Arthur Triggs and Samuel Rutherford on the Person of Christ.

[Brother Taylor has sent us the following fragments, which are excellent for serious meditation.—ED.]

### ARTHUR TRIGGS ON THE SONSHIP OF CHRIST.

"Though He were a son, yet learned He obedience by the things that He suffered."—Hebrews v. 8.

Crosby Row, March 29, 1859.

NOTE—Now I wish you to read your Bibles for yourselves, and may God make you and me very particular about his truth. I never find the Holy Ghost in all my Bible saying it was the human nature that suffered; you may talk about it as you please; this is God's testimony, whether you like it or no. I read (and it is most precious) of the sufferings of Christ, "Who is Christ?" Immanuel, God with us. "Who is Christ?" the Son of God, sent by the Father, who took human nature

into union with Himself. "What is the blessedness?" "As the sufferings of Christ (not of the human nature) abound in us, so our consolation aboundeth by Christ." These are among our glorious mercies; now hear Paul: "That I may know Him;" no distinction, no Christ divided, but God and man One Person; "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable to His death." Not the death of the human nature, but the death of the Son of God, Immanuel, God with us, who lived and died, and rose again, and lives eternally for us with God in glory. It is the "Person of Christ," "the sufferings of Christ," "the work of Christ," "the office of Christ," "the death of Christ;" and "they crucified the Lord of Glory," and killed "the Prince of Life." These are God's testimonies, and happy is that man that can set to his seal (from a reception of them in his own soul) that God is true.

We find that God so assimilated Himself with our nature, and took that nature up into union with his eternal Godhead, that in Him, the breach that was made by sin is so healed, that we meet with God in the person of our most glorious Christ. "Here will I meet with you, and commune with you." Only read that ancient chapter, about ancient things of eternal duration, and the secrets of God, how they are stated in Proverbs viii., you will never fathom its unfathomable depth. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways." Then you observe there was union between the Father and the Son; He did not take him into possession as he took you and me, members, but "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways." "I and my Father are one."

A sweet and savory discourse throughout, rich in experience; blessed Spirit, be a remembrancer of this rich discourse in my poor soul.

[It was the last but two or three that he preached.]

#### SAMUEL RUTHERFORD ON THE PERSON OF THE SON OF GOD. (1634.)

You may ask, what power had Christ to give His manhood to die for others? This would seem to be against justice; as a king's subject has not power to slay himself because in so doing, he takes a subject from his prince. Answer, the subject is not altogether his own, he owes his life to his king, and may not dispose of it, except he fall against the king. But, howbeit the manhood was God's creature, yet it was by the law of a personal union God's manhood, and God's flesh and blood; and the Godhead gave to the manhood absolute power to give His life for men, and to pledge Himself as the price of our redemption. See, then, here a sweet mystery; the Godhead furnished the sum to Jesus, and gave Him the price to pay, and the manhood gave it back to Justice as suffering and dead for a ransom. Law furnished the sum, and Justice received it, and gave Christ our bond to tear in pieces. God's wise will is the rule of all justice; God made the first covenant, that Adam should be legally for us; and the second covenant was so contrived, that Christ should be for us. For Christ's manhood has a personality, not of its own, but of the Godhead, and by the law of a personal union, Christ should enjoy Himself.

Now, because Christ had a legal personality from us, and as in His

Person, under his sufferings, he enjoyed not the fruits of that personality, but was plunged in fear and horror, while he said, "What shall I say?" John xii., yet, the Godhead, so to speak, was like cork, to make the manhood to swim above, that it was not swallowed up with God's infinite wrath, and the manhood had personal legality from us, to bear the strokes by law due to us.

Now to understand this the better, note, that His sitting, as God, upon His Father's right hand, is but the open manifestation of His glory, which he had before the world was, His rising as a man to this estate hath two steps going before it.

1. The nature of man in Christ is made of the same metal or substance with our nature, and therefore deserved a personal union, and therefore the God of grace raised the manhood above itself to be married to the Godhead. This is the first step of the headship spoken of in Hebrews i., "For God indeed lifted man above Himself in giving to the manhood no created personality, but the personality of the Godhead, so as that blessed manhood should subsist in the infinite personality of the Godhead, that the man Christ, and the Godhead, should be one person."

[Brother Taylor, send the other.—ED.]

## What was in that Cup?

### CHAPTER XXI.

"Who doest desire to Life to come, by Death to be restored,  
 Recorde alway in mindful heart the death of Christ, thy Lord.  
 His Death gave Life; and he that died did on his Crosse alone  
 Bring everlasting Life to those that him believe upon.  
 But though by means of it, his Crosse, this death was brought to passe,  
 Yet ought not Crosse in steade thereof to holde the sacred place.  
 A perfect triumph ouer Death, this Death did once atchieue:  
 But the materiall Crosse, to Life no help at all doth giue.  
 This death doth bring a full release unto the grieved minde;  
 But in the framed Crosse of wood, no comfort is to finde.  
 The markes of this most holsome Death, the faithful hearts do beare;  
 The marke of formed Crosse, God wore, is but untrusty gear.  
 With godly men this death for aye, in honour shall abyde;  
 Of godly men, the shapen Crosse is to be laid asyde.  
 Least this good Death that bringeth Life, should slip out of our minde,  
 He of his sacred body, hath his supper left behinde.  
 This as a pledge to strength our soules is poynted to endure;  
 And this alone ordayned to be in dayly use most sure.  
 Our Paster Christ commanded not the Crosse, be holden so;  
 But where this Supper is in place, the Crosse may be let go.  
 But of the Crosse some monument if we desire to see,  
 The liuely members of our Christ, to Crosse styll subject be.  
 If liuely ones want force ynough to moue our rusty minde;  
 Alas, in liuelesse Signes, what force of credite, shall we finde?  
 The faythfull sorte content themselves, with Signes yscene with eye,  
 Euen while the Patter signified is wholly lost thereby.  
 So them, that should by liuely voyce haue learned the truth to know,  
 The forged Image euermore doth into errour throw.  
 Shall they whome God that doth descende into the godly brost,  
 Doth not so make they call to minde the dutie they profest:  
 Shall they forsooth in heart be brought to holde the same aright

By sicklie forme of Creature, subject to erring sight ?  
 Yet is not here the end of ylles. For hereof doth ensue  
 Far worse effect false Worship done, where it was never due.  
 For after once a forme of Crosse, is made by workeman's arte,  
 So Stockes and Stones, as heauenly Gods them honour they imparte.  
 But if with the precious Metall it be garnisht to the eye,  
 A double Idoll of our Crosse, is honorde by and by.  
 Let him therefore that dyed on Crosse, deuoutly be adorde,  
 And let materiall Crosse, be farre from us, that feare the Lorde."

THE above ancient and quaint lines were composed in Latin 300 years ago, by one James Calphill, a native of Edinburgh. You must read the lines with care and distinction; then, you will find they rebuke the custom of visible, external, and material crosses; while they exalt and declare that the life of the church springs out of THE DEATH of THE CHRIST, the most precious and everlastingly-beloved Son of the Father. This James Calphill, or "Cawfield," as the English called him, was, at an early age, a preacher at Paul's Cross on the Sunday nights; and history tells us that his knowledge of Jesus Christ, his faith in Jesus Christ, his love to Jesus Christ; his zeal for the pure Gospel of Christ; and his eloquence in proclaiming salvation for seeking sinners alone by the Person, Obedience, Sufferings, and Intercession of the Lord Jesus, filled his audience with admiration; yea, so powerfully ravishing to the minds of his hearers was his ministry, that he moved them to tears; and they exclaimed, "We are bound to thank God, who hath raised up such young imps to publish the name of Jesus Christ." The old record says of this young Cawfield, "his excellent tongue, his rhetorical taste, his wholesome doctrine, his earnest development of the doctrines of Calvin, rendered him so powerful amongst the people, that in 1570, exactly 300 years ago, he was nominated to the bishopric of London; but, "before the nomination was acted upon, God took him to a higher and a better place." Thus, in the early vigour of his days, just as his whole soul was burning with the most sacred passion to hold up the true Gospel, his earthly race suddenly came to an end; but not before he had given to the church his exhaustive testimony, "A Treatise of the Cross," a rare work in these days; one closing prefatory paragraph is all I may give now. After contending against the errors of the false Romanists, he says—

"Wherefore, to conclude, the only swete water to quench our thyrsts must be set from the fountayne of God's eternal wyl. There is the well that springeth up into euerlasting life. Beware of the puddle of men's traditions: it infecteth ofte, selde it refresheth. We must not use the pretexte of custome, but enquire for that which is right and good. If anything be good, if it profit and edify the Church of Christ, let it be receued, yea, though it be strange. If anything be hurtful and preiudiciall to the true simplicitie of the Gospell, let it be abandoned, though xv hundreth yeares custome haue confirmed it. For my part I craue no further credit than the Christian conscience grounded on the Word of God shal of indifferency and good graunt me. The Lord directe your hearts in his loue and feare: confound Sathan with all hys wickednesse; and giue the glory only to Christ. His name be prayed for euer and euer. So be it."

Oh! how I have longed to find this spirit in the northern districts where I have been travelling of late; but, "the puddle of men's

traditions" so infects the judgment of the folk, that the Gospel of the blessed God can scarcely be allowed to breathe. I declare I have feared that Satan, the world, the schools of philosophy, and the manufacturing colleges, are all united to strangle the truths of the Eternal God.

Still, the Spirit of the Lord is here and there to be found. One Saturday morning, while I was in Newcastle, a good brother came to my door, and asked me to come over and see his afflicted wife; so, over I went; and after a little while, the dear woman told me what a sleepless night of suffering she had passed through; but she said, "My meditation of Him was sweet; for, as I was rolling and turning, the words of good Job came to my mind so blessedly, 'I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but *now, mine eye* SEETH THEE.'" She expatiated on these words in a way thoroughly spiritual. Said she, "I saw Him in the garden, I saw Him on the cross, I saw Him in His intercession, and the sight in the eye of my mind was grand and blessed."

This was the sweetest sound (I thought) I had heard all the five weeks I had been in Newcastle. We conversed a little and parted; and to myself I said, Surely that dear soul is ripening for glory. How many, like this daughter of Abraham, have "songs in the night," soul-comforting views of Jesus, and sounds from the lasting hills, none of us can tell; but this visit convinced me, the Lord liveth; yes, and "blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted;" for, none saveth like Him; He remembered us in our low estate, and His mercy endureth for ever. This short chapter proveth, first, that in every age Jesus Christ has had His faithful witnesses; secondly, that, sometimes the fire of the Spirit in a choice vessel of mercy doth speedily consume the outer man, as in young Crawfield's early death. And, thirdly, that in the chambers of sickness you may often find the work and witness of the Spirit, who unto the seeking seed of Israel the Holy Comforter doth still take of the things of Jesus, and shew them unto His heirs. For renewed and blessed manifestations of His glorious Person panteth the oft-times sorrowful heart of the church's waiting servant,

C. W. B.

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## LETTERS ON THE GOSPEL MINISTRY TO TIMOTHY.

BY BARTIMEUS.

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### LETTER IV.

WHAT MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL OUGHT TO BE AND DO;  
 WHAT DEACONS OF CHURCHES OUGHT TO BE AND DO;  
 WHAT MEMBERS OF CHURCHES OUGHT TO BE AND DO;  
 WHAT CONGREGATIONS OUGHT TO BE AND DO.

To TIMOTHY:

Now brother Timothy, have you well thought over my last, and are you up early in the morning, and prayerfully at the Holy Scriptures; gaining *meanings*, so as fully to possess your subject before you ascend the pulpit? Look well to the natural divisions of your subjects, let not your main divisions, or your sub-divisions, be too numerous, or your



subject will be all head and no heart ; instead of being weighty it will be light and insipid ; try to discover the expressed or implied divisions in the text itself. For instance, suppose your text should be, " And of His fulness have all received and grace for grace." Suppose you divided it thus—first, the persons, and second, the fulness ; third, the acceptance, grace ; fourth, the order, grace for grace. I have heard it divided like this, and a number of sub-divisions added to these main divisions, and the result was as might have been expected, confusion, and the minister so bewildered, and the people too, that he knew not his firstly from his thirdly. Now look to the main drift of the subject contained in the words, and you will see that the words of the text present two main divisions. First, the fulness of grace ; and secondly, the order of reception, grace for grace ; fulness would impress upon your mind these two thoughts ; completeness, that is, completeness of the work of Christ ; and secondly, sufficiency, that is, sufficiency of His grace. Upon each of these sub-divisions, fulness and sufficiency, you would find plenty of scriptures, as well as a place for the same in the necessities of the people of God, and so would you feed the sheep and the lambs too.

Then upon the order of reception, in this part, you could go to the Israelites, and shew how the faithful, all-believing Israelites received favor and favor, from the first favour in Egypt, to the favour that at last gave him the promised land. And as those favours were a shadow of better things to come, you could easily show how these apply to the Christian ; and so your hearer would go away with a pretty distinct and clear impression of what you have been aiming at ; he would think of the fulness and the sufficiency in the first part of your subject, and of the succession of favours as set before him in the second part of your subject. And you would, as you went along in the second part of your subject shew that as the people glorified for and by one mercy, how he readily grants them another favour. You would think of the leper that returned to give thanks, but after all you must accustom yourself to judge for yourself ; you may, from some texts with clearness and propriety, have four or five main divisions, and twice that number of sub-divisions, or no sub-divisions at all ; no rule can be laid down for this department in managing your subject. But always, whether your divisions be few or many, always aim to be *clear*, there is no force without clearness ; make it laborious to your hearer to understand you, and the interest is at an end ; but be so clear that it is all but impossible to misunderstand you. Upon experience, upon doctrine, and upon practice, the plainer the better ; your aim is not merely to inform the people, your aim is the conversion to God of the souls of men ; to help them much who have believed through grace.

The next thing to clearness is the management of your voice ; the greatest danger generally is a superfluity of loudness ; some get up to the very top of their voice, and keep at one enormously loud pitch all through the sermon, and the result is, that this awful noise drowns everything else, and the people hear a great noise, and hardly know what it is all about. How often do we hear loudness enough in a place with about two hundred people for a place that would hold ten thousand, and when the noise ceases, two thirds of the people find it to be quite a relief, and they are glad because they are quiet ; and the nervous hearers are little short of martyrs to this lamentable waste of voice, while the

poor minister thinks he is preaching powerfully, because he is preaching so noisily. But this great noise is a great hindrance to a minister's success; and especially when there are confusions and great poverty of thought, no such power can ever succeed to any extent, and then on the other hand, there are some so low, dull, and monotonous, and lackadaisical, that they seem determined to send what few hearers they have off into a sound sleep, until one among them snores so outrageously as to wake all the rest, but they soon drop off again until the clerk sounds the pitch pipe for the last hymn. Now all this is the fault of the minister, and a very great fault it is. Now, my good Timothy, you will not sink into this morbid spirit or manner. Nor does this evil abound so much as the evil of a painfully noisy way of preaching. Whenever the voice is raised very high, it should not last very long; but still it is pleasant to hear a ready speaker, one whose heart and soul is in his subject. As I have said, get well master of your subject; then as a general rule, allowing some exceptions even here, but as a general rule, when thoroughly master of your subject, words will flow fast enough. Nor does the hearer mind your being rather rapid providing each word is distinctly pronounced, and the meaning made clear; but if you are so rapid as partly to put yourself out of breath, the hearer perceives it, and it destroys all his pleasure in hearing. To meet acceptably the outward ear of the hearer, your delivery must be ready, easy, and varied, as the more emphatic, or less emphatic parts demand; do not make light of this for your manner of delivery will tell for you or against you, with greater force than at present you may be aware of. If you make yourself disagreeable to the outward ear of your hearer, you throw a mighty impediment in your own way, and which will hinder you much in the public service of God. Be natural, do not try to be another; whatever is natural you follow, only do so with judgment, and modify as well as you can what seems detrimental. I am of course, in this, speaking after the manner of men, and well know, after all, it lies with the power of God; but nevertheless, words are the instruments you have to use, and to use words with propriety, and to express yourself readily, not hurriedly but readily, and clearly, and earnestly, will tell much on the side of usefulness, and this usefulness is the end ever to be aimed at; use words enough to make your meaning clear; better a little redundancy here than deficiency, but not too redundant. For when once the meaning you have in hand is made clear, and people fully comprehend the same, all words after this encumber and weaken the force of what you had already made plain. Once more then I will remind you of the importance of a right manner of delivery. You shall hear two persons narrate the same story, the one by his manner of stating it will intensely interest you, and cause you most vividly to realize the scene and circumstance that he relates, you feel sorry that the story was not longer. Another shall narrate the same story, but in a way that you have scarcely patience to listen. Just so in the pulpit. See then the importance of a commanding delivery, but you can never deeply interest others unless your own soul be thrown into the work. Hence the advantage of being master of your subject.

I will in concluding this letter just suggest a thought or two upon punctuality in the public service of God. Here you must avoid tediousness, remember that Solomon's prayer, the longest prayer in the

Bible, is not five minutes long. I do not say this to tie you precisely to that time, but a quarter of an hour is a long time unless you can be so interesting as to fix the attention of the people all that time, and which is a very rare thing. It is of no use to deal in oughts and ifs here, there is the actual fact, that you have to deal with, that if you will be twenty minutes or half an hour, the minds of the people will wander and that in spite of themselves and in spite of you too. Be then concise and to the point, as it will tend more to take and keep the minds of the people with you, and they will be all the more profited, and you all the more accepted. Also, have a fixed time to close your sermon, let nothing take you many minutes beyond the fixed time; you must neither pray nor preach as long as you can pray or preach, you must not always judge the feelings of the people by your own feelings; pay great respect to the people in this matter of punctuality. Never appear indifferent to their domestic regularity and order, but shew all possible regard for them in every respect, and in every way; and do not think despise the kindly advice of poor

BARTIMEUS.

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## Grave "Stones of Memorial."

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DYING is daily work! On the battle-field, and on the downy-bed, they are swiftly flying away. Some of them, ere they quite leave the earthly tabernacle, have a glimpse, a vision, or a clear sight of the beamings of glory, which the soul, when filled with the SPIRIT, is enabled to look upon with joy unspeakable; and with Mrs. F. to exclaim, "I do not think I shall be disappointed. The truth is, God hath not OPENED the gates which bar heaven from our sight, but He has not SHUT them; they stand ajar, with the Bible, to keep them from closing;" and the little light we may have, will give us sometimes the admiration of the Swede, who, on beholding the stars, exclaimed, "O father, if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what must the right side be?" and with Berridge we shall sing—

" A glimpse of Thee, and Thy rich store,  
Thou dost to me impart;  
But kindly show me more and more,  
Till Thou dost fill my heart."

Samuel Foster, of Sturry, sends us a spiritual note of the death of Mr. John Halke, of Canterbury, who, as a deacon of the church, was a real friend to the cause of Christ for many years. Some account of him, as we knew him, and our brother Foster's letter, we hope to give next month.

Another good minister on the *Standard* side has been taken away. Mr. David Smith was seized with a fatal illness in the pulpit at Godmanchester, and died on the 5th of June, aged fifty-eight.

At Keddington, in Suffolk, (where Robert Powell, and John Dilstone, instrumentally raised a cause of truth, about twenty years since, and when we did happily unite with them annually for several years) the minister, has recently been called home to his glorious rest.

Brethren and sisters in the Lord, are we not instructed by these solemn events? And especially should we aim to understand His Word who said, "Be ye also ready."

## Productions of the Press.

*The Worship of the Virgin blasphemy against Jesus.* An intelligent, and sound-hearted tract is sent out by Macintosh, having for its title, "The Virgin Mary a Married Woman." The sinful idolatry, and unmeaning dogma, of the Church of Rome in this feature of her system is exposed in a spirit of holy gravity. If Rome's blinded devotees could but once see with the enlightened eyes of this author, they would behold a beautiful mystery as regards the Incarnation of the Son of God; but, they would also see that to place "Mary as the Mediatrix between man and Christ," and to assert that "no pardon can come to man but by the will and desire of the Virgin," are fearful errors which they would never dare to sanction again. How strange it appears that the light of these latter ages has not utterly dispelled this species of darkness! The continuance of Virgin worship is a proof of the blindness of men, as regards true religion on the one hand; and of the mischievous influence exercised by those spirits in high places, who, though stone-blind themselves, they undertake to lead others in that path which God alone can reveal. That is not all. The teachers and preachers of every, and of any Gospel, or so-called Gospel, which is not in harmony with the Gospel, which the prophets, the apostles, the Saviour Himself, and the Holy Ghost hath, in every age, made plain and powerful to those servants whom God hath raised up and employed every Gospel antagonistic to the one only true and living "WAY," has in it, the danger-seeds of anti-Christian and soul-deceiving idolatry. There was a need be for John to cry out, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

MR. SPURGEON ON THE JESUITS. In his history of the Jesuits, in "Sword and Trowel," Mr. C. H. Spurgeon comes to the conclusion that, "It

cannot be denied that England is at present beset by Jesuits." The fact here stated is much more true, of more alarming consequences than many are prepared to believe. We make no apology, therefore, for giving the loud cry with which, in words like the following he closes the article referred to. He says—

"The true Church of Christ, which is under the dominion of neither pope nor state, nor subjected in any way to the spiritual despotism of priestcraft, needs to be aroused to the importance of the issues involved in this conflict. Let us cry out for more labourers, for they are yet few; and when God thrusts them into his vineyard let us not thrust them out, but receive them, as all God's servants should be received, warmly, and thankfully. O that God would raise up some more specially qualified ministers of his truth in our land! The Church of Christ needs money, but it requires men more; real men—honest, fearless men, who shall speak with the accent of conviction, roughly sometimes, plainly ever. We have more than enough of those who bring up their hearers on the diluted, thin, attenuated, colourless and strengthless skim milk of a merely pretty theology. He who seeks to give his hearers 'the sincere milk of the word' is a stronger bulwark against the inroads of Jesuitism than the sect that boasts of being 'the Church of the Reformation.'"

*The Cloud of Witnesses.* This singular sermon (preached by Burlington B. Wale, minister of Dacre Park chapel, Blackhoath) has entered upon its sixth edition; and yet it is unknown to millions of peoples in the Christian nations of the earth. Discourses of this kind often convey more help to the sincere disciples of the Lord Jesus than all the sensational or doctrinal books in existence. The second title to this discourse

may throw some light upon the character of the work: it is, 'Jesus Christ Tried and Acquitted.' The witnesses against Him are, Satan, Unbelief, and Modern Phariseism." The witnesses called to prove the faithfulness, the willingness, and the power of Jesus to save all who really come unto God by Him, are Asaph, David, Elijah, Rahab, Mary Magdalene, and brother John. The evidence is remarkable, the trial is well-conducted. This sermon ought to have a world-wide circulation. It is published by R. Baaks.

*Religion was their only Crime.* Such is the defined character of tens of thousands who have suffered all kinds of evil, because they could not be idolaters, nor barbarians; but because the grace of God had made them true believers in, and followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, therefore, they were driven out of the world. And how many in these days, in their measure, suffer because their faith in the Gospel will not let them mix up with deluded chieftains, or support those who keep back part of the price, how many, and how much they suffer for this, even in our own country, none here can tell. Durham Dunlop has issued a small volume, "The Church under the Tudors," wherein the bloodshedding, the heart-breaking, and the life-destroying, agonies of true Christian in the backward ages of the New Testament church, are depicted with modesty, fidelity, and talent. The book is got up, and sent out, in a neat, and chaste style, by Moffat and Company, State Publishers by Appointment in London and Dublin.

*The Marrow of Dr. Goodwin's Works.* DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am very pleased at the re-appearance of that choice collection of sentences which the compiler, the late Mr. Bidder aptly styled, "The Marrow of Dr. Goodwin's Body of Divinity." I quite agree with "Northerner" in this month's review of it in the VESSEL in calling it "a precious little book." It is now some sixteen or seventeen years since I first had my attention drawn to it at the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough road, and I found on perusal, the sentences to

be so weighty, and so full of Gospel, that I read them again and again; and as I constantly carried the book in my pocket, it in course of time became quite worn out. I purchased a second copy, which I wore out in the same way; by the time a third was required, I found that they were all sold, and although I have since several times enquired about this valuable little work, I did not succeed in obtaining another copy till the new edition appeared. I am sure that if its existence were known to those who love the sovereign truths of the Gospel, the present edition would rapidly be disposed of and another called for, and I hope that those to whom the reading of it has been profitable, will endeavour to make it widely known. I see that you term it "No. 1 of Ancient Reprints," if this be a sample of those to follow, I heartily wish you success in so good a work. Sincerely yours in Gospel bonds,

J. M.

*The Life of James Newborn* has appeared as far as part 4, and we can very warmly recommend the work as far as it has gone; it is spiritual, and deeply interesting.

*Religious Flattery* is, no doubt, a fine fellow in his way; but he will never get everybody to think as he thinks, either of Mr. Philpot or of Mr. Wells. Month after month, the magazine "Religious Flattery" may be filled with the highest extollations of its departed chief, but, if we dare to attempt to defend "the right" against "the wrong" impure abuse is thrown at us. We explain when convenient.

During our sojourn in the extreme northern parts of this kingdom, we have seen that it is a trying thing to stand almost alone in defence of the plain and precious Gospel of the grace of God. The decided disciples of the divinely revealed God-man, are few, they are between, and Satan doth so worry them, that the professing people point the finger of scorn at them, call them them, "mad men," or something worse than that.

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

### THE GOSPEL FACES OF THE LIVING CREATURES.

THE third anniversary of Mr. Thomas Steed's pastorate at Rehoboth chapel, Victoria street, Shadwell, was holden August 16, 1870. The pastor preached suitable and useful sermons on the previous Sunday. On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. James Wells delivered a discourse on the words, "In that day shall the branch of the Lord be beautiful and glorious, and the fruit of the earth shall be excellent and comely, for them that are escaped of Israel." (Isa. iv. 2.) Mr. Wells appeared richly to enjoy the rare and precious Gospel which he that afternoon preached to a good assembly; and, the season was quite refreshing to many. Mr. Steed invited all to a gratuitous tea, which was served with kindness and in abundance. At the evening meeting, Mr. Steed presided; supported on his left by Mr. James Wells, on his right by Mr. T. Stringer, and expressed the pleasure he realized in having those excellent brethren with him on that occasion. Five years have passed away since he first began to preach in that place. The church numbered about fifty-five; they hoped a good work was going on; and that an increase of the evidently redeemed of the Lord would be gathered in. Mr. Steed said, his brother Wells had not only come to give them a good sermon; but he had come perfectly free, not accepting one farthing for either expenses or preaching; and had also kindly stopped with them to address them again this evening. Mr. Wells's evening address was on those experimental matters which are "strange things" to the ungodly, but sacred, savoury, and saving to the whole election of grace. Mr. Thomas Stringer poured out a powerful exposition of the words, "the glory of the Lord filled the house." Mr. Stringer congratulated his brother Steed on the large and happy meeting then assembled; such a gathering he had never seen in Rehoboth before. C. W. Banks in his address, referred to the four faces of the living creatures; he said the four faces were not all equally to be seen in every true servant of Christ. Without hypocrisy, or flattery, he had thought the ministers on the platform that evening, fairly represented the diversity which might be seen in the ministers of Christ. For instance, no one could dispute the fact, that Thomas Stringer was truly the lion of the day in the Gospel kingdom. Like that noble beast, the king of the whole forest, Thomas ranged through the whole land; and if the organ-like compass of his voice; if the expoundings of Holy Writ; and if a bold yet benevolent contention for eternal

truth, could be effectual, he was lion enough to frighten all Arminianism out of the world; that the Lord had made Thomas Stringer a useful Gospel lion, none (who had watched him for forty years in the ministry) could question. The eagle, "the golden eagle," in its best features and qualities, was found with the minister of the Surrey Tabernacle; emphatically, he was (not "the bird of Washington" as the newly-discovered species in the United States, had been termed; but, instrumentally, he was) the bird of the Spiritual Firmament; and having, through grace, made a safe nest for himself in the new and everlasting covenant of grace, he flew with rapidity hither and thither, taking and carrying to the same rich banqueting house all the lambs of Christ's flock he could possibly find. In Mr. Thomas Steed, C. W. Banks thought the face of the patient, intelligent, and persevering "man" might be seen. The speaker said, he had baptized, and sent into the ministry some who had failed and fallen; he had thought his brother Steed would never make a successful settled pastor; but of late, he discovered in him a deep penetration, a patient perseverance, and a large power to procure and to dispense heavenly wisdom; with these natural and mental powers more fully developed, he hoped he would work on in Rehoboth for years, and be useful to many souls. The face of the ox was sometimes rendered "a calf;" perhaps some would think the editor of THE BARKEN VESSEL in some respects resembled the calf. He would leave others to decide that. Mr. Lawrence, of Bermoudey, gave the closing speech. It was a sermon in miniature upon the words in Exodus, "Moses helped the shepherds to water their flocks." We admire Mr. Lawrence's gentlemanly bearing. His growth in grace, his aptness to teach, his devotion to the cause of truth, and his kindly spirit, all make him very acceptable to the Lord's people. It is delightful to find such good young men on the Lord's side. Mr. Bradley engaged in prayer with much consistency and faith. Mr. Osmond, of Hoxton, Mr. C. L. Kemp, of Poplar; Mr. Joseph Cartwright, and a strong body of deacons, and members of Christian churches, came to bid brother Steed God speed. As the northerners would say, "it was a fine season."

### BROTHER T. J. MESSER IN SCOTLAND.

In the *League Journal* we read reports of the immense labours of our esteemed friend Mr. Messer in Scotland. Almost incessantly is he in the pulpit, on the platform,

on the green in open air, or from some public position, pouring forth his exhortations in defence of truth and righteousness, and pleading for that sobriety so essential to the present happiness of all classes of society. The benefits conferred by such an instrumentality, no one here can ever estimate.

We are glad our brother Messer will this autumn visit his beloved country, and once more in this metropolis life up his voice in proclaiming the wonders of the cross. Nothing can more clearly express the faith, and double object of our brother Messer's life than does the following extract, which, upon our own responsibility alone, we quote from the journal referred to. Mourning over the present awful state of degradation into which hundreds of thousands are sunken, he says—

"Well, thank heaven this state of things will not always continue, the morning of the day will unclothe its eyelids which will witness the entire destruction of that hydra-headed monster whose atrocious doings now make thousands weep. To all who have mourned over the desolation caused by drink, we would say, work as well as weep—scatter truth's rich seeds among your misled fellow mortals, hour after hour, and you shall sooner or later become joyful reapers, for the "mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it." To any one who may yet be disposed to say "you make too much of this temperance movement," or to use their own stereotyped phraseology, "put it in the place of the Gospel," we would respectfully and affectionately say, we have never yet done that. THE GOSPEL is the "POWER OF GOD TO SALVATION to every one that believeth." Our pledge can only deliver the poor slave of intemperance from drunkenness and its degrading consequences. If a maddened drunkard takes our pledge, and keeps it, he is delivered from the foe that held him in bondage. We believe there is no virtue in the pledge to make a man anything more than a sober man—it is sure to do that. There are some who assert that "only the grace of God can do that"—well, let us calmly look at this matter. I remember my eloquent colleague, John B. Gough, once said in Exeter Hall, 'Here is an infidel, and there is no virtue in total abstinence to make him a Christian; but I would rather have a sober infidel than a drunken professor of religion, because I love the church better than the temperance society; but I believe the temperance movement to be promotive of the welfare of the church.' I endorse that utterance, and so will every wise and good advocate of our great principles. Away then with all this pretentious jealousy for the honour of the Gospel, such remarks as we have noticed are in most instances used to throw dust into the eyes of critical observers, they form a limping left-handed apology for the dietetic use of those liquors, which all really thoughtful and observant persons know are terribly

promotive of human degradation and misery. To all such objections to our cause I would say in conclusion, for the sake of the poor down-trodden drunkard, as well as for the sake of your own physical and mental well-being, cast away that cup, the foul contents of which have caused so much indescribable misery to exist in every part of God's beautiful world."

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THE BANKS OF THE TYNE—THE PRAYER MEETING—MR. LAND-ELS IN NEWCASTLE—THE PROPER USE OF GOSPEL WORDS.

August 1, 1870.

HAVE had a minute view of the quay side of Newcastle. The principal streets are large, in every sense, but descend downwards, go even to the Tyne; on its bosom are constantly rolling steamers, and vessels of every class. On its opposite side, the crowds of black and white smoke shafts and chimneys tell you mighty works are in operation. On this side, crowds of all kinds of countrymen fill the passages; while the lanes, the alleys, and the back surroundings make your heart ache, if you are not steeled to a hardened indifference. I could but sigh over the half ruined dens, holes, and habitations of the people destined there to exist; for living it cannot be termed. From figures of human antiquity down to the little half-naked infants crawling in dirt, dust, and degradation, you behold enough to create a desire that something might be done to moralize, elevate and edify the masses who "grovel here below." I do so fear practical Christianity, and zealous philanthropy have, comparatively speaking, done but little yet. Still, no one can behold the clusters of churches, chapels, halls, rooms for worship, schools, &c., without concluding that some kinds of work are largely supported, while a sorrowful fact remains that there is not in this town accommodation for more than half the population, I fear not one quarter, who worship God in Spirit and in truth. On Sunday, July 31, we met twice for prayer and preaching in New Bridge street chapel. The Lord was merciful to give me messages to carry to the people; but I cannot preach to please myself. Both the subjects were rich in truth, and I will refer to them (p.v.) on another occasion. My soul flutters over Newcastle like a bird who is tied by the leg. The prayer-meeting on this first of August at Newcastle Strict Baptist chapel, was a sacred season. The German I have spoken of before, came to take his leave of us. His ship was ordered home to the war. Our brother Vincent asked the brethren to endeavour to carry our German brother to the throne of grace, and to plead for the Lord's protection of him; and this was done in such a spirit of Christian love, that made me feel more happy than I can describe. The German's expression of his confidence in

Jesus was blessed to witness. I hope to hear more of him some some day. Mr. Landels, of London, preached in Newcastle the fourth Sunday in July; and he kindly told his audience something about the hyper-Calvinists in Newcastle, which caused some people to make remarks afterwards. My conviction is this, no man should stand in a pulpit to ridicule, or throw contempt upon other bodies of professing Christians. When classical gentlemen, who get rich by preaching THEIR VIEWS of the Bible, throw out unseemly reproaches upon us, because we are poor, and because we are compelled to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints, my persuasion is, that such gentlemen do verily sin against a holy and righteous God. When they publicly declare that we cannot use invitations and exhortations of the Gospel, I am ready to tell them, such assertions are not correct. There are four kinds of words in the Gospel which the Holy Ghost doth use for the help and spiritual well-being of the seeking and distressed sinner; the first, are Gospel invitations; the second, exhortations; the third warnings and cautions; the last, precious promises. In the Bible, in the true Gospel ministry, and the experience of God's seeking seed, these words all have their place and use. To disconnect and wrongly use them, is distracting and distressing to enlightened minds.

SOUTH HACKNEY. — BROOKFIELD LODGE, BROOKFIELD ROAD, VICTORIA PARK, E. Sabbath morning, 5 a.m.—To my dear and much loved brother Cooper, and the dear friends meeting for worship at Ebenezer chapel, John street, Cambridge road, Hackney. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, and the Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit. I am to-day, and have been since Tuesday morning, a prisoner in bed, through a slip of the knee cap (which has not moved before since my accident) a circumstance among the all things that shall, I trust, work for our mutual good and advantage, although I find it so hard to bear (for proud flesh dislikes the way though faith approves it well) more especially as it is three years to-day since I first began to labour among some of you in Bethnal Green, my first text being, as some of you may well remember, "Lord, help me," Matthew xv. 25.; and how very much I need his help this morning, on account of the frailty of my nature, the mighty difficulties I have to encounter, the allurements of the world, the powers of hell, and a treacherous heart within, ready always to betray me, and send me to perdition. Oh for real sorrow and penitential mourning; oh that my head were waters, and my eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night over the obduracy of my spirit, the hardness of my heart and the extreme carnality of my mind.

And yet how I desire to be wholly and unreservedly devoted to the service of God. I sometimes think the Lord is making the way, but alas; when I would do good, evil is present with me; oh the deceitfulness of the heart who can know it? and I am still forced to cry "God be merciful to me a sinner."

"Be pleased, dear Saviour, to look down on me,  
And draw my heart with cords of love to Thee;  
Oh save me from the world's ensnaring bait,  
And grant that I may humbly on Thee wait."

May the dear Lord cause his face to shine upon us, and may his glory surround us, and God be unto us our guide, our shield, and buckler, the rock of our salvation, our all and in all. May we each realize the holy and heaven-born rest of the Sabbath, this day that our souls may be stirred up to long for the earnest of that which remaineth for the people of God. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the Word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. With Christian love to all who will be glad to receive it, and desiring a special interest in your prayers on behalf of myself, and the heavy work which I am engaged at Ebenezer, believe me your faithful servant, for Christ's sake,

A. W. KAYE.

#### HAPPY DAYS AT SOUTH CHARD

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—To whom may grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied. Having been requested by several of the friends at South Chard to write for VESSEL a little account of the Sunday school anniversary, and thinking it may be interesting to the many readers thereof, I do so with pleasure, and am happy to inform you, that there is, now and then, and here and there, a spot where God's dear children are privileged to dwell together in unity, and where they truly understand the exhortation, "Be not many masters." And again, "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus," and "Let brotherly love continue." On Lord's-day, our much esteemed brother Shepherd, the worthy pastor of the above named favoured place, preached Sunday school sermons, to full congregations, when collections were made to which the people responded liberally. Our brother Shepherd, after six years pastorate with the people there, is held in high estimation for the truth's sake; God tells us "Those who honour me I will honour." It is indeed good when a people can act on the exhortation given in 1 Tim. v. 17. I can assure you such is the case with the dear and loving friends at South Chard; so that our brother has no reason



to say, I have lost my prayer book, viz., my praying people, I would ask, has any person under heaven any right to expect a blessing from any minister, unless he can pray for that minister? Neither do I fear of being contradicted, because God's word says, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" would to God that our churches and deacons would take this into consideration, and act upon the same, then would they quickly realize in their own souls and amongst their congregations a fulfilment of Isaiah lx. It was my privilege on Monday, July 25th, to leave home by 7 train, and to arrive at South Chard a little before 4 p.m. at which station my dear brethren Sheppard and Elliot were awaiting me. After taking a comfortable cup of tea, with a widow indeed, and having some spiritual conversation, we reached the chapel of our dear brother, which is well known to you. I preached after my dear brother Shepherd, read and implored the divine blessing with liberty and to the great comfort of the souls of the dear people; we had indeed a goodly company of the Lord's own, who had not itching ears, but softened hearts. On the following day, the dear children had their treat in an orchard, lent by a friend; the Lord bless him. I should suppose we had about seventy or eighty children altogether and many friends; under heaven's canopy, I gave them an address for about half an hour, they were indeed attentive, and I found it good to speak unto them. It was a beautiful day and we took a walk around the village, then to the fields, where the dear ones were regaled with cake and tea to which they did ample justice, then a number of friends sat down to the social table, and partook of a good, and comfortable tea; afterwards we retired to the chapel where I preached with great liberty to a good and attentive audience from the words, "All things are yours." The people felt it good, and declared they never had a better anniversary. I found it good, and God's name was glorified. On the following day, I wended my way to Bradford on Avon, and preached at Bearfield, although I used to preach at the chapel over the bridge, but I am informed, there is Popery out of the church of Rome, so much so, that the good minister would not even allow a good friend of mine to preach there even though he had been the previous pastor for nearly twenty years. Nevertheless my heart was cheered to find that a dear friend was about to be baptized, who had been pricked in the heart through my feeble instrumentality, nearly twenty years ago. The seed sometimes lies buried long in dust. Cheer up, my brother, for many professors now-a-days have the hypochondria, but better days are coming. May we have patience and wisdom to watch and pray, for "He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry." Yours in Jesus,

F. PEARCE.

Reading, Aug. 5, 1870.

GATESHEAD.—"Is this High street the grandest street in Gateshead?" said I to a tradesman, "Yes, there is no better." Surely, enough, said I to myself, they are no Pharisees here. There is no anxiety to make clean the outside. The external has no grandeur, except the New Town Hall, which is most elegant and noble; and the high level bridge is one of the most costly and extraordinary pieces of engineering you will see in this world. It ties Newcastle and Gateshead together; and in passing from the one to the other through the tremendous iron cage of this iron link, you walk under the rail and over the river. You do not go through fire and through water; you leave the deep-flowing Tyne beneath you; and the fire, and steam, and rolling carriages are over you. "High level bridge!" says I, why this is an exact type of the religious profession of our day. It is not through the waters of great tribulation that people go now; it is not in the fires of persecution now. Nay; but, as you hear the rolling thunders of the rail-cars above you, and as you see the widespread Tyne beneath you, so professing people say, "We have heard of persecutions, of Sinaitic thunders, of the overflowing floods of sorrow and distress, but now-a-days, we walk from the mire and smoke of Gateshead into the aristocracy of Newcastle, on, and under, and over, this high level bridge, as easy as can be." "Sir," said a dying man to me, (on this bridge) "all the grunting, and groaning, and mourning, and despairing in the world never saved a soul yet!" Nay. I know it, said I; but the Old Book says, "it is through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom; and John Bunyan has a "Slough of Despond," in his universally received Pilgrim's Progress." "Yes, yes," said the little book-man, "I know in olden times, they made a lot about soul-trouble; but our parsons here are all scholars; you go and hear our Presbyterians, our great Measter Walters, at the Bewick; you turn into Dr. Rutherford's or pretty little Rob-john's; go even to the sheep-market, where Spurgeon's "Spainswick," does it; or go to our churches; or to the Weaver's tower; go to Dr. Crofts, in Gateshead; yea, go where you may, you'll find the old tale of tribulation; and the lofty themes of 'Divine Sovereignty,' are out of their creed. With all our clever men, to be saved is not so hard a matter, as them their Huntingtons Gadsbys, Wells's, and you EARTHEN VESSEL people tell us." Well, well, says I, one thing, and I am gone. The 145th Psalm is called "David's Psalm of Praise." Now, David was a type of Christ, and of every true Christian. So David's faith and his conflicts; David's prayers and his sorrows; David's hopes and his helpers; David's joys and deliverances; David's Saviour, God, and heaven; all are the true Christian's; but, if any man, any tender lady, any nice people, can walk from gloomy Gateshead into

glorious Newcastle, without one wave of sorrow, or one fiery trial, then what have they to praise God for? Now, if you had seen this Gateshead professor, "Sir; David had no right to a Psalm of praise at all. He ought, as we say, to have hung his head down all his days." This was enough for me. I only said, David tells us "I be Lord npholdeth all that fall; and raiseth up all that are bowed down," therefore, David said, and I will say, "My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord, and bless his holy name for ever and ever."

**TRING—EBENEZER CHAPEL.** A lecture was delivered July 19th, by Mr. H. J. Hays, of London, upon Romanism, its nature and present aspect. The proceedings commenced with the well known hymn, "What hath God wrought, might Israel say." The pastor supplicated the divine blessing, and in the course of his opening remarks, stated that his only aim in bringing about the present lecture, was to awaken a spirit of inquiry in the breasts of nominal Protestants relative to the nature and teachings of the Papal church, and in so doing, he felt happy to be able to introduce one who having once been among its priesthood, could the better explain its errors. The lecturer then proceeded to explain (as far as was possible in a mixed congregation) some of the deadly influences and workings of the confessional, proving it to be the means of great power being exercised by the Romish priesthood. The next point taken into consideration, was the idolatrous worship given to the Virgin Mary. Quotations were made from the psalter of St. Bonaventure, in which the Psalms of David are found with the name of Mary in all places put for that of God. Some of the standard works of Romish theology were shown to teach that equal worship is to be given to the Virgin as to the sacred Trinity. The most important part of the lecture was the explanation of the doctrine of transubstantiation, which was met in a masterly manner by the lecturer, and its absurdity proved upon the grounds of reason, truth, and personal observation. The rosary, scapular, and other articles of Romish use were displayed, and the peculiar properties supposed to belong to such by virtue of the priest's blessing explained. The lecture occupied one hour and five minutes, and was listened to with breathless attention, and at the close, the friends showed their appreciation of the same by a good collection. I have one word to those who may read this faint outline i.e., if you have any desire as ministers and deacons to help a brother who has sacrificed all for Christ and conscience sake, and also to arouse the people to a sense of their duties and privileges, secure the services of Mr. Hays. I give him my humble recommendation, and any letters directed to me for him, will be forwarded, and receive a ready reply.

