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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND
Christian Record.

FOR
1871.

VOLUME XXVII.

LONDON:
ROBERT BANKS, 30, LUDGATE HILL, & STATIONERS'
HALL COURT, E.C.

1871.

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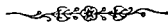
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THE EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND

CHRISTIAN RECORD.



WHERE ARE WE SAFE IN THESE TIMES ?

“ WHEN THESE THINGS BEGIN TO COME TO PASS, THEN—LOOK UP, AND LIFT UP YOUR HEADS; FOR YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH NIGH.” Luke xxi.

To our Christian friends, fellow labourers, and readers of the Earthen Vessel generally, we send the greeting of one, who, although he did, in the hour of temptation, deny Christ, yet being converted, or restored by the powerful Grace of God, was commanded by his Divine Master, to strengthen his brethren; accordingly, in addressing “them that had obtained like previous faith with us through the Righteousness of God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ,”—he said to them, “Grace and peace be multiplied unto you, through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord, according as His Divine power hath given unto us all things pertaining unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him that hath called us unto glory and virtue.”

WITHOUT travelling round the world to find material for an opening address, we simply attempt to answer that one question—“WHERE IS SAFETY?” A question propounded by many anxious minds in these days of division in churches, and of diversity in all the fields of theology and professions of Christianity.

Solomon answers the question in one line. As though he looked through the nations at this moment; and surveying the wholesale slaughter, the bloodshed and misery of the world, he says,—“The horse is prepared against the day of battle; but, SAFETY (or Victory) IS OF THE LORD.”

In the Everlasting and Electing Love of GOD THE FATHER, there is the root, and origin of Safety: in the glorious Person of the Covenant Head, the LORD JESUS CHRIST, there is a Mediatorial and Substitutionary Safety: in the gracious work of the ETERNAL SPIRIT, there is an experimental Safety: and in the Gospel of the blessed God, there is an instrumental, and manifested Safety. These large, and holy, and unchangeable foundation doctrines of Diviue Revelation, are, in these days, so perverted, denied, or mixed up with false and modern theories, that it becomes increasingly binding upon us, to shew as clearly as

may be,—WHERE IT IS THAT DYING AND HELPLESS SINNERS MAY FIND ETERNAL SALVATION.

The prophet Jeremiah, in his forty-second chapter, leads us into a portion of ancient Biblical History, which was a kind of prophetic map of the times and troubles which are now passing over the nations and peoples, who, like the Jews of old, make some pretensions to the fear and faith of the Great and Holy God.

On this first day of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, one-thousand eight-hundred and seventy-one, let us sit down, and reflect, for a few moments, on this wondrous piece of sacred prophecy.

There is a five-fold use to be made of it: the Literal; the National; the Evangelical; the Spiritual; and the Hypocritical. Look first, at

The Literal History. There had been a sore destruction of the rebellious Jews. The remnant desired to go down to Egypt; but, they first go to Jeremiah: ask him to pray for them. The Lord answers them: bidding them abide in the land of Judea; but false prophets rose up against Jeremiah: they deceived the people: they rejected the counsel of God's prophet: listened to the heresy of the false prophets,—hence ruin came upon them. Our land, and other lands, are teeming with erroneous teachers. Hosts that *profess* to be worshippers of God, listen to, and are led by, the false guides: the result will be, a darkness more lamentable than any pen can describe. Now consider

The National Identification, or use of these words. The King of Babylon, Satan's representatives in the Emperors and Romish councils, have been threatening and frightening the nations. The whole of Europe is staggering; thousands upon thousands have fallen. What thrones will totter—what nations will fall—what calamities will seize us, no one can declare. Dr. Cumming is sounding his trumpet again.* He says,—“the great trouble is begun.” Prussia, Germany, France, and other parts of the Continent, know too well it has begun. God alone knoweth where it will end. Our Churches, all our Christian people, are called upon to awake—to unite, in earnest prayer to the Lord God, that our Nation, our Colonies, our Home and Foreign possessions, may be preserved from those awful floods which are deluging the cities, towns, hamlets, and rural portions of our allied states and communities. The voice of the Lord soundeth in our ears, and we must re-iterate the cry,—“Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity: the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain.” To the very letter is not this prediction fulfilling?

Before we pass from the National Identity of Jeremiah's prophecy, let us state distinctly our conviction that “this rocky little island of the sea” has a powerful kingdom in her midst which is based upon Gospel principles. God Almighty has given to this nation such a host of giants in Divinity, such a continuous family of faithful Abrahams, of rejoicing Isaacs, of wrestling Jacobs, of testifying Pauls, of honest

* Dr. Cumming's last New Work—“The Seventh Vial”—will be carefully reviewed (D.V.) in *the Earthen Vessel* as soon as possible.

Peters, and of discriminating Judes, as was never found in continued succession in any other nation in the world. We would write in letters of gold the shining and solid sentence of a great author, who says,—

“BRITAIN IS THE POWER RESERVED BY GOD FOR MAINTAINING AND DEFENDING THE TRUTH.” The despotisms of Europe will war among themselves; but Britain (however defectively she may—in practice, have realized her principles—Britain) does stand upon the glorious basis of Christian truth; and (through God’s appointment, and by His power,) is capable of opposing—of resisting Antichrist, in every shape and form.”

Is it not true—that Britain is beyond the image territory? Neither geographically, morally, or spiritually is she under the sway of the ten horns, which, with the beast, are to be destroyed. Nevertheless as the Antagonizing Kingdom against Antichrist, she has a great work to do. And, if there ever was a time, when the true Churches of Christ—when the faithful ministers of Christ—when the gracious disciples of Christ—should be UNITED in faith, in truth, in prayer, in witnessing and working together for CHRIST, the Eternal CHRIST of God, and for the defence and development of His Kingdom, IT IS NOW.

Mr. Baxter, of Eastbourne, (a wise politician, as well as a faithful minister of Christ) does not believe, as some assert, that this English Nation will be destroyed by invasion; but, he does believe she will suffer great loss in her foreign possessions. The three frog-like spirits INFIDELITY!—WORLDLINESS!!—and FORMALISM!!!—are on our shores, poisoning the minds of many: hence, we affirm that SAFETY is only to be found in the RESISTANCE of these frog-like spirits; and in a bold and blessed fulfilment of that one sentence—“In the Name of our God will we set up our banners.” It may be asked,

“WHY SHOULD ENGLAND BE SPARED?” God’s promise to Abraham encourages the hope. The Lord said, “If I find fifty righteous, or twenty, or ten; then will I spare all the city for the righteous sakes.”

Wherein has England been so evidently distinguished by God? She has had a long-continued succession of godly, righteous, and powerful men of grace. Her Goodwins, her Owens, her Charnocks, and others like them, were strong Gospel foundation-layers. Her Bunyans, her Gills, her Hawkers, her Whitfields, were successful builders; in connection with many armies of like spirits, who have passed away; but, whose works do follow them. And as spiritual lights in the Gospel Temple, England has had her Huntingtons, her Gadsbys, her Kershaws, her Warburtons, her Philpots, her Parks, her Toplads, and multitudes of genuine ambassadors for CHRIST. These British Christian Ambassadors were all, by distinguishing mercy, fetched out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay; their feet were set upon the rock, and kept there. To hundreds of thousands their ministry was “the savour of life unto life,” and they have left behind them, a numerous seed to serve the Lord; a generation to call him blessed.

Is the Candlestick taken out of the Nation yet? Are all the Righteous removed? Are the faithful fled from the Earth? It would be awful sacrilege to suspect such a condition. Call together, for one moment, the noble army of ministers of Christ’s Gospel, who even now are planted by God’s grace in this three-millioned London! For people—for believing people—for praying people—there is not such another city in

all the world: and for earnest preachers of God's Christ and Gospel, her like can no where be found. Survey very carefully, how, in every quarter of the metropolis the Lord hath set His Ambassadors, every one of them in the ministry of Truth, as it hath pleased Him. Look at the Eastern parts of London. Matthew Branch, a quiet, humble, faithful witness for Christ in the district of Bethnal Green: by his side stands the ancient John Osborn, who with his dying breath, lifts up the great Redeemer's name: a stone's throw from the ancient sire, is Henry Myerson, an Israelitish descendant, who, for years, has often almost killed himself, in his energetic and impassioned extollings of the blessed Lamb of God. Deeper down in the East, William Bracher, a penetrating and healing minister prays for, and proclaims unto the mourners in Zion, the virtues of atoning blood: his neighbours, the sedate and careful Henry Cousens; the gifted Thomas Davies; the determined Lee; the fiery, but honest Steed; the learned successor of good William Allen, Master Reynolds; the dove-like Young; and in the centre of the far east, that "noble champion" as he is justly called, Thomas Stringer, who, as an unflinching contender for the faith, deserves the support, the help, the kindness, and the prayers of all who know the truth in the love of it. Beside these, the afflicted Alfred Kaye; the lion-like, but strangely-loving William Lodge; the well freighted and literary Thomas Jones: the reticent Franks; the pious Hewlett; the deep-thinking Houstoun; the hopeful Griffith; the young Frank Griffin, and others in the Eastern district—considered the most deserted: but where, more than twenty of God's faithful witnesses constantly labour. They are none of them equal to Gill; but they are equally truthful. Take the Northern part of London, and its adjacent outlets. There in one corner is the pen and pulpit propounder of righteousness, William Palmer: such another logician, you will not find in a long search: his brethren Dearsley and Dyer, do the best they can. Getting right into the North; the studious Hazelton; the tender-hearted Flack; the ardent Edwards; with those pleasing ministers Wilkins, Briscoe, Crowhurst, Hearson, Geo. Webb, Osmond, Joseph Thrift, the classical Waterer, and their curates—all working according to the measure of the faith given to them. Honest and healthy in their testimony, may they ever prove to be God's own mouth, both in calling, and building up the redeemed of the Lord! "The Two Sides of the Saved Man's Experience" when deeply realized in the minister's own soul, will ever render his testimony of some use. Can we, without guile, sing the *two* sides from our hearts?

" Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

" Deep horrors then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When, suddenly, a Star arose—
It was—'THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.'

" It was my Guide—my Light—my All;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the Port of Peace.

“ Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
 I'll sing—first, in Night's diadem,
 For ever—and for evermore—
The Star!—THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.”

When a man has been driven into himself, and out of himself, and away from himself, in distress and despair; and when from that low estate, the Lord God of Israel, the Great High Priest of our profession, hath helped, healed, cleansed, clothed and confirmed him; he is prepared (if the Eternal Spirit will send him) to be of much use in the Gospel. Many such men our English nation has had; and some of them are still in the militant part of the Church on earth. For instance,

In the Western part of the Metropolis, there is yet living that Abraham-*kind-of-man*—Mr. John Foreman, a minister almost universally beloved; although we never heard he was considered a thoroughly perfect man: a practical and powerful Gospel preaching man he has been, and a spiritual blessing to thousands; no one can tell the extent of his usefulness during the last fifty years. And still he lives. We hope, like Paul, he sometimes longs to be WITH CHRIST, which is far better than all he has known of HIM here; and that has not been a little. We are told upon good authority, that John Foreman's brother, Samuel Milner, can preach a better sermon than the Hill-street pastor; although he has not generally been considered so public a man. Samuel has had a blessed Gospel life; and is acceptable unto his brethren. An honourable testimony for Christ has been given by P. W. Williamson, for many years: and now out of his labours, a branch has run over the wall; and this is supported ministerially, by the well disciplined pastor Crumpton, whose life has sometimes seemed to hang upon a thread. John Wigmore is gone: such another man is not easily found; but while from the country, good brethren like Hemmington, with his serious mind; and Freeman with his simple experience, are coming, neither Gower street, nor Regent street, need be closed: whether the man in the Harrow road is really in his right place, is a question with some; Mr. Vinall fills up the vacancy made by the death of Mr. Abrahams, and all the exercised in Zion rejoice in his testimony. Considering the largeness of the Western Suburbs of London, its number of decidedly faithful men, are few and far between.

In the *South*, it is not so. There—steadily plowing and sowing, in winter and summer,—are such holy preachers as William Alderson, a man of brains, sanctified for many years to the service of God: *his* co-worker J. S. Anderson, a diligent editor and pastor, is useful in gathering up the young and early-seekers in Zion; Joseph Butterfield, has had more than one resurrection from the dead; has long and honourably testified of Jesus. Joseph Chislett is a prophetic preacher; but holds fast the form of sound words. Curtis, and Cooler, and Clinch, have their best days before them. The man who may be editor of *The Earthen Vessel* twenty years hence, may record their valiant acts; all we can say is, they are the plants of the Father's right-hand planting, we hope; and have been sent into his vineyard, by the Lord himself, with the promise that they shall certainly have their penny. Friend Fothergill understands heaven's way of saving sinners; and the Lord always honours such men when he sets them to work for his glory.

Henry Hanks, and Henry Hall, are a good pair of the cedar trees of Lebanon. Dear Henry Hanks has been in God's hand, a nourisher of the lambs in Christ's fold, for a long day. He is no mighty ploughman—no blazing popularity ever buzzed round his head; but, like Isaiah's seraphims, Henry has his six wings; with twain he covers his face, in holy reverence before his God; with twain he covers his feet; and Grace has preserved them in the strait way of equity and uprightness; and with twain he has been flying in the Gospel ministry so long, that we expect, some day, he will fly

“Where not another wave shall roll
Across his peaceful breast.”

Henry Hall, thus far, has fought a good fight; we believe he is one that will abide by the stuff; and we will pray that it may be a long time before he shall finish his ministerial course. Young Master Lawrence is fitted for special work. He speaks as though he could sing,

“For pleasures I have given my soul;
Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll;
Now, Vengeance, smite—and with one blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.
Yet—JESUS!—JESUS!—There I'll cling,
I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the Cross; and holding there—
Even me!—(Oh bliss!) from Wrath He'll spare.”

If this be so, brother, go on in God's strength—drink deeper still into Christ's spirit, aim above all things to be richly anointed with the Holy Ghost:—then, when many of us are silent in the grave, a leader in fair Zion's Courts, we trust you will with gladness appear. Our patient friend Meeres, has waited for the early and the latter rain; and has not waited in vain. That fine specimen of human nature,—(that placid illustration of David's sentiment—“thy *Gentleness* hath made me great”)—that sainted George Moyle evidently predestinated to be conformed unto the image of Christ, we conscientiously believe is as sure of heaven as faith in his Father's promise can make him. Samuel Ponsford has dwelt among his own people, and they receive him as a faithful witness, whose word brings health. He is ripening for a more beautiful Nursery than can yet be found in this earth. Burlington Benjamin Wale has been to several different schools; he has taken his degrees at Christ's College; and has been inducted into a diocese rather extensive. As Jacob said—so we say—“God Almighty bless the lad:” may the brightest years of his ministry in the Gospel lay yet before him, in a protracted and unbroken succession. The two last we can but mention now, are the Pastors Joseph Warren and James Wells, two men of large dimensions every way. Joseph Warren has divided his life among many churches—always esteemed and useful. James Wells began with two or three members in church fellowship over forty years since; he has been the indefatigable pastor of that one church all that time. He has buried over a thousand people who sat under his ministry; and yet he now has a church composed of perhaps more than a thousand, and a congregation approaching two thousand. During the last forty years he has ministerially poured out floods of Gospel and experimental truth; he has been more exten-

sively honoured of God (considering the long period of his existence) than any man we know. Thousands of prayers ascend to heaven daily, that he may yet be spared 'to feed the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood.' Amen.

Thus we have marshalled what may be termed "The Church's New Covenant Body-guard:"—we wish, that like Ezekiel's Cherubims, their wings touched each other more than they do: still we are persuaded if this army of Metropolitan ministers could meet together for prayer, and for the demonstration of those principles so precious to their hearts, they would be ten times more influential for good than they are; for with such a company of earnest, praying, and truthful preaching men, we ask, is not England safe? Beside this Particular Body-guard, there are, at least, six or seven other armies of professed Gospel ministers. May the Spirit be poured upon them from on high in a rich abundance; but, we must return again to Jeremiah; and notice, in the third place, that

There is an *Evangelical* or *Gospel meaning* to the forty-second of Jeremiah's prophecy. Set your eyes here upon four things: the *Place*:—the *secret Propensity* of the Jews:—the *Prayer*:—and the *Promise*.

THE PLACE OF SAFETY—the land of Judea. Mark you, every thing hangs upon this—"If ye will *still ABIDE* in THIS LAND." In the Gospel land is that "power of God" which is "unto Salvation." The LORD JESUS CHRIST himself is the power of God unto salvation; and He said unto His own disciples—"If ye abide in me; and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Paul's ship was a little type of this. Men that set out on the voyage with Paul, "under colour"—were for getting away in the boat. All kinds of boats are let down now. But we think we hear Paul thundering out—"Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." When Peter was filled with the Holy Ghost, he cried out mightily—"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby ye must be saved"—but the Name of the LORD JESUS.

Mr. JAMES WELLS, in his "Lectures on the Revelation" speaking of the floods, and rivers, and seas of errors which Satan has poured, and is still pouring out upon the earth, most solemnly says—"those that live and die in these false doctrines, lost they must be." Again: "I cannot be saved by the true Christ, and at the same time be receiving a false Gospel.

Let all men, who would not wish to be mockers of God, and deceivers of their own souls, ponder this one fact; Christ said, "Many will come in my Name; and will deceive many." Many are converted to the names and doctrines of men; but all counterfeit Gospels, (as our author above quoted declares,) "are Satanic rivers; and God will damn every false doctrine at the last: God will curse the doctrine which hath cursed his people. . . . Your transubstantiation will die: your priestly absolution will die: Free-will will turn out to be a liar, and die: duty-faith must die: all the doctrines of men must die: they must all come to naught; "cursed is the man that trusteth in men."

Only, then, in the Gospel of God's Christ, is there eternal safety. "He that believeth in the Name of the Son of God hath eternal life."

The land of Judah, or Judea, was an Old Testament type of the Gospel of salvation. And God told the Jews, "If ye abide in this land I will build you, and not pull you down."

Analyze this land for a moment. When Moses's work was done, the Lord told him to get up into the Mount Nebo, and die there. It seems Moses climbed to the top of the hill called Pisgah, of which Watts sings—

"Could I but climb where Moses stood, and view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, should fright me from the shore."

The Lord showed Moses all the land, and said, "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes; but thou shalt not go over thither." And, it is thus with thousands, even of the Lord's people; all the time they are held in legal bonds: all the time the grave-clothes are about them; all the time they are held in a state of servitude: until the Son makes them free, they cannot enter into the glorious liberty of the children of God. The eye of faith in their souls can see the land of Gilead "the heaps of testimony" which Christ has set up in the Gospel:—they see the land of Naphtali; the wrestlings and agonies of Christ in Redemption; and how satisfied Christ was in his Resurrection. They can see the land of Ephraim:—the fruitfulness of Jesus: and all the other glories of the land; but that eternal life which is in the Saviour, they cannot realize for themselves; that freedom from all eternal condemnation, they enjoy not in their own souls; they *believe* in—but *POSSESS* not, the perfection of this salvation. Nevertheless, "to will is present with them;" and they abide in the land, in a way of determination never to give up seeking after the Lord; their inmost thought the poet says, is this—

"I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away, I know, I must for ever die.
"I'll go to Jesus, though my sins have like a mountain rose,
I know his courts, I'll enter in, whatever may oppose."

It was into this land, Naomi brought poor Ruth, where she became united to Boaz. And it is only into *the* Gospel land, that sinners can be gathered unto the Lord; here they become dead to the law, and are married to Christ. Blessed land! no divorce, no destruction, no second death, no awful condemnation here. Only here in the land of Completeness in Christ, can it be said—"the beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him."

In this land, God was manifest in the flesh: here Jesus set up his Gospel Kingdom, and here he declared most emphatically, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

Returning again to Jeremiah's prophecy in his forty-second chapter, you see there was a propensity in the Jews to go down to Egypt. And almost universally now is there a disposition to go down to the flesh-pots of Egypt. Some to Rome; some to Spiritualism; nearly all to Arminianism, and a false liberalism. Dr. Doudney in his *Gospel Magazine*, inserts a paragraph which has lately been in some papers: it reads as follows:

"Mr. Spurgeon has a bad opinion of the Religious condition of England; for, in a recent sermon he said—'The Church of England seems to be eaten through and through with Sacramentarianism; but Nonconformity seems to be almost as badly riddled with philosophical infidelity. At first it was the

doctrine of the eternity of future punishment that had to be given up ; now, it must be the very doctrine of the Fall. They treat our doctrines as though they were to be knocked down at their good pleasure, when they choose to amend our theology. The very heart of England is honeycombed with a damnable infidelity which dares still to go into the pulpit, and call itself Christian."

If Mr. Spurgeon speaks so badly of Gospel England ; if Mr. Spurgeon, who is planting Open Communion churches, and a duty-faith ministry, all over this Island, and in the colonies as far as is possible :—(unkindly or reproachfully of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, we would never write or speak one word ; having in his earlier years enjoyed one most holy season of fellowship with him at the throne of God's mercy seat ; still, we repeat,) if C. H. Spurgeon thus views England in such an Anti-gospel condition, what shall we say of this land of Bibles, sermons, and missionary efforts ! We can prove that we received the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ into our hearts, in the power and preciousness of it, more than forty years ago. We have in our possession now, manuscripts written by us on the blessed and holy Gospel of the Grace of God over forty years since. We have been battered, bruised, and broken in every possible way ; and, verily, our language, at the present moment, is,

" How oft have sin and Satan strove, to rend our soul from thee, our God !
But everlasting is thy love, and Jesus seals it with His blood."

Hence, we dare not, we cannot, sacrifice one principle, nor sell one particle of that Gospel which we have received and enjoyed, which we have preached and contended for—no—not for all the honours or rewards the world can give. When poor Anne Askew was at the stake to be burned, the Lord Chancellor offered her the King's pardon if she recanted : boldly refusing, she exclaimed—"I came not hither to deny my Lord and Master ;" so in the strength of HIM who sent from above and drew us out of many waters, we believe that in the Truth and faith of the Gospel, we shall abide stedfastly, and usefully in our measure, until our work is fully done.

But to stand fast in the midst of the deepest secret persecution—when, almost every man's hand and tongue is against us—not truly knowing us in our trials, is no easy posture. Destroyed we must have been long since, but for that heavenly word, on which Mr. B. B. Wale, preached so happily at our anniversary, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

THE PRAYER of these faithless Jews is the third feature in the Evangelical or Gospel sense of the prophecy now under our consideration. They came to Jeremiah and said, "Let, we beseech thee, our supplication be accepted before thee, and pray for us unto the Lord thy God, even for all this remnant, for we are left but a few of many, as thine eyes do behold us ; that the Lord thy God may shew us the way wherein we may walk, and the thing that we may do."

It is lamentable when people professing godliness cannot pray unto the Lord THEIR GOD ; and pray, too, for themselves. And we fear, that in our churches the spirit of God-wrought wrestling prayer is much straitened. However that may be, cannot we see a suitability in their prayer to our own condition ? Look at the growth and grandeur of the Romish Churches, the National Churches, the Germanizing,

Congregational, Arminian, and Open Communion Churches; rising up on every hand. They are like the Prussian armies swallowing up France; while those of our churches, are as a few of many—a remnant—and even that remnant, as a house divided against itself. Some of our letters from the Colonies, from Scotland, from all parts of England—tell us tales of sorrow and sickness of almost every kind existing in the midst of our own section of the visible Mystical Body of Christ. Nevertheless, our ministers are faithful. Their testimony shall live, for

THE PROMISES are sure to all the seed, to all who faithfully cleave to the Truth as it is in Jesus. Sec, “Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, if ye will still abide in this land,—this good old Gospel land; then I will build you and not pull you down. I will plant you and not pluck you up; therefore,

“Be not afraid of the King of Babylon, of whom ye are afraid;

“Be not afraid of him saith the Lord: for,

“I am with you, to save you, and to deliver you from his hand,

“And I will show mercies unto you.” &c.

All these promises are as sure, in Christ, to all faithful believers in Him, as is the throne of God itself. Therefore, disciples of the Holy Lamb of God, seek heartily for grace to abide unmovable in the faith once for all delivered unto the saints.

SPIRITUALLY and EXPERIMENTALLY the prophecy is expressive.

“If ye will still ABIDE in this land.” In a strictly spiritual sense there are three fruits found by the quickened, and saved saints of God, which no other people on the earth do realize. They are (1) Confidence in Christ, as regards his Person and his Work. This confidence in Jesus is safe and strengthening to the soul that has it. (2) There are the comforts of the Holy Ghost. His revelations of Christ; his sealings of the Promise; his Whispers to the heart;—these are productive of much joy and gladness to the people of God. Then (3) their confidence in Christ, their comforts of the Holy Ghost, lead the soul, at times, up into communion with the Eternal God, which is as near to heaven as we can reach while in the body.

Abiding through grace in these blessings, saved believers may sing,

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

All faithful pilgrims to Zion, I wish you—

A Merry Time WITH HIM
Who saved us from all sin:
With Holy Faith IN HIM
The New Year you begin.
'Twill Come—'Twill go—'Twill not be long
Before in heaven you'll join that song—
“GLORY TO GOD, THE LAMB!”
May I be there—*that* bliss to share.
This is the hope—this is the prayer—
Of him, who signs himself, with thanks,
Thy servant still—

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Dec., 1870.

SOUTHWARK, AND ITS LONG SUCCESSION OF
GOSPEL PREACHERS AND PEOPLE.

THE thirty-fifth anniversary of the opening of Trinity Chapel, Borough, London, was commemorated December 8, 1870. The weather was of a snow-like and stern winter cast, nevertheless, the services were holden, and congregations did assemble. Mr. J. B. McCure preached in the Afternoon. The tea was acceptable; and the Evening service quite pleasant. Mr. Hudson, the long standing deacon, and well known itinerant minister, presided. "Kindred in Christ" was read by Mr. Joseph Palmer. Prayer was offered unto our Heavenly Father by Deacon Pardoe; then Mr. Hudson gave a brief review of the history of the Church's origin and existence; and of the building, and changing scenes which had been witnessed by them during the last thirty or forty years. Mr. Thomas Jones was announced to give the first address, but he did not appear. Mr. Myerson was expected, he did not come. Mr. Flack, Mr. Hewlett, and other excellent preachers were invited. We expect the inclemency of the weather prevented their mingling with us on this special occasion.

Mr Hudson requested C. W. Banks to speak to the people; and in obeying the Chairman's call, Mr. Banks said he would utter a few words, First, on England's Present Prospects. Secondly, on the State of the Strict Baptist Denomination. Thirdly, on Southwark. Fourthly, on the Cause at Trinity. And lastly, a word or two upon his own knowledge and labours for many years in that part of London. Speaking of Southwark, he said, he did not think there was another locality in this world wherein there had stood, for so many years, such a number of useful Gospel preachers, connected with the Baptist denomination, as had been found, for over two-hundred years, in Southwark. The Southwark bishops had been men who not only preached the gospel to their own people, but they had also been authors and publishers of valuable works which had gone forth to all the world. Ministers of every class, and in every age, during the last two or three-hundred years, had been benefitted and helped by the productions of the Southwark pastors. Take a brief notice of them: there is a kind of consecutive propriety, essential progress, and happy prosperity, in their order. John Canne was elected pastor of the church in Deadman's place, in 1621—that is two-hundred and fifty years since. Now, look at his work, and then at the works and workers which followed him. And herein you must see and admire the wisdom, the goodness, and the providing care of the Great Head of the Church. First, then, John Canne, (like another little busy-body we have known in our time), not only preached, but he "started a printing-press," and was—as history tells us—the first who collected for our English Bible, a complete set of marginal references. (2.) Benjamin Keach was pastor of the Baptist church in Horse-ly-down, Southwark, in 1688: for nearly forty years, Benjamin laboured in the ministry; and he made many books: two of them are almost in universal use—*Keach's Metaphors*, and *Keach on the Parables*, are both works of hard study, and useful to many. (3.) Dr. John Gill was the noble pastor, preacher, and author of the Southwark Baptist church, over fifty years. His *Com-*

mentaries on the whole Scriptures are known all the world over, where gospel truth is known. He was a giant for study and for labour: he has surely filled the fields of Evangelization with fruit, which has strengthened the faith of many thousands, if not millions. This writer of at least ten-thousand pages of Biblical Expositions, was succeeded by (4,) Dr. Rippon, who made a Hymn-book, and, perhaps, for wealth, *Rippon's Hymn Book* made him. He stood in his office as pastor and publisher of hymns, over sixty years, and then his Master bid him put off his harness. James Smith followed, and he made a few nice little books; when he left, and his successors, Dr. Angus and Mr. Walters left, then came the most extensive worker of all.

Review this little army of Southwark divines: John Canne made his Reference Bible. Benjamin Keach made his Parables and Metaphors. John Gill made his immense Commentories. John Rippon made his Hymn-book. James Smith made his nice little Treatises. Then came the successor of Rippon, of Smith, of Dr. Angus, of Walters—I mean C. H. Spurgeon: he has made his Tabernacle, his College, his Orphanage, his Magazine, his Hymn-book, and weekly *Pulpit*, and, if the Lord enabled, he would make a new world altogether. Mark you, when Dr. Gill went home, and Dr. Rippon came into office, the church went off from the Particular and Decided Calvinistic line, on to the Free-will and Open Communion line. Hence a division arose; another or other churches were formed, and over them were such men as pastors Dutton, Lewis, Francis, James Wells, and many more, whose labours have been greatly honoured of the Lord. During the last two-hundred years then, Southwark has had the gospel preached by a succession of men—men who have made their mark: men of whom most emphatically it must be said “their works do follow them.”

Mr. Joseph Warren, of Plumstead, then addressed the meeting on the increasing love he felt to the Lord Jesus, and His gospel. Mr. Joseph Palmer reviewed his ministerial life. Mr. Hudson gave the closing address, and with prayer and praise the services were concluded.

“THE LOT IS CAST INTO THE LAP.”

PROVERBS XVI. 33.

God breathed the breath of life in mortal clay;
 But long 'ere this, had fixed its destiny.
 He cast the lot, not merely for life's day,
 But, from the *first*, to *last* Eternity.
 Therefore, “no soul may glory in *his* sight”
 Who orders all things by His sov'reign will:
 If He give darkness, none can give the light;
 If He give light, the troubled breast is still.
 How long, and how tenaciously, have I
 Clung to my own, my proud self-righteousness!
 Unwilling that my double destiny
 Should be the fruit of free, and sov'reign grace:
 But now, my God, my opened eyes can see,
 My *lot*, and its *disposal*, are of Thee.

Totteridge, Dec. 10, 1870.

ROBERTUS.

" MY FATHER'S GOD. "

A REMARKABLE, BUT TRUTHFUL, NARRATIVE.

WHAT an unaccountable spell there is in heirlooms! Anything that has been owned or worn by those in the family before us, seems doubly dear; and though I am by no means an advocate of *hereditary grace*, yet, there are few, I think, but will acknowledge there to be a passing sweetness in the thought that the God who has shown mercy to us, is "the God of our Father's." *Such* sweetness is at times *mine*. It pleased God to open my eyes to danger when quite a child, and though I was scarcely seventeen, when I made a public profession of my trust in *His own Salvation*, I had lived in sweet confidence for four years before that; from a felt sense of the security afforded by "the precious blood of Christ." And now came darkness and doubt. I was out in the world, and we all know (though we are apt to act as if we did *not* know) that its friendship is *enmity* with God. Presently, I began to feel ill in body—went *home*—and was laid to bed with a fever of the very worst kind; my poor mother nursed me till she took it herself; and no one dared come to our aid; at last, the doctor suggested sending for a consumptive sister to come and nurse us, as she had nothing in her constitution for the fever to lay hold of. She came, and went through it all, as well as she had been for a long time. My state of mind I can never fully describe. I deserved it all, and felt as ripe for the wrath of God as a sinner could be. Of course, I had been deceived in what I fancied was experience, and now I was dying with Hell before me. For a fortnight I was delirious, it seemed to me like a long struggle between fiends and my soul; I am not exaggerating when I say that I saw the flames of the pit, and I can remember in the intervals of consciousness, imploring my poor father (who stood leaning over the foot of the bed in mute agony) not to let me fall in, my constant cry was, "who *can* dwell with *everlasting* burnings?" But the fever gave way at last, and I began again to look for a way of escape from the merited wrath of God. The prayers of a dear man of God were heard by me with *softened* anguish, (he had persevered in calling to see me every night and morning, though I was almost a stranger,) and I can well remember how I lay for days repeating scarcely anything besides two verses I had learned before:—

" Lord Jesus, on *Thee* I venture to call
 Oh look upon *me*, though viler than all,
 For whom Thou did'st languish, and bleed on the tree,
 Oh, pity my anguish, and say, " 'Twas for *thee*.
 " A case such as mine would honour thy power;
 All Hell would repine—all heaven adore.
 If in condemnation, Strict Justice takes place,
 It shines in salvation more glorious through grace."

Well mine is the old old story of fear and hope, hope and fear. My brothers and sisters in the chosen family will understand. Well now, by degrees, I was again enabled to creep under the Cross, and tremble while it sheltered me. You know Hart—

" Their pardon some receive at first,
 And then compelled to fight,

They feel their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night."

I was compelled to give my own experience as above, that I might bring in the sweetness of being favoured by "My Father's God."

Last Christmas he spent an evening with us, and began to tell my dear husband about the time when I lay ill. "Did I ever tell you about the *points*?" he asked. We of course pressed him to tell it *then*, for father's tellings are always thrilling ones. "Well" he said, "I had laid down one night in the greatest trouble; there was that girl in the other room crying out that she was falling into hell, and I *couldn't* bear that; there was my wife lying by my side too weak to stir, and I was so afraid I should be the next; we were very low in circumstances, and I did *not* know which way to look for relief; I had read through the Psalms, as being the most likely part to get comfort, but could lay hold of nothing but that word in Job, "He is of one mind, and none can turn him." I suppose I must have dropped to sleep in this state of mind, for I saw a great person coming towards the side of the bed, and as soon as I saw his face, I knew it was *God the Father*. He was so beautiful, and looked so majestic, but *very* kind; He did not speak nor smile, only came nearer and nearer to me, and then I saw that in his hands were *two points*, so sharp and long, and while looking at me so kindly and so firmly He put them both to my *heart*. I lifted up my hands, but found I had no power to turn away: "Oh Father!" "no Father," I said, but he did not seem to take any notice of my crying, and after holding them to my heart for a time, He *smiled* and was gone. I shall never forget it, I woke my wife, and said, "I've seen God the Father, and we shall have to bear this trouble, but we shall get through it; and so we did."

Such was my father's narrative: and I thought if through the coming year, God keep near us with His points; shall we do ourselves any good by plunging and struggling, till we are scratched, and worried, and weak? Shall we not rather strive to be at *peace* with God, to have an affectionate willingness to let "*His will have its way*?" for, "*none can turn Him*." Some one wrote truly:—

" Ill that God blesses, is our good :
And unblest good, is ill ;
And all is right, that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

I can only say now—God bless my father—God spare my father. I lost a dear little child, and my heart grew cold, and for its memory, I feel half jealous of the warmth that is finding its way back again. But if I lost my *father*, 'twould have to be an atmosphere, *not* earthly, that would give to my heart its true pulsation. Yet when he *must* die, when he has passed man's allotted time, and is standing at the brink of the river, looking eagerly through the darkness, to Jesus, and the glory on the other side: my prayer for him is, May he

Not bear a single pang at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless him,
Nor feel the hands of love that press him,
Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,
Nor the heart, where love's soft bands are break ing,
So may He die.

All bliss without a pang to shroud it,
 All joy without a pain to cloud it,
 Not slain, but caught up as it were
 To meet his Saviour in the air :
 Oh how bright were the worlds of light
 Bursting at once upon his sight.
Even so may my father go
 For parting hours are sad and slow.

I had not intended writing so much, but have let my pen have its way. May it have the blessing of Him who is "My God, and I will praise Him, My *father's* God ; and I will exalt Him."

MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

Great Baddow.

"NO PROVISION FOR THE WIDOW." No. 2.

A NOBLE SUGGESTION—PROPOSED PRELIMINARY MEETING, ETC.

Mr. EDITOR—A letter from "A Working Man, and Stated Minister too" appears in your December number, advocating a provision being made for the Widows of our deceased Baptist ministers, which you have headed as above : for such a good work it appears to me that earnest WORKS are as much needed as earnest words. We have been accustomed to earnest words, we want now to accustom ourselves to earnest work.

The necessity for providing for the destitute widow, and fatherless children is quite clear to us all ; and not less so is there a necessity for a better provision for approved Strict Baptist ministers while living. The question is, how can such provisions be best accomplished ? One of the long crying evils is disunion ; continual divisions. What is the operating cause of those divisions ? May it not be laid mainly to the disunion of the ministers ? Do they not frequently act as if they were destitute of either moral or social bonds of action ? Is the good old Gospel to be blamed for this mismanagement ? Nay ; rather let us, as the leaders, and preachers, make the confession that at our door may be laid the occasion of much of the divisions that prevail in our Israel. Our Foremans and Wells's are soon about to leave us ; what are our prospects as a section of Christ's Church ? Divided, unconnected, scattered, weak, and in some instances, making war upon one another. These things ought not to be so. In some places, where one cause could be well supported, a second is raised up ; this cripples and breaks down the first : the second succeeds *so long* as the novelty of the new man keeps good ; but to them it is naught to break up the old cause, depress the minister, as well as his family ; the minister becomes heart-broken ; *he dies !* Who cares for him, or his widow ? Bless God, there are honourable exceptions. But how is this state of things to be remedied ? By what means can we avert these calamities in the midst of our Zion ? First, let there be an understanding and union among the stated ministers of the churches. But how can that be best accomplished, so that it shall answer the end intended ? I think an organization to secure the material interests of the minister and family, with such a bond as will secure both their moral and social well-being. What bond in this poor world is so strong as a financial bond ? Yes, gentle

reader, ministers are men; and are subject to human influences, and amenable to time demands. I would suggest to "A Working Man and Stated Minister too" that by earnest works, there shall be a fund raised forthwith of £500; by one hundred ministers in town and country, subscribing £5 each. This to form a nucleus for a fund adequate to assist in providing for the widows of deceased ministers, and other kindred objects as shall be determined upon by a Board of ministers and laymen who shall be chosen to conduct the affairs of the association. The writer will gladly become one of the £5 subscribers for such an object. To such a fund (no doubt exists in my mind) some of our wealthy ministers and members will subscribe in a generous and brotherly manner; as the Lord has given to them, so will they give in return to him; and a few of our wealthy "working men and stated ministers too" will feel a pleasure in liberally assisting a fund, whose object is to "help the poor and deserving minister, his widow and family." All subscriptions and donations being published in *The Earthen Vessel*.

And will not such an association go far to arrest the direful evils of divisions and semi-starvation? With God's blessing some such movement among our ministers may be of incalculable good to our whole connection. I have only here thrown out some hints to be enlarged upon by my brethren in the ministry upon earnest works, supplementing earnest words of "A Working Man and Stated Minister too." Come, then, let us at once look to this matter, for the sake of the cause of Christ, and prove that while we have nothing to do for life, we can work from life, and thus prevent the epitaph being written on our tombstones, "No provision for the widow." A STATED MINISTER.

* * * Mr. Samuel Jones, of the City of London, has written a similar letter; and offers himself as willing to act in this most benevolent, and essentially necessary movement. Is it not time that our party-strifes, and proud separations came to an end? Are we not all fast going to the grave? Are not the widows and children of some of our departed ministers now in distress? Shall we stand still—stand aloof—stand in little party divisions—stand reproaching one another—slaying one another—because some mistakes may have been made? We heard a minister's wife say, (a short time since) "if my husband was taken away, I, and my children would not have one penny." As Mr. Samuel Jones is a citizen of high repute, of many years' standing in the world, and in the Church, and as he has come forward, charitably and practically, to move in this effort, we would, in the names of many of our brethren, intreat Mr. Jones to arrange a preliminary meeting to be holden early in February; let him consult Mr. James Mote, our universally esteemed solicitor to the Strict Baptist body; let Mr. Jones also invite such honourable gentlemen as the Beaches, the Whittakers, the Pockocks, the Mitsons, the Carrs, the Meads, the Mintons, the Butts, and hosts beside: let such ministers as would co-operate, attend, and this most safe and excellent movement might be commenced and established without any difficulty. Mr. Samuel Jones has a plan which would work well with the one proposed by our Correspondent, "A Stated Minister." Letters may be addressed to Mr. Samuel Jones, at his private residence, 27, Peckham Grove, Camberwell, London, S. This must not be delayed.—ED.

THE PRESENT WAR, AND THE CHURCH'S MISSION.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In asking you to give me a space in this month's issue I am perfectly aware that it is asking for no small favor, knowing as I do, that you have at this season of the year more matter for publication than the size of your magazine can well contain; the importance of the subject the common interests of humanity, is my only plea.

It is now five months since the present war commenced, and during that period there has been such a sacrifice of human life that throws the records of all former wars into the shade. There was a time when the slaughter of nearly 300 of English cavalry in the ever memorable charge at Balaclava made the ears of the nation tingle. But since then we have become so accustomed to these things, that we have learned to read the accounts of a thrice told number with scarce a shudder, and without an active thought as to how such things can be arrested. I readily admit that efforts have been used, noble efforts worthy of all honour. The Statesman has worked, and worked well, first to prevent, secondly, to stop the war, and without entering on the debatable ground of politics, this, we must say, that our rulers have used every lawful effort to arrest the progress of the war consistent with a policy of non-intervention. The philanthropist has worked, and is still working. England has been lavish with her gold, and let all honour be paid to that noble band, who, forsaking the comforts of home, have gone forth on to the field of battle, not as combatants, but to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and dying; a band of men and women, strong in sympathy for another's suffering, and quick in feeling for the woe and afflictions of their race. These, regardless of personal risk, have faced the dismal ghastly horrors of the military lazaretto, and, amidst moans and groans, have steadily pursued their mission, and for them we say may God give them their reward. And now I ask my last question, what has the Church done? Is all this human suffering nothing to us. Are we not all children of one family; have we not all one Father? But more especially, are there none on the field of battle that are related by nearer ties; are there none amongst this great host who have been bought by blood; are there no members of the spiritual brotherhood, no members of the mystic body of which it is written, "if one member suffer all the members suffer with it?" Dear brethren this is Bible truth, we have received it we have preached it. Do we act as though we believed it? or is it a fact that as a church we have sunk so low in sympathy, and risen so high in self love, as to care for none but our own selves, placidly looking on the scene of strife, and by our apathy, saying, "am I my brother keeper?" I cannot believe it, hence, I would with all affection urge upon the churches the importance and power of prayer. Let special prayer meetings be called throughout the length and breadth of our land to plead for mercy upon our continental neighbours. Diplomacy has been tried, and failed; philanthropy has moved, and still acts, for the strife still goes on. Let me affectionately urge upon you, brethren, to use that weapon which God has placed in our hands, Prayer. And by so doing let it be seen that the Church is

ready to take her part in the ordinary responsibilities of society, and that grace, God's precious grace, has saved from hardness of heart—both natural and spiritual. I feel strongly upon this subject, knowing something of the people, and the places, and having, in last July, had to travel through a large portion of Germany I saw the painfulness of the parting between parent and child, between husband and wife. I shall never forget it, some special circumstances now crowd in upon my mind. One particularly at Hilburghausen, a very aged mother's farewell of her son, and a young wife's parting with her husband, the crushing agony of the first, and the bitter tears of the other, as they fell scalding hot upon the head of her heedless baby as it sat perched up in the mother's apron. Poor mother. Will she ever see her son! poor wife. where is thy husband, and thoughtless babe? 'tis more than probable thy father is no more. Another sight at Halb comes to my mind, a young officer parting with his betrothed. Poor girl I pitied her then, and I do so now. We might tell of other things did time allow, but my purpose will be more than answered, if any feeble efforts of mine should be owned of God to the pouring out upon his people a spirit of prayer and supplication.

Yours faithfully,

Hounslow, 10th of December.

WILLIAM HENRY EVANS.

THE LATE MR. JACOB HAYNES.

DEAR BROTHER,—The following account of the life and death of an aged and valued member of the Church at Trinity Chapel, Borough, is partly furnished by his sorrowing widow, and supplemented by my own personal acquaintance with our deceased brother.

Your's sincerely,

F. J. HUDSON.

Mr. Jacob Haynes, of New Brentford, fell asleep in Jesus, Wednesday morning, 19th of October last, in the 75th year of his age. When about fourteen years old, he left the parental roof to reside with the late Mr. Salter, of Hammersmith, and learn the business; here he was much exposed to temptation from an ungodly youth in the same firm. Mr. Salter required his employés to attend a place of worship and bring home the text; this youth and Haynes went together: and as soon as the text was read went out and entered a Public House to drink: the conscience of young Jacob became very uneasy, that he should consent to be drawn into such a course of sin: some time after, this wicked youth presented the same bait again, saying as soon as the text was given, "We've had enough of this, let us go and have some rum and water." Shocked at the thought of a repetition of such awful impropriety of conduct, he was enabled to resist—here appears to be the first intimation of distinguishing grace—the "One being taken and the other left." The foreman of the establishment now began to show much attention to young Jacob, and being a christian man, spent with him the Sabbath evenings in reading the Scriptures, singing, and imparting instruction in music by notation, there being no evening service at the chapel. Mr. Haynes dated his conversion to God under a sermon preached by Mr. Leifchild, (since Dr. Leifchild,) of Kensington, one Lord's-day evening; the text being taken from the third chapter of the book of Daniel

twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses, particularly the concluding words, "The form of the fourth is like the Son of God." In 1817, he removed to Brentford, and commenced business on his own account; he then attended the Baptist Chapel in the Market-place, until a room was opened by the Independents, whose sentiments at that time being more in unison with his own, he preferred worshipping with them. After some years he was induced to go to the Baptist Chapel in Old Brentford, where he heard that man of God Mr. Castleden, of Hampstead, and by his preaching was convinced of the scriptural rite of believer's baptism, and was baptised about the year 1828, with his beloved wife: since that time, being about forty-two years, he has continued an honorable member, and a liberal supporter of the strict baptist cause; also a true lover of salvation by free and sovereign grace. In the year 1856 Mr. and Mrs. Haynes removed their communion to the church at Trinity Chapel, Borough, in consequence of the Brentford Pastor pressing open communion practice. The last time we were privileged to see our friend at Trinity was at the breaking of bread service in July. On Monday evening, October 17, he appeared to be drawing near his end, and said to his sorrowing companion, with whom there had been a happy union of fifty-one years, "My dear, I hope my blessed Jesus will soon come and fetch me home;" and then with a pleasing smile, added "I think he will, I think it will not be long;" and soon the Master came and called for him: peace having long since entered into him, he entered into peace on the Wednesday morning following, October 19th. Thus calmly his ransomed spirit was wafted by the sea's last wave into the haven of rest and joy, leaving his aged widow and children to deplore their loss of an excellent husband and affectionate parent; the denomination bereaved of a firm adherent, and the Church at Trinity street of a true friend and helper; "one," as a neighbour observed,—meaning in a business capacity—"that we could ill spare," and while highly esteemed on account of his christian character and deportment by all the brethren that knew him, he had also "a good report from them which are without." The sentiment of almost his last words, which we have mentioned, was truly that of the patriarch's dying ejaculation, whose name he bore—"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord!" and in his temporal prosperity he might also well adopt Jacob's words—"I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies,—with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." The following statement copied from the *Middlesex County Chronicle* will explain this, and show the high repute in which he was held as a citizen and a Brentford tradesman.

"An old tradesman of New Brentford, Mr. Jacob Haynes, died at the advanced age of seventy-four. Deceased commenced business in this town as long back as fifty-four years. He was then but a humble, plodding young man, without capital and without friends. With untiring industry, however, he pushed his way along, and by constantly keeping in view the upright principles of true business he at length succeeded in laying the foundation of future wealth. Deceased, up to the day of his prostration, was prompt in all business matters, and died, so to speak, in harness, leaving a fortune to his widow and family. Deceased was interred in the family vault at Ealing Old Church, October 29th, 1870. Brentford has lost a good tradesman, a well-meaning neighbour, and a firm friend, and many a poor family will have good reason to mourn the loss of Mr. Jacob Haynes.

Productions of the Press.

Eternal Death.—Mr. John Dixon, in his neat, newly-published, and truthful tract, called *The Best News*, says, "We can have only a very faint conception of what eternal death is. But some wicked men, and apostates also, when near death, have expressed themselves as if they were realizing hell in their souls. The Honourable F. N——, who had been a clergyman, renounced his profession and apostatized. On being taken seriously ill, he fearfully looked for judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." Every effort, by ministers, to relieve his mind was useless. As he beheld the fire in his bedroom, he said, 'Oh, that I could lie upon that fire four hundred years, and then the wrath of God be appeased! But, oh, eternity! eternity!' And, just before he expired, with a countenance indescribably horrid, he exclaimed, 'Oh, the insufferable pangs of hell and damnation!' And there was an infidel nobleman, who, when approaching dissolution, feeling tortured in his soul, broke out in this language: 'And is there another hell, O God?' With respect to Christ's enduring almighty and eternal wrath, it may be asked, how could that be, as the sufferings of his soul and body in Gethsemane and Calvary lasted scarcely twenty-four hours? We can only reply that Deity and humanity being united in his person as God-man-mediator, he sustained in that time punishment and torment, which, for a merely human being, would require eternity." *The Best News*, (like its author,) is neat, evangelical, kind, careful; and as a real friend, points out the sinner's danger; and points to the Saviour's deliverance of all who, through grace, fly to him. Go on, brother John, and if the pulpits are so thronged with zealous aspirants, that there is scarce room for thee; then, from the press, and by persevering efforts, in every direction, cease not to scatter thy little "handfulls of purpose;" and may many poor Ruths, and Naomis, so find the word of the Lord, as to rejoice in his salvation. "Work while it is called to-day."

Thy day of thy work will very soon reach its end.

The Husband of one Wife, Mr. Joseph Tanner's Life and Letters become more and more precious the oftener we look into it. It is a volume full of veins, and those veins full of the vital fluid of a true Christian man's experience. The first feature in this "Model of a Middle Class Minister," is the domestic, or home-life of the good man. All who are setting out to be preachers of God's gospel, and hoping to be pastors over His Church, would do well to read carefully 1 Tim. iii. where Paul describes the domestic life of a true bishop:—"One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." This is a heavy responsibility, and often a difficult achievement. Many good ministers have had their lives embittered—their peace destroyed, and their usefulness hindered, by the rebellion, and the wickedness, and the wayward conduct of their own children. When the sons and daughters of God's ministers grow up in grace, in faith, in the knowledge of themselves, and in the truth, cleaving to the house of God, and supporting their father in his office, and in his work, it is a happy return for all the care bestowed upon them; when it is otherwise, the cross is heavy, the cost is great. Joseph Tanner was a man in whom the two opposites appeared to meet—sternness and affection. Hence, he was a valuable husband, a devoted parent, and a much valued friend. The domestic lives of some of the preachers of the gospel we have known, would make a tale of mystery; but, as our space is this month so occupied, we stop here of necessity. Much of Joseph Tanner is yet to come.

Wounding and Healing: Christ's Baptism: and the Place where God Meets His People. Two sermons by Mr. Abraham Howard, of Birmingham. Published by R. Banks, and Mrs. Paul. These discourses were delivered at Sturry, last August, were taken down at the time, and have been published by special request. Both these sermons exhibit the truth of salvation in its different branches: the

Word of God, and the saving work of God, harmonize: heaven's revelations and the true Christian's realizations, are in perfect agreement. Mr. Howard fetches his theology only from the original fountain—"The testimony of Jesus." Most ministers now bring *their theories* and try to lay them on the inspired Word: hence arises confusion and contradictions in the public ministry. Our friend, Mr. Abraham Howard, (whom we have known from his youth upwards,) is one of the excellent of the earth; although, perhaps, as Mr. Philpot said of the late Joseph Tanner, while some men are too proud, "you appear *too humble*." These sermons deserve a large circulation. The simplest child of God may understand them: the most intelligent and refined cannot but be pleased with them, for clean truth on a clean platter is always acceptable to the pure in heart.

"*Not One Halfpenny*."—The place every man must come unto, where, in and of himself, he is in absolute poverty, is the death bed and the dying hour. This is a kind of back-ground to Mr. James Wells's sermon entitled "The Righteous Sceptre," (No. 630, *The Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*). No Christian can read that sermon without receiving some good. If the reader is in a happy frame, it will cause him to rejoice in the riches, and honours, and mercies, and perfections, and certainties, which are all in Jesus Christ, for believers; and if the reader is in a carnal, in a worldly, in a sorrowful frame, this sermon (with the Spirit's blessing), is enough to raise the soul up to encouragement, to prayer, to hope, and to admiration. Indeed, this discourse on "The Righteous Sceptre," makes us more intensely desire that the preacher's life may yet be spared; and his ministry continued for years to come. We silently cherish the conviction that in the affliction which he has recently been passing through, the language of his faith hath been—"He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come FORTH AS GOLD." In *Cheering Words* we shall give an extract from this CHRIST-EXALTING sermon.

The Two Things which David had Never Seen. In that fine little workshop for "thought"—Charles Vince's volume, *Lights and Shadows in the Life of King David*—the reader will find a faithful description of the two things David had never seen. Altogether, it is a book of holy reflection on some things dreadful; as well on many things most delightful. From this first-class literary production, ingenious and pious hearts may draw forth lessons calculated to comfort, to encourage, to edify, and to warn multitudes of people. Mr. Vince has selected a royal subject for contemplation; as far as he has gone (and that is not so far as many might wish), he has won for himself the purest gratitude and esteem of all who can appreciate talents so happily devoted to the vindication of the Divine character and conduct of our Heavenly Father, and to the exposition of those mines of mercy which flow down to man through our glorious mediator. Mr. Elliot Stock, the publisher, has given the author a very handsome suit of clothes.

"*To Preach Christ; and not to have Him.*" "The Sword and Trowel" for December, has a sermon by C. H. Spurgeon, on the words respecting Ahithophel, who "put his household in order, and then hanged himself." The carefulness for time-things, and the wickedness as regards eternal things, which may be seen in millions of people, are the two sharp lines drawn by the preacher. That man's conscience must either be seared as with a hot iron, or most perfectly cleansed by faith in Jesu's sacrificial fountain, who cannot read this sermon without trembling. Servants, merchants, preachers, protestants, professors, and parents, all are searched through and through. Well set by the side of this searching discourse, is John Leland's, on the admission into the covenant of grace, of a vicarious sacrifice. A tragical, a sensational, a precious piece of Divinity.

Baptist Almanack for 1871. We have carefully examined the contents of the 20th issue of this Year-Book. The portion for every day in the year has been selected for edification and

for consolation. The Tabular Lists of Baptist churches and their Pastors, are correct and full. The information respecting all our Colleges and Societies may be relied upon: the list of ministers without churches, and occasional preachers, is improved and extended. The Congregational churches are authenticated. Memorials of deceased ministers very solemn. A Provincial Directory of some towns has been added: altogether such a book for two-pence must be highly appreciated by pastors, deacons, and members of all sections of the Baptist and Congregational churches.

Madagascar, an Island much larger than our own, is fast receiving the Bible; the people are building churches, and letters and books say the Gospel is preached. Thus prophecy, in its fulfilment, is confirming the truth of the promise—"Men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed." We know our friends will rejoice when we can furnish them with facts resulting from the spread of the Saviour's name and power in the lands so distant from us. Cannot some of our friends send *Earthen Vessel* and *Cheering Words* to the cities and towns of Madagascar?

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 heard Mr. Lindsey was improving in health under Mr. Flory's treatment.

The Bible and School 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 G. 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 shall have special mention.

Ben Rhydding: its Amenities, Hygiene, and Therapeutics. A very pretty book about a very pretty place. Compiled by James Baird, B.A. Published by A. G. Dennant, 34, Southampton street, Strand. Ben Rhydding is a grand sanatorium: a place where, by God's blessing, health is recovered, preserved, and established. Beautiful retreat for our brother James Wells; if he could leave home for a while; who can tell? All invalids should read of "Ben Rhydding."

The Re-Union of National and Non-Conformist Churches is advocated by Rev. J. C. Ryle, in *Our Own Fireside*, for December. Mr. Ryle is a bold, common-sense, and able man: his desires will not be realized just yet. "Annie Askew's Martyrdom" is a marvellous display of grace triumphing over rack, prison, fire, and death. The religion of the persecuted, in those days, was a power beyond all human imagination.

Old Jonathan vol. for 1870, comes forth in splendidly coloured new attire. The interior is full of illustrations and good tales: the exterior is cheerful and handsome. The Messrs. Collingridge have availed themselves of every new feature in fancy and colour printing to make *Old Jonathan* attractive.

The Gospel Magazine—the oldest monthly for biblical and experimental truth, in existence. Dr. Doudney labours hard to enrich its pages; and his writings are highly appreciated. His hard hit on 'Consummate Bigotry' we shall notice when time permits.

Shirley Hibberd's *Gardener's Magazine* is issued in weekly numbers and monthly parts. Its valuable contents can only be known by those who require practical information.

Zoar Pulpit. This pretty, and correct engraving, can now be had of Mrs. Paul. Thousands of the Lord's people have heard the gospel from this sacred place. We think they will be glad to hang up its likeness in their homes.

MR. JAMES WELLS'S sermon on Infant Salvation, is now reprinted: we can send copies.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF C. W. BANKS'S MINISTRY IN LONDON: & TWENTY-SIXTH AS EDITOR OF *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*.

[The following brief report is furnished by Mr. Kerrell.]

ON MONDAY, the twenty-first of November, meetings were held in the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey street, Walworth, (which was kindly lent for the occasion,) and which meetings must have been highly gratifying to the Editor of this periodical, and prove a pleasing incident for reflection in future days.

In the afternoon, Mr. Wells had engaged to preach; but through illness was unfortunately prevented; and Mr. B. B. Waite ably supplied the pulpit, founding his discourse on the words, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." This sermon was listened to with great interest.

The friends having partaken of tea, and enjoyed friendly intercourse, the public meeting commenced, and, though the weather was very unfavourable, the body of the spacious chapel was well filled. Mr. EDWARD BUTT presided; and was surrounded by quite a host of ministerial brethren; among whom were the brethren Butterfield, Myerson, Thomas Stringer, George Cook, P. W. Williamson, Thomas Jones, B. B. Waite, R. A. Huxham, J. Clinch, W. H. Evans, B. Davies, R. G. Edwards, W. K. Rowe, C. Z. Turner, (of Ripley,) R. A. Lawrence, C. L. Kemp, C. Witts, S. Kevan, (of Colnbrook,) R. Howard, A. W. Kaye, W. Edgerton, Messrs. Boulden, Beach, Mote, and others.

The proceedings commenced by singing that solemn hymn,

Great God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow
And pay their praise to Thee.

Mr. G. Cook earnestly pleaded for the divine blessing.

The CHAIRMAN in his opening address, observed they had met under disappointment, owing to the absence of their esteemed pastor. However, they were encouraged, considering the inclement state of the weather, by such a large attendance. The object of that meeting was to express their sympathy and esteem for their friend, C. W. Banks. A few weeks since, being in conversation with Mr. Wells, C. W. B. said it was twenty-seven years since he first preached in the Metropolis, and if an anniversary was holden, would Mr. Wells preach the sermon? Mr. Wells threw out the hint, if the deacons were applied to, the Surrey Tabernacle would be granted. The application was made, and there was no difficulty in the matter; both pastor and deacons cordially agreeing. Hence the present meeting. In introducing Mr. Banks, he (the chairman) was not about to speak of a stranger; he was known to most present. Touching his ministerial career, since his first appearance at Crosby-row, many of his friends

had been gathered from time into eternity; among other dear servants of God, might he mentioned the spiritually-minded, Elijah Packer, who was devoted to our brother Banks, and who stood by him faithfully, and stood by him well to the end. The removal of Mr. Banks to Unicorn-yard did not turn out so well as many expected; but with all his ups and downs, Mr. Banks had stood as a faithful minister of the gospel for twenty-seven years in London. He had laboured much in the east end of London; surrounded by so much poverty, it seemed difficult to maintain a position. Mr. Banks, at different periods of his life, had passed through many changing scenes. The desire of his friends was, that the Lord would guide him in all his future steps. Their brother had long been engaged in the printing and publishing business, and had many difficulties to contend with; but he (the chairman) believed he was now free from many of those heavy cares. At the age of 18, Mr. Banks commenced his editorial career as the conductor of the *Weald of Kent Mirror*; he had issued many works; for the last twenty-six years he had conducted the *The Earthen Vessel*. In the editorial department there was much labour, and many difficulties. Many hailed the monthly issue of *The Earthen Vessel* with delight. If he were to give his own opinion, he thought it had been the means of conveying a large amount of useful information. Ministers had used it freely, and churches all over the country had been benefited by it. It was necessary that we have our own periodicals; and we ought well to support them. We want to see the *Vessel* improving in matter and in circulation. Mr. Banks, some years ago started the first cheap Christian journal ever sent into the world. It was called *The Christian Cabinet*, and it is evident if our friend Banks had only possessed the capital to work it with, it would have been a very successful undertaking. It is now in different hands, amalgamated with *The Christian World*, which yields a large return to its proprietors. In his efforts to circulate works of truth, Mr. Banks had been a great sufferer, and his losses had been heavy. Besides, he had preached nearly all over the country. It is well known Mr. Banks has laboured in all parts of England, Wales, Cornwall, &c. Some imagine this has brought him a great deal of money. The truth is quite the reverse.

The object of this meeting is one of sympathy: but still we do not want to end our meeting without a practical expression towards our brother. After his much travelling to benefit others, let us render him a little real assistance. Time is short; we have but a little time to labour; and that scripture applies forcibly to

my mind, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

There are *two* subjects more particularly for our brethren to take up to-night: the *pulpit* and the *press*. These are the two chief instruments God employs. Through the pulpit the Gospel is preached; the dead are raised to life. How many present here to-night has the gospel raised up! It is to be hoped some practical good will result from these proceedings, to encourage our brother on through the wilderness, to refresh him by the way. He has often been cast down: we want to-night to pray he might hear that gentle voice of sympathy saying, "Fear not, be of good cheer."

Mr. T. JONES addressed the meeting. He thought the large assembly of friends was an eloquent expression of sympathy with their brother Banks. In days past the enemy had sorely shot at him. It had been said the *Vessel* was not quite up to the mark. But it had been a very useful vehicle of information: Mr. Jones wished to see it increasingly useful, and the editor encouraged. In reference to Mr. Banks's preaching; his long tours no doubt had been seriously against his ministerial position in London; and financially injurious to his pocket. The chairman referred to two topics: one was preaching the Gospel. We belong to a certain section of the Lord's people. Some think our section is growing beautifully less; but God will sustain his own cause. There is a great deal said against much preaching. Good old Queen Bess was a great enemy to much preaching. She said, let people go to church and say their prayers, and go home, and be good. But then preaching leads to inquiry; and many of our people will enquire for themselves, and not accept a thing because Mr. So-and-So says it. Preaching has been honoured of God, and will be honoured. Mr. Jones then proceeded to give a line of his own experience. He had read much of Huntington, and wished people would read him more. In his early days, he decided to sit at home and read, and not to go to hear. He went on this way some time, but got no further. At last, his mind fell on the following line, "The written word is the same as the preached word; but it is not of the same power." This he proved; though printing is a great blessing, it is still essential to have the preaching of the Gospel.

Mr. P. W. WILLIAMSON said it was twenty-five years since he first preached for his brother Banks at Crosby-row. They were to speak of the pulpit and the press, and their brother was a representative of both. Certainly he had preached too much of the Gospel, whether he had been too active with the press was another matter. Certain it was God raised up preachers of the glorious Gospel. Many men had tried to crush Mr. Banks by speaking evil of him, and magnifying anything wrong he might have done, and by ignoring anything praiseworthy. There are many persons who think ministers ought to be perfect men, all righteousness, all wisdom; of great foresight, perfectly harmless, and always ready to do good. If

our brother Banks had not known the evil of his own heart, he would not be fit to speak to or pick up poor perishing sinners. If he was a perfect man he would be of no use to the poor, tried family of God on earth. Suppose he were all foresight, how would it have fared with those who have deceived him, those who have risen to certain positions through his instrumentality? He certainly would not have helped them to that position, unless he had been more than man. They say he ought to have more foresight; yes, men who have almost crouched before him for a morsel of bread, and then in a few years after attaining a position, they turn their backs on their friend who has helped them. Well it has been for some he has not had more foresight. If he had been all-wise he would not have allowed men to inveigle him to publish their productions, which the public did not want, and the church did not want. Were it not for our brother, such men would never have come out authors at all, they never would have had money enough. Our brother is not a perfect man, neither is he all-wise, but as a minister he is from day to day learning things useful to the people of God.

Mr. R. G. EDWARDS adverted to some of the trials and pecuniary losses consequent upon a life spent in travelling to preach the Gospel. He believed his brother Banks to be a man of God, and that God had greatly blessed his labours throughout the land, although he had suffered in pecuniary matters. His great work had been to show unto sinners "The way of salvation," and he had likewise been very useful in showing poor ministers the way to the pulpit. The *Vessel* had been very useful in showing many ministers churches that require assistance, and informing churches where that help is to be obtained. Therefore he (Mr. Edwards) hoped the *Vessel* and its editor would be cheerfully supported.

Mr. BANKS next addressed the meeting, and was most cordially received. He said he desired to speak first thankfully, then a word for sympathy, and lastly, tell how the Lord had dealt faithfully with him. First thankfully to his brother Wells, and his deacons, and all ministers present for their kindness on this occasion. I have long loved my brother Wells, and desired to be thankful for all God has done and is doing by him still. Some years ago I was walking in dark soul-trouble; if ever a man felt himself near destruction I was that man. I went into the old Surrey Tabernacle to hear Mr. Wells, who said 'I had a text and a sermon to-night, but in the vestry all was taken from me.' He read a portion from the Psalms; it entered my heart, my heart was broken, and hope sprang up. Soon after this I heard Mr. Abrahams, and my bonds were then completely broken, my soul leaped for joy. Old John Berridge once preached a sermon from 'What is thy name? and he said Legion.' He said he found envy one of the cruel legion. On one occasion after an absence from his own church, he asked the

people how they liked the clergyman who preached. Oh, they said, he was a fine fellow, they heard him well. John Berridge said to himself, 'he shall never come again!' We have all had these feelings of envy at times, but, bless God, I read Mr. Wells's sermons, and believe in Christ he is my brother, he is my friend. God bless him! Now one word for your sympathy. Many say hard things about my travelling so much. Ah! it is no easy thing to pack up early on a cold morning, start off by rail, perhaps find cold lodgings and cold fare. But when God raised me up and made Himself known to my soul as a forgiving God, these words came to my heart, 'The Lord sent a sword into Jacob, and it hath lighted upon Israel.' I involuntarily exclaimed, 'I believe the Lord will send me through the land to declare what He has done for my soul.' For twenty-seven years I have published the goodness of God, and whenever anybody has come to me to ask me if I would go and preach, my heart has said, 'Yes, that I will, and glad to come.' I cannot resist, I would be always either praying, or studying, or preaching God's will. The Lord has been faithful to me; I have had many fears, fears about preaching, fears about this meeting. But God knows all my fears and often speaks them all away. For twenty-seven years He has been my shield in every danger. Mr. Banks delivered a warm address, and closed by saying, I thank you, friends, for your kind expressions this evening, for your sympathy; and I ask your prayers that the Lord may still bless me, and keep me faithful to His great name.

Mr. B. B. WALE said it was about fifteen years ago, when he was living in South Wales, a stranger to God, "I took into my hand a periodical known as the *Christian Cabinet*. My eyes fell on an article which was written by brother Banks, though I did not know it then. By his writings he was instrumental in convincing me of my state as a sinner. I had been in the habit of spending half of the Sabbath in a church or chapel and the other half in some amusement. I had listened to such men as Melville, and James Parsons of York; and after I was brought to know the truth, I thought I should enjoy the eloquence of such men as before. Their cloquence and polished sentences had charmed me more than the truth of the Gospel. Now I wanted less of cloquence and more of Christ. The charms of intellect had filled my soul, now such charms no longer satisfied me. In this unsettled state I one Sunday morning dropped into Unicorn-yard, where I first heard my brother Banks, when I listened and wept. My heart was broken, the bonds which held my soul were loosened, and I was enabled to grasp that which my soul had long hungered after. My brother Banks as you will see, was first instrumental in awakening in me spiritual life, and then he was the first to feed that spiritual life. Now we will advance another step. When I was lecturing at the Great Globe, Leicester-square, Mr. Banks sent me

a message to tell me I must preach for him on the morrow. I sent back to say I could not as I had never attempted to preach. The messenger came back to say that I *must* preach as 'father was gone into the country.' So there seemed no escape. I went accordingly, and I met Mr. Elijah Packer, who received me kindly, and from that day to the hour he died, our hearts were united. As I ascended the pulpit the people who expected Mr. Banks seemed to say 'Who is he?' I was quite unknown to them. However I preached, and certainly my soul seemed fired with love to my Saviour, and ever since my heart has been united to my brother Banks. Well I may, and I am not the only minister on this platform he was instrumental in bringing into the ministry. I know many others for whom he has done many favours. But then you say our brother is not perfect; you among this assembly who are perfect, hold up your hand, no response, what a large amount of self-knowledge you must possess. Our brother may have sent out some who have not turned out just what they should have been. Some have used him for a stepping stone. Christian men should set the good of a man's life over against the bad, and not magnify the latter over the former. It has been said of one 'He did right once he heard of it never, he did wrong once he heard of it ever.' Our brother Banks has been referred to as the representative of the pulpit and the press. Brother Williamson said, God in choosing his instruments to make known the Gospel did not look for perfect instruments, and if you look for perfect ministers, I wish you may find them. Every word in the Bible, though of Divine authority, came to us through the flesh. We know nothing of the waters of life only as they came to us through love mingled with tears and sorrow. Truth in the abstract, what is it? only as it comes to us clothed in forms of love, and made known to us through human agency and comes down to our experience. God uses the press and He uses the pulpit. The 'Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.' Well, the world has said it would try that. The twelve fishermen who went forth to spread the good news, the world thought if it could but crush them it would stamp out the truths they taught. But there was a power the world could not touch. Whether in the dungeon or in the palace, or thrown into the flames, or into the lions' den, the Gospel was secure, and the apostles counted it a glory to suffer for Christ's sake. All that the world could bring to bear against Christ's kingdom it has brought. If we trace it through the dark ages, to the power of the papacy, to the Reformation, and to the power of atheism, Hell and all its powers had combined, but failed to stamp out the Gospel which is the 'power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' "

Mr. T. STRINGER said he had known the editor of the *Vessel* for many years, and it gave him great pleasure to be present on that occasion. His brother had often been down and as often raised up, and hoped he would

go on preaching and publishing the Gospel until his Master called him home.