W. F. EDEKERTON.

Ebenezer chapel, West End, Tring.

**SUNDERLAND** is a first-class north of England town; it is on the sea; and the fine river Wear runs through it; immensely populous, and busy; respectable; and making no small profession of religion; these are the chief features of that fine port where good Samuel Turner so many years declared the truth as it is in Jesus; but he is long since gone home; and those who now supply his pulpit have but few to hear them. "Deep experimental preaching," (said a bookseller of many years' standing) will not do here! Some descriptions this veteran gave me of the members of free-will, Presbyterian, and Unitarian churches, I will not write down, but from all I can gather, the work, the witness, and the well-springing life of the Holy Spirit in the souls of the people, are realities not evidently much known in these parts, if they are in any other sections of our favoured nation. Mr. A. A. Rees, of Sunderland, is a popular minister. He was in the Church of England; he left it; he built himself a commodious chapel. It is crowded with hearers. No pew rents, no collections, he calls it, "Free church." He has the bread and wine ordinance every Sunday morning; and preaches every Sunday evening. He is considered a clever, devoted, and useful man. He has his own views of some things. I believe the Gospel of the grace of God is too old fashioned, too particular, for the masses of the northerners. Nevertheless, the friends to truth, with whom I associated, are sternly and practically decided; and their tender sympathy and kind dealing with the writer of these lines must ever command the warmest gratitude of his small heart. I believe Mr. Rees is a Baptist.

**WALTHAM ABBEY.**—Reminiscences of a twelvemonth's service in the Lord's vineyard, at Waltham Abbey, Essex. In answer to prayer, heart prayer, and much inquiry in my soul, respecting the certainty of my call to the Gospel ministry, suffering from darkness of soul, benumbed in my feelings, when reading the Word, coldness of heart towards the things of God (which is awful for a child of God to pass through), all these were really beyond my comprehension, and beyond my power experimentally to remove, tempted by Satan, harassed in my own spirit, to know whether pride sent me preaching, or the Lord of the harvest. At this moment, I received an invite from our brother Winters to supply one Lord's-day, at Waltham Abbey. I spread it before the Lord; I went a poor trembling, unworthy sinner. It has been my custom, for years, (ever since the dearest Jesus taught me, that it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy) to go to His Majesty for a text. I went with the given text to the people; my dear Master (whose I am, and whom I serve) condescended graciously to bless that sermon, and invite followed invite; then the

deacon, our brother Winters, said, "Continue to come;" which I have now done, for twelve months consecutively. The Lord has blessed the word preached; I have been privileged to baptize two; who continue in the faith. I have been called to perform the solemn office of committing the remains of two of the Lord's saints to their bed of earth, until the resurrection morn. May the dear Lord give me strength of faith, of soul, and of body, to serve this dear people, as the dear Jesus may serve me, with matter to bring before them in his precious name, so prays,

FRED. WHEELER.

#### AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM, CAMBERWELL.

THE annual tea and public meeting was held on Monday, July 25th, and the day day being fine, a considerable number of friends assembled. The committee decided this year the proceeds should be devoted to the Benevolent Fund in connection with the Asylum.

"This fund, established in 1859, has for its object the relief of the inmates of the Asylum in cases of emergency, in respect of which the rules of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society do not make any provision.

"The fund is applied exclusively in providing nurses for those who through affliction are bed-ridden or unable to wait upon themselves; with such medical assistance as may be necessary.

"It is however intended specially for those of the inmates who are unable to provide the required necessaries from their own resources, or from their friends.

"The administration of the fund is under the management of the Ladies' Asylum Committee, who are frequently bearing testimony to the value of such means in cases of the afflicted and friendless inmates.

"The Committee are very desirous to increase their list of regular annual subscribers. Presents of articles of diet, etc., for the sick will be very acceptable." At half-past three o'clock, the Rev. E. Vinal, of Regent street chapel, City road, preached a sermon in the Asylum chapel, to a full audience, on behalf of the fund, from Gen. xlviii. 15. After which the friends adjourned to the tent on the grounds, where tea was provided. At half-past six, the public meeting was held; Thomas Pocock, Esq., presided. After singing and prayer, the chairman gave a few hearty, loving words, expressing the pleasure he felt in being again amongst the Pilgrims' friends. Mr. W. Jackson introduced the object of the meeting, as detailed above, referring to the many kind presents sent in during the year for the sick and afflicted. He hoped that about this time next year, a happy gathering around the tea table would take place on the beautiful grounds of the New Asylum at Hornsey Rise. The building is now beginning to assume a goodly appear-

ance. Excellent addresses were delivered by the following ministers: Wm. Alderson, W. P. Tiddy, Geo. Davis, T. Attwood, also Henry Dodson, Esq., and Mr. Burt. Collections, &c., about £25. A cordial vote of thanks to the chairman closed the proceedings of a very profitable evening.

An auxiliary to the Society has lately been formed at Mr. Vinal's, also one at Blackheath; are there not other churches who will go and do likewise?

All information on Asylum matters to be obtained of Mr. Jackson, 23, Rye lane, Peckham, or 10, Poultry.

#### THE GOSPEL IN THE UNITED STATES.

WE have letters and papers from the other side of the Atlantic; from which extracts might be made to interest our readers; but we must confine ourselves to one or two this month.

Mr. Robert Lee, of Brooklyn, New York city, in a very Christian-like letter, dated July 25, 1870, says—

"Dear Brother Banks,—Thank God we are still in the land of the living; receiving every day at the Lord's hands, more than we desire; often wondering why we are not cut down as cumberers of the ground. Our God is a God that hath never failed in any one of his promises towards us. I have received many letters from ministers respecting coming out to the States. Mr. Thomas Hall, from London, late of Aylesbury, has arrived in Canada; I have received letters from him since his arrival out; one or two other friends have called on me; others are on their way out. If I have omitted to answer any letter, I hope the friends will write to me again. I shall at any time be glad to hear from any one coming out. Mr. E. Wells, son of Mr. J. Wells, beloved by all churches of real truth, arrived in this country about three months ago; he is settled at Rockford, Illinois, and writes to me to send a man out there that preaches the same Gospel as his father; he says, "At the Baptist church where he goes, the minister tells the people they can believe if they like. This seems strange doctrine, something I have not been in the habit of hearing before." A Mrs. Price writes from the same State, "Please send me the address of the agent of the 'Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit,' and the EARTHEN VESSEL." Since I wrote my letter to you before, Mr. Walker, late of the Boulah Baptist church, New York city, has been preaching in the Temperance Hall, 166, Fulton street, Brooklyn, to a few friends every Sunday; morning at half past ten, and afternoon at 3. Mr. Walker was once an infidel in this country, although born near the home of John Warburton, in Wilts, England. The Lord has found him out, and placed him before some of his people. Other friends meet at the Cooper's Institute every Sunday; morning at half-past ten, and afternoon, at

three. Preaching the second Sunday in every month, by Mr. Hopes, from Philadelphia, an American, in the city of Wm. Penn. with 1,000,000 people, and full of splendid churches, with good moral people but no Gospel truth to speak of. Mr. Boxer, late of England, preaches as stated pastor of the Baptist church, Sing Sing; twenty-six miles from New York city. He writes in this wise, "I preach the same Gospel as I did in England; Christ the beginning and end. I knew of no other Gospel; and if I did I don't think it would suit my requirements; therefore I could not recommend it to others." The friends of Beulah church, meeting in fourteenth street, near eighth avenue, New York city, are without a pastor; their place is open to any sound man of truth, coming this way; also the friends at Cooper's Institute would like a Whitefield with them; send Mr. McCure on to them, he would receive a kind welcome; remind him that it is now just 100 years since the great Whitefield went to his rest. See what he did, and left behind him; the seed that he sowed, still grows in this land; in the parts where he went and proclaimed Christ's glorious Gospel to thousands in this land. Sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Edwards, of Surrey Tabernacle, few such men as him.

ROBERT LEE.

WIMBLEDON.—I feel solemnly impressed to write to you, to let you know the Lord's dealing with us as a little church since he was pleased to take my beloved pastor, Luke Snow, to himself. We are still in that uncertain state, not knowing what the Lord is about to do with us. We had got very low indeed; but as you say in last month's VESSEL, "God is in the midst of his church, it shall not be moved, God shall help her and that right early." I love those blessed shall and wills. The Lord has sent us a blessed minister, a second Huntington; plain, rough, open, and honest. The Lord appears to be blessing his ministry. Since he, Mr. Adams, has come, we have our Zoar sometimes quite full. We pray the Lord will fulfil his promise towards us. Mr. Adams is an offspring from Zoar chapel, Little Alie street, Whitechapel, where my father was a deacon for nearly forty years. I have been the child of many prayers; the Lord was pleased to call me by his grace. Oh! for grace to serve him, is the great desire of my soul.

E. MORRIS.

[To save the new and nice chapel at Wimbledon from being lost to the denomination—help is required. Cannot John Bunyan McCure see to this little sister at once?—Ed.]

YORK.—We will give report of our visit to this most ancient, and large city, as speedily as possible. The people at Salem chapel are a little divided in feeling at the resignation of James Parsons, as pastor.

We shall not hastily review his long ministry. He has been considered a clever, devoted, and greatly honoured minister of the old school of Independents. Some are hoping they shall now have a fashionable minister of "advanced theology," as they foolishly term it; but, we believe the majority will not let James Parsons cease his ministrations yet. "The organ" tale must not be told here. We wish in York our people had a good cause.

HASLINGDEN—A people such as went to David in Adullam. The Lord has saved them all alike by the blood of His atonement 1,800 years ago on Calvary's cross, but one has been called much like Saul of Tarsus; Dr. Ashworth kicked against the pricks as hard as he could, but Jesus conquered him; and he now rejoices to sit at his feet and learn of him who is meek and lowly. The Lord bless all his little hills, and make his chosen people joyful, while he helps his poor unworthy messengers. I should be glad of a stated pastorate again; the Lord be praised for using me in his service. I am at liberty to supply any destitute church. May God sanctify the wars, floods, railway calamities, and bring his people to abide much in the spirit of the forty-sixth Psalm, prays yours in the Lord Jesus,

JOHN HUDSN.

I L F O R D — O L D B A P T I S T C H A P E L.—Thursday evening, July 21st, Mr. J. F. Houstoun, the minister of the above place, baptized six persons. On Thursday, Aug. 4th, three others were immersed in the name of the Triune God of Israel. On both occasions we had solemn, discriminating discourses. The church and congregations are on the increase. We believe the Lord has a work for Mr. H. to do at Ilford. If it is the Lord's will, may he make him useful in gathering in many sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, so prays

ONE OF THE MEMBERS.

MANCHESTER.—You will be pleased to hear the Lord has enabled me to preach his precious Gospel to several of the churches round this great city.

ASHTON.—Has a nice little chapel; the brethren and sisters in Jesus are prayerful and hearty in the cause of God and truth; receive the Gospel gladly; thankful to God for the same.

BAGUELY.—Received one gladly; they are in debt; as John Bunyan McCure is going to get the churches out of debt, would he give them a lift? Will you propose the churches send for him to help them out of debt? it would make many glad to be thus relieved.

WIGAN.—People received my testimony

of the word prayerfully and sympathetically; they are striving together for the faith of the Gospel in love.

PECKHAM.—The fifty-first anniversary of Rye Lane church was held on Wednesday, August 10th, 1870, and was a happy day for pastor, deacons, church and congregation, who appear to live in the enjoyment of that inestimable blessing, peace and brotherly affection one toward another. The venerable pastor Moyle is still maintained in his labour of love, although at his advanced age we can hardly expect to find him so full of energy as in younger years. On the anniversary morning, Mr. John Foreman preached a free-grace Gospel sermon, full of "marrow and fatness;" and we rejoiced to see that his "bow abides in strength." In the afternoon Mr. Wales occupied the pulpit, and was heard with profit. At the evening meeting, our highly esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Pocock presided; and although now past eighty years of age, he conducted the meeting with much kindness, and apparent pleasure, interspersed with some choice and spiritual expressions drawn from his own experience. Mr. Congreve—who every one thought was far away in the country—was true to his post, by the side of the chairman, (having travelled many miles to be present) and displayed his usual activity in keeping all things in order and regularity, assisted by his brethren in office. The subject at the evening meeting was "Christ the Rock," which was well spoken to by the ministers present.

### Notes of the Month.

A NEW FEATURE IN E. V. Dear brother Banks,—Allow me to suggest to you a plan to facilitate those deacons and secretaries who have to arrange for the supplying of the pulpit for destitute churches. Suppose you devoted one column for this purpose in this form:—

Name.	Sabbath.	Place engaged for.
J. Smith.	Aug. 7.	Chelmsford.
"	14.	Hedingham.
"	21.	Open.
"	28.	Halstead.

or in a line thus—J. Smith, September 4th, Hedingham; 11th, Sudbury; 18th, open; 25th, open; and say, "Supplies are requested to send to editor of E. V., before the 20th of each month for two months forward, whether they are engaged or not, as above." By having the name of supply put first, it will facilitate the writer; for instance, suppose our church wish me to obtain a supply for them, say, brother Smith for Lord's-days Sept. 4th and 11th; I write to him for those days, the reply I get is—I am engaged for both the Lord's-days you mention. On receipt of this I have to write to another brother, who can supply, perhaps, one out of the two; now, had I seen at first brother Smith was engaged for the two first, I might invite him for the two last, and so fill up the

others in the same way. I am aware there may be inconveniences arise; some of the supplies may have two or three applications at once. I think the rule ought to be the first come first served and on either hand, as far as possible, reply, at once. I leave these remarks with you; should they prove of use to our churches, I should be glad, and ascribe all the praise to him who has all hearts in his hand. Yours faithfully,

I. D. BOWTELL.

[Over twenty-five years we have done much to aid churches in supplying their pulpits. We are constantly receiving and writing letters for this purpose. We will endeavour to devote some space to "A Register of supplies engaged and open." Will supplies help us?—ED.]

NOTES FROM MINISTERS.—[Under this heading, when notes are given, they are the genuine breathings of devoted brethren. We give only such sentences as may be useful to that much tried class of good men, the pastors of our churches.—ED.]

"I wish to feel my way to be ordered by the Lord. You know I did not seek this, believing the Lord sent me here; I dare not leave until he says go. The church is favourable to me by a large majority; here I stand; pray for me. I don't want to run if the Lord says, fight; nor to stay, if the Lord says go; and until he says go, I feel myself unable to move. I want to be the servant of the church for Jesus' sake, and not my own master; as to my own feelings should like to move, but the lovers of God, and lovers of truth, are hanging about me, or I should soon decide."

ISLINGTON.—Mr. Editor, at opening of Salem chapel, Brighton, under pastoral care of Mr. Glaskin, Mr. B. B. Wals, of Blackheath, preached the sermon, but I was surprised to see on the following day sermons were preached by Dr. Landells, and Mr. Varley; both of these men openly avow that the creature has power to come to Christ, and accept of salvation; that Christ invites, but men will not receive him; this is truly awful in our day; the more so, when we see it creeping into our Christian churches. Error is spreading and abounding on all sides. May we pray to be preserved from giving place to it. May we cherish God's truth, and never for a moment give way to that which we know to be error; for in so doing, Satan will accomplish a great end. I am a lover of the truth as it is in Jesus, without man's additions or abbreviations. W. I. A.

DEATH.—Mr. Abbott, for many years deacon of the church at Cave Adullam, Stepney, was rather suddenly called home to his rest in our "Father's house," Saturday, August 6th, 1870; about sixty-three years of age. Over thirty years had we known Mr. Abbott, a careful, consistent Christian, of whose life we may give a sketch another time. He has left a devoted widow and family, but not to mourn as those who have no hope.

## A Voice from the Grave of the late Mr. Thomas Attwood.

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FROM the lives of the departed, the living may often gather up lessons of wholesome and useful instruction.

We believe young ministers, and faithful pastors, who are just entering upon their office and work, may contemplate the ministerial life of the late Mr. Attwood, as written by Mr. Hayward, with much advantage.

We have sometimes heard expressions of surprise at the long-continued existence of Mr. Attwood's pastorate over the church at Charles street, Camberwell New road. Occasional hearers of Mr. Attwood would scarcely believe a body of people could constantly, for many years, sit happily under a good man, whose natural gifts appeared small and gentle. Mr. Hayward's memoir explains some of the causes of Mr. Attwood's success, in a pleasing and unostentatious manner. Let us look at five features in Mr. Attwood's character and spirit, all of which must be beneficial.

First. We once asked a young man to describe the manner of a certain minister he had heard. The young man replied "he is a lamb." So, Mr. Hayward says, of his late beloved pastor, he could maintain, and advocate, Gospel truth, without giving such offence as some dogmatics do. In our nature, we are lamb enough; but in the pulpit, we cannot be lamb very long; perhaps that is where some of us fail. The prophecy of Christ's ministry declared, he should feed his flock like a shepherd, he should carry the lambs in his arms, and gently lead those in whose souls there was the travail of the new birth. Between the lion-like ministry of Thomas Stringer, and the lamb-like manner of Thomas Attwood, there was a difference wide as the poles, yet, both good men, and in their measure successful.

Only four times does that significant word "gentleness" occur in the Bible; but how full of meaning are those scriptures! 1. In 2 Sam. xxii. 36, David says, "Thou hast given me the shield of thy salvation; and thy gentleness hath made me great;" the margin says, "thy gentleness hath multiplied me." 2. In Psalm xviii. 35, David says, "Thou also hast given me the shield of thy salvation; thy right hand hath holden me up; and thy gentleness hath made me great;" or, as margin renders it, "with thy meekness thou hast multiplied me." Now come (3) to Paul, in 2 Cor. x. 1, "I Paul myself beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ, who in outward appearance am base among you," &c. Paul would copy Christ as far as he could. Lastly, in Galatians v. 22, "Gentleness," is said to be one of the fruits of the Spirit; and wherever the truth of the Gospel is ministered in Scriptural and experimental faithfulness: and in a sincere and affectionate gentleness, it must prove successful in winning some souls to CHRIST, if not very many. The perpetual extreme reverse of this spiritual and Christ-like gentleness mars the usefulness of many a good man. The other day, a very little church in a respectable suburban district, chose a poor fellow

to be their minister. As soon as ever the little thing was installed, he mounted his high horse, and declared most violently none but "Standard" men should ever enter his pulpit. We expect his arrogant reign will be brief. Ministers of Jesus Christ, we ask you to endeavour to drink in the spirit of that precious Scripture, "I Paul, myself, beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ," &c. This was one spring of success in the late Thomas Attwood's ministry.

Secondly. Mr. Hayward says of his late pastor, there was often a sacred halo attending him which indicated that he had been in communion with his Master. Ah; "the Watchman of Israel was with his God." Much private wrestling prayer will make a man mighty in the ministry sometimes, although his gifts are not very large. We have been in gentlemen's houses, where many ministers have lodged. The inhabitants said, such and such ministers never seemed to read the Bible, never appeared to spend any time in prayer; consequently, their ministrations were generally good for nothing. Oh! ministers of Christ's Gospel, think of this!

Thirdly. Perseverance was another feature in the Camberwell pastor's life. "In winter and in summer," in prosperity and in adversity, he still moved on. Discouraged he might be, but despair he did not.

Fourthly. He earnestly and deeply *desired*, and sympathetically *sought*, to be useful to his fellow-men. There are four places into which INSTRUMENTALLY, ministers must labour to carry their people; (1) into the presence of God by intense and constant prayer. Oh! think of our glorious leader:—

"Cold mountains and the midnight air,  
Witnessed the fervour of His prayer."

"Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that he feared." How much Paul carried the churches and the saints of God in prayer, let all his epistles declare. From the pulpit to the people in the pews, the minister may cry out, "Brethren, pray for us," and from the pews to the minister in the pulpit the people may cry out, "Pastor, pray for us!" And when on both sides, this heavenly intercourse is maintained in the Spirit, success will follow. The second place we aim to carry the people, is into the Bible, "to know the TRUTH." Thirdly, into the obedience of faith, in the observance of Gospel ordinances; and lastly, into a spiritual ripeness and readiness for the coming of the summons homeward, whenever it may be sent. Would the Lord, in mercy, lead us all to live and labour more powerfully in prayer, in the knowledge of His Word, in the obedience of His commands, and in a spiritual nearness to the heavenly kingdom! For, then, surely our churches would not languish as now they do.

The fifth feature in Mr. Attwood's character, was his cheerful co-operation in the carrying on of auxiliary branches of benevolence. His pulpit ministrations were accompanied by a band of scholars and teachers, by committees of benevolent and maternal societies. Truly, many influences, many hearts, and many hands, were unitedly strengthening his hands. Hence, Thomas Attwood could honestly say with Paul, "If by any means, I might save some of them."

Oh, Lord God, help us, in these several departments of usefulness,

to arise; to shake ourselves from the dust, to put on our beautiful garments; and to go forth in the fight of faith, for the glory of Thy great name. Amen.

We ask our readers to peruse Mr. Hayward's memoir of the late Thomas Attwood.

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## THE LATE MR. THOMAS ATTWOOD, MINISTER OF CHARLES STREET CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR—HISTORY OF CHARLES STREET CHAPEL—MINISTRY  
—DEATH, &c., &c.

Sudden deaths, in the case of beloved ministers of Christ, have lately been frequent in their occurrence, and solemn in their nature. Caryl says, "the slowest death is the most cruel death." That is a good death to nature, which is neither feared nor expected; yet, that is the best death which hath been long expected, and by grace prepared for. Blessed indeed, it must be, to be "caught up," as in a moment; without all the pangs and pains arising from death's untying the cords of nature, the soul flies out of its prison, and is carried into its palace, without one good-bye, or, a single groan. Mysterious transition indeed! Much of our space, of late, has been occupied with reports of the deaths of some eminent saints. We regret being obliged to return to this subject again this month, but, our readers in all parts of Christendom, look to us to furnish them with details of these dark pages in the church's history, as well as of the brighter leaves. We feel bound to tell them of our losses, as well as of our successes. The excellent biography of Mr. Thomas Attwood's life, written by Mr. Hayward, carries us back over a period of the church's history, when many good men lived and laboured in the Gospel vineyard, who have long since been called home to their rest. Our sincere gratitude is due to Mr. Hayward for the following comprehensive memoir:—

MR. THOMAS ATTWOOD was a native of St. Alban's, Herts. His father being a market gardener, the son, while with him, followed the same occupation. Several times I have heard him speak of his parents and relatives as being in the habit of going to church whenever they went to a place of worship, but feared they were entire strangers to the power of religion in the heart, and ignorant of the saving truths of the Gospel. When a lad he went for a time to a Wesleyan Sunday school, where portions of scripture and hymns were given him to learn. One of those hymns, "'Tis religion that can give," &c, frequently came with such peculiar power in his days of unregeneracy, as to disturb his conscience whilst pursuing a course of sin which promised pleasure in its pursuit; but, like a phantom, as constantly eluded his grasp. The thoughts of this hymn, however unwelcome, would recur to his mind. When quite a young man, he lived a very irregular life; determined to be merry and jolly, regardless of consequences. His chosen companions were of the same class, deriding religion, and looked upon the Christian as a canting hypocrite. Whilst living without God and without hope in the world, he was arrested by rather unusual means, proving that God sovereignly works by whom and how He pleases. When referring to his conversion, he describes the clergyman of the parish as a man destitute of spiritual life, and a stranger to divine things; yet, on one occasion, the text he took was from Micah vi. 8, "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love



mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" These words stuck like an arrow in his heart, and wrought true repentance in his soul. When under these strong convictions, by seeking to do something to prepare himself for Christ, he hoped he should be saved, although no peace of mind could he get from trying to satisfy the claims of the law. While in this anxious state he went to the Baptist chapel at Watford; the minister spoke from these words, "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This set his soul at happy liberty. Shortly after this, he was baptized and joined the church; he felt he could do or suffer anything for Christ. He became very active in distributing tracts, and in various ways endeavoured to make himself useful, thinking that as he found such a suitable Saviour himself, surely, everybody, with whom he came in contact, could be brought to love him too. He soon found "It was not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord;" and that nothing less than the operation of the Holy Ghost upon the heart, can quicken a dead sinner to newness of life. Often has he said that at this time his Sabbaths were delightful seasons, while walking miles to a place of worship, holding sweet converse with some of the old country people about the things which accompany salvation.

#### COMMENCEMENT OF MR. ATTWOOD'S CAREER IN LONDON.

On coming up to London, he became a teacher, and afterwards the superintendent of the Sunday school connected with Vauxhall chapel, an Independent cause, under the pastoral care of Mr. Moore. The same chapel is now occupied by the Baptist church over whom our esteemed brother Mr. G. Hearson is pastor. On leaving this sphere of labour he united with a small Baptist cause meeting at Salem chapel, Stockwell, where Mr. W. Alderson, (the father of the present respected pastor of East Lane church) was the pastor; he had recently come out from the church at Meard's court, Mr. John Stevens's: he was an able preacher of the Gospel. Mr. Thomas Attwood became one of his deacons, and often preached the Gospel as an itinerant. In 1830, a Sunday school was established (the first in the neighbourhood of the Camberwell New-road); its increase rendered it necessary to build a schoolroom; this was done chiefly through the instrumentality of Mr. Thos. Bennett; he was a member of Mr. James Castle-den's church at Hampstead. The schoolroom was opened August 29th, 1833. On that day, three sermons were preached by Dr. Andrews, Mr. Geo. Comb, and Mr. John Stevens.

From this time, services were held every Lord's-day. On Mr. Bennett, seeking assistance from Mr. Alderson, he recommended Mr. Attwood as an occasional supply; he came for the first time on Lord's-day Oct. 13, 1833. The writer being a teacher in the school from its formation, was present at both the services; for several months he came frequently; the attendance was discouraging, but as the spring of 1834 advanced, more people came. One week night, the late David Denham was advertised to preach; the place was full of persons waiting to hear him, amongst them was Mr. Attwood, who had just left his employment; the time for commencement was past; no preacher came; Mr. A. was asked to commence the service; he went up to do so; the preacher did not come, consequently, he was compelled to preach; he did, from Isaiah xl. 1, "Comfort ye," &c. The people heard with pleasure, and went away satisfied. Before the year had closed, God owned his labours in the conversion of two or three persons who joined churches at a distance.

#### HIS ORDINATION.

It became, under these circumstances, wise to think of forming a church which, took place January 1st, 1835. Eight persons, including himself, were united together; the same day he was ordained. Mr. Thompson, who had recently served at East street, on probation, was the only minister who

took a prominent part in the services of the day ; he was assisted by two or three lay brethren, chiefly amongst ourselves. Several well known ministers were engaged to come, but refused at last, because we were strict in adhering to our first principles on Open Communion. To the honour of those brethren, who, doubtless, were as conscientious as ourselves, they were afterwards as ready to assist us when applied to, as before the church was formed. At this time, Mr. Attwood still retained his situation as a gardener for a gentleman in Clapham road ; thus working with his own hands to supply the wants of his wife and very large family ; nor could the church for more than twenty years afterwards, raise sufficient to support him, so as to entirely give himself to the work of the ministry. The unpretending appearance of the school room where we first met was by no means attractive ; the attendance at first was meagre, but in the course of three or four years, it became too strait for us ; so that in the latter part of 1838, arrangements were made to enlarge it ; but two days before the time appointed to commence the work, an ejectionment was served on the premises ; some new claimants had arisen for the estate on which the school room and upwards of 200 houses were built, and although he granted new leases by the lessee's paying the expense of drawing them out ; during the long delay, it was evident that a more eligible spot and a larger building was necessary to prevent the church from breaking up. Hence, an effort was made, and with scarcely any funds, Charles street chapel was built.

#### ORIGIN OF CHARLES STREET CHAPEL.

On June 20th, 1840, Dr. E. Steane, of Camberwell, laid the foundation stone. It was opened on Sept. 23rd of the same year, when three sermons were preached, by Mr. D. Denham, W. B. Bowes, and Mr. C. Woollacott. The next Lord's-day by Mr. Attwood, Dr. Andrews, and Mr. G. Moyle. At the close of these opening services, more than £400 was owing on the building ; a very heavy debt for so small a cause, especially as there were none of the church or congregation that were able to do much towards its extinction, but so united were the people in their efforts, that in 1848, a meeting was held to celebrate the event.

#### HIS MINISTRY—ITS USEFULNESS AND TRIALS.

Our pastor's labours were so blest with a gradual increase, especially in 1842, that in the May of that year, eleven members were received at the Lord's table ; but before the first Sabbath in June, two very useful members were suddenly removed by death ; one, a young man just rising in his profession with bright prospects before him. He had attended the means of grace a long time previous, but at last expressed a desire to unite with the church ; he was baptized, but communed with us only once. He attended one of our church meetings held in May, at which some dispute had arisen to disturb the peace of the church ; as a judicious, thoughtful man, and being quite neutral, he was asked to preside ; he did so with such calmness and ability as to heal the breach, and lead to a settlement. A few days afterwards he died, leaving a widow and six small children, very young, dependent on their mother for support. These were great trials, both to the pastor and the people.

Amidst these and other difficulties which arose, our pastor persevered ; the Lord blest the word ; it had free course, and was glorified. In 1852, we added a gallery to the chapel, chiefly to give further accommodation to the school. This cost £100. In 1837 the present commodious schoolroom was built at a cost of nearly £300. In all these efforts, we were sure to have his most hearty and active support ; his cheerful assistance was certain to lead to success.

#### USEFUL HINTS FOR DEACONS.

For years he was dependent upon the pew rents of our small chapel, and occasional collections, but the fact of its yielding a precarious sum, had

an influence on his mind. To relieve him from anxiety in that respect, the deacons proposed to give him a fixed salary, which gave him great satisfaction. In 1861 we held a meeting, and raised a sufficient sum to start free of debt. About two years afterwards, through the illness of himself and Mrs. A., they went to stay at Gravesend for a short time, to recruit their strength; the deacons consulted together during his absence, and decided to increase the amount, believing that he must be sorely pressed in cases of affliction, so that while he was staying there, I wrote him a letter to inform him of our intention; his reply was couched in affectionate terms, and expressions of great love to the brethren; assuring them nothing gave him greater pleasure than to receive such evident tokens of sympathy and desire to promote his comfort. From that time, he always appeared to be relieved from a deep concern about temporal things. I do think if deacons sought more to minister to their pastors under similar circumstances to their comfortable support, that they would reap greater spiritual advantages. For the last two or three years, it was a matter of deep anxiety and earnest prayer with him, that God would give more evidence of success; for although a few baptisms had taken place, yet they were more than counterbalanced by deaths and removals, shewing in our annual statistics a decrease, although the attendance had remained much the same. The present year opened with more cheering prospects; the congregation seemed to increase, and during the last two months nine persons were baptized, and joined the church. They were mostly young; these tokens of success filled him with gratitude, and doubtless increased his joy. He was not only a useful and humble preacher of the Gospel, but his general deportment in everyday life commended him to the consciences of all who knew him; his heart was constantly beating for the welfare of his fellow-man; ever ready for the call of the poor classes to visit them in their affliction, he might be often seen by the side of the dying. To the self-righteous who thought themselves as good as their neighbours he would kindly tell them that such hopes were delusive, and would endeavour to lead them to the Lord Jesus, as the only hope set forth in the Gospel. In his public discourses, sometimes a little more method and careful arrangement was desirable, but one thing was certain, that he would bring out some striking evangelical truth that would set forth Christ as the Alpha and Omega of a sinner's salvation. There often seemed to be a kind of spiritual halo around the preacher, that would convince the attentive hearer that he had been in the presence of his Master. His illustrations were not always the best, except when comparing the Saviour to a vine, a plant, a flower, &c. His love of, and acquaintance with botanical subjects, assisted him greatly in bringing out some most strikingly simple and beautiful thoughts, while in all his preachings there would be a divine savour. His general conduct and character was so genial and kindly, that while he maintained without wavering those truths he dearly loved, he could present them in such loving terms, that would give less offence than is too often the case with the dogmatical. He did not seek to please, but acted with such transparent feelings as to convince the most unworthy that he would do them good if possible. The great respect he had acquired amongst all persons, especially with his ministerial brethren, was manifest in the latter part of his life. His religion was not a gloomy thing, repulsive to all around, but was a practical exemplification of Dr. Watts's couplet—

"Religion never was designed,  
To make our pleasures less."

#### HIS LAST SERMONS AND DEATH.

The last sermon he preached in Charles street was on Lord's-day, Aug. 14th. He came, at the close of the previous week from Aldershot, where he had been staying with Mrs. Attwood, to minister on that Sabbath. In the morning he spoke from Ezekiel xxxiv. 16, "I will seek that which was

lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick; but I will destroy the fat and the strong, I will feed them with judgment." In the evening he came, as was his custom, about two minutes before the time to preach, as usual. On his going into the vestry, his friend, Mr. Redford was there, to inform the deacons that he could not fulfil his engagement on the following Thursday. Mr. A. prevailed upon him to take the service and observed, "I should like to be a hearer to-night." After leaving the chapel, they spent an hour together, but neither thought that his work was done. The next Tuesday, he accompanied the school to Hayes Common, where he spent the day with the friends. On shaking hands with him at night, I little thought it was for the last time. The Wednesday morning, he went to Farnham, to visit his friend Mr. Gardiner. On Sunday 21st, he preached at the chapel in Bear lane, from 1 Peter i. 6, "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season if need be ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations." He referred his hearers to the Lord Jesus Christ as their ground of rejoicing, and the only refuge of safety in the times of trial; he also spoke of the happy and long standing union that existed between himself and his people at Camberwell New road, and that he hoped to live and die with them. The following morning he spent with the family, and the friends of Mr. Gardiner. In the after part of the day he was taken on a visit to a friend where he spent a few hours inspecting the flowers, crops, &c., and as rain came on they delayed leaving, with the hope of the weather clearing up, but as night drew on, it came on more heavy, and compelled them to return through the rain. They had not proceeded far when Mr. Attwood complained that he could only breathe with difficulty; his friend asked if he should return from whence they had come; but he wished them to proceed homewards. Mr. Gardiner alighted to lead the horse, the night being very dark, and the friend that was with them walked on the other side. They thought that the umbrella that was being held by Mr. A. had fallen on one side, and on asking him if all was right, received no reply. They immediately mounted to see the cause, and found that he had ceased to breathe. As soon as possible, medical aid was procured. The doctor pronounced him to have been dead some time. The body was taken to a cottage which Mr. Gardiner had recently built. This was on Monday evening, August 22nd. A post mortem examination was made; a coroner's inquest was held, and from the evidence it was brought in "died from disease of the heart." It was late on Wednesday evening before sufficient particulars reached the deacons, who met to arrange for the funeral, which was evident must take place on the Saturday. On Thursday morning, a number of invitations were sent to ministers with whom he was acquainted, all of whom replied in terms of great esteem for the deceased, and expressed their intention to be present. Many others would have been invited; but the notice being so short, more complete arrangements could not be made. At one o'clock on 27th inst., the corpse was brought into the chapel, where a crowded and weeping assemblage had already met. The deacons asked their friend Mr. Alderson, of East street, to conduct the service, as he had known and loved the deceased from childhood.

Mr. J. S. Tiddy, gave out the first hymn, "Sovereign ruler of the skies." Mr. H. Hall, of Clapham, read part of the 15th chapter of 1st. Corinthians. Mr. J. S. Anderson, of Deptford, offered prayer. Mr. W. K. Rowe gave out "Happy soul, thy days are ended." Mr. G. Wyard gave an able and suitable address. Mr. Geo. Hearson gave out "Not from the dust affliction grows." Mr. W. Flack concluded with solemn prayer.

We then proceeded to Nunhead cemetery. The hearse was followed by five mourning coaches; first, the sons and relatives; second, the four deacons, and two relatives; third, fourth, and fifth, ministerial brethren. At the grave, Mr. J. B. Field gave out "Come let us join our friends above." Mr. I. Redford, offered solemn prayer; Mr. G. Moyle gave a most eloquent

oration; Mr. W. Alderson gave out, "In vain our fancy strives to paint," and concluded by prayer. Nine or ten cabs followed the mourning coaches containing friends, chiefly the members of the church. At the grave a great number of friends had assembled; all the shops in Camberwell New road were partially closed; and for a long distance from Charles street, all the houses had their blinds drawn down as a token of respect, and a proof of the great regard in which the deceased was held.

#### THE FUNERAL SERMON.

On Lord's-day evening, Sept. 4th, Mr. W. Alderson preached his funeral sermon. The chapel, vestry and available space was literally crammed, I am told also that as many, or nearly so, went away unable to obtain admittance. The discourse was founded on Matthew xxv. 21, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," &c. Many enquiries have been made if it would be published, but of this I am not certain. Thus ended the services of the day; but many years' memory of the departed will be long cherished by not a few who had profited by his labours. He not only leaves a mourning widow, but a bereaved church. The ties of thirty-six years snapped asunder so suddenly, leaves a breach not easily repaired. Under his pastorate, in addition to supporting the ministry, we have a large Sunday school. Assistance is yearly given to the Baptist Missionary Society. An annual gathering for the poor is liberally given to. There is also in connection with the chapel, a Benevolent Sick Visiting Society, and a Maternal Society well sustained. In all these he took a deep interest; and very frequently gave temporary aid to other causes which came before him. Indeed he was perpetually seeking to do good. May our heavenly Father send us a man after his own heart, who shall seek to sustain the cause which our late beloved pastor was instrumental in raising.

JOHN HAYWARD.

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## What was in that Cup?

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### CHAPTER XXII.

"Father! to Thee, in Christ I fly,  
 What though my sins, of crimson dye,  
 For thy resentment call?  
 My crimes He did on Calvary bear,  
 The blood that flow'd for sinners there  
 Shall cleanse me from them all.  
 Spirit divine! Thy power bring in,  
 Raise me from every deep of sin;  
 Take off my guilty load;  
 And let me live, through Jesus' death,  
 And being justified by faith  
 May I have peace with God!  
 Foul as I am; deserving hell;  
 Thou wilt not from Thy throne repel  
 A SOUL that LEANS on GOD.  
 My sins, at Thy command, shall be  
 Cast as a stone into the sea,  
 The SEA of JESUS' BLOOD!"

I AM at Plymouth, at the house of a devoted minister of Christ, Mr. Robert Bardens, whose company and converse I have much enjoyed. Here, my compassionate Master has given me plenty of his own blessed work; and He has enabled me to go in and out before His people with prayer, and dispensing the Word of Truth. But I have had nights of

suffering pain at times. Even these seasons in the sleepless night watches have been sanctified; and beautiful Scriptures have softly rolled over my mind, when sleep seemed driven from me. Last night, those holy words of Jesus came to me, "The Cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" And drink it to the very dregs He did; so that, for the ransomed of the Lord, there is now no penal, no eternal cup of wrath. For them, the divine Father put all the wrath due to their sins into the one substitutionary cup, and placed that cup in the hands of His beloved Son; Jesus, the sin-atonement Lamb, takes that cup; drinks it; and dies, as one abandoned of God for ever; but, His union to the Godhead was never dissolved. So that while the manifestation of the Godhead retired behind a dark cloud, and left the pure and perfect humanity to sink beneath the dreadful load, that union to the Godhead returned the holy soul of Immanuel to His untainted and incorruptible body; and on the morning of the third day, "the God of peace brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant," in order that they might be "made perfect in every good work to do His will; working in them that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

It is specially worthy of sacred note, that Paul says, it was "through the blood of the everlasting covenant, that the Great Shepherd of the sheep was raised again from the dead;" for in that "He died, He died unto sin once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God."

Every step the Saviour took, in His Mediatorial office and work, has engaged the mind of the ETERNAL SPIRIT from all eternity; the HOLY SPIRIT has inspired evangelists and apostles to write out many of the most essential features of His life, and many of the blessed words which fell from His lips. Mighty men, in different nations, have spent all their time and talent in meditating and writing, and speaking upon His person and His work; and dear reader, if you will pause here a moment, and consider the circumstances surrounding the Saviour when He went forth to meet Judas, and the band of men and officers, you may be thereby solemnized in your spirit; and helped increasingly to admire the eternal Son of God. Consider the Saviour's journey from the upper-room to the garden. Then think,

From whence is it He has just emerged? From the garden; the garden of Gethsemane.

Who are they which have joined Him in coming from the deep recesses of the garden? They are His disciples.

Who are they that come to meet Him? Judas; and a band of officers from the Pharisees. They come before it is daylight. It is a cold, dark, winter's morning; hence they come "with lanterns, and torches, and weapons."

What part of Scripture prophecy, what part of the Father's will, is He now about to fulfil? He is now to be led like a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers, He is not to open His mouth, either to resist, or justify.

As I have said, one night, as I lay upon a bed of pain at Plymouth, the blessed Saviour's words rolled quietly over my soul—"The cup which my Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" Those

words led me to deliver a discourse at How street, Plymouth, on Sunday evening, Sept. 4th, 1870, on the seven metaphorical cups which are given us in God's Holy Word; and that discourse, in brief, I will endeavour to give in my next chapter. I would do so here, but being in Plymouth; and having preached just upon thirty times in the month, beside much travelling, and having many precious saints to see and converse with, I cannot get the time; but if in my own study God will let me sit down quietly, then, under the bedewing of His Spirit, I will try to give some of those sacred views with which my mind was then so much impressed. I may just say, while the prophecies of Joel will have a more perfect fulfilment some day than they yet have received, still, in the spiritual children of God, in the true Gospel kingdom, I believe there is now, and has been for centuries, a continued realization of them in all places where the circumcised Israel of God have been found.

By the mouth of Joel, the son of Pethuel, it is said. "the sun and moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining."

This is fearfully the case with us: it is increasingly so. "The Sun of Righteousness" is greatly hidden for the time behind the thick, the artificial clouds of natural intellect, of a forced education, of man's philosophy, of sensational exhibitions, and of the forms and ceremonies of the false Christs. Consequently, it is a rare thing to find any of the saints of God enjoying the manifestations and revelations of the Lord God in their souls. I found one afflicted child of God in Newcastle who sent for me to tell me how the Lord had been revealed in her soul all the previous night; and the cheering effect her testimony had upon my spirit, I cannot describe. It made me burst out, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted;" but the church said once "My beloved standeth behind our wall;" so, now, there appears a wall of separation between Him and our souls; and we all know, if the glorious sun be darkened, the moon (the church) must be also; and the poor little stars, (the ministers of Christ) withdraw their shining. How can they do otherwise?

It is a lamentable fact: the children of God seem mostly, in the dark, they are all divided, and dividing; they are wandering and bewailing their sad condition, inwardly sighing out, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where Thou causeth Thy flock to rest at noon?"

"The Lord shall roar out of Zion; and utter His voice from Jerusalem;" this has long been the case. Ministers have been mournfully denouncing the existence and increase of idolatry and error. The servants of the Lord see that truth is fallen, while error is strong; it stands upright, it walks, and prospers, it spreads itself like a green bay-tree; and its votaries pour contempt upon all truthful men. The Lord, through His broken-hearted ministers, roars out of Zion; and, "the heavens and the earth are shaken;" thrones are tottering, nations are trembling; calamities are desolating; and everywhere men's hearts are failing them for fear of that which is coming upon the world.

"BUT," (blessed turning point) the Lord will be the hope of His people, and the strength of the children of Israel." That word "hope" is rendered "the place of repair, or harbour," of His people. This is expressive of safety for the church in times of peril and danger. "So,"

(because His saints shall find a place of defence in the Lord, therefore, He says) "Ye shall know that I am the Lord your God dwelling in Zion, my holy mountain." This knowledge is derived from the four things Paul names in Hebrews:—

1. From the light of the candlestick. This light the Lord is unto His people; so that though they were once blind, now they see; now, they have light in themselves; and light in the Lord. They have the table of shewbread; the opening of faces; they see, by faith, the Father's loving face; the Redeemer's interceding face; the Holy Ghost's instructing face; the minister's comforting face; and the faces of the righteous saints, who worship the Lord.