Mr. R. A. HUXHAM observed many had tried to scuttle the *Vessel* but had not succeeded, and hoped it would continue, for he was sure many were much indebted to it for its valuable and useful contents.

Mr. LAWRENCE proposed and Mr. Kemp seconded a vote of thanks to the esteemed chairman for his presiding on that occasion, which was cordially responded to.

In reply Mr. Butt said he hoped his brother Banks would be able to look back on that night as a kind of "Ebenezer," that his last years would be somewhat lightened, and that he would find a comfortable place to labour among a happy, united people. That the Lord would sustain him; they were satisfied with God's truth, but they all wanted more of the living power of it in their daily experience.

Singing the doxology closed a solemn, happy, and useful meeting. Mr. Edward Butt announced that twenty-five pounds had been collected; this sum was afterwards made up to thirty pounds by one brother in the Lord, whose Christian kindness, and usefulness in our cause has endeared him to many thousands.

MR. HEMMINGTON'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL.

THIS church, which has been without any stated ministry for many years, (having been favoured to have as supplies, some of the best of the Lord's servants) has now taken a step towards having a settled pastor in the person of Mr. Hemmington. Though this gentleman is no stranger at Gower Street, before any decisive steps are taken he has consented to serve a four months' probation. This was commenced Sunday, 4th of December, 1870, when the following somewhat striking address was delivered in the hearing of a crowded assembly. The text was "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." The preacher said: If I speak to you this morning something of my own feelings, I feel that my remarks will be more of a preliminary nature than directly opening the portion of God's word which I have read. I can assure you it is a very trying moment for me to stand in this pulpit to-day; the somewhat special circumstances under which I commence my four months' engagement, the anxiety of soul which I have had for some considerable time about this service, makes this first service much more trying to my feelings than if I knew I was here simply for your supply for the month, and with no other object in view than to close my labours at the expiration of my month's engagement. I do not of course consider myself anything more than a supply as it is, and I trust God will enable me by His grace to preach in the same plain, honest manner during these four months, so that if you and I see it right in

the sight of God to part, we may part in the same friendly manner as we have done before. I can most boldly affirm that it is my heart's desire we may be rightly guided by God in this matter. It may be we have in our inmost hearts secret wishes and preponderating desires, whether it is God's will or not, that I should continue here. 'For what man,' said the apostle, 'knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him.' If I had any strong desire to continue in this place, my inward spirit would testify it; but I can challenge my own spirit, and declare that I have no wish, no such desire to continue, but can sincerely say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.' Indeed, dear friends, were I to give full expression to the deep workings of my poor mind on this important matter which brings us together, I am sure you would be much more likely to conclude that my determination is not to stay than any determination on my part to the contrary.

The plain truth is this, I wish not to determine anything, but I bless the Lord that I have felt, and can say I still feel passive in God's hands about it, wishing above everything to be guided by a knowledge of His will. I speak thus freely to you, and I can assure you, if God gives me grace, 'I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' To know Christ in the doctrines, in experience, and in practice, to preach these truths in the same plain language, and in the same spirit of honesty and faithfulness that I have preached them for thirteen years to a few godly souls in the West of England. The same I trust the Lord will enable me to preach for the four months I am to be among you. I am fully persuaded that ministers of the Gospel need firmness and decision of character, they need boldness without presumption, tenderness without weakness, and above all an eye single to God's glory. Not to angle for flattery or for admirers, nor to crouch to the proud, nor to bow down before opposition. A more solemn work than that of preaching the everlasting Gospel of the blessed God there cannot be; and certainly no work is more fearful than for a man to stand up for God, unless he is sent and qualified by God for the work of the ministry. The true servant of the Lord Jesus may have small gifts, his ability for preaching may be very little, but if he be one whose mouth God hath opened, to whom God hath given an authoritative commission to preach His Gospel, the man thus sent though of small parts, is just as much a servant of Christ as the most gifted in abilities, and before God equal to the greatest of preachers. It is not, in my judgment, the amount of talent a man may possess, but rather the use which God makes of him, by the accompanying power which attends his ministry to the consciences of God's living family. Perhaps few ministers are greater martyrs to nervous fear and trembling than myself. Yet, beloved friends, not so much to a legal fear, or the fear of man, for that 'bringeth a snare,' but I tremble

greatly, and God knows I do, on account of my feeling the deep solemnity and importance of my work. I know the time is coming when every man's work shall be tested to what sort it is; this makes me desirous, yea, and intensely anxious to be kept faithful even unto death. Through God's mercy it is not in my character to shrink from a close searching preaching, and the truth which God may see fit to lay on my conscience, I hope to preach to the people before whom I am called to stand. God helping me neither people nor circumstances will cause me to swerve from this my purpose. If the truths I preach should provoke antagonism, I pray I may receive such in love. If the storms of opposition and tempests should blow on me, I know God will support me, for I can say with the apostle, 'Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy;' and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify of the Gospel of the grace of God. I wish not to be actuated by a spirit of opposition; I hope God will ever keep me from lording it over the Lord's heritage. I am sure love and affection are more natural to my disposition; I should be extremely sorry if anything in my preaching should have an air of presumption, or assuming an authority over the people of God. I say this, and I wish all who hear me now may understand me on this point; if at any time anything in my preaching you should through want of clearness of expression, fail to understand me, you will not make me an offender for a word. If I advance anything that you do not understand, then let the parties come to me in brotherly love, and I shall be always willing to meet such as brethren. I trust I shall never give occasion to any to act otherwise than in a spirit of love towards me. As I have already spoken to the deacons of this church to the effect that I am *leadable*, but I am not so sure that I am *drivable*. If at any time I may say anything wrong, and that wrong is pointed out to me, I trust I shall always be ready to acknowledge I am wrong, but at the same time if I feel certain I am right, I cannot sacrifice my own convictions as to what is right through the fear of incurring censure. Some of you who hear me will wonder why I make these plain statements, you will wonder what I can mean by speaking in this egotistical way. But such as are not strangers will know what I have said is, under the circumstances, admissible. May the God of all grace be with us and guide us in all things, and graciously direct us that we may act according to His will.

Mr. Hemmington then briefly adverted to his text. The other day when walking in Plymouth, somewhat saddened by the thoughts of leaving many kind friends, the Lord very blessedly brought the words of the text to his heart. He had no wish or desire to go to any people or place, unless he had some assurance that the Lord's presence would go with him. The apostle, when he went to Corinth, the seat of refinement and

eloquence, preached in all its simplicity the Gospel to perishing sinners. Many of those who heard him (Mr. H.), knew in London, the city of eloquence, of philosophy, science, and much natural wisdom, half the preaching was of the like character. Therefore he said with Paul, "I come not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God." The preacher dwelt very briefly, but with considerable force on some of the leading features of this "testimony" and what God has revealed in the Gospel.

In listening to Mr. Hemmington, one could scarcely fail to be favourably impressed, feeling he will be a very agreeable addition to our London pulpits.

NEW NORTH ROAD.—SALEM CHAPEL, WILTON SQUARE. Anniversary meeting of Sunday school was convened Tuesday evening, November 22nd. George Thomas Congreve, Esq., occupied the chair. There were present Mr. B. B. Wale, Mr. William Flack (pastor), Mr. W. Alderson, Mr. J. L. Meeres, Mr. F. Griffin. Mr. Dixon prayed. Mr. Flack delivered an interesting address upon Sunday school work; touchingly referred to some little scholars who had been called hence. A great deal had been accomplished in a pecuniary point of view for Salem Sunday school by the children's collections, still there was need for extra exertion to be made on behalf of the school which was in debt to the church. Mr. Britton read the annual report, which showed that the school was in a flourishing condition. Two things were wanted; namely, more male teachers, and a little more money.

The chairman expressed the pleasure he felt at being present on that occasion. Such a gathering of children as he saw before him was an interesting sight. So far as Sunday schools were concerned he had spent some of the happiest hours of his life in the class rooms. He had seen the fruit of labours in the school; nine young persons from the Sunday school had joined the church at Peckham during the past year. He (the chairman) would give them an acrostic, on that grand old Saxon word, Gospel. Good news; Oil; Seed; Pearls; England's glory; Light.

Good news from heaven for thee; for man; go spread it far and wide;
Oil for thy bleeding wounds; go tell of Jesus crucified.
Seed of the kingdom; blest are they who sow it by all waters;
Pearls richer far than jewels worn by Asia's proudest daughters;
'Tis England's glory and defence, like rocks that bound her shore;
A Light to shine through every land till darkness be no more.

The chairman having expatiated on each letter of the above, much to the delight of the children, gave some excellent remarks upon the elementary education Act of 1870, and

the great necessity of sending the right men to the School board. Mr. Congreve expressed his admiration of the said Act. As a child was not permitted to starve, &c., if the parent could not find food the State had to see to the matter, in the same way if a parent could not afford to give a child education, the State would do it. The gutter children, and the thousands who run the streets were in future to be educated. They were to be made good citizens. It would, he believed, be a grand event for the future of England. There were happily to be no creeds nor formularies of any kind taught in these schools. The Bible, the Word of God, was to be read. A good many curious things were said of George the Third; the wisest words he ever uttered was the remark that a copy of the Holy Scriptures should be placed in the hands of every British subject. Mr. Congreve having dwelt at length upon the new school Act, resumed his seat amidst applause. The adoption of the report was moved by Mr. William Alderson, seconded by Mr. B. B. Wale, and carried *nem. con.* The children having sung "Breast the Wave, Christian," Mr. J. L. Meeres (who was suffering from a very severe cold) delivered an address. Mr. Frank Griffin having spoken, Mr. Flack proposed and Mr. Meeres seconded a vote of thanks to the chairman, which being submitted to the meeting was carried unanimously. The chairman responded, and the proceedings terminated with singing and prayer. During the evening several pieces were creditably sung by the children.

MR. JOHN HUNT LYNN'S REPLY TO
MR. THOMAS EDWARDS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Mr. T. Edwards's letter in your impression this month needs a reply.

A portion of my letter, published in November, is quoted as being objectionable; but on what ground does not appear.

I do most sincerely desire that some Christian brother will shew to me the slightest untruthfulness, if such their be, in the passage referred to, and I will immediately correct or withdraw it; but if this cannot be shown, let the charge against open-communion remain.

I decline any controversy in the *Earthen Vessel*, but will reply promptly to communications sent to my private address.

In reviewing Mr. Edwards's letter, I shall avail myself of the numbers 1 to 15 inserted.

1. The first part applies to me *personally*. All *personal* remarks will be replied to privately by post, according to Matthew xviii. 15.

2. I am not aware that any strict baptist, who knows ought of the work of the Spirit in his own soul, denies that (to use Mr. E's words) "*Communion of saints is based upon experimental union with Christ,*" or affirms that it is based "*upon any ordinance or creature ceremony*;" certainly my letter of last month cannot be made to favour in the *least degree* anything discordant with the

sweet fact that vital communion is the result of everlasting union with the glorious Head of the church.

3. If, as Mr. E. states, it has often "*been the experience of some who have never been baptised and never partaken of bread or wine at the Lord's Table,*" that they "*yet have been one in spirit with those that have, while witnessing its administration,*" surely they are the very individuals that ought to come boldly forward in the path of manifest obedience to the dear Redeemer, and, being "*one in spirit*" with the people of God, witness a good confession and say we will go with you for God is with you!

4. Mr. E. asks, "*Who can stop real intercourse 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?*" None, dear brother, none; but ought not such to obey heaven's King, and, *because* perfected for ever, therefore, humbly, gratefully, and confidently to show forth in BOTH HIS ORDINANCES, the Lord's death, as the ground of their eternal perfectness, and constant all-sufficiency in that dear Living One who was dead and is alive for ever more?

5. "*Neither water, bread, nor wine qualifies for communion of saints: it but God's Spirit only.*" True, and what a mercy that this is the truth; and so, the Spirit of God having qualified for communion, we walk contrary in neglecting the divine institutions, which show forth so simply and consistently the glorious truths of the gospel. That which "*qualifies*" us for communion of saints, namely, the divine operations of the adorable Paraclete, "*qualifies*" also for baptism and the Lord's supper.

6. "*Devoid o this witness (that is the witness of the Spirit) we are mere ritualists,*" Yea, more, daring hypocrites!! When Paul said, "Let a man examine himself and so let him eat" &c., 1 Cor. xi. 28., he addressed the church, of and to whom he said "For we being many are one body" 1 Cor. x. 17.: and that BY BAPTISM, "For by one spirit are we ALL BAPTISED INTO ONE BODY" 1 Cor. xii. 13; of which unspeakable blessing the outward baptism is presentation; and well would it be if all church members heeded more the apostle's injunction.

I would add here that a church composed of members, some baptised and some not, would be anything but a true witness of our spiritual constitution as a body, whose members "are ALL baptised into one body."

7. 8. Truly the personal responsibility of each soul is between the Lord alone and himself; but should not he, who possesses the love of God shed abroad in his heart, give a testimony thereof, and walk with the church on earth in the ways of the dear Saviour's own instituting? As to ministers, deacons, and churches, they, too, have responsibilities. Are we to welcome all who may choose to join with us? or should we seek from each a "reason of his hope?" There are wolves enough in the church, and surely all divinely appointed under-shepherds should seek to encourage

the timid sheep, to discover if possible those who have sheep's clothing merely, and are not sheep, and to keep such off.

9. The self-examination and eating that bread and drinking that cup applies, as stated above, to church-members; and we say to every one to whom "God hath given a spiritual discernment to see by faith the Lord's body bruised for him" "Come in thou blessed of the Lord." And so in early days those who gladly received the word were welcomed, aye, and baptised too, and continued in the apostle's doctrine and in fellowship and in breaking of bread and in prayers, Acts ii. 41.-42. Such is the example the Holy Ghost has given us, and which we follow; nor dare we swerve therefrom!

10. As to the utility of "the approbation of ministers, deacons, churches, and water-baptism without" the grace of God in the soul, we acknowledge it, hence our responsibility in requiring an evidence of that blessed operation of the Spirit of the Lord.

11. Obedience to the commands of our Living Head, performed by living souls, in accordance with his word "If ye love me keep my commandments" CANNOT BE "dead works."

12. Hence "the testimony of a good conscience" sprinkled with the precious blood of Christ (the confession of a true and living faith) is the pre-requisite for water-baptism, membership in the church on earth, the ordinance of the Lord's supper and communion of saints.

13 and 14. See 1.

15. Mr. E's concluding remarks are excellent, but it should be remembered that the word of God as plainly, and authoritatively teaches the things Mr. E. has turned from, namely, the order and practice of the Strict Baptists, as anything that he has stated in his letter.

May the Eternal Spirit enable us by faith in Jesus, to draw nigh to our heavenly Father, to walk with God, and proclaim his truth in life and lip, and to observe all things whatsoever he has commanded us, trusting his all-sufficient grace, feeling our nothingness and unworthiness, and realizing his most precious "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen." So prays,

Your's by the grace of God,
1, Trafalgar street, JOHN HUNT LYNN.
Plymouth.

DERBY.—DR. GILL, C. H. SPURGEON, &c. That large central town, Derby, with its suburbs and surrounding villages, reckoning nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants, is considered by some to be quite destitute of anything like a New Testament Gospel Ministry. We preached in Derby some years since; and hoped the truth would prosper there: but, the Midland and Northern towns appear, to a large extent, left either in infidelity or a lifeless free-willism. Are there none who will come to the help of the Lord against the mighty? If there are any Lutherans, or Whitfields, or Christmas Evasus, in existence

now, they seem hidden in corners, (with one or two exceptions) men qualified and constrained, to go into the dark places, and among the masses, to set up a standard for the people, are not numerous. Nevertheless, England never had so many churches and causes where the essential and experimental truths of the gospel are maintained, as she has now. Oh, that the spirit of the living God might be poured out upon our ministers, churches, and people, giving to them a burning love to Christ, to his gospel, and to poor sinners; then, among the dry bones there would be a mighty shaking. We dreadfully fear there are but few of us who are sufficiently self-denying. If, in honest earnestness we could all unite in wrestling prayer to God to be FILLED with the POWER of his SPIRIT, there would be hope: as it is, our cities, towns, villages, and hamlets increase, but Zion's harp is hung on the willows. We sigh, we cry, we long, for better days, but our eyes often fail with looking upward. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, in his preface to Godfrey Holden Pike's "Sketches of Old Southwark," &c., says of Dr. Gill, "his sturdy adherence to the doctrines of grace, (alas, in these days far too rare,) still tell upon many, and being dead he yet exercises a mighty influence as one of the great bower anchors holding many minds from drifting with the prevailing currents and eccentric storms which agitate our age." We hope this is true; but while there is much preaching which comes from Gill's commentaries, there is frequently something lacking. Only when the SOUNDNESS of the letter is accompanied by the SAVOUR of the SPIRIT, is the ministry quickening to the dead, and satisfying to the living. John Warburton told John Kershaw, (when he was about to enter upon the work of the ministry) "that the principal evidence of a man being sent to preach the gospel, was the power that attended the word to the hearts of the people." That sentiment is perfectly scriptural. But, in these days, there are many kinds of temporary power: extensive knowledge: natural gifts: eccentric manners: passionate zeal: anecdotal quotations, &c., &c. All these are useful powers, when the Holy Spirit sanctifieth and useth them for the glory of Christ, and for the salvation of souls. The Great Searcher of Hearts alone can tell how far all these powers are in his hands for the accomplishment of purpose. Individually and collectively, may all of us, who are the servants of God, have grace to be faithful unto death; then to receive the crown of life, will be a reward most rich indeed.

VAUXHALL BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Re-opening of Sunday school, after extensive enlargement and improvements. The school-room having been almost entirely rebuilt will accommodate about 400 children. It is one of the largest and best schools in Lambeth. A tea and public meeting took place, Tuesday, December 6th; more than 200 friends assembled; public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by G. T. Congreve, Esq. Prayer was offered; then the Superintendent, Mr.

C. Hearson, made an interesting statement of the rise, progress, and prospects of the school, exceedingly encouraging to all concerned. He said, the school commenced seven years ago with eight scholars; now they had nearly 300 on the books; the average attendance on Sunday afternoons being about 270. Several had been savingly converted; some were members of the church. As to the present new school, for such it really is, they had built for £200; but it was cheap at £300; they had met with great liberality from friends at home and abroad; had no doubt they would receive £100 that night; and the other £100 about next March; and then the school would be entirely clear of debt; and they would all praise God from whom all blessings flow. Mr. Congreve addressed the friends in a very interesting, appropriate, and profitable manner; and crowned it with the generous gift of five guineas; other gentlemen having spoken, a collection was made; and, with the results of Collecting Cards, brought in £95, which called forth expressions of gratitude. This interesting meeting was enlivened by the children, who sang some pieces very sweetly; also by two special presentations which were made by two of the senior classes of scholars. The senior girl's class presented their teacher with a beautiful Album, containing the likenesses of each girl in the class; and the senior boys' class presented the Pastor with two guineas towards the building fund. The pastor, G. Hearson, brought this meeting to a close by offering his hearty thanks to the friends who had so liberally helped the school. He hoped greater grace might rest upon them all: and to this end, he hoped they would never be allowed to undervalue the throne of grace. Grace only could really help and prosper the cause; but he really believed, that, more and more, great grace would be given for Jesus Christ's sake.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—During December, as well as most part of November, Mr. Wells has been detained from his pulpit, by an affliction, the exact nature of which, there appears to be considerable uncertainty among some of the medical gentlemen who have been consulted on the subject. But at the time of our writing, it is hoped Mr. Wells may be able to preach on Christmas morning; but, still, this is uncertain. On Sunday, Dec. 4, Mr. Hetherington, of Chobham, supplied both morning and evening. It had been hoped Mr. Wells would have occupied the pulpit in the morning, but he was unable. Mr. H. is a "preacher of the Word;" he is full of speech, talking of the things he has experienced with a fluency that is pleasant, and abounding with appropriate texts; and his happy and repeated quotations from "dear Hart," and "dear Watts," lead you along in a path not at all unwelcome to the weary pilgrim; and if sometimes he faintly tells you "thus therefore, dear Christian friends," you see the connection, when you really do not see it, the honesty and earnestness with which he freely and faithfully

deals with the subject, so entirely outweighs any little discrepancy which a "London Critic" might note, that we pronounce him not only an acceptable preacher, but a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed;" and we shall be happy to see him in town again. On Sundays, Dec. 11 and 18, Mr. Lambourne, of Warboys, was heard acceptably, and we think profitably. He is a Christian who has been deeply and very sharply tried as to his eternal interest; it has been "through much tribulation" that he has been brought into the liberty of the Gospel; often his way has been "hedged up," and mysterious has been the path he has had to traverse. His ministrations therefore partake largely of that deep experimental character, so acceptable to the tried children of God. On the 18th, the annual collection for the poor was made, and Mr. Lambourne hoped it would not suffer through his presence. We understand that £82 was collected. A member of the congregation also proposed to Mr. Butt to raise £100 extra for the poor this season; and towards the same he offered £5, provided nineteen other friends would subscribe the like amount; and we learn that this matter has been nearly accomplished.

TOOLEY STREET.—**UNICORN YARD CHAPEL** has been sold by auction. In 1854, at the strong persuasion of certain influentials, we repaired Unicorn Yard Chapel, at a cost of £700, and more; every farthing of which was paid by our friends in the fellowship of the Gospel. We entered into that place of worship in June, 1854, taking nearly two hundred members from Crosby row to unite with the remnant left in Unicorn Yard Chapel. For seven years we laboured there with some success: and with many difficulties. At the very time we commenced in Unicorn Yard Chapel, a powerful blaze of popular excitement broke out in the borough of Southwark. No less than four great preachers became like so many rival stars: one went shining on, until all others were threatened with a total eclipse. Beside all this popular excitement, circumstantial clouds gathered around us: hot hearts turned to cruel tongues: broken-hearted we sunk in the battle; and retired from the field. Messrs Maycock, Chamberlain, Bewick, and other ministers, entered Unicorn Yard as our successors: they all failed. The people have been scattered; the place itself is closed, it is sold, it is gone. Beneath, and around it have been laid the bodies of many of God's dear children: belonging to it were valuable things. What becomes of all these? Bright scenes, and bitter sorrows belong to the history. We have mourned over that part of London, where we laboured nearly twenty years; and, nothing would more help us to praise the Lord, (as we once did) than to see the poor scattered sheep, gathered together, and, (as hundreds whom we once knew, are either gone to heaven, fled to Australia, or have hidden themselves in Open Communion or other neighbouring churches,) with the re-

gathered, under a servant of Christ's own anointing, the Master would fulfil that blessed scripture, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also, I must bring."

FARNBOROUGH, KENT. — Tuesday, the 29th of November, will be a day long remembered by the Baptist friends at Farnborough. The friends who had long worshipped in a tumble-down, barn-like building, though few in number, and poor in pocket, determined by the divine blessing, to build a more commodious place in which to worship the God of their fathers. They collected among themselves, and by the earnest and indefatigable efforts of the good pastor, Mr. Ballard, fifty pounds were raised, with which they bought a piece of freehold ground; and on Tuesday, the 29th of November, the four memorial stones were laid by Mrs. William Fox, of Chelsfield; Mrs. Thomas May, of Footscray; C. Spencer, Esq., of Blackheath; and Mr. Rogers, of Peckham. Suitable addresses were delivered by the two last named gentlemen, and by Messrs. Rowe, of Cambervell; Forsaith, of the Temple, St. Mary's Cray; and Fothergill, of Clapham, on behalf of the ladies.

The evening meeting was held in the old chapel, which was crowded. R. May, Esq., of London, presided; and addresses were delivered by Mr. B. B. Wale, of Blackheath, and Mr. D. Jones, of Brixton. And at the close of the meeting, the noble sum of two hundred and seventy-seven pounds, including a cheque from Mr. Joynson, of St. Mary's Cray, for £100, was given or promised. Messrs. Camp, of Eynsford; Tessier, of Bromley; and Knight, of Brixton Hill, were among the ministers present. Altogether it was a good day, and a prosperous day; and the result must very much have rejoiced the heart, and strengthened the hands of our good, kind, and loving brother Ballard.

HONOURING THE SON.

JESUS thy Person I esteem;
Thy Blood and Righteousness,
Beyond the monarch's diadem,
Or prince's costly dress.

To thee I bow the lowly knee,
Confess thee LORD and GOD;
Own thy Essential Deity,
And trust alone thy Blood.

There centres all my hopes of bliss;
Nor shipwreck do I fear;
His work is mine; my guilt was his,
He died, and set me clear.

All hail, dear Christ, the gift of heaven!
The boon of sovereign love;
With thee eternal life is given,
And endless bliss above.

JOSEPH BAILEY,
Baptist Minister,

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

PLYMOUTH. — DEAR BROTHER,—
Your kind note is at hand; glad to find you and yours are well, and enjoying quietness and confidence in Him.

"How sweet to live in His embrace;
And nowhere else but there."

In reference to Trinity, through mercy we move on comfortably. On Tuesday evening, November 29th, Mr. Lynn baptised nine persons; and on Sunday, December 4th, eight of them were added to the church. The other one was a good brother from Ottery, near Exeter; son of our aged brother, Mr. Thomas, who stands a member with us at Trinity, now in his ninetieth year, still he attended the ordinance, and saw his youngest son baptised. Mr. Lynn's preaching had been much blessed to Mr. Thomas, junr., when at Ottery; this was one reason of his being baptised at Trinity. Since the baptising others have come forward expressing desire to unite with us; we hope ere long many more will be added to our number. So you see, my brother, in the midst of all the deadly enmity the Lord will bring forth His witnesses to this fact; it is the Lord's order, according to the last parting words of the dear Redeemer. I grieve, yea mourn, to see the enmity of those who profess to be brethren in the liberty of the Gospel, yet make such a daring stand against the Lord whom they profess to love; truly such conduct is not the conduct of the new man of the heart, but the enmity of the old man. "Oh, my soul, come thou not into their secret, unto their assembly, mine honour, be thou not united." I have long said let ministers and churches be more decided in every particle of the truth of God; then we shall have peace and prosperity. What has been the cause of so much disturbance throughout all our churches of truth? Men's shifting from one part to the other as may best suit them. Men who a few years since preached and practised strict order, where are they now? Writing against it; crying it down; going about sprinkling infants; is the Bible changed, or are the men? They used to take their text from the Bible to substantiate their strict order: where do they get their text now to prove to the contrary? If such brethren are to form one of the conference for the translation of a new Bible, baptism will surely be left out (perhaps sprinkling put in). "For the divisions of Reuben there was great searching of heart." Oh, may the Spirit of God lead and guide us into all truth, so may we live and walk in the truth. Editors may try and justify such men by saying, "What is become of Mr. Irons, Dr. Hawker, and a number of others?" say? their opposition to baptism did not alter their covenant standing more than Joseph's brethren cut off their relationship by their cruel conduct. But were they justified in such conduct? Let those who oppose the words of Him who was not only baptised, but gave the command, tell me, is it possible infallible lips could utter idle words? Yours faithfully, JAMES CHAMBERS.
Dec. 15, 1870.

BOSTON.—We have had quite a revival in Bethel chapel, Trinity street Boston, through the visit of Mr. John Bunyan McCure; who was brought here in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. He preached three sermons Lord's-day, November 20th, and on Monday and Wednesday he also preached. The collections were very good; we are thankful to the Lord. Mr. McCure lectured in the Town Hall, Tuesday, to a large number of persons: spoke of the things that he had seen of the wonders of Divine Providence and grace during his travels, and residence in Australia. The testimony he delivered in the Town Hall, Boston, will not soon be forgotten. We hope it will not be long before Mr. McCure comes again; our hands have been strengthened; our hearts encouraged. Our dear pastor, brother Wilson greatly rejoices in God having blessed the labours of our brother John Bunyan McCure. Mr. Wilson is still preaching to us with great acceptance; we love and esteem him highly for his work's sake. I accompanied Mr. McCure to Spalding; he preached in Baptist chapel, Love Lane, with acceptance; after sermon, tea was provided. The chapel has been opened 100 years; is in need of extensive repairs; the friends require assistance. In the evening Mr. McCure lectured to a chapel full of people. Our brother preached and lectured eight times in five days; he appeared happy in his work. The Lord bless you in your great work. J. STUBLEY.

28, Liquorpond Street, Boston.

CHATHAM. DEAR BROTHER BANKS.

I have been ill; through the blessing of our covenant God I am again ready for work. The Lord has been graciously pleased to bless me with many sweet promises to support and cheer me; such as "He will keep the feet of His saints." "He led them by the right way." And one word when in severe pain and unable to sleep was sweetly let into my soul, "Yea, He loved the people." It made me very closely examine myself as to my present standing and past experience; through the mercy of the ever blessed God, I may safely say the examination was satisfactory and complete. What a mercy when we can "set to our seal that God is true," and are sweetly assured the work wrought in us is the work of "The Holy Ghost." Sweet assurance! Not the assurance of carnal reason, but through grace "The full assurance of faith." "Precious faith!" I hope you are in the enjoyment of soul prosperity, holding continual sweet communion with our God and His Christ. Do you ever feel, think and say, as I sometimes (in my folly) do, that none are troubled, tried, and tempest-tossed like unto myself? Poor Jeremiah and me. "I am the man that hath seen affliction." But this is sweet: "Tis the right way, though dark and rough; Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough."

I am open to supply; my address is, 16, Skinner Street, Chatham, Kent. Yours faithfully in Christ Jesus, C. WITTS.

FOREST GATE, STRATFORD, ESSEX.—Tuesday evening, Nov. 29, an interesting service was held in New Baptist Chapel, situated near Chatsworth road, Forest lane, on the occasion of the formation of a church, on Strict Baptist principles. Mr. Box, of Woolwich, read appropriate portions of scripture, and offered prayer; Mr. W. Palmer, of Homerton, gave an address on the "constitution of a Gospel church;" Mr. Box, after giving the right hand of fellowship to each individual, addressing them upon the solemn nature of the act they were engaged in, declared the church organized. The Church having unanimously elected Mr. Morter as their deacon, the meeting was closed with prayer and praise. Time would not permit the observance of the Lord's Supper, but it was attended to on the following Sabbath evening. The Lord is smiling upon this humble effort to establish a Cause of Truth in this populous locality; the attendance is generally good, a Sabbath school has been formed, and the future is hopeful.—THOMAS AUSTIN.

DOWN, KENT.—Once more we are constrained to acknowledge the Lord is good. On Thursday evening, Dec. 15, 1870, we had a pleasant opportunity in the above place. Mr. Clinch, our minister, on that occasion, spoke from those favourite words, "Although my house be not so with God," &c. Afterwards, Mr. Town, our worthy deacon, presented a handsome purse, containing twelve sovereigns, in the name of the church and congregation, to Mr. Clinch, with an address expressive of their love to him in his work, and to the Gospel which he declares; after which, brother Thorogood addressed the meeting, confirming what had before been said by brother Town. We are compelled to say, what hath God wrought? Our prayer meetings are well attended; there is a spirit of prayer among the people; and on Sabbath evenings, the chapel is filled. LITTLE ONE.

WHITESTONE.—A venerable gentleman in an omnibus, thanked us heartily the other evening, for having been the means of getting brother Plaice to Whitestone. He told us, prosperity attended the labours of the pastor there. The chapel has been entirely renovated and improved; and the congregations are large. Farmer Henley has been suddenly removed by death. At the funeral discourse a large multitude attended. How blessed it is to find that the Truth as it is in Jesus doth flourish in some parts.

Deaths.

OUR ministering brother, Mr. C. L. Kemp, of Poplar, has been bereaved of his beloved wife, Rebecca, who died August 30, 1870: aged 47 years. Her bodily sufferings were severe: but her faith in the Lord firm. We hope brother Kemp will give some account of her life and death, when his heart is a little more healed.

MARRIED, November 1, by Mr. D. Lodge, minister of the place, at the Strict Baptist chapel, Broad street, Bilston; T. W. Bitson, Baptist minister, Bacup, Lancashire, to Mrs. Jane Webber, of Bilston, Stafford.

WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP?

CHAP. XXIV.

A REVIEW OF THE SEVEN METAPHORICAL CUPS IN THE BIBLE.

“Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils.”

UNDERSTAND, brethren, in the beginning of this study, that by “the cup of devils,” is meant the cup, or the worship, of all idolators; for every worshipper of idols, let those idols be what they may; every one who *professes* to worship the true GOD, yet, at the same time, boweth down unto, or places dependence in, or upon, any creature or thing, instead of relying alone upon, and worshipping only, the ETERNAL GOD, in, and through, the Person of His SON, and by the Grace and power of the Holy Ghost, every such person is an idolator; and all his worship is but drinking the cup of devils: because, every species of idolatry springs from Satan; and all who are finally and fatally deceived by that infernal foe, will have nothing to drink for ever, but the Cup of Wrath—which is said to be prepared for the devil, and for his angels: for all who are deceived by that insatiable, that cruel, that ancient, that most mysterious monster, sometimes called “the great red dragon.”

Consider then, the terrible nature and consequences, of any, and of every kind of false worship; and pray for grace to look deeply, discerningly, and with zealous care, and continued watchfulness, into the origin and character of thy worship, remembering those large words of our Saviour—“God is a Spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.” The Father seeketh such to worship him.

It is instructive to notice that the first time the word “*Worship*” is used in the Bible, it is in connection with such circumstances as indicate its spiritual and legitimate definition. God had given to Abraham the promised son. “Isaac is born!” says the Herald of Truth. When he is growing up, God calleth Abraham to take that only son Isaac, whom he loved, to go unto the land of Moriah, and offer up his beloved son Isaac upon one of the mountains which God would point out to him. The patriarch took his son, and his servants, and went. On the third day, Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off: and Abraham said unto his young men, “Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder, and WORSHIP.” What was in that word “*Worship*?” Four things were in it. First, implicit obedience to the command of God. Obeying his Maker to the very letter. Secondly, it was an unreserved surrender of all that was most dear to his poor old heart: for Abraham built the altar, laid the wood in order, bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood; then Abraham stretched forth his hand, (Oh, what a crisis for faith, and for nature’s feeling too! his left hand holds down Isaac, while his right hand is stretched forth; with this,) he takes the knife to slay his son. This was worship: it was giving up all to God: but the third part, is, accepting, and taking the substitutionary ram, and “offering him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son.” *Worship.*

then is going where God commands : it is doing, and surrendering, as God directs : it is taking and offering up the sanctified one that God provides ; and the result of all this worship, is, the proclamation, and the adoration of the Name of JEHOVAH : for immediately it is added, " Abraham called the name of that place, Jehovah-Jireh : In the Mount of the Lord it shall be seen."