Beyond this outer sanctuary, they believe Jesus reigns in His four-fold heavenly character. As the Great High Priest, with His golden censer, purifying and presenting our prayers, as the surety of the Covenant; preserving us and our salvation in Himself; as our fruitful minister; and as our law-fulfiller. See Heb. iv. 2—4.

"Then shall Jerusalem be called holy." A sinner thus brought into Christ, is holy in God's sight; is essentially holy in Christ; is sanctified by the Spirit of God dwelling in Him, and shall be eternally holy in the heavenly kingdom.

"No strangers shall pass through her any more." No strange heresies, nor persons who are strangers to God and His Christ can ever find a lodging place, or a travelling place, any more in the heart of a true believer. So, "in the cup" is safety and separation for all the Israel of God.

C. W. B.

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## What Think Ye of Christ?

ADDRESSED TO SPIRITUALLY IGNORANT SCHOLARS.

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["*The Wonderful Word*—JAH." We have previously referred to this book, which, for careful seekers after true wisdom is calculated to be valuable for investigation. The truthful basis of this work, has called forth some mean opposition against it; and Mr. Edward Poulson, the author, has solicited space in our EARTHEN VESSEL, that he might defend the great principles he has sought so ably to develop. We, therefore, give the following paper from the said author —Ed.]

"BIBLICAL Notes and Queries," in noticing a recently published pamphlet, entitled "*The Wonderful Word 'Jah,'*" in reply to the attack and challenge upon the Christian faith by the Jewish chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler, of the Bayswater synagogue, makes the following remarks, "We have no confidence whatever in any argumentative attempt to prove the doctrine of the 'Trinity in Unity,' from the writings of the Old Testament alone."

A fair opponent or controversialist never attributes wrong motives to those who honestly contend in a straightforward manner to maintain those convictions they believe to be true, and so long as they continue to maintain their point with becoming modesty and propriety, they are justly entitled to the respect of those who may differ from them, so far as a difference of opinion is concerned. But when a man assumes the



position of a Christian teacher, and publishes that profession forth to the world in a periodical he has started, with a conspicuous notice, containing an inducement for authors and publishers to send books for review, in conjunction with a statement that all books so sent will be reviewed *most impartially*, whereby authors depending upon that as a true statement made by a man professing to be actuated by love for the high calling of a Christian, are induced to comply but only to meet with conduct directly opposed to such representations, it is high time that such men, making such statements, should be reminded, or informed, that in writing a *review*, it by no means follows that the reviewer is expected to endorse the opinions of the writers whose works he attempts to review, but he is expected to adhere to his own printed statements to "review," (*i.e.*, not to libel) and when a man who sets himself up for an impartial reviewer, as in the case of our contemporary, the editor of "Biblical Notes and Queries," so far forgets the necessary obligations he has so placed himself under by the very responsible position he has assumed, as to act in direct opposition and in the most free and open defiance of his own previous representations, entirely regardless of all private admonition, (Matt. xviii. 15—17;) it necessarily involves the painful duty of publicly drawing his attention to his own inconsistency and misrepresentations, as will appear from his own uncharitable statement as follows :—

"We sincerely hope the chief Rabbi, and those of his co-religionists who may chance to read this pamphlet, will not think that it at all expresses the opinions of Christian scholars on the subject. We also hope that the author will betake himself to the *real* not the *fictitious* study of Hebrew grammar and lexicography, and acquaint himself with the first principles of Bible interpretation, the pamphlet being full of errors, and extravagances of the most unreasonable kind, fitted to bring the study of the Old Testament into most undeserved contempt."

These are the remarks of a man who claims to be an *impartial reviewer*, yet who ventures to declare a pamphlet he is unable to refute, to be full of errors, without critically pointing out and exposing a single error. If the errors in it are so palpable, wherefore this anxiety for fear the chief Rabbi should consider it expresses the opinion of Christian scholars? Is it not a very poor compliment to pay Christian scholars and the chief Rabbi, to express such fear; as if none could detect its errors without *his* aid? If, indeed, the pamphlet really contains errors, would they not be self-evident without such a caution? Are Christian scholars to pin their opinions to the sleeves of such critics (?) and reviewers (?) as the editor of "Biblical Notes and Queries?" Is *he* the only Christian (?) scholar that is able to detect errors in Hebrew?

Notwithstanding a letter having been sent to the editor most respectfully requesting him to point out ONE error (excepting a few acknowledged unimportant typographical errors, that it is almost next to impossible to avoid, and those quotations from sound grammatical and lexicographical works that may not happen to accord with *his* views) he maintains the most sullen silence, (not very heartbreaking either way), but his remarks bear the strongest evidence of savouring of a similar spirit to that by which Rome's ministers of the Inquisition used to call their victims knaves, rogues, fools, &c., when they were unable to answer to their own satisfaction, evidently persuading themselves that they were

so, simply upon the ground of such bare assertions. Peradventure he intends by his remarks about Biblical interpretation, to convey a modest intimation that "Biblical Notes and Queries" is the *only source* to which we are indebted for the first principles of Bible interpretation. I will just mention the names of a few of those authors, the testimony of whose works I have since ascertained endorses the truths of that pamphlet "Biblical Notes and Queries" has declared to be "*full of errors and extravagances of the most unreasonable kind,*" (though unable to point *one out.*) Dr. Gill, Dr. Lightfoot, Dr. Julius Bate, Dr. Parkhurst, Dr. Owen, W. Romaine, Granville Sharpe, W. Huntington, Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, John Bunyan, Robertson, Wilson, Pike, Horne, Forbes, Prosser, J. C. Philpot, W. Tiptaft, and J. C. Reichart and the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge among the Jews. The strongly delineated opposition of "Biblical Notes and Queries" to the divine and eternal sonship of Jesus Christ, who was sent to become the Son of David, was the principal inducement in sending the pamphlet, not that a favourable review was either required or expected through such a periodical, seventeen numbers of which have now passed through the press, and scarcely one sound scriptural truth has been advocated in its pages, as may be judged from its continual denial of God's sovereignty according to election so plentifully set forth in the epistles. The flat contradiction to 130 passages of the New Testament concerning the ordinance of believers' baptism and the deadliest opposition to the eternal Sonship of Jehovah Jesus, the everlasting God, have been the principal themes that have occupied its pages, spread forth to a wicked gainsaying world. The same periodical has had the hardihood to prescribe courses of study for Bible *interpretation* or criticism; and *ministerial* qualification, but failing as yet to exhibit one scriptural evidence that "Biblical Notes and Queries" is at all acquainted with the first and essential qualification of a God-sent minister of the Gospel; namely, the knowledge of the plague of his own heart, and belief in the Son of God from a felt necessity of an inward revelation by faith of a personal interest in Him as opposed to are historical and traditional belief from educational bias. Here, I, who am but the dregs of students, will take the opportunity of drawing attention to the flood of infidelity and rationalism, that is now sweeping through England's Universities, dashing right and left at the Scriptures, attempting to obliterate as interpolations passage after passage of our authorized version, that God has continued to acknowledge and bless for the instruction and enlightenment of His poor, tried, tempted, and afflicted people, ever since its translation. And among the many there are few passages against which the spleen of scholars has been so excited as 1 John v. 7, "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are One." The objection that it is wanting in many Greek manuscripts, the Syriac version and the old Latin is very ably answered by Dr. Gill, who proves the Syriac version to have been very defective till recently altered, and that many Latin manuscripts of an early date have this passage, and that it is in the vulgate Latin version of the London Polyglot Bible, and the Latin translation bearing the name of *Jerome* has it, and "who in an epistle to *Eustochium*, prefixed to his translation of those canonical epistles, complains of the omission of it, by unfaithful inter-

preters." "It is in the *Complutensian* edition." More than half (nine out of sixteen) of the manuscripts used by Robert Stephens in compiling the received Greek of our authorized version had it. Jerome and Athanasius of the fourth century, Cyprian of the third, Tertullian of the beginning of the third, Clemens of Alexandria of the second century, all referred to the passage, so that it can be traced up to the time of John who wrote it. John's Gospel was the last that was written, he wrote it after writing the Revelation on his return from Patmos, when the Holy Ghost specially anointed John to write his Gospel to combat with the errors that had then arisen concerning the eternal Sonship of Christ, as may be seen by the first and seventeenth chapters, and all through the Gospel: his epistles were the last of his writings.

I will now proceed to produce proof in support of the truth that "Biblical Notes and Queries" has branded as a *fiction*, from a favourite passage in the New Testament usually resorted to by those who do not clearly perceive that Jesus was the eternal Son of God in His divine person before the Eternal Father sent Him to assume the body prepared for Him to become the Son of David. When the angel appeared to the Virgin, he said "That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." Luke i. 35. The literal testimony to the eternal Sonship spoken of in His divinity, is as clearly enunciated in this passage as it is possible for words to express in one isolated verse, for had the words "holy thing" not been expressed in the neuter gender, these words must have been rendered *that holy son* or *that holy being* which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God, but as the relationship of His Sonship does not date from this circumstance it must be considered as the fulfilment of the parallel passage in Mal. iii. 1, "The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant (or purification) whom ye delight in, behold, He shall come, saith Jehovah of Hosts." Here this tabernacle or temple is clearly set forth to be the human body, or, that *holy thing* that was prepared for the eternal only begotten Son of God, whose language recorded in the Psalms, the Apostle Paul renders "A body hast thou prepared me. Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do Thy will, O God." Heb. x. 5—7. John also testifies, "I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them." Rev. xxi. 3. And Christ asserted His power by declaring that He would raise up the temple of His body from the dead, shewing that He was God, John ii. 19. And God the Father addresses the Son as God, "Unto the Son *He saith*, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom." Heb. i. 8. The Holy Ghost declares that God made the worlds by His Son, clearly shewing that He was the eternal Son of God before He was sent by the Father to dwell with men in that holy thing, the temple or tabernacle of his human body. Agur asks what is his name and what is his Son's name if thou can'st tell? Prov. xxx. 4. The Psalmist exhorts the nations to kiss the Son lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, Psalm ii. 12. Hence we see that Jesus Christ was the distinct person of the Son of God, whose endearing relationship was eternal with the Father, one with Him in essence and substance, yet a distinct eternal person of the Godhead of Elohim. In the blessings

of Israel Moses declares "There is none like unto *El* אֱלֹהִים the God or *intercessor* of Jeshurun." The eternal *Eh-lo-i* אֱלֹהֵינוּ God or Trinity is thy refuge." Deut. xxxiii. 26, 27. *Ehlo-i* is the genitive (plural) of *Ehlohim*, the Hebrew name of God indicating a plurality of persons. Does not this afford the clearest literal proof that the glory Jesus Christ had with the Father before the foundation of the world, John xii. 5. He had it in His eternal relationship as the Son of God by whom the Father made the worlds? The human body, or that holy thing, was not born into the world till six months after the birth of John the Baptist, Luke i. 24, 26. Yet John pointed Jesus out as the Son of God that was actually existing before John, "He that cometh after me, is preferred before me, for *He was before me.*" "After me cometh a man which is preferred before me; for *He was before me.*" "And I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God," John i. 15, 30, 34. These words "He was before me" bring down the broad sword of truth with such a deadly crash upon Unitarianism, that Unitarians render them "he was my superior;" for which they are obliged to interpolate the pronoun *my* into the text; hence from the occurrence of this word *πρωτος* *first* or *before* in Rev. i. 11, they make Jesus claim to be superior to the Father, but Jesus did not say "I am the superior and the last," but "I am the first and the last." Great ignorance prevails concerning the noun *λογος* *Logos* "word" to which *Dovor* or *Debar* דָּבָר is the Hebrew equivalent signifying word or communicator. The eternal Son of God graciously took the office of the word or communicator between God and man, though the noun "word" is used by the Holy Ghost as a proper name and title of the eternal Son of God who has other names pointing to His offices; for instance *מלאך* *Malach* the sent or messenger usually rendered angel and as a priest the eternal Son of God is called *משיח* *Messiah*, signifying the anointed one, which is the Hebrew name for Christ. It occurs in the Psalms, "Why do the [nations] rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against Jehovah, and against His CHRIST." Ps. ii. 1, 2. "We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ (margin, anointed) being the same word that occurs in Ps. ii. 2, and it is distinctly declared that God acknowledged Christ to be His eternal Son for the consolation of David to whom the third distinct person of the adorable Trinity in Unity revealed the fact that Jehovah said to king David's Lord, "Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool." Psalm cx. 1. From this passage all the evangelists testify that Jesus Christ is the Eternal Son of God who became the Son of David that He might become obedient even unto death, "If David then call Him Lord, how is He his son?" now mark the result, "And no man was able to answer Him a word, neither durst any man from that day forth ask Him any more questions." Matt. xxii. 44—46. If the editor of "Biblical Notes and Queries" continues to harden his neck to the testimony of the Scriptures by perverting their plain literal testimony to the revelation of the holy and adorable Trinity in Unity, in the Old Testament; and to deny God's sovereign purpose according to election by perverting the plain literal testimony of the Scriptures he will discover his own ignorance of the first principles of Bible interpretation when it is too late; and the truth of those words "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God."

London.

EDWARD POULSON.

ADDRESS AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE, MARCH, 1859,  
BY SIR JOHN THWAITES.

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[The following Address was delivered in the Old Surrey Tabernacle several years since on a most interesting occasion. It was taken down at the time, and a copy has now been given us for insertion.—Ed.]

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I have often had occasion to express the difficulty that I feel in addressing you, and although I have had from you myself some little sympathy, I can state that I feel on the present occasion still more difficulty to say a few words, because the occasion is one of deep interest to us as officers of this church, and of deep interest to us as a church and congregation. You say, Sir, you have not said much; I do not know what you have not said. You have said, at all events, one thing that is true, and I shall presently have to refer to two other points, where, I think, we also agree. You have said that between yourself and me there is a marked difference. You are lively as a parched pea. I will not quarrel with the illustration, because I think it is apt; I am cold, phlegmatic, uninterested, scarcely to be moved, however important the subject there is no moving me. Now I am afraid you have rather over-stated the case, at the same time there is great truth in the distinction that you have drawn. I like you for many things, and there are many things that I do not like. I have done so for many years. The thoughts have been running very fast through my mind the time I have been sitting here. It is fifteen years ago, I became connected with this place. When I first heard you, I did not like what you said; but you caught hold of my heart before you had got hold of my head. I felt an union to you, which my understanding and my reason was scarcely prepared to avow. I heard some things that almost shocked me: but light and capacity so peculiar to your character and preaching, was much to me—and especially so in the ministry; but notwithstanding those drawbacks at the beginning, I felt that there was a solemn agreement between the great truths which you are enabled to preach and what I had personally experienced. I was sometime before I became reconciled to what you preached." I was sometimes asked "Where do you attend?" I used to say "I go for a walk," and after a time "I go to the Boro' road;" however, my courage increased as the truth became more precious, and I went on increasing until I was able to say boldly, "I hear Mr. Wells."

Now this is a strange confession to make, because you will observe a kind of cowardice, a something one don't like to acknowledge, but still it may be the means of strengthening the hearts of some who are not quite prepared to say boldly, "I hear Mr. Wells." I have referred to this for a purpose, as I generally do; I have stated that we disagree on some points. I have often been thankful that it is so. I often get into that state of mind, I am glad to ask myself the question, "Have I learnt for myself the great truths you advance; have they an abiding place in my heart?" Often I have been glad to run back to the difference which existed between you and me personally, and to gather some little evidences of the existence of grace, but there has been sufficient in the truth of God to keep me for so many years in that truth; you are still

led in the same line. I have for years felt that religion is a solemn reality ; I feel that we know nothing for perfect, except that which we know by the teaching of the Spirit. I am speaking of real spiritual perfection, not mere letter knowledge, though that is a good thing ; it was a good thing for Timothy that he knew the Scriptures from his youth. I am speaking now of that perfection which pertains to the salvation of the soul notwithstanding all the discouragements we are personally the subjects of.

Instead of requiring a Gospel less full, a salvation less strong, I want a salvation equal to all my necessities, a salvation that can take me up, and all my burdens, a salvation that can take me up, and carry me triumphantly to heaven. Instead of counselling you, Sir, in private, to moderate that Gospel you so boldly proclaim, to lessen that—in behalf of the truth I would say, “Go on.” I am, nevertheless, most happy when enabled to participate, and to rejoice in the strength of God’s salvation. It has been a comfort to me that (differing sometimes as we must necessarily do, but differing upon matters finite) upon these eternal realities, I do not think there is the shadow of a shade of difference amongst us. We do not believe these truths because you do, but we believe them because they have been made ours, because they are our own experience. In looking at the cause of God here, it is gratifying to see that union which does exist with the minister and the deacons, the church and the congregation. Unfortunately for many of our Churches in the present day, there are great divisions among them, one party siding one way, another party another. We have happily been preserved in unity of spirit ; we are in a great measure indebted for this to the clear ministry of the great truths which are promulgated here. Many of those dissensions are from causes which arise from the pulpit. Where you have a full free Gospel proclaimed, that is the best preventative to these divisions, which, unhappily, in some cases exist. It is my earnest hope, and my earnest prayer, that the Lord will spare my brother amongst us many, many years, and may his labours among you still be blessed.

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#### MARY’S TROUBLE.

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MR. EDITOR,—A day or two ago I was reading your piece, “What was in that Cup?” where you say, “Hence, whenever any professing man would seem to think he has, or pretends to have—or, to be something beyond, and above, all that the common run of Christians really do have, such a man may truly fear his religion is not so much of the Spirit’s drawing as it is of Satan’s driving.” I felt condemned while reading this, for I thought I could see that I had fallen into this spiritual pride. I have for some years past lived in the full assurance of interest in the Saviour’s redemption ; and even when my mind has been dark, my heart cold and hard, insensible as steel, the heavens as brass, the Word of God sealed, worldliness and deadness in my soul, still, I was kept looking to the atonement of Christ, and to my oneness with Him for safety, and longing and seeking for the bright and glorious Son of Righteousness to arise again on my soul, with healing

in His beams, feeling myself the most unworthy and ungrateful of all his children. Yet, at the same time viewing myself as perfect in Christ, I have thought I have been highly favoured beyond the common run of Christians (not in having a larger amount of grace than many unless it was faith) but in being kept from doubting my interest in Christ, through the sins felt within. Now, of late, I have had a good share of the Lord's presence in drawing up my affections and gratitude to Him, and also humbling me in the dust of self-abasement to think He should notice in such a loving manner one so vile and insignificant, and yet there was, at that time, or other times, secret pride lurking in this bosom, and there it would have rested had He not "Set these secret sins in the light of His countenance." Ah! it was this sentence in your VESSEL that was the means He was pleased to make use of to show it unto me; it made me tremble; for you there class such persons as having only the semblance of religion. At first I wished I had never seen your book; then I reflected in this way, "well, if it is possible, I am out of the secret (which I could hardly believe) yet I may come as a wretched, undone, vile, yet penitent sinner to His footstool, and plead his blood and righteousness;" and I did seek his mercy with a heart, full of anguish, but no answer. I was led to see and hate that cursed pride, which, if any one had told me was working there, I should hardly have believed them, although I knew that all the seeds of evil were in my heart; yet, we are apt to think they are half dead, until they are felt and seen. I then, while on my knees, opened my Bible, read a few verses, but no comfort; I read again, Isaiah xlvi. 17, "I am the Lord thy God, who teacheth thee to profit; which leadeth thee by the way thou shouldest go." I thought this was a word from the Lord that I might not "faint when He chastened me." It did not come with great power, but, like "a still small voice," and it has followed me ever since; but I could not obtain a love-visit from the Lord; yet, in the evening of the day, I felt a dart of love thrill through my soul, which was encouraging, although soon gone. Next day, I felt my sin hang heavy on my soul; yet I could hardly think I was deceived, or had only the *semblance* of spiritual life, as you said. Next day, (Sunday) I was a little cheered at the house of God, while hearing of the Rock, Christ, being a place of refuge, and a firm rock; His love unmoveable through all changes we may be the subjects of; but I could not be satisfied until He kissed me with the kisses of His mouth, and made me feel again His loving-kindness, and tender mercies, which He did in the afternoon of Sunday, while reading a sermon by Mr. Wells, preached in Aug. 1865, where he is speaking of Christ encouraging the church to let Him hear her voice, "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, let Me hear thy voice." I am ashamed to speak, "Lord, I have so many sins to confess. Well, never mind, let Me hear thy voice. I am such a poor loathsome creature, Lord. Never mind, let me hear thy voice. I am so unworthy of the least of thy mercies Lord. Never mind, let me hear thy voice." I have nothing against you, I have everything for you; I am greater to save than your sins are to destroy, and my worthiness is greater than your unworthiness." Yes, I felt that such kind, loving words were for me; and my soul was made as the chariots of Amminadib, that you were speaking of last December VESSEL. Now my dear friend, is this experience to be classed with a

deceptive semblance and not the reality? My own soul is satisfied again of its safe though undeserving security in the covenant of grace, and is humbled within me at such a discovery of the pride of my heart, and I feel grateful the dear Lord has revealed it to me. Should you feel disposed to reply to this in the *VESSEL*, do not mention the place where it came from. I hope the church at Old Ford is reaping much benefit under your ministry. Yours in Gospel ties,

MARY.

[We can only desire three mercies :—1. That the Lord would cause us to be thankful for any little use He may make of us ; 2. We pray this letter may be read by many for their souls' establishment ; and, 3, We can pray the Lord to give "Mary" grace to "run with patience the race set before her (ever) LOOKING UNTO JESUS. He is the author and finisher of her faith."—ED.]

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### PASTOR G. HEARSON ON THE DEATH OF MR. ATTWOOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Thomas Attwood has gone to his rest. Alas ! It is sadly true ; the veteran Baptist pastor of Charles street chapel, Camberwell, is "no more." With strictest truth, it may be said of him, "he walked with God, and is not, for God has taken him." A good man has been taken away. A faithful minister, a sincere disciple, a kind husband and father, yea, and a father in Israel, has been suddenly gathered to his fathers. As one of his nearest neighbouring Baptist ministers, I feel deeply afflicted, and beg you will allow me to express the deepest sympathy for the widow whose heart must now be pierced with the most poignant grief ; and also with the church which has been bereft of a pastor indeed. Yea, who that knew our excellent brother, and he has been long and widely known, but will deeply mourn his loss to the church ? Mr. Thomas Attwood's cheerful and social disposition, consistent life, and also his faithful ministrations of the Gospel, had endeared him to hundreds of God's people, both at home and round about London. Mr. Attwood, like myself, might never have secured the full approbation of the higher and the lower schools of Baptists ; but a more honest, sincere, and faithful minister has rarely, if ever, entered the pulpit to preach the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. And certainly not a few outside of our own denomination will lament his loss ; though that lamentation will as certainly be mingled with a confident hope of seeing him in a better land, on the other side of Jordan. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Whether Thomas Attwood was a mighty preacher or not, he certainly was a mighty disciple. God very greatly blessed him both naturally and spiritually. He was no time-server, and ever strove to be faithful to God, to His truth, and to conscience ; yet he would most heartily fraternize with those who in some minor respects differed from his views. Some of my happiest hours, for some years past, have been spent in his company. We have often prayed together ; we have exchanged pulpits ; we have assisted each other at our public meetings. I have always profited by his matured counsel, and therefore it seems some relief to my grief to pen these few lines of lamentation and sympathy. May we all be as much missed as our dear friend will be. May we all leave the same gracious fragrance behind. May we all be as faithful to our trust ere we go hence. According to our notions the Baptist body can ill spare such defenders of our faith. Our time is flying. Our race will speedily be run. We have not far to go ; the waters will soon gurgle in our throat ; we are not far from home ! may we



have grace to serve our God with reverence and with godly fear. The night is far spent, the day is at hand.

“O glorious hour! O blest abode!

When I shall be near; and like my God.

“This vile body shall be fashioned like unto His glorious body.” This ransomed spirit shall be presented faultless before the presence of His glory, through Jesus Christ our adorable Redeemer. So may it be with us all, and to Him be the glory for ever and ever, Amen. And I am, Sir, yours sympathizingly,

PASTOR G. HEARSON.

Vauxhall Baptist Chapel.

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## A MINISTER'S CONFESSION OF HIS ERRORS, AND OF THE TRUE FAITH.

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27, College street, Islington, N.  
July 1, 1870.

To C. W. BANKS.

MY DEAR SIR,—From the accompanying papers you will see that I am a tutor and a Baptist minister, having been for some years the pastor of a small church in Islington.

God having, through the instrumentality of the works of Dr. Crisp, and the earlier volumes of the EARTHEN VESSEL (where the letters of “Theophilus” were of great service to me) caused me to think differently on some questions of vital moment, I am on the point of resigning my connection with my people, and seeking fellowship with those whose views correspond with the journal which you edit. A letter to my church, stating my thoughts in few words, accompanies this; and I have thought that it might be helpful to others, if you could find a corner for it in the VESSEL, and I could then put a printed copy into the hands of all my people.

I forward the tracts and sermons, not with a view of your perusing them, but as a guarantee of the respectability and reliability of the person that addresses you, who of course is a total stranger to you. I am personally known to Mr. R. G. Edwards. I should have liked to tell you the gracious way in which I have been led through deep waters to the truth, but I feel that I have no claim upon your time and attention. When the Lord is pleased to open the way for my final disconnection with my church, I intend attending some soul-establishing ministry for a time and should it after that, please our Heavenly Father to open a door of usefulness to some humble field of ministry among you, I may be permitted to meet you face to face to thank you personally for all the blessing I have gained through the instrumentality of THE EARTHEN VESSEL. With Christian regards, I am, most respectfully yours,

W. J. STYLES.

THE FOLLOWING WAS ADDRESSED BY A MODERATE CALVINIST MINISTER WHO HAD BEEN LED TO RECEIVE THE TRUTH OF GOD IN ITS FULNESS AND ENTIRETY, TO THE MEMBERS OF HIS CHURCH, ON HIS TENDERING (ON THAT ACCOUNT) THE RESIGNATION OF THE PASTORAL OFFICE.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—As through the mercy of God I have recently been led to think very differently on some important points connected with our holy religion; and have judged it expedient on this account, to submit to you the advisability of our present connection being severed; I have deemed it well to set before you in a few words what I earnestly believe to be the truth of God, in contrast to the opinions which I have advanced in your midst.

You are my witnesses, that (however faintly and feebly) I have been permitted to set before you the precious truths of the eternal election of God's people, according to his sovereign grace; their predestination to eternal life; the finished work of the Lord Jesus as the meritorious ground of the salvation of such, and only such, as the

Father had eternally given him; the absolute and eternal justification of the elect, in and by Christ; their effectual calling by the Holy Spirit; and their certain preservation unto eternal glory in spite of outward corruptions through the unchanging love and omnipotent grace of their covenant keeping God and Father in Christ. In addition to these scriptural truths I have been wont to declare certain erroneous doctrines, which I may perhaps classify in the following manner.

You have heard from my lips

1. That all that hear the Gospel are responsible for receiving or rejecting the Saviour; in whom it is their duty to believe, to the saving of their souls; and that the ground of a sinner's condemnation hereafter will be his unbelief; his resistance to the strivings of the Spirit of God, and his rejection of Christ, and the offers of the Gospel.

2. That unregenerate men, in all the hardness and impenitence of their natural state, should be commanded by ministers, on the authority of the Bible, to believe savingly in Christ. Some moderate Calvinists offer salvation, and present Christ to all men. From errors of this kind, I have ever, through God's mercy, been delivered.

3. That the blessings of the new Covenant are made over to the people of God *conditionally*; and that obedience to the precepts of the Bible, prayer, earnestness, and activity in Christian service, are the terms and conditions in which they may alone be obtained. I am aware that many would shrink from stating the doctrine so broadly and undisguisedly as this; but it would be easy to show that this is indeed *substantially* the view of moderate Calvinists, who would not scruple to stigmatize the contrary view as *Antinomianism*. Their motive is good, I am assured, for by this legal, and most soul-depressing, and most erroneous teaching, it is sought to stir up God's people to works of faith and labours of love.

In contrast to these opinions, I believe that the Word of God teaches

1. That while unregenerate men are responsible to God on moral grounds, according to the terms of the moral law (which all natural men are under) and as such, are bound to extend a natural and intellectual credence to His revealed truth; saving faith is not to be demanded of them as a duty, nor are they responsible for the want of it; but it is a special grace secured to the elect in the new Covenant, and bestowed on them, and them alone, by the Holy Spirit at the time of their conversion. The ground of the future condemnation of a sinner will be his original and actual sin.

2. Since God "has ordained by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe," and has devised means by which his banished ones may not be expelled from him, the Gospel minister should endeavour to instruct the ungodly; display the riches of Divine grace, explain the holy law of God in its breadth and spirituality; warn them of the "terrors of the Lord," and set before them in all gentleness and faithfulness, the declarations of Scripture respecting their character and condition in the sight of God. Yet it is no man's place to bid unregenerate sinners to come to Jesus, and to urge them to do so, as many do, by mere human (and often extremely unscriptural) considerations. It is the prerogative of the Spirit of God to apply the Gospel savingly to sinners, as He assuredly will in God's time to all that are the chosen of God, who though as yet uncalled have their names written in "the Lamb's book of Life." Moreover, sinners who have been awakened to a sense of their need by the Holy Spirit, are alone addressed in the invitations of the Gospel, which are not universal (as some erroneously affirm) but restricted and limited to the characters described and delineated in them. To such sinners, sinners that are sensible (through grace) of their condition, and to such alone should saving faith be preached as a duty. For one man to presume to present the Son of God as a Saviour to another, or to offer salvation to a fellow-creature, is worse than folly. Regeneration must precede faith, which is not a condition but an evidence of salvation. Men are not saved because they believe, they believe as the result of the work of salvation, which God has commenced in their hearts. Hence it is as illogical as it is unscriptural to require dead sinners to do what none but quickened souls can; and it appears to me that the doctrine of duty faith and kindred errors are dishonouring to the glory of God, as the author and accomplisher of the salvation of his people.

3. The conditions of the new Covenant were fulfilled by the Lord Jesus on behalf of those for whom He died, and its provisions and blessings are therefore made over to His people by the sovereign grace of God absolutely and unconditionally, being treasured up in Christ on their behalf, and dispensed to them by the gracious Spirit of God, who distributes them to every (chosen and saved) man severally as HE will. Hence our enjoyment of the gifts of covenant love, depends not on ourselves

nor our poor imperfect obedience, but upon the good pleasure of our Lord and Saviour.

You will see that the difference between God's truth and moderate Calvinism is vitally important; and that we could hardly walk together were we not agreed upon the subjects I have here discussed. Elsewhere I have laid before you by what steps the Lord was pleased to lead me into His truth. I have here omitted all personal reference, that my words might have the calm and earnest perusal which the solemnity of the matter demands. That God may bless you, is the prayer of your friend in the Gospel,  
W. J. S.

P.S.—A brief account of my experience in connection with my reception of the truth of God, will appear in the form of a second letter in *EARTHEN VESSEL*.

### SERVICES FOR THE YOUNG.

I AM one of those who firmly believe in the doctrines of election, effectual calling and divine agency from first to last, in the salvation of the sinner, young or old; but I am also a firm believer in the use of means, and believe it is our duty to be as earnest for the salvation of souls as for the welfare of the bodies of our fellow-men. In both cases God alone can give efficacy. I fear that, without intention, there are many who pervert the doctrines of grace and make them an excuse for selfish and slothful ease. Sad that it should be so! The higher our knowledge of divine truth,—the brighter the lamp,—the purer the gold,—the more we are called upon to use it for the good of souls, the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the glory of our God.

I am led to these remarks because I feel that there is in our denomination a want of earnestness in working for Christ. There is not that devotion to the Bible class (in general) nor that intense desire to gather the little ones to the Saviour that I should like to see. Other denominations are far beforehand with us. And now that the state has matured its scheme of godless education for every child, a greater work than ever devolves upon our churches and our schools.

Much has been said and written of late about special services for the young. I believe that properly conducted, they are likely to be made the means of much usefulness. Why not have services adapted for our children especially including the young people of our Bible classes, frequently? The following may furnish some hints as to the mode of conducting such services which I would affectionately commend to the more earnest superintendents and officers of our schools.

During the past month I have had the pleasure to organize and conduct a series of successful services for the young at Worthing. They were held on three consecutive Sunday afternoons. The schools of the neighbourhood met on all

these occasions, and the chapels were filled (galleries included) to overflowing.

The order of the services was mostly as follows:—

A very short opening prayer.  
Singing some lively hymn.

A prayer of three or four minutes by some earnest friend for a *special object*, such as "an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the schools."

Singing again some favourite hymn.

A prayer of three or four minutes for another special object, "a blessing on those young friends who may be seeking after Christ."

A third prayer of three or four minutes only for "those who are careless and unconcerned about their souls."

(At these prayers I requested that every scholar present close the eyes and cover the face with the hand, and listen to every word.)

Singing again. Thus half an hour had passed.

I then delivered an address, or rather two short addresses divided and followed by singing, and closed with a short prayer for a blessing on the engagements of the day.

The whole service occupied scarcely one hour and a quarter, and the attention throughout was admirably sustained.

It is important at such services; first, that the prayers be short, simple, and to the point, for a specific object,—not rambling from Dan to Beersheba. (All who engage in these services must come down to the capacity of the child.) Second, that the singing be good,—lively attractive hymns (not lifeless hymns drawn out dolefully to the tune of Job). They should be short and frequent through the service. And third, that the address be earnest, simple, intelligible, pictorial, and illustrative, such that the children will lay hold of and remember, ay, perhaps to the remotest period of their lives.

GEO. THOS CONGREVE.

Peckham, September, 1870.

## THERE IS BUT ONE OF WHOM IT IS ENDURINGLY USEFUL TO SPEAK.

**ESTEEMED AND KIND BROTHER**,—I am ashamed I have not replied to yours ere this, but, I have been preaching and travelling at the rate of seven and eight times a week, in the North, and in the West. Still, I have ever been thinking of coming to see you, and I would most gladly spend a little time with you if the Lord opened any way for me to tell of His salvation. I am expecting to be in Doncaster. When I was passing you I could not stop, or, most gladly would I have shaken your hand, and told you and your invaluable wife, some things out of the deep places.

Let me hear from you when you can. To your spouse, and the thriving branches present grateful thanks.

There is but **ONE** of whom it is enduringly useful to speak. Paul to Timothy says, "There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, **THE MAN CHRIST JESUS.**"

There is much truth and consolation in this sentence, "the Man Christ Jesus."

There appears, in the Old Testament, many instructive representations of this Man, wherein you see something of the beauty of His person, character, office, and work.

First, it is said, the Lord appeared unto Abraham; but when Abraham looked, behold three men stood by him. This was Jehovah Jesus, and His bodyguard of angels. Some say, "The Trinity" came to dine with Abraham," but I fear thus to represent the Trinity. There was the Lord; mark you when the question is asked, "Where is Sarai?" it is put in the plural, "They said unto him, Where is Sarai thy wife?" but when the promise is given, it is in the singular, "I will certainly return unto thee," "The Lord said Is anything too hard for the Lord?" "At the time appointed I will return," &c.

Again, "the men rose up," "and Abraham went with them." But, by and bye there is a separation; "the men turned their faces, and went toward Sodom," but Abraham stood yet before the Lord. These men are afterwards called two angels, and now as a mediator, Abraham drew near, and pleaded for the city. This intercession failed. Why? because not even ten righteous ones could be found in the city. Does not this shew that the Mediatorial office of Christ prevails because He pleads for those who are the righteous ones, for whom He Himself fulfilled all righteousness? God will not destroy the righteous ones. A sinner must be in the covenant; in Christ; atoned for, and justified, or no intercession can save him.

"The Man Christ Jesus," appears a second time; now He comes and takes hold of Jacob, and wrestles with him until the break of day. Hosea says, it was God. Jacob had power with God; yea, he had power over the angel; Jacob prevailed, because there was strength given him. This is one of the most mysterious events the book contains, though no greater mystery than that any man prevails by prayer with the Lord. The great promise is, "the Lord will give strength unto His people." This word strength opens to me the mystery of Jacob's conquest, and also, of every poor sinner prevailing in prayer. Note this, clearly;

tell me if you see it right, first, Christ is called, "The Strength of Israel who will not lie." He is the Strength of Israel. That word strength, is, the eternity of Israel, and the victory of Israel. Take the three—1. He is the eternity of Israel, their eternal standing, union, life, and salvation, all are in Him, as He is the eternal God, and Covenant Head. 2. By the Spirit and power of grace, He is their strength, and lastly, He is their victory, and He will never lie, never repent, never turn from them. He engaged to come; in the fulness of time, He did come. When He came, He made special promises, and He will not fail in them. By His Spirit now He gives a promise to His people, and all must be fulfilled. So "as thy days thy strength shall be."

(To be continued).

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

FROM NEWCASTLE TO LONDON.  
—Monday morning, Aug. 8, 1870. Through sparing mercy, I have been enabled to fulfil engagements in the north; six Sundays in New Bridge street chapel, and I am comfortably persuaded the last evening had the reviving sanction of the Lord's presence. His gentleness made us happy. His tender mercies softened our hearts; and His covenant unfoldings shewed us again how truly blest are they who in the Lord believe. Our brethren J. C. Johnson, John Vickers, P. Sherwood, and a few others, are fighting a hard, but honourable battle for New Testament doctrines and ordinances, in that wide-spread and wealthy metropolitan borough of the North; where, an easy going profession is rather extensively supported, but where the divinely revealed foundations and bulwarks of the church's safety, are slighted, ignored, or so courtously covered over with the silken philosophy of men-pleasers, that no honest hearted believer in Christ's Gospel can comfortably endure such semi-Ananias and Sapphira pretensions to "piety." On the platform of the Newcastle Central Station, a gentleman told me these decided Baptist Calvinists first met in a small upper room in Pilgrim street; only very few; then they removed to a place near Clayton street, called Rehoboth Baptist chapel. Within the last few months, they have occupied New Bridge street Baptist chapel, and they gradually increase. When a large manufacturer, an alderman, and a gentleman, drives his carriage up to the door of a small Baptist chapel, passing costly edifices and fashionable congregations where himself and family would be gladly received; when one of the most successful merchants in the North, and one of the most prudent engineers in Newcastle, when these thoroughly respectable and highly respected families leave all the large and popular assemblies, and meet for worship in a quiet upper room, you will feel satis-

fied there is something peculiar in this sacrifice of natural comfort, and in this serious and almost silent waiting upon the Lord. What is the secret of it? One summer's evening, a country-looking man was passing on from Newcastle to Jesmond; his eye caught a large bill posted on the front of New Bridge street chapel, announcing a London minister to preach there for a month. While the countryman was conning over this bill, a Newcastle native, in the shape of an intelligent and devoted daughter of the national establishment, was also passing?

*Countryman*—What ere sort o' people are these there?

*Daughter*—They are extraordinary people, sir.

*Countryman*—Or—what means um?

*Daughter*—What do you mean?

*Countryman*—Woye, look ye, when I war prentis to Handysoid, fother toiko I to her one clargy, widot gown, um called him Benjamin Flory. Him war a southerner. eh, ah, weal members oih how he taled us of Jesus goin to John to be plunged in Jard'n; ay' whun he'd wale bang'd his Boible, and spaked awful on choosing, and more o' that, he takes folkes down a pond they had in thar meetun; an' so scar'd was oi, the loife went o't o'me. When I see'd thot big word "Baptist," and "Banks" tede made oi think of fether's talk when wo coomb'd out.

*Daughter*—Benjamin Flory was a useful, honest, and steady going minister of Christ in this town, for some years. Why he left, where he went, what became of him, I do not know, I was then, with my mother, at the Scotch Presbyterians; and we had a godly and holy man, a blessed preacher, so I never went to hear that venerable Flory, but brother John said he was a stern man. After him, Mr. Bailey came, and he is still preaching in Newcastle, at 99, Clayton street. I do not think he has "a pond" as you call it, but he does baptize

people. There are not large gatherings under his ministry; but one friend told me, "Bailey is a man for God and of God; a preacher of good Gospel, and a very tried man." These New Bridge street people are select; strict in discipline, and decided in their advocacy of what my grandfather would call "the New Covenant pillars." A gentleman told me these New Bridge street friends had tried to unite with other churches in the town; but the ministers are either unfaithful or disqualified; therefore, for conscience-sake, for truth's-sake, yea, for their own soul's sake they come out. They practically obey the exhortation "Come out, be ye separate, touch not the unclean thing," and they have realized that rich promise, "I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my children, saith the Lord."

*Countryman*—Aye, well, I belong to old Sam'l Turner's, of Sunderland. He's in heaven now, but I are long time sune he was a man told by God to tell people the way of being saved. I shall hear what they say in this place; as I am soon dying and to see my soul saf is all to I. When I've heard this Lunun man, will come and tell ye of him.

*Daughter*—Don't forget.

[More of this northern history soon.]

#### DEATH OF MR. DANGERFIELD IN THE PULPIT AT HASTINGS.

As minister of Baptist church in Devizes, and through the connection he was specially united to, the late Mr. Dangerfield was much beloved and honoured. Some years since we abode at his house and had profitable communion with him. Like many more he has suddenly left us. In a note received from Mr. C. Dibben, of Hastings, we give the following brief account:—

Mr. and Mrs. Dangorfield were staying with friends at Silver Hill for a short time; he was asked to preach at Ebenezer chapel in the morning of September 4, — Mr. Froeman was preaching for the church at the time; — and he gave a weighty discourse in the evening from Matt. xxv. 13. It is thought, Mr. Dangerfield, when in prayer, was riveted to his God: many enjoyed it much. He had not long commenced his sermon before he was seen to fall with the words on his lips, "there remaineth therefore a rest." What a mercy dear friends, to be permitted to enter into that rest! Oh! that we were more like poor Mr. Dangorfield, ready for the summons. It was solemn indeed for those present; and for his dear partner; she was there at the time. I saw him soon afterwards lying in the vestry, and it brought poor Mr. Marks to my mind in a moment, and I thought, oh, how solemn! who will be the next? Is it possible that God is about to call all of his servants home? Shall we have to prize our privileges by the loss of them? I feel we are living in fearful times: are we not

looking more to the creature than the Creator? I feel this to be the case: I know God is a jealous God; and he will not suffer his people to trust in man. I do not know how things are going on in London: we are cold enough here. In church matters—in prayer meetings, it is anything but being on the watch tower. Yours in Christ Jesus.

C. DIBBEN.

Mr. Ransom's *Hastings News* says:

"Great excitement was caused among the congregation worshipping in Ebenezer chapel, East Hill, during the service Sunday morning, September 4, owing to the death of the minister whilst preaching his sermon. Since the death of the late Mr. David Fenner there has been no permanent successor chosen; the services have been conducted by different ministers. On Sunday morning Mr. Thomas Dangerfield, a minister from Wiltshire, had commenced to preach, when he was observed to fall in the pulpit. The deacons went to his aid; but on removal of the helpless man to the vestry it was found that he was a corpse. Dr. Underwood, who was called in, said that death had taken place almost instantly. F. Ticehurst, Esq., held an inquest on the body. The first witness called was Mr. Robinson Funnell, tea dealer, of George street, who deposed: I was at Ebenezer chapel yesterday morning. The deceased was the minister in the morning. He came to the chapel about twenty minutes past ten o'clock. I met him in the vestry. I asked him how he was, and he said he was pretty well. After the congregation had sung a hymn he read a chapter from the New Testament, after which he engaged in prayer for probably ten minutes or a quarter of a hour. Another hymn was sung, and then he gave out his text, Ephesians iii. 8. He read it twice deliberately. He preached from five to ten minutes and had just said, "There remaineth therefore a rest," when an alarm was given, and I went up and found him on the floor of the pulpit. I had not seen him fall. He appeared to be dead.

Mrs. Sarah Dangerfield deposed — Deceased was my husband. He lived in Devizes, in Wiltshire, and came to Hastings with me on Wednesday last. When he left home he was as well as he has been for the last four or five months; but during that time he has complained of a pain in his chest. I saw him fall in the pulpit. He stooped forward as though his sight was failing, and he then fell backwards gently, without making any noise. I went to him, but he did not speak to me, and appeared to be dead. He was sixty-one years of age, and was the minister of a chapel in Devizes, where he preached regularly twice every Sunday, and once in the week.

J. Underwood, Esq., M.D., made a post-mortem examination, the result of which was that he had found the heart diseased.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PRAYER  
AT THE PRESENT ALARMING  
CRISIS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—With many more, I have been almost bewildered with the conflict of emotions caused by the present terrible war on the continent of Europe. It surpasses in its enormous cruelty and savage barbarism anything I have ever known, and in one startling particular it stands out with a hideous distinction that makes one tremble; and that is, that these national bull-dogs, both alike call themselves Christians, both alike profess to believe in one Bible, and both alike look forward to one heaven as the abode of the righteous. It is therefore all the more appalling to find that their avowed religion is so inoperative, so thoroughly useless, as to permit them to become common murderers of one another, and to stifle every sentiment of humanity in their brutal rage to shed each other's blood. The Christian faith is insulted by the atrocities that are perpetrated in her sacred name, and cries out in her deep sadness to "the very God of Peace" "SCATTER THOU THE PEOPLE THAT DELIGHT IN WAR." (Psalm lxxviii., 30 v.)

But what should British Christians be about at this time of danger? Are they without resource? They cannot visit the scene of strife in order to stay the effusion of blood; they cannot plead with the warriors for widows and fatherless children now left destitute and in misery on the gory plains, where, but two or three weeks since, they lived in domestic love and abode in plenty:—they cannot do these things, but they can join in fervent and united prayer that "the God of the whole earth" would "rebuke" these wicked nations (Isaiah ii., 4 v.) and lay their proud ambition level with the dust. They can perform the part assigned to the Jews in their great captivity that they should "seek the peace of the city whither I have caused you to be carried away captives, and pray unto the Lord for it; for in the peace thereof shall ye have peace." (Jeremiah xxix. 7 v.) This we can do; for what though we suffer no captivity, nor are likely to do; our interest in a common peace is equally great with that of the Jews, and it is moreover a Christian grace to "weep with them that weep." Dr. Manning, though a Roman Catholic, has enjoined this prayer for peace on his diocese; how much more earnestly should those who are not Catholics, and who far better understand the great uses of a "throne of grace," join in the same prayer?

With deep sorrow of heart I read a paper in the *Baptist Magazine* for the present month, entitled, "The Religious Consequences of the War," in which the writer begs the whole question, that "in the present actual constitution of things, war appears to be a necessity." Just so; in the very same sense that all sin is a "necessity." But why punish sin when it is so dire a "necessity"? Why arrest the thief

—imprison the dishonest, or condemn the licentious? If war be a "necessity," so are these, for they spring from the same common root, which is sin. The writer nowhere calls upon us to pray for peace, or sympathise with wide spread suffering; but with a callousness of which, as a Baptist, I am thoroughly ashamed, he refers to war as some sort of good, out of which religious revivals frequently spring! In a word, he tacitly implies that the world is the better for war as a purifier of the moral atmosphere, and a stimulant to greater works of faith and love. Shades of Carey and William Knibb! What a pity but ye had learned this wonderful lesson and added, in your holy work, the sword of the warrior to "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God!"

As there is no word of editorial remonstrance against the above article, it must be taken for granted that it is approved. If so, though a supporter of the *Baptist Magazine* for more than twenty years, I must henceforth decline it altogether. Yours very truly,

WILLIAM STOKES.

Manchester, Sept. 1870.

OUR CHURCHES IN THE WEST OF  
ENGLAND.

LAUNCESTON AND LIDFORD. Up one part of the Cornish line we ran by steam on the morning of September 14, 1870. The Superintendent of Howe street School, Mr. George Rowe, a respectable builder in Plymouth, decided to accompany me as I was engaged to preach at Harvest Thanksgiving services that day in Portgate chapel, Springtown, near Lifton, an agricultural and fruit district, where orchards and apples are as thick as they can be. I have just passed through the black Box tunnel—have left the marine towns of Plymouth and Devonport—the bishopric of Exeter—the busy city of Bristol, and the sober aristocracy of Bath, all behind, and as we roll and shake along to the three millioned city, I thought of you, dear Samuel, and would ask you to reflect upon this a moment. After I was engaged to preach at this Portgate chapel, one of the trustees called on me, and as he said "dared me to preach there:" he said, if I went, and attempted to preach there, it would cause much disturbance. Only about a half-an-hour before this gentleman called on me to warn me not to go, I had been preaching to a large company of believers from those words—"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty," and I had been so strengthened in my soul, that I could not feel frightened. I saw my opponent felt justified in opposing me, and I would not argue the matter with him. I only said I had no knowledge of Portgate chapel—I had not sought to go—I had been invited, and had promised, but if the trustees who had engaged me, would dissolve the engagement, I would not go: I never wished to make disturbances: but while the gentleman was talking to me rather severely, something

said in my feelings—"Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." The gentleman left me, and as well as I could, I carried the matter to the Lord. The friends who engaged me, held me to my engagement, so I pledged myself again to go at the appointed time, which was then several days hence. I had not, nor have I, one unkind feeling toward the gentleman who opposed my going. I expected both himself and his minister would attend the said harvest services, when I should have an opportunity of speaking to them, if not prevented. The evening before the harvest services were holden, I preached my farewell at How street chapel, Plymouth, which I will notice another time. After all the Plymouth meetings were over, and the morning for starting for Portgate chapel services was close at hand, and I was in my bed room, a silent thought walked the decks of my heart, and said—"Ah, you have had good times at Plymouth: blessed seasons at Bigbury, Ashburton, Devonport, Trinity, and New Passage, but now, what lies before you?" I fell on my knees, tried to commit my way unto the Lord, and almost immediately these words ran into my mind—"Therefore I endure all things for the elect's sake, that they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory." Very quieting were those words to me, I laid me down and slept. Our journey to Portgate chapel, and how we spent the day, must come to you in my next letter. Think of them, and remember your old friend  
C. W. B.

Exeter. — Friday, September 15, 1870, Ten o'clock. Just left three good brethren, William Shepherd, pastor of the South Chard church; Abraham Howard, of the Birmingham Strict Baptist church, and John Hunt Lynn, of Trinity, Plymouth; a more honest and earnest trio cannot be found in every place, for it is lamentable to find that ministers, in a general way, are at a sad discount with the people; but, the South Chard people never had a minister they esteemed more heartily than they do their pleasant and devoted "Shepherd"—he is, by nature and by grace, a goodly and devoted man. Some of us are little mean things in appearance, but, when you see William Shepherd in his pulpit, you behold one of nature's finest specimens; his very face is radiant with the cheering rays of grace, mercy, peace, and truth; honesty, honour, and happiness, with every feature of a healthy habitation—are all clearly seen in such unity, and harmony, as neither nature or grace gives to many. "William Shepherd and Sons," have a large engineering establishment, close to Zoar Baptist chapel, in Longbrook street, Exeter. I had the pleasure of once more preaching in Exeter Zoar last night; that made thirty times in less than a month. Praises to the God of all grace, I feel none the worse for it. I do know that is true—"out of weakness we are made strong." Brother Shep-

herd's tent has been a resting place for many a poor pilgrim, and after service last evening there was a Christian conference in the Shepherd's tent, conducted by the brethren Chambers of Plymouth, Lynn, Shepherd, Howard and others, but the notes are deferred. Brother Howard closed it with prayer.

BEXLEY HEATH, KENT.—The forsaken Baptist chapel, Bexley Heath, being again required for the Baptists, who prefer the good old paths of Bible truth to the more fashionable and broader routes, it was found necessary to cleanse and repair the old edifice and make some improvements in the fittings. This was done at a cost of £75, to which the poorest among them contributed with hearty good will. The re-opening services took place on the 7th of August, and other public meetings were held there August 23rd, on which day, in the afternoon, Mr. John Bunyan McCure preached to a large audience, a solid, edifying discourse from Micah xxxiii. 20, "Look upon Zion." More than a hundred visitors and friends took tea together. We had guests from London, Greenwich, Woolwich, Lessness Heath, &c., who came to wish us God speed in the name of the Lord. At half-past six the chapel was again filled. J. T. Olney, Esq., took the chair. Mr. Whittle asked the presence and help of him whose inspirations are essential for life and fellowship, and comfort, in the assemblies of his church. A brief financial statement was read, the chairman gave the chief points of our case and claimed the sympathies of true-hearted Christians in a movement he believed to be conscientious and consistent. In the course of the evening we had addresses from brethren Crisp, G. Webb, Cowdery, T. Jones, McCure, and Bennett. The two last gave some interesting scraps of their experiences among the churches in America and Australia. The chairman in a speech of some length, soundly argumentative, and amusingly racy, shewed the incongruity of baby baptism, as allied with regeneration and personal faith, and the presumptuousness of ignoring our Lord's commission to his apostles, and their example of obedience by sinking Christian Baptism under the pretence of charity, and thus making an approach to Broad Churchism, which aims at the extinction of all dogmas, and the levelling of all the boundaries of Zion. Its apostles and journalists make merry over the idea of "a garden enclosed." He, the chairman, finally challenged the company then present to wipe off the remainder of the debt lately incurred, that evening, by the help of a liberal contribution from his own purse, and he gained his point. The work of our hands, establish thou it.

BEXLEY HEATH.—TRINITY BAPTIST CHAPEL. On Wednesday evening, Sept. 15th, after the usual week night service the members of the church and congregation



presented their beloved pastor, the Rev. W. Frith, with a purse of gold, as a token of their esteem and regard for him and his ministry among them. Mr. Frith thankfully acknowledged the same, and expressed his desire, hope, and confidence that the present evidence of the Lord's blessing amongst them in the number who had been added to the church would be followed by a still greater increase, and that himself, the deacons and elders, and church would endeavour to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace." There are several other candidates standing for baptism.

**BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.**—The last Sunday in August, Mr. McCure preached in Mr. Lawrence's pulpit, with much acceptance morning and evening, and Mr. Edwards in the afternoon. At night, the chapel was more than crowded, and the preacher and people all appeared alive and happy in the Lord. The collections were in aid of the Building Fund. The church's position here is just this: in about three years the lease expires, when they will have to seek another habitation. They have a young and earnest pastor in Mr. Lawrence, and one whom the Lord has considerably blessed, and we feel sure will yet more largely honour, but they are generally very poor; nevertheless they have already shown their determination to "go forward" in this work, and by weekly pennies and so on, have already the nucleus of a fund for the purpose of building a new chapel. Who will render them aid? We are charged with always begging, either for a poor parson, or a poor widow, or a poor church, or something else. We heartily plead guilty to the whole of the indictment, and hope to continue in the same line. These Bermondsey people badly want, and must have a new place of worship. Will every one of our readers this month send one shilling in stamps to our brother, Mr. Knott, 198, Bermondsey street, London? Do it at once, and don't forget it, and they will have enough money to build the chapel forthwith.

**WALTHAM ABBEY — EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL, FOUNTAIN SQUARE.** The third annual meeting of opening of above place of worship was held Thursday, Sept. 15th. Many kind Christian friends favoured us with their presence and help. The service was opened by Mr. F. Wheeler. Then our Christian friend, Mr. R. G. Edwards, delivered a message from the Lord, based upon John vii. 37, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The preacher spoke in a God-honouring manner, corresponding in substance with that discriminating passage in Jer. xv. 19, i.e., "If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth." After this savoury discourse, friends took tea and cake, which, as usual, appeared to be much enjoyed. The preacher for the evening was Mr. John B. McCure, late of Australia.

His text for this occasion was founded upon Zech. ix. 16, "The Lord their God shall save them in that day as the flock of his people." The preacher, after dilating upon the submission of the sheep of Christ to the acknowledgment of the alone sovereign power of God in their salvation, unfolded the text in a threefold order. 1st, the person spoken of, who shall save them; "Jehovah in plurality," in his official and complex character as the only representative of his people for their salvation, by meeting all the demands of justice. Here our brother met with drawn sword that sophistical dogma, "total annihilation," showing that the flock are saved eternally, and those lost are cursed infinitely; they are "condemned already." But the child of God was brought to confess to Christ as an urgent case, proving Christ to be an everlasting high priest, in the language of this hymn:—

"Since I can hardly bear,  
What in myself I see;  
How black and vile must I appear  
Most holy God to thee!"

2nd. The day spoken of, namely the day of Christ, the day of types and shadows being past, the soul is led to sing—

"My faith looks back to see," &c.,

Although the days of experience are often days of darkness and barrenness, when the child of God seems to bear no fruit, yet they are saved from total barrenness as well as from fatal heresies. Lastly, those spoken of, the flock of his people, who are compared to sheep individually, but collectively as a flock. The sociability and unanimity that exists among sheep naturally was illustrative of the true sheep of Christ spiritually, which was set forth in a most striking manner, and those of the goats which represent the world, were the worst of all thieves and the most sensual. The sheep are very particular in every point, well known to our friend who has so lately come from the antipodes, the greatest sheep country in the world. The sheep were to be saved relatively, God saves them interestedly, for

His righteous character's at stake,

To save them from the burning lake.

The text being so full of precious truth the preacher could not possibly for lack of time finish the subject. The benediction terminated the service which will long be remembered as one of the very best that has been experienced by the friends and members at Ebenezer.

W. WINTERS.

**CINDERFORD, FOREST OF DEAN.**—Mr. EDYON,—Knowing you feel interested in the comfort and enjoyment, as well as the edification and establishment of the church of God and truth, especially where you have known and associated with the saints and have been refreshed by them, as I know you have in the Forest, induces me to send you a few lines, relative to a meeting which has just been held there. Lord's-

day, August 7, was a high day at this romantic place, the fourth anniversary of Particular Baptist church, the scene of brother Snaith's labours. It was announced brother Plaice and brother Huxham, of Cheltenham, to preach. Brother Plaice had the true preacher's subject, "Christ, and him crucified;" he had the true preacher's heart. He preached from an experimental acquaintance; he spoke as a man that had himself tasted of the cup before he presented it to his friend; with the true preacher's spirit, he speaks out of a living disposition; and when this is fired by the love of Christ felt in the soul, it then becomes love of the highest nature existing between man and man in this our sinful world. With the true preachers' desire to glorify God in the Trinity of his Persons, exalting Christ, and giving him the supremacy over all and everything, even the abominable idol of the present day, free-will, and duty-faith, by declaring the certainty and stability of grace covenant transactions, in the completeness of redemption of the church by Christ and the absolute and effectual calling of all the given of the Father in him by the invincible operation of the Holy Ghost; and in establishing the saints in the true faith of the everlasting Gospel, comforting the distressed in Zion, strengthening the feeble of the flock, encouraging the fearing and spreading a board of rich Gospel dainties, which I can vouch made some to rejoice and be glad; also, by seeking and endeavouring through the life-giving power of God the Spirit, in ministering the Word to send the arrow of conviction to some poor sinner's heart. This being the case, many of the privileged sect were enabled to set to their seal God is true. On Monday the anniversary tea meeting took place, under the judicious management of our long tried friends, brother W. Harris, and his loving, cheerful, and devoted better half, to whom the friends feel deeply indebted. After tea, the evening service commenced. Brother Plaice read the 133rd Psalm, and gave a short exposition thereon with his usual sweetness, and engaged in prayer; brother John Thomas, the good Welshman, one of the former supplies, and co-labourer with brother Snaith, for several years past, in different parts of the Forest, gave out that well-known hymn of the venerated Hawker—

"Abba Father, Lord we call thee;"

then came brother Huxham, a thorough-born and bred Devonshire man, who feels pleased at being associated with the neighbourhood that produced such a man as John Keut, and was blessed so many years with the labours of such an one as the great and gifted Hawker, and who appears to have dipped into the same stream of sovereign, rich, eternal grace in its moving, choosing, loving, redeeming, regenerating, justifying, sanctifying, and glorifying acts of the whole church. He gave for his text Eph. vi. 32, in which he

treated on the mystery, the mystical marriage or union between Christ and his church, in the origin, nature, and consequent design or effects thereof, with a degree of savour and sweetness as may have been seen on the countenances and expressed from the lips of those who are, through grace, enabled to sing from the heart those sweet words—

"In union with the Lamb,  
From condemnation free;  
The saints from everlasting were,  
And shall for ever be."

&c. &c.

Thus after the doxology brother J. Thomas prayed for the divine blessing, to rest and abide on the word, and all the friends present, and in his warm hearted Welsh manner, especially on the ministerial brethren present, that they may be kept in the truth, and be made useful in, and to the church; endowed with wisdom, and guided and led continually in all their perplexities, and exercises by an unerring hand in the right path. Thus ended one of those seasons of festivity realized and enjoyed only by the saints when meeting together in the love of the Spirit of Truth, who we pray will be pleased to bless it to his own honour and glory, the comforting of saints, and calling sinners into the fellowship of the Gospel. Amen and Amen.

#### "GREAT VICTORY" AT ISLINGTON.

ISLINGTON. — PROVIDENCE CHAPEL. Special services were held Lord's-day, September 11th. Mr. Hall of Clapham, preached in the morning; Mr. W. H. Evans in afternoon; the pastor, Mr. R. G. Edwards, in evening. Mr. James Wells preached Tuesday afternoon a sermon full of gospel truth. A good number took tea. Mr. Edwards presided over evening meeting. Mr. Ford, one of the deacons, engaged in prayer; the chairman stated the object of the meeting was to thank God for having given the people hearts to get the chapel quite out of debt; and called upon Mr. Tylor, the Secretary to the Committee, to read the report; it showed the committee were appointed in January, 1869, for liquidating liabilities on the cause which amounted to £133 6s. 3d.; since that time a new lease has been obtained; the chapel put in trust at a further cost of £26 17s. 1d. and also the chapel has been licensed for marriage, which cost £3 5s. In January of the present year a public meeting was held, when it was stated the total debt had been reduced to £121 2s. 5½d. In May last at a public meeting it was stated that the debt was reduced to £66 8s. 7d., and an earnest appeal being then made for subscriptions and promises of specific sums, and the same being heartily responded to, enabled the Chairman (Mr. James Wells, who presided that evening), to declare that the whole of the debt was provided for; Mr. Wells gave two donations that evening which encouraged others to do the same; therefore his kindness to the cause at Isling-

ton we will record. The Committee now had to state the debt was all paid, and a surplus in hand of £9 12s. 10½., which it was proposed should go towards cleaning and repairing the chapel, which sum, before the meeting terminated, together with the collections on the previous Lord's day, amounted to upwards of £22. The report closed by thanking the Secretary and Treasurer, and pastor for their valuable assistance, and unfeigned thanks to God for His abundant goodness to this cause. Mr. Thomas Jones moved the adoption of the report in an excellent speech. Mr. Evans seconded it most heartily because he wished the cause all prosperity. Mr. James Wells then moved a resolution, that the money collected should be appropriated to cleaning the chapel; that the rest be got as soon as possible; and after that they increase the pastor's salary: his speech was encouraging to the pastor, cheering to the friends, and proved the deep interest he always has taken in the cause at Providence: it was a golden speech, for he gave £1 to the collection; and paid his own expenses; thus serving us in every way. May he live for ever! Mr. Lawrence of Bermondsey, seconded the resolution; Mr. John Mote, Chairman to the Committee, (without whose legal assistance and energy we certainly should not have attained our object so soon, or at so little legal expense), made a clever speech putting the matter in a war-like position—the debt was our enemy, and having made a vigorous attack, by God's help, we have conquered, and the campaign is most successfully brought to a close. Votes of thanks to the committee and also to the ladies for the excellent tea followed, and the meeting closed with singing and prayer.

The chapel has long wanted to be repaired, and could not be done till the old debt was paid. We are thankful that is now done, and hope when we have another meeting at our anniversary in November, the place will not look like the same. We pray God to abundantly bless the pastor, (Mr. Edwards), and that not only may he be much encouraged by having a clean and respectable chapel to preach in, but what is more important, God's blessing on the word preached, and He shall have all the praise. W.

**BRAINTREE.—SALEM BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—Sixth anniversary was held Wednesday, September 7. Two sermons were preached by Mr. J. B. McCure, full of gospel: delivered with zeal and vigour. Tea was comfortably provided. In the evening addresses were delivered. Mr. Wren presided, and opened the meeting by singing and prayer. Mr. Smith, of Yeldham, gave an address on the disciples' prayer: "Our Father," etc., in which was set forth the union that existed between Christ and his people. Mr. McCuro next came forward, he was led to speak upon the

Choice and Goodness of God. We were delighted to hear such a testimony. It was a good day. To God be the praise. The cause here has its trials, but we have much to be thankful for. Grace has enabled us to persevere. The mortgage debt has been removed by a highly esteemed brother in the Lord, leaving but a few pounds (not included in the mortgage) for the church to raise. Mr. Wren has been declaring the word of truth in our midst for the past six months. The Lord sent him. The congregation has improved. The truth has been set forth. Souls have been fed. May the Lord send forth his truth and raise up many more that shall not be ashamed to declare a finished salvation through the once dying Lamb. J. M.

**MR. CROWHURST'S ANNIVERSARY**  
—CHURCH STREET, ARLINGTON SQUARE, NEW NORTH ROAD, (late of Dorchester hall). Our eleventh anniversary was held Lord's-day, Sept. 4th; sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. Crowhurst; and by Mr. Stringer. Tea and public meeting to celebrate formation of church was held Tuesday, Sept. 6th, 1870, at Ebenezer chapel, High Hoxton, kindly lent. About eighty friends sat down to a happy tea. At public meeting, the following brethren were present: Messrs. J. B. McCure, Lodge, Osmond, and Cartwright, the pastor. Mr. Crowhurst presided, and gave the history of the church from its formation in Dorchester hall, showing the various changes which it had undergone, but it gave him great pleasure to be able to say that love, and peace, and unity, now dwelt in their midst. He dwelt particularly upon the goodness and mercy of our covenant God for his delivering mercies toward him during the severe affliction under which he has so recently laboured. Brother Lodge spoke with much heartiness, followed by Mr. Osmond. Mr. McCure dilated upon the duties of God's ministers. Mr. Cartwright was full of earnest endeavours to promote peace, unity, prosperity, and love. No youthful would-be classic interrupted our valiant friend this time. We were delighted to see our pastor so happy, and the meeting closed triumphing in a joyful spirit, putting the crown upon the head of our glorious High Priest.

H. MILLER.

**PULHAM ST. MARY.**—DEAR BROTHER,—Grace and peace be with you. My dear wife is quite confined to her bed; is a great sufferer; the good Lord sustains her under all, In the midst of all our trials and afflictions the Lord is immensely good to us. Oh for a heart to praise and adore him! Yesterday we baptized two, and another has come forward. The Lord keeps adding to us by ones, twos, and threes. three thousands were once put down all at once in God's day book; but for the most they are put down by ones and twos, as appears from Jer. iii. 14. What a wonderful ledger book is that above; it will indeed

appear so, when the day book shall be completed, after the last chosen figure is put down, Rev. xxi. 27. God is making daily entries in the day book, according to Psa. lxxxvii. 6, my text yesterday. The figures will be all down, and the sum total given in the judgment day. Mark these sweet portions: according to Mal. iii. 17, "Known unto God are all his works from the beginning;" we have this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his." There will be "this man," "this woman," and "this child," both small and great; all figures, and not one nought among them. Shall you and I make a part of the great sum? God grant it, for Christ's sake. The tract I have sent is for your review in the VESSEL. I thought Mr. Brown ought to put all he had written into the form of a tract, and give it all the circulation he could for the benefit of both Churchmen and Dissenters. Mr. Brown has thought proper to do what I suggested. May God give this tract success, seeing it has nothing but the naked truth to recommend it! Affectionately yours in Jesus,

B. TAYLOR.

[We have not yet seen it.—Ed.]

BOROUGH.—TRINITY CHAPEL. To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL. In your VESSEL there was a statement you had received "a letter" from a member of the church at Trinity chapel, Borough, informing you that it is not with the consent of the church that Mr. Hudson occupies the position he has taken as minister of that chapel. Allow me to say in reply, Mr. Hudson has not assumed to be the church's pastor, but the minister of the chapel, as correctly stated in your July number extracted from his circular. At a full church meeting held 24th of March last, it was plainly stated that a kind friend had offered to release the church of all financial embarrassment and be responsible for deficiency in income for a year, provided the church agreed that Mr. Hudson should make an effort to continue the services by preaching the word without salary while the receipts did not exceed the regular incidental expenses. At a subsequent church meeting (April 12th) it was resolved unanimously, that a special meeting of male members be called for the 20th inst., to decide upon the subject, and the following is a verbatim copy of the letter of invitation to that meeting.

April 14, 1870.

Dear brother,—At our church meeting on Tuesday evening last, it was resolved unanimously "that a special meeting of the male members be held in the vestry of Trinity chapel on Wednesday evening the 20th inst., to decide by majority, on important business relative to the chapel lease, and that the meeting be convened for eight o'clock precisely." Your attendance on this occasion is particularly urged as all absent will have to abide by the decision of the "major part in number of those as-

sembled," in conformity with a clause in our deed. With Christian love, I am, dear brother, yours sincerely,

F. I. HUDSON.

Secretary.

115, Stamford street, Blackfriars road, S.

Twelve brethren came to this meeting, and ten signed a document to adopt the course we are now pursuing; the minority of two made no proposition for any other step but were neutral. This statement I think must be sufficient to satisfy any impartial reader, that Mr. Hudson's disinterested position is in no respect false or dishonourable, and that the assertion copied from the member's letter in last month's VESSEL is invidious and substantially false. I am, dear sir, yours in the truth,

T. PARDOX.

Officiating deacon and treasurer.

Lawrence lane, E.C.

WARE, HERTS.—Aug. 14th, 1870.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I give you a brief outline of the tenth anniversary held at Ware, July 20th, 1870. When the hour arrived for meeting together, we were greeted by about fifty brethren and sisters from the metropolis, whom we welcomed, and desire to thank, for their kind solicitations on behalf of our cause at Ware. Our esteemed pastor Sumpford commenced morning service by giving out that well-known hymn—

"Arise, O King of Grace, arise."

Brother Flack read the Word of God, and prayed. He spoke very experimentally upon the Lord's leadings and dealings with his people from Isaiah xxxviii. 20. After the service, a large number sat down to dinner, which was ample, though a larger number assembled than was expected. In afternoon, brother Stringer occupied the pulpit, in his bold and energetic manner, and opened up from Psalm civ. 30, 31, the operative work of the Holy Spirit in his creative power both in providence and grace. 140 took tea. In evening the theme was renewed from Eph. ii. 6, by describing our state as sinners dead and buried in sin, but most blessedly raised up from our degradation by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, whereby we are made to sit together in heavenly places, such as election, predestination, God's sovereign and eternal choice of his people; his everlasting and unchangeable love. And thus our spirits rejoiced in the God of our salvation; and thus closed the services of the day by singing

"For ever with the Lord,

Amen, so let it be;

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality."

E. WINTERTON.

PLYMOUTH.—The churches in Plymouth have had a special time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, under the ministry of our highly favoured

brother, Mr. J. B. McCare. It must have been cheering to him to see the good gatherings, the cheerful faces, and the hearty response to his appeal for a good collection. The Lord bless him; and make him a blessing to the end of his days. My soul has been helped and comforted, by reading his book, as well as by his ministrations. I love to hold communion with the saints of God, when they acknowledge him in all things. Our God is worthy of all honour; power, wisdom, and mercy are with him. Many regret our brother's stay was so short. I hope (if the Lord will) that the day is not far distant, when Trinity chapel will acknowledge him as their stated pastor. Trinity chapel has flourished and been filled to overflowing, under the same kind of ministry and order as our highly esteemed brother is helped to maintain; the Lord's arm is not shortened now; his ear is not heavy. He will bless his own as in days gone by. The Lord's will be done.

LESS THAN THE LEAST.

DEATH.—Mr. John Vincent, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, says: that venerable and devoted man of God, Mr. Thomas Barrow, of Clenchworton, near Lynn, died August 10, 1870, in the 79th year of his age. He was a worshipper at Boston, under the late Mr. John Stevens's ministry; but he removed about thirty-five years since, to a small estate he had left him through his wife, who is yet alive. The Lord greatly blessed his labours, and increased him. He had one son, and six daughters. Most of his posterity followed him to the grave, namely, three generations. Since his removal to Norfolk, he worshipped with the dear people of God at Tilney and Lynn, where his liberality was well known. He was a plain man; nothing short of a free grace gospel would do for him. I have been closely connected with him thirty years, having the honour of having one of his daughters to wife; and she is a helpmeet according to God's order. Our deceased father indeed, was helped the last nine months; he lay and withered away without pain. He had been helped out in his trap the day before he was taken for death. He sent for a neighbour to come to read to him the 17th of St. John's gospel. Before he finished the chapter, he asked to be lifted up, and made one or two remarks about dying; he just had time to say, it was hard work dying, and his spirit took its flight. In a moment he was for ever with the Lord. I saw him three weeks before he died; he said he wished me to go to his funeral; I promised, the Lord willing, to do so. I am pleased to say I was enabled to take my dear wife, who is very weak, so long a journey; and she saw her beloved father buried. On Lord's-day, August 14, according to promise, I had the great pleasure of meeting with those dear old saints, brethren Samuel Smith, John Coppau, and Barnea, who knew me forty years ago, when I was quite a child, and when anxious about my soul, I used to walk behind them (in company with my

father who is yet alive), to the house of God; I would listen to hear if what they said corresponded with my experience; and many blessed seasons my soul has had while so travelling. We used to go from Tilney, where I was born, to Wisbeach and Lynn, when any one came to preach in those places. We had a nice chapel at Tilney in those days, and now I am glad to say there is a goodly number meet to listen to my highly esteemed friend Mr. S. Smith; who declares good things for our dear Lord and Saviour: a man quite suited to the place. I had the pleasure last Lord's day evening to meet with those dear people; and our Lord was there. I was asked to speak, and the Lord helped me to say a little. It was twenty-eight years since I left them; and I commenced by saying I was like a child just come home from school. So I had to give account of the school I had been in; and, dear C. W. Banks, those were truly my feelings, after so long absence from the dear people of God. Yours in the best bonds,

JOHN VINCENT.

CAMDEN TOWN.—Cheering news from Old Zion, corner of King street, Camden Town. Brother Banks,—You will be pleased to hear of the prosperity of our cause, (meeting in above place,) as yourself and brother Stringer formed us into a church and united us and our pastor, brother Gander, in February last. Since then, we have enjoyed the good will of him that dwelt in the bush; having been encouraged, comforted, and established by the things our pastor has brought forth. On Tuesday, Sept. 20th, we held our second quarterly meeting, to rehearse the goodness of our covenant God, and to ask his presence and direction for the future. Our hearts were cheered to see the friends of truth rally around us; between seventy and eighty took tea, after which our pastor took the chair, and gave a short and concise account of the Lord's gracious dealings with us up to the present time. Our treasurer, brother Hood, gave satisfactory account of our financial position. We owe no man anything. Several brethren gave us good words and comfortable words; the presence of the Lord was sweetly realized. On the following evening we had another profitable meeting in Avenue chapel, brother Higham's, kindly lent us for the occasion. Our pastor, after preaching a thorough baptizing sermon from the words, "What mean ye by this service," Exodus xii. 26. Immersed in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, four believers who had previously witnessed a good confession before the church. Oh! with what gratitude and pleasure we record it! we are blessed with perfect peace and unity, realizing sacred influence of the Holy Spirit in our midst. We feel sure you will rejoice with us, and pray that peace and prosperity and a still larger share of the Holy Spirit's influence may be ours to enjoy. So pray for you, in Christian love,

J. HOOD, & S. BRAZLEY, Deacons.

# "CLEANSING BLOOD."

## A Sermon

PREACHED AT EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL, WIRTEMBERG STEEET,  
CLAPHAM, ON THE LORD'S DAY EVENING, MARCH 27, 1870.

BY MR. D. CRUMPTON,

PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, SILVER STREET, NOTTING-HILL GATE.

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"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John, i. 7.

As I have already observed while reading this chapter, from which I have taken my text, the Apostle John speaks of himself as a gospel minister—as having personal and experimental acquaintance with the glorious things connected with eternal life, love, and mercy. He says:—"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." But while he so speaks, it is evident he does not arrogate to himself special sanctity and holiness—as having experienced what was not shared by other members of the church of Christ.

He acknowledges that nothing short of the power, or less than the blood of Jesus Christ, brought them out of the bondage and corruption of their former condition. He lays no stress on Sacraments, or the efficacy of ordinances, whether of Baptism or the Lord's Supper, but attributes the glorious and blessed effects produced on their hearts and the enjoyment in their minds, to the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. And if any attribute these effects to human instrumentality, or anything less than the blood of Jesus Christ, it is because there is no light in them.

There are four things in our text to which (as far as time will admit) I would invite your attention. 1. Whose blood it is. 2. Its efficacy. 3. Its continual efficacy; and lastly, the glorious consequences produced on the heart and conscience.

Let us, first, point out whose blood it is that is spoken of. If you take up your Bible you will find that *blood* is never spoken of as a thing of little worth. From Genesis to Revelation, blood is spoken of in a special way and manner.

If we go back to the days of Cain and Abel, what a sad reference *there* to blood. See the brothers in the field, see the anger depicted on the countenance of Cain, the indication of wrath in that heart, and the death blow given, not to an enemy, but a brother. Behold a brother stretched on the ground in the agonies of death!

The great God comes down and says, "Cain, Cain, what hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

"Blood has a voice to pierce the skies." Blood is an *important* thing, a *sacred* thing; and if you go to the book of divine revelation, these facts meet you under every dispensation. Look at the *significancy*,

worth, and value of blood shown in the sacrifices under the Levitical law! And when you come to the great sacrifice of the Son of God, what do you behold? That it is by blood alone there can be any pardon and remission of sin. It is by blood alone. For without shedding of blood is no remission." You may go to the waters of the Jordan, and *sprinkle*, or *immerse* in those waters, but it will not procure remission of sins. And not all the *tears* that were ever shed by human eyes could wash out a single spot of sin from a guilty soul. No; nothing short of blood can do this. It is the teaching in the *Old*, as it is the teaching in the *New Testament*—"Without shedding of blood there is no remission."

Some think, if they do but leave off their old sins and lead a moral life, and practise acts of benevolence, &c., &c., all will be well; they will be sure to get to heaven. But let me tell you, dear soul—yes, I say dear soul, for I count the immortal soul of every one of God's creatures dear—let me tell you that however good all such acts are in themselves, and, oh, that we saw more of them! yet it is "Not by works 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." (Titus iii. 5.)

There is no getting to heaven without the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Not all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has given,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heaven."

Without the application of the blood of Jesus Christ to your soul, you will in no wise be fit for the kingdom of God. O that the Lord may lay this upon your heart! What a death it is to all legal hope! Whose blood is it? There is a difference in blood. The blood of a man is of more price than the blood of a beast, and the blood of *some* men is of more price than the blood of others. For instance, if some were to fall a victim by the hand of an assassin, it might not affect anyone—that is, in a certain sense. It would not be viewed as a national calamity. But if you take the blood of a prince, or a sovereign, the consequences would be far otherwise; the most alarming consequences might follow, such as to rend the kingdom in twain. Whose blood is it? The blood of *Jesus*—ah, that is a precious word! All Hebrew names have a signification, and has not this! Yes, indeed! *Jesus, Saviour*, "For he shall save his people from their sins."

The blood of Jesus Christ was not the blood of a *private* person, but must be viewed in connection with his great redemption work in the salvation of men. Whose blood is it? The blood of Jesus the Saviour—the blood of Christ the anointed Sovereign—the very Person God had set apart by His determinate counsel and foreknowledge, and the Spirit had descended upon, and anointed for carrying out His great work for the salvation of His church. There is a great difference in respect to persons, arising from the position they may occupy in life, or the character they may be called upon to sustain—an ambassador for instance. England has an ambassador—in France, we will say; and he personifies the sovereign and empire itself. All he does is done as effectually as if the Queen of the nation had done it herself; and this by

virtue of the official character he holds. There may be a nobleman of greater birth, of higher family than the ambassador; he may belong to the very highest family in the land; but his signature to documents of State would be worth nothing, because it is not of an official character. You will see from this illustration that the work of Christ was of an *official* character. What He did was done in an official and representative way, as if God had done it Himself. It is *that* that gives efficacy to the blood of Christ. He was God's Lamb, and on His head was laid all the sins of God's chosen people. "He hath laid on *Him* the iniquity of us all." "For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins," &c. Then said I, Lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God," &c., &c. "By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." (Heb. x. 7-10.) *That* was the work of an official person, coming in the name and will of the Father, and efficacy is given to His atoning sacrifice. It is the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, God's dear Son.

Have you ever pondered on the parable of the vineyard? "A certain man planted a vineyard, and let it forth to husbandmen, and went into a far country for a long time; and at the season he sent a servant to the husbandmen, that they should give him of the fruit of the vineyard; but the husbandmen beat him and sent him away empty. And again he sent another servant, and they beat him also, and entreated him shamefully, and sent him away empty. And again he sent a third, and they wounded him also, and cast him out. Then said the lord of the vineyard, What shall I do? I will send my beloved Son"—Him, of whom it is written, "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there was no depths, I was brought forth; and when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth," &c. (Prov. viii., 22-25.) "I will send my beloved Son: it may be they will reverence him when they shall see him," &c. (Luke xxii., 9-13.)

And God *sent* his beloved Son into the world, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. He brought all the dignity of the Divine character. He was equal with God, and as the apostle speaks—"Who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of JESUS every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." (Phil. ii. 6-11.)

Look at the *dignity* of Christ! God's own Son! One in all His attributes, perfection, and glory! One, in every sense, with the Father! And this dear, only begotten Son of God, bare His people's sins in His own body on the tree; and the virtue of His precious blood cleanseth them from all sin. Secondly. The efficacy of this blood. It cleanseth



from all sin. I may remark that there has always been a deep sense of *pollution* in the minds of men in all ages and parts of the world. We will not go to profane history, even if time would allow, but we will to the Old Testament. And there we read in Micah, vi., 7, "Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" What a question! Does it not show that some atonement was felt to be needed? See how the conscience is searching out for some remedy for the disease! And so you will find in other portions of Scripture this fact meets you. You will see how some sought satisfaction in the sacrifices under the Mosaic economy. But what does the Apostle say in his Epistle to the Hebrews? "And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission." (Heb. ix., 22.) But he goes on to say that it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin."

" Not all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain."

And if you could compute the quantity shed—which could be compared only to *rivers*, of blood, yet it could not wash away even one stain of sin.

Some have been told that Baptism is efficacious in the putting away of sin,—and according to the teaching of the Church of England, in "*christening*" (as it is called) children are pronounced regenerate and made "children of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." But oh! how unscriptural! and what a delusion! Baptism even when *rightly* administered will not take away sin. Don't go away, dear friends, and say that the *Baptists* teach that baptism puts away sin: say we teach nothing of the kind; say we teach with the Apostle that baptism has *no efficacy* in cleansing from sin,—that it is "not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God."

Nothing short of Christ's precious blood can avail; and that *does* avail, for it cleanseth from *all* sin. "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness." Zech. xiii., 1. And as the poet beautifully sings—

" There is a fountain fill'd with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinner's plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

I remember once visiting a Deacon in severe sickness, whose mind had been dwelling on this subject. He said, "Brother Crumpton, there is the verse of a hymn which has often been a comfort to me, and I have been trying to bring it to memory but cannot: will you repeat some verses? you might possibly mention the one I want." Well I repeated several, but he said "Not that, not that." I tried again, and again, till I repeated "Dear dying Lamb." "That's it! that's it!" he exclaimed. "Oh, is not that verse sweet and precious to a believing soul?" and then he repeated it—

" Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more."

Here we see the efficacy of the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son. It cleanses from all sin, and the sins of the whole Church of God, the whole elect family of God. I would here say that I love the whole Church of God, whether Baptists or not. I believe there are very many of God's dear children who still are not members of any visible church—I think they should be, for it is the duty of Christians to be identified with the Lord's people; to be joined together in church-fellowship; to observe the rules of the Lord's house, and to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless—still I love them as God's children, and can say with Paul, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." And this will be their prayer. "O Lord, my sins are very great; more in number than the hairs of my head; more than the stars; more than the sands on the sea-shore; more than these three put together—hairs, stars, and sands." Yes, they will all make the same confession. But leaving these, let us go to heaven, and see the multitude which no man can number, and oh, the number of their sins! what an aggregate! We shall hear them all making the same confession—all testifying to the efficacy of the blood of Christ. Yes, it cleanses from all sin, no matter what sin; whether it is sin of the heart, of the head, of the lip, or of the life. No matter how black, how polluted you have been; the blood of Jesus Christ applied by the Holy Ghost cleanseth from ALL sin. What blessed words are these: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Oh what a precious thing is the blood of Jesus Christ!

We read in the seventh chapter of Revelation of the "great number which no man could number clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands, who had come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." All their sins in their unregenerate state, and the sins of their holy things—every sin appertaining to them—had been cleansed by the blood of Jesus Christ, God's dear Son, and they are acceptable to the Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, and are "without fault before the throne of God."

The Holy Ghost is very particular in the use of words; and *we* should be careful, in quoting Scripture, to quote it *correctly*; for it is not possible to be too particular in this respect. Look at the propriety of this word,—*cleanseth*. There is not a more blessed word in connection with the blood of Christ. It is not said to take away *some* sin, but that it cleanseth from *all* sin,—past, present, and future; for after, by the power and teaching of the Holy Ghost, we are brought to the cross of Christ, and obtain pardon and remission of sin, and stand justified in His righteousness before God,—yet we sin again and again, and need cleansing again and again, which could not be the case if there was but one act of cleansing. But this cleansing blood of Christ is in *continual efficacy*, and we shall need it till we go to the grave; and then our children, and children's children will be able,—by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, to say, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." O the efficacy of this precious blood! And what glad tidings there is in this blood—"A fountain open for sin and uncleanness." O what marvellous words! Look over them! meditate upon them! And when you are feeling the burden, and the wounds of sin, look to the

blood of Jesus Christ; and as the bitten Israelites looked to the brazen serpent in the wilderness, so, poor soul! turn thine eyes to the precious Son of God.

No matter *what* thou art, or *what thou hast been*. Look to Him, Who said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have eternal life," &c.

May God the Spirit help you, and every one like you, to do so, and you will experience the truth of this blessed portion of God's Word, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." Cleanseth us. It is a *personal* matter you see. Yes, and it is the personal application of this blood that will make us shout aloud for joy till death, and then throughout eternal ages. Amen.

[Taken down by WILLIAM ARTHUR ADAMS.]

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### THE VERY BLESSED DEPARTURE OF MR. JOHN KINGSFORD, JUN.

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[The following affectionate, sorrowful, yet joyous letter is from Mr. John Kingsford, of Brisbane, in Queensland; the Baptist minister of that city; who married the youngest sister of the Editor of this Magazine: he was a useful member of the church in the city of Canterbury, and a much devoted minister at Egerton Fostal, in Kent. The eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kingsford, married a daughter of Mr. John Bunyan McCure. It is of that son's happy death, the following letter is written. Our readers will sympathise with us in these constant bereavements.—Ed.]

Egerton Villa, Brisbane, Queensland.  
July 21st, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is a long time since we heard from you; nearly ten years have passed away since we parted at Gravesend, during which time we have been the recipients of many mercies in the character of enjoyments and afflictions. Like our Lord, and the Lord's people, we have had to pass through tribulation, but, what of that, since it marks the way to "the kingdom?" I have to inform you of the departure of my eldest son from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. He left us last Sabbath evening, just as the sun was setting; his end was peace. It is about eighteen months ago, that we first observed any signs of weakness in the dear boy. We thought it was but temporary; you are aware that he was married to Jemima McCure on the 10th of August last; we anticipated for him many years of domestic happiness in his home, and of usefulness in the church of Christ. But after a few weeks we observed the signs of returning weakness; he lost all his characteristic cheerfulness; it went on till the night of the 17th of November 1869, when violent hemorrhage of the lungs alarmed us all; he was in bed, and exclaimed, "Oh Mima, what shall I do?" Medical assistance was procured; all that could be done by human skill was done for him. In the course of a few weeks, he recovered sufficiently to be removed from his own house to ours, where he stayed till about the 20th of April, then as we were expecting soon the birth of his first child, he thought it advisable to take a cottage at the foot of our garden, as he would still have the benefit of his mother's attention. Although excessively weak, yet he appeared to be getting much better, and our medical man said if we could find him some light employment it might aid to prolong his life. A kind friend, R. M. Stewart, Esq., of the firm of

Scott, Dawson, and Stewart, kindly gave him a light situation in his office ; not requiring of him more work than he felt disposed to do. He held on till June 14th ; the following morning he sent me word he would not be able to go into the city ; he continued to get weaker.