This is the first great copy—the most expressive pattern of pure worship which the Holy Ghost has given unto us.

I must beg of you—my very soul is urged to beseech of you, to reconsider this great practical pattern of divine worship : it is (1) Listening unto, and quickly obeying the voice of God : it is (2) surrendering all up to his divine command : it is (3) taking and offering up the prepared substitute : it is (4) proclaiming the all-seeing and all-providing Name of the Lord—Jehovah-Jireh—He will see to it : " The Lord will provide."

You cannot look abroad upon the face of the professing churches now ; you cannot enter minutely into the secret feelings, movements, expressions, and whole deportment, of multitudes of professors now ; but you will clearly—you will painfully—see on the one hand, ministers are worshipping themselves, their peculiar gifts, their singular theories, their great successes, and their grandeur of appearance, in their people and in their places. While on the other hand, the people are more or less worshipping their pastors, their preachers, their order, their ordinances, their experiences, their creed, or something unconnected with, and, to some extent, blinding them to the glorious, and all-sufficient perfection of the Eternal, and the Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Furthermore, you cannot carefully read the history of the Church of Christ, but you must see, that the Lord God, in his infinite wisdom, in his merciful and mysterious dealings with even his own dear servants, has often given ministers, and people too, such terrible expositions of Paul's thorn in the flesh, that they can never forget it. How deeply, how indelibly, how dreadfully engraven in my soul, is that word in 2 Cor. xii. " Lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure !" Ah, beloved, I never desire to go to commentators to ask them *what* Paul's thorn in the flesh was. No, indeed. I know enough of my own. I know when forced out, drawn out, and led out into the ministry the first few years, men and women too, did all but worship me. There was also, at that time, given unto me, such rich anointings of the Spirit, such unfoldings of the Word of God, such nearness of access and fellowship with Him, that my heart would be melted into a fountain of waters : the singing of Jesus's love by the saints would so affect me, that I have set in the pulpit and wept with such indiscrible joy, as tongue cannot describe ; and in preaching, my soul would be overwhelmed with feelings I could not repress. Sinners then were converted to God—huge backsliders were restored—babes in grace did grow—fathers and mothers in Israel were comforted ; and the glory of the Lord was great in our midst. Had things have long continued like this, what we should have grown unto, I dare not imagine ; but, then, " lest I should be exalted above measure, there was

given unto me such an awful thorn in the flesh—such a messenger of Satan to buffet,” to bruise, and to crush me, as was never explained to anyone yet. It threw poison into my veins: it sunk me down into the belly of hell indeed. Out of the belly of hell cried I unto the Lord; and as I lay in this belly of hell crying unto the Lord, one man who had been driven almost to self-destruction, came where I was. My bitter crying came into his soul: it burst his chains: it broke his snare, by God’s use of it; and out he came; and for many years he has appeared to fear God; although to find a minister suited to his soul’s desire, has been a difficulty great indeed; and he has not so consistently walked in the Lord’s ordinances as he should have done. How far beyond the reach of human ken, are all these deep, and terrible crushings of idolatry in the people! Well might the Psalmist say, “They reel and to fro, and stagger like a drunken man: they are at their wits end.” But, hereby, man’s pride gets a wound—man’s heart is broken: Gideon’s pitcher bursts asunder; then the light of his lamp shines the brighter. When an old Cardinal was dying, he cried out, “Farewell! a long fareweell to all my greatness:” but, when God is pleased to put the Gospel treasure into an earthen vessel, the treasure is most precious indeed; and frequently the foolish people admire, and almost adore the earthen vessel, instead of the “TREASURE”—instead of the “CHRIST IN YOU;”—therefore, a storm breaks upon the vessel; it is burst in sunder—it is almost destroyed; and then by many it is kicked, and cast away for ever; and there is a long farewell to that man’s greatness: but God commandeth the light to shine WHERE and *in whom* HE WILL; and all this is to accomplish one end, “that the excellency of the power may be of God; and not of us”—“That your faith should stand not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.”

I have clearly enough seen, that there are two degrees of what may be termed Gospel Charity. One is, a love to God, and to Christ, and to the Holy Ghost, and to the Gospel; and also to the Saints, so far as they accord with the stiffness, the straightness, the righteousness, and the supposed goodness of the minister, or the deacon, or the members in whom the first degree of Gospel love doth dwell: but, toward any who may be humbled by any of Satan’s devices, this first degree of Gospel love turns sour, bitter, cruel, and revengeful. I have seen—I have suffered—from this. I well know a young man who was sent out into the ministry by a very great man. The young man came forth like a lady’s white wedding bonnet out of a band-box: he was successful to erect a large place of worship; many hundreds gathered round him: he was as a little god before them. Many eyes of the softer sex were fastened on him; but in settling in life he was said to make some mistake; what it was I know not: but, immediately he was cast out; his patron deceived him; and like a dog in a ditch, he was left to perish. I must hope, that God was his friend; consequently, his mouth has not been closed; his ministry has continued; although, for years, that poor young man has been saying to himself, “a wounded spirit who can bear?”

There is also an amalgamated power, which may be called, an “*Evan-gelical-Experimental-Self-Righteousness*,” which sets its owner up for a great pope in a little way. Three special elements are in this singularly constituted, “Self-righteousness.” It is in creed, very *clear*; in

moral deportment, very *clean*; in practical development, very *cold*. *Against* these three elements there is no law. Of course, they are, in themselves, excellent. They commend themselves to the admiration of almost all men; but, to me they appear to have no assimilation to HIM who, when Peter came to Him, and said, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" then answered, "I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven."

"**FÖRGIVENESS!**" Sirs, "**FÖRGIVENESS**" is the great head-line on the title-page of the Lamb's Book of Life. David's eye of faith caught this line, when "out of the depths" he was crying unto the Lord; when he made that most solemn appeal, "If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" Then, I say, directed by the unseen finger of God, he saw the grand title-line on the Book of Life, and exclaimed, "But there is forgiveness **WITH THEE**, that thou mayest be feared." Therefore, his soul waited for the Lord; and as his waiting on the Lord, as his waiting for the Lord, was not in vain, he vehemently exhorted all poor Israelitish Seekers to be of good courage, "Wait, I say, upon the Lord."

"**FÖRGIVENESS,**" Sirs, was written upon the girdle which went round the Saviour's loins: read the golden line, "*The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive SINS.*"

"**FÖRGIVENESS**" was written all round the outer brim of the "cup" of the Saviour's sufferings; and, as His blessed mouth drank that cup even to the dregs, He cried aloud, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And when he came from the grave, when he walked with His disciples in His Resurrection Power, when he gave them their commission for the erection of the Gospel Kingdom, this sin-condemning, this soul-reviving word was the key-note of that commission; and I make bold to declare unto you all—unto all the heralds of Christ's Gospel, whether ye be Ryle-ites in the Church of England, or Spurgeonites in the Open-communion Baptist Churches, or Standardites in the Experimental Churches; wherever your standing may be, by whatever earthly name ye may be called, I will beseech of you to remember that **THE WORK** which **JESUS** did in the disciples, and the words spoken by **JESUS** unto the disciples, must be done in you, must be spoken in you, and must be manifested in your ministry, or ye never can make full proof of the same. Read the end of Luke xxiv. There is,

His Secret Work in them—"He opened their understanding, that they might **UNDERSTAND THE SCRIPTURES!**" This is the great inwrought and most essential qualification for your work; it is not that you understand the law or canons of the National Church; it is not that you can speak fluently of the conflicts and corruptions in man's inner department; it is not that you have tied together correctly "the five points;" but it is this, that the candle of the Lord be lighted up in your understanding; that you really, believingly, and experimentally, do understand the Scriptures. That is the Academy or School where God communicates the knowledge of Nature and of Grace to his scholars; therein He affords them matter enough for their most diligent and serious study; therein by parable, and by prophecies, therein by metaphors, and by mysterious methods, He maketh plain unto those

who are taught by Him, those divine matters wherein is contained all our salvation. Where this internal anointing is lacking, I cannot think any truth-revealing, or salvation-sealing blessing can attend any man's "discoursing." I have heard a Minister take a text, and preach on it, the opposite of what was in it; and it is no uncommon thing to hear people speak of a Minister, saying, "his text was no use to him—he never touched it." These things are lamentable. Seek for JESUS Himself to lead and to light you into a true understanding of the Scriptures.

Look again at Luke xxiv. See, after Jesus had OPENED their understandings, then he spake unto them; first, of the propriety and sufficiency of his mediatorial work; he said unto them, "Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day." It had been written by Heaven, and it had been accomplished on earth; therefore, now comes the proclamation of all this—"And that repentance and remission of sin should be PREACHED IN HIS NAME, among all nations, BEGINNING AT JERUSALEM," where, and unto those very people by whom, he had been crucified and slain.

There is a second, and much deeper degree of Gospel charity, than that which I have just defined as clear in its creed, clean in its moral deportment, and cold in its general bearing. All these three are indispensable; but, more than all these are required in order to meet the miseries, the misfortunes, the sorrows, and the despondencies of the millions of our fellow-men. Many of our churches are in a low and weak state. Many of our ministers are in difficulties, and some in great distress. My letters from them, and my knowledge of not a few of them, painfully declare all this. What is the remedy? My responsibility (as I write, perhaps, for from ten to twenty thousand readers) is not small, in attempting to point out the remedy. But, in the fear of God, let me write THE TRUTH, and leave the result with him, whose I am, and whom I ever desire to serve.

The three greatest enemies to the progress of eternal truth, are (1.) INFIDELITY; which the late Robert Hall, nearly seventy years since, shewed, (in his Cambridge sermon) has passed through various stages, each distinguished by higher gradations of impiety. Lord Herbert, Bolingbroke, and Hume, led on the opposition against the existence, the character, and the Word, of the great God. Since then, sceptical writers have rapidly increased; until now, multitudes of gifted orators and speech-makers, are running through the nation, to pour contempt upon the Gospel, and to harden men in darkness and a distance from God.

The second adversary, is that of IDOLATRY. This veiled, this hypocritical, this deceptive adversary, comes before us (not like that bold and stalwart fellow, Infidelity; Idolatry comes) as an Angel of Light. Paul says, it has "the form of Godliness," but it is always "denying the power." The power of an absolute divine sovereignty, in the purpose of God the Father; the power of a special, particular, and a real, and a relative redemption in the person of God the Son; and the power of unity, harmony, and efficiency, in the work of the Holy Ghost, in regenerating the souls of the chosen and redeemed; and in revealing the CHRIST of GOD in them, thereby sanctifying and saving them in CHRIST; more or less, some, or all of these essential

powers in the persons in the glorious Trinity, are directly, or indirectly denied. And yet, this fashionable and feasible form of Godliness, flourisheth in external growth and grandeur beyond all precedent. *How is this?*

Surely, if this be true, every faithful minister of Jesus Christ ought to take up, and to sound out the text I commence this study with—giving the meaning of the Holy Ghost in the words—"Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils." To distinguish, and to decide between those who drink the cup of the Lord, and those who drink the cup of devils, is one of the most fearful and solemn pieces of ministerial work a man can attempt in the world.

There is a third most lamentable foe: it is called in one place "the Divisions of Reuben." It is that separating spirit, which divides the armies of the living God into such a host of minor and miserable factions that I am ashamed either to think, speak, or write of them. A divine of immense influence, nearly a century since, uttered two sentences which are not out of place or season here. First, he said, "the lovely fruits of peace and charity, have perished in the storms of controversy:" and, then he added, "May it please God, so to dispose the minds of Christians that Ephraim may no longer vex Judah, nor Judah Ephraim; that the only rivalry felt in future might be, who shall most advance the interests of a Divine Christianity; and the only provocation sustained, be that of provoking each other to love and good works." Amen—and again, I would say, Amen.

Believing that the only remedy with which to overcome—or to resist—the great Goliaths of Gath, is, the Experimental Possession, and Persevering Proclamation of THE TRUTH, as revealed in JESUS CHRIST; believing that the great work of the Spirit of God, in these latter days, is to take forth the precious from the vile; and believing that the scriptures of truth furnish an abundance of material for such a discriminating piece of business; therefore, if grace be given, I purpose in future chapters to endeavour to shew how God has described the different conditions of all his creatures—both as regards their existence in the world, in the church, in heaven, and in hell. In the prosecution of this work, which, in a singular manner, seems to be laid upon me, I ask the prayers of all who can sympathize with their willing servant in Christ,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

5, Victoria Park road, London, N.E.

MORNING MUSINGS.

"A three-fold cord is not quickly broken."—Ecc. iv. 12.

My Father, I am feebly thine,
A three-fold cord entwines me;
And thou as really, too, art mine,
A three-fold cause inclines thee.

First, in the Covenant of Grace,
Before the world's creation;
Thou gavest me a name and place,
'Mongst heirs of thy salvation.

Then, Jesus bought me with his blood;
Justice the price accepted,
By faith I now can cry, "my God,"
Nor have the plea rejected.

Tottenham, Dec. 18, 1870.

And lastly, I, myself to thee
Most cordially surrender;
Forced by that mighty power in me,
Thy Spirit doth engender.

Joined with the Father's sovereign will,
And dying love of Jesus,
The Spirit doth that work fulfil,
Which from perdition frees us.

Here is a scheme whence ev'ry saint
May draw sweet consolation;
'Twill strengthen faith, and hush complaint,
A perfected Salvation.

ROBERTUS.

HOW COULD "OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST" BE TEMPTED LIKE AS WE ARE?

BY JOHN HUNT LYNN,
Minister of Trinity Chapel, Plymouth.

"But was in all points tempted like as *we are*, yet without sin." Heb. iv. 15.

IN this brief, but suggestive sentence, there is much consolation for the tempted saint. We have such an High Priest, one who is able to sympathize with us; a brother born for adversity. "In all their afflictions he was afflicted!"

Firstly, *Our Great High Priest was tempted as our great pattern.* Secondly, *He was tempted comprehensively.* Thirdly, *He was perfectly victorious.* Fourthly, *He was tempted as the church's Surety and Substitute.*

I. THE GREAT PATTERN. The words "*we are, yet*" in our text, are printed in our bibles in italics, denoting that they are not in the original, but supplied by the translators to make up what they supposed to be the sense of the passage. Without them it would read, "But was in all points tempted like as—without sin." The word here rendered "like" occurs only in one other passage, in the New Testament, namely, Heb. vii. 15, rendered, "similitude;" "after the *similitude* of Melchisedec." Another form of the same word occurs in Romans viii. 3, rendered "likeness;" "God sending his own Son in the *likeness* of sinful flesh." Also, Phil. ii. 7, "was made in the *likeness* of men."

Our dear Redeemer was in our likeness, after our similitude, like us perfectly and truly, *man* (as well as God,) and so made in all things like unto his brethren, sin excepted. In this character he was tempted, and met all the fierceness of Satanic hate, the craft of Satanic subtlety, and the skill of Satanic wiles; and well did he know, and fully did he experience, *as man*, with truly human feelings and sensibilities, the continual conflict, wrestling, not against flesh and blood, but against wicked spirits.

In our thoughts on Immanuel's temptations, we are too apt to picture to ourselves the puny efforts of a fallen spirit against the mighty God, but the true picture before us, is *the man* perfect in all his feelings and affections, opposed by all the might and craft of "the god of this world, the spirit that ruleth in the children of disobedience." In hunger, in poverty, in loneliness, in desertion, in persecution, in scorn, in hatred, most keenly did our Surety feel as "the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief:" and Satan ever watchful, met him in every circumstance, and cunningly sought to insinuate his many forms of evil. But, as at the first, so throughout, and at the last, Jesus could most truly say, "The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me." Thus, as in his perfect life, he leaves us an example, that we should follow in his steps, so also, in his temptations; and though enduring sorrow upon sorrow, wave upon wave, and temptation upon temptation, never could the arch-foe, elicit one murmur, or instil one rebellious thought, or so much as an hair's breadth turn *him* from that single perfectness of devotion: "*I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me.*"

II. Our Great High Priest was TEMPTED COMPREHENSIVELY; in two respects. Firstly, in respect of himself, he "was tempted *in all points*." In all the minute details of his history, the days of his infancy, childhood, youth, manhood, of pain, of weariness, as a son, a brother, a friend. Tempted, in labours to relax his energy; in needful watchings and prayer, to seek ease for his worn frame; or in his perfectness to boast in himself; but without effect. Still he could say, "*I must work*;" "*I speak not of myself*;" and, though he had whereof to glory, even works to justify him most fully, yet he lives out the inspired testimony that "he hath whereof to glory, but not before God;" ever "meek and lowly of heart!" "*Tempted in all points*" of his life, his position, his nature, his circumstances, and "*like*" us—truly *man*; hence our consolation in his real and perfect sympathy:

"He knows what sore temptations mean
For he has felt the same."

Secondly, in respect of the tempter, our dear Elder Brother was comprehensively tempted. No energy, skill or expertness gathered from ages of experience, nothing that the prince of darkness could command, was ever wanting in his constant opposition to the Lord. In this sense also he "*was tempted in all points*" "without sin."

Believer, shall the energy and craft of Satan be brought to bear against thy Saviour, and shall thou go free? Is the servant greater than his Lord, and therefore to be treated with greater respect? No, verily! Rejoice in thy great Kinsman's practical and most endearing sympathies, and triumph in his victory, which is thine. In all thy temptations he is ever with thee, having said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

III. The Lamb of God WAS VICTORIOUS. Well did he wield the weapon of all prayer, and the sword of the Spirit. "It is written," said the tempter. "It is written *again*," said the Lord—not that Scripture contradicts Scripture, but rather explains and harmonises itself when divided and compared by the Spirit. How continuous the intense conflict! How complete and confounding the perfect victory! "I do *always* those things that please Him." So spake the Son of Man concerning his faithful zeal in Jehovah's service. Throughout is he the Lamb without spot or blemish.

IV. In his temptations, as in his sacrifice of himself, Jesus was the CHURCH'S SURETY AND SUBSTITUTE. How often has the enemy of souls, by the very fact of the Lord's success against the tempter, prevented us from drawing near to the throne of grace. Thus we have reasoned: "He was tempted, and sinned not, I am tempted and sin so easily. How can I approach Jehovah's presence? I am afraid and ashamed."

The Holy Ghost has given this sweet testimony of Jesu's temptations without sin for our encouragement and consolation. He stood in our stead before God, and his unsullied integrity in, through, and after all temptations, is accepted *for* his people, who are hidden in him, and covered, and everlastingly blessed, in *his* integrity, obedience, atoning death, and fulness of merit and worth.

"Tempted in all points—*without sin*!" Thus the opposition of the tempter serves as a grand proof of the entire perfectness of our great High Priest, and becomes an inestimable blessing to the household of faith; the dear man of sorrows having himself been tempted, is therefore

able fully and practically to sympathize with those that are tempted. Thus too is his full worth more manifestly revealed, as well as his victory over the church's foe, and on her behalf, more strikingly demonstrated.

Wherefore, our Surety being accepted, the Sinless *for* sinners, the Victorious *for* the conquered, may we draw near to realize and receive mercy, sympathy, and timely help in him; at the mercy seat communing with him, and being blessed with that tender and divine gentleness which the Psalmist says "Hath made me great," and which is so sweet to the soul.

And oh, what love is displayed in all those scenes of suffering which *he*, the Prince of Peace passed through! enduring what he endured, the anguish, the shame, the ignominy, the guilt and curse of his people's myriad crimes, the wrath of God, death—the death of the cross. Shall we *ever* comprehend the depths of that unexampled and eternally fruitful death?

And now, all glory to his name! he lives to succour his tempted brethren. He lives "*after the power of an endless life,*" our great Melchisedec, and, joy of joys, he says "*because I live ye shall live also!*"

May the Eternal Spirit enable us to say with an apprehending, comprehending, and victorious faith.

"WE HAVE SUCH AN HIGH PRIEST!"

THE LOWLY, YET THE LOVELY PLACE.

BY W. F. EDGERTON, LATE OF EBENEZER CHAPEL, TRING.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."—Matt. vi. 10.

OUR Lord Himself gave His disciples this prayer, and He has given it to us; we often repeat the words: have we fathomed the depths of their meaning? let us prayerfully consider them. "Thy will be done," by us, our lives, our works, our ways, and though it be contrary to our feelings, requiring right eyes to be plucked out, and right hands to be cut off; though it should prove that we must sacrifice our fondest human hopes, and see our highest expectations blighted; yet wrapped in deep humility, the act of Job must be ours:—he fell down on the ground and worshipped.

"Thy will be done," concerning us for happiness, in causing prosperity to attend our steps; or suffering, to mar our feelings and render burthensome our days, for joy, in making our path one of roses, and ever increasing delight; or sorrow, in sending a worm to destroy every gourd, and filling every cup with bitters; for privation in keeping from us that which we might think to be conducive to our comfort; or for abundance in causing the oil and wine to increase.

"Thy will be done," not ours; we are the clay, He the Potter; we the servants, He the allwise Master; we the soldiers, He the great and illustrious Captain; we the frail, finite creatures, He the only wise God.

"Thy will be done." Who can deny it? By nature, we have no desire to perform His pleasure, neither do we know the blessed fact, that for His elect ones, "All things work together for good." We boast of being our own masters, scorning to own a will superior to our own. Hail matchless grace, that softens the rocky heart, and melts

the eyes to tears; that lays the sinner low, and from the depths of a soul shaken to its centre by the life-giving voice of the Holy Spirit, brings forth the lowly prayer, "Thy will be done."

To have this petition rising from our hearts, when storms beat wildly upon us, is to enjoy the feeling of child-like confidence, which says, "I will trust and not be afraid." Reader, do you know how to sing from your heart the Poet's words?—

" Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His?"

Lord, are we not poor short sighted creatures? Can we discern our right hand from our left? Verily no. Here, then, at Thy footstool we fall, leaving ourselves and all connected with us in Thy hands. "Thou art too wise to err, too good to be unkind." "Thy will be done." Amen.

SOLEMN SCENE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE AT THE AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM, CAMBERWELL.

IT is customary to hold a short service in the small chapel connected with the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum at Camberwell, on Saturday Evenings. As the last day in the past year was on a Saturday, the service on that evening partook of a more special character. These services are generally conducted by some one or two of the Committee, and consist of reading and expounding the Scriptures, singing, and prayer. On the last night of the year 1870, Mr. George Cannon assisted at the service, as was his custom: on this occasion he had read that choice and sweet Psalm, the 121st, the last verse of which he read with much emphasis—"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore." He then resumed his seat on the small platform. Next to him sat Mr. Jackson, the indefatigable honorary secretary of the Asylums. Mr. Cannon had not been seated more than a minute or two, when Mr. Jackson noticed his head fall gently aside. Attention was immediately given to him, but in less than five minutes his immortal spirit had left the clay tenement, and in the Pilgrim's Home, he ceased his pilgrimage, while employed in praising the Pilgrim's God. Of course the service was abruptly terminated. Medical assistance was promptly obtained, but all was of no avail, "the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken." The scene was a painful one. His affectionate wife,—to whom he had only been married about a month,—was one of the small congregation: her grief can be better imagined than described. Mr. Jackson with other friends, did all that it was possible with their sympathy and aid. The body was immediately removed to the deceased's residence; and on the following Saturday the remains were conveyed to the silent tomb in Nunhead Cemetery. On the following day (Sunday,) a special service was holden in the afternoon, in the Pilgrim's chapel, (where the deceased expired), when Mr. Vinall delivered a solemn discourse, taking for the foundation of his remarks, the words in Psalm xxxvii. 37. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." The chapel was crowded in every part, many unable to get in: the service was very solemn.

Mr. Cannon had been on the Committee of the Aged Pilgrims' Society for sixteen years; and had taken a very deep interest in all its movements. His loss will be felt not only on the Committee, but also by the Pilgrims, with whom he spent much of his time. His age was sixty-nine.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE

OWNED AND ADORED IN THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF
JONAS J. KIDDLE.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the hilly part of the county Dorsetshire, where the air is soft and salubrious, and sheep feed in great numbers, on April 18, 1805. My parents were bigoted to the Church of England, but destitute of spiritual religion, although my mother was a model of meekness, gentleness, and morality. Being her first-born, I was tender and beloved in the sight of my mother, who still calls *me her boy*.

Early in 1810, my parents removed to St. Bride's, Monmouthshire. My father was then a dealer in stock and gold, for the war on the Continent. The first thing that was indelibly fastened on my mind, was being carried into the boat to cross over at the new passage. I felt the dread of drowning, because I felt I was wicked. Although sixty years have passed away, that moment is still living in my memory and view.

Almost as soon as I could talk, my mother acted as my teacher, until I was sent to school to a Mr. Reese, at Magor. I was fond of learning. While others played, my delight was to read the bible, and pour over its sacred contents.

In 1813, my father took a farm in the parish of Langstone, and the following year, another in the parish of Penhow, Monmouthshire, and I was sent to a school conducted by a dissenting minister, held at a chapel called the Tabernacle. The man was an educated man, but was called a Methodist, as all dissenters were then; therefore, my father soon removed me hence, and sent me to another school at Carleon. The master there was a Calvinistic Methodist. These two masters were in the habit of expounding the word of God, which again made me feel I was a sinner.

Being only a weekly boarder at school, I was home every Sunday, and went to church very regularly. The rector was the Rev. W. Howells. The word preached by this *good man*, made deeper impression on my heart than I had ever felt before, and especially a sermon on "Ye must be born again." I often wept in secret, and cried out, "Am I born again?"

I was greatly attached to Mr. Howells, and spent all the time with him I could; read the Bible with him, and repeated the Catechism. He used to say, God's people are a chosen people, and when they loved him, it was a proof that God loved them, and called them to the enjoyment of himself.

My dear mother used all the light and influence it had pleased God to give her, to instruct me in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and for years it had great weight on my heart, life, and conduct. I loved my mother above all creatures; no word was so sweet to me as "mother." I had no such feelings or respect for my father, although, for education, and in all things necessary for life, he was not excelled. He was a rough man of the world, that scoffed at and ridiculed true religion. I dreaded him as a swearer and drunkard, but more especially his abuse of my mother when intoxicated.

Mr. Howells carefully instructed me in reading the Scriptures and

Church of England Catechism, and was not only my minister, but teacher in other things. When only twelve years old I appeared before the Bishop of Llandaff, and was confirmed, and then went to the Lord's Supper. So satisfactory were my examinations (although a little fellow) to Mr. Howells and the bishop, that they pronounced me in advance of all, and gave me a reward.

The notice taken of me, and the distinguished mark set upon me, made me feel, although I was so young, proud of my success, and vain in my imagination. I began to think, from hearing it so often said, He is the best boy in the parish, that I was now a perfect Christian. I became anxious to know how (if I was in reality "born again," and if forgiveness had been granted) how I was to continue in that state? The instruction then given me was, "Attend the church, read the Scriptures, pray, and shun all evil." This counsel, I followed with the most watchful care for a long time, but found no satisfaction of mind that condemnation was removed. I wept and cried, and rested on what I was doing; yea, I thought God was bound to save me, *because I was so good.*

After a long course of training, Mr. Howells set me up to read, as clerk in the church. The aged man, who was clerk of the church for many years, could only say, Amen; as there were only a few in 1815; that could read in the rural districts.

This appointment fed the vanity of my corrupt nature, as I was the admiration of many, and especially the piously disposed females. At that time I was a fine specimen of Mrs. Morality's children; a little doll dressed up in all the outward adornings that this deceitful *old lady* could invent, to attract the attention of all around with "all deceivableness," and keep the eyes of her votaries from looking under the disguise they wear. She is the most useful child of her father, the Devil.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEVEN-FOLD BIBLICAL INTERPRETER.

"The rest of the Holy Sabbath unto the Lord."

I BELIEVE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST to be the great anti-typical Sabbath, and in his day there will be a REST UNTO THE LORD most perfect. The six days work in creation were not only real and literal, but they were typical; and there is a high and holy meaning in those two verses in Genesis ii. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And in the seventh day God ended the work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all the work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." That sacred Sabbath was typical of the glorious Sabbath yet to come. In the perfect sense TIME is made up of seven days. First, was the day of creation; there was no perpetual rest there, for God had to turn the man out of the garden. Secondly, there was the antedeluvian day; God had no rest there, for it grieved him he had made man; and he had to pour out a deluge and flood upon the whole earth. Thirdly, there was the patriarchal day; and there was no perfect rest there, for Abraham had to go to war; Jacob had to fly from his father's house; and fire and brimstone had to be poured out on the cities of the Plain. Fourthly, there was the Mosaic or ceremonial day; and there was no abiding rest there, for God had to come down in the burning bush, to send Moses and Aaron into Egypt to bring the Israelites out, and to lead them through the Red Sea, and through the wilderness. Fifthly, there was the great prophetic day; and there was no rest of any continuance in that day. Sixthly, the incarnation of the Son of God brought in the Gospel day; and a long day it seems to have been, and it is not quite night yet; it has been a day of work, of suffering, of persecution, of unfolding the mind of God, of preaching salvation, and of planting churches; and how busy every man now appears, as though the shades of night were coming, and as if there was an immense deal of work yet to be done; there is no rest in this day but by faith in Jesus; but presently the seventh, the glorious Sabbath will dawn; of that day I have to write.—C. W. B.

THE LATE DEACON AT WATFORD.

“**O** H! JESUS!” were the last words of our friend and brother minister, the late Mr. W. Hitchcock, deacon of Beulah chapel, Watford, who, on Tuesday evening, December 6, ruptured a blood vessel, fell back, uttered the words recorded, and died.

He was well known to many of your readers, at St Alban's, Tring, and other places, as an earnest, useful, and faithful minister of Christ: a man of firm principles;

“To conscience always true;
Nor from its dictates would he swerve,
Either his friends or foes to serve,
But straight his course pursue.”

He was to me a faithful friend, and from our first meeting at St. Alban's, until our last parting at Watford, our souls were as closely cemented as those of Jonathan and David: so that I have lost a brother beloved. The small number of my friends on earth is thus reduced by one; but sweet reflection, I have one more friend in heaven.

“Oh Jesus!” in dying circumstances, is a solemn sentence, indicating as it does, a saint's last appeal on earth to his Almighty Saviour; and in our brother's case its solemnity was increased by the suddenness of Death's arrival, notwithstanding it had cast its shadows over his pathway by the aid of an asthma, and heart disease. The words are also sacred, being expressive of faith's triumph over Satan, sin, and sorrow. How free their utterance from that bombastic vanity so prevalent with many! And how familiar were those words! Our brother had sucked honey out of them many times throughout many years; by grace he knew their derivation and their definition, and as he uttered them for the last time, he recognised and acknowledged the person, power, and presence of Jesus, upon whom there was an implied avowal of absolute dependence, coupled with an entire surrender of life into His hands—wife, children, and friends, all passed over in that grand and final appeal. He knew whom he had believed, and could say to Immanuel, “Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee.” He could say, “I love Him because He first loved me.” Between him and his Lord an intimacy subsisted, which death has now consummated by a real and personal union; so that with life's closing words his old Adam nature dropped to dust, thereby accelerating the speed of his soul in its anticipated flight beyond mortality's dominions, to be for ever with the Lord. Jesus only he required, and with Him he shall be eternally blest.

“He is not lost, but gone before.”

His eyes now “behold the King in His beauty” not as a curious spectator, but as an interested sharer in all the glories of His matchless person, and in all the endless splendour of His throne.

“Divine Redeemer, Thine's the praise for light
Bestowed by Revelation's Sun, Whose rays
Effulgent shine o'er reasons darkened sky,
The truth revealing, that Thou didst come forth
In love Omnipotent, to point the path
Thy people tread to immortality,
Thyself, and God.”

WM. JOINER.

3, Queen's Road, Dalston, Dec. 12, 1870.

NO PROVISION FOR THE WIDOW.—No. III.

MR. EDITOR—What a solemn epitaph is that, “*No Provision for the Widow* :” how sad the sound ! how mind distressing the thought, especially if means can be employed to prevent the same. We have recently had painful proof in *The Earthen Vessel* of faithful ministers being suddenly called home ; and their wives and families left completely destitute : kind efforts have been made by sympathising friends to help and alleviate their distresses : but such things are generally of short duration ; something more permanent is indispensably necessary ; and I hope that Baptist churches and ministers at large, will see and feel the propriety of immediate and earnest work. How sad and sorrowful the thought, that if I, or any other minister of the everlasting Gospel, should die to-morrow, not a pound, nor a penny, is left for the bereaved widow, and fatherless children ! That would be the case with mine ; others I must leave. When I see provident societies are formed for the benefit of all classes and conditions of individuals, both before and after death ; I ask in the name of the Most High, Why something cannot be done by united and unanimous classification, for the temporal succour, help, and comfort of the widow ? &c.

How cheering to the mind of a minister approximating towards his dissolution, to be enabled to say to the partner of his joys and his sorrows, “ My beloved wife, I am going the way of all flesh, but, bless God, there is a little provision made for you after my departure, to keep you and my dear children from want, and from a workhouse, through the benevolent agency and wise organization of Christian friends.” The very thought would contribute greatly to the comfort of the dying man. Strict Baptist ministers, who hold, preach, and abide by the whole truth, in doctrine, experience, and practice, maintaining Gospel order and ordinances, without addition or diminution, are mostly among and over a very poor people, who can scarcely keep the cause going in the pecuniary department ; can but just supply the hard-working ministers from hand to mouth. So that it is utterly impossible, with the strictest economy to make a reserve of one penny for the future. At least, I am sorry to say, I find it so. This position has a tendency to bow down the mind, interrupt the progress of studying the Word for pulpit usefulness ; causing the husband, with keen paternal feelings for his wife and family, to look at, and say to them, “ How will it fare with you ? what will become of you, my loved ones when I am no more ? ” We well know God is all-sufficient : He can do everything, and has kindly promised, “ Bread shall be given and water shall be sure ” : but in His infinite wisdom, he has mercifully associated the means to be employed with the end to be answered : we are not to presume on the benevolence of our creator God, and act the part of the stoic, sit still, and say a loaf will come from somewhere because the Lord hath promised it ; the farmer might equally say, “ the Lord has promised an harvest, I shall neither plough, nor sow, but still expect to have my barns filled ; ” he would certainly meet with a sad disappointment in July and August. I do therefore hope that this movement will be put into universal and practical operation, so that the most appalling epitaph may never be read by a bereaved wife and family “*No Provision for the Widow*.”

T. STRINGER.

DEAR SIR,—I am an elderly reader of your *Earthen Vessel*; and am sorry to see you take rather a poor view of us laity. If you want a fund for Widows and Orphans of "our" poorly paid ministers, let ministers themselves subscribe £5 each, if they can afford it; but why not give "us" a chance? Suppose each minister of our denomination has a collection for the purpose, and raise a round sum to be supplemented by monthly payments, entitling the subscribers to the benefits of the society, instead of making recipients of that much-abused word, "Charity." Think this over, and should it assume a consistency, you will find the writer of this one ready to

HELP.

Beckenham, January 2, 1871.

DEAR SIR,—“No Provision for the Widow!” Under this heading, two letters have appeared in the *Vessel*, and both of the writers deal with the subject as if they mean work, and understand their subject; but it occurs to me, that to find one hundred who will or can give £5 each, is not so easily done as proposed; because even with men of fair incomes, it is very often very inconvenient to part with £5 at one time: and I think if a Committee of ministers and deacons were formed, to start a fund (with honorary officers), to be subscribed by ministers, deacons, and private members of our churches, who will make each a deposit of ten shillings; and agree to pay 6d. a month, a more lasting and eventually a much larger fund would be obtained. Our churches want more unity of action in all things; not only for the Widows, but for working the supplies of small churches. Unity of the whole would be beneficial.

ONE TEN SHILLINGS.

January 4, 1871.

THE CHRISTMAS OF 1870 IN LONDON.

A LETTER TO OUR SISTER CHURCHES IN AUSTRALIA.

Addressed Specially to Mr. John Kingsford, Baptist Minister of Brisbane, Queensland.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—As the beloved husband of my own precious sister Kitty—and as the devoted pastor of the true Baptist Church in the Colony of Queensland, I address these few lines to you in faith, in the love of the truth, and with earnest prayers to the Lord, that you might prosper in your work, that you might be favoured to enjoy much of that holy communion which is the safest, the strongest, and the most fruitful guarantee you can have of the genuineness of your commission as an Ambassador for Christ. I will hope the bereavement of your darling son might be the means, in the Lord's hands, of deeply solemnising your mind; and that my fond sister Kate, yourself, and all your family might realise that grand old truth—“WE KNOW that all things work together for good to them that love God,” &c. You gently hint at my long silence. It is truly a wide space of time since I wrote you; but my heart has often travelled across the seas and the shores, too, which now divide us, and in my mind's eye I have seen you, and your ever-faithful wife, and all your connections; and, was it not that I am poor, and always busy here, I would have fled over to see you, and would have told you—in honest and in hearty words—that I have learned the truth of David, where he, addressing his Lord, says—“The Lord God will enlighten my darkness; for by Thee I have run through a troop: and by my God have I leaped over a wall.” I do not wish, as John Lelard said, “to fill my note with a sickening dose of egotism,” but, if I was in your study, God helping me, I

could tell you how frequently the Lord has enlightened my darkness—how, by His Grace and power I have run through a troop—and, little as I am, have sometimes leaped over a wall. To write what kind of troop it was, and of what the wall was composed, would take more time and space than this letter can convey.

As however you think I ought to write more frequently (and I feel I ought) let me try and excuse myself by briefly reviewing a little of my work. To read carefully all the letters which reach me daily—to review the books which are sent me monthly—to write all the hasty scrawls I am compelled to write; to attend funerals, to visit sick, to listen to all the tales of sorrow, and the testimonies of joy, with which I am favoured, requires no little patience, perseverance, and time. Then to write *Cheering Words*, and prepare *The Earthen Vessel* monthly, will help to keep me busy. Add to all this, the public work of preaching, speaking, and travelling; and you would, could you see it all, make some allowance for me.

Take the last four days as a sample of one of my busiest seasons. The first was Christmas day; Sunday, Dec. 25th, 1870. After some private meditation and prayer, walked to Moorgate-street—a hard half hour's walk—travelled by "Under Ground" to Notting-hill—preached, or spoke a few words on that ocean-like Scripture in Paul's letter to Timothy: where, after giving his son a few practical lessons, the Apostle puts his trumpet to his mouth, and blows such a seven-fold gospel blast as was seldom, or ever equalled. Listen to it:—

1. "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness."
2. "GOD was manifested in the flesh ;
3. "Justified in the spirit ;
4. "Seen of Angels ;
5. "Preached unto the Gentiles :
6. "Believed on, in the world ;
7. "Received up into glory."

Upon each line, a brief outline of exposition was given. Then I ran home, dined with my family, flung myself down to rest, to think, and to sleep for a hour; started for Notting-hill again; and was happy in speaking from David's prophecy of Christ. "He shall be as the THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds." One friend told me the ministry had been much blest. One deacon said it had been a good time; so off home I ran again; thankful unto the Lord for giving me so sweetly to enjoy His word and His service. Next morning I was up, and looking into the Bible, those words in the eighteenth Psalm were let into my soul. "Who hath also given me THE SHIELD OF THY SALVATION! and Thy Right Hand hath holden me up; and Thy gentleness hath made me great." Snow was on the ground, sharp frost was in the air; but having engaged to be in two services that day at Clapham, off I walked again, and by different modes of transit reached Bedford-lane, Clapham, in time for afternoon service, and, after the Church's steady friend, Saunders, had helped the people to sing; after pastor Welch had read and offered prayer, I stepped into the pulpit, and for one blessed hour and ten minutes, discoursed with some feeling upon the shield of God's salvation—how Christ's gentleness makes us great, and His right hand holds us up. For such a treat of holy experimental realisation; and for a season of such pure liberty I desire to praise the Lord for ever. Oh! John Kingsford, have you not had this shield given to you? Has not the right hand of the Lord holden you up? and does not His gentleness make you great in a new covenant position, as a heir of God, and as a joint heir with Christ? Great also in possession—for "all things are your's"—because "ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Great also in devotion, for to worship God in spirit and in truth, is the highest honour men can have on

the earth ; and great in anticipation—" looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the Great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Mr. FOTHERGILL, the pastor of that Clapham Church, could not attend that day, so I was requested to preside over the evening meeting ; and as I never refuse any good work, if I can help it, I occupied the chair. The Chapel seemed quite full. Hymns were sung, prayers were offered, and ministers delivered neat and edifying addresses. Pastor Ballard, of Farnborough Church, drew the features of friendship ; Mr. Sylvester showed the way from enmity against God to friendship and fellowship with God. The ancient and honourable pastor Ponsford addressed the meeting like a man just ready to step into eternity with tremulous but with savory expressions. The Tooting minister, Mr. Welch, gave a quaint, but close speech on different kinds of reckoning ; and, as a *finale*, the noble, willing pastor Page, of Earl-street, London-road, told us " all flesh was grass," but Christ was the everlastingly RIGHTEOUS ONE, in whom the whole election of grace were justified and represented before the Almighty for ever and ever. I closed the meeting with singing and prayer, and walked for nearly two hours in the snow before I could reach my home that night. Clapham is one of our finest suburbs, there the gospel is preached by Messrs. Ponsford, Hall, and Fothergill ; by how many more, I know not.

Thus ended the second day. On the third, which was Tuesday, called " Boxing-day," I had three services ; first, a sermon at Hackney Ebenezer, from John's words.—" 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." The Puritan two hundred years ago, would say :—

" Here is ETERNITY—the Word ;"

" Here is *Temporality*—the flesh ;"

" Then there is *Unity*—the Word was made flesh." I said, if we could summon all the angels in Heaven—all the doctors in Divinity—and all the schoolmen in the world—not one—not all, could, to us, now define that one sentence—" The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." &c. Howbeit, of the Glorious Word I said some true things ; after that, attended two public meetings, and before eleven, reached my home on the third night. On the fourth day went into the Western Colony and dared to read those verses, 7 and 8 of Revelations i., and delivered a few thoughts ; then returned home again.

Beloved Brother and Sister, let me wish you all the blessedness a covenant God in Christ, can bestow upon you. May you cleave close to the Great High Priest of our profession ; and grow up into Him in all things. Then, neither life nor death can ever fatally harm you.

Our mutual friend and brother, John Bunyan McCure, is working in nearly all the Churches in England, and is acceptable unto his brethren. We have many good men in the ministry of truth in London, and in different parts of England. Some are standing nearly idle, some are preaching to very few people, and others say—" the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places ; and we have a goodly heritage." Our long and much honoured brother, Mr. James Wells, has been very ill—we pray our Lord to recover him ; his immense church and people really cannot spare him. But the Master's will must be done ; and to that Sovereign's will we all must bow.

Beloved brother and sister, I must say farewell. Do write to me. If I can instrumentally add to your comfort in the smallest measure, none will be more willing than myself. I trust all the Australian ministers and churches who hold fast to New Testament doctrine and duty, will constantly correspond with me. We long to hear of your prosperity. I have much more to say to you, but the mail leaves presently. Do pray for your little brother in every sense of the word,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS,

5, Victoria Park-road, South Hackney, London.

MR. WELLS'S SERIOUS ILLNESS.

MR. EDITOR,—Having received daily a number of letters, for information respecting the health of our esteemed pastor, Mr. JAMES WELLS, will you kindly allow me to reply to them through you?

The Deacons deeply regret to say, that the state of bodily sufferings is very, very great; and, while they know that nothing is too hard for the Lord, yet the opinion of the medical men who have been called in, leads them to fear. We have had our special meeting for prayer, when an earnest spirit prevailed that the Lord would, if in accordance with the Divine will, restore him to health; and if otherwise, that our beloved pastor may be sustained by Almighty power, and upheld to bear testimony to the faithfulness of him who has stood so long by him and the cause at the Surrey Tabernacle. While he is sometimes depressed, at other times, he is looking back at what the Lord has done for him and the people, and then a desire arises again to be enabled to declare the truths of the Gospel which for so many years he has successfully proclaimed, and which are now to him a source of comfort and consolation, in the time of much weakness and great suffering.

The Deacons are much encouraged by the kindness and attention of the church and congregation; and to the ministering bretheren in town and country for their ready and valuable aid.

Under these afflicting circumstances, they entreat the prayers of the Church of God; and what ever the will of the Lord is, as regards the future, they do earnestly desire to look unto the Lord from whence cometh their help. For more than forty years our pastor has laboured; sinners by his instrumentality have been brought out of darkness into light; the Church of God has been fed, as the Apostle commands, "Feed the Church of God;" and while we have our misgivings, our doubts, and our fears; yet

His love in time past forbids us to think
He'll leave us at last in trouble to sink.

May these solemn dispensations be abundantly sanctified. May it stir up the ministers of the Gospel to more earnestness to God, and His truth, for the welfare of Zion. Your truly,

E. BUTT.

Denmark Terrace, Cold Harbour Lane, Camberwell.
January 23rd, 1871.

MR. JOHN FOREMAN.

IT is generally known that this venerable servant of Christ has been near Jordan's narrow stream, during this last month: but, it is hoped that he will be raised again. All our churches feel most solemnly the afflictions which have prostrated both Mr. Wells and Mr. Foreman. God knoweth, we inwardly and earnestly cry unto him, to spare, and to employ them both a little longer in the churches of His truth.

MR. SAMUEL MILNER.—As we are going to press, report has reached us of the serious illness of the devoted minister of Koppel Street Chapel. Grave doubts are entertained of his recovery.

Productions of the Press.

Sources of Joy in Seasons of Sorrow: With other Helps on the Heavensward Way.—By James Grant, author of "Our Heavenly Home," &c. London: William Macintosh, 24, Paternoster row, 1871. As a spiritual consoler to the Lord's tried people; and as a faithful corrector for cold and careless Christians, this is decidedly Mr. Grant's best book. In a word, it is one large discourse, in twenty distinct sections, upon the Saviour's well-known text, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." If Mr. Grant should never write another book, this one will so endear him to the afflicted in Zion, that thousands will be thankful for the remarkable use the Lord has been pleased to make of a graciously-gifted man whose whole public life has been absorbed in the busy movements of the external world, while his private inner life has evidently been devoted to research and meditation, and in "getting" that "Wisdom," and sending out that counsel, which giveth to his head "an ornament of grace"—and will lead to the possession of "a crown of glory" not meritoriously, but as a reward for all that patient continuance in well-doing, in which he has worked with so much of heartiness and zeal, with so much honesty and simplicity, as to procure for him a name among the excellent of the earth that will not soon be forgotten. Criticism here is not required: extracts may be given.

The Signs of the Times; and Where are We? With an Important Translation and Exposition of Rev. xi. 3, 15. By James Johnstone. Edinburgh: James Thin. Mr. Johnstone expounds the two witnesses as two great principles; Christ's Headship over his Church; and Christ's Headship over the nations. These two principles, these two witnesses are now slain, but not buried. Verily, there is more truth, more literal and undeniable truth, in this pamphlet, than we have seen in so small a compass lately. But, there are few who will acknowledge that Mr. Johnstone has given a correct version of a mysterious text. Nations

and churches have long enough been, indirectly, and perhaps, ignorantly, ignoring the Sovereign Headship of Christ. We see it, and tremble. We declare it, and are reproached and condemned. But the enemy has come in like a flood; is still coming in. GOD'S CHRIST—the anointed Messiah of Heaven—is fearfully, variously, increasingly, denied: in his Person: in his Gospel: in his Ordinances: in his Government: in his Royal Rights and Sovereign Claims. Hence, the Signs of the Times—the dark spreading of the clouds—all tell us, "The time of trouble" is fast approaching. We would ask every man who cares for himself—for his nation, and who is concerned to know and to do the will of God, to read Mr. Johnstone's pamphlet.

The Pliable of the Nineteenth Century brought to the Bar of Eternal Truth.—By Samuel Jones. London: published by Mrs. Paul, Chapter-house court, Paternoster row. There are two strong and useful features in this little controversial pamphlet. First—"Faithful," in the plainest manner possible, opens, explains, and contends for, the great and infinitely holy and eternal principles of salvation by grace—sovereign, and all-sufficient grace—while, in the second place, "Meanwell" very simply expresses his ignorance of the truth of the gospel; his ignorance of his own condition as a sinner; his ignorance of the work of the Holy Ghost; and his dependence on the flimsy, false, and the delusive preaching and teaching so prevalent in this time. We believe hundreds of thousands are deceived by "a name to live;" in the professing churches, while in their souls they are spiritually dead: in their minds all the native enmity of the fallen nature is rampant, and in their hearts the hard stones of impenitence, of irreverence, and of presumption, remain untouched, unremoved. Purely with a desire that Mr. Samuel Jones's pamphlet may be the means, in the Lord's hands, of opening blind eyes, and of leading sinners to know their ruin, and to realize the Saviour's remedy, do we recommend these pages to the perusal of all who dare to be honest to themselves.

The Late Mr. John Kershaw's Life.—We were so deeply attached to that most honourable, honoured, and beloved servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, Mr. John Kershaw, that we could not rest until we made application to his bereaved and devoted widow, for a copy of his memoir. In the most Christian spirit Mrs. Kershaw supplied us with a handsomely bound copy. It has been a precious treat to us in our family, and in private perusal; and we anticipate the sacred pleasure of erecting our own literary tablet in memory of one of the best men the Lord has given to his church in this age of the world. Nearly two thousand copies of this holy testimony to the truth of God has been already sold. A new edition will doubtless be published in due course; and as the widow has fulfilled her solemn task with as much affectionate care and propriety as to render the volume suitable for universal reading, we believe, many, very many, thousands might be yet disposed of.

The Late Mr. Philpot's Original Sermons.—A neat little eight-penny volume is now publishing by Mrs. Paul, in Chapter-house court, St. Paul's; containing six sermons preached by the late J. C. Philpot, in the year 1843, in Eden street chapel. A short preface by Mr. Philpot, precedes the discourses, which was written by Mr. Philpot nine years after the sermons were preached, in which the preacher refers to the furnace of tribulation he had been called to pass through subsequent to the period when these sermons were delivered. We may analyze these discourses, and some others of Mr. Philpot's, if we have life and power granted unto us.

Dr. CUMMING is rather sharply dealt with in January issue of *the Last Vials*.—A corrupt Protestantism is denounced. The ambition of the German Emperor is represented as stretching itself to a most amazing extent—even to the restoration of the Pope, and the ex-French Emperor. "Protestant England," says *Last Vials*, "lies totally unprepared—a wonder and a jest to all mankind—with enemies on every side." Terrible dangers surround us; but we are too hardened to repent. What will be our

portion presently? Silently grateful do we feel for not being left to unite in the strange course of late pursued by the leaders of this nation; although in the visitation called forth by that cause we may have to suffer. Whoever can afford to smile at the prospects of a coming time of trouble, for even this country, we dare not. *The Last Vials* for January draws forth a prophetic map of the future, so heavily freighted with the shaking of all nations, enough to make ones heart tremble. Our only refuge is in God; but strength to take hold of his strength, and so to make peace with him—is wanting. When the great day of his wrath is come, who shall be able to stand?

The Victor Crowned, is the title of the sermons preached in memory of the late Mr. Mackenzie, of Holloway. Most precious are the records given both of the life and death of that heavenly-minded clergyman. We have given in January and February numbers of *Cheering Words* some extracts; and we are assured all the spiritual-minded of our churches will derive holy pleasure from the perusal of our notices of the dying hours of the late incumbent of Holloway. What a loss such a man must be to multitudes who either sat under his ministry, or received of the almost unparalleled bounties of his charity. *Cheering Words* vol. for 1870, we think, is a book many will be pleased with.

Eternal Futurity—The Invisible Destiny.—This two-penny pamphlet by John Osborn, is the little book Christian people might give to the hardened, on the one hand, and to the broken-hearted, on the other. This tract comes out of a hot, honest, earnest heart; and, with the Divine blessing, will be of use somewhere. It can be had at Mr. Osborn's chapel, Temple street, Hackney road.

Popular and Unpopular Faith. Somebody lives at Tetbury—we think a clergyman—who writes some strong Bible truth for *The Gospel Magazine*. In January number, "F. F." has furnished a paper on the two faiths, the false and the true, which is quite up to the mark. It is Toplady the younger, for certain.

The Poor but Happy Beggar, and several literary articles of real worth, and practical papers, intelligent and interesting, make up the contents of *Sword and Trowel*, for January. A large exposition of Psalm iv., is also in same number.

The History of the Baptist Missionary Society opens up a scene of enterprize which is marvellous. We must tell our readers some things from the book, some day.

Shirley Hibberd's Gardener's Magazine "Stands alone for cheapness and excellence." We have no time for gardeuing, or farming; but all who enjoy such luxuries must find Mr. Shirley Hibberd's magazine both pleasing and profitable.

The Garden Oracle for 1871, by Shirley Hibberd, Esq., is, this year, so greatly enriched and improved, as to secure for it a place in every house where a love of flowers and gardening has any existence.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

"But I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." Psalm lxxvii. 10.

Dear brethren and sisters again let us raise
Our voices to Jesus in sweet songs of praise;
Whose love to his chosen must surely appear,
Being constant as time went throughout the
past year.

O think of his goodness by day and by night,
And all must confess he has guided us right:
In all our afflictions his power has been near,
To succour and strengthen throughout the
past year.

Though winds of temptation and trials have
beat,
They led to seek help at his own Mercy Seat;
And he has delivered, and chas'd away fear,
Watch'd over and kept us throughout the
past year.

Midst our coldness and deadness his love has
been *sure*,
His faithfulness great, and his mercies endure;
Then let us take courage, and be of good cheer,
And own he has blest us throughout the past
year.

What seasons of comfort and peace have we
found,
When we have been favour'd his throne to
surround;
And he by his Spirit in mercy drew near,
To revive us and bless us throughout the past
year.

And now we have enter'd on new time below,
May his presence be felt and enjoy'd as we go;
May goodness and mercy attend the saints
here,
And God's blessing be with us throughout the
New Year.

BRADLEY.

HITHERTO!

A SONG of praise we've cause to sing;
All honour to the heavenly King!
'Tis by his mercy we are here,
And life prolonged another year.

Though oft our foes would intercept,
He has preserved and safely kept.
We must allow by favour sheer,
We see arise another year.

Some have been called from earth to bliss,
We look around, and can but miss;
We fail to see those faces dear;
But we are spared another year.

'Twas mercy in a rich display,
Which took the "friends of God" away;
And mercy, which we fain revere,
Has spared us to another year.

We view the past, in wonder stand
To see the Lord's providing hand;
He has supplied us bounteous cheer,
And never failed another year.

At times our way has trying proved,
But hills of trouble he has moved;
And, though it has at times been drear,
He's led us on another year.

We love the truth: for truth makes free,
So, 'tis a source of joy to see
Grace has been given to safe steer
The *Vessel* through another year.

A stock of well assorted wares,
In monthly trips the *Vessel* bears;
Well filled with precious truth, and clear,
It has continued all the year.

Rich expositions by the dead,
And by the living too, we've read;
The words of prophet, priest and seer,
Have been explained another year.

Reproof and counsel has been given,
And balm for those with sorrow risen;
Encouragement to those who fear,
And solid food, another year.

Though some have wished its voice to quell,
And stay its course, 'tis sailing well;
Regardless of the taunt and jeer,
'Tis safely through another year.

In waters deep it oft has sailed,
And has not in its object failed;
But brought the penitential tear,
And comfort borne another year.

Now may it visit many a shore
To which it has not been before;
To souls of darkness bringing near,
The truth of God another year.

An Ebenezer let us raise!
Conjointly sing a song of praise!
Discard the worldlings foolish sneer,
We have survived another year.

Now may the mercy we have known
Incite to trust in God alone;
For if he spares, it shall appear,
He's rich in grace another year.

S. G.

46, Stanley Road.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

PLEASING AND PROSPEROUS SUCCESS OF OUR CHURCHES IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

[For many years we have believed that the GOSPEL OF CHRIST will always procure its own support, pay its own way, and provide places for its own proclamation. The following letter confirms our faith. Mr. Allen's letter will be read with grateful feelings by thousands in England. We trust Mr. Allen and all his co-workers will increasingly prosper in their good work; and we shall expect frequently to hear of their progress in the Gospel kingdom.—E.D.]

To the Editor of "The Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—I have been grieved at seeing sad misrepresentation, in your *Vessel* relative to myself and the churches in Australia. I know you cannot help it, but I assure you the misrepresentations in your's, *The Standard* and the *Christian News*, have made many in these colonies doubt all we read. One letter represents me as failing in the Gospel in Victoria; our chapel was sold, and I was gone to Tasmania. Let me state the facts of these cases referred to. 1st. *The Chapels*. Ebenezer chapel, Melbourne; built at a cost of about £1600 in dear times; was surrounded by an awful den of the vilest of our race. I gave the church notice that I would resign, unless the church sold the chapel, and built one in a more suitable place. The church and trustees therefore sold the chapel. Just at the time brother Ward's chapel was sold for debt; and as the church I served could not just then agree upon a site, we bought brother Ward's chapel, to save it from going out of the denomination; we had it well done up, and beyond the purchase and all repairs, we had near £500 to lodge in the bank, with which we intended to begin to build the new chapel at the proper time, re-selling brother Ward's chapel to his friends, or otherwise, as the Lord should direct. At the same time there was the chapel at Preston, free from debt, built under our instrumentality; also another little chapel at Greensborough, free of debt; and another, built by my dear brethren at Sandhurst, 100 miles from Melbourne, with only £200 debt; this last is a very good substantial chapel indeed. These all were going on fairly, about the same as your churches in England. Certainly nothing to glory in, but in our ever dear and most precious Jesus; but we were helped to hold on our way, and mercifully sustained in our work.

2nd. Relative to the gospel in these chapels; I was so far from being under the necessity of leaving Victoria through failure, that my dear people twice refused my resignation, and at once agreed to support myself and family if, I would remain with them; also the church at Sandhurst gave me a unanimous

call to them, and agreed to support my family. This does not look like failure either in chapels or support. And not only was this the case with myself; but brother Day was, and is fairly supported by his noble people at Geelong; who not only have supported him and his family during the long time he has been with them, but they have also very nearly cleared a debt of £400 or £500 since he has been with them. This does not look like failure. God bless the people, and let the people bless their God! They shall, never fail who trust in him. My soul do thou bless the Lord, thy most gracious God, who has blessed thee with Gospel liberty, and godly life for this twenty-four years, and maintained thee testifying of Jesus' pardoning, comforting love very near twenty years. No, no, my dear, Almighty Lord will not leave me to fail now.

3rd. Relative to my leaving Victoria, I have only to state that at the urgent request of my very dear late pastor, H. Dowling, thirty-six years pastor in Tasmania, I went to see him before the Lord took him. I had near 400 miles to go, and was with him five days before the Lord took him-up, talking of the kingdom of our Lord. Then I committed his dust to dust; preached of the rich grace, and great goodness of our covenant God to him, and returned to Victoria again. My dear pastor's church was scattered by strange ones after he ceased to labour; this was heavy on my heart; and it was his wish for me to try to gather those dear to his soul in Jesus. These things, with a letter from brother Bassett, then in Adelaide, stating his design to go to Melbourne, constrained me to cry daily unto God, relative to my going to Tasmania, brother Bassett to Melbourne, and brother Cozens to Adelaide. And in the midst of this very great exercise, the Lord said to me in great power, I will do this thing also which thou hast said; and as I saw there were four churches to revolutionise, three ministers to move in three different colonies, I cried again, "Lord be with me!" and he said, "And I will be with thee." And according to this word of the Lord, all was done in two months. I resigned my charge, held eighteen years in Melbourne, to brother Bassett; he his to brother Cozens, in Adelaide; and I went to my dear pastor Dowling's late charge in Tasmania; and the two churches in Launceston became one, and one of the chapels was immediately shut up, both the little peoples worshipping in the dear house of God where I first told how Jesus saved me, even me! where I was baptised, married, and dearly loved God's people. Now we were exceedingly happy in the Lord, his Gospel, love, and dear saints. We resolved not to enter upon any new pastorate under twelve months' trial.

Now when I had been six months happy with this dear people in Tasmania, beyond all the peace and comfort I had ever had in the ministry before, the saints at Sydney sent me an urgent unanimous request to come to them. I prayed to my Master long for orders, and received no answer. I then called the elders of the church in Launceston together; and as the wisest and kindest men of God I ever met with on earth, I committed the whole case of Sydney to their prayerful, loving sympathy, and said, "*I will stop with you, or go to Sydney as you advise.*" These men of God took a month to think, and pray over this matter, and then told me, that they, with all the church and congregation, were sorry at heart to part with me, yet their consideration of the larger church and congregation in Sydney, and so much larger city and country, which by the departure of brother McCure would be without our peculiar form of truth, led them to advise me to go to Sydney. This led me to accept of the call to Sydney, after our brother McCure had arranged to leave there. Therefore, ere I reached Sydney, I had three churches calling me to settle over them, with agreement to support my family. This does not look like the failure of the churches of our faith and order in these colonies. Truly with those who live upon outside show, we do not and have not appeared to flourish; but I detest the tea-meeting flourish, and hinder it, and try to keep a steady course; and I have noticed the tea-meeting flourishes fail, and come to wind and confusion, when the steady old stagers keep on, with the world mocking them, the devil hunting them, professors hating them, the flesh hurting them, and circumstances pinching them. All which keeps them crying to the Lord, *who hears their cries*, and "sends them help from his sanctuary, and strengthens them out of Zion;" so that, though they may fall, they never fail; and, glory be to Jesus, they never shall, while he is full of grace and truth.

Now, you will say, What are the dear saints doing for the Gospel in your loved Tasmania? Well, our Shepherd and King, who cares much for his sheep, directed us to a young brother as we passed through Victoria to Sydney; him we sent, with many prayers to God, to our dear relations in Launceston. God is with our dear Timothy there, and blessing him greatly, so that the people do rejoice much that their dear God has not left them to suffer loss by their merciful consideration of their sister church in Sydney. *This is not failure.* I never felt my heart so rent and broken as I did in leaving my dear kindred in Tasmania, to come to Sydney; but my Lord has healed it up again by his tender love, smiles, and precious salvation. I do hope that I shall not be called to feel my heart knit to other hearts in this fond way, and then pulled apart again. God is witness, I do not, cannot love as some do. Well, here I am in this great Sydney; and I like the people very well, and they say they love me; and I leave them to prove it, which they go on to do very well, and I have no reason to doubt but they

will do so. I was with them to help them three months whilst brother McCure was in England collecting the money for the chapel. Now I have been here five months, and seven months more will tell whether I remain or not. God is our guide unto death—bless him—bless him!

"Bless him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust him to bring thee on thy way;
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With him oh never, never part."

I wish my love to all the people of God everywhere. God bless his people everywhere, for Jesus Christ's sake. I remain yours very affectionately,

DANIEL ALLEN.

Sydney, Oct. 7th, 1870.

THE BAPTISTS CHALLENGED AND DEFENDED.

MR. EDITOR,—I sincerely thank you for inserting (entire) the few remarks sent upon Mr. J. H. Lynn's letter. I do think it is cruel for editors either to add to or curtail their correspondents' communications; let us have the entire responsibility of what we send, right or wrong; then make what remarks you please. You ask me what is meant by that one word "KEEP." "If ye love me keep my commandments?" I will give you my thoughts in few words: Jesus said in John xiii. 34, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." In 1 John iii. 23, we have the following two greatest commandments in the New Testament, "And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another." Then John adds, "He that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him, and he in him." Now these commandments I confess, to the glory of God, that he has given me grace to keep for more than thirty-five years; although I daily mourn that I do not half keep them as I could wish. You will also find a long list of commandments in Romans xii. 9, to end of chapter; do read them; also submit them to those who warmly contend for immersion; and see if, as in a mirror, they are as carefully maintained as water baptism. All the commandments I have referred to are plain and clear; but, alas, awfully neglected; while a mere plunge in water costs nothing to the individual, and adds nothing to his Christianity when done; neither are such sure they have even adopted the primitive mode of baptism as in apostolic times. The letter in your *Vessel* this month is to my mind (signed "A Working Mau and Stated Minister too") a most excellent one, and ought to preface your *Vessel* every month throughout the year 1871. Then ask your Baptist brethren, and all the churches the same as you ask me, "What is meant by that word 'keep'?" "If ye love me, keep my commandments." They refer them to the poor widow spoken of by our working brother, for whom no provision is made; and let them remember as the body without the spirit is

dead, so faith without works is dead also; I do not know who this poor widow is,* but I now enclose five shillings for her, and hope many more will do likewise. I have noticed that in most cases, however poor, there are always some who have an abundance of this world's goods; and if they had as liberal hearts as they have rich pockets, scarcely a cause need be in debt; however, the day of reckoning will come, and the Judge of all the earth will do right. Again, speaking of commandments, why do not our Baptist brethren wash the disciples' feet, as Christ positively told them to do in John xiii.? Why stick so firmly to doubtful immersion, and neglect this plain command? if also they were to pluck out a right eye, or cut off a right hand now and then, it might save them from a lustful glance, or a pilfering act. I do not thus write in an unkind spirit, but merely to show how foolish it is to say, "If ye love me keep my commandments," and then refer to baptism, as though there was no other. You say if one ordinance of the New Testament may be cast aside, so may all; *now for the proof.* Paul certainly (from whatever cause) gave up baptism, and said, Christ sent him not to baptise, but to preach the Gospel. (1 Cor. i. 17.) Then he informs us in this very epistle, chapter ii. 23 to end of chapter, how he had a special revelation from the Lord respecting his administration of the Lord's Supper; and in chapter xii. 13, he informs us that (all believers) by one spirit are baptised into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, and have all been made to drink into one spirit. This is precisely what Thomas Edwards has done, and is continually doing; he has (for reasons which he will give you if you desire) given up all water baptism, feeling he can no longer conscientiously continue therein; he still administers the Lord's Supper, because he feels that he is scripturally right in so doing; and above all he maintains that it is by one Spirit all believers are baptised into one body; and whenever he meets with a real believer in Jesus, whether Churchman, Independent, Baptist, Wesleyan, or Roman Catholic; if the Holy Ghost has convinced him of his error, so that he looks to Jesus only, then Thomas Edwards bids them alike welcome to the Lord's Table. This I do because it is written, "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." Eph. vii. 24. Nor is there any necessity to make any compromise in the glorious doctrines of the Gospel by so doing; for the eternal, electing, preserving, quickening, calling, pardoning, justifying, glorifying grace of the Gospel of Christ was never more dear to me than now; nor have I ever ceased to contend for the same since my mouth was opened in the name of the Lord. And although I have been much persecuted and belied for giving up baptism, and have had all manners of things imputed to me, yet there is not a man in all Christendom who feels in a freer spirit than Thomas Edwards, of Salem chapel, Tun. Wells. Will my Baptist brethren

* Mrs. Attwood is the widow referred to.

prove to me that I have done wrong in giving up the water, if I have, so did Paul. And now let me solemnly appeal to them before I close; if they are right in immersing believers, if this is the right water baptism, if they are the right persons to administer it, if this water baptism was to be continued down to the end of time, as recorded in the Lord's commission to his disciples in the last chapter of Mark, then I ask why do not the following literal signs attend their literal baptism; "Jesus said, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned; and these signs shall follow them that believe, in my name shall they cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them, they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." In the last verse we are told, "They went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs following." Do these literal signs follow water baptism now? *No*: though no doubt they did for the first confirmation of the Gospel and the resurrection power of Jesus. Now we can only regard it in the spirit, for water baptism beginning with John was to decrease, but Christ's spiritual baptism was to increase; and by this explanation all the above signs are demonstrated by a living ministry through the power of the Holy Ghost. Hence, spiritually, devils are cast out; new tongues to pray to and praise God are given; if error ensnares the Lord's servants, he will deliver them from the same; they shall find out and heal sin-sick souls by the preaching of salvation through the blood of the Lamb; so also the dead in sins are raised to life by the voice of the Son of God. Can you infallibly conclude as to the mode of primitive water baptism? Has not the Holy Ghost covered the fact with a cloud? Are you not at sea respecting the same? And notwithstanding all your explanations upon the words *Bapto* and *Baptizo*, the learned inform us they have many meanings, among which are ranked, dip, sprinkle, cleanse, purge, and wash. When will you give up your doubtful disputations, and contend more for an experimental and practical religion, as based upon the finished work of the Son of God? More than seven years have passed away since I relinquished water baptism; and I am in spirit removed three times seven years away from the same, being more than ever fully persuaded that the Lord has placed no stumbling-block between a spiritually baptised person and his own Table. After all, to be a member of any church, is not a matter of vital importance, but to be a member of Christ's body, and of his flesh, and of his bones, this is essential, this is salvation. My motto is, *a faithful Gospel, and a Free Table* to all who love the Saviour, whether members of churches or not.

Salem, Tunbridge Wells, Dec., 1870.

T. EDWARDS.

[See Editor's Note on following page.]