On Friday, June 17th, alarming symptoms set in ; from that day, he got worse and worse, till the 17th of July, he fell asleep. Our hearts are very sad ; he was a loving, dutiful son, and we mourn his loss ; but our feelings are mingled with gratitude and grief, because of the testimony he has left behind of his interest in Covenant blessings. With his dear mother he could be more communicative than with myself, and to her he used to speak of his well-grounded hope, "Jesus only" was his confidence and trust. From the commencement of his illness, he seemed to have done with earth, for he cared not to take any part in any arrangement that had to do with the present. His joy was to speak of his home in heaven ; during the last fortnight he was able freely to talk with me, and to open his mind on spiritual subjects, and indeed it was delightful to hear him speak of the love of Christ, of the blessings of the Gospel, and of the inheritance of the saints. He was able to leave his wife and child in the hands of the Lord ; the dear babe was frequently brought to him, when he would look at it and say, "Poor little fellow, he will never know his father, but then he will have a better one, for the Lord has said, I will be a Father to the fatherless."

At his wife's confinement, it was thought best that he should be at our house, and as it was so close to his own residence, it would not be difficult for him to go to her. The accouchement was a very difficult one : all were filled with much anxiety with regard to his wife, but the Lord was all-sufficient, and brought her through, but He has deemed it best still to continue his afflicting hand, for she has not been able to get about. Poor child ! troubles have set in upon her very soon, very thick, very heavy. But the Lord is good to her ; His name is Jehovah Jireh, and we believe He will heal her body, and bind up her broken heart. This of course was a deep and sore trial for our dear boy, and on the Tuesday before he died, he would try and stay with her. A bed was put for him in their little parlour, adjoining his wife's bed-room, from which he could talk with her. He was taken down : but on the Wednesday morning, he begged that he might be taken back again. He went before leaving to look, what he thought would be his farewell of her, and to cheer her he said in the course of his conversation, "Mima, 'On Christ the solid rock I stand.'" He was carried back to our home by his wife's nurse, and his sister ; the exertion was too much, and the hour of dissolution appeared to be fast drawing nigh. He revived a little till Thursday evening, when he commenced labouring fearfully for breath, so that neither in bed nor his chair could he find a resting place ; the breathing became gradually shorter and shorter ; but, blessed be God, he felt and could say, "I know whom I have believed," "I am a poor sinner, but Jesus is my Saviour." "I do love Jesus, come and talk to me about Jesus." He frequently wanted us to sing ; he would select his own hymns, "'Tis my happiness below," "Rock of Ages," "Begone unbelief," &c., occasionally he was harassed by the enemy, and at one time he said, "Satan tells me I am a hypocrite, and that this is a delusion, that I am deceiving myself." I replied, "the devil was a liar from the beginning, and he will suggest anything if he can to distress you now ; but Jesus is the God of all comfort, cling to Him, He will not give you over to Satan." "Oh, no," he said, "for Jesus is my refuge, He is my all, heaven is my home ; I shall be there soon, and oh ! shall I not be enjoying myself then ?" A few hours before he left us, he said, "Father, what do you think the scenery of heaven will be like ?" I said, "I cannot tell, for eye hath not seen," &c. Yet the most gorgeous language is used by the Holy Ghost with regard to it, and as it is "the perfection of beauty," it will be glorious. "Oh yes," was his reply "and I

shall be before the throne. Ah! well, I know it will be joyful" No one loved singing more than he did. "I have not been able to sing for two years," he said, "but then, how I shall sing, and Christ shall be my song." "I often wanted to play on the harp: I like the harp, and there I shall have a golden one. Oh, I am so full of joy."

In the morning of his last day, he had a fearful convulsive struggle, and we feared it was the first of a series, in which his life would terminate; and we cried unto the Lord that it might not be so, and He was so gracious as to hear our cry, for they were not repeated, and after this he appeared somewhat eased. His poor wife who had been told how bad he was, begged hard that she might be taken up to see him once more; but he felt he could not bear the thought of her seeing him as he was then, nor could he endure the trial of seeing her in her helpless state, and he begged hard that it might not be, for, he said, my heart will burst, it will do her much harm, it cannot be. Shortly after this, when a little composed, he said to his sister, "Play me a tune, and let us sing 'Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near.'" We got through as well as we could; he, though unable to sing, yet nodding his head to the time, and when we had sung the last line, he repeated with an emphasis we can never forget, "Oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song? I am a conqueror! Jesus is mine." His dear mother said to him, "Will you try and lie down?" He nodded to her his assent, and while preparing the bed for him, she repeated that beautiful verse, ending, "Child, thy Father calls thee, come home." He seemed now a little composed, a sort of mingling of earth and heavenly things, as though he were midway between, and he said "Is the gate open? Make haste, I am afraid I shan't get in;" I think we were not quite quick enough for him; his short breathing had brought his poor head down to his knees, then stretching out his hands and fixing his large black eyes on his uncle and his brother-in-law, he said, "Come uncle, come James, come to the rest." I whispered to him, "There the weary are at rest." We moved him towards his bed, he said, "I'll put one leg in first, and then the other." His pillows were arranged but he slipped off them. He lifted his head again, laid him down then for the last time, so naturally, as though he were quite well, and in a few seconds, in sweetest peace, he fell asleep. The sun had just gone down in the west. On a Sabbath he was born, and on a Sabbath he died. "Oh! magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."

And thus, our Lord has in mercy been pleased to take from us to Himself a loving, affectionate son, a youthful Christian, an earnest Sabbath school teacher, and a faithful friend. To God be all the glory.

JOHN KINGSFORD.

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#### LETTER BY MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

October 14th, 1870.

How mysterious and past finding out are the ways of God; whose ways are in the sea, and whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known. A friend called upon me the other day; just as he was leaving he said, "A scripture had been much upon his mind;" he quoted it, it fastened immediately on my mind, and caused considerable exercise respecting the future. "That the hand of the Lord hath done this, (done what?) and the Holy One of Israel hath created it," Isa. xli. 20. The whole of the day the enquiry went forth *done what?* The Australian Mail arrived; the answer came; the hand of the Lord hath done this: my poor dear daughter Esther, who lives on the Island of Tavuni, Fiji, is in a dangerous state of health, with but little hope of recovery. Poor dear! it is her mercy that she knows the Lord, by the soul-saving teaching of God the Holy Ghost.

By the same mail, I am informed that the hand of the Lord hath done this; my poor dear daughter Jemima who lives at Brisbane, is in a most precarious condition; and her husband, Mr. J. S. Kingsford, dead! He was taken worse, and on account of the dangerous state his wife was in, he was removed to the house of his parents, where he died, his poor wife unable to see him. Full particulars of his happy departure have been sent by his father.

The following is an extract from a letter received from my eldest daughter near Sydney:—

“I have very painful news to tell you, poor Jemima is a widow! I know how grieved you will be to hear it, but our comfort is, that he has gone home, where there is neither sickness nor sorrow. His end was very peaceful and happy; he died on the 17th of July. On Lord's-day evening, his poor wife was not able to see him before he died. She begged to be taken to see him, but he wished them not to do so; he said he could not say good bye to her, his heart would burst; the doctor said he would die under the excitement, and he was also afraid of the effect on her, as she is still very ill, and in a very weak state indeed. However, they took her to see him the next morning, after he was laid out, (I think in the same room in which they were married eleven months previously). The doctor said if they did not she might become permanently deranged. After she had seen him she seemed calm and more resigned, and could weep; poor girl! what a hard trial for her, it makes it doubly so, her being so ill herself, and not being able to see him before he died.” “That the hand of the Lord hath done it.”

Himself hath done it! yes, although severe  
 May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,  
 'Tis His own hand that holds it, and I know  
 He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.  
 Himself hath done it! then I fain would say,  
 Thy will in all things evermore be done;  
 E'en though that will remove whom best I love,  
 While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.

Oh for grace to be reconciled to that hand that takes as well as gives, and that always sustains while leading (the blind by a way they know not, and in paths they have not known, and that always makes the crooked straight, and turns the night to day; for He hath said, “These things will I do for them, and not forsake them.” I am a witness of the Covenant faithfulness of my ever wise and gracious God, for since I have received this sad news, I have been enabled to preach forty-six times in thirty-two days; and by the end of this month I shall have preached 109 times, and travelled over 2,000 miles in four months. It has been while thus waiting upon the Lord my strength has been renewed to say—

Thy way—not mine, O Lord,  
 However dark it be!  
 Lead me by Thine own hand;  
 Choose out the path for me.  
 Smooth let it be or rough,  
 It will be still the best;  
 Winding or straight, it matters not,  
 It leads me to my rest.

“That they may see and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it.”

Nature writhes, and lutes the rod,  
 Faith looks up, and blesses God.  
 Oh! let faith victorious be,  
 Let it reign triumphantly!

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

19, Windsor road, Denmark hill, Camberwell.

## “The Excellency of Godliness, and the Progress of the Gospel”

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OUT of the multitude which left the New Surrey Tabernacle on the evening of Wednesday, October 19, 1870, there could be but few who did not heartily rejoice in the permanent, and long-continued prosperity, which has attended the ministry of the Gospel as proclaimed for more than forty years by Mr. James Wells. One fact speaks volumes; the church now worshipping the Lord God of Israel in that handsome and commodious building in Wansey street, in the Walworth road, commenced forty years ago with twenty members; its registry has numbered over fifteen hundred. As other sections of the professing church look upon this church from without, they, surely, must exclaim, “The Lord hath done great things for them;” while the happy and ever growing church itself, often re-echo the ancient anthem, “The Lord hath done great things FOR US, whereof we are glad.”

In retiring from the meeting ourselves, one thought exercised us deeply. The Chairman, Mr. James Wells, in his opening address, gave, as the key-note for the speakers of the evening, “THE EXCELLENCY OF GODLINESS AND THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.” Comprehensive, delightful, and pre-eminently suitable as was this double theme to the occasion, scarcely one of the speakers had time to even touch it. They had all come to the meeting with their minds so full of the forty years; so affectionately anxious to congratulate their brother Mr. James Wells on this auspicious occasion; and the number of ministers waiting to speak, was so large, their time so limited; that “the Excellency of Godliness, and the Progress of the Gospel” had to wait for a more convenient season.

However, on reflection, we consider what might be wanting in verbal expression, was well supplied by the varied, and powerfully practical exhibition both of the Excellency of Godliness, and of the Progress of the Gospel which that platform of ministers and deacons, and that crowded assembly of devoted Christians, did present.

What had brought together in that one place, in a busy suburb of our three-million-peopled-city, on a week-day afternoon; in the middle of the long vacation, when they say “everybody has left London.” What had then brought together (on an afternoon when the rain had been pouring in torrents) over one thousand people simply to hear a Gospel sermon? We answer, it was the spirit of Godliness. Upwards of forty years since, when the shades of darkness were partially beclouding the Gospel of Christ, when some few of its valiant men had either fallen into weakness or the grave; at the very time when such good men as Henry Fowler and others were dying; and when Fullerism was spreading: at that critical period, when, we well know, the hearts of many of God’s saints did indeed tremble for the ark, at that moment the Lord called by His grace such men as John Foreman, James Wells, Samuel Milner, T. A. Jones, Geo. Coombe, and others, and in their experience was verified the Saviour’s promise, “When He the Spirit of Truth is come,

He shall lead you into all TRUTH." In the case of Mr. James Wells, according to his own interesting sermon on the occasion we are now referring to, as soon as the Lord revealed Himself unto him, he felt moved to rise early on the Sunday morning, and to go forth into some of the worst parts of Westminster, and in the highways and bye-ways of that locality, did James Wells—

" Tell unto sinners all around,  
What a dear Saviour he had found."

We have sometimes conversed with a blessed ancient sister in Christ now living, whose husband did at these times accompany our brother James, and with lively emphasis, the dear old mother in Israel will exclaim—

" He'd point to Jesus' precious blood,  
And cry—the only way to God!"

Mr. Wells's out-door preaching led to friends taking for him a room, then a small chapel, then a larger still, then in succession, tabernacles have been built and enlarged for him, until he is found after forty-three years' earnest and intense devotion to the Gospel ministry, after literally giving himself up to prayer, to study, and to the dispensing of the Gospel of the grace of God, he is found as the pastor of the largest Metropolitan Strict Baptist church of forty years standing, and with a congregation of two thousand souls. When we looked at, and listened to, this minister on October 19th, when we witnessed his elasticity of body, and listened to his naturally easy-flowing eloquence of spirit, with not an atom of the old man about him, after so many years labour, we silently exclaimed, here is the Excellency of Godliness, and the Progress of the Gospel, demonstrated in a most remarkable manner!

Surrounding the Chairman that evening, there was an immense variety of character, of sanctified talent, of devoted life, of zealous enterprise, and of persevering exertion in the cause of Christ, which more vividly illustrated, "the Excellency of Godliness, and the Progress of the Gospel" than all the logical or oratorical effusions of the most profound speakers could produce.

We looked at that unassuming representative of pure Christianity, Mr. Edward Butt; we listened to his tender, and touching address to the people, we thought upon his delicate, yet decided reference to his pastor, "I represent my brethren, the deacons, when I say we have peculiar pleasure in the services of this day, in commemorating the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate over this one church. Such a day as this we never saw before, such a season as this we can never see again." This, and much more, said this excellent brother, but the sweetest sentence to us was when making special reference to Mr. Wells, as his pastor, and speaking in the name of his brethren, the other deacons, Messrs. Beach, Lawrence, Mead, Boulden, &c., he said, in a thoroughly genuine spirit, "we have learned to do as Paul said, to esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake; and at the same time, we have taken great care of our poor." As we drank in the honest words of this good man, we said, here is a living monument of "the Excellency of Godliness," and one, too, who is honestly concerned for "the Progress of the Gospel.

Mr. P. W. Williamson's address was excellent. There was something homely, honourable, and hearty, about it. He said, "I did not



know brother Wells forty years ago; but I have heard my father and mother speak of his first putting on Christ, in the chapel where they were members. I knew Mr. Butt forty years ago. He was my Sunday School teacher; and, although I did not know the Lord then, yet brother Butt's kind and gentle manner of instructing me had a great influence on my mind." Mr. Williamson's review of Mr. Wells's ministry; of his own conversion to God, and of his sincere attachment to Mr. Butt, all declared, most blessedly, that there is indeed an excellency in godliness, and that the Gospel has ever been progressive.

Other living witnesses to the excellency of godliness passed before us, in the persons of such ministerial brethren as B. B. Wale, Thomas Stringer, J. B. McCure, the venerable Samuel Ponsford, the excellent Henry Hall, Thomas Steed, and a host beside, of whom we have taken notes; and as we have more to say on "The Excellency of Godliness, and the Progress of the Gospel," we must here break off.

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## What was in that Cup?

### CHAPTER XXIII.

"Jesus' precious blood once spilt,  
I depend on, solely,  
To release my soul from guilt,  
But, I would be—HOLY."

DAVID BRAINERD, speaking of one of his Lord's-day services, said, "it was an amazing season of grace!" So I feel, in reflecting upon the first Lord's-day in Sept. 1870, it was to me a most amazing solemn time. We were near three hours in the sanctuary; and when I was speaking on John xviii. 11, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" I had my soul deeply stirred in me. My soul has that season much in remembrance still. How I do desire more truly to preach JESUS! I would open every word He spake, mark well every step he took; and show, in everything He did and said, there was salvation for poor sinners. But our minds are weak, our hearts are hard; hence, it is only when the Eternal Spirit comes with a divine power, that we can go forth in our praises to the Lamb; and with heaven-inspired persuasions to seeking souls, to look unto Him; and thus see themselves saved. God Almighty pity and pardon, is my prayer every moment nearly.

In the pulpit at How street chapel, on the above-mentioned solemn ordinance night—

#### THE SEVEN METAPHORICAL CUPS IN THE BIBLE

were all brought clearly before the eye of my mind; but I had neither power, nor time enough, to set the meaning, the Spiritual design, of these seven cups, before the people that evening; hence, there has ever since been working in me, a will to write them out in the pages of E. V. If the Lord the Comforter, will enable me, I will simply mention them here; and, in future numbers, give so much of the mind of the Spirit in them as I may be favoured to enjoy.

These "SEVEN CUPS," are like seven parables, or, like seven figures

of speech, wherein are contained the seven states of *Mansoul*, and, in the light of the Lord, every man might get therefrom some knowledge of his own special case, of his own individual condition.

You may find them in the several Scriptures which I now give you. The brief exposition on each, which I propose to furnish, must come afterward.

First of all, there is the old covenant cup of punishment to be poured out on all sinful nations and peoples. Jer. xxv. 15, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel unto me; take the wine-cup of this fury at my hand, and cause all the nations to whom I send thee, to drink it," &c. Dreadful mission this, for the prophet! Is no part of this cup now being poured out upon the Continent? Upon Rome, &c.? That cup will demand intense consideration.

Secondly—"Babylon hath been a GOLDEN CUP in the Lord's hand, that made all the earth drunken; the nations have drunken of her wine; therefore the nations are MAD." Ah! what is all this beating up for gold in the houses called churches, chapels, and halls, in these times? I am horrified to think, go where you will, at these religious gatherings, instead of the glory of Christ, and the eternal good of souls, the cry is, "Give us your gold." Poor Joseph Tanner in going to a chapel, he says, "the minister came into the pulpit like a fop; he made the Christian to be like a doll in a box." I must not now open this golden cup. It is one of the most attracting pictures of the times we live in.

Thirdly, there is the cup of trembling, "Behold," saith the Lord by Isaiah, to His afflicted ones, "I have taken out of thy hands the cup of trembling, even the dregs of the cup of my fury, thou shalt no more drink it again."

Fourthly—There is the New Covenant cup, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of?" asked Christ of the sons of Zebedee. Little knowing its meaning, they answered, "We are able."

Fifthly—There is the cup of salvation; as in Psalm cxvi. 13. Faith looking to the person of the Mediator; and comprehending the fact, that the Lord Himself is the portion of the believer's cup, exclaimeth, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

Sixthly—There is the cup of overflowing joy; which is not frequently found by believers in the struggles of life; but, in the seasons of ripeness for glory, the Christian is sometimes so blest that his "Cup of holy joy runneth over."

Then, there will be lastly, that cup of the New Testament in the Redeemer's blood, unto which so much importance belongeth.

In the future numbers, the Lord grant us His Spirit, that we may read and understand. So prays,

C. W. B.

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### ANOTHER SUDDEN DEATH.

MR. GEORGE HOLMES, for many years Minister of Elnathan Chapel, near Camberwell New Road, had been to preach at Hayes' Tabernacle, on Thursday Evening, October 20, 1870, and was returning home, when on the Bishop's Road Station, at Paddington, he suddenly expired. We cannot give further particulars now.

## Letters from Ministers of the Gospel.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

MY DEAR BROTHER IN OUR PRECIOUS LORD JESUS,—I write to inform you with what pleasure I met you at Yately anniversary on Tuesday last, and that I was delighted, and listened to your voice with very great pleasure and soul profit. The word was indeed to me as dew, and as honey from the honeycomb. I am not very often favoured to sit as a hearer, neither have I been for the past twenty-seven years. I do not remember having met you since I met you at the ordination to which you referred, which took place at Bath, Sept. 3, 1860, when the friends sent for me from Staffordshire, out of love and respect. Right glad was I to meet them and you, and our dear departed brother Webster, as well as others of the Lord's servants, and I believe we had a good day together; but what has become of ministers and churches since then? What a worldly spirit has taken possession of them, so that we may well say, how is the fine gold become dim! how many have been the trials and temptations to which some of us have been exposed! I have since then had proposals made, if I would but give up truth; and was, in Devon, prevented from entering a new chapel, which was, professedly, built for me, and under which foundation stone, my name is now as the pastor; and for which chapel, I collected a moderate sum, and all because I could not become an Open Communionist; but, blessed be God, He has stood by me; yea, and I believe He ever will; so that I have lacked nothing but a grateful heart. Jehovah Jireh, bless His name, He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind; He led Israel, and He leadeth us the right way, although it is sometimes through fire and through water, He brings our souls into wealthy places. One of those wealthy places I was brought into the other day when you described so outspokenly, and so experimentally, and so effectively in the afternoon, Numbers xxiv. 9, "He that blesseth thee is blessed, and he that curseth thee is cursed." I thought it was indeed a singular text, and wondered what you would say from it, but when you opened it up by showing the saints' blessedness in a fourfold way, viz. :—

1. There is impossibility.
2. Immutability.
3. Infallibility.
4. Variety.

and spoke out with such fervour of spirit, that if we had, in any been made a blessing to souls, we were blessed; O, I thought, I certainly have, and that to many; therefore, I must and shall be blessed. Then, as you described the cursed, who drew back, who were envious, and walked in the way of Core, &c., Jude 11, I thought to myself, this is most solemn, who can listen without examining themselves? I must say, that the evening subject was a most blessed and savoury one, Eph. iv. 9—10.

- I. *The doctrine*—An ascended Saviour.
- II. *The evidence*—He gave gifts to men.
- III. *The great end*—That He might fill all things.

In the doctrine you noticed—

First, His coming down. He came down into the womb of the virgin; mystery of mysteries.

Secondly, In the deepness of His poverty, that we may be enriched.

Thirdly, In Gethsemane's garden.

Fourthly, His being taken down from the cross by Joseph, and laid in the new tomb, although four powers laid hold on Him, namely, sin, Satan, law, and death, He nevertheless ascended far above, that He might fill all things, and that a poor worm such as I am, was then and there with Him, seemed almost too much, but bless God, so it is. Then came the experience, and a rich one too, to think, as you said, that our God in covenant should bring up his people, by Haggai, "From Babylon, a place of confusion and starvation;" by Zechariah, "The Lord doth remember;" by Zerubbabel, "The disperser of confusion and tribulation;" and then that our blessed Jesus hath entered into the holy of holies as our forerunner, and took all His people with Him. I did indeed feel myself to be in safe hands. The grand and glorious end, it implies, you said, all things are empty without Him; sin empties all things. It was indeed a good day of glad tidings. Our friends who were thirty in number, from Reading, returned greatly edified and blessed, and my sincere prayer is, that you may be long spared to blow the Gospel trumpet, and I hope the day may soon come when you will have an opportunity of proclaiming salvation full and free in our midst at Reading. Yours, dear brother, in Gospel bonds,

F. PEARCE.

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## A Preliminary Suggestion.

TO THE PARTICULAR AND STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

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BELOVED IN THE LORD,—With earnest desire for our increased prosperity in the enjoyment of love and liberty, and the multiplication of grace and peace, and every New Covenant blessing, I write. In Christ our glorious Head (whatever discord there may be among ourselves) we are vitally united, and blessed with all spiritual blessings. We have in Him the same faith, hope, and love; we depend alike upon the constant presence, and sovereign operation of our ever glorious Quickener, Comforter, Guide, and Teacher—the Eternal Spirit; and all the household of faith on earth waits, sighs after, and fervently hopes for, the welcome to our Heavenly Father's embrace, and eternal portion in His house of many mansions.

What wondrous bonds of sweetest union!  
 What precious grounds of rich communion!

Moreover, we are one in doctrine, exulting in the New Covenant of rich, sovereign, omnipotent, and eternal grace, ratified by the precious blood of Christ, and securing to us from eternity full redemption, finished salvation, perfect pardon, justification, and everlasting peace, with certain prospects of His eternal glory, to which we are called; wrought in us by the blessed Spirit, that ever dwelleth in the covenant people, who shall, according to the Father's purpose, "be conformed to the image of His Son."

Beloved, we live in a day when the most strenuous and crafty efforts are being put forth to leaven the doctrines of grace, and to intrude the wedge of error in many of our Bethesdas, Salems, Zoars, and Zions; and I do most earnestly pray and desire that the God of all grace may grant us in much larger measure that earnest spirit of prayer and sweet communion that shall make us vigilant and strong, and united to defend, and contend mightily, by His Spirit, for the truths of sovereign grace. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord." We are also *one* in Church order and practice, following the immediately inspired example of Pentecostal days, from which, were we to swerve *in the least degree*, we should be insulting the wisdom of Jehovah, by asserting in our practice that we, "who are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything of ourselves," know better than He what order to follow. What a living blasphemy against the all-wise God is this compromising, mau-pleasing, flesh-pampering, worldly-minded, Satan-serving Open Communion?

One source of weakness among the churches is the heavy pecuniary burdens in the shape of chapel debts, &c., and, in not a few cases, the cause languishes, the church is almost compelled to give up, and everything goes wrong. Another, the fewness and poverty of the members, on account of which the ministry cannot be sustained. In such cases, frequently the communion is thrown open, men, unsound in doctrine, work up a congregation, the good ways are left, expediency, instead of the dear Redeemer's commands, becomes the law of the church, those who cannot yield to modern compromise are robbed of the fellowship of saints, and sigh over the continual departures from the ancient paths. These things have long weighed heavily on my heart, and I feel pressed in spirit to suggest to the prayerful consideration of the saints of God the following as a partially remedial means. There are some of the Lord's people comparatively wealthy, some churches in this land free from burdens, and easily able to sustain their own ministerial and incidental expenses. Could not a fund be raised, and maintained by the subscriptions of those who love the truth as it is in Jesus, and the ordinances of the Lord's house, for annual donations to such causes as above described? Does not our oneness in Christ Jesus our Lord demand our mutual sympathies and help? Is it not dishonouring to the Head of the church to retain for our individual selves, or our prosperous causes, the substance divine goodness has given us, in the face of these trying circumstances, which are experienced by our fellow members? "Ye are members one of another."

My earnest prayer is, that the love of Christ may constrain us to walk more fully in the way of his own command "that ye love one another as I have loved you." In this service we have only one interest—the welfare of the cause of God and truth; one desire—the glory of Immanuel; one sympathy of mutual love, and the only source of strength, God the Holy Ghost working in us both to will and to do of His own good pleasure, which, if graciously vouchsafed to us, will surely enable us to strengthen the things that remain, and to hold fast that which we have. Oh, for grace to be given more fully to us all for the more earnest contending together for the faith once delivered to the saints. Yours to serve by the grace of God,

J. H. LYNN.

## Homeward to Heaven.

BY HENRY HALL, PASTOR OF BAPTIST CHURCH, CLAPHAM.

" Death's marching forth, I clearly see,  
Soon do I know he'll call for me :  
May Calvary's cross sweet peace afford,  
While I go forth to meet my Lord."

A THWAITES, though knighted, and possessing business powers of no ordinary character, is conquered in the midst of his earthly glory, by the king of terrors, after an attack of a few short days' duration. A Marks, who had been a mighty instrument in the hand of God of delivering many a soul from the power of darkness, received orders to depart without a moment's warning, whilst bowing his head, and worshipping in Hastings' sanctuary; neither can the kind and gentle Attwood be allowed to escape his grasp, but when far from home, whilst the rain was fast descending, and the sun had ceased to shine, and the stars had hid themselves from human gaze, the cruel messenger approached and seized his prey. In vain were circumstances pleaded for a little respite; "now, now," was his peremptory demand; sympathy: nay! that's an element unknown to death. The parting look, the fond embrace, the advising word; all, all were denied, and our brother Thomas Attwood was summoned to depart. The church saw their pastor no more; the children no more their parent, and more cruel still, the wife no more, the husband. Gone; *gone for ever*. What a mercy that as—

" His last appeal was Calvary's blood,  
He stood prepared to meet his God."

He who had long talked of

" Precious blood and promises, And full salvation too,"

had now in silence to walk hand in hand with death.

" Softly his fainting head he lay  
Upon his Master's breast;

" His Maker kissed his soul away,  
And laid his flesh to rest."

Not, as was well said, at the grave, as common dust, but as dust redeemed. Thus, at a moment's notice, a good husband, a kind parent, and an affectionate pastor has been removed from our midst, and another watchman from the walls of Zion. "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Oh, cruel death, yea rather cruel sin, which has given thee thy sting, but thou shalt not always reign, for "when thou shalt cease to spoil thou shalt be spoiled:" where then will be thy sting, or where thy victory, boasting grave? Thy charge shall be given up intact, when the great Redeemer of our brother's dust shall speak the recalling word: then, oh then, shall that which was sown in weakness in Nunhead cemetery in August, 1870, be raised in power; then that corruption shall put on incorruption, that mortal shall put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass that saying, "Death is swallowed up in victory." Then

" Why do ye mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
T'was but the voice which Jesus sends  
To call him to His arms.

" Sorrow for joy he has exchanged,  
And ever freed from pain,  
He'll o'er the plains of Canaan range,  
For him to die was gain."

May our death, dear Mr. Editor, be the death of the righteous, so prays yours in the Lord,  
Clapham.

H. HALL.

WHERE ARE MINISTERS  
WHEN THEY DIE?

A GOSPEL minister of evangelical principles whose name from the circumstances that occurred it will be necessary to conceal, being much fatigued at the conclusion of the afternoon service retired to his apartment in order to take a little rest. He had not long reclined upon his couch before he fell asleep and began to dream. He dreamt that on walking into his garden he entered a bower that had been erected in it, where he sat down to read and meditate. While thus employed, he thought he heard some person enter the garden, and leaving his bower, he immediately hastened towards the spot whence the sound seemed to come, in order to discover who it was that had entered. He had not proceeded far, before he discerned a particular friend of his, a Gospel minister of considerable talents, who had rendered himself very popular by his zealous and unwearied exertions in the cause of Christ. On approaching his friend he was surprised to find his countenance with a gloom which it had not been accustomed to bear, and that it strongly indicated a violent agitation of mind, apparently arising from inward remorse. After the usual salutations were passed, his friend asked the relator the time of the day, which he replied, "twenty-five minutes after four." On hearing this the stranger said "It is one hour since I died, and now"—(here his countenance spoke unutterable horrors.) "Why so troubled?" inquired the dreaming minister. "It is not" said he, "because I have not preached the Gospel, neither is it because I have not been rendered useful, for I have now many seals to my ministry that can bear testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus, which they have received from my lips, but it is because I have been accumulating to myself the applause of men, more than the honour which cometh from above, and verily I have my reward." Having uttered these expressions he hastily disappeared and

was seen no more. The minister awaking shortly afterwards with the contents of this dream deeply engraven on his memory, proceeded, overwhelmed with serious reflections, to his chapel, in order to conduct the evening service. On his way thither, he was accosted by a friend who inquired whether he had heard the severe loss the church had sustained in the death of that able minister. . . . and he replied "No," but being much affected at this singular intelligence, he inquired of him the day and time of the day when his departure took place. To this, his friend replied, "This afternoon, at twenty-five minutes after three o'clock."

THE FUTURE.

DARK and dimly in the distance,  
Gloomy clouds of trouble rise;  
Sinks my heart with sad forebodings,  
Wildly now my spirit cries,  
One has said a silver lining,  
Underlies the darkest cloud;  
But I see no glimpse of brightness,  
Long the thunder is—and loud.  
Brightly now the sun is shining,  
Benighted beams of golden light,  
Fall across my thornless pathway,  
Need I—need I think of night?  
'Tis a shadow I would banish,  
I would bid the spectre flee;  
Keep the brilliant golden sunlight,  
Ever smiling upon me.  
Thus I think upon the future,  
And my spirit sinks with dread;  
Though as yet I bear no heavy  
Weight of years upon my head!  
Troubles looming in the distance,  
Rise like mountains far away;  
Noise of waterfalls appal me;  
Fill my spirit with dismay!  
Could I but with calm reliance,  
Trust me to my Father's hand:  
Keep my eyes from vainly peering  
Into that concealed land!  
I will cease these thoughts rebellious!  
Leave the shadowy hidden land,  
Soon the curtain will be lifted,  
Lifted by an unseen hand.  
Well I know that many a sorrow,  
Will be mingled with the joy,  
Never mortal yet received  
Cup of bliss without alloy.  
Be my future bright or gloomy,  
Be my portion good or ill,  
Give me grace to trust my Father,  
I would trust him and be still.

DALRY.

Higham Ferrers, July 12, 1870.

## Productions of the Press.

### THE MODEL OF A FIRST-CLASS MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, THE LATE MR. JOSEPH TANNER.

MR. J. C. PEMBERTON, of 3, Clifton Villas, Cowley road, Oxford, has compiled, and published one of the most respectable volumes, in the shape of ministerial biography, we have seen for a long time. An octavo volume, of near five hundred pages, on good paper, containing, "the Life, Diary, and Letters, of a Dissenting Minister, printed by the University printers of Oxford, is a rather rare exception to the too frequent issue of the lives of good men in a style so common and ill-looking that students in divinity, and collectors of libraries, scarce care to have them long in their possession. Here is a volume every way worthy of a place in any gentleman's book-cases, or to lie on any lady's drawing-room table, in the kingdom. Generations yet to come, will, we hope, not only highly respect the externals of this memoir, but, also, realize sacred pleasure, and derive much soul profit from the internal contents, which, in the honest development of truth, and experience, is of more worth than any words of ours can tell.

"Joseph Tanner, for twenty-one years minister of the Gospel, at Cirencester," was one of those honoured men of God, of whom we often heard, but whose acquaintance it was never our privilege to make. In fact, between us and him, and between our little section and the party he professedly belonged to, there was such a great gulph fixed, that we dared not to think of approaching him; and he would, perhaps, be afraid to come nigh unto us. This is, to us, a state of things very dreadful in its nature, and distressing in its results. Between the two or three divisions of the Strict Baptist body, we are not aware that, either in doctrine, in experience, or in the practice and order of the churches, there existeth any sufficient difference to justify the bitter prejudices and unhallowed misrepresentations which keep ministers, churches, believers, and sincere seeking souls, so disunited and so far from each other.

As far as we know our own heart, we are persuaded that in faith, and in all essential experience, we are of one soul, and of one spirit with the truly experimental followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. While with those who oppose any cardi-

nal doctrine, or are evidently destitute of any vital and savoury knowledge of the truth for themselves, we are as far asunder as it is possible to be; and, (for secular or ministerial advantages) we neither court the favour of the one, nor fear the frown of the other. Our public work, by press and pulpit, began many years since, under the direction of very special providences, perfectly independent of all party patronage or support. For more than thirty years we have been in deep waters, floods of secret reproach have been poured upon us; but, hitherto the Lord hath helped us; and in nearly every part of the civilized world, in a small measure, our usefulness has been acknowledged; to unfold the mysteries of grace, to defend the doctrines of the Gospel, to contend for every New Testament precept and practice; thereby, instrumentally, feeding the church of God, is as much our delight and our desire as ever it was. If by any unhappy events the Gospel has been hindered, or the holy truth contemned, none more deeply sorrow over such circumstances than we have done, and ever shall do, until we reach those regions of purity, where sorrow and sighing are never known; and whither the ransomed spirit of the late Joseph Tanner has been called to dwell.

Between the likeness of the late Mr. Tanner, and the recorded account of his life and ministry, there is a striking similarity. He was evidently a transparent man; we mean, in every sense, he was decided, determined, and to that cause he espoused, he was permanently devoted.

The late beloved minister of the Baptist church at Cirencester, was, we believe, a model of a middle-class kind of Christian minister. He was not William Gadsby, nor John Warburton, nor J. C. Philpot. Neither was he so low in the scale of intellect, and of mental or ministerial power, as very many of those ministers who travel every part of the kingdom, "supplying" the pulpits of those congregations, who do not care to have "pastors" settled over them; but who prefer an ever-changing course of men who carry the best they can get, unto those who invite them. A careful review of Mr. Joseph Tanner's life justi-



fies the assertion that he was a kind of model man. We have drawn from this "pen and ink" history seven distinct, yet happily-blended features. 1. There was the moral and the domesticated. 2. The experimental hidden life of God in the soul. 3. The well-balanced and discriminating mind. 4. A heart sound in the faith, and established in grace. 5. He was the subject of such a perpetual inward conflict as kept him from presumption on the one hand, and from undue despondency on the other. 6. He was a devoted and useful pastor. 7. He endured unto the end; faithful unto death; coming to his grave like a shock of corn fully ripe.

"By the grace of God he was what he was." By drawing out these seven features of character, we may show what it is divine grace does for a man, how it fits him for his work. Young ministers may study the pattern. Churches may find a test; these seven chapters as speedily as possible, (D.V.)

*A Journey through Spain and Portugal* by a Botanist, is described in October part of "Gardener's Magazine," edited by Shirley Hibberd, Esq., and published by E. W. Allen. Fruits, flowers, gardens, parks, trees, and every kind of plant and planting receives the best attention in this voluminous serial.

*The National Society to Aid the Sick and Wounded in War* found an eloquent pleader in Canon H. P. Liddon, whose sermon on "The Ten Lepers," is published by Mrs. Paul. It is a discourse of high merit, as illustrative of the Saviour's benevolence toward the miserable and the afflicted. English hearts and hands are busy now in collecting and sending thousands of pounds, and loads of material, to the half slaughtered soldiers on the continent. This is laudable; but, when the centres of this nation are filled with multitudes of down-cast and poverty-stricken families, it falls hard upon us. English charity, however, is awake, and at work, and while she is blessing thousands abroad, we hope she will not forget those creeping and sinking at our own doors.

*Practical—Experimental—and Sound!* Not even any of the Puritans could more deeply dissect and discover the errors, follies, false prejudices, and wrong doings of many believers, than does Mr. Geo. Hazlerigg, in his five sermons on "The Voice of the Bridegroom and the Voice of the Bride." We never heard this minister of Christ, but, if these sermons are fair samples, he must be useful, not only as a corrector of what is wrong;

but also, as a comforter, to those whose faith and feet are in the right.

"Florence Nightingale's Life" is described in a neat and edifying style in *Own Own Fireside*, for September, which, like a large literary omnibus of the West End class, contains a large number of passengers, making a pleasing variety.

*A Peep into Eternal Futurity, or, the Invisible Destiny*, by Mr. John Osborn, minister of Claremont chapel, Temple street, Hackney road. Of the many tracts Mr. Osborn has written, this is the best. It is likely to arrest the careless, and to comfort the feeble in Christ's flock.

*A Fine Old English Gentleman*, in the person of J. W. Hill, Esq., of Bristol, is seen in the front of "Old Jonathan" for October. He has been a noble benefactor to his own city. We wish thousands would thus use, and not hoard, their wealth.

*A Good Work on the Continent* and many interesting papers, are given in Oct. "Sword and Trowel."

*The War and its Works*, well reviewed in the "Gospel Magazine."

"Infant Baptism" and "Baptismal Regeneration," are severely tested; and literally turned out of house and home, by "A Layman," who has published through Mr. Elliot Stock, "A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton on Christian Union." Whoever the layman may be, is unknown to us; but that he is a bold and brilliant exponent of practical truth, none but blind eyes, and seared consciences will dare to deny.

"The Weekly Tract Society, for the Religious Instruction of the Labouring Classes," has issued a neat prospectus, which may be had of Mr. Elliot Stock. The tracts contain short, striking narratives, calculated to make people think; and then, who can tell what may follow? We hail with gratitude every pure effort to arrest the floods of the godless masses who flock everywhere but in the narrow way. All we would say to Christian workers is, do not mistake reformation for regeneration, never lose sight of that most essential key-note, "Ye must be born again."

*Dissent and the Church.* Letters by John Browne, B.A., to J. C. Ryle, B.A. London, J. Clarke & Co. We really grieve over the pen and ink squabbles of good men; they give large licence to infidels to sneer at religion altogether. Some of the Evangelicals are bitter against Dissenters, and some Dissenters

are enviously angry with the Evangelicals. Both ought to be ashamed of themselves. The time and talent they thus waste in quarrelling, ought to be employed in that work the Lord has given unto them; if, indeed, they are His servants; and if they are not His servants, woe be unto them.

*Mount of Olives* is the title of one of Mr. James Wells's sermons in "Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit;" it contains a clear, and richly expressed definition of the laying aside of the Old Covenant, and of the introduction, and establishment of the New. It is a perfectly original discourse. We have a good tempered desire to analyse it thoroughly; but, we shall take time. In all our travels, we find persons not having the privilege of hearing a sound experimental ministry, who are much edified by the perusal of our brother Wells's published discourses. It is always gratifying to find "the press" carrying "the pulpit," into those cottages and chambers, and mansions, and isolated dwellings, whose inhabitants cannot run from place to place, as the Londoners can to hear the Gospel of Jesus in the power of the Holy Ghost. More than fifty years have we laboured by the press; and for forty years in the pulpit; hence, we cannot help rejoicing to find these two mighty agencies still useful in carrying the Gospel into all parts of the civilized world. In one of brother Messer's letters to the *League Journal*, he says—"The next day was the Sabbath, the greater part of which day, not feeling very well, I spent within doors, reading some sermons delivered recently in London by my teetotal friend and brother in the ministry, the Rev. James Wells of Surrey Tabernacle." We hope brother Messer will read "Mount of Olives."

*The Wonderful Word J.A.H.*, by E. Poulson. This little work is devoted to the defence of the doctrine of the Trinity, and especially the Godhead of Immanuel, from the Old Testament scriptures, in response to a challenge from the chief Rabbi of the Bayswater synagogue. In its perusal we have experienced much delight, and though not agreeing with the writer in every thought expressed, we take pleasure in recommending the diligent and non-superficial student of the oracles of God, to examine the book for himself; it will be found to contain many rich thoughts, and suggestive ideas, starting the soul into new channels that yield much fruit. Throughout there is a ring of genuine love to the truths of grace and the everlasting covenant, tending to establish the heart, and invigorate the mind.

*The Two Christian Faiths of the World.* This little volume is designed to shew the distinction between the natural and spiritual, the bond and free. The first three chapters scripturally demonstrate the soul-humbling, and Christ-exalting doctrines of particular redemption, and eternal election. Chapter four compares and contrasts the faith of the natural man with that of God's elect. Chapters five, six, and seven review the testimonies of the Lord and His apostles concerning "the Gospel," and "repentance, and remission of sins." And chapter eight briefly surveys the dealings of God with ancient Israel, and the Gospel as preached unto them. This book would be found of great value in establishing the wavering and instructing the ignorant in the truth as it is in Jesus, and thus be a means of much blessing under the sovereign influence of the Eternal Spirit.

*The Rock*, a Protestant journal, published every week by Messrs. Collingridge, always contains some sweet little pieces of good poetry. The following is one of many we select for occasional insertion.

"Cast thy burdon on the Lord,"

He has promised to sustain.

Try to bear the load thyself,

And thy efforts must be vain.

Cast thy burdon on the Lord—

Trust His promise. Trust His word.

Cast thy every care on Him;

Be they many, great, or small.

Anxious one. "Ho cares for thee."

And will freely take them all.

Roll them, now, upon His breast,

And thy soul shall find sweet rest."

*War and its Doings.* We do not wish to horrify our readers with any of the cruel details of the present woeful war. We cannot read them; hence, we know but little. Nevertheless, on the blood-streaming fields of battle, and in the hospitals of the wounded, there are some precious scenes; and hopeful evidences of the trophies of grace may be seen by the Christian as he watches the dying bed of the slain. "Our Own Fireside" for October, gives a paper, and a picture, headed, "War and its Doings."

*Twenty-four Lectures on the Book of Revelation*, by Mr. James Wells. London, R. Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill. This is a handsome, and intensely interesting volume. The Lord will not condemn Mr. Wells for this commentary on the Book of Revelation; because it contains so much holy truth, so much of the glory and grace of Jesus, and so much of the experience of his disciples, as to render it both spiritually pleasing and profitable to the called saints of God. We may make some lengthened reference to it another day.

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

### COMMEMORATION MEETING AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

ON Wednesday, October 19th, 1870, special services were held at the Surrey Tabernacle, to commemorate and acknowledge the lovingkindness of the Lord, in having sustained Mr. James Wells, for forty years as the pastor over that church, he having been ordained on the 19th of October, in the year 1830.