To Mr. Thomas Edwards, Minister of Salem Chapel, Tunbridge Wells.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I can, in the holy presence of God thus address you, not because you have changed from being a Baptist minister, not because I seek any favour at your hands, not because we are in ministerial fellowship; for, after having served you in the Gospel many times at your first setting out in the ministry, you have quite forsaken me, except when you desire to cast a kind of censure upon all Baptist ministers, and upon that sacred and solemn ordinance itself. Nay, but I address you as my dear brother in Jesus, because from the first time I had communion with you, I felt my heart and soul knit to you as "a man in whom the Spirit of God is;" and I do feel now, I can say in my heart, there has ever continued a silent, solemn, and sincere love to you for the Lord's sake; and I am thankful that, although my late beloved friend, Mr. George Abrahams, might cause you to renounce the ordinance of baptism, I do rejoice in the hope that you ever have been, and will continue to be faithful and useful in the ministry of all those great and essential principles of the New Covenant, which are now so much ignored by almost all preachers, and professors too. Thomas Edwards, I tell thee, I do love thee as a brother beloved in the Lord, and I insert this other letter of thine, because, (1.) I am persuaded that the more you publish your objections to the baptism of believers, the more clearly will the weakness of your position be seen by all who are led to comprehend the mystery, the harmony, and the beauty of the whole of the Gospel system. (2.) Because this letter of yours will give me an opportunity of showing you that the Lord himself did lead me to see the necessity and design of this ordinance; and although it has and may cost me dear, yet I cannot do as you have done; and if the Lord had been pleased to reveal it to you as he did to me, you never could have done as you have done. I know some who have done as you have done; have done so, not to please the Lord, but to please some who could better support them than we poor strict Baptist ministers can be supported; that is, the most of us. Thomas Edwards, I am prepared to PROVE that a vast amount of Judas-work, of hypocritical work, and of unholy work, has been practised by some who have sold themselves, and their former professions too. (3.) I insert this letter because, God helping me, I purpose to tell you very plainly that your unholy way of writing of plunging, and your boast of renouncing water baptism, is not becoming one who fears God; and that you are wrong by your admitting to the Lord's Supper, Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, or any body, simply because they may tell you they look to Jesus only. I was at your ordination, I know that then you witnessed a good confession; and as far as your profession went, you came into the ministry according to New Testament order and authority; but I cannot say to you as Paul did to

the Corinthians, "I praise you, brethren, that ye remember me in all things, and KEEP the ordinances as I delivered them unto you." And WHY have you NOT? Thomas, play the man, and tell us, WHY you have changed your colours, left your company, and in some sense, denied the faith? Thomas Edwards, the Lord is surely saying to you, "ye are gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me, and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of Hosts." See, read, and weep over, Malachi iii. 7; and specially the last clause, "but ye say wherein shall we return?" Ah, that is the trial, is it not? I purpose, in a series of short notes in future numbers, to carry out the above propositions, and to prove that Paul did not renounce baptism; that signs and wonders do follow the true ministry of the Gospel; and some other things in your letters, shall be replied to by your truth-loving brother in Christ,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

OLD SOUTHWARK, AND ITS SUBURBS.—A cheering sight, I thought it was, as I stood on Mr. Butterfield's platform, in Bethlehem Chapel, Rotherhithe, on Tuesday evening, January 10, 1871. This well arranged chapel was full of happy-looking friends; and to them Mr. Butterfield gave a most elaborate report of their work in all departments of the Gospel in the year 1870. Of this report, and of the rise and growth of the cause, we may give a chapter or two in our future researches into the spiritual history of Southwark and its neighbouring districts. The platform in Bethlehem was not, on this occasion, so well filled with ministers as was expected. The bills announced several who never put in an appearance at all. This, we observe, is frequently the case. Ministers are invited to attend special services. They promise to do so. Their names are announced to be present. They fail to keep their engagement. This is dealing falsely with the minister who invites them; it is deceiving the people who are brought together to hear them; above all, it is false to the cause, even to that high and holy cause, which they profess to espouse but which cause they betray, and dishonour themselves and those who expect them; this false dealing deserves a severe censure. At that meeting, we learned Old Unicorn Yard Chapel was sold to the Roman Catholics; consequently the Romanists will have in that part of Southwark, within a short distance of each other, four large places for their mode of worship, while the Baptist places of worship in the same neighbourhood, we consider are sadly in the decline. For instance, in our recollection, there was Unicorn Yard Chapel and David Denham, they are gone; there was Snow Fields, and good old George Francis, they are gone; there was Jamacia Row with pastors Dovey, Lord, Bidder, and others, all gone. There was Trinity Chapel, and Mr. Lewis; the pastor long gone home;

and there has never been one to succeed him with success. Zion Chapel, in the Borough, and Thomas Gunner, all but gone; the good old Boanerges is gone; and the gentleman who now occupies the pulpit is not a captain over many hundreds. At one of the Methodist chapels in Southwark, the other Sunday night, the leader of the meeting was exciting the few people around him to pray most vehemently, that their chapel might be filled before the year was out. He as good as said, Aaron's grent rod was swallowing up nearly all the little rods; and even "the good old Methodist fire was dying out." In more senses than one, it might be said, (good) "Old things pass away; behold, all things become now." In our further reviews of Southwark, we hope to notice several of the works now in progress.

ASHBURTON.—Monday, Sept. 5, 1870. After a blessed service on Sunday evening, at How street Chapel, in Plymouth, which lasted until after nine o'clock, I had a few hours rest, then rose up early in the morning and proceeded per rail and omnibus to that most ancient borough, Ashburton, some eight miles beyond Newton Abbott, in Devon. Mr. Varder and Mr. J. H. Lynn accompanied me. I reached Mr. Giles's mansion near ten. It was arranged to hold meeting in the morning, as well as afternoon and evening. When I entered the chapel in the morning, I had no thought of speaking one word to the people; I sat down quietly in a corner of the table pew. Brother Robert Bardens read a hymn, and prayer and praise proceeded. A Bible lay beside me. I opened it abruptly on Job xxx., and this one sentence ran right into my soul; "I stood up, and cried unto the congregation." Poor fellow, I said, Job had now nearly reached the climax of his sorrows. He had so much of the dreadful cross upon him he could hardly hold out; his skin was black upon him, and his bones burned with heat. The first prayer that morning by our afflicted brother was poured out with solemn loyalty for the queen, and for our nation altogether. I was asked to speak a few words. Like Job, I stood up, and I cried in the congregation. The book of Job appeared to me to contain four great principles. (1.) The permissive will of God, allowing Satan to bruise Job and all his family. (2.) The great power of Satan in hurling destruction upon all Job's property. (3.) The patience of Job; although he was not permitted to trust in it, for it came to an end at times. Then, lastly, there was the great promise of God fulfilled; "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but out of them all the Lord delivered him." After this morning service, Mr. Giles, junr., Mr. Bardens, and myself, climbed up what they call "The Terrace." There nature throws open some of her grandest pictures; valleys, rivers, slopes, and mountains high; she curls, and bows, and lifts her well arranged shoulders with grace

and beauty, beyond all I can attempt to describe. The afternoon service was comfortably passed through. I preached from the "handful of corn" as well as I could; but I was not exactly happy. The Newton pastor, Langford, with his cheerful face, was there; his co-workers, the brethren Varder, Sercombe, Bardens, and good Daniel, with a congregation of aged sires and ancient dames, and pews full of middle-aged and young listeners, all of whom appeared attentive; but, in the evening I had a realization of power and freedom, while solemnly reviewing some things in Zachariah's prophecy. Early next morning, we travelled through Buckhurst Leigh and Brent, through Ivy-bridge, and on to Plymouth. Ashburton was once the scene of the ministerial labours of the late William Bidder, Zachariah Turner, and many other good men who have passed home. As I was travelling home on that morning of Sept. 6, 1870, the words, "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land of far distances," rolled into my soul as silent as dew. At Trinity Chapel that evening, I had a blessed time in preaching; and some had in hearing. There were many people gathered. A season of seasons to my own soul it was; but immediately after an Armenian or carnal cannibal set at me; but he did me no harm, may God be praised.

LETTER AND LINES BY MR. CHARLES DRAWBRIDGE.

[A friend sends us the following, by the late minister of Rushden Baptist chapel. We regret to learn that Mr. Drawbridge is still confined at home; at the same time it is a mercy many other good men have been filling his vacant pulpit. It is thought Charles Drawbridge will never be Charles Drawbridge again; and that such another will never be found. We cannot tell.]

The following lines were composed by Mr. C. Drawbridge, and inserted in a Bible presented to Mark Holmes, of Catworth, Hunts., by his affectionate mother on his 21st birthday.

"Beloved Mark, thy mother's daily ardent prayer
Is, O, that my boy may prove with the saints
joint heir
With Him of whom this book so nobly testifies,
And ultimately reign with him beyond the
skies.
All that a mother's loving heart, wherein
grace reigns,
Can ask of God for thee, this precious book
contains.
O, read, mark, learn, and inwardly with care
digest
This golden treasure, this Book of books the
best.
O never let a day pass o'er your favoured
head,
Without a mouthful of this precious hallowed
bread;
Yea, e'en the smallest crumb of this supernal
food,
May do your soul and body everlasting good.

If tribulation come upon your earthly way,
This *vide mecum* breaks thro' every cloudy
day;

If dire affliction mark a thorny road for thee,
Here burns the glorious light which from the
thorns not free.

If sorrows deep and long encircle thy tall
brow,

This Book will dry thy tears should they in
rivers flow;

If poverty with all its woes and transient
cares

Within thy lot be found, this helps to escape
its snares;

If horrible temptations thy weak heart assail,
Here remedies abound that never once can fail
If Satan's wily arts should e'er entangle thee,
Here view the tempted Christ adorned with
victory.

Dear Mark, thy loving Mother, best of earthly
friends.

This precious Book of God to thee in prayer
commends."

C. DRAWBRIDGE.

Wellingboro', Sept, 1866.

[An account of the death of the above-named young man appeared in March number of *Vessel*. He was suddenly snatched by the ruthless hand of death from the loving embraces of mother and relatives, who have to mourn the loss of one so dear. "Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight."]

DEAR FRIENDS,—I hope this will find you all well; beg to inform you that I have sent to Mr. P—— to come to preach on Sunday, for I assure you there has been such a terrible earthquake that has so shattered the old house, that I thought it was coming down. And the Lord seemed to take no notice of it. Satan was, as he always is, ready to take the advantage; he came with that passage, "I will laugh when their fear cometh." But I forgot that the Lord was in the house, for he saith, "I will dwell with them," and so it is. He rebuked the winds, and there was a calm, also saying, "O ye of little faith, wherefore did you doubt?" the Lord showed me the foundations of the house, and it is "dust, for dust thou art." The dust made a terrible stew. When he had pulled thievily off the walls, I saw what a poor tottering place I had to dwell in. But the blessed Lord showed me a better one that he has prepared in heaven, which the Devil cannot touch. Storms and tempests cannot come there; he has secured it by a grant from heaven. Also he told me he would take me to himself, and my joy should be full. But I don't think I shall shift yet, for the wise Master-builder is patching the old house up for me to stay a little longer in it. The Lord is putting a little fresh furniture in the store-room, so I shall not flit yet. Next Lord's day I hope to see you, and may the dear Lord fill us with love, joy, and peace; give us rest and light to discover fresh glories in himself, and his purposes of love to us poor short-sighted simple creatures. The windows of the old house get dim, I cannot say more now. My love to all the friends at C——. Yours in the best of bonds,

CHARLES DRAWBRIDGE.

Rushden Lodge, Dec. 4th 1846.

BOW.—MOUNT ZION CHAPEL.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Having hailed your *Vessel* every month for near twenty years, will you take a few Gospel tidings from one of the nicest little settlements in this far east? Sunday, November 20th, special services were held; we had a rejoicing time; in the morning, the pastor, Mr. Lee, preached from the words, "Rejoice in the Lord alway." He showed the grounds of the Christian's rejoicing. It was a delightful season. In the afternoon Mr. Stringer came; he told us to "Rejoice in the Lord alway." I have heard William Allen say, when he commenced preaching, it gave him the trembles when he saw any one come in with a white neckerchief on. Think of young pastor Lee hearing that mighty warrior give out the same text he had preached from in the morning. But there he sat, with that precious "Fear not" you gave him at his ordination; and I think he rejoiced as much as the rest; and the Lord sending, the same message twice, made many to feel that, apart from his dear name, there is very little to rejoice in. Mr. Lee preached again in the evening. This cause is much favoured in having a gentleman (Mr. H. Lee) in their midst of considerable musical skill to lead the singing, which is very good here. The services were continued on the following Tuesday, in the Wesleyan chapel, Bow bridge, kindly lent for the occasion. That dear man of God, Mr. Thomas Jones, was announced to preach at 3 o'clock; but as he did not arrive, Mr. Lee gave out the text and commenced the sermon with "Here is brother Jones;" so after singing a verse, Mr. Jones preached from the words, "His servants shall serve him." The order was reversed on Sunday, we had one text and two sermons, on Tuesday two texts and one sermon. A comfortable tea was provided; a numerous company assembled. At 6.30 the public meeting began; chapel quite full; Brother Hitchcock imploring the divine blessing. Mr. Lee presided; after a few words of welcome, called on Mr. Stringer to address the meeting, which he did with much joy. Mr. Warren, from Plumstead, spoke very blessedly on the Bride, the Lamb's wife. Mr. Baldwin gave a lively, energetic speech. Mr. Kemp congratulated the friends in an encouraging strain; then after all the excellent speeches we had heard, we found the best wine was saved till last, for Mr. Thomas Jones, in his own loving way, gave us a sweet description of the glory to come. Some very excellent pieces were sung, which were much appreciated. That zealous, warm-hearted deacon, Mr. May, proposed a vote of thanks for the use of the chapel, which was seconded by Mr. Lee, the other deacon; and after the benediction we closed another happy meeting, for which this little cause is celebrated. I must acknowledge the goodness and mercy of God in raising up such a ministry in this place. Our brother Lee does not shun to declare the whole Gospel of God.

J. HAMMOND.

A REVIEW OF OUR EVANGELIZING CURATES.

"He gave some evangelists; and some pastor and teachers."

Nearly one hundred and fifty names and addresses are given in the *Baptist Almanack* for 1871, of good men, who are willing to serve churches of Gospel truth, on the Lord's day as "supplies," when occasions of need require them. Now, this important feature of exceedingly useful information, exclusively belongs to what we term *The Baptist Almanack*, which publication has now reached the twentieth year of its existence. No other Annual furnishes this authorised and correct list of evangelizing, itinerant preachers: it is to be found only in *The Baptist Almanack*, published by R. Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill.

Some difficulty is often experienced when ministers or deacons are seeking for a supply, arising from the fact that very many of these good men are not sufficiently known to the parties seeking help, to justify their sending for any one whose names and addresses are given in the annual referred to. It is no light matter for a minister or a deacon to throw their pulpit doors open to a man they know nothing of, beyond the fact that his name and address are given in *The Baptist Almanack*. Does *The Baptist Almanack* guarantee that all these brethren are fully qualified to enter any pulpit? Certainly not. What remedy then, have the seekers after a supply? Ah! there is the question.

The Editor of *The Earthen Vessel* is induced to endeavour to obviate this difficulty to some extent, by furnishing such particulars respecting the credentials of some of the brethren, as shall justify the seekers after supplies in sending for those whose ministration the Editor can faithfully describe. This can only be done by small portions in each month's *Earthen Vessel*. The first part of this review will be found (D.V.) in the March issue.

SHADWELL.—Mr. Milner was announced to preach at Rehoboth on behalf of the Poor, on Tuesday, Dec. 27th; but illness prevented. Mr. Green, late of Hoxton, ably occupied Mr. Milner's place. "Alas!" said a disappointed hearer, "What will become of us?" "Mr. Milner frequently ill; Mr. Wells not in his pulpit for a long time; Mr. Foreman seems dissolving. We know not where to go now." "Look at the other side of the picture" said a minister:—"Is there not a large army of young men coming into the field?" The dejected hearer replied: "There may be; but I do not know them." During this century the Lord has given His Church a number of original and powerful, and precious ministers of Christ's Gospel. They are all laid upon the shelf. What these young ones are, God only can decide; I cannot. "So saith the ghost of M. ATRBY."

BERKHAMPSTEAD.—A small church, holding true principles, meet for worship in the Working Man's Hall, in Great Berkhamstead. The brethren Shipton and Wm. Wood, speak in the Lord's name; and the Lord blesses them with unity and peace. Heartily do we rejoice in this, and solemnly do we desire that they may increase, and labour in faith and fruitfulness. The following lines may prove a cordial to many bereaved hearts.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. WOOD, ON THE DEATH OF HER BELOVED CHILD.

And has your Heavenly Father sent,
A messenger from heaven,
And taken your dear child away,
To you a season given?

He gave that darling child to you,
To nurse, and love awhile;
But now, he's called her far away
From earth's polluted soil.

You mourn and miss her very much,
And oft you drop a tear;
And wish, with all a mother's heart,
Your darling child was near.

Her prattling voice and gentle ways,
Drew forth your fondest love;
But now her body's in the grave,
Her spirit soars above.

You dearly loved that darling child;
But JESUS did the same;
Therefore, he sent, and took her home:
In this—he made his claim.

Jesus, while here on earth below,
Bade little children come;
And now from heaven he often sends,
And takes some to his home.

Could you but see your darling child,
Now drest in purest white,
You would with true submission say,
"Jesus, thy ways are right."

'Twas he who called your Alice home,
To dwell with him above,
And there with all the ransomed throng,
She sings redeeming love.

May he, who gives and takes away,
To you, his peace impart,
And send sweet balm of love divine,
To heal your wounded heart.

May you dear friend, now dry your tears,
And lift your eyes above
To him, who doeth all things well,
His name alone is "LOVE."

He is a true and faithful friend,
He loves unto the end;
Through all the trials you may pass,
His love may you attend.

Farewell; may Jesus grant you now
Some tokens of his love;
And give you grace to serve him here,
Then meet your child above.

From your sincere friend, S. SHIPTON,
Berkhamstead, Dec. 29, 1870.

OXFORD STREET.—SOHO CHAPEL.—The Anniversary of the Sunday School was held on Tuesday, Jan. 10. The pastor, Mr. Wilkin, took the chair. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Alderson, Anderson, Wyard, Griffin, Briscoe and Crumpton. The school, with 150 scholars, is in a prosperous condition; and the meeting was enlivened by some excellent pieces sung between the addresses.

JANUARY AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

ON New Year's morning, the pulpit was occupied by Mr. Parsons, the Brentford pastor, who was heard with profit; the subject being a comparison or parallel between the Christian and the palm tree. In the evening, the service was conducted by Mr. Mead and Mr. Butt (two of the deacons). The second Sunday, Mr. Stringer spoke in the morning. At the close of the service, a member of the congregation observed to Mr. Butt how much the discourse had been blessed to her soul; and she expressed a strong wish to tell Mr. Stringer how the Lord had through his instrumentality comforted her that morning. She did so; and in five days after, her happy spirit went to see him face to face without a veil between. In the evening, Mr. Griffin, the youthful successor of John Andrews Jones, was the preacher. We ought not perhaps to offer any observation on Mr. Griffin's sermon; but it certainly displayed a considerable knowledge of Scripture history; a continuity of idea; an arrangement and order which was well followed out, and made it pleasant to listen to the speaker, and easy to comprehend his meaning. Mr. Griffin is a young man perhaps some five and twenty years of age; he has a clear and pleasant voice, with a free and easy flow of speech: and we modestly submit, he is a young man of no ordinary mind; and we hope that in years to come he may be very useful in the ministry.

On the third Sunday, Mr. Foster, of Hastings, preached morning and evening, and the Wednesday evening following. He is a staid and experimental talker of things "touching the king." There is some originality and peculiarity of thought; for instance, speaking of Jonah in the belly of the whale, he compared the power of God to the submarine telegraph, which worked as well under water as above; it could reach the sinner, no matter where he may have fled to. In preaching, his discourse partakes much of the interrogatory character: Did you ever need him? that's the question. Now have you something to speak of the Lord's goodness? Blessed are you then. Is it only the day of "small things" with you? Did you ever pray to God, and get an answer to your prayer? that's a sure proof you are a child of God. Do you know both the light side, and the dark, of a Christian's path? Do you think as much of your mercies as you do of your sorrows? Mr. Foster is a man of plain speech; and must be an acceptable minister to the tried believer.

On Monday evening, the 16th, a special prayer meeting was held, in reference to Mr. Well's serious illness. The large vestry was more than crowded; a deep spirit of solemnity was felt; and the greatest anxiety manifest, as it had then become generally known that the pastor's affliction was decidedly more critical and painful than had first been supposed; Mr. Butt having stated on the previous Sunday that "Mr. Wells was no better,

and they must leave the matter in the Lord's hands." As a communication from Mr. Butt respecting Mr. Well's state may probably appear in some part of this number, the writer refrains from further particulars, only adding the deep sympathy he feels with Mr. Wells under this most painful affliction.

The fourth Sunday in Jan., Mr. Hanger, from Colchester, was the preacher; and, as on the threshold of his first discourse, he told us "he should preach as well as he could," we presume he endeavoured to fulfil the promise. He was well heard. He is a man of plain speech; remarkably energetic; very fluent; decided for the truth, and runs along with his subject, if without much arrangement, certainly in a truthful and telling manner.

Mr. Jull, from Ryarsh, is expected the last Sunday. The congregations are well sustained.

I hope to write again in February.

BIGBURY.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I should be glad to see you, but must wait the Lord's time. I must tell you our dear brother Gay, of Bigbury, is gone to his everlasting rest. This venerable saint was deprived of his sight several years before his death. He was a man of sound judgment, of extensive knowledge; above all, he was decided for the Gospel of the grace of God. He had a brother in the ministry, a man of God, and a zealous gospel preacher, they are all gone. From Bigbury, a village in Devon, many excellent men of truth have departed, but even then the Lord has his witnesses still. Mr. Gay was in the garden on the Monday, the Lord took to himself the spirit of our dear brother the Thursday night following. Nearly four years ago his dear wife died; I shall never forget them, for the Lord Jesus, by the Holy Spirit, made me useful to them both. Mrs. Gay, although not fit to be out, said on the Saturday, "I must go out to-morrow for it is Robert's time," she was out all three times, and the Lord did bless her precious soul; in a few days she fell asleep to awake up in the sunshine of glory for ever and ever. Our brother Gay was just the same; but they are gone. I do feel it an honour to be made useful to the Lord's dear people; it burdens my mind very much with desires to be more useful in his vineyard. The last time I was at Ashburton was a very good time to my poor soul; in reading *Phillipians iii.* I felt as if I could stay there all night. Since then, through the death of our dear brother Gay, I have been to Bigbury twice. How blessed when the oil runs; when the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, and when the precious blood of Jesus is felt upon the soul. The Lord bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you, and strengthen you through life's journey with the support of his arm, is the prayer of yours in Jesus,

R. C. BARDENS.

[We shall rejoice to see this excellent young man settled over some truth-loving church.—Ed.]

PECKHAM—RYE LANE.—I remember hearing a Member of Parliament say, that in the centre of Ward Beacher's Sabbath School at New York, there was a handsome fountain, ever in full play, beautifully surrounded with flowers, and the school-room was carpeted, and no effort was spared to render the place attractive. Be it so; we see no reason why our schools should not be both comfortable and attractive. But there are other attractions quite as effective; and a very important one is a devoted, earnest, and loving superintendent; one who is ever thinking and ever working for his school, and who looks upon the scholars as a father does upon his children; one who prays and labours for the Lord's blessing to attend the work. Such a superintendent we have in Mr. George Thomas Congreve. It was an interesting sight on New Year's Day, in the afternoon, to see the body of Rye Lane chapel filled with the Sabbath school children; and when the superintendent wished the children a Happy New Year, the mass of youthful voices that immediately responded, "The same to you, sir," displayed an affectionate regard that must be exceedingly pleasing. After prayer had been offered by several friends, Mr. Congreve delivered an allegorical address, and a very pleasing afternoon was spent, at the close of which the children and teachers were invited by the superintendent to take tea with him on the following week. Such work must prosper.

DALSTON.—A new place of worship for the ministry of Mr. Blake, late of Artillery Street, more recently meeting in the Dalston Hall, was opened Jan. 8th. and 10th. Sermons were preached on Sunday; and on the Tuesday afternoon, Mr. B. B. Wale delivered a discourse to the kingdom which cannot be moved. Tea was supplied to a cheerful company. Mr. Blake presided over the evening meeting; and was presented by Mr. Johnson, the deacon, with a handsome and useful purse of gold, the united offerings of a loving and faithful people. The ministerial brethren, Henry Myerson, Kempson, Hodder, Booth, Harris, and others, congratulated Mr. Blake upon his recovery from a long illness. It is astonishing how frequently Mr. Blake has been raised as from the brink of the grave. His new chapel is No. 68, Downham Road, Dalston. We pray his recovery may be permanent, even to a good old age; and that his ministry may be savingly useful to multitudes, for thousands upon thousands are living around his chapel who seem much to need a Bonanerges like our friend Mr. Blake.

MARGATE.—DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you; that peace which passeth understanding, which none know but those whose minds are stayed on the mighty God of Jacob, whose wisdom, power, and love are all engaged on their behalf—his wisdom to counsel and guide; his power to support, protect, and shield; his love to comfort and bless, who keeps his children as the apple of his eye, and watches over

them every moment lest any hurt them. In what strong and forcible language does he assure us of his great love to us! and yet how often are we desponding and cast down by the sorrows and trials of the way! and, not unfrequently, our unbelieving hearts, the greatest trial of all, are so slow in his love to repose, that it is seldom we can, like Paul, "glory in infirmities and tribulations that Christ's own power may rest on us." Yet where should we be but for our trials and sorrows? "By these things men live." Ah, "they give new life to prayer," how often would our prayers be cold and formal but for our trials; they make us cry out in earnest. Then it is we seek him with all our hearts, and according to his gracious promises, he hears and saves us, and although he may not see it best to remove our "thorn in the flesh," yet he whispers, "My grace is sufficient for thee." He manifests his power and love in sustaining us in the midst of affliction, more gloriously than by delivering us out of it; at least I often find it so, for I do most firmly believe that our bitterest trials are but special tokens of his love, because he uses them to draw and keep us nearer to himself; and in this way he fulfils the desire of them that fear him; for surely every child of God in his right mind secretly sighs, "nearer my God, nearer to thee!" I am sometimes very depressed and ill; then again a little better; I am still quite a prisoner, which tries me sorely sometimes. Father and sister join me in best love. I am yours in Jesus,

S. KENNET.

Joss Street, Nov. 30, 1870.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.—Sunday Jan. 15, 1871, was a solemn season with the friends worshipping in New Bridge Street Chapel, when Mr. John Vincent discoursed upon the words, Romans ix. 23. "That he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory." On the previous Lord's-day, Jan. 8, Mr. Vincent's son, John, had departed this life in a most happy and even glorious manner; his mother had been comforted by the text above quoted; and the friends in New Bridge Street Chapel did indeed weep with those that wept, and rejoiced with those who rejoiced in the riches of that grace which had transplanted a beloved and highly-gifted son. The particulars of the event in our next.

HORSELYDOWN.—Cannot tell "S. T." if a Life of David Denham was issued. "S. T." may rely on the following facts. David Denham was in his pulpit at Yeovil on Sunday morning, Nov. 25, 1848, when death seized him. He died Dec. 8, 1848, was buried in Bunhill Fields, Dec. 21. Messrs J. A. Jones, S. Milner, G. Wyard, W. Felton, C. W. Banks, Branch, Bowes, Bidder, Bonner, and James Smith, took part in solemn services. Since then, Jones, Smith, Branch, Bowes, Bidder, and Bonner are all gone home. We believe G. Wyard, and S. Milner are still in Gospel harness, but how many are gone!

FOREST OF DEAN.—A good brother on Forest of Dean, says "We are still moving on, we have supplies from Cheltenham every Sabbath; truth does not spread much here. Our congregation is better, we have our trials; bless the Lord, he has been more to us than all our doubts and fears. We can say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Some are gone to their long home; but we are spared to see the commencement of another year. Brother Bowry is very ill. The Lord be with you and us through this year, to support, cheer and comfort us, is the prayer of your well-wisher in the Lord. W. HARRIS.

[We do thank the Lord to find the little Church planted on the Forest of Dean, instrumentally by brother Snaith, (now of Mendelsham) is still preserved.

Through many seas of sorrow that little ship has sailed;
But He who gave her Life, has never never failed.

[Hallelujah! Fight on ye noble Cinderforders! May the God of Heaven prosper you more and more. Amen.—ED.]

THE PROTESTANT BLIND SOCIETY.

—We feel it an honour to be permitted to call special attention to this exceedingly valuable Institution. Many good christians who have lost their sight, are pleading for help from the Protestant Blind Society; but its funds require the aid of all who can help. We grieve over the lamentable fact, that many who profess to believe in Christ for salvation, never practically show their love to Him in His afflicted members. What dreadful pictures of christian covetousness might be exhibited. Oh! that God would touch their hearts, and move their hands. We cannot refrain from noticing a handsome Car-de-visite recently presented to us of the father and president, or treasurer of the Protestant Blind; we refer to Thomas Pocock, sen., Esq. This is the most beautiful portrait of a truly godly man we have ever seen. Talk of "Life-like!" this seems to be the very man himself. Tens of thousands—who never knew Mr. Pocock personally—would be delighted to have this rare and beautifully expressive likeness in their albums. We know well enough, Mr. Pocock is not to be sold. But if the Committee could prevail upon their noble sire to allow copies of this *carte* to be disposed of expressly for the benefit of the Protestant Blind Society, we believe the funds would thereby be benefited. If ever we loved to look at the picture of a Christian man, it is now, as before us we see the tinted photo. of Mr. Thomas Pocock, sen.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Mr. John Turner, pastor of Particular Baptist Church, Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, is the author of several works on theological and spiritual subjects; a list of which is appended to a sermon sent us, headed "The Price of Wisdom," &c. Plain Bible Truth, clearly expressed, fills up the discourse before us. We

gratefully sympathise with all good men who, by the press, as well as by the pulpit, aim to publish the grace of God, as revealed in the Gospel of Christ to all around them. From England, the Lord has been pleased to call many good men into the Australian colonies, to bear witness unto the truth. Of these, Mr. John Turner, once of Brighton, is surely not the least devoted or useful. We ask the Australian churches and their pastors to correspond with us more freely, and more frequently. We send them the best news we can from the land of their nativity; WHY are they so reticent toward us?

BARNESLEY.—MR. EDITOR. My brethren and sisters in the cause of Christ at Barnesley join with me in thanks for the kind feeling expressed towards us and our beloved Pastor, in your note which appeared in *The Earthen Vessel*. We also thank you for the kind manner in which you commended us to the prayers and sympathies of other kindred churches, whose prayers will be highly appreciated by us. We bless the name of our covenant Jehovah, who put it into your heart thus to espouse our poor, little, yet much despised cause of truth, placed as it is in the very midst of abounding error. You say, truly that it is the custom now to speak of those who firmly adhere to the Gospel of God's Christ, as dangerous men. We find it so daily, and we are avoided as such; nay, even shunned as if we were a pestilence. The enemies of the ancient truths of Christ's Gospel would not only snuff out the precious truths themselves, but I believe would also snuff out all their adherents with them. But be this as it may, one thing we are assured of, that the Lord has shewn unto us a more sure word of prophesy, and hath taught us thereunto to take heed as to a light shining in a dark place. that even when down in the lowest depths of distress, persecution and poverty, hath taught us to know "That the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his;" and also he knows what is in them that are not. I am, with brethren and sisters, yours in love and truth,
W. GREEN.

[When we were preaching in Newcastle-on-Tyne last July, we said to ourselves, "here are seven large bodies of *professing* christians decidedly opposed to, and frowning upon us New Testament Baptists; there are, (1.) The Church of England; (2.) The Roman Catholics; (3.) The Presbyterians; (4.) The Congregationalists; (5.) The Wesleyans of all sorts; (6.) The Open Communion and Free-will Baptists; (7.) The Plymouth Brethren. What a miserable minority we look, compared with the immense bodies of professors who are opposed to us. Well, we cannot forsake the distinguishing doctrines of grace. God has made them dearer to us than life itself. We cannot play with, or deny the ordinance of Baptism by immersion; it is our Lord's own law-order. Therefore, let us pray for grace to be faithful unto death; let us seek to be united in Gospel fellowship; let us not be bitter in spirit, nor rash in speed

toward those who oppose us; but, let us strive together to commend the truth to every man's conscience as in the sight of God, leaving the result with Him, whom we love and serve. "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with him." Again we affirm, all our Strict Baptist Churches are bound practically to sympathize with each other, to help and to encourage each other. The Barnsley friends, and all other weak churches shall have all the aid God enables us to give them.—[ED.]

TOOTING GROVE.—**PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.** Eighth anniversary was held Monday, Jan. 16. In the afternoon, Mr. Stringer delivered a sermon from Psalm cxxii. "Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good." After which, many sat down to tea, liberally provided by the ladies. In evening, Mr. Wale delivered discourse from Hebrews vi. "That within the veil." The friends could say it was a happy season.
THE MINISTER'S SON.

CHELMONDISTON.—As one proof of the profitable and pleasant acceptance of our brother in Christ, Mr. G. G. Whorton, as pastor of the Baptist church, in Chelmondiston, the children in the Sunday School subscribed together, and presented their minister with a handsome book, which, (quite unknown to him) was laid on his pulpit cushion on Christmas day, in the morning. The children watched his finding the book with sparkling eyes; and the dear man himself was almost overcome. It is encouraging to us to know that Chelmondiston church now dwell together in peace; and minister and people are joyfully anticipating additions by baptism before long. The Lord be praised.

PIMLICO.—Since the death of Mr. John Stenson, there has been little or no progress in truth in the S. W. Suburbs of London. Mr. Wise faithfully preached the Gospel for some years in Carmel; but seeing no enlargement, he wisely retired. We have no hope of any one in the truth in those parts now; but, an effort is to be made. If Strict Baptist Churches are not to sink lower and lower, the ministers must be free-men; men, who will throw their whole hearts, souls and bodies into the work, and make the people feel that they are seeking the eternal welfare of their souls. Powerful preachers in the pulpit, and incessant labourers out of it, are the only ones who can progress in these times. Mr. M'Cure has gone through fire and through water; we pray that in Pimlico, in a Gospel, and in a Spiritual sense, he may come out into the wealthy place.

SHEFFIELD.—Praise God, the little Strict Baptist Church at Masboro' still grows under the joint ministry of brethren Elam and J. Taylor. We are sad at heart to think that immense cutlery town, Sheffield, has not one New Testament Church or minister in it; not one who faithfully represents the Pentecostal Pattern. Oh that the

Spirit would raise up one burning and shining light there! Brother Johnson, at Barnsley, is hard at work to build up the living in Jerusalem. Gideon's army, "faint, yet pursuing," is not dead yet. But we feel we need some thorough godly missionary men, with powerful minds and plenty of means, to visit, to help, and to strengthen these weak bands of faithful disciples. Our rich men are lazy and lukewarm. Alas, that it is so.

PLYMOUTH.—"A Poor Wanderer," says—Mr. Collins has left us for six months; Mr. Hemmington is in London too, for a little while; and, except in Trinity, all Gospel places are quite out of joint. Mr. John Hunt Lynn has preached for us at Corpus Christi, where some desire "open communion." Mr. Langford has been the Lord's messenger to us; we esteem him highly. We all are looking to the Lord. Mr. Wilcockson has been to speak to his friends again. Paul might well ask, "Is Christ divided?"

WITHINGTON.—Whitstone Baptist Chapel Day School.—The annual public examination of the above school was held on Monday, the 26th inst. It is interesting to observe the progress made in the various branches. The questions in grammar, arithmetic, and geography were answered readily, and reflect great credit on the teachers; as also lessons in recitation and scripture readings. About 5 o'clock the entire party sat down with the children to a comfortable tea. Various articles of clothing and crochet work, done by the children, were inspected and sold for the benefit of the Whitstone Clothing Society.

HACKNEY ROAD.—Alderman Lusk, Esq., M.P., was announced to preside at Mr. John Osborn's Public Meeting, in Claremont, on Dec. 27, 1870. It was a bitter winter's day, but the meeting was holden. Mr. Osborn delivered an address on Love and Unity. Ministers Christmas, Smith, Hitchcock, Carey, Wheeler, and C. W. Banks, endeavoured to hold up the hands of this venerable servant of the Lord.

STEPNEY.—Dec. 29, Mr. Stringer baptized five believers in Bethel Chapel, Wellesley street, Stepney. His ministry is made a blessing to many, and our prayer is, that spiritual power and temporal prosperity may attend him in Wellesley street for many years yet to come.

Deaths.

DIED, at her residence—De Beauvoir Town, Kingsland, Mrs. Letitia Driver, aged 75 years; relict of the late John Samuel Driver, formerly of the Minorities, London, who peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, on Monday night, Dec. 26th, 1870, and was interred at Abney Park Cemetery.

DIED, at her residence, Albany Road, Jan. 13th, Mrs. Perkins, deeply beloved by a large circle of Christian friends.

"LOST! SIR, LOST FOR EVER!"

A NARRATIVE FROM THE PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE OF MR. R. A. LAWRENCE,
Minister of Ebenezer Chapel, Bermondsey New Road.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—In a recent conversation with your son, Mr. Robert, I mentioned the circumstances of the annexed case, when he suggested that such a display of divine power ought not to be hid in a corner. Possessing, however, neither the talent, the time, nor the money for "Pamphlet writing," I venture to send you the following statement, believing that if you can find space for it in the columns of the *Vessel*, it may serve as an encouragement to some of my brother ministers, and stand before all who read it, as another sample of what "Almighty Grace" can do. With best wishes,

Yours in the Friend of Sinners,
R. A. LAWRENCE.

TOWARDS the end of the year, 1869, I was requested by one of my congregation to call and see her brother, S—S—who was dying from rapid consumption. Having previously heard that his mind was strongly imbued with infidel principles, I proceeded to the house with a heavy heart, and with somewhat of Abraham's feeling, "Not knowing whither I went;" or rather, not knowing with what kind of a reception I should meet.

On arrival, I was shown into a parlour, separated only by folding doors from the room used for the occasion as his bed-room; and through these doors, I was compelled to listen to the prayer (?) of a physician of no value. "Oh, Lord, shortly thy servant, quitting mortality, shall walk the golden streets, wave the palm of victory, and strike the harp of gold." This seemed very pretty as a specimen of rhetoric, but ill-suited as a sound for the ears of one whose heart had never been broken for sin. The gentlemen having left, I was shown into his room; and a sight presented itself, sufficiently sad to move the heart of a stoic. A fine young fellow of five or six-and-twenty years of age, sat, or rather reclined in a chair, with "Consumption" stamped in capital letters on his face.

The usual kind enquiries and expressions of sympathy served to introduce me, when the following conversation took place; which, from the solemnity of the occasion and the circumstances attending it, will, I think, never be blotted from my mind.

"Now you tell me the doctor gives you no hope of restoration in this life; and on the very face of it, it appears you must die; what hope have you for eternity?"

A solemn pause ensued, in which we gazed intently at each other, while I waited for an answer.

"I hope to go to heaven," he at last replied.

"So do most people," I said, "but a false hope is good for nothing; for thousands who hope to get there, never enter its gates. How do you hope to get there, or what is the nature of your hope?"

Another pause followed, in which he looked at me in a way that seemed to say very loudly, "What right have you to ask me such questions?"

I repeated my question, and reluctantly he gave me the following answer—

"Well—God is very merciful."

"Yes," I responded; "but he is very just."

Another solemn pause, in which he moodily repeated the words, "Very just," "Very just," several times, and then relapsed into perfect silence.

I saw that this fencing would not do, so preparing for a home thrust, I addressed him thus—

"Now, I've never seen you before, and as I gain nothing by my visit, you can imagine that nothing but a desire for your good has brought me here, and therefore as a friend, answer me one question, and answer it honestly, as in the sight of God. If God were to cut you down this minute, and send you to hell, for your sins, would he be just, and would you deserve it?"

What the feelings of his heart were under this thrust, I can scarcely tell, but I could in some measure gauge them from the expression of his face—Haughty-pride and soul-conviction seemed struggling mightily within him; and although I am not vain enough to attempt to describe the mysterious manner of that work which the WORD describes as "Wind blowing where it listeth," yet I believe that this was the "evidential" turning point in his career. No bird in the snare of the fowler; no fish in the captor's net, ever struggled more for freedom, than he did to get away from this question—but feeling the solemnity of what I was about, I quietly put away all his "fencing" answers, and persistently appealed for a straight-forward "Yes," or "No." He looked as if he could have sent a thousand daggers through me, and he afterwards told me that when I asked him that question he "perfectly hated me." It was no small trial to a man's faithfulness, and though by no means one of the softest hearted of men, I could have wept with sympathy for the poor young fellow. After repeatedly putting away his evasive answers, a silence ensued which really seemed solemn, but slowly, (I had nearly said reluctantly) and yet in a sort of half-broken-hearted way, the answer came, "If God were to do it, he would be just, and I *should* deserve it."

He then seemed to bow his back for the rod, and I think the poor dear fellow imagined that as a "right honorable and most reverend being," I was about to administer a strong chastisement, in the shape of a severe homily. But I trust I know a little of the Master's spirit; so drawing my chair closer to him, I said, "My dear friend, now we are in the same boat I can talk to you as a man in the same condemnation; for what you have just said, is just what I feel:" I gave him my hand, and sobbing like a child he exclaimed, "Oh, Sir, I am a great sinner; you don't know how great, and there can be no mercy for me." Shall I be ashamed to say that I wept with him that wept? and not I singly, for two of the Lord's people that were in the room, were more than overcome, while the poor mother was naturally heart-broken. I shall not soon forget that sick chamber.

As the Lord helped me, I endeavoured to lay simply before him the doctrine of the cross, but it was now with him no "fall-flat-on-the-promise," or "close-in-this-minute-matter," as the religious slang of the day runs; for God had wounded, and God alone could heal; and he knew it.

I saw him frequently, and to my repeated question, "How is the mind now my brother?" I got the continual answer, "Worse than ever

sir ;” and though at first my reply “ I am glad to hear it,” used to puzzle him, yet as light dawned upon his mind he seemed to see my meaning, but used to shake his head as if to say, “ None of your comfort here, I don’t deserve it, I am not the character, and I won’t have it.”

On one occasion I saw him, and asked him how he felt. I shall not readily forget his answer, “ LOST, SIR, LOST FOR EVER.” “ Thank God for that,” I said. The piteous look he gave me, seemed almost to accuse me of cruelty. However, the “ Great-Puller-Down ” was now building gradually up; and, step by step, the vision of Christ in the completeness of His work, as a salvation altogether out of self, seemed presented to his soul by Israel’s Teacher, and he began to hope.

I might here say, that the doctrines of grace were at first a stumbling block to him ; but as I had once been in a similar state myself, I trust I was helped to have “ compassion on the ignorant one, and on him that was (in this sense) out of the way.” The Holy Ghost gradually made his quibblings and reasonings die away in wonderment at the great grace that had saved such a sinner as he was.

On one occasion he told me, “ I have fixed my hope on Jesus ; and I mean to keep it there.”

I said, that as an interpreter of languages, I would put that into proper English, which I did as follows : “ God has fixed your hope in Jesus, and he means to keep it there.”

He smiling thanked me ; acknowledged his inability to express himself, and feelingly said, “ Yes, he has done it all.”

On another occasion he said, “ Mr. Lawrence, I can’t sufficiently thank you ; if it had not been for you, I should never have known the way of life.” But on my uttering a significant “ Eh ! what’s that you’re saying ? ” he speedily altered his key note, and said, “ Yes—I know God has done it ; but he made you the instrument. I once hated you, when you tried to get into my heart’s feeling, I thoroughly disliked you ; but now I love you as a brother in Christ.”

He now began to give utterance to such expressions as these : “ Oh, won’t I praise him when I get to heaven.” “ To see Jesus, and be with Him, Oh, how happy.” “ No consumption in heaven.” And he would also frequently break out with stanzas of Toplady’s gem :

“ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ! ”

Some strong sedative pills the doctor gave him he used to cut in halves, because a whole one affected his head, and he ultimately refused to take them at all, as he said he was not going to die intoxicated. He used to speak of me as his “ *old* ” friend, though he had only known me two months, or thereabout. His end was peace, retaining consciousness to the last ; he wept and praised, he trusted and sang, and then fell asleep in Jesus, in the beginning of 1870.

[We heartily thank our friend, Mr. Lawrence, for this holy testimony.

We believe thousands will thank him for its insertion here. Our Lord evidently made good and great use of him ; and crowned his work with triumphant success. Our readers will surely read this narrative to all who may come within their reach. It must be considered a beautiful record of a death-bed repentance—and of a dying man’s conversion to a Triune God.—ED.]

BRIGHTON: HER LATE AND HER LIVING MINISTERS.

God loves His Church: He sends her wholesome food;
 In every age, some witnesses have stood.
 Light, still, we trust, shall shine with brighter rays,
 Till millions more resound Immanuel's praise.

THE county of Sussex has been one of the richest, one of the most highly-favoured counties in all England, for its continued succession of true, experimental, and powerful ministers of the everlasting Gospel: and in none of the towns in Sussex, have there been more faithful witnesses for Christ, than have been found in that fashionable, flourishing, and fast-advancing watering-place, now called Brighton. We have in a previous paper, rapidly reviewed our Metropolitan Ministers of Truth; and next, we are preparing to direct the attention of our readers to Brighton, and its neighbours; and describe, as far as we can, the different particular places where, and the preachers by whom, the Words of Life are spoken without mixture; without any fatally erroneous bias. On the threshold of this section of our work, alas! DEATH has demanded the body of one of Brighton's mild, modest, and medium-kind of gracious men. Of his departure, therefore, we must say something in our first chapter.

THE LIFE AND LAST MOMENTS OF THE LATE MR. GEORGE ISAAC,

Pastor of Sussex Street Baptist Church, Brighton.

During the last twenty years, or more, we have frequently heard the name "ISAAC" as a minister sound in the faith, and serviceable in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ; but, as it was not our privilege to have any personal acquaintance with him, our memorial must be given from authenticated sources; not from personal knowledge. Before he had reached his threescore years, he has been called home; in the midst of usefulness; with hopes, it may be, of preaching the Gospel for several years, yet like many more, he has laid aside his ministerial staff—has passed over Jordan: and now his ransomed spirit dwells in those higher circles, where Gurney says,

"They harp, they shout; their hallelujahs fly,
 And reach the upper arches of the sky;
 There—endless pleasures swell, and roll along,
 While all unite to sing—THE LAMB'S NEW SONG."

Oh! how blessed it must be to be there! Here, on this earth, to commune with GOD, to have faint views of JESUS, the SON—to be led in holy meditation by the ETERNAL SPIRIT—to be able to believe in the Glorious Mediator, to extol and praise His Name and Work, is wonderfully pleasant, it is deeply sanctifying, it is heart-purifying, it is sin-condemning, and soul-comforting; but, *here* those seasons of fellowship are so few, so far between, so fleeting: *here*, the fruits of a fallen nature hinder: *here*, cares, sorrows, sicknesses, deaths, and dreary deserts, often sink us almost into despair: *here*, the best of men sometimes send daggers into our already wounded spirits; *here*, upstart and uncleansed boys, and big lads, set themselves up for teachers of truth, and for preachers of the blessed Lamb, whom, we fear, they never knew for themselves: *here*, in a word, all appears confusion, and

discomfort ; but **THERE**—once admitted there, mourning days are over and perfect joys are found. Thither—we trust—the soul of good Isaac, of Brighton, is gone—for ever gone—to see, and sing the honours of that **KING**, whose throne stands for ever and ever ; and of whose kingdom there shall be no end.

A Funeral Sermon preached by Mr. Grigg, and published by J. Tucknott, has been kindly sent us. From it, the following brief memoir, and account of Mr. Isaac's last moments, are gathered. Our readers will see his life was a devoted and useful one : and that he finished his course with solemn gladness.

Mr. George Isaac was born at Bramley, near Guildford, Surrey, June 17, 1811. When a little more than an infant he was removed to Godalming, and afterwards to Chobham, in the same county. We find him at the age of sixteen, leaving his home and entering a house of business near London, an entire stranger to God and to himself, and to those things with which the true happiness of the soul is connected. Seized, a few months after, with a serious attack of pleurisy, he was taken, upon his recovery, to hear the late Mr. Joseph Irons, at Camberwell. Here it pleased the Lord to open the eyes of his understanding, and subsequently, being brought under the ministry of Mr. Glanville, at the Baptist Chapel, at Horsell Common, he avowed his faith in Jesus, and was baptized ; and at the same time and place was baptized Sarah Hudson, who subsequently became his wife. Mr. Isaac preached his first sermon at Chobham, and from that time appears to have continued to preach every Lord's-day. While holding a situation at Guildford, he often walked eleven miles after preaching the Gospel in the evening.

"In 1837 he began business in Woking, after which he married his late wife, the daughter of a deacon of the Horsell Church. To the claims of business and to the work of the ministry he could not, however, at the same time, give all that attention that each required, and the former were relinquished for the latter. Our brother sustained the office of pastor successively to Baptist Churches at Otley, Suffolk ; Over, Cambridgeshire ; Chatham, Kent ; and then was removed to Brighton, where for the last seventeen years he laboured in the Gospel. I heard to-day that the seal of divine approbation was impressed upon the labours of the first day of his ministry in this town : and that within the last few days a sister has departed this life, the closing scenes of whose mortal existence were brightened by the vivid recollection of the truths that day proclaimed, so much so, that she wished a message to be conveyed to Mr. Isaac of the usefulness that God had made his ministry to her soul. Others have also testified to me of the power of his ministry and of its blessedness."

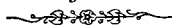
Thus Mr. Isaac began his ministry in one of the little gardens of truth in Surrey ; and in a steady, quiet, course, pursued it unto the end, although in different small places in the kingdom. Now look at him on his dying bed :—

"His last sermon will be remembered by many—his weakness was great ; the text,—'In His favour is life, weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' How true in his own experience ! After many a weeping night he entered into joy in the morn. To one he said, not long before his decease, 'Nothing to do now—all done—nothing but to lie down and die.' Again,—'As far as the east is from the west'—turning his head and eyes in each direction. While able to bear it, he would each morning ask for The Book to be read to him. Upon the text being quoted—'They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them,' 'Oh,' he replied, 'but mine have been evil,' and called himself by several humiliating names.

"For some months before he was taken so much worse, nearness of communion with the Saviour was greatly enjoyed by him, producing that sweet

'peace which passeth understanding,' and which he trusted nothing would break or mar. He afterwards deplored the loss of so close communion. The spirit being willing but the flesh weak. On Lord's-day, December 18, he left his room, but was taken so much worse, he dreaded retiring for the night, feeling he should not rest. Thursday, December, 29, his mind was calm, and shortly after he spoke of his departure with great freedom, making every arrangement for his funeral, which he wished taken down in writing, and saw the undertaker respecting the coffin, adding, 'I leave the friends to make their own arrangements.' The next day, Friday, the 30th, at 8 p.m., he was seized with an alarming fit of suffocation, which threatened to terminate his existence, but medical aid brought relief, though speech was almost gone, and apparently unconscious of what he saw around him, until the word 'Home' was whispered, when his eyes were uplifted for some time. His countenance was happy, and upon being asked—'Are you happy?' he gave assent. His eyes possessed unusual brightness for days, as if the mind were beaming with delight he could not express. He made many efforts to speak, but in vain, so far as intelligible sentences. On Lord's-day he was not expected to live. Extreme drowsiness came over him, when not aroused by the cough. He lingered until the following Thursday morning, when he took refreshment; the thirst was great; uneasiness followed and increased; the breathing louder and more rapid, so that it was thought necessary for all to gather round his bed; his dear child placing herself at the foot of the bed, he beckoned to her to go to the side, when he extended one hand to herself and the other to his nearest earthly relative, to draw him up in the bed; he pressed them significantly, and then removed them from his; and clasping them firmly together, with his eyes uplifted as if in prayer, the change came, and, with a long sigh, he departed,—departed to be with Jesus, which is far better."

Some choice words from the dying beds of both Mrs. and Mr. Isaac, we reserve for our little "*Cheering Words.*"



HEAVENLY RELATIONSHIP.

"I HAVE called thee by thy name, thou art mine." Isaiah xliii. 1.

JESUS, my name is graved,
 Upon Thy loving heart;
 I know that I am saved;
 Nor would my spirit part
 With this sweet consciousness, and trust,
 For all that worldlings value most.
 Yet, tho' I feel the power
 Of Thine own Spirit's grace;
 Temptations ev'ry hour
 Will struggle to efface
 Thine image from my ransom'd soul,
 And rob Thee of its sole control.
 Lord, I admit Thy claim—
 —Imperative, but just—
 And all I have and am,
 I, to Thy keeping trust.
 Nor can, nor would, I hold from Thee
 Aught which Thy love doth claim of me.
 Soon shall I meet Thee there,
 Where all are fully blest;
 Eut whilst I tarry here,
 O fill my anxious breast
 With holy peace, and earnest love,
 To fit me for Thy church above.

ROBERTUS.

WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP?

CHAP. XXV.

A REVIEW OF THE SEVEN METAPHORICAL CUPS IN THE BIBLE.

SO exceedingly full is the Bible of Metaphors, and of metaphorical expressions, that no man has ever yet, I believe, exhausted, or fully developed them. Mr. Benjamin Keach wrote a huge folio volume on Biblical Metaphors; and yet he appears to have hardly touched them: in fact, if you are favoured to have one ray of divine light shining (through your mind) on any one text of Scripture, or through any metaphor in the Bible; if, with that heavenly flame in your soul, you go to Keach to study him, his brief and bare exposition will seem to you as dry as a bone, and as lifeless as an old broken pitcher; nevertheless, good Benjamin Keach—both in his metaphorical and parabolical volumes—has rendered great service to the Church; and many, who have small minds, and long memories, may frequently find the frame-work of a sermon in his books; but, if this frame-work is all that such preachers can give the people, I must pity them from my heart; for bones, and hard boards, although neatly laid together, will never satisfy living souls. Nothing short of the *gushings forth* of the river of the water of life out of the preacher's own deep well, can refresh the weary traveller, who, with his burden on his back, is labouring up the hill Difficulty; and when he sits down for a moment under the preached Word, he does not care for the borrowed outlines of such Homiletical Analyses as the clever Dr. Parker can give you; nor for the wire-drawn divisions and sub-divisions of Keach on the Parables; nor for the historical researches even of good Dr. Gill, of ever precious memory. Nay, the burdened believer, the bleeding heart, the panting soul, the thirsty spirit, the screaming conscience, the aching head, the dejected mind, the tempest-tossed saint, must have the living bread which cometh down hot and heavy from heaven itself; or, disappointment and distress renders the poor seeker ten times more wretched than he was before he went under the ministry at all; because Satan will hurl a fiery dart into him as he retires, piercing him with the suggestion—"if you was a vessel of mercy you would gladly receive such preaching; but now you know you are only an hypocrite; therefore, come to my service; and dream no more of heaven!"

Ah! these pedantic boys, who think to live like gentlemen by the ministry, and these wordy letter-men, and fluent talkers, who have beguiled the weak and silly people to make them "pastors:"—these proud hirelings little think how they make sad the souls of God's chastened saints, nor can they be fully alive to the occasion they give to Satan to wound more deeply the mourners in Zion.

There is a deepness of meaning in the Word of God which never has been fathomed yet: there is a length and breadth in the teachings of the Holy Ghost which never have been comprehended yet: there are heights in the love and mercy of God which none have yet fully reached: but, where Christ dwelleth by His Spirit and Word in the ministry, there shall be found (not, the dry crust of mouldy bread which you may find laying upon the shelves of the study, but) the

NEW-Covenant meat and drink of God's providing, which causeth the sincere, hungry soul to exclaim—"Thy word was found, and I did eat it, and it was to my soul joy and gladness; life and liberty; sealing home the testimony of my salvation:

Assuring my conscience of her part,
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bearing witness with my heart,
That I am born of God."

That lofty and delightful metaphorical prayer of the Church which is written in the forty-fifth Psalm has helped many of us in our days and nights of waiting and watching. There the Church cries out—"Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty; and in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness." There is a three-fold character and office in that metaphor—"thy sword."

There is THE SWORD OF STATE: this bespeaks the Royalty of our Almighty King. He comes, in the Gospel, to claim His own: He comes to "raise the poor out of the dust—to lift up the beggar from the dung-hill; to set them among princes; to make them inherit the throne of glory."

There is THE SWORD OF WAR: this bespeaks the Saviour's Victory. He comes to bring the prisoners out of prison: to rescue them out of the hands of the strong-man armed. Turn to the twenty-sixth of the Acts, read the blessed Saviour's own words to Saul of Tarsus when ordaining him for the ministry. He says—"I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen; and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the gentiles unto whom now I send thee."

See:—the minister must be delivered from the people: as far as man is concerned, he must be a *free-man*; and then he must be SENT unto the people by the LORD JESUS CHRIST himself. Then, the fruits of the ministry will be as CHRIST declares—"to open their eyes" (the eyes of their hearts; to feel the darkness and pollution of their sinful state:—then) "to turn them from darkness to light; from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins; and inheritance among them that are sanctified, by faith that is in Me." There is the result of the Saviour's Victory.

There is, also, THE SWORD OF JUSTICE; this bespeaks the Saviour's equity; for, "He will give unto every man according to his works."

This brings me to consider the first of the SEVEN METAPHORICAL CUPS IN THE BIRLE: the contents of which are more awful than we can write with the pen; for, the man who sung, or said that the Redeemer

"Drank hell dry,"

made an assertion which millions of lost souls know to be as false as the father of lies himself. In speaking of Jesus and his mighty work, men should be careful to speak the truth; or, when called to give an account of their stewardship, it may be a day of dread darkness unto them.

First: there was, there is, the Old Covenant Wine Cup of the Fury of Almighty God, which is expressly described in Jeremiah xxv. 15.

This is a prophecy of that destruction which was to come upon Jerusalem, and upon all the cities of Judah; because of two things:—they had not hearkened unto the words of the Lord: and they had provoked Him to anger with the works of their hands. At length, in a vision, the Lord appears to Jeremiah with a cup in his Hand; and He bids the prophet take this cup of Him. "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."

This was an awful mission which the Lord now put into Jeremiah's hand! Frequently in the Bible are the judgments of God on men set forth by a Cup of Divine Wrath. They make me tremble in my soul to think of them. David might well cry out, "Thy judgments are a GREAT DEEP:" so deep, the very sound of them maketh the tender spirit to stand in awe; for this cup of fury maketh them who drink of it, "a desolation, an astonishment, a hissing, and a curse!" When Paul had been carried, by the Spirit, through that discriminating line of argument in Romans xi. his soul is almost overwhelmed with the solemnity of the theme; and he is relieved by pouring forth that inspired exclamation, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

Brethren! are there no Jeremiah's now? Is this Old Covenant Cup of Divine Fury become obsolete? Indeed, it is not. But, like the wise and foolish virgins, we are all slumbering and sleeping: our devotions are like fitful dreams: our services have been characterized either by the merry-makings of man's fancy; or, the logical essayings of a natural mentality. What do these things lead to? Coldness, presumption, oftentimes to despair. If it be possible, let us read both sides of the Bible, the dark side as well as the delightful. There are two great powers—Satan, and the Saviour. There are two great families—the wicked, and the righteous. There are two distinctly different effects produced by the Gospel; "the savour of death unto death:" and "the savour of life unto life." There are two ways of dying. There is dying in the Lord, they are blessed: there is dying without God, without Christ, without hope; they are cursed. There will be two sides in the judgment seat—the right hand, and the left. There will be two states in eternity—everlasting darkness, and everlasting life.

In carefully considering all these distinctions, What, and Where, is our Hope?

The Cup of the Divine Fury may be considered under two divisions. First, the National. Secondly, the Individual. In a National sense, the life of the late Queen of Prussia will throw a most conclusive light upon the war between France and Prussia. I will endeavour next month to give my readers the living and dying testimony of that extraordinary Princess, whose heart was broken under the Napoleonic cruel tyranny; the fruit of which France has been reaping. Then there is the Individual View of this Cup of Fury, as shown in such records as William Huntington's book, entitled, "The Naked Bow of God; or a Visible Display of the Judgments of God on the Enemies of Truth."

It is in my heart to direct the attention of the people to these things; for only where the knowledge of our danger is realized, can ever the

Lord Jesus Christ be the One Pearl of Great Price. That the Lord God Almighty may make me His humble, yet useful instrument in leading men to consider both their present condition, and their latter end, is the prayer of their friend and servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

5. Victoria Park-road, South Hackney, London.
February 3, 1871.

THE CLOWN CONQUERED: THE CROWN OF LIFE BESTOWED.

BY W. LODGE,

Minister of Providence Chapel, Cumberland Street, Shoreditch.

“ Great Arbitrer of Life and Death,
We bow to thy decree ;
From thee we first received the breath
We yield again to thee.

“ O help us, in thy sovereign call,
Each comfort to resign ;
Our health, our friends, our earthly all,
And lose our will in thine.

[We ask the Christian to read the following brief testimony to himself, and to others. It reveals the wondrous Grace of God.—ED.]

DEAR BROTHER,—I send you the following account of the short life, and happy death of our dear brother, John Bone ; he was a most useful member of Cumberland Street Chapel, Shoreditch. This testimony is gathered from what I have heard fall from his own lips. His mother was a good woman ; like one of old, she was childless ; she earnestly prayed God to give her a son, and she prayed he might be made a child of grace. God answered her in the first, and she lived to see her prayer answered in the second, but not without much pain and anxiety. Like many others, John Bone ran wild, and went so far as to put himself under training to become clown on the stage ; he went through his training, and had commenced his performances, but on going into a friend's house one night, the Bible lay open. In reading one portion, the Lord met him, and stopped him in his wild career. He immediately left all his companions in sin, and went, for a time, among the Wesleyans. From them, he was soon led to hear that good man of God, Mr. Henry Hanks, of Woolwich. There his soul was much blest, and by Mr. Hanks he was baptized. Removed in providence to London, he heard for a time Mr. S—— ; and proposed himself for membership ; but he was a poor fellow now ; he was truly poor, as regards this world ; but Christ did not despise or cast such out. John Bone came to hear your humble servant. God was pleased to bless the word to him, he came before our church, and gave in a good testimony ; and though he was poor, we, as a church, found him rich in faith, and a warm-hearted, loving, kind brother in the Lord ; in fact, we have lost a good praying, and walking brother. Although he was poor, he was a man of good abilities, he had had a good, liberal education ; and while with us, he went hither and thither preaching the gospel wherever his Master opened a door. And although he was poor, he was not idle ; he took a situation at 15s. per week, which he fulfilled up to within three days of his death, and he bore a good character both from employers, and also fellow-servants, which they proved by their kindness to his widow. He was taken ill, Jan. 4, 1871, and died, or

rather fell asleep, Lord's Day evening, Jan. 8. When I arrived home, a message was left at my house that Mr. Bone was dying. I went down to see him directly, but did not think he was so near his end, as his voice was as strong as usual. His dying words to me were these—"Come in, my brother Lodge, my dear pastor; I wished to see you; I am dying, it will soon be all over with me here. I shall be presently with my loving Lord; singing the everlasting song with Him that hath washed me in His own blood."

I took him by the hand, and said, "My poor brother, I did not think to see you so bad as this." He said, "Poor I have been, but I shall soon be rich." He then drew his death-like hand from mine; and said, "Brother Lodge, heaven is not so far distant as we have sometimes thought." Then stretching his hand toward the ceiling, he exclaimed, "It is here! yes it is here." I engaged in prayer; this he much enjoyed—he burst out several times, "Amen! Hallelujah! Bless His dear name!" As weeping friends stood around, I felt I would not intrude; I said, "My dear brother, I will call on you again to-morrow morning." He exclaimed, "My brother, I shall be gone; I shall be at rest,

‘Where the surges cease to roll.’”

I bid him farewell. He fell asleep about twenty-minutes after I left—his happy soul took its flight into the Realms of Bliss! His wife told me, he was praising God to the last; and had scarce time to say "Good bye." May my last end be like his. May this honest testimony be blessed to some poor soul. His poor wife and children wept bitterly over him; but none of these things moved him. He was a kind husband—a fond father. May our God bless his bereaved partner, and dear little offspring. Such is the earnest prayer of one who feels his inability to write on a subject so solemn: but, I am yours in the Gospel of peace, the poor minister of Providence Chapel, Cumberland street—

WILLIAM LODGE.

On Lord's-day evening, Jan. 22, a funeral sermon was preached to a full congregation, by Mr. Lodge, in his chapel, from 2 Cor. v. 8—"We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord."

ON HEARING A MINISTER WHILE PREACHING ON THE LOVE OF GOD, STATE, THAT THE ADVOCATES OF A PARTICULAR REDEMPTION APPEARED TO GLOAT OVER THE MISERIES OF THE LOST.

"Nay but, O man, who art thou, that repliest against God?" Rom. ix. 20.

AND can it be that those who Christ have sought and found,
 Who therefore know the value of th' immortal soul;
 Can *such* view careless sinners dying all around,
 And not their hearts in pity swell,—beyond control?
 Does he love God the least, who most exalts his grace?
 Does he love souls the most, who nurses proud self-will?
 Reason stands dumb with awe! Faith doth the task embrace;
 And, resting on God's Word, says, "*Pharisee, be still!*"
 "Who wait for grace till they have *bought* or *earned* the gift,
 "Or urge lost sinners to rely on human aid,
 "No powers above, nor help below, their souls can lift,
 "'Bove sinful self. Hear, ye self-righteous;—be afraid;
 "And pray to know *this* truth, too deep for reason's gauge,
 "That God's own Book, breathes *sovereignty* in ev'ry page.
 "Nor judge *their* motives ill, who preach this doctrine most;
 "Who feel they're saved by grace, most pity all the lost."

Totteridge, Jan. 22, 1871.

ROBERTUS.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE

OWNED AND ADORED IN THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF J. J. KIDDLE.

CHAPTER II.

WHATEVER the inward character of my religion was at this time, the type was Scriptural. I read the Bible, prayed in secret, and dreaded doing anything that would make God angry with me. For nearly three years, I lived, as I thought, a model of perfection, making it my strength and glory; I was particularly fond of reading the Book of Daniel, and tried to imitate him.

The good clergyman I have already referred to, carefully instructed me in the doctrines of the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. He used to say to me, "God's people are an elect people; God gave them to Jesus Christ, His Son; Jesus Christ died to take away their sins; and the Holy Spirit calls them by the Word to the enjoyment of divin life." He used to speak to me about Roman Catholicism as an abomination, and Methodism as a departure from the true Church.—This Church he represented to be the Church of England, and to separate from her must be very wicked." This, for years, was deeply impressed on my mind, and I looked upon all out of the Church as bad, wicked people, and shunned them, as I was taught to do.

When thirteen years old, I was placed in a boarding school in Newport of high renown. I was fitted up like a young lord in the fashionable togary of a young yoeman, consisting of buckskin breeches, white woollen stockings, low shoes with buckles, long coat, fril round the neck, and a broad brimmer. Here I expected to find companions who worshipped and served God, as it was a Church of England school. So little did I know of the depravity of human nature, I did not think there would be a boy in the school that did not pray. On entering the school, I was courteously received, and all seemed very agreeable. A large number of boys, some almost young men, sons of parsons, doctors, lawyers, etc. The bell rung for bed, and now my time of trial came. I had been in the habit of kneeling to pray before I got into bed, and thought all would do the same; but to my astonishment, as soon as I was on my knees, there was a shout of laughter and merriment. I did not rise until I had done, not knowing what they were laughing at; but then I found it was at myself. They kept on cracking their jokes, laughing and calling me Parson Peter, Paul and many other things until all went off in sleep. I could not sleep. I wept over my disappointment, and thought I would not give up prayer; but how to continue it I knew not. The morning came, they began, "Let us pray;" and then one said one thing, another said another, until I felt bowed down. Throughout the day, one after another said "Pray for me." "We shall have dancing to-night, will he pray after that?" They did have dancing, but I refused to join in it, and was greatly distressed. Bed-time came again, and they proposed I should pray for all. I could not kneel down, but determined to pray in bed. When they saw me lie down without kneeling, they took up the other side, and called me a turn-coat, coward, etc. For months I refused to join in the dancing,

card playing, and other amusements, and was the laughing-stock of all. They found me too firm to be overcome by sneers and ridicule; and as it was soon seen I was in advance of many of them in learning—they often came to me for help, which was cheerfully rendered, and at length silenced their ridicule.

In the course of a few months another feeling was manifested toward me in the school. I was courted, flattered, and respected—was repeatedly urged to join the amusements they called innocent. These things began to subdue my opposition to their pleasures, and weaken my resolutions for good. At length, I was prevailed upon to try a hand of cards. Conscience smote me. I was condemned, guilty, miserable; had no power to pray, nor power to break off what I had begun. I had tasted the forbidden fruit, and these daily amusements increased my relish for it, until they were my chief delight.

Perhaps few made more rapid strides in sin than I did for the three years after I was at this school. Dancing, music, cards, draughts and chess, was my delight, and my pride was to excel. The praying, persecuted boy soon became the delight of the gay and thoughtless. The dancing evenings brought me into the society of young ladies, who came from an adjoining boarding school to practice; and soon I became a match for any of them, and a favourite. To tell the truth, these amusements, together with the society of the ladies, diverted my attention from the more useful branches of education and religion.

I do not name these things to exalt myself, for to me they appear most debasing and mischievous to education, morality and religion; but I refer to these things, that parents may see the propriety of educating their children in those establishments where sound teaching, and useful knowledge is imparted, and where there is less of the flourish and frivolous.

I am aware that the carnal mind will soon get to believe dancing, etc., to be innocent amusements. I entered into the depths of them—I drank of the (so called) sweet cup, and found it bitter. I found it to be one of Satan's (defiling) training schools, labelled, "Innocent Amusements."

In the Word of God dancing is spoken of on many occasions as an expression of praise to God, for some special manifestation of sovereign goodness. As it is said, "Let them praise God in the dance," &c.; but not as a carnal invention where God and religion is excluded. The daughter of Herodius was one of the accomplished carnal dancers, that pleased a wicked king, and what did it produce? The head of the best man in the world "in a charger."

Like myself, many young people, with religious impressions, have been trapped with the false label, ensnared, robbed of innocence and virtue. It is the way of transgressors—the broad road to destruction—I often felt in the midst of it, a trembling, an awful sense of guilt and condemnation, but could neither pray nor give up sin. It was a very hell to me.

GOSPEL ORDINANCES IN HARMONY WITH GOSPEL DOCTRINE.