In the afternoon, at half-past three, a sermon was delivered by the pastor. At the close of the afternoon service, tea was provided, to which upwards of 800 persons sat down. At half-past six, the evening meeting was commenced. By this time the spacious edifice was thronged with friends, who appeared to evince a lively interest in the proceedings. There were representatives from nearly every London church; and friends from all parts of the country—some having travelled between one and two hundred miles to be present. The meeting was presided over by the pastor; and among a platform of ministers we noticed the following:—Mr. Stringer, Mr. M'Cure, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Dyer, Mr. C. W. Banks, Mr. Jull, Mr. Howard, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Wale, Mr. Steed, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Ponsford, Mr. Butterfield, Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Hall. Also Messrs. Boulden, Butt, Lawrence, Mead, the three brothers Carr, J. and W. Beach, Whittaker, Mitson, Snowden, Whitlock, Syms, Ireson, Davey, and many others. The proceedings were commenced by singing that choice hymn—

"Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name."

The Editor of the *Earthen Vessel* asked for the Lord's blessing on the proceedings. The chairman spoke of the goodness of the Lord in having sustained him in the one pastorate for forty years; but that did not represent the entire time he had been proclaiming the good tidings of the Gospel, in that blessed work he had now spent upwards of forty-three years. When the church was formed forty years since, it consisted of twenty members; out of that twenty members, nineteen had gone to their eternal rest, and the twentieth was in the chapel that evening. There was one of their present deacons (Mr.

Lawrence), with them prior to the formation of the church—although not present at its formation, being called away into the country. Mr. W. had outlived thirteen deacons, but his hope was that all his present deacons would outlive him. There was no intention on his part of going into a personal narrative of the past forty years; their desire was to acknowledge the mercies of God; and in so doing, they would keep two subjects in view—first, the blessedness of godliness; and secondly, their sincere desire for the furtherance of the Gospel. He would say, that two objects that had been much upon his mind to see completed were now attained. The first was the erection of that place of worship; it was now secured to the denomination, and as good as freehold for nearly one hundred years to come; that object had been well and efficiently done. The other desire he had impressed on his mind—and which perhaps had not been so well done—was to publish a Commentary on the Book of Revelation; this had been done, and the work was now complete. Some remarks followed, suggesting the desirability of an attempt to erect a place of worship towards Brixton, where a goodly number of the Surrey Tabernacle people reside, and endeavour to raise a cause of truth in that locality.

Mr. Edward Butt spoke on behalf of the deacons. They had no report to present, as on former occasions, as the labours they took in hand some five or six years since, were completed and paid for. It was a source of much pleasure to them all to see such a large company gathered; and the deacons felt a deep interest in the services of that day—a day that had never occurred before, and could not occur again. The place had been erected and paid for; three houses were built in the rear, to cover the ground rent of the chapel, and they were paid for; they had made their esteemed minister a testimonial in money; and they had since presented him with a further proof that they "very highly esteem him for his work's sake." The church there had always taken great care of the poor; their various efforts in this direction were all well sustained; and it was done out of sincere love to the truth, and to their poorer brethren. He was pleased to see such a number of ministerial brethren present, and he could assure them the friends there were glad to

see them also ; he did not know why they should stand aloof ; it was time there was more unity among men who contend for the fundamental doctrines of truth ; they had been too long disjointed and dislocated. Personally, he hoped soon to see some effort made to remove this disunity ; and to show the world that they as a body, are in earnest about the spread of the Gospel. He would suggest that early in the coming year they should have a united Communion Service in that place, where ministers and members from all our churches should gather. He threw out this suggestion, and hoped it would be followed up.

Mr. P. W. Williamson then delivered a warm-hearted and very suitable address, dwelling much upon the mercy and goodness of the Lord as manifest in the forty years the pastor of that church had just completed.

Mr. B. B. Wale, of Blackheath, followed, with an eloquent address on the memories connected with a forty years' ministry—noting the names of many ministers who had passed away in that space of time ; among them Joseph Irons, William Gadsby, and John Stevens. What had maintained their brother firm in the truth for so long a period ? It was Divine strength. With that invisible armour he had gone forth to meet and combat the great foe, Sin, forty years ago. It reminded him of Joshua and Caleb ; two leaders who crossed the Jordan together ; and it brought to his remembrance that about forty years ago two leaders of our modern Israel started out together ; they might be separated here ; but like Paul and Barnabas, they will meet in that better world, where awaits them the crown and robe.

Mr. M'Cure spoke in affectionate terms of the Church at the Tabernacle, of the great sympathy and substantial assistance he had received at their hands ; it was three years that evening since he first entered that place—since then many sorrows had he received, and deep sorrows he had been called to pass through. He had met members of that church in all parts of the colonies of Australia, and scattered up and down England, and he could bear testimony that they abode firm and faithful to their principles.

C. W. Banks said, forty years was a grand centre in a man's life. Seriously, in contemplating this long period, three questions had forced themselves upon his mind :—First, " Did we come into the kingdom in the right way ? Was our beginning truly of the Lord ? " Secondly, " Are we now standing in a safe and sound

position ? After having professed Christ's Gospel—and after having preached that Gospel for over forty years, did we now occupy that position—did we now exhibit that character—were we now pursuing that great object, which only could be associated with a well-grounded faith in, and devotion to, the Gospel of Jesus ? " And Thirdly, " Are we in possession of any indisputable pledge that our end here, and our eternity hereafter, would be well, and blessed of the Lord ? " After all the gloss and delusion I have seen, said the speaker, I feel daily concerned to search up, and honestly realize the assurance that all is well. These questions had been answered in his own soul by the application of that singular motto for ministers which Paul gives us in his first Epistle to the Corinthians. " Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD. Give none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God : I seek not mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." He felt a secret persuasion in his own soul that every good minister of Christ, desired above all things to glorify God : to avoid wilfully offending : and to seek, as God's instruments, the manifested salvation of their fellow-men. This state of mind, and this motive, was only produced by a constant sense of their own nothingness, and a growing conviction that all they had or were (worth having), was by the grace of God.

Mr. Stringer commenced his address poetically, and closed it the same. We can only give his original verses on the occasion, as follows :—

#### " RETROSPECT."

HALL, Brother Wells, we're glad to see  
The Lord hath been so good to thee ;  
'Midst conflicts sharp and weighty cares,  
He's kept thee faithful forty years.

Upheld by God's Almighty hand,  
Firm and unmov'd in truth you stand,  
Though levell'd at from earth and hell,  
Still forty years you have stood well.

With armour on you kept the field,  
And Christ has been your strength and shield,  
The Gospel trump you've sounded sweet  
Those forty years, and no retreat.

What wonders by thee God hath wrought !  
From death to life souls have been brought ;  
Many releas'd from bonds and fears,  
By preaching Christ these forty years.

Much has been done to mar thy fame;  
 Reproaches heap'd upon thy name;  
 Still this one truth thy spirit cheers,  
 God hath sustained thee forty years.  
 And like an iron pillar now  
 You neither crouch, nor bend, nor bow;  
 The sovereign line 'twixt wheat and tares  
 You have proclaimed these forty years.  
 And now this stately building view,  
 Erected, furnish'd, paid for too;  
 The King of Glory here appears,  
 Who has stood by thee forty years.  
 Great God, thy honour'd servant spare,  
 Yet many years to labour here;  
 Till beckon'd from his sweet employ,  
 To mansions of eternal joy.

T. STRINGER.

Mr. Ponsford, of Clapham, bore testimony to the benefit he had received while under Mr. Wells's ministry more than thirty years ago. Mr. Steed also expressed his pleasure in being present, and having an opportunity of showing his love to his brother Wells.

The chairman expressed his regret that time was so far advanced as not to give the many ministerial brethren whom he was glad to see on the platform, an opportunity of speaking; he should like to have heard them all, and hoped to on another occasion. As to the suggestion of Mr. Butt, to hold a Communion Service there early in the new year, it had his hearty concurrence, and he hoped it would be carried out. After singing and prayer, the meeting was closed about half-past nine, the interest never flagging the slightest; the spirit shown by the ministers was most affectionate, not the slightest jarring note with any one; the addresses were spiritual, cheerful, and appropriate; and but one desire was apparent upon the occasion, gratitude for the Past, and a desire to be more useful for the Future.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET. Fourth anniversary of Mr. J. Wilkins's pastorate was held Wednesday, October 19th. Mr. Charles Hill, of Suffolk, preached the Gospel. Tea was served. At evening meeting the pastor presided; ministers delivered addresses as follows: Mr. Carpenter, of Richmond, on the "Christian minister;" Mr. Briscoe, of Meard's court, Soho, on the "Design of the Christian ministry;" Mr. Hill, of Stoke Ash, on the "Difficulties of the Christian Ministry;" Mr. Sankey, of Hackney, on the "Support of the Christian ministry;" Mr. Griffith, of Twig Folly, on "Sound doctrine." The time at the conclusion of the last address being nearly nine o'clock, Mr. Edwards, of Islington, who was to have spoken on Christian unity, only announced the subject allotted to him, and stated he should then adopt the common custom as was found in some publications, "To be continued in our next."

## THE BIBLICAL NUMBER TWELVE.

THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY OF  
 MR. F. COLLINS'S MINISTRY AT HOWE  
 STREET CHAPEL, PLYMOUTH.

THE friends of Howe street chapel held commemorative services of twelfth anniversary of pastor's ministry, Mr. F. Collins, Oct. 12. In afternoon at three, the friends assembled for prayer and thanksgiving. Brethren Veale, Bardens, and Foot, engaged; brother J. H. Lynn, gave the address. The tea was served by the ladies, with great satisfaction. At seven o'clock, the meeting commenced by singing, Mr. S. Westlake presiding at the harmonium. Brother Westlake, of Ebenezer chapel, prayed. The hymn commencing with

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

was then sung. Brother Westaway, one of the deacons of the church, addressed the meeting. He felt inclined to apologise, because of his frequent addresses at those meetings; he had thought he should not be able to say anything this year; but this being the twelfth anniversary of his friend and brother Collins, he had been led to think upon the significant number twelve; and had been reflecting upon the use made of this number as shown in the Scriptures. He referred to the number of the twelve tribes of Israel, yet one family, as representing the spiritual Israel of God. The number of the loaves upon the Table of Shewbread was twelve; setting forth the sufficiency of the provisions of the Gospel. There were twelve oxen, bearing upon their shoulders the brazen sea, representing the ministers of the Gospel, remarking their hinder parts were covered, which, he thought, should teach ministers not to put themselves forward, when professedly preaching Christ and his Gospel. Twelve was the number chosen by Christ as his Apostles; it represented the ministers of his Gospel. We read of the temple in the Book of Revelation, having twelve gates, all made of pearl, which represented Christ, who answers to the pearl of great price; and, all the gates of the temple, the strait gate, the gate of righteousness, the gate seen by our father Jacob, when he said, "This is none other than the House of God, and the gate of heaven;" and to the twelve gates Christ answered, as the way of entrance into the temple. Twelve also is the number of foundations of the city. The church was made to rest upon the eternal truths of the Gospel in Christ. There was the foundation truth of the Eternal Three in One, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; the electing love of God; the imputed righteousness of Christ to all the redeemed; the adoption of the church in Christ; the immutability of the oath and promise of God. These are some of the twelve foundations of the glorious city, the church of the living God. Then there was the Tree of Life which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month. but he said, he would close

by performing what was to him, a very pleasing task; he had the pleasure of offering for the acceptance of his friend and brother Mr. Collins, a tribute of the affection of the church and congregation, in the form of a bag containing £18. He was pleased; it exceeded his expectations; it was a token of the affection of the people to the truths preached by his brother, and to him, as a minister of Jesus Christ: he now asked him to accept the same. Mr. Collins said he gladly and gratefully accepted their kind gift; their kindness to him during the twelve years he had been their minister, he should never forget. He felt this gift the more sweet as it had been presented to him as the token of the undiminished love they bore to the precious Gospel which for twelve years he had preached in their midst. In the kind providence of God, twelve years ago he was brought there: while changes had taken place, it afforded him a solid satisfaction to see their love for the truth, had not changed. The same deacons who were his brethren in office when he first came were with him, except one had left this mortal vale, but his spirit was with them; and another had been elected to fill his place in the church militant. All three were men who knew the truth, loved the truth, and who abode by the truth. He had often blessed the Lord for being associated with three honourable and God-fearing men, with whom he felt as united in heart, as when first he knew them. Mr. Collins thanked God for his great grace to him; and the people for their great kindness to him as Christ's minister, reminding them of the Saviour's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Brother Lyuu, of Trinity chapel, addressed the meeting; he was happy in witnessing what he had. He spoke upon the sorrows and the joys of the ministers of Jesus Christ in an appropriate manner. Brother Veale said he was glad to meet his brother Collins under such happy circumstances, and congratulated brother Westaway on the workmanlike and compact manner in which he had brought before the meeting the number twelve; he had evidently used his compass and square to good effect. Mr. Veale addressed the meeting affectionately, giving most excellent advice. Brother W. Westlake expounded: he had five L's. He had first, L for life; life divine, life eternal, life in the heart. Then there was L for light, by which the soul understood things spiritual and eternal; L for liberty; liberty of access to God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; and L stands for love; this was a double L; love of God to us, and our love to him in return; after expatiating upon these L's in an acceptable manner, he sat down. Brother R. Bardens assured the meeting the money in the bag was never more freely given, or more cheerfully than it was on the present occasion. He expressed the great interest he had felt in the

cause at Howe street; and pleasantly discoursed upon the life divine, as communicated to the soul by the Holy Ghost. This interesting meeting closed with prayer by our honourable brother Geo. Cudlipp. There was a large company; harmony and satisfaction sat upon the brows of the people. The singing was ably conducted; all appeared to leave the meeting in a happy mood; the doxology was sung, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

#### "THE DAY-STAR RISING AT BARNSELEY."

DEAR BROTHER BANKS, — Through the faithfulness of our covenant God, I am still spared. I have been kept within doors by severe cold; am thankful I am better; hope I shall be again endeavouring to tell of the wonders of covenant love at Barnsley. I know you delight to hear of the Lord's little ones, so I give you a sketch of our cause in Barnsley, Yorkshire was not always in a destitute state, as regards the truth, even Sheffield once had a Baptist church, founded on Gospel principles; but the once Strict Baptist church at Sheffield has become Open in Communion, and as thoroughly Arminian in doctrine as any one could desire. About eighty or ninety years since, a man of God built a nice chapel on the Sheffield road, Barnsley, and preached therein the truth. He was a great lover of the late Wm. Huntington. The chapel was left in the hands of six trustees who died one after the other, until only one remained. The church not abiding steadfast to the place, some new fashioned people established themselves, and built a fine church called "The Congregational Church." They also sought to obtain the old place I referred to, and they got it. They then ejected the old church and people, and thus the original owners lost it. Shortly after I was invited to preach to the expelled people. I went, I trust the Lord was with us. We held our meetings in a house belonging to one of the friends; but after asking the Lord to direct us, the Temperance Hall was taken about eighteen months since. I continued to supply them. I can speak of the love of our Triune Jehovah to his own people, by giving unto them a heart-breaking knowledge of themselves, as sinners, and also working in them that divine persuasion, which enables them, and us, to sing with the late Joseph Hart—

"The faith that lays hold of the Lamb,

And brings such salvation as this

Is more than mere nature or name!

The work of God's Spirit, it is

A principle active and young,

That lives under pressure and load;

That makes out of weakness more

strength,

And draws the soul upwards to God.

It treads on the world and on hell,  
 It vanquishes death and despair;  
 And what is still stronger to tell,  
 It overcomes heaven by prayer.  
 Permits a vile worm of the dust,  
 With God to commune as a friend,  
 To hope his forgiveness is just,  
 And look for his love to the end.

This is what Peter calls "precious faith;" it pleads precious promises, relies on precious blood, trusts a precious Christ, and can see that—

"Behind each frowning providence,  
 He hides a smiling face."

This faith I hope, ever to be able to contend for, as "The faith once delivered to the saints." Also, I desire to keep in the front, the ordinances and commandments of our adorable Lord: the immersion of those who have obtained like precious faith, (as far as we can judge of them) and then admit them to the table of our Lord, to shew forth his death. I am thankful to say the Lord has manifested his loving-kindness toward us. We have six who are waiting to follow their Lord, and to declare they are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, having felt it to be the power of God to their own salvation. My soul does magnify the Lord; I know you will rejoice with me, in his mercy: may the Lord make us more zealous in his cause. It is not all smooth sailing with us. We cannot baptize in our place. I wrote to the deacons of the so called Baptist church to lend us the chapel on any night they pleased; we would pay for the use of it; they never answered my letter. So much for the universal charity of the day. I am not in despair. We have a better Friend to trust in than man; and if all doors are closed, we can go to the river. I have told you a little of the Lord's goodness to us, a few of the unworthiest of all the Lord's people, a poor weak folk; yet, the Lord is our strength and our song, he also has become our salvation. I earnestly pray the Great Head of the church to strengthen you; that you may be able to end the VESSEL forth from month to month richly laden with Gospel treasure. When you have done your Master's work on earth, may you glide sweetly and softly into the haven of glory, to everlasting praise that blessed Jesus whom here you love and praise. So prays,

Sheffield. J. JOHNSON.

[This Barnsley case shows how the good old-fashioned truth of the Gospel is pushed out, and the new-fashioned system gets in. We mourned exceedingly over the northern parts of England. It is quite the custom now to speak of men who firmly adhere to the Gospel of God's Christ, as "hyper-Calvinists," as dangerous men. Surely we ought not to sleep as do others. We ask the churches to pray for, and to sympathise with the Barnsley Strict Baptist church. May the Spirit of Jesus dwell richly in brother Johnson's soul and ministry! So prays,

THE EDITOR.

STOWMARKET.—We held the eighth anniversary of new Baptist chapel, in Sep. 1870. It was announced in VESSEL, Mr. McCure was on his way to England; a friend wrote to invite him; he consented; we were glad to see and hear him once more. The Lord helped him to preach three times on the Lord's-day, truthfully and lovingly; again on Monday afternoon, it was a most precious season. The preacher directed the Lord's own people to look upon Zion; Zion, their birth-place and their home; Zion, the spiritual city builded and compacted together; Zion, the glory of the earth, and for whose sake the world is preserved. Ye new born children of grace, said the preacher, look upon Zion lovingly, prayerfully, and liberally, forsake not her gates, but be constant in her assemblies, for there the Lord of hosts doth dwell. About 130 friends took tea. At evening service, Mr. Beach, of Chelmsford, in a kind and able manner, presided. Mr. Willis, of Ipswich, Mr. McCure, Mr. Smith, of Mendlesham, and Mr. Barrett, pastor of the church at Bardwell, delivered good counsel. Prayer was offered by Mr. Lambert, of Occold. The chairman read the following report, which was signed by the deacons, brethren Diaper and Garrard; "Christian friends, at the celebration of this our eighth chapel anniversary, we desire first, especially to acknowledge the Lord's goodness to us thus far; to recognise the protection and guidance of his gracious hand, and bow with adoring gratitude before him, that our privileges are continued, notwithstanding our much ingratitude and unworthiness. We are as firmly attached as ever to the doctrines of distinguishing grace; and increasingly do we feel our need of them, and of strict adherence to church order as laid down in the New Testament. For more than five years we have been without a settled ministry, yet by the Lord's mercy, we have been constantly supplied with the preached word, and wish to express our thanks to his various servants who have so willingly come amongst us. May we all with increasing earnestness wait upon the Lord, that he will do his pleasure with us and by us. We take the present opportunity of thanking all friends for their continued help in God's cause thus far. We have not succeeded hardly so well as we desired in removing the chapel debt, but we have, nevertheless, found the amount annually reduced, total cost of chapel, 1862, £282 0s. 3d., amount received up to December 1869, £142 12s. 10½d., balance now remaining £139 7s. 4½d." Mr. Editor, these anniversary services were happy seasons. Our friend Mr. McCure seemed happy in his Master's service, the addresses on the Monday evening were instructive and encouraging; good collections were made, the result of which, together with two donations previously given, and small amounts from collecting cards, something over £20 was raised to diminish the amount of debt on the chapel, to the Lord be all the praise. A WEAKLING.

LONDON ITINERANT BAPTIST  
MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL tea and public meeting, Sept. 8, in Little Alie street chapel. Mr. P. Dickerson in the chair. Prayer was offered by Mr. Read, of Hackney. The Secretary read report of past year, which recorded the deaths of two brethren, Greenham and Bentote, who for some years successfully laboured in the Lord's vineyard. Several ministerial brethren have become members of the association. From Sabbath to Sabbath the brethren have been engaged in London, its suburbs, or in the country, scattering the good seed of the kingdom, upon which we hope the divine blessing may rest. We have to record the dismissal of our esteemed brother Joseph Cooler from being a member of this association to engage in stated labours, as pastor over the Strict Baptist church meeting in Zoar chapel, Erib, Kent. He was publicly recognised as their pastor last October, by Mr. Milner, and others. Various churches have been supplied chiefly by members of this association; such as Tadworth, Orpington, Windsor, Kingston, Harrow Weald, Romford, and Forest Gate. Romford cause has been a little one; but on account of removal of the good man who had the management, it was feared it would cease to exist. The aid of this association was solicited. We became responsible for the rent of the chapel. Ministers from the association have assisted; public meetings have been holden; the cause has been maintained; the Gospel trumpet has been blown with a certain sound. A Baptist minister has become a resident in the town; he offered to carry on the worship of God among them; the friends after hearing him consented, viewing it as an interposition of Providence.

At Forest Gate, a Christian gentleman was desirous a Baptist cause should be originated, he expressed his desire to this association, asking their co-operation. A suitable place has been engaged, and fitted up, at the sole expense of the gentleman referred to. It was opened 12th of December last. The place is generally well attended, and such an amount of success is apparent as to justify the erection of a chapel. The building will seat about 200 the entire cost of which is defrayed by the gentleman referred to who has also borne the who's expense of carrying on the worship of God in the place first taken. There has been no collection, no pew rents, but in the new chapel a system of income and expenditure will be commenced; the Lord bless the effort, and make the chapel a blessing to thousands. Messrs. Bracher and Hewlett moved and seconded the adoption of the report, in appropriate speeches. Brethren Golding, Chipchase, Flory, Greeu, and Hudson addressed the meeting. A vote of thanks was passed for the use of the chapel, also to the chairman and ministers for their services. After

singing the doxology, the meeting closed with the benediction. It was a cheerful and successful meeting.

Churches needing supplies may address to the Hon. Sec., T. Austin, Hertford House, Manor road, South Hackney, E.

FARNHAM, SURREY.—Mr. Wm. Day, the minister of Farnham Baptist chapel, the place where Mr. Thomas Attwood preached his last sermon, has kindly sent us the following note:

70, East street, Farnham,  
Sept. 2, 1870.

"My Dear Friend,—Peace, mercy, and grace be with thee, and thine; of Mr. Attwood, I can only say his death made a great impression on my mind, and many others; it was so sudden. I never saw Mr. A., until the Friday before he preached for me on the Sunday. A very kind friend a Mr. Gardner, at whose house Mr. and Mrs. A. were on a visit, sent for me and my wife to spend the afternoon with them, and a very comfortable afternoon we spent. Understanding he would be there on the following Lord's-day, I asked him to take a part of the service; he cheerfully consented to preach in the morning; his text was 1 Peter i. 6. He was very happy in his work, and was well heard. In the evening he gave out the hymn,

Oh, for a heart prepared to sing,  
To God my Saviour and my King,  
While with his saints I join to tell,  
My Jesus has done all things well.

That verse

Soon shall I pass the vale of death,  
And in his arms shall lose my breath, &c.,

seems to tell; the way he gave it out was impressive, we cannot but see the Lord's hand in the matter; yet, I do not think he had any thought of dying so soon; for, in taking his leave of me, he told me his arrangements for the next week; wished me good bye, hoped I should be spared in my years to preach the truths he had heard that night; but, so positively he said, 'I shall never see you any more on earth!' So we parted, never more to meet on earth. May we meet above, and not repine at death. Why should the prisoner repine at the friendly hand that loosens his fetters, and takes down his prison walls? Should not the weary pilgrim bless the day which returns him to his own country and his father's house? Ought not the bride of Christ to rejoice in the hour when she is presented to her husband without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing? In Mr. Attwood's case, he escaped the pains of death. The Lord bless and support his dear wife under the stroke, for death is solemn at any time. We do not like the pain of parting. May we all meet where parting is no more. Yours truly,

"W. DAY."



MR. FRANCIS COLLINS, AT HAYES.

DEAR SIR,—In September last, I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. F. Collins, of Plymouth, at the Hayes Tabernacle, with no small amount of comfort to my soul. I rejoice I was not alone; many on that occasion can bear similar testimony. Amidst changing scenes with pastors and people, what a mercy it is that there are still to be found many true and faithful watchmen upon the walls of Zion who give no uncertain sound; and the sheep know them. What a blessed unity there is, after all, in the Gospel of the grace of God! No matter where the pastor may come from, or where you may travel, or where your lot may be cast in providence, if a gracious testimony is given. The poor tempest-tossed and tried child of God is led to feed under such a testimony, and to say, "That is just where I am, I can do nothing, I cannot even so much as lift up my eyes to heaven; I cannot go forward, for the sea is before me, there are mountains of trouble upon my right hand and upon my left;" and Pharaoh, or in other words, the world, the flesh, and the devil press hard after me. Then "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." The sea shall be divided for thee; when parched with thirst, the rock shall be smitten for thee; when fainting by the way for lack of food, and the earth barren, the heavens shall drop manna for thee. If thy poor soul is bowed down to the earth, a faithful watchman shall come from Plymouth to Hayes, or from a more remote place still, to cheer thy drooping spirit, and like the good Samaritan, pour in the oil of God's grace, and the good wine of the kingdom into thee, over thee and upon thee, and thou shalt again rejoice in that great personal salvation. Thy cup shall run over, and thou shalt sing as only the "inhabitants of the Rock" can sing. These are precious times and the truth is realized. "My word shall drop as the dew." Mr. F. Collins spoke from James i. 3, 4, "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trial of your faith worketh patience." The subject matter was well arranged, scripturally, and methodically, and practically worked out; so that you could follow the speaker from beginning to end. I found myself drinking in the word, praying, while my brother was speaking, that the word might flow out abundantly, and that speaker and people might be blessed. At the conclusion of the service, I thought how short! I had forgotten the world, and all that was near and dear to me. I saw only, the "King in his beauty." How many more such foretastes I may be privileged to enjoy I know not.

"But if such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be?"

Yours in the truth,

A PILGRIM.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—As our VESSEL is found in nearly every corner of the truth-believing world, and as we sincerely desire to aid the Strict Baptists at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, we give the following note, as a guide to all who may be travelling to, or near the said metropolis of the North. One of the friends says—

"As a little flock, we are thrown upon the feeble resources usually granted to us, viz., the small gifts of the worshippers meeting at New Bridge street chapel. On Lord's-day mornings, we have a prayer meeting, in which some of the brethren engage; reading and singing fill up the time allotted. In the evening your unworthy correspondent as aforesaid, does the best he can to interest the people by "exalting him of whom Moses and the prophets did write." Last Lord's-day evening, he endeavoured to break up that verse, "Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee that he may dwell in thy courts." &c. First proposition—*God chooses men.* No mistake about that, but how? Some say simply to office, and in no other sense. Indeed! Then what means it, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who hath from the beginning, "chosen us to salvation," &c. No choice to salvation? Then, no salvation. Christ has a given power over flesh, to give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. Second proposition—*God causes his chosen to approach unto him.* No approach to him unless the barrier be removed. Your sins have separated; "brought nigh by the blood of the Lamb." Then, by prayer, through the Holy Spirit's power. Third proposition, the object God has in view; that his chosen may dwell in his courts, in all the truths of the word. To dwell where God dwells in love, in power, in peace, and finally in the courts above. Perfect satisfaction is the result. We shall be satisfied with the goodness of his house. The goodness of a house is seen in the solidity of the foundation, soundness of superstructure, and internal provision.

BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD—EVEN-  
EZER CHAPEL, WEBB STREET. On Oct. 11th, the eighteenth anniversary of the opening, and the fifty-seventh of the church. In the afternoon, Mr. Wales preached from Exodus ii. 12, a practical Gospel sermon. At five o'clock, the friends took tea, and at the evening meeting, Mr. Olin. Spencer presided, and read the 23rd Psalm, and offered some suitable remarks. Mr. Cowdry implored the Divine blessing, pastor R. A. Lawrence spoke on the goodness and mercy of the Lord towards us as a church, stating that he was blessed with a decided and loving people, union in the church, both with members, deacons, and himself. He then made a statement respecting the lease of the chapel; part of the premises being in chancery, and part

not, so there was a possibility of us not being able to renew our lease. The church had decided to raise a fund for building a house to worship in. Amount in hand to Oct. 11th, £120 7s. 9d. Mr. Wm. Caunt, Mr. T. Stringer, Mr. B. B. Wale, Mr. Thos. Steed, Mr. Edwards, and Mr. Clinch delivered very excellent addresses. Mr. Butt rose, and said he was sorry Mr. Jas. Wells was not able to attend the meeting, through his health; but wished the church every blessing, and handed a practical acknowledgment of the same to the chairman. The happy meeting was then brought to a close. We beg to acknowledge the amount received from the appeal in October Vessel:—Minna, 2s.; Beckenham, 5s.; Holloway, 1s.; Ponder, 1s.; Little Helper, 1s.; total, 10s. Thanks to those friends, and hope next month to trouble you with a longer list. The friends at Ebenezer are in earnest respecting the building. May the Lord incline the hearts of many of your numerous readers to help us. Yours truly,

JNO. KNOTT.

198, Bermondsey street, S.E.

#### THE WIDOW OF THE LATE MR. ATTWOOD.

We last month announced the sudden death of Mr. Thomas Attwood, who, for thirty-six years preached the Gospel to the church and congregation meeting for worship in Charles street, Camberwell New road. The deacons have issued an appeal on behalf of the bereaved widow; of which the following lines are a part:—

Thomas Attwood, had, for several years, been subject to heart disease, which had frequently caused us much anxiety. He died within a week of sixty-five years of age. He has left a sorrowing widow aged sixty-three, no provision had been made by him for her support; his income was limited, and the different London Offices had declined to grant an insurance on his life. We are desirous of obtaining, by the blessing of God and the kindness of individuals, sufficient to form a fund, and to invest the money for the permanent benefit of the widow. The loving and irreproachable Christian character of our deceased pastor, had endeared him to a church formed through his instrumentality, and sustained during so many years, and which thus suddenly bereaved, now mourns his loss. Donations will be accepted by the undersigned, with much gratitude: JOHN HAYWARD, 49, Beresford street, Walworth, S.E., CHARLES MILLER, 169, Beresford street, Walworth, S.E., JOHN CLAPP, 127, Manor street, Clapham road, S.W., JAMES MORRIS, 27, Mornington House, Clapham road, S.W., Deacons.

NOTTINGHILL.--To friend Luckcraft, Bigbury. EXTREMELY PLEASANT.—Knowing how concerned you are for our welfare at Johnson street, I give you this note. I

was present at all the services connected with anniversary on Oct. 2nd and 4th, 1870. Sunday morning, C. W. Banks gave us a little discourse on Gal. iv. 7, "Wherefore, thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God, through Christ." Some said, they heard well. I did not rejoice as I could desire. In the evening, our long-loved pastor read Isaiah 52, 53, and prayed in earnest faith. Mr. C. W. Banks then preached from Matt. xxvi. 30, "And when they had sung an hymn they went into the Mount of Olives." He asked, and he answered three questions: 1. How could they sing at such a time? 2. What did they sing? 3. Why did they go into the Mount of Olives? I did enjoy this, dear father. Then, Mr. Williamson administered the Lord's Supper, first, taking in a new member, giving good words; I may say, the season was sacred. Our pastor, Mr. W., told us reports had gone forth that he was going to Cambridge; but, that was not true. He did not intend to resign his pastorate at Johnson street, until he saw the church suited with a pastor they could be happy with. On the following Tuesday, our blessed brother James Wells was announced to preach. Many came miles to hear him. Illness prevented his coming. We had two sermons that afternoon. Mr. C. W. Banks preached a short one from the words, "Yea, he is altogether lovely." Mr. Williamson gave us a longer one from Acts, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish," &c. I was quite frightened at the text, however, it was turned to good account. The lady-committee provided a thorough Johnson street tea; and all the company looked cheerful. There were ministers Williamson, R. G. Edwards, Kevan, Thomas Jones, William Flack, Banks, Bloom, Joseph Palmer, and others I did not know. Mr. Williamson opened the public meeting with an address on the past and present of the church's history. He read a report; and then we had singing, reading, prayer, and speaking, until nine, when our pastor closed the services. It was considered to be a favoured time.

May you and yours, and me, and mine,

One day, in righteousness divine,

Before the Lord appear.

May father Gray, and Hooppolls all,

Continue on the Lord to call,

And walk in holy fear. Amen.

YOU KNOW WHO.

HEYWOOD.—It is pleasant to learn that permanent success, and peace, attend the cause at Jireh chapel, under Mr. R. Powell's ministry. Additions to the church have lately been made. The neighbouring churches at Bury and Rochdale are without pastors; in fact, the Huntingdonians say, "Truth is gone from every section but the Strict Baptists, and even their churches find a difficulty in procuring pastors who have a living spring within."

MR. A. W. KAYE AND HIS GOOD  
WORK AT BETHNAL GREEN.

ON Thursday, October 13th, Mr. Alfred W. Kaye invited nearly 300 of the aged poor of Bethnal Green to breakfast, dinner, and tea. Peel Grove Hall was hired for the day. It is almost needless to say that for one day in the year at least, these poor people thoroughly enjoyed themselves. With the exception of a few little "nothings," Mr. Kaye's annual treat went off well. Amongst the cloth present during the day were Dr. Hewlett, C. W. Banks, G. Cook, H. Myerson, W. Edgerton, &c. Mr. Cooper, and other gentlemen connected with Mr. Kaye's church were most attentive to the wants of the people.

A large number sat down to breakfast. After the cloth was removed

Mr. Kaye opened the day's proceedings. Mr. Edgerton and others gave some suitable addresses.

The dinner was well served. The people seemed thoroughly to enjoy the good things put before them by Mr. Kaye and his friends. Thanks were certainly due to the ladies who worked so hard and successfully on this occasion. The cloth being again removed,

Mr. Kaye occupied the chair. After singing and prayer, which was offered by Mr. Edgerton,

The chairman expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing so many of the aged poor on that occasion. He wished it to be understood that all were welcome, let their religious belief be what it might. A Roman Catholic was welcome. As a Protestant he could not allow a Romish priest at a meeting over which he presided, but as all were liable to be hungry, all were welcome. Christianity was nothing if it did not help the helpless. Whatever might be the thoughts of some persons, he was thankful to God for permitting him once more to carry out this free treat to the poor. In his conscience he had the joy of knowing that what he had been enabled to do was done with the single object of doing good in the locality where he had been called to labour.

Mr. Cook gave an address upon Christ the wisdom and power of God.

Dr. Hewlett spoke upon the humanity of Christianity. A black man was once asked where sympathy was to be found; he replied "in the dictionary." This, indeed, was where it often remained, but on that occasion there was a practical expression of sympathy.

Tea was served, and after a short interval

The evening meeting was commenced. Mr. Henry Myerson, Mr. G. Cook, Mr. Kaye, and others, addressed the people. The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. Kaye, which was carried with applause.

It may be said here that Mr. Kaye has been at great expense in getting up this annual treat to the poor of Bethnal Green.

There is something owing to the treasurer, subscriptions will be thankfully received. Most of the money for this treat was collected in coppers. Those who witnessed the hundreds of happy faces in Peel Grove Hall on this occasion, felt that he who assists in such works is doubly blessed.

SIBLE HEDINGHAM — REHOOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL. Dear C. W. Banks,— We held sixth anniversary Lord's-day, Oct. 9th; our brother J. B. McCure preached for us on the occasion. Following Monday afternoon, service was opened by brother Morling, of Glemsford, reading and praying; brother J. B. McCure then preached a God-glorifying sermon from "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people;" &c. 130 sat down to tea, after which, the public meeting was opened by prayer, by brother Wilson, of Clare. The chapel was crowded; brother W. Beach in the chair. The meeting was addressed by brother Wren, of Braintree, Smith, of Yeldham, Kemp, of Glemsford, Wilson, of Clare, and brother J. B. McCure. A vote of thanks to the chairman, and the friends and ministers being thanked for kindness, the meeting was brought to a close. The Lord was with us; our beloved Master was exalted; souls were fed; may it be found in after days those in bondage were liberated, and sinners convinced. We desire to express our gratitude to the kind friends that met with us, and contributed to our necessities, and also to our ministerial brethren; yet would we (with that feeling of love and gratitude, which the blessed Spirit alone is able to give) look beyond the means to the God of the means, and say, "Himself hath done it," to whom we desire to ascribe all the praise evermore, Amen.

HOUNSLOW.—St. Ann's road harvest thanksgiving services were held Tuesday, Sept. 27th. Mr. J. Wells was announced to preach, but serious indisposition prevented him. Mr. T. Stringer occupied the pulpit. The friends felt it was good to be there. In the afternoon an excellent tea was provided; the tables looked charmingly with choicest fruit and flowers; emblematical of the occasion. We think the ladies carried out the words of the apostle in shewing their "Faith by their works." Our evening's portion, 2 Thess. iii. 5, "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God," &c. We do like to listen to a minister with something like method and order; then, you not only eat of the fruit, but are enabled to take a basket home. We love the truth, it has been made dear to us, and we would rather hear the Gospel from an unlettered man, than a Gospel from the man of letters, but if our Strict Baptist ministers desire to be made more useful, they would do well to consider the letters by Bartimeus in this magazine. If our London friends were to visit these little causes of truth, it would encourage pastor and people. SIGMA.

**SYDNEY.**—We have felt more reconciled to Mr. J. B. McCure's leaving Sydney since we have read the reports of Mr. Daniel Allen's lectures and letters on "Baptismal Regeneration," and on "Close Communion." Mr. Daniel Allen is now we believe, the pastor of the church meeting for worship in the chapel in Sydney. Mr. John Bunyan McCure has left free from all debt, through the kind liberality of some of the churches in England. Mr. Daniel Allen is evidently a careful and able controversialist. His published letters prove this. He is fearless and faithful on the side of the New Testament truth and practice. He is as honest in correcting C. H. Spurgeon, as he is decided in exposing the Church of Rome. We think Mr. Allen's lectures should be published in England. If any of Mr. Allen's friends would send us correct reports of some of his sermons, we shall be very thankful. We English people think we have a great interest in the Sydney Strict Baptist chapel. And we wish to know from time to time, how things are going on.

**BAYSWATER.**—Palace Gardens chapel is one of the most commodious and comfortable in the Western suburbs. It was built a few years since by some gentlemen who desired to have a new place of worship there; but how changeable is everything here! The late Mr. John Offord ministered in this noble place; around him gathered many devout Christian people; but he died. Dr. Schwartz then purchased the freehold of the place; preached in it for a short time; suddenly in September, 1870, he died. Just before he was called out of time into eternity, I occupied his pulpit four times; and did the best I could in proclaiming the Gospel. Palace gardens chapel is now likely to fall into the hands of Presbyterians. In connection with this cause is a society of Christians who hold meetings for prayer, and for instruction and addresses to young men, in what is termed "The Mall Hall." Twice I spoke in this hall in September. I believe a little good seed was sown. Mr. John Short, the honorary secretary, is a valuable friend to young men. His service for their moral and spiritual good is much appreciated. Do we pay sufficient attention to our young people?  
C. W. B.

**OLAPHAM.**—Harvest thanksgiving services were held in Baptist chapel, Fitzwilliam road, Monday, Oct. 3, and proved quite a success. At three o'clock, the minister, Mr. H. Hall, gave out the hymn—

To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,  
My soul, wake all thy powers.

Mr. Wale preached the afternoon sermon. Tea was provided. At six o'clock, a devotional service was held, several brethren offered prayer, and suitable hymns were sung; at seven, Mr. McCure preached an appropriate discourse from the words, "Ho that goeth forth and weepeth." Every

available space of the chapel was filled to the gallery stairs, vestries, and aisles; at the close, "Crown him Lord of all," was sung with much spirit, and the people retired thankful for harvest thanksgiving services. Praise the Lord.

**DEVON.**—A Correspondent says:—"Sprigtown chapel was opened as a Strict Baptist cause. On Sunday morning, good brother Down preached there, he is now in Ireland. Lew Down is the only Strict Baptist cause nearer than Plymouth, the only place where the doctrines of grace are preached in their fulness; but my mind is not quite comfortable at present about our practice, which God knows I cannot help. Since brother Down left, our place has been supplied by good men; but at present, they are not delivered from the Open Communion system. I want to see them come out in true colours, and stand with me, not only in doctrine, but also in practice, foot to foot, against the ungodly practice of Open Communion, which is nowhere found in God's Word. My poor heart went up in prayer for you that evening as I sat in Sprigtown chapel, that God would deliver you. I feel, deeply feel, for you, my dear brother."

[We thank our Devonshire brother for sympathy. We pray and sigh for a righteous deliverance from every burden. Our God is our refuge, when it pleaseth him, he will be our high tower; and lift us above the whole.—ED.]

**TROWBRIDGE.**—John Warburton writes of the death of his poor sister Rachel. We believe she opened the door to us when we called to see her venerable father once in Trowbridge. Poor girl! She made her father's heart very sad sometimes; but her brother John says, she died exclaiming "All's well." We dearly loved good old John, and feel thankful his prayers for poor Rachel were heard and answered. We fear England will never again have such a body of holy, earnest, heaven-anointed men, as she had all through the middle part of this century. They are either gone, or, are fast going. And, not one, anywhere, for deep soul-vitalizing preaching can we find springing up.

**DEVIZES.**—The two Baptist churches in this town lost both their pastors in our month. Mr. Dangerfield dropped in the pulpit in Hastings, as stated in our last, and Dr. Marston died at Reading, September, 18th, 1870. How rapidly many of the best men in the Gospel ministry, have fallen lately!

**ROMFORD.**—**NORTH STREET.** Tuesday, October 11th, Mr. J. R. Marshall was recognised as pastor. After tea public meeting commenced. Mr. Myerson presided. Mr. S. Ford implored the divine blessing. The chairman spoke of fourteen years ago when he ministered to them.

About twenty years the cause had existed: in the course of God's providence brother Marshall had taken up his residence in the town: the friends had appointed him to take the oversight of them as a church and people. Brother Austin described the nature of a gospel church. Mr. Marshall related his call by grace and to the ministry, and the doctrines he held. The church and pastor mutually recognised the relationship. Mr. Ingram offered prayer for pastor and people. After addresses by brethren Noyes and Ingram, the meeting closed with the favourite hymn:

"All hail the power of Jesu's name."

### PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO THE QUAKERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

You will feel interested in the following:—Mr. Wm. Littleton writes to me from the West, that he has been preaching in Richmond State of Indiana, for some time. He says, I went to one of the Quaker meeting houses on Sunday, August 28th, and there I broke the silence by preaching the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and felt God was with me. God helping me, I am to preach in another of their meeting houses next Sunday. Richmond is a dark city; no place of truth in it. There are some good people amongst the Quakers of that city." Dear Mr. Editor, you know John Ashworth, and you knew the late Wm. Gadsby who is mentioned in a little work I enclose; you also knew Mr. Littleton, who preached so faithfully at Bethel, Cheltenham, at Plymouth, at Blandford street, London, and in other parts of England. One son of the late Mr. Littleton, preaches in Frome, another at some place in Sussex or Kent; and here you have a third, a hard working man. But God has taught him that he shall not live by bread alone, so he goes to the friends' meeting houses, and preaches the Gospel that his father preached to these rich Quakers. These Richmond Quakers are rich in this world's goods. I hope Mr. Littleton's ministry may be very useful. I wish others would come out from England in the same way that Mr. Littleton did; he came to the United States, and went as a soldier to fight the battles for liberty against the black slavery; now he is fighting against the slavery of sin. The Lord still increase your usefulness in dear old England, so prays yours in the one faith,

ROBERT LEE.

Brooklyn, New York, September 20th, 1870.

### Notes of the Month.

A STRICT BAPTIST UNION.—Dear brother, Will you allow me to state through the pages of the E. V., what I believe would prove a blessing to our churches, and I see no reason why we should not have one namely, a Strict Baptist Union? Look at

the divided condition of our ministers and people. What do we know of each other, and what is being done to promote the cause of God and each other's prosperity? Union is strength, but we are not acting on that principle; hence arises one of the causes of our present low and declining aspect. This is a matter I would urge our brethren to consider, if they wish to save our churches, and see a better state of things existing in them. Something must be done to unite us as a body if we wish to prosper. I would ask our pastors, deacons, and people to come forward, and let a union be formed at once and thus help to promote the cause of God and truth. I am, dear brother, yours in Christ,

WILLIAM GILL.

Rye, Sussex.

[If the Lord would give us all one heart and one mind, in the faith and fellowship of the Gospel; and if we all had but one motive, a loving, and labouring zeal to win souls unto Christ, and to build up the churches in the holy truth of the Gospel, then we might hope; but, in the present wreck of mind, and isolatedness of men, it is all but hopeless. If a body of ministers could unite frequently in prayer for the revival of our churches, it would be a token for good.—Ed.]

OBITUARY.—Mr. George Page, of Homer-ton. The subject of this brief memoir was born Aug. 4, 1800. He was brought to feel himself a sinner before God under the ministry of the late Mr. Harris, of Spicer street, Brick lane, about the year 1846; and there he continued a worshipper until the death of the late Mr. Harris. Since that time he has attended the ministry of Mr. Dearsley, Forest lane, Dalston, until his health began to fail and he was unable to walk so far. Our brother was delighted to talk of the sovereign love of God towards him. I have visited him many times during his illness; he has spoken of the Lord's goodness to him; and he would frequently say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." During the last ten months, he has been confined to his room; and his sufferings were very great, but he loved to converse with the Lord's people; he would frequently say, "I must wait patiently for the Lord; he hath afflicted me for my good; I hope to prepare me for the glory in the heavenly kingdom." In his last days, at times he became unconscious; but when revived, his daughter said to him, "Are you happy, dear father?" he replied, "O yes," and then prayed that the Lord would send his chariot, and fetch his ransomed spirit home. He was in the joyful anticipation of joining with the ransomed around the throne, and shout "Victory through the blood of the Lamb." Our brother departed this life August 28th, 1870, and was interred in Hackney churchyard, Sept. 3rd. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

## “Some are Fallen Asleep.”

“Yes, glory streams from yonder world of light ;  
The dying Stephen saw a vision bright ;  
A vision! ’Twas no mere solar beam ;  
No fancied glory ; no fictitious dream.  
“Behold! Behold!” The dying saint exclaimed,  
“I see him now! My Lord! Whom ye defamed,  
And hated to the death. He pleads for me :  
My Risen CHRIST ! In glory now I see !”

YES! “Some have fallen asleep.” Many we have known in the Lord are fallen asleep. Around their open graves we have stood ; and have spoken ; and then returned to our labours for a few more days, with the hope that when we have done all the Lord has designed for us to do here, we also shall fall asleep in JESUS, (as regards the little body we now dwell in), while our silent supplication is, that the spirit God gave us ; and the spirit the HOLY GHOST did quicken ; the spirit in whom the Sun of Righteousness did shine many years since, will not only return to God who gave it ; but be then found in CHRIST, in His righteousness, in His kingdom for ever.

Seventy years of the present century have now nearly passed away. During those seventy years, the professing church has grown considerably. An immense multitude of Protestant and Romish churches and chapels have been erected during those seventy years ; and at the present moment we behold new churches and new chapels springing up in all directions. And as to students, ministers, pastors, and itinerant preachers, they are so numerous, very many of them cannot find anything to do. Almost every professing man desires to be a preacher, and not a few of the *once NAMED* weaker sex, ascend the platform or the pulpit.

The Saviour’s prediction is fulfilling—“Many shall come in my name.” If they were all coming in the grace and power of the SPIRIT of God, preaching ONLY His gospel, gathering together His sheep, and receiving back His poor prodigals, it would be great cause for rejoicing. The fact is, we do not know what it is they are doing. Hence, we only add—“Many are running to and fro, and knowledge is increasing.”

Twenty-six years have now rolled away since we were first moved to issue THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD. Through all the changing scenes of our trying career, nothing has ever yet been permitted to take us from the work—or to take the work from us. In a most distressing hour, we involuntarily wrote a promise to continue the publication of some letters in a work to be called THE EARTHEN VESSEL. At the moment when we wrote the above sentence, we had had no previous meditation, nor had we any prospective means or power. But in 1844, THE EARTHEN VESSEL commenced its career ; and during the last twenty-six years it has never failed to make its regular appearance on the first of every month. Hundreds of thousands of this work have gone into all parts of Christendom, and there are not wanting many witnesses to prove it has been a messenger of mercy to sinners and to saints of every class and clime. The Lord be praised.

To all our correspondents, to our numerous readers, and friends everywhere, we present honest and hearty thanks; and, for the commencement of the twenty-seventh volume, we ask our subscribers and friends generally, to aid us in our endeavours to extend the knowledge of every department of New Testament truth and practice, by increasing our circulation.

Not a few of our most devoted and decided ministers of experimental truth have passed away—they have left us behind. We have before us now, sermons, and books, and letters, and papers, on the death of the late J. C. Philpot, who has been gone from this valley now twelve months. Then the late John Kershaw, of Rochdale, whose life we purpose to give to our readers at the earliest possible moment. Dr. Marston (whose sermon on the death of Mr. Philpot, was impartial and truthful, he) also has gone to his rest. Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Marks, late of Cambridge; Mr. Luke Snow, once a sweet preacher at Wimbledon; Mr. Dangerfield; and Mr. Attwood, with others, are fallen asleep. Beside these, Mr. Jesse Gwinnell, many years at Greenwich; Mr. John Wigmore, of Regent Street, and Mr. George Holmes, of Camberwell, all have been summoned away. Some of whom farther notice will be given we hope.

Sudden deaths have been solemn and frequent of late. Mr. Webb, the large wood-cutter of Bethnal Green, known to us, and to all churches of truth for the last quarter of a century, entered the vestry of Hope Chapel, one Thursday evening very recently, and almost instantly expired. He was the beloved father of those excellent young ministers, William Webb, of Staines, and George Webb, now of Camden Town. This sudden stroke was most afflicting to his bereaved widow and family; and the church under Mr. Griffith's care; and to the neighbourhood generally. That lovely, and most ancient mother in Israel, Mrs. Bailey, esteemed by all the ministers of truth and decided Christians in the East of London, has been quietly laid in her grave. Over the grave of brother Whitehead, of New Inn Yard, we sorrowfully uttered a few words. His own testimony we must give another month. Master Blackall,—the most tender hearted deacon we ever knew, and yet a most eccentric character—lived on until mental and physical powers dissolved; and, the places which knew him so well, know him no more for ever.

We called to see that very aged and benevolent woman, Mrs. Knox, the mother of the great undertaker in the Kent Road. We bent our knees beside her bed, and cried to God to ease her pain, to relieve her mind, to speak salvation to her soul, and to raise up her body. She was much comforted. In the same room, on another bed lay Mrs. Knox's sister: we baptized her many years ago. We called her "Miss Nash." She was a modern Deborah: she knew and loved Christ's gospel; and was kind to a degree. We had some Christian converse with her, and left, promising to see them both again. But, they fled away, and on Monday, November 14, 1870, the two immense coffins, containing the bodies of these two aged sisters—Mrs. Knox and Miss Nash, were both laid in one grave, at one and the same time. Crowds of spectators viewed that long procession, which attended the removal of these departed ones.

Our brother Charles Z. Turner, of Ripley, his church and people

have lost a friend in the decease of Robert Dawes, of whose life and death we have notes to give some day. We knew Mr. Dawes about twenty years. He favoured the righteous cause. He heard THE gospel of CHRIST. He sung the glorious hymns of truth and experience; and in many conversations we had with him, we realized a heart felt desire that he might stand out distinctly, decidedly, and practically, on the Lord's side. At the anniversary last May, he stood close by our side in prayer and in preaching; and in solemn feelings we prayed for and preached to him. "Man dieth; he wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost and WHERE IS HE?" When we pondered over the departure of the late Robert Dawes, we thought within ourselves—there are precious promises for the saints, and there are powerful scriptures for poor bruised souls, who have been bound by some strong enemy lo! these eighteen years or more. What long and everlasting arms of mercy those two proclamations of grace put forth which are written, first in John xi. 25, 26,—“He that liveth and believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this?” Yea, Lord, I do indeed. The second large and holy text is 1 Tim. i. 15. “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.” These blessed words in the hands of the Holy Ghost, have pulled many a big sinner out of the pit. I hope to show there was peace in the end of him to whom I have last referred. Of Sir John Thwaites, and of others, I might say

“ They too have been translated thus :  
 In whispers called away from us,  
 Without a sigh :  
 The Bridegroom saw them ready wait ;  
 The seraphs showed the pearly gate ;  
 They're now on high.  
 “ They died to live, they slept to wake ;  
 The marriage feast they now partake ;  
 And they are blest !  
 Their cup is full—their souls rejoice :  
 Of Christ the Lord, their lovely choice,  
 In bliss possessed.  
 “ Ah ! all are theirs ; and they are free :  
 They sing—‘ Oh Lamb of God, to Thee  
 Be praise divine :  
 And when the message be received,  
 May we, with joy, this desert leave,  
 For God's own land ! ”

As I stood at the grave, on one occasion, I thought of all the mysteries connected with the existence of man, none appears more deep to us than is the resurrection of the dead. In the Bible it is set forth first, by the doctrine being plainly declared. Secondly, by the doings of the Saviour in his days on earth. Thirdly, by the delightful anticipations of again meeting together on the resurrection day. And, lastly, by the dreadful doom to be pronounced upon the wicked in the final judgment. The doctrine is clearly expounded in Paul's first letter to the Corinthians—“ Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept, for since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead : for, as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive ; but every man in his own order, Christ the first-fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at His coming : then, COMETH THE END.” and a fearful end to many it will be.



Look at the resurrection in the DOINGS of the Saviour. He raised the widow's son as they were carrying the body to the grave : He raiseth the ruler's daughter out of her bed ; and he calleth Lazarus from the grave when he had been dead four days. All these were pledges of the resurrection, although they may not meet the case of millions who have been dead and buried thousands of years. If, however, we receive the testimony of God's holy Word, then nothing can be fuller than Rev. xx. : "The sea gave up the dead which were in it ; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them : and *they* (the dead—those not in Christ) were judged every man according to his works." What a vision ! What a sight ! When John says, "I SAW THE DEAD, SMALL AND GREAT, STAND BEFORE GOD !" Sinner ! Professor ! Christian reader ! Believest thou this ?

The anticipations of the resurrection are delightful. What mind can fully measure : what words can ere describe the full consolation contained in that one verse (1 Thess. iv. 14) "If we believe that JESUS died, and rose again ; even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him ?" Every particle of the human frame has in it the resurrection germ : scattered as it may be to the four winds of the heavens, God Almighty will display His glorious attributes of Omniscience and Omnipotence, by fulfilling that remarkable prophecy : "Them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

Mrs. T. Chaplin, of Great Baddow, sends us the following lines, which sweetly fall in here.

#### " I SHALL GO HOME TO GOD."

Oh Jesus, Jesus, hear my voice—

I cannot as I did rejoice,

And yet to Thee I turn.

There's nothing in the world around,

There's nothing springing from the ground !

For which like thee I yearn.

Oh Jesus, Jesus, precious name—

It hath a charin, it hath a claim,

However sad my heart :

I love it for the hope it brings—

I love it for the ray it flings

About earth's darkest part.

Oh Jesus, Jesus, there's my grave,

And soon this withering form will crave

The covering of a clod :

But, if thy glorious name remains

True to its meaning, from these pains

I shall go home to God.

There is a Saviour, though I fear

That death will find me very near

That dark abode below :

There is a Saviour, and I'll hope,

That when with that dead foe I cope,

His helping I shall know.

Oh Jesus, Jesus, *but* for Thee,

I know not what my life would be,

Yet I should dread the clod :

But if thy glorious name remains

True to its meaning, from these pains

I shall go home to God.

Now then, farewell, Old Eighteen-hundred and seventy! An awful year, on the Continent, to thousands you have been; and what the next year will be even to England, none of us can write down now.

Farewell, dear readers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL. Farewell, until the new year dawns upon us. I have taken you to dying beds, to open graves, to the resurrection morn. May you lay these things to heart: may you spend your Christmas with Christ: may the New Year find us with a new song and a full assurance of our salvation. So prays your servant in Christ

C. W. BANKS.

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## Scene in Nunhead Cemetery.

MR. JAMES WELLS; HIS FAMILY GRAVE; HIS LITTLE GRANDSON.

(BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

“ THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene;  
And summon from the shadowy past  
The forms that once have been.”

ON Sunday evening, October 30th, Mr. James Wells delivered an excellent discourse from the words recorded in Isaiah,—“The sure mercies of David.” At the conclusion of that discourse, he said he had purchased a grave at Nunhead Cemetery: on the following day he was going to bury his little grandson there. He mentioned the fact because he thought many of them would like to know where their minister would lie. He should not die a day sooner for having purchased a grave. He knew they wished that day far off when he should be called away, and he wished he might yet be spared some few years for their furtherance in the gospel. The ground he had chosen was close to the grave of their late deacon Mr. Carr. He (Mr. Wells) and Mr. Carr had got on very well together on earth, and he thought he would lie as close to him as possible. At the resurrection morn they would rise together to bless the same dear name. He (the preacher) did not like the ground at Brompton, where their late deacon Mr. Edwards, was buried. He thought it nothing but right to mention these things to the Surrey Tabernacle people.

Such remarks from Mr. Wells caused many to shed a tear. The very bare idea of the termination of such a ministry appears almost unbearable. Men are but mortal. They look at matters as they appear. A ministry of forty years over one church is a rare event, and were he taken away, to the church at large it would be a severe loss.

On Monday, the last day in October, the remains of Mr. Wells's little grandson were deposited in his grandsire's family grave. The weather was dark, dank, and miserable. The rain came down in torrents. The heavens were heavy. Nature had lost much of its beauty. But amidst pelting rain, a number of persons found their way to Nunhead Cemetery. The first matter we attended to was to search out

the grave. And plodding up the hill we went; plodding is exactly the word; Nunhead being a very clayey soil, after severe rains it is very difficult to get about, that is, if you venture out of the pathway. Up the hill we went and found the grave. The position is one of the best in the Cemetery. On a summer's day there is a commanding view; while on a drenching wet day there is a sombre grandeur in looking upon the thousands of tombs which, like so many spectres meet your eye in every direction. Near this spot there are a number of stones recording the names of many who have held responsible positions in the Church of Christ. Here is the family vault of Mr. James Blake, who for many years was deacon at Crosby Row; next to this is the grave of good old Mrs. Symonds—the gentle, the saintly, and the serene, in whose tomb lies Richard Channen, the once humble yet godly deacon at Unicorn Yard. Then here is the family vault of Charles Waters Banks, in whose dark embrace lie “in God's cupboard till the resurrection morn” *The Silent Preacher*, “Dear Little Willie,” George and Mary, eldest son and daughter of C. W. Banks. A little further back is the grave of Mr. John Carr—than whom a better and more kindly disposed deacon never lived. John Carr saw no difficulties when anything was to be done for Christ. His language (more forcible than poetic) was

“Faith laughs at impossibilities,  
And says it shall be done.”

This being the guiding spirit of Mr. Carr's life, he was enabled to accomplish much which other men would have never even attempted. Close behind this is the one purchased by the pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle.

“Bring flowers, pale flowers, on the bier to shed,  
A crown for the brow of the sainted dead;  
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,  
For this in the woods was the violet nursed;  
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,  
They are love's last gift:—bring ye flowers  
Pale flowers.

“Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,  
They are nature's offering, their place is there!  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart;  
With a voice of promise they come and part,  
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours—  
They break forth in glory—bring flowers,  
Bright flowers.

But we will descend the hill: the chapel doors are open: the little blue coffin containing all that remains of the good preacher's little grandson, are borne in and laid upon the bier. Mr. Mead, a worthy deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle, ascends the pulpit, makes some suitable remarks upon the eternal safety of children: prayer is offered; then from the chapel we go up the hill again; and, when the body of the little babe is lowered to its last resting place, while Mr. Mead is speaking, we cannot help taking a glance at Mr. Wells. This would be the place for enemies to see the good man. Yes! He is *said to be* unfeeling. But unless made of stone, the biggest enemy would have forgotten every “little difference.” Here stood Mr. Wells weeping, intensely weeping over his little grandson. Yes! says the stoic—“natural tears.” “Thank God for natural tears,” said Mr. Chapman,

when poor David Denham was terrified out of existence by a number of persons whose boast was that they were above such feelings. "JESUS WEPT." We often form conclusions on insufficient data, and find ourselves miserably mistaken. We come in contact with greatness in unpretending forms, and disgusting littleness in costly attire. Thus many have put down in their day books that the Surrey Tabernacle minister is an austere, unkind piece of humanity

"An awful, reverend, and religious man."

Such should have witnessed him at the grave of the little boy whom he loved; and heard him in sobbing words—just as he was getting in the coach—say to a gentlemen: "It was a little thing, but it has undone me. I loved the little fellow."

All being over, there was time for reflection. Dean Stanley says—"We shall love one another in heaven, why not on earth?" With some such feelings we left Nunhead Cemetery. We saw that which has ever marked great men—that they are loving and are loved.

"Hail! the heavenly scenes of peace,  
Where the storms of passion cease,  
Life's dismaying struggle o'er,  
Wearied nature weeps no more.

"O! to think of meeting there  
Friends, whose graves received our tear:  
Child beloved, and wife adored,  
To our widowed arms restored!

"All the joys which death did sever,  
Giv'n to us again for ever!  
Hail! the calm reality—  
Glorious immortality!"

## What is Religion? Where is it Going to?

"Uniformity we know,  
Is not found in aught below;  
Union should, however prove,  
That the law of Christ is love!  
'Twas for this, the Saviour pray'd,  
Ere to cruel death betrayed;  
'This He gave us as a sign,  
Men should own HIS TRUTH divine."

If London might be compared to one great inn, then, most emphatically of JESUS, of His Gospel, it may be said, "There is no room for Him in the inn."

When GODFREY HOLDEN PIKE wrote his useful volume, *Ancient Houses; or, Memorial Pictures of Nonconformity in Old London*, he said, "While most of the chapels of London proper have yielded to the action of time, several remain intact;" of these he makes special mention of Devonshire square chapel. From 1638 to 1870, that is 232 years, there has been a Baptist church in Devonshire square, near Houndsditch, in the city of London; but on Monday, October 3, 1870, the memorial stone of New Devonshire chapel was laid by the Lord Mayor Besley, in the Stoke Newington road; the Metropolitan railway having bought the old Devonshire square chapel, no alternative was left, but for the church and congregation to surrender their ancient site and to remove away somewhat into the country.

On the said third of October, in this year, I stood by the gateway leading into the immense booth wherein were assembled hosts of people who had come to witness the stone laying by the Lord Mayor. The scene was one of much bustle and excitement. On the top and sides of the booth, banners and flags were flying; and the roads were crowded with people of every class. The silvery sheriffs in their official chariots, the Lord Mayor in his state carriage; Mr. Spurgeon, and lots of ministers, with long streams of ladies in every style of fashion, flocked into the building.

Macgowan was once the honoured pastor of this ancient Devonshire square church. We thought of his "shaver," of his "looking-glass," and of his "dialogue," &c., and, as alone, we retired from the outside of the ceremony, for we went not into the inner court, we asked seriously, "What is Religion? and, Where is it Going to?"

Religion is, of all possessions, the most momentous and essentially necessary. False religions, there are none; any profession, founded on false theories, is not religion at all.

What, then, is religion? I give a four-fold answer.

First, It is a hidden life IN CHRIST. "Your life is hid with Christ, in God." Zechariah saw a figure of this, in the candlestick, all of gold, with a bowl upon the top of it; and his seven lamps thereon; and seven pipes to the seven lamps; and two olive trees, called "the two anointed ones that stand by the Lord of the whole earth." These two olive trees, "through the two golden pipes, empty the GOLDEN OIL, (figure of the hidden life) out of themselves." "Out of His fulness," the fulness of eternal life, "have all we received, and grace for grace." Have we? If from Christ's fulness, the Holy Spirit hath poured this golden oil into our souls, then, we have religion; but, there are so many candlesticks now, not "all of gold," so many branches which wither, fall off, and die; that I often inly fear, and secretly ask, "Have I this golden oil? this hidden life in Jesus?"

Oh, ye professing ministers! See to this one thing. Are ye golden pipes? Does the Eternal Spirit, through you, carry the golden oil, and empty it into the souls of poor sinners? If so, that is religion.

Secondly, Religion is a life of faith in CHRIST. I have noticed that word the Saviour spake in John xi. 26. It is a word of mercy to my soul. He said, "Whosoever LOVETH and BELIEVETH in ME, shall never die." Paul declares himself certain of having this branch of religion; when to the Galatians, he says, "The life which I now live in the flesh is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Mark you, this, ye dying men, a life of faith in Jesus, flows from a vital union to Him; and works in the soul a holy satisfaction of interest in His loving surrender of Himself as a sacrifice for sin. Do we realize this?

Thirdly, Religion is a life of devotion to Christ. "For me to live, is Christ." Only as I live to, and for Him, do I live at all. All beside, is death. John says, "We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." If they were all wise and wealthy brethren they would not require this surrender of ourselves for them. But where is this devotion to Christ?

Fourthly, Religion is a life of meetness for the glory and kingdom of Christ. I have dreadfully wondered how and why it was, I could

not proceed in a holier, happier, casier, and more pleasing path ; but, Paul solves the problem. He says, "We which live, are always delivered unto death for Jesus' sake;" and, further, "Our light affliction (and it is amazing, how comparatively light He can make the heaviest affliction) which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen," &c. And it is through the telescope of faith we can pierce the clouds, and look into the heavenly things.

Religion must be a real, and a reigning power, in thy soul, my reader, or Thou hast none.

Where the profession of it is carrying the people to is a subject most difficult. What is "chaff," and what is "wheat" is not so easily discovered ; but past history and the present aspect of affairs, may, in light of the Lord, open this mystery. At least, so believes the author of

THE OLD PULPIT—AND THE NEW PLATFORM.

"THE GREATEST PRIVILEGE OF MY WHOLE LIFE."

A LETTER TO MR. THOMAS POOCKE, MINISTER OF BETHESDA CHAPEL,  
IPSWICH.

MY DEAR ESTEEMED SIR,—I have been many times going to write to inform you of the decease of my dear mother, Mrs. Morfey, formerly a member of your Church ; but my own ill health has prevented. Knowing the great esteem for you and your ministry ; the love she felt to the last to the cause at Dairy-lane ; how often she spoke of the profit she received under your preaching, and having had the privilege of reading many outlines of sermons of yours which she had penned down, and kept sacred even until now, I felt I must tell you that her decease took place on the 18th of March last. She fought the good fight of faith, and won the victory, and the crown that fadeth not away. Grace enabled her to stand fast, and held her up even to the end. She was in her sixty-ninth year. She died from decay of nature ; had her senses spared almost to the last moment. She had been highly favoured for many years—being always on the mount ; and we feared lest at the last she might have a conflict with Satan and unbelief ; but, bless the Lord, it was not so. Her end was perfect peace, and triumph in the liberty and freedom of her dear Redeemer. She rejoiced in Him ; and committed to Him body, soul, and spirit, with unerring confidence. There was not a doubt, not a murmur ; one unceasing stream of praises to Him who had made her white and clean, and bought her even with the price of His own precious blood. All the last week her face shone, and looked bright and beautiful. She looked as if her heaven in her soul had already begun. She called out she saw a great light, and longed for the sound of His chariot-wheels : she said quite loud every morning, "I am a day's march nearer home." She said, "I shall soon see Him face to face." The twenty-third Psalm she many times repeated with emphasis, and asked for the last few psalms of praise to be read to her. Two days before her departure she called for her beloved children to sing the hymn she loved so well.

"For ever with the Lord,  
Amen, so let it be ;  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality."

She sang the first verse herself quite loud ; and said, " Yes, blessed be His name, I shall soon be with Him for evermore ;" and many more like or similar expressions of the unspeakable joy she was anticipating. She fell asleep in Jesus at twelve o'clock at night, surrounded by her children, who lovingly did the last offices for her, and did not allow a stranger even to touch her sacred dust. We can only say, she " being dead, yet speaketh " She was indeed made a blessing to her children, and many of us have had reason to rise up and call her blessed, and bless God for a praying mother.

To the very last, her Bible, " the word of her God," was her daily food. I do believe she esteemed it more than her necessary food ; for there was scarcely ever a meal but what the Word was brought out, searched, and commented upon to her husband and children ; and if any of her sons came home even at twelve at night, and she was in bed, I can testify that she always, when they came to kiss her, and say good night, prayed over them and for them. She never feared man, but only feared lest she should not give her Lord and Master all the praise and all the glory for all and everything which she received through His disposal of the hearts of her children towards her. In this respect she was greatly blest above many : her dear sons revered her, and kept her in comfort with our dear father also ; " No thanks to them," she would say in her own peculiar way, " but to her covenant-keeping God, who had promised her that her bread and water should be sure, and had also promised to bless her basket and her store, and had done so both temporally and spiritually." Her body was followed to her last resting-place by her grown-up sons and daughters, and our dear father. There we left the precious dust to await the joyful resurrection which she so often anticipated. She lived to see her youngest child just brought to a saving knowledge of herself, through the mercy and sovereign love of her dear Lord, in answer to many prayers, and also your humble correspondent, who, until a few months before her dear mother's decease, knew not God, and was without God and hope in the world ; the last six months' communion with my dear mother was the greatest privilege of my whole life ; and just as I learnt to love her most in the bonds of the Spirit, I lost her sweet company. You have, dear Sir, been made a blessing to several of my family, two of whom, Mary and Lucy, were called under your faithful and unflinching ministry, and were baptized at the Cave in London, at the late Mr. Allen's ; and I received my first deep convictions under a week night sermon of yours, " A bruised reed He will not break," &c. ; the effects of that sermon were never long absent, yet all these years I have been trying to be better ; trusting in my own self-righteousness ; and thought I could be saved if I would only believe ; but blessed be God, my Father ! I have found out by His Spirit's power, that I was both helpless and guilty, and was made to see my blindness, guilt, and misery, and can now say " The Lord is my shepherd—that Christ is mine and I am His ! " Saved by his own sovereign, free, rich, Almighty grace, a brand plucked from the burning. I am now with my youngest sister and husband, members of Mr. Anderson's, Zion Chapel, Deptford ; we were each baptized together by him last June. Father lives with me, and unites with us all in kindest love and wishes for your health and welfare. A reply would be esteemed a favour by yours very sincerely, ANN ESTERBROOKE, *late* ANN MORFEY.

5, St. James's Place, New Cross Road, London, S.E.

SKETCH OF THE LATE MR. WILLIAM WEBB OF  
BETHNAL GREEN.

OUR departed brother was suddenly called home in the minister's vestry of Hope Chapel, Bethnal Green, on Thursday evening, October 13th, 1870, just at the time the people were assembling for the week evening service; he entered the vestry, and spoke to the pastor and deacon present, he fell back into his chair, and without pain, groan, sigh, or word, passed away to glory, in the 69th year of his age. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

He was born in Cambridgeshire, where he lived to the age of twenty-five years, when, in the Providence of God, he removed to London, and after three years' residence here, the Lord, in his mercy, called him to a knowledge of himself as a sinner, and to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour; this was apparent from the change in his general deportment, and was soon led to be baptized and join a strict Baptist Church, meeting for divine worship in Hart's Lane, Bethnal Green-road. Here he was called to the office of deacon, and proved himself a sincere lover of the cause of Jesus Christ, and the Lord's dear people, for which he suffered much persecution from the ungodly; but such was his faith in the Lord, that opposition did not move him from the purpose of his life, doing good as far as he could; he was one of the founders of a sick visiting society, and upwards of three hundred persons were visited annually.

In process of time, and changing circumstances, he attended the ministry of the late Mr. Allen, of Cave Adullam, Stepney, but did not become a member of the church. On his removal he found a home, and united to the church meeting at Jubilee Street, Commercial Road, Mr. Chamberlain, pastor, where he was also chosen to the office of deacon; but painful circumstances arising, he resigned his office, and retired from the church, and remained out of membership for some time, but never forsook the means of grace, nor the Lord's house, during which time he was often heard to express much regret at his isolated position, but eventually led by the Providence of God to a room opened for divine worship in Harold Street, Twig Folly, from which little cause the present church at Hope Chapel sprang. He had great sympathy with this little cause, although for a season he attended the ministry of Mr. Banks at Bethel Chapel, Old Ford. On Mr. Banks leaving, and Mr. Maycock succeeding him, the minister and church removed from Old Ford to Hope Chapel, where our departed brother remained a member till his death. He was a very useful and sincere friend to the cause, although he did not see his way clear to accept the office of deacon, yet he gave efficient help in the management of the secular affairs of the church, doing all in his power to promote the comfort of the pastor, and prosperity of the church, and satisfaction of the congregation. He was a sincere lover of the truth as it is in Jesus, a covenant salvation, a perfect justification through the imputed righteousness of Christ, and practical godliness he would always contend for; to him Jesus Christ was all and in all. He sometimes would express his confidence in Jesus Christ, and at other times doubts and fears would come



into the mind, and he would say, "How will it be with me at last?" He was the subject of constant bodily pain: day and night he was called to suffer from chronic rheumatism, connected with this an asthma; yet he would go to the house of God, for he used to say he was easier there than anywhere, and in that he recognised the goodness and mercy of God.

He was highly favoured in his family, although a large one; he had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing seven of his children called by grace, and two to the ministry; for which blessings, he could not, he said, sufficiently praise his covenant God; and in a recent affliction which confined him to his room, he found that the presence of Jesus Christ so ravished his heart, and filled his soul with solid satisfaction, that when asked by one of his sons how matters stood in regard to eternity, he calmly and sweetly replied, "It is better to die than to live." To another who was on a visit to him, conversing upon the possibility of sudden death, he expressed he thought such might be the case, but his times were in the dear Lord's hands; let the messenger come when and how he might all was right; therefore, he should try and leave the matter with the Lord. About three weeks before his departure one of his daughters observing him very thoughtful said to him, "Father, what are your thoughts?" He answered solemnly, "Trying to make myself familiar with death, for he must come." For some time before he was observed to have his mind dwelling much upon the better world; he would say, "What must it be to be there, in the glory land, to see Jesus face to face! I shall have no more pain there, but all will be joy and peace for ever."

The last sermon that he heard appeared to fill him with delight and holy longing; it was from the words, "Yet there is room." This text was constantly repeated by him in his family, and to friends—"Though millions have gone before, 'Yet there is room,' where Jesus is:" and he rejoiced in the glorious declaration with peculiar pleasure.

His mortal remains were interred at Bow Cemetery, on Tuesday, October 18th, when a large family, and many friends, took their last look of him they loved till they shall see him again where the weary are for ever at rest. To prove the general respect in which our brother was held, about five hundred persons were present to see the last act of consigning a brother beloved to the grave, in "sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

On the following Lord's day evening a funeral sermon was preached at Hope Chapel—which was thronged so that some could not gain admittance—by the pastor, Mr. James Griffith, from the text appropriate to the departed—Philippians i. 21, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

May the Lord greatly support the sorrowing widow, and affectionate children; may they all through grace live looking for eternal life through the finished work of Jesus Christ, and enjoy his smile who is a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow. So prays yours,  
 JAMES GRIFFITH, Pastor.

## No Provision for the Widow.

*EARNEST WORDS TO THE BAPTIST CHURCHES AND THEIR MINISTERS.*

MR. EDITOR.—As your Magazine is open for the advocacy of every good work I hope you will not reject this attempt to plead the cause of the orphan and the widows of our deceased Baptist ministers, one of whom has just gone to his rest after a life long service in the Great Master's cause, and a pastorate of thirty-six years standing over one church; yet, painful to state, the deacons have to appeal to a benevolent public for the future maintenance of his widow, for whose support (says the appeal,) no provision has been made. Had our deceased brother been changing his pastorate—sometimes here and sometimes there—or had he been laid by for several months, the case would have been different; but, here is a minister in one pastorate for thirty-six years, dying in harness, yet his widow is left dependent on Christian benevolence. Surely this must speak volumes as to the inadequate support which our ministers receive. Our brother was not an improvident man as “his character,” says the appeal, “was irreproachable;” he studied the temporal good of his flock, and the poor of the neighbourhood around, entering with heartiness into all their privations and wants, and yet, though he was all this, his career is closed, with the sad set off “No provision for the widow.” This must be a source of lamentation; and as it is but one case among many, allow me then to call the attention of our churches to this sad fact for the benefit of the fatherless and widow, that no further opportunity may be given to write the epitaph which might now be written on some of our minister's tombstones—“No provision for the widow.” It will be said, and said justly, that it is easier to point out the evil, than prescribe the remedy. I grant it readily, but yet I think something can be done in mitigation of so great a calamity. First, in the conduct of some of our churches, and second, in the conduct of some of our ministers. In the first place, we are as churches, reprehensible,—we create divisions too easily, when there are not sufficient grounds for a division—we take a room or build a chapel in a neighbourhood where a chapel or chapels of the same denomination exists, or where the prospects of raising a good cause is anything but encouraging. A minister is invited and expected to take the pastorate at a stipend of from £50 to £100 per year, and should he decline on the ground of insufficient pay, he is said to be after the “filthy lucre,” not considering that the minister has a family to provide for—the pastorate is eventually taken: secular affairs are resigned; which his poor wife soon finds out to her sorrow; and while the members of his congregation are benefiting from the labours of the husband and the father, his own household is left to feel the pinches of poverty. Another cause is the miserable support some of us staunch advocates of the good old gospel give to the cause of God: 2s., or 2s. 6d. per quarter is thought ample by some of us, making 8s. or 10s. per year; and on collection days we are almost sure to have “a bad head ache, and can't come,” or “gone out on urgent business.” A congregation of such will enable any minister to have written on his tomb-stone—“No provision for the widow.” I would that

churches and congregations would consider how much they pay the teachers of their children and teachers of other descriptions; and also how much the world pays for their amusements, and then perhaps they would be induced to do more for their poor pastors, whose office is of that eternal importance that all other offices sink into insignificance when brought into contact with it, and to whom many, under God, are indebted for their deliverance from eternal woe, and for their spiritual enrichment in the grace of the gospel. But a word to the wise is enough. If therefore, churches would take into consideration the support of the minister, before they are so ready to erect chapels, and would render to their spiritual instructors for their labor, after the same rate that they themselves are paid, we should soon hear no more at the decease of our ministers—"No provision for the widow."

Secondly, our ministers are not altogether free from blame; they seem to carry too much of the spiritual into their affairs, and not enough of the secular; they seem to think that as they have lived a life of faith, their wives and children can do the same after they are gone, but could they return after their decease, they would find that their faith has produced in their wives and children hard work, and in some cases, *precious hard work too*. There are two ways of remedying this evil in some measure at least. One is, life assurance, which, if resorted to tolerably early in life, generally succeeds. If it be said the minister cannot afford to pay the premium, then I would say let him strike and turn his hand to something else; for if a people cannot pay their pastor sufficient to enable him to do this, it is not just towards his family for him to serve them to thier family detriment. The other remedy is handicraft. Most ministers have a business of some kind, and if a man's talent is not such as to call him forth preaching the gospel day after day, is there any great hardship in his following in the steps of Paul of olden times, or in the steps of some of our divines of modern times,—our Ponsford's, our Evans's, our Ballard's, our Davies's, our Cousens's, our Dearsley's, our Hall's, our Crowhurst's, our Wise's, our Green's, our Highams, our Williamsons, and a host of others? True, it must be hard work to preach and work, and work and preach, but is it not possible, and if possible, would it not be better for those of our ministers to resort to it, whose congregations do not enable them to provide for their own household, and thereby have the pleasure of knowing in their last hours, that they have made provision for their widows rather than live the life of a gentleman dining to-day with Mr. Smoothtongue, taking tea to-morrow with Mrs. Chatterbox, and the next day supping with Mr. Late-night, which is no doubt very nice for him, but not quite so nice for the wife, if she has to stick to the wash tub, nor to the children if they have to be deprived of the comforts of an ordinary mechanic's home, and at last to hear that the only Will the husband and the father has left is—"No provision for the widow."

O that the churches and ministers of Christ would look to this matter for the church's sake, their own sakes, and especially for the widow and children's sake, that there may be no more opportunities for us to write on the tombstones of our deceased ministers—"No provision for the widow."

A WORKING MAN AND STATED MINISTER TOO.

October, 1870.

## Letters from Ministers of the Gospel.

" WE wrestle, Lord, and pray,  
 'Gainst stern terrific foes:  
 No reason can avail  
 To soothe our bitter woes:  
 Oh, send us help: thy captives free:  
 Or, call us home to rest with Thee.

" 'Nay, nay!' Methinks a voice  
 Is heard—'Go on: endure:  
 And weep, and wrestle on;  
 Make your election sure.

The worldling, here at peace may be;  
 But life's a battle-field to thee!"

" Fight the good fight of faith:  
 And grasp eternal life;  
 My kingdom must be won  
 By agonizing strife:  
 Oh, soldiers of my cross be bold;  
 O'ercome! Receive the crown of gold."

AFTER being so many years permitted to work in the Lord's vineyard; and while many judge harshly, it is most grateful to receive letters like the following, which we give that thousands may see that our work is not in vain. The brother who sends the following is one of the most faithful in the land. He says:

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—I can assure you nothing in this life would give my poor heart and soul so much pleasure and comfort as to be present at your meeting, Monday the 21st. I do from my inmost soul greet you in the Lord as His beloved, elect, chosen minister, whom he hath eternally loved in Christ—accepted in Christ—blessed in Christ, and whom he hath kept in the truth for so many years. The Lord be praised. Twenty-seven years a useful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ in feeding His sheep, His lambs, His portion, His inheritance, which is His church. Also, you have by divine grace, for many years been useful in that truthful Christian recorder THE EARTHEN VESSEL. There, blessed be God, my heart can bear humble testimony that you have sent forth to the church and world the sweet doctrine of free and sovereign grace as revealed in the Holy Scriptures of truth, such as the eternal love of the eternal Three—One Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit, who before the foundation of the world, eternally loved his one elect Church in the person of Christ, and according to the eternal purpose of the eternal Three doth call his eternally loved ones to glory and virtue, whereby are given unto them exceeding great and precious promises. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ for enabling you, my beloved brother, so faithfully these twenty-seven years both from the pulpit and the press, to send forth those eternal truths of the holy and everlasting gospel. I can from my poor heart bless God for THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and that dear and highly favoured servant of God, MR. JAMES WELLS; for his sermons have been greatly blessed to my soul since I have been in Cornwall. I am sorry to say the state of the churches in Cornwall is very low; truth is very little known and preached. In some places I have found a few dear souls alive to those great truths.

I fear I shall not be able to be with you on the 21st; may the Lord the Spirit breathe on all your souls. I shall be with you in spirit, if I am absent in body. I have charge of all the rolling stock at the railway station. May the Lord bless you all with His life-giving presence, and His life-giving spirit. My love in the spirit to his church meeting with you, and to all His dear ministers. The blessings of Jehovah be upon you, my dear brother.

B. WOODROW.

1, Penrith Street, Penzance,  
 Nov. 14th, 1870.

## WORDS OF CONSOLATION.

MY DEAR AND BEREAVED FRIENDS,—I do most deeply sympathize with and for you. The Lord has indeed showed you a very great and sore trouble. But, “The hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it.”

Himself hath done it. Yes, although severe  
 May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,  
 'Tis his own hand that holds it, and I know  
 He'll give me grace to drink it meekly up.

The ways of the Lord unto us are often dark, very dark, and past finding out. But, unto his own beloved ones, ways of love; yes, with loving-kindness will I draw them. And has he not with loving-kindness, drawn from earth our dear ones, who are not lost, but gone before, to

Where the surges cease to roll,  
 Where in all the bright for ever  
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

The wilderness life with them is past; they have come out of great tribulation, and have entered into the rest. Yes, the rest! blessed be God, it is the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

With us the thorns of the wilderness are still growing. But the mountains, fires, and trials of this mortal life will soon be over,

Then in full sail my port I'll find,  
 And leave the world and sin behind.

Perhaps, not yet. When? At the time and place appointed by our God, who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind. Mr. Marks dropped down dead in the pew, Mr. Attwood in the gig, Mr. Dangerfield in the pulpit, and now Mr. Holmes, after he had preached at Hayes, dropped down dead on the platform of the railway station.

Our time is yet to come.

Until then our gracious God says.—

Not now, my child—a little more rough tossing,  
 A little longer on the billow's foam,  
 A few more journeyings in the desert darkness.  
 And then the sunshine of thy Father's home.  
 Not now, for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,  
 And thou must teach the widow'd heart to sing;  
 Not now, for orphans' tears are thickly falling,  
 They must be gather'd 'neath some sheltering wing.

The Lord knoweth the way that you take. And when he hath tried, yes, dear friends, when he hath tried, it is the Lord who is trying you; and when he has done so, according to his own will, and has accomplished the end designed, then he will bring you forth as gold; he will bring you forth, will not leave you in the fire; but will bring the third part through. Yes, through, and through, and through. For those who are in heaven come out of great tribulation, and are now for ever and ever before the throne of God.

Once they were mourners here below,  
 They wet their couch with tears;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

For all who are bereaved of dear and loved ones have this strong consolation, they are now “reaping in joy, in the sinless and thornless kingdom, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are

at rest." Therefore we cannot mourn and sorrow as for those for whom we have no hope; our loss is their eternal gain, although in relation to our natural feelings,

Nature mourns a cruel blow,  
Faith assures it is not so.

No, it is not so, for it is all love, and the act and deed of a loving and ever gracious Father. Oh! for grace to say, and to feel resigned to drink the cup. "The cup that my Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?"

The Lord grant unto you the consolation of His precious word to your souls by the power of God the Holy Ghost. For your deep wounds the balm of creature sympathy can minister but little support. While the sympathies of Jesus bind up the broken in heart, and heal the wounds, and reconcile the troubled ones to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

May the God of all grace strengthen you by his Spirit with all might in your inner man, is the prayer of your willing servant for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

19, Windsor road, Denmark hill, Camberwell.

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## Productions of the Press.

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THE year is closing; from the press are flowing works of every kind and class. The awful wars on the Continent, and the prospective loomings of their continuance, have seriously interfered with the book trade: the mania for war telegrams has so occupied the minds of the people, that in some quarters the losses have been serious. Nevertheless, new works reach us day after day for review; and as fast as possible, we carefully measure their merits, and report accordingly.

We cannot resist the desire to notice, first of all this month, Mr. James Wells's sermon on "Infant Salvation." It may be termed "A Funeral Sermon" in more senses than one. First of all, for many years, there has been in the professing world, an awful assertion floating about respecting Mr. James Wells's views on the state of infants after death: that ugly falsehood is, in this discourse buried at once and for ever. Secondly, hosts of pious fathers and mothers nurse up and torment themselves with fears concerning their little ones who have been taken from them. This elaborate oration throws into oblivion all

such groundless fears; and instead of fathers and mothers weeping over the dear little ones they have lost, they will find in this sermon cause for rejoicing in the fact, that no infant can possibly be lost. We ask bereaved parents to read this discourse. Sixteen large pages for one penny: it is well worth one shilling. One hundred thousand copies of this No. 627 of *Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit* ought, at least, to be circulated. Originality — honest and homely phraseology — research — conclusive arguments, and, withal, a sympathetic interest running through the whole — are the chief features of this, one of the best of Mr. Wells's published discourses. Some extracts may be given if the sermon is allowed to run out of print.

*The Children's Prize*, published by W. W. Gardener, 10, Paternoster Row, is a splendid present for the juveniles. Full of scriptural, domestic, and natural illustrations, and truthful tales, it cannot fail to please and edify the little groups which around the family hearth do gather now the days are cold and gloomy.

*Chatterbox* is a perfect wonder. Every phase of life—every scene of

sorrow and joy, from babyhood to manhood, from the birth to the grave, from time to eternity, are here developed by artists of a first-class order, and defined by writers well acquainted with human nature, and all that attends its course through a world where mercies and miseries mingle in most mysterious mazes. *Chatterbox* is also published by W. W. Gardner.