BY JOSEPH TAYLOR, SHEFFIELD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER in Christ Jesus our Lord,— It has not been my privilege to behold your face in the flesh, but I feel that the one spirit of our God binds me to you in sympathy, and in continual prayer for your prosperity in the propagation of the Truth; also, in guarding the ordinances of our Zion, which the Master himself hath set in her. In these days of Rationalism, and departure from the ways of God, the EARTHEN VESSEL is as a light shining in a dark place. Upon all its glory may the Eternal God put his covering of defence. I have no wish to interfere with, or rush into, the controversy now appearing in your pages, but as one rescued by the gracious hand of my God from the subtle delusion of Arminianism, you will perhaps permit me a few words to show that while many are fraternizing with the teachers of modern errors (of whom we expected better things), yet the Lord leaveth not himself without a witness upon earth; taking whom he will, even from the ranks of freewillers; opening their understanding; filling their mouths with arguments; their hearts with love and zeal, for the restoration of his ways, and the promulgation of the Gospel of his grace. Do not suppose, dear sir, that I offer any boast of what I am doing in the way of Truth; alas! I mourn over my own weakness and utter inadequateness to turn the tide of error now rolling over the churches. But when I inform you that after five-and-thirty years, education in Arminianism; and after teaching its errors for upwards of fourteen years; God, in his abundant mercy, has enabled me to leave parents, brothers, sisters, and a large and influential circle of acquaintances and friends, for his name's sake, and the Gospel's. I am sure you will not blame my boasting in Christ on the reception of this grace, although of myself and the past, I have much to sorrow over, gladly would I now aid with like zeal the promotion of that blessed heart-felt Gospel of grace and truth which I have before-time spoken against. I venture to send a few words on the subject of Communion; and if the matter of these remarks is acceptable, hope to be able to bear my humble testimony through your pages to the sacred unity and purity of the ordinances of the church, which is the ground and pillar of the truth.

The nature of Gospel Ordinances should be in harmony with Gospel doctrine.

I take it for granted that even our Open Communion friends will admit this simple proposition, even though they may not hold the doctrines of grace.

I presume also that they who are one with us in the one faith do also agree with us in the above statement.

I can easily understand how agreeably to the above, free-will and general redemption teachers do advocate open communion, for if salvation be according to free-will, open communion is right (vice versa).

But how those who profess to hold the doctrine of free and sovereign grace, of absolute unconditional election, of a remnant, of a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a new-born seed, a body without schism in Christ, predestinated to be conformed to his image, called, justified, separate, obedient, and prepared unto glory; I say, how those who hold, who in their hearts believe these things, can throw open with a good conscience the interior of the Lord's house to every comer, I do not know. The question is not, as your correspondent Thomas Edwards would make it appear, of mere private judgment; for it is not in the power of any man, especially of a true believer, to set aside the commands and plain teachings of Christ and his apostles, to accommodate his own private judgment. In his own house, surely Christ is supreme: and the judgment of his children doth bow to his word, both of doctrine and order. What he hath settled, none but one greater than he may unsettle. "Hath not the potter power over the clay?"

The question is one of Gospel order in the house of God; and Paul's advice was, "Let all things be done decently and in order;" and his glorying was when the churches maintained their order and steadfastness in the faith. In accordance with our first thought, let this important matter be looked at as follows in brief:

I. There is an election of grace: there are some who are excluded according to the good pleasure of his will, who is the author of election, even God the Father.

So, also, there are those who may approach the table of the Lord, according to his revealed will; there are those also who are excluded by the line of divine order in the church.

II. There is an invisible church whose order in Christ is of God's own arrangement, for the manifestation of his will. There is also a visible church, the ordinances of which are of divine appointment; for the manifestation and guarding of the truth upon the earth.

III. The order of the divine purpose was first to plunge or baptize, by election, sinners into Christ; then to reveal CHRIST in them; this order never being reversed. The order of the house visible should therefore be: 1st, baptism into his name, the calling or election of the church as members of the body; then the eating or revelation of Christ in communion at his table, by remembrance of his death, the ground on which their election and regeneration is built up.

IV. There cometh first the earthly estate; then the heavenly possession; the initiation into life, then the central gathering around Christ, who is their life at the resurrection and glorification.

So, while here, in true order every thing is after the Heavenly pattern: "See thou make all things after the pattern showed thee in the Mount." First, baptism; then the central ordinance of communion; the approach to the altar of thanksgiving and praise. Even the old dispensation had its order to be duly observed. Circumcision before offering, both preceded by election in its kind, not to be omitted or reversed. The new covenant is founded on election, sealed by baptism of water and the Spirit; ("What God hath joined, let no man put asunder;") to be enjoyed by communion visible and invisible; and this order may not be avoided so as men shall be justified in the act, not even ignorantly.

If men may draw near in Gospel order without baptism, then may that ordinance be totally ignored; and if one, all; thus the Saviour's words are made to appear light flippant words of no authority or meaning; and uttered to no purpose whatever. Otherwise, baptism must in order precede the believer's approach to communion.

But our open communion friends, to avoid this dilemma, fly to infant sprinkling; and in doing so, involve themselves still deeper in it; for even supposing infant sprinkling to be right, it, of necessity, precedes communion; so that in order, if a man has not been baptised in infancy he should, as a believer, be baptised, before he approaches the table of the Lord. But if infant baptism be allowable, it is so universally, and can only be joined with the ranks of Arminianism. No man, holding the doctrines of grace, can reconcile with them infant baptism as an outward ordinance or seal visible of effectual calling by the Spirit. They must, therefore, if they will maintain open communion, ignore baptism altogether, and if so, what next?

Permit me to add to the above, the following, as grounds of argument positive against open communion.

I. The disciples were baptised unto their Master in the cloud and in the sea. Why before ordaining the twelve, and sending them forth, is it said in Mark iii. 7, "Jesus withdrew himself with his disciples to the sea?" Were they not baptised unto him in the storm upon the sea? Matt. xiv. 22—33.

II. The special commission given to the disciples was, that they should go into all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever he commanded them; that is both baptism and communion: perhaps these especially; certainly, baptism was to be their first work after teaching, upon the remnant whom he should call.

III. The Lord himself who gave the above commission, in his adult age, was baptised, before establishing or eating the communion with his disciples; and did he not say to John, "Thus it behoveth us to fulfil all righteousness?" Who? Himself, and many brethren. Oh, that like John, after the Master had spoken, men would suffer it to be so!

IV. At the Pentecost, they who received the apostles' word were baptised, "every one of them." After this they continued steadfast in the apostles doctrine and fellowship, in the breaking of bread, and in prayers.

V. I am convinced from a due and careful examination of Heb. x. 22, "Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled (Oh, "the blood of sprinkling,") from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water; (23) let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering." I say, I am convinced that we have here the proper order of the profession of our faith, marked out upon which no such teaching as open communion can be found. Compare with above 1 Cor. xi. 19, 28, 29.

Let us contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, in the fear of God, steadfastly setting our face against those who break down the walls of our Zion. No swerving from the plain words of the Lord, cost what it may; no fraternizing with the great Assyrian, or his devices, against the house of God; for the earth shall yet swallow up the flood of delusions cast out of the mouth of the Serpent against the

Woman, the bride of (to my own poor broken soul) a precious, living, and revealed JESUS. Be it ours, through grace, to obey, to write, to continue in all the ordinances of the Lord's house, blameless; in the word of his grace steadfast, and in all good works abundant, looking for the blessed appearing of the great God, and our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

I remain, dear brother, in the glorious Gospel of the ever blessed God, yours faithfully in Jesus,

260, Langsett road, Sheffield.
Dec. 20, 1870.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

THE DYING TESTIMONY OF THE LATE MR. WHITEHEAD,
OF NEW INN YARD, SHOREDITCH.

A FRAGMENT of this good man's experience has been given to us by his sorrowing widow. Precious words of faith and assurance are the following. Though few, "they do better describe the man," and the religion which the Almighty SPIRIT gave him, than any thing we could write, although our acquaintance with him was not brief.

"For over twenty years I have been a believer in the immutable sovereign grace of God, and in the Salvation of his church. '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.' I rest alone on the great atoning sacrifice of Christ, and his righteousness, believing I stand complete and perfect in him. May God give you grace and strength to seek his guidance and blessing, and all shall be well. 'Absent from the body, present with the Lord,' I shall be rejoicing in the realms above, shouting without pain or suffering, 'Victory! Victory! through the blood of the Lamb! Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!' You shall join in, by and bye, and so may all the family. Amen. Amen. It must have been about the year 1848, that God, the Holy Ghost, created me anew in Christ Jesus. I knew the trials and the slippings connected with the flesh; but ultimately, he brought me to see and feel the necessity of pardon: or, despair and ruin were mine. The blessed Spirit led me to hear men of truth; he shewed me the difference between forms and ceremonies and vital religion. After I had realized peace in my soul, through the precious blood-shedding of the Lord Jesus Christ, I had the privilege of enjoying the ministry of many of God's ministers, and at times realized a joy almost more than I could hold. The election, choice, and predestination to eternal glory of the church of God, is a source arising out of God's everlasting love, and sending forth showers of love and mercy, through Christ, by the blessed Spirit, to his church from all ages. 'Bless the Lord, oh my soul!'"

"HE WAS NOT; FOR GOD TOOK HIM."

SUNDAY afternoon, Nov. 6, 1870, was a solemn season in the Baptist Meeting, Lothian road, Camberwell, occasioned by the sudden death of Mr. George Holmes, for many years a devoted instructor of the rising race, and a preacher of the Gospel. The

service commenced at three, by singing, "Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears," &c. Mr. A. W. Kaye read and prayed. C. W. Banks addressed the crowded assembly from the words in Gen. v. 24, "He was not; for God took him." He said, his original thoughts respecting the service was simply to speak to the large group of boys who had so unexpectedly been bereaved of their excellent master, but as such a large number of friends had come together, his mind was led more into the text. The sermon may appear another time. We only now give such particulars as may lead us all to consider the slender thread which holds us in the body; to know that we are found in Jesus is the only safe state of the soul for living or dying. Our friend, Mr. G. Holmes, had preached at Hayes Tabernacle; was returning home; but on the railway platform he suddenly expired. The following note to his bereaved widow, will shew his last sermon was as if he was delivering his own funeral oration.

"MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—We thank you for your kind note, and the memorial card of your beloved husband. His memory is sacred to us, for it was with very much pleasure that we listened to his voice; for many of us, if not all, received the words that dropped from his lips gladly, and I am quite sure that he would, if living, say, "Not unto me, but unto God, be all the glory." Man is but an earthen vessel; but what a mercy to have a heavenly treasure deposited there. His last text was Lam. iv. 2, first clause; "The precious sons of Zion." I did not hear him that evening myself, on account of my uncle's illness; probably you may have heard Mr. Holmes speak of my uncle, for he has prayed with him and for him several times, feeling assured as we do, that the Lord is about to take him to himself, not knowing that he was to go home first. Mr. Wild heard him preach on the Thursday evening; he spoke very nicely upon death; the dissolution of the two natures; the body, he said, must return to the dust: but the spirit, the new man of grace, must return to God, who gave it, it cannot mingle with the dust; at the same time, the bodies of the saints are precious and will be watched over.

"I can assure you that we feel very glad indeed also, that he had every kindness shown to him; he had engaged to walk from the station to the chapel, which is about a mile; but it being such a very wet evening we sent the trap to fetch him, for which he expressed his thanks; he did not feel well; our man servant, who took him to the train, said he spoke as he rode along about the prosperity of the cause at the Tabernacle, and appeared quite interested in it; and we believe he was. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." There are some precious promises for the widow and fatherless, we trust you will be blessed with the fulfilment of them. Your's very sincerely,

A. WILD."

Park Lane, Hayes, Middlesex.

Nov. 2, 1870.

[A small biography of this singularly gifted and gracious man, will appear as soon as we can obtain more material.]

MR. WELLS'S ILLNESS AND THE CHURCH AT SURREY TABERNACLE.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The deacons have witnessed with pleasure the improvement in the health of our esteemed pastor, Mr. James Wells, during the past fortnight, and still hope he may be spared to labour in that cause which is so dear to him, and to the church of God scattered abroad. Should the improvement continue, as at present, it will be some long time before he is fitted for labour. In looking back upon the years spent in the service of God, he is encouraged still to hope in that mercy which has held him up till now. The cause at the Tabernacle still stands firm in those truths which it has maintained these forty years; the congregations are very numerous; the brethren who have so kindly supplied our pulpit thus far have felt liberty in speaking forth the truths of the everlasting Gospel; the souls of the people have been refreshed, and our hope is still in the Lord, who has not only gathered the people out of the wilderness, but kept them by his Almighty power, made the cause a blessing unto many precious souls; and we are, as a church and congregation, looking for a fulfilment of that gracious promise of Joel's, (Acts ii.) "I will pour out in those days of my spirit," &c. It is a source of pleasure to the deacons to find that nothing has gone back during the absence of our minister; the poor have not only been supplied, but increased attention has been shown to their needs, during the long, trying winter. Thus far we have every reason to take courage and go forward. Some of our families have been visited by severe afflictions, others with solemn bereavements, while some, to all appearance are on the verge of Jordan; we have thus been called to weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice; and trust our sympathies will be more and more with the afflicted in Zion. Our supplies for March will be found on the cover; and the second Lord's day will be our annual collection for the Aged Pilgrims' Society; those friends at a distance who cannot meet with us, will kindly forward their contributions for that invaluable Institution to your's sincerely,

E. BUTT.

4, Denmark Terrace, Cold Harbour Lane, Camberwell.

Feb. 20, 1871.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

Derbyites and Newtonians.—"A Lecture by Edward Dennett," with, what we may term, literary dissolving views, illustrating the "Rise, Divisions, Practice, and Doctrines, of the Plymouth Brethren," has been published by Mr. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster row, for eight-pence. Mr. Dennett is, evidently, a scholar; a gentleman possessing a well-balanced mind, with a thorough knowledge of those professing Christians, called by Mr. Carson, "The Plymouths;" and in his lecture, he has

so fully developed them, as to fasten most deeply in us the conviction that all those exceedingly pious pretenders to the attainment of an unwavering faith, an unbounded love, and an extraordinary resignation to be nothing in themselves; are very little better than their fellows; in fact, when a man starts up in the religious world with this twin theory in his heart, "Everybody is wrong! I have found out the right!" we cannot resist the fear that a species of soft and of sub-

lime insanity has got into that man's intellect, which, like all novelties, spreads far and wide, until its root and results are proved to be anything but genuine. After reading Dr. Carson's book; Mr. Dennett's lecture, and some other exposures, no sound judgment, no truly Biblically enlightened mind, can throw away the fear that these Plymouths, in reading churches, in tearing asunder family circles, in denouncing the authorised Gospel ministry, and in unsettling multitudes of good Christians, have done an immense amount of mischief: while no one will deny that, in their deeds of charity, they have often conferred on their own disciples, much temporal good. We must have a fair analysis of them altogether, ere long.

False Religion Exposed &c.—London, R. Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. There lives in the city of Oxford, a man by the name of B. V. Scott, who is as great an enemy to the free-will, self-righteous religion of the natural professor, and as powerful an opponent to the poisoning medical practitioners of the day, as can be found in any part of England. By printing, by preaching, by botanical practising, this Mr. Scott is perpetually agitating; and, if his success is as great as his efforts deserve, he must be, both to the bodies and the souls of the people, a benefactor of no ordinary kind. This last penny tract of his bears the title: *What is Truth? or, False Religion Exposed, &c.* It is a dialogue between an old Churchman and his neighbour. It is, in fact, the Gospel of Christ explained in a simple, yet effectual style. We thank Mr. Scott for his efforts; his reward is well secured.

The Poor Blind Man, is a little kind of a "Bank of Faith," in *The Gospel Magazine*, for February. Some people think *The Gospel Magazine* "a dear monthly;" there is not such another six-penny-worth of plain, experimental truth in existence. Dr. Doudney maintains the good old-fashioned order of things; and all who value vitality with godly sincerity, should take care that such testimonies should be widely circulated. We regret to hear that Dr. Doudney's church St. Luke's, in Westminster, has nearly been destroyed by fire: a calamity which he has been enabled to bear with great Christian fortitude and comfort. The event may prove a blessing in disguise.

The Revised Translation of the Bible

has been criticised rather keenly by Dr. Parker, in his *City Temple*. We certainly tremble for the results. At present we only say two things; first, the spirit, the providence, and the sovereign pleasure of the eternal God, have made our blessed Bible an instrument of life, light, and joy, to many millions of souls; and, in the Lord's hand, to his own family, it is, and will be, a precious book still. Secondly, as our age is now so pre-eminently learned, that neither the Bible, nor the Gospel, nor anything else is advanced enough for it, we would pray the true disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ, to purchase all the Bibles they possibly can, and give to every child copies for themselves, and for their children; most earnestly beseeching them to hand them down to future generations; for soon, it may be, our Christ-exalting and truth-unfolding Bible, will cease to be printed. While we can, let us secure as many as we can, and as heir-looms, hand them down to those who come after us.

The Pilgrim Preacher is a kind of letter-press photograph of that rare character, an honest, an earnest, and a humble minister of Christ; not an hireling, but a loving volunteer in the army of Christ's disciples. *The Pilgrim Preacher* is given at the end of that singular new book just published by Mrs. Paul, in Chapter-house Court, entitled *The Pliable of the Nineteenth Century brought to the Bar of Eternal Truth*. By Samuel Jones; price fourpence. Much real good might be done if godly men, who know, love, and walk in the truth of the Gospel, would invite all their young people to meet, and then read this Mr. Pliable unto them, with such comments as they might be instructed by the Spirit to make.

Fortastes of Heaven Realised on Earth.—Mr. John Lindsey, the author of this neat three-penny pamphlet, has most wonderfully proved the truth of that promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." Such revelations often lead the less-afflicted and less-favoured saints of God to fear they know nothing of the Lord savingly. It is well to remember that, "Blessed is the man whom God chasteneth." Such a man, sooner or later, shall cry out, "How great is thy goodness; and how great is thy beauty!" Another tract, entitled, *The Foot and Mouth Disease in the Sheep*, also by Mr. Lindsey, has been sent us.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

MR. THOMAS STRINGER'S GREAT GOSPEL MEETING AT STEPNEY.

THE Gospel of the Grace of God was the theme chosen for consideration by Mr. Thomas Stringer at his special services holden in Bethel Chapel, Wellesley Street, Commercial Road, London, on Jan'y. 29 and 31. A more appropriate subject could not be selected by one who has for many years been an honest and successful contender for the true faith, one who has been a kind of John Knox in these latter days; one for whom the Church of Christ has much reason to be thankful; for Thomas Stringer's ministry always has been of that plain, out-spoken, and naturally fluent character, that the "common people" hear him gladly, and support him gratefully. On the occasions referred to, sermons were preached by the brethren, John Bunyan McCure, Burlington Benjamin Wale, and Thomas Stringer, the minister of Wellesley Street Bethel, in Stepney. We were present at the closing public meeting, and truly it was a season much calculated to advance the best interests of the people. It was a beautiful gathering; the chapel was crowded; the faces of the people beamed with gladness, while the singing, the prayers, and discourses delivered, were inspiring, and full of heavenly truth. We sat where we could take a careful view of the excellent men who had been summoned to tell the tale of mercy unto the listening audience, each in his own way. Our Australian and provincial friends may enjoy a pen-and-ink sketch of these gracious ambassadors for Christ. There was at the head of the army, that honourable, wise, and charitable gentleman, Thomas M. Whittaker, Esq., of Blackheath, as president of the assembly; in well-chosen and acceptable terms, Mr. Whittaker struck the key-note of the evening, "the Progress of the Gospel." He contended for, and encouraged, the use of all auxiliary means to spread among the people the tidings of salvation. Mr. Whittaker is a living pattern of pure principle, and of all practical enterprize for the ingathering of the election of grace, and for the building up of the spiritual temple of God. The stream of supplication poured forth by brother Baldwin, (the deacon of Bethel) was, to us, very precious. Mr. Whittaker read from Mr. Stringer's volume of original hymns, one of the most touching, and then called his esteemed friend and brother Thomas Jones to give the first testimony. On the power of the Gospel in pulling down, and in raising up, this Aaron-like veteran expatiated most delightfully; laying a firm foundation in the development of those serious, and safe-workings of grace which illustrate the mediatorial glories of the Redeemer, and confirm the saints in their way homeward to their Father's house. The chairman then asked his pastor, Mr. Wale, to bring in his sheaf, which he did with such ability, and refined zeal, as to cause the

next speaker, Mr. Thomas Steed, to nominate him the Wale among the Baptist Ministers, which swallowed them all up. A silent observer thought it was a mercy that they were all living, looking, and praying Jonahs, so that, although lost for the moment under the superior eloquence of a mind, made and furnished for a leadership in Zion, still, they all came safe to land again. We said, "We are all true Baptists; hence, although carried down into the streams of Divine Truth, or sunken sometimes in sorrow and shame, we are sure to rise again, for the Lord upholdeth us with His right hand." While Mr. Wale proved the oneness and "Eternity of the Gospel," which, for six thousand years had weathered the storms of time, and rolled on in unceasing triumph,—our intensely-earnest brother Steed pleaded hard with the people to give their attendance at all times when that glorious Gospel was preached; to preach to dead sinners, he knew was sometimes bad enough, but to preach to empty-pews was worse. The minister of good old Cave Adullam, Mr. George Reynolds, spoke in a clear and consecutive manner on the spiritual progress of the Gospel in the souls of the saved. In pleading for a good collection, Mr. Whittaker kindly recommended the practice of everyone giving every week as the Lord had prospered them. If this system was honestly and persistently adopted, we are persuaded our churches would have less trouble, our ministers more support. C. W. Banks showed the position the Gospel occupied; when and where it was good news indeed. Mr. Lawrence, of Bermondsey, in a speech full of pith, humour, wit, and incident, exalted the greatness of the Gospel mission. Mr. W. Lee, of Bow, led us to the plenteousness of Redemption, to the peace the Saviour gives, and then carried us up to the perfect glories of the celestial spheres. Now, the pastor, Thomas Stringer, who had remained quiet all the evening, rose, and in a full chorus of holy words, thanked the Lord and the people, for the blessings bestowed, and proposed votes of thanks to his dear friend, Mr. Whittaker, for presiding, and to the ladies for the bountiful tea they had freely given. These votes were seconded by brethren, George Cook, and Baldwin; and with praise and prayer to God, Mr. Whittaker closed a meeting in which speakers and hearers sympathized with rich joy in the grandeur of the Saviour's throne and kingdom. The serious illness of brother James Wells, was a source of much grief to all who knew of his suffering. Mr. John Rayment, Mr. Parsons, of Brentford, and other ministers and deacons from other churches, were present.

HERE AND THERE.

Annual Poetical Letter to my esteemed old

friends of long standing Mr. and Miss Fancourt,
of Isleworth, Middlesex.

BY THOMAS STRINGER,
Minister of Bethel Chapel, Stepney.

DEAR FRIENDS, another fleeting year,
Brings me before you to appear
With Gospel notes in simple verse,
JEHOVAH'S praises to rehearse.

O, what is time with all its toys,
Confusion, conflicts, stir, and noise,
Compared with those eternal things
We have in Christ, the King of kings?

We envy not the world its joy,
Superior things our minds employ;
Their triumphs will not long endure,
While ours will last for evermore.

As objects of the Father's love,
Our home and treasure is above,
A vast inheritance on high,
We shall enjoy, and never die.

O, what is earthly pomps to this,
Immortal and undying bliss;
How vain all worldly things appear,
Compar'd with what awaits us there.

I hope you both are in good health,
You know that is the best of wealth;
With minds enlightened from above,
And souls well filled with truth and love.

The Bible, that most precious book,
God grant that when therein you look,
You there may see what you possess,
In Christ, "The Lord, our righteousness."

May faith in him increase and grow,
More of him may you daily know,
More like him may you also be,
More of his matchless beauty see.

And may the blessed Spirit lead
Thy soul in pastures green to feed,
And may his inward witness prove,
Thine interest in Jehovah's love.

Thus, as you journey on your way
To regions of eternal day,
Your soul's delight and theme will be,
Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.

And as a soldier of the Lord,
You'll daily need your shield and sword,
However long the fight may be,
The victory will be gained by thee.

O'er foes within and foes without,
The final triumph you shall shout;
The conflict pass'd, the crown possess'd,
In regions of eternal rest.

God's truth and you can never part,
It has a place within your heart;
Through grace for that you still contend,
And shall do so until the end.

You know 'tis worth contending for,
However hot may be the war;
Freewill may boast, but must be slain,
God's truth successful shall remain.

Fight, valiant soldier, still fight on,
Contend for grace, and grace alone;
Salvation all the blood-bought race,
Ascribe alone to Sovereign Grace.

More precious may the Saviour be,
From year to year, to you and me;
Held up by his Almighty hand,
Till we possess the promis'd land.

Thy three-score years and ten are past,
Thy time will not much longer last,
The chariot for thee soon will come,
To fetch thee to thy heavenly home.
Sit loose to time and earthly things,
And ride on love's aspiring wings,

Forward the regions of the blest,
Where all the weary are at rest.

God bless you both with all you need,
Your souls with heavenly dainties feed,
Revive your hearts with good old wine,
And whisper to thee, "Thou art mine."
Before the close of this new year,
We each may finish our career;
O may we meet in blissful climes,
Where Christ in all his glory shines.

SURREY TABERNACLE.

DEAR SIR,—As you inserted my notes in last month, respecting the ministers who have kindly served us during Mr. Wells's illness, I am encouraged again to trouble you. Another month the church has been deprived of their under shepherd. It is four months now that the pastor has been laid by from his labours. The last Sabbath he spoke at the Tabernacle, was the first Sunday in November; in the morning the sermon was on "Infant Salvation," and occupied one hour and twenty minutes in delivering. In the afternoon, Mr. Wells spoke at considerable length at the ordinance of the Lord's supper, and preached again in the evening; he also spoke on the following Wednesday evening, and on Friday evening at Bartlett's Buildings. Since then he has passed through a heavy and most painful affliction, but a hope is now entertained that the Lord may yet raise him up again to his attached church and people. The pulpit has during the time been supplied by ministerial brethren from London and the country, some of whom have been mentioned in previous numbers. It has been a source of much anxiety to the deacons the supplying of the pulpit, not that there is any want of good men, but there is a very commendable feeling on the part of pastors in absenting themselves from their own pulpits. Still, every manifestation of brotherly love and ready assistance has been shown by the ministerial brethren who have from time to time filled the vacancy; among who have been the brethren, Stringer, Griffin, Williamson, Banks, Wale, Steed, Hall, Edwards, Vinall, Davis, M'Cure, Cornwell, Foster, (of Hastings), Jull, (of Ryarsh), Hanger, (of Colchester), Forman, (of Ely), Lambourn, (of Warboys), and Hetherington, (of Chobham). The brethren have all been well received, and generally have felt liberty in speaking, and been happy in their work.

The last Sunday in February, Mr. Jull, of Ryarsh, Kent, was the preacher. The people received gladly the words as spoken by our good brother; he is an exercised Christian minister; a man of good talent; well versed in Scripture; speaks with much warmth and energy; and delivers his message as one who has handled and tasted the word of life. Such men are a blessing to the church.

The first Sunday in March, our cheerful and poetical brother Hetherington, came a second time to visit us; and fully confirmed our previous remark respecting him, that we should again welcome him in our midst.

The second Sabbath, Mr. Forman, of March, Cambridgeshire, broke the bread of life among

us; and it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The word was owned and blessed to the comforting of many; and the plain, homely truth, as expressed by our dear brother found a hearty response in the souls of the people. We were also greatly rejoiced at the message our brother Butt conveyed to the people at the close of the morning discourse, when he told us that our beloved minister was somewhat improved in health; and there were hopes that we might once more have the happiness of again hearing his voice, and seeing him in his pulpit. The prayer of all is that such may be the case.

The third Lord's-day, Mr. Cornwell, formerly of Stoke Newington, but who is now preaching to the church formerly presided over by Mr. Charles Drawbridge, was the preacher. I remember you, sir, once saying in the *Earthen Vessel*, when speaking of a young minister,—"I do not desire to flatter him, but I do desire to exhibit the goodness and the grace of God in giving the churches a constant supply of zealous, warm-hearted, devoted and faithful men, whose labours are honoured and rendered successful in the building up and comforting his Zion." I unhesitatingly class Mr. Cornwell as one answering to this character. He is a young man of very considerable ability; to say he has a easy flow of language is below the mark; he is rapid in his delivery—perhaps almost too much so: still, there is a distinctness and succession of ideas, that you might hardly expect with such rapidity. "He is a second Mr. Wells," remarked a gentleman, as we were retiring from the evening service. And in many respects this is true. His manner of speech, his modulation of voice, his action, and his general exposition of the word, put you much in mind of the Surrey Tabernacle Pastor. This is not imitation; it is natural. Mr. Cornwell's explanation of the word is also very similar in the course he takes; and in quoting scripture, giving both chapter and verse with much exactness, Mr. Cornwall displays a remarkable memory. In fact, we might, I think, fairly style him a "living concordance." Perhaps fifty references are given in a discourse; and invariably the text is rendered *verbatim*, the reference given exact; and all this is done without turning to the word; for Mr. Cornwall appears so well versed in Scripture, that in the pulpit, he dispenses with the use of the Bible, even when announcing his text. There is also order and arrangement in his discourses; and the subject in hand is fairly adhered to. The morning text was, "Behold now is the day of salvation." The divisions were, (1) what is meant by *salvation*; (2) *the day of salvation*; and (3) an explanation of the *present tense*, "now." Under the first idea, of *what salvation consists in*, we had an exposition of the gospel under five divisions: first, the love of God; second, eternal choice; third, the everlasting covenant; fourth, adoption; and fifth, final perseverance. The notes of the sermon I must withhold, on account of space. The evening subject was "the Lamb of God." The chapel was quite full. R.

DEVOTIONAL SERVICES IN CAMDEN TOWN.

SOME years have passed away since the late Mr. James Nunn first commenced his ministry in Beulah Chapel, Somers Town. There was a divine power attending that ministry; consequently, it gathered together many of the beloved saints of God; and in course of time, they erected a beautiful and spacious chapel, in Goldington Crescent; and gave to it the significant name of ZION. For some years, James Nunn preached the Gospel in his Zion. "The seed was prosperous." Souls were quickened, and much good was done; but heavy bodily afflictions, and many sorrows, at length put an end to Mr. Nunn's earthly career; his ransomed spirit fled home to the heavenly rest, and we assisted in the burial of his mortal remains. It was a solemn day for Zion, when its beloved pastor was thus taken from them.

We were instrumental in sending to them, the rosy-faced and cheerful witness for Christ, Mr. George Webb; but, alas! the church could not maintain the cause in Zion. It was sold, and there became two bands; one, now meeting in Camden Hall, under Mr. Webb's ministry; the other meeting in Camden rooms, in King Street, under the ministry of Mr. D. Gander. In Feb., 1870, Mr. Gander was ordained as pastor over the church in Camden rooms; and on Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1871, he, and his friends, celebrated the first anniversary of his pastorate. We now give a very brief notice of that holy and happy gathering, which was holden in the large, lower hall; more than one hundred friends sat down to tea, and at the public meeting, there could not have been less than two hundred, or more; which for a busy week-night in London, is a good number. The large platform was well filled with ministers, and several sat on the seats surrounding. The sight was delightful to look upon; the singing, led on by that happy brother, Mr. Ireson, was most excellent, and we hope the discourses delivered to the people were, to some extent, useful.

Mr. Gander presided, and evinced all the characteristics of a neat and intelligent speaker, in introducing the business of the evening. Prayer being presented at the throne of grace by Mr. Nugent; Mr. Gander reviewed the past, considered the present, and anticipated in faith and hope, the future.

During the past year, they had continued to work on in perfect harmony, in sweet unity, with some evidences of prosperity under his pastorate; souls had been gathered in from the world, and others had united with them from other parts of Zion. In their meetings for prayer, in the ministry of the word, in the fellowship of the saints, and in their financial supplies, everything had been so encouraging, that Mr. Gander declared there was not a church in London he envied, he only desired that all our churches might enjoy the same distinguishing mercies which had accompanied theirs. The present time found them so practically on the increase, that they had

been compelled to look out for another tent to dwell in. Crowndale Hall had been obtained, and on April 16, they anticipated opening that hall for divine worship; and his brethren, Bazeley, and the other deacons, with himself and the friends, anticipated still richer and larger showers of blessings to attend them.

We never heard a more grateful and pleasing report at any similar meeting. The spirit of the Psalmist ran through the large assembly, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Mr. Gander then called upon C. W. Banks to address the friends. He endeavoured to shew the source, the supply, the means, and the object of the true Gospel ministry, from John's words, "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." The chief source of a minister's success is in that one thing, "he has fellowship with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ." In persevering private prayer and meditation, in reading and thinking, and gathering, a minister must have fellowship with the Father, in the covenant of grace; and with the Son, in his person and work. The speaker happened to say, ministers who had to run from their shops, or business, to their pulpits, seldom found much permanent success. This expression gave offence; nevertheless, while God is not confined to any rule, it will be found to be too true. All that the Holy Ghost reveals in the minister's soul, all that the Saviour speaks into his heart, he must declare unto the people; his one object being, to bring them into the enjoyment of the same blessed fellowship. We believe if this Apostolic order of things was more generally followed, there would not be so much leanness and lukewarmness in the churches as is too sorrowfully and too frequently the case. But this speaker was so long, the chairman had to give him notice to sit down, which he did before he had reached the end of his theme, and having incurred the displeasure of nearly all his ministering brethren, by occupying so much time, he rather sorrowfully sat down.

Mr. J. W. Dyer, spoke quietly and sweetly on the ministers, as being the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ.

Mr. W. Lodge gave us a good practical discourse upon the things to be done by the people: his originality, his genuine faithfulness, and earnest zeal, always render his addresses acceptable.

Mr. R. Wheeler was quite lively and warm upon the doctrine of the eternal union between Christ and his church. He repudiated the idea of the first speaker: he knew ministers might enjoy fellowship with God although employed in the affairs of this life.

Mr. Newgent and Mr. George Cook gave the outlines of what they would have said; but the time was gone.

The Chairman said, the ministers present, whom he wished to speak, were brethren Kempston, R. Howard, G. Smith, Hithel-

cock, and others; but it was impossible; consequently, with a real heart-prayer, he concluded this blessed anniversary meeting.

OUR GROWING CHURCHES IN THE PROVINCES.

[We are bound to glorify the Lord's name when we find churches like the following, rising up into usefulness. We ask for the kind attention of our wealthy brethren to be charitably turned to this account we now present to their notice.—ED.]

To the Editor of "The Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—If it is worthy of notice in *Earthen Vessel*, I send you account of the great privilege we have had of our brother, John Bunyan M'Cure, in the town of Knighton. On Jan. 22, he preached in Baptist Chapel, and delivered on following evenings, lectures on his life and travels, in hearing of which we were highly gratified; there was a large concourse of people. O, that the Lord would stir up the hearts of the people in London to aid us in carrying on the cause of truth in these parts. We are struggling against a debt incurred in the building of the chapel; we desire also to support a ministry. It may not be out of place to give you a little of our history. Some five years ago, the aforesaid Baptist chapel was erected, and established upon Strict Baptist principles, by a few professing godliness. Through God's eternal mercy to my soul, I have felt a great love for my fellow mortals souls, and seeing so much lack of truth, I have for many years devoted myself to the ministry, meeting with a few in a room built for that purpose, and the reason of my continuing to do so after the new Baptist church was formed, was the mixture of truth