*Seven Features in the Life of a Middle Class Minister*, drawn from that sacred volume (now issuing by Mr. J. C. Pembrey, 3, Clifton villas, Cowley road, Oxford), containing the History of the late Joseph Tanner, of Cirencester, are waiting for room next year. The sweet and heavenly fruits of the grace of God bloom most delightfully here. Nothing very grand, but much that is exceedingly good.

*The Heresies of the Plymouth Brethren*. London: Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Row. The "thirteenth thousand" of Dr. James C. L. Carson's volume on "the Plymouths," is now published. When it is duly remembered that most deadly strifes and controversies have been engendered by some of those persons called "Plymouth Brethren;" when, as we fear, they have been instrumental in indirectly denouncing that heaven-ordained ordinance—a standing gospel ministry: also, that they have opened the door for every and anybody to stand up and preach almost anything; and moreover, that in many sections of these folk, a mere *assent* or *expression* has been pronounced THE FAITH which justifies: when these, and other, perhaps, more fearful dogmas are promulgated by those called "the brethren," it must be evident to every honest and sound heart that Dr. James Carson has done a good and noble work in exposing, with much manliness, ability, and success, "the Heresies" referred to. To us, the richest portions of Dr. Carson's work are, his clear and unmistakeable expositions of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. How full of consolation is the thought, that whenever any body of professing Christian men have come forward, (undesignedly it may be), to destroy the founda-

tion of the faith once delivered unto the saints, God has always raised up a champion who, like David, comes forth in the strength of the Lord, to slay Goliath, and scatter the hosts of the Philistines. In the name of hundreds of thousands we thank Dr. Carson for the service he has rendered to the cause of Divine truth. His venerable father's mantle has certainly fallen upon him, although manifested in a different course of action. We desire to quote Dr. Carson presently, in order to show that neither of "the Plymouths," nor of himself, have we written without the book.

*The Fellowship of His Sufferings*. A sacred, a sublime, and yet a sorrowful sermon by the Bishop of Peterborough, is given in *Our Own Fireside*; and we are not mentally at home, if we err in declaring this to be as holy a piece of Divine teaching as we have ever found in these times of light, and fanciful, and sensational literature. "Because he was altogether without sin, He was never altogether without suffering. Christ was perfectly holy. He perfectly loved God in a world where God was not loved. He loved His Father's law, and His Father's name, and He saw that law daily broken, and that Name daily disgraced. He loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and yet He was compassed about with unrighteousness; and He was daily in contact with all iniquity. Remember He saw that iniquity as none but He could see it. No veil of ignorance or hypocrisy did hide from Him, as it hides from us, the wickedness of others' hearts, and of our own. He saw what none of us might dare to look upon—the SECRET WICKEDNESS OF ALL HUMAN HEARTS. 'He endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself;' and therefore, in the bitterness of His soul He cried: 'O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I bear with you—how long shall I suffer you?' " We called this a *sorrowful* sermon. And when we reflect upon the little likeness we bear to CHRIST in this particular, it must be acknowledged a sorrowful fact. While we sorrow over our own deep-seated imperfection and unholiness of cha-

racter, let believers rejoice in the prospect that when Christ who is our life shall appear, we shall both see Him as He is, and be like Him.

*Ancient Meeting Houses*, (written by Godfrey Holden Pike, and published by Partridge and Co.,) tells you of those places where once our fathers worshipped. Old London, in every sense of the term, was very different to the present young one. We yearn for the time and opportunity to draw a line of distinction between "The Old Pulpit and the New Platform." We only wait the coming of the golden hour.

*Baptist History*.—Forty years ago, and more, there were two very noted men in the Isle of Thanet who occasionally came into the City of Canterbury, to preach the gospel to the Baptists of that ecclesiastical city, whose meeting-place was in the "round house," in King street. One of these good men they called "Old Mr. Cramp." He was a large, a weighty, a solemn, and much honoured man of God. We believe he was the means of planting the church at St. Peters, near Margate. We heard him soon after we knew the Lord; and his memory is sacred to us now. The other person to whom we have referred, was generally called "Young JOHN CRAMP." There was a scholastic stiffness about this young gentleman which caused some to stand afar off. It was said, he influenced his father, and led him a little over to the Fullerite scheme which, at that time, was only an intruder, and not the general accompaniment as it is now, to pulpit ministrations. The elder Mr. Cramp was powerful and precious in his ministry to the souls of the saints. The younger Mr. Cramp was instructive, historical, and more classical. We hope they were both the servants of God. The father has long since gone to his rest. The son is now the president of Acadia College, Nova Scotia, and has for many years laboured to build up young Christian men in a duly qualified fulness of knowledge for the ministry. His line of effort has stretched itself across the two hemispheres: he has been, we trust, useful to a large extent; and we passionately hope it will

never be said unto him in the great day, concerning the work he has done—"Who hath required this at your hands?"

Dr. J. M. Cramp once gave the world a volume called "A Text-book of Popery," &c. It was well received. Since that, the President has sent out another volume, called *Baptist History, from the Foundation of the Christian Church to the Present Time*. A new edition of this latter work has been published in England by Elliot Stock, the now noted Baptist Publisher of Paternoster Row. This large, handsome, and singularly illustrated book ought to be a boon to the Baptist churches generally; and, as we have our strong Baptist prejudices, we are thankful to find it is now spreading far and wide in every part of England; for, in the first place, we are scripturally and experimentally persuaded that the true and genuine Baptist churches are the only churches which fairly represent the Pattern-church first set up by the Holy Spirit Himself on the day of Pentecost. We do not anathematize, or think unkindly of other churches,—God forbid; but, if any man ask us why nearly all other churches extend and increase so much more than our Strict Baptist churches do? our answer is first—because we abide more persistently to the old fashioned doctrines and ordinances, than others do; therefore, Satan opposes us: the world sneers at us: professors pour contempt upon us, and we are surrounded by many who would banish us altogether. Our answer is, secondly, Baptism by immersion is generally offensive to the refined, the delicate, and the fastidious feelings of the respectable and the elite of our religious communities. To sit down quietly at the sacramental table (as some call it), is easy enough; but, to be required to give a reason of the hope that is in them: to be constrained to stand before the Lord's people, and to tell honestly what He has done for their souls, and then publicly to be led down into the water, and, as Jesus was—as the Eunuch was—as the three thousand were—yea, as millions have been—to be there and then buried in the



mystic flood, and raised again : this is an ordinance not acceptable to many but those whose love to Jesus, and whose faith in His word, constrain them to deny themselves, to take up their cross, and to follow Him. We hail then with much gratitude, Dr. Cramp's book in England, because there is increasingly a disposition to do away with Baptists altogether, as we believe it, and we are told, our churches must soon cease to have any existence. Dr. Cramp's *Baptist History* is the best of the kind extant : and, if the Baptists are true to the Lord, and true to themselves, they will see it shall be a witness for ancient truths in these modern times of division and dissent.

The *Rock* family newspaper has commenced a new series, in a new folio form, and is evidently under a new and better management. Only once a week, for one penny, giving a comprehensive review of all that is doing in the church and in the world.

King William of Prussia, his Queen Augusta, the Crown Prince and Princess, and the other members of the Royal family, are represented by an elegant centre engraving in *Old Jonathan's Almanack* for 1871. Other illustrations, with all the usual Almanack matter, will be found in this fine broad sheet, now publishing by the Messrs. Collingridge.

*Ritualistic Doctrine and Practice.* Mr. William Macintosh, Publisher of 24, Paternoster Row, has produced a sixpenny pamphlet entitled "Both Sides of the Question," edited by Rev. Octavius Ellis. The mysteries of Ritualism, as borrowed from Romanism, are herein exploded by one who has spent "Some time among Ritualists." Such of our friends as desire to be enlightened in this school of art, will find Mr. Ellis's book worth reading.

*Dissent Vindicated.* A zealous and intelligent farmer in Berkshire wrote a book not long since. Not every farmer can find time to write books. This farmer, one Edwin Caudwell, (not the noted Mrs. Caudwell's husband, we presume), had been a Dissenter; but, thinking that the Church of England was the best church, he

wrote down "Fifteen Reasons for being a Churchman," and, having written them, he thought them so good—so conclusive—so unanswerable, that he had them printed and published, that others might reap what he had sown. Excellent course, certainly. We wish thousands of our farmers would do the same. There are multitudes of them who are good Dissenters, and if they would only put their wits to work ; if they would only devote a little of their time to the edification of their neighbours, many of them could write down "Fifty Reasons for being Dissenters;" and they could honestly enough show that "The New Testament Baptist Church was the Best Church." But, sad to tell, our professing Christian farmers, do little or nothing to help to enlighten the people. Mr. Caudwell's "Fifteen Reasons" fell into the hands of a Young Elihu, and by it, as of old, his wrath was kindled ; and to work he went, to canvas, to criticise, and to condemn many of these reasons. Hence, a two-penny pamphlet, issued most respectably by Robert Banks, of 30, Ludgate Hill, has been the result. The author is Mr. E. P. Brown, of Reading, who is connected with one of the largest seed establishments in the world, and is also a preacher of the gospel at Knowl Hill, and at other places. Mr. Brown's *Dissent Vindicated* takes up, and quotes at length, the "Fifteen Reasons;" and then gives his reply. Mr. Brown has done his work fairly and faithfully. We trust his labour has not been in vain.

*The Plain Guide.* Twenty-first thousand. London : Masters, New Bond Street. Two-pence. This book professes to be a plain teacher to those in the communion of the Church of England. But, is it a plain guide to the gospel? Nay :—it is nothing of the kind. It is a matter of surprise to us that men making any pretence to scholarship, should busy themselves in teaching in the English Church—Apostolical succession—confession—baptismal regeneration, &c. We hope those who are sound in the vital essentials of the gospel, will never sanction such guides as this.

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

THE VENERABLE JOHN FOREMAN  
AT MR. LODGE'S ANNIVERSARY.

"Thus far on life's perplexing path,  
Thus far the Lord our steps hath led;  
Safe from the world's pursuing wrath,  
Unharm'd through floods hung o'er our head:

Here then we pause, look back, adore  
Like ransomed Israel from the shore.

"When we have numbered all our years!  
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,  
Though the flesh fall with human fears,  
O! let not then the spirit shrink:  
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,  
Plunge through the stream, -- to rise  
above."

If the venerable minister of Mount Zion chapel, Dorset square, lives till April 1871, —and we all pray heartily that he may, and for some years afterwards,—he will have sojourned in this lower world eighty years. Such a long and useful life demands more than a passing notice. Mr. Foreman has been one of the leaders amongst the Strict Baptist churches for a long time. No ordination or recognition service could be celebrated with the least shade of validity, without the services of Mr. John Foreman, and Mr. James Wells. Of course there were exceptions, but the rule was, at chapel openings, and "large services," these two good men were sure to be "on the bill." At the recent anniversary of Providence chapel, Shoreditch,—Mr. Foreman preached in the afternoon. That service produced a few impressions, which, Mr. Editor, I write for you.

Before the service commenced there were sundry groups canvassing the probability of the preacher's arrival. "I do hope the dear man will come!" "Yes, so do I, he baptized me more than twenty years ago" was uttered by an old lady in a suppressed but audible tone. We might write a column of short speeches made out of love to the aged divine: space forbids. The whole body of people were anxious to see "John," as he sometimes terms himself; and when he walked through the chapel there was a general feeling of satisfaction. The first hymn is being read; the good man climbs the steep stairs to the rostrum. How slowly, how carefully: all eyes are fixed upon the man who has for years been a leader. The last verse of the hymn having been sung, a chapter is read. It is still John Foreman: the same voice; the same quaint style. Not the quaintness of Quarles, but a quaintness peculiar to himself. In reading the chapter he referred, in his exposition, to the words of Solomon: "To fear God and keep his commandments is the whole duty of man."

"No such thing" said Mr. Foreman. "the translators put in the word duty, but it ought to be taken out and hung about their necks." To a stranger his prayers are really singular: but the preacher of Mount Zion chapel is earnest, and he is honest. There is a grandeur in the contemplation of such a character, and although in prayer some could not like the style, all must admire the spirit.

The sermon was from the words of St. Paul—"Through this man is preached the forgiveness of sins." One would have thought by the discourse that the good man in the pulpit had been studying Athanasius, and his "wholesome creed." "Through THIS MAN." The preacher spoke of the wonderful character of our blessed Lord; the manhood of Jesus Christ—His sympathy with us in our pathway through this world was feelingly developed. The discourse was what is termed experimental, but it was more, it was a clear enunciation of a grand truth—a truth which every Christian makes his boast:

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

The sermon was full of comfort, bringing out in bold relief the great truth that "Through this MAN is preached the forgiveness of sins," and through Him alone comes salvation.

Mr. Foreman having pronounced the benediction descended the stairs and retired to the vestry. We all waited to see him go; when he came out he looked on all sides and said "Good bye, friends, good bye." We felt it a privilege to witness with what eagerness and joy the people saw the good man retire. But he is greatly altered—age creeps on apace. Let us remember Mr. John Foreman has been spreading broad cast the seeds of the gospel all over our happy land for many years. We rejoice, we feel it a duty to honour such an one for his work's sake. We are taught in the Holy Scripture to think very highly of God's ministers; and we can but hold in pitiable contempt those who underrate the servants of God.

As we left Providence chapel, we felt we had seen and heard a good man, and an aged man—one who has worked hard in his Master's cause—one who has been richly proserved in all his way.

"Honour and happiness unite  
To make the Christian's name a praise;  
How fair the scone, how clear the light,  
That fills the rostrum of his days.  
"A kingly character he bears,  
No change his priestly office knows;  
Unfading is the crown he wears;  
His joys can never reach a close."

Let us thank God for the many good men and true he has favoured us with, and let us never fail to treat them with that respect their calling demands.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

## THE REMOVAL OF CHAPEL DEBTS.

### A THANKSGIVING MEETING AT BETHEL CHAPEL, POPLAR.

HAPPY and useful services were holden in Bethel Chapel, High street, Poplar, on Tuesday, November 8th, 1870. Mr. John Bunyan McCure delivered in the afternoon an exposition of David's words,—"Although my house be not so with God," &c., which reached the hearts of many of the Lord's people, and confirmed their faith and hope in an everlasting covenant. Between one and two hundred friends afterwards assembled for tea, which was exceedingly well supplied under the beneficent management of the pastor's devoted wife, Mrs. Davis, and her beloved sisters and friends in the faith, whose consistent zeal and warm hearted kindness made us feel we were at home and welcome in the house of the Lord. The public meeting commenced under the presidency of T. M. Whittaker, Esq., of Blackheath. We heartily wish we could give in full the noble, yet wise and loving address with which Mr. Whittaker opened the meeting, but we are limited in space, otherwise a full report would prove that in the Strict Baptist body in London, we have a large amount of useful ministerial gift united to and flowing out of Godliness in the heart, and demonstrated by practical efforts for the advancement of the cause of truth in the world.

Mr. Whittaker showed that the death of a gentleman who held a rather heavy mortgage on that chapel, had thrown the pastor and people into some trouble. The money was demanded by the executor, and unless it could be paid, the chapel must be sold. He said his esteemed brother Mr. Davies had set his face steadfastly to remove the difficulty, and the main object of that meeting was thankfulness to the Lord for enabling them to secure the chapel to the Strict Baptist body, and also to endeavour to meet some expenses which had been incurred. The great distress in the east of London had weakened the hands of the minister and his people there; nevertheless, the Lord had been their shield and their help. Most decidedly Mr. Whittaker contended for the necessity of united effort in our churches for the removal of all our chapel debts, and for the promotion of a spirit of vital and practical unity throughout the whole of our denomination.

Mr. George Webb, of Camden Town, presented at the throne of grace a prayer every way suited to the occasion, whereby our hearts were carried up to the Lord; a flame of holy love was kindled, and we were all thereby prepared to go through

the evening in a manner befitting the occasion. We have often feared that too little attention was paid to this all-essential part of our public proceedings. On this occasion our brother George Webb was graciously assisted: the Spirit of the Lord helped him and solemnized all our minds.

The pastor, Mr. Thomas Davies, then related all the circumstances connected with the trouble they had been called to experience, and the special Providential deliverances whereby they had been preserved. He said, as soon as the mortgage was called in, he saw there were only two ways open before him. He must either abandon the cause, let the chapel go, and the people be scattered; or, he must go to work to obtain the money. To adopt the first plan he felt would be cowardice. God nerved his heart and strengthened his hand to pursue the latter course, and prosperity had attended every step he had taken. A meeting for special prayer was first holden. Mr. Davies said he was remarkably encouraged by one brother at that meeting, who, in his prayer said, "Lord, we want some money. O Lord, we must have some money. Lord, give us some money." This cry reached heaven's high throne: it unlocked the hearts and opened the hands of many, and signal answers to that dear brother's prayer had been given. Mr. Davies then had an interview with Mr. Whittaker, their chairman that evening, Mr. W. counselled him and helped him. He saw Mr. John Foreman, he encouraged and helped him. The Baptist Building Fund gave him the offer of £150 for ten years without interest, if he could raise the other £50. Mr. Davies persevered. He called on gentlemen in different positions in the world. He succeeded. Friends came forward. The mountain was removed. About £20 in law and other expenses had been incurred, and to remove that remnant of the difficulty, an appeal would be made that evening to the friends present. They had all been much pressed: so that we believe some £15 of the whole affair is yet required, and if this meet the eye, touch the heart, and move the hand of any benevolent Christians to send Mr. Davies enough to finish the debt, we shall rejoice to announce the same. Mr. Thomas Davies's residence is 38, St. John Street, Smithfield, and to the glory of God alone we declare our conviction that his long and honourable and useful standing in the ministry of the gospel in that part of London, where indeed, the gospel is much wanted; and his recent self-denying effort in saving this Bethel Chapel, Poplar, from being sold for a Music Hall, demand from the Strict Baptist churches a prompt and efficient co-operation, so that another meeting might soon be convened, at which some substantial memorial might be presented to this worthy minister, for his quiet and earnest work in attaining the object so much desired by us all—the freedom of our chapels from debt.

Mr. C. L. Kemp delivered a cheerful, brotherly, and congratulatory address.

Mr. W. Lodge contended for truthful charity, and for a life of devotion to the Lord whom we profess to serve.

C. W. Banks said he was drawn to that meeting by a feeling of Christian love to his ministering brother Mr. Davies. Many years since Mr. Davies had so opened his heart to him, that a long, a living, and holy union of soul had ever since existed, and in a few words he would say thankfulness did indeed become them that evening for, at least, five things. First, because while all the causes of truth in Poplar had fallen down, this one, under God's blessing, in connection with Mr. Davies's ministry, had held on. He (C. W. B.) had preached occasionally in Poplar during the last twenty-five years. He had often preached for those good men R. Bowles, J. Inwards, C. L. Kemp, and others in that district, but from adverse causes their chapels had been closed. He was thankful his brother Davies had so good a case to present—the removal of a debt from the house of the Lord. Whatever might be thought, he could honestly declare, there was nothing sweeter to the conscience of a godly man, than to meet all just claims, and pay all debts incurred. In these things we have fellowship with the Lord Jesus. He came to pay the great debt. The Father said—"My servant shall deal prudently; he shall be exalted, and extolled, and be very high." All this had come to pass, and for it all every true Christian must be thankful indeed. He was also thankful that Mr. Davies pursued so good a course, and reached a conclusion so safe. Surely from this time, brother Davies would work with more liberty, happiness, and prosperity; assured that for him there was a crown of life reserved which would never fade away.

Mr. John Bunyan McCure related some of his experience in defending the New Testament Order of Strict Communion in Australia. We felt that our brother McCure deserved all the encouragement he had received in England; and, as a bold, consistent, and much honoured defender of the faith and practice of the New Covenant Church, we hope he will be enabled for a long time to lift up his voice like a trumpet, and be instrumental in moving all our churches to united action in promoting the spread and establishment of the gospel of Jesus. We have no desire to see him settled down in any quiet corner. He is in every way adapted for home missionary work. Thousands will rally round him to hear of the dangers and deliverances he has realized; and, as the Spirit of the Lord has ever attended his ministry, we hope he will be carried into every part of this kingdom. Yes, if our leading men, and if influential churches are awake to the interests of Zion, they will convene assemblies in different places, and raise a fund to send him into Cornwall, into Scotland, and into Ireland, and into every available part of

the United Kingdom. Let him tell the peoples what great things the Lord for him has done; a large blessing will result. But he must not be speaking so frequently as he has been doing since his return to his native land. Under God, the people must take care of him, and he must learn to be somewhat careful of those strong mental and physical powers with which the Lord has blessed him, or they must fail.

Mr. William Flack suggested that instead of the church at Bethel, Poplar, settling down with the £150 debt upon them due to the Baptist Building Fund, that £100 should at once be raised. Perhaps the Fund would take the £100 if paid back at once, and forgive the odd £50. The suggestion was a capital thought—we wish it could be carried out.

Mr. Osmond, of Hoxton, gave a short sermon upon three words—"Wait—Watch and Work." It was excellent.

Mr. Pearce, of Newington Causeway, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Whittaker, Mr. Davies seconded it. Mr. Whittaker closed with a neat address and an earnest prayer.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"

finished this holy feast of gospel mercies.

#### ARE GOSPEL ORDINANCES EMPTY CEREMONIES?

"Our Lord descends! Ah, Jordan! hal-  
lowed stream!  
No marvel that celestial splendours beam,  
When, rising from His holy watery tomb,  
Immortal glories shine, and dazzling bloom.  
(Which shame the fairest tints that nature  
knows.)

Now gild the features of the "Man of  
Woe."

A voice is heard! It is the voice of Love!  
And on Heaven's King descends the blessed  
Dove.

THE TRINITY IS HERE! God reconciled,  
Well pleased in Him—the pure—the unde-  
filed,

Faith well surveys this scene with glory  
bright;

And more she views than what appears in  
sight.

His death—His resurrection—how she  
sees:

And what hath pleased her Lord, true faith  
will please.

'Tis thus believers are now sweetly led,  
The liquid path in which He deigned to  
treat,

And tho' a scoffing world hath oft des-  
pised,

Yet, they are pleased with Christ to be  
baptized!"

WE are to refuse insertion to the following letter from brother Thomas Edwards, the minister of Salem Chapel, Tunbridge Wells, he, and his ordinance-despising party would censure us as

cowards; as those who have no answer to give to the challenges hurled against us.

We give the following letter, because we are perfectly one with Mr. Edwards in his assertion that "All real communion with saints is based upon experimental union with Christ:" but, while it is thus based upon that vitality of union, which is secret and essential, is it not to be manifested by an obedient conformity to the Master's will? Will Thomas Edwards tell us, consistently, what is meant by that one word—"Keep?" "If ye love me," said Jesus, "Keep my Commandments."

Mr. Thomas Edwards has discovered in the following letter an immense amount of delusive weakness—or something worse. If one ordinance of the New Testament may be cast aside, so may all. Mr. John Hunt Lynn will, we hope, in a real Christian spirit, review the following epistle. Our brother, Thomas Edwards, is a man we have always loved in Jesus; but his soft, compromising, changing course in the ministry, we do not love. Like Mr. Vaughan, of Devonport, and others, Mr. Edwards has renounced the faith he once held, and contended for so earnestly. Why has he done so?—ah, why!—Ed.]

Mr. EDITOR.—Your correspondent, Mr. J. H. Lynn, reminds me of Jehu, who, we are informed, drove furiously; not more so, however, than "Mr. L.," or he never could have written "what a living blasphemy against the all-wise God is this compromising, man-pleasing, flesh-pampering, worldly-minded, Satan-serving, open communion." Yet, notwithstanding all Jehu's zeal, and his own assertion that his heart was right, we find him at last at Bethel, worshipping the golden calves; (1) from which worship, it seems, he never departed. I should not be surprised in some future time, unless specially preserved of the Lord, to find "Mr. L.," either there, or at some spot equally as bad as Jehu's. It is written, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." I hope the Lord will enable him to read His own words until he is forced in spirit and in secret, to ask the Lord to forgive him. (2) "Mr. L." has yet to learn that all real communion of saints is based upon experimental union with Christ, and not upon any ordinance or creature ceremony whatever. (3) How often it has been the experience of some who have never been baptised in any shape, and who have never partaken of either the bread or wine at the Lord's Table, yet have been one in spirit with those that have, while witnessing its administration. (4) Who can stop real intercourse and fellowship with heaven, when the heart is right with God—when

the Holy Ghost bears his divine witness in the heart that Jesus has by his one offering, perfected him for ever? (5) Neither water, bread, nor wine qualifies for communion of saints; but God's Spirit only, whereby we cry, Abba Father; whereby we have fellowship one with another, and by whose rich indwelling we prove the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. (6) Devoid of this witness, and we are mere ritualists. When Paul informed the Corinthians respecting the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and the process those were to pass through that were to partake of it, did he say, let such an one be examined by the minister, the deacons, or the church, or be sure above all things that he is immersed? "No," he said, (1 *Épis. ii. 28*) "let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup." (7) The responsibility ought not to rest with ministers, deacons, or churches, but between God himself and the communicant. (8) Surely every man must best know whether in his own heart there is a real desire to show the Lord's death till he come; and whether he possesses enough of the love of God shed abroad in his heart to enable him to do so or not. (9) Are we not commanded to examine ourselves (by the word of God) to see if Christ be dwelling in us, lest we be reprobates; for what man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man that is in him? If a man knows in his own soul he is born again, if Christ is precious to him, if he feels he has an heart sprinkled from an evil conscience by his precious blood, then we ought to say to such, as Paul, "So let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup," for God hath given him a spiritual discernment to see by precious faith the Lord's body was bruised for him by whose stripes he is healed; he has faith to see and enjoy the fact that he is beneath the blood of sprinkling; and to such we say "Come in thou blessed of the Lord;" and to such the Redeemer saith, "Eat, oh friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, oh beloved," (10) and how futile is all the approbation of ministers, deacons, churches, or the finishing stroke of water, baptism, without it. (11) Surely, the whole comes under the heading of done works. (12) Hence, one divine observes the testimony of a good conscience is better than a thousand witnesses. I feel sorry for "Mr. J. H. Lynn" for his assertions betray the zeal of a novice (13) in the spirit. I shall endeavour to do as Elisha did upon another occasion when he said, "Lord, I pray thee upon his eyes that he may see," (more into the liberty of the Gospel) (14) and shall only rejoice to hear the Lord has opened the young man's eyes to see it is by faith we eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of man; for without faith in God's Christ it is impossible to please God, (with shadows and ceremonies) (15) but with faith in Jesus we draw nigh unto God, and even walk with God as Enoch did, while we have this inward testimony that

we please God, by so doing, and we know that God is well pleased with us in his dear Son, in whom we are circumcised, baptised, buried, risen, ascended, glorified (virtually :) "he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."

T. EDWARDS, (Salcm.)

Tunbridge Wells, Nov. 1870.

[We have placed figures from 1 to 15, where comments are necessary. If Mr. Lynn does not give them, we must—if spared.]

#### INTERESTING PRESENTATION.

On the 25th of October the annual meeting of the Rye Lane, Peckham, Sunday School was held. Tea was provided in the large and spacious school rooms to which a large number sat down, at tables which the ladies of the place provide gratuitously, so that the whole of the proceeds are passed to the school fund, which on this occasion would realise at least £10. The evening meeting was held in the chapel, and there were whispers about that some presentation was to be made. One of the members of Parliament for Lambeth, Mr. Wm. M'Arthur, took the chair. The venerable pastor, Mr. George Moyle, gave out a hymn and read a portion of Scripture, after which Mr. S. K. Bland offered prayer. The superintendent, Mr. G. T. Congreve, spoke of the position, prospects and prosperity of the school; there were upwards of three hundred scholars, (being an increase of about fifty), and they were well provided with suitable teachers. In the past year seven of the senior scholars had joined the church, after bearing testimony to the work of grace in their hearts. They now proposed to build an Infants' School Room on a piece of ground they had vacant, also to enlarge the young women's Bible class room which, with other matters, would cost about £150. Towards that amount he (Mr. Congreve) would promise the Building Committee the sum of £50 on account of his little hymn book, *Gems of Song*, all the profits of which he had proposed to devote to the Sunday school cause.

Mr. Creasey, the senior teacher of the school, begged to be allowed to say a few words. He was there as the representative of the teachers, and had a very pleasant duty to perform. It was to present to their beloved superintendent a testimonial of their high Christian regard for him; a testimonial of love and affection for the many years of unwearying labour he had spent among them; it was a testimonial that should he ever grow weary or faint by the way, he might look upon, and it would stimulate him on in his good work, for he felt that with such "a cloud of witnesses" he could not grow weary in well doing.

The testimonial certainly was of an ori-

ginal and unique character: consisting of eighteen different photographic groups; these groups were taken from life, and consisted of teachers and children arranged in order, as you would see them in their classes on a Sabbath, except that the artist had taken care to have all their faces to the front. These eighteen distinct groups, (some of them containing two classes,) consisting of two hundred and thirty one portraits, were arranged side-by-side, and in the centre was a portrait of the superintendent himself. The whole being set in one large "mount," and enclosed in a very handsome gilt frame, and bearing the following inscription:—

"Presented by the scholars and teachers of the Rye Lane Sunday School, to their Superintendent, G. T. Congreve, Esq., as a memorial of their affection for him, and of their appreciation of his unwearying efforts to promote their welfare."

Mr. Congreve in acknowledging the present said, they could have given him nothing by which he should set so much store as that beautiful picture. He had spent some of the happiest hours of his life in the Rye Lane school. When he looked on that picture, it would urge him to fresh zeal; when cast down it should cheer him, and his children would look at it with pleasure after he was laid low. He desired no acknowledgment of his services; all honour and glory was due to their Lord and Master; still he felt it was a very beautiful and touching expression of their love and attachment to him. That picture was a beautiful gathering. It was no common tie that bound teachers and scholars. It reminded him of another gathering in a brighter world. How earnestly did he desire that every one in those eighteen groups might be gathered there. He concluded by cordially thanking those who had been more actively engaged in getting up the testimonial, and his friend Mr. Creasey for his kindness in presenting it.

The meeting was subsequently addressed by Mr. Daniel Pratt, Mr. E. J. Tresidder, Mr. L. Herschell, Mr. W. Alderson, and Mr. J. A. Brown, and was one of the most successful ever held in connection with the school.

WILDERNESS ROW.—ZION STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL, GOSWELL ROAD. Our sixth anniversary took place Nov. 8. A good number sat down to tea. Mr. C. Woollacott occupied the chair at public meeting. "Kindred in Christ," was sung, Mr. Hudson offered prayer. Chairman briefly addressed the meeting. Mr. Thomas spoke on—How may a sinner know that he is saved. Mr. Dearsley on—What are the things the sinner that is saved most surely believes. After these excellent addresses an anniversary hymn entitled "Throne of Glory" was sung. Mr. Howlott, the pastor then addressed the meeting; he said, the

church had much cause to be thankful to God for what He had done for them in the past; they would still trust in God for the future. Mr. Briscoe spoke on—What encouragement has the believer to hold fast the things he most surely believes. Mr. N. G. Edwards addressed the meeting on—How may the Church of Christ with one mind and one mouth most glorify God. The anthem "Awake, awake," was afterwards sung. Mr. Eaton, one of the deacons, proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was unanimously carried. He then addressed the meeting in the following words:—

Dear friends, let us shout the high praise of our King,  
Whose mercy and grace we will evermore sing;  
No more let the cares of this life make us sad,  
The Lord hath done great things whereof we are glad.  
The great things in Providence—who can record,  
Or trace out the dealings of our gracious Lord?  
The world may oppress us and drive us most mad,  
But the Lord hath done great things whereof we are glad,  
Here the gospel has been proclaimed in our ears—  
A balm for our wounds and a cordial for our fears:  
It meets us as sinners with hearts very bad—  
Yet the Lord hath done great things whereof we are glad.  
The past, it shall help us for times yet to come,  
As we journey through life to heaven our home;  
And thus we will sing when in righteousness clad,  
The Lord hath done great things whereof we are glad.

After this, a vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Walter James, to the ladies, who had gratuitously supplied the tea, which was also carried unanimously. Mr. Wool-lacott gave out the doxology which was heartily sung: thus concluded a most happy and glorious meeting.

#### NOTTING HILL.—SILVER STREET CHAPEL, KENSINGTON PLACE, W.

THE fifth anniversary of the commencement of this cause was held last month. On Lord's day, Nov. 13th, Mr. Dickinson, of Little Alie Street, preached morning and evening, and the pastor, Mr. Crumpton, in the afternoon. On Tuesday morning, Nov. 15th, snow fell freely, and it was truly November weather; at midday it somewhat brightened, but still seemed unpropitious, so that the friends were surprised but delighted to see such a goodly number assembled in the afternoon to hear Mr. John Foreman, who, at the close of an excellent

sermon, said he was astonished to see so good a congregation. At five o'clock a large number of persons sat down to tea in the school room; and in the evening, at half past six, a public meeting was held in the chapel, over which Mr. E. Wilson very kindly and ably presided. After singing, the pastor read a portion of Scripture, and Mr. Hoddy implored, in a very earnest manner, the Divine presence and blessing; and from the hallowed feeling which pervaded the entire proceedings, it was evident the prayer was heard and answered. Mr. Crumpton then made a few remarks, reminding the Church of her indebtedness to God for his help and blessing on their endeavours to raise that cause, and ascribe all success to Him; observing, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it." He then read some letters from brethren not able to attend; among which was one from G. T. Gongreve, Esq., enclosing a cheque for one guinea. The chairman, in his remarks, made some excellent observations on the right of private judgment, and also on liberality in giving. Mr. Box, of Woolwich, with much feeling, reviewed the past history of the Church, and expressed his satisfaction with the results which had followed the efforts of the friends in that place. Mr. Anderson, of Deptford, spoke in an impressive manner on the branches of the vine, showing that the dead branches were nominal and carnal professors, who would be cut off, but living branches, true believers, were not cut off, but would abide in Christ, and bear fruit, some in one way and some in another. Mr. Briscoe, of Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, by a striking anecdote exposed the fastidiousness and unreasonableness of some, in reference to the sort of pastor they required, very properly remarking that prosperity depended as much on the church as on the minister, and it was impossible for them to transfer their responsibility to him. His motto and theirs, must be progress. Mr. Alderson, of Walworth, enlarged on the subject of fruit-bearing, and in a lucid manner set forth the excellence of a fruit-bearing church, observing that there were fruits of faith, of love, of patience, of zeal, of holiness, and of joy. He then referred, at some length, to the state of the denomination, and concluded by expressing the hope that an association would be formed, or something done to promote its unity, prosperity and extension. Mr. Wilkins of Soho, dwelt on the social, as well as the personal nature of religion, and enquired, was it not possible to enlarge the sphere and influence of such meetings? and by a proper and laudable sectarianism, to promote the interests of the churches, and thereby advance the cause of truth? and taking up some remarks made by the preceding speaker, intimated that there wanted a closer bond of union between ministers and churches, and said he should be most happy to do his part to further such an object. Mr. Crumpton said, that some time

ago, he proposed the formation of a strict Baptist Association in London, but that proposal was not entertained. He was still willing to unite with others, and if his brethren then present would publicly engage to aid him, he would do his utmost to bring about the desired result. To which appeal, they all said they would most cordially unite, and should be most happy so to do. We may therefore hope that an effort will be made to bring pastors and churches nearer to each other, and thereby to promote their edification, power, and good. May Jehovah approve and bless. The time being gone, other brethren on the platform did not address the meeting, but after a few remarks from the chairman, the doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced. Thus closed these interesting services, of which it may be truly said—the congregations, sermons, addresses, collections, tone, and spirit, were all excellent. To God be all the glory.

#### PIMLICO.—CARMEL CHAPEL.

A SPECIAL service was held in this place of worship on Wednesday, November 9th, for the purpose of raising an amount which was due to the late pastor, Mr. Wise. Tea was provided in the school room at half past five, when notwithstanding the dense fog which had prevailed all day, the room was full. At seven o'clock the meeting commenced, Mr. James Mitson in the chair. Prayer having been offered, the chairman called upon Mr. John Bunyan McCure, to relate some of the providential dealings of the Lord with him during his eighteen years residence in the colonies of Australia. Our dear brother gave us many very striking instances of the interposing hand of the Lord being stretched out on his behalf, and remarkable answers to prayer, most encouraging to those who are called to walk in dark and trying paths; he spoke for one hour and three quarters, and was listened to with the greatest attention, many testifying that they had been very much blessed. The collection was made, which, together with the profits of the tea, that had been gratuitously supplied by the ladies, amounted to £25 2s. 4d., just two shillings and four pence more than the sum required. A vote of thanks having been given to the chairman and Mr. McCure, prayer was offered, and thus ended one of the best meetings that have been witnessed in Carmel for many years. That the Lord will abundantly bless his cause in that place, and "add unto them such as shall be saved," is the earnest prayer of

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

SOUTHAMPTON.—SALEM BAPTIST CHAPEL, ASCUFEART STREET.—It having pleased the Lord considerably to increase the congregation at Bedford-place chapel, in this town, so that we have not had room to accommodate persons attending; the members and friends have been seeking another place; they feel thankful a more

commodious one in the centre of the town, built only three years since and used as a mission chapel was offered them. We entered into agreement to purchase it for £300, under the considerations of £100 (exclusive of conveyance) being paid down: the remaining £200 being left on mortgage: this, by the goodness of our gracious God, we have accomplished, and the legal transfer signed, and sealed Lord's Day, Oct. 23, the place was publicly opened, with three sermons, morning and evening, by our respected pastor, Mr. W. Chappell, from Zechariah viii. 12 and Isaiah xiv. 13: afternoon by Mr. Ball, of Botley. Services were attended by full and attentive congregations. Following day a tea-meeting was held, when upwards of 200 took tea, provided by the ladies, who kindly furnished trays. In the evening a public meeting took place, Mr. Chappell occupied the chair, and noticed several interesting circumstances connected with his ministry during eight years he had laboured in this town, which was at some length corroborated by Mr. Everitt, formerly deacon with him at Winchester, but of late years of this place. Interesting addresses were delivered by Mr. J. S. Anderson, of Deptford, and Mr. H. Griffin, of City Road, London, who came for the express purpose of sanctioning and assisting the cause. After votes of thanks were given to our female friends, for providing and presiding at the tea, and to the chairman and ministers, the meeting was brought to a close. A season long to be remembered with grateful feelings to our ever to be adored and gracious Lord. The friends having had but one month to procure the £100, were necessitated to obtain the principal part by shares payable at 12 months: they are in consequence using every effort to meet the same, and will be thankful to receive any kind contributions from the lovers of Zion.—Address W. Chappell, Baptist Minister, Rockstone Villa, Avenue, Southampton.

GLoucester.—Our reporter says, Mr. J. E. Bloomfield has been cordially welcomed—and is most happily settled at Gloucester. He is returning to the scenes of his youthful days in the ministry. Mr. J. Rayment has taken a survey of the cities of Bristol, Cheltenham, and Gloucester. He says—in his special letter "Mr. Bloomfield has a nice chapel; not near large enough. They think of extending it." Why not build a large Gloucester Tabernacle? It is a rich city, the Baptist cause is highly influential. Pastor and people may truly say "the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places." Mr. Rayment says he has been preaching in Mr. Bloomfield's old pulpit at Bethel, in Cheltenham. "Not so prosperous as we might wish. Still, the friends stand by the old paths." Very trying paths some of them. At Bristol, Mr. Rayment was useful in taking orphans into Mr. Muller's schools. That is a blessed



institution. Mr. Rayment thinks Truth in dissenting places is low. Of Bristol and Cheltenham we have long letters; but they are waiting.

**CHELMSFORD.**—At Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Sudbury, we held our anniversary, September 6th, 1870. Mr. Pook preached a Gospel sermon from John's Gospel. Over 100 sat down to tea. In the evening we held a public meeting, Mr. W. Beach presided. Several members addressed the meeting. The chairman and the brethren were happy in their work. Brother Wren opened the meeting by prayer; Brethren Pook, Whorlow, Debnam, Sen., Kemp, and Morling delivered interesting discourses. Since Brother Debnam has been with us the congregation has greatly increased; he has been our principal supply since June; the church has given him a three months' call, which he has accepted, commencing the first Sabbath in December. On November 3, three brothers and one sister were received into the church by dismissal; we have others standing waiting to be received in the first Sabbath in December. Thus may the Lord bless the labours of our Brother. We are blessed, indeed, with the Gospel of our dear Lord.

T. SCOTT, DEACON.

**LONDON.**—Tuesday, Nov. 15, 1870, was a busy day with some of our churches. Mr. Crumpton held special services in Silver Street, Mr. John Bunyan McCure preached anniversary sermons for Mr. Edwards, at Islington; Jireh Chapel, City Road, under the presidency of pastor Frank Griffin, had choice meetings. At Mount Zion, Stoke Newington, Mr. J. W. Dyer, (late of Harwich, now filling the pulpit, C. Cornwell has left) called round him, a number of ministerial brethren, viz.—J. Wheeler, W. Kempson, W. H. Leo, Dearsley, and others, to celebrate the Sunday School Anniversary. Some homely and honest sermons were preached. Choice and encouraging addresses were given, comfortable tea was supplied. Faith and prayer are worthy of prosperity: hope says it will come.

**HACKNEY.**—MR. EDITOR,—I went on Sunday evening, Oct. 16, 1870, to Shalom Chapel, Oval, and heard Mr. Henry Myerson deliver a solemn discourse out of the Burning Bush. He preaches on a platform, and appears growing in every way. At the close, he told us of the burial of Mr. Webb, Sen., who, on the previous Thursday evening, went to Hope Chapel, in Bethnal Green, and soon after entering the vestry he suddenly expired. How many, of late, have been called as in a moment, from time into eternity.

A correspondent says, of Shalom Chapel:—"I am thankful to be able to tell you we are living in peace; there are no brawls at our Shalom; the God of Jacob is with us, blessing us, our chapel fills, and souls are

being added to our church. Mr. Myerson, our pastor, has great cause for gratitude; he has laboured at Shalom eleven years, next February. Many souls have been called and blessed by the God of grace through his ministry.

**MALDON, ESSEX.**—Mr. W. House, the Baptist Pastor, has issued a Poem on Matrimony, which every unmarried, or newly-married person should possess—read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest. For two stamps it may be had of him from Maldon.

**READING.**—DEAR BROTHER BANKS. I was surprised no mention in the VESSEL was made of the cause at Reading. They are trying hard to remove the old debt; they are earnest in it. I should think you might put their case in as I see you have done for others. It might be the means of friends helping us. Suppose every reader of the VESSEL sends us one shilling, how it would rejoice the hearts of those that are trying to free the place; anything ever so small would be well received by the pastor or any of the friends.

YOU KNOW WHO.

[The friends at Reading know our willingness to help them; we have not heard from them officially. We recommend brother John Buuyan McCure; he is the man to help them, if the Lord help him.—Ed.]

**SOUTH GREEN, BILLERICAY, ESSEX.**—On Lord's-day the 13th, and Monday the 14th of November, the second anniversary of this happy little church was held: sound gospel sermons were preached by Mr. Smith, of Prittlewell, in the morning; Mr. Sack, of Chobham, in the afternoon; and Mr. Battson in the evening; of each day: the preachers appeared at home and happy in their work; the people rejoiced in the glad tidings of salvation by the finished work of Christ; these two happy days were brought to a close by singing—

"All hail the power of Josus' name."

**HALLING.**—MR. BANKS. Perhaps you have not forgot Halling on the Medway, in Kent. God is in the midst of us; and that to bless. By the good hand of our God we are encouraged. On the 11th of September we opened our house all day for the preached word: it has continued to the present time: we have reason to take fresh courage. On Sunday, a little band was formed into church discipline of Strict Baptist faith and order upon New Testament principles. We hope the inhabitants of Halling may yet have to exclaim:—"God is our God, and will be our guide even unto death!"

W. R.

Nov. 18, 1870.

**PRESTWOOD COMMON.**—Brother Mason furnished a sweet report of the revival and prosperity of the Baptist cause on Prestwood Common, where the Lord is pouring out a blessing. An accident prevented its insertion. We will, (D.V.) give it yet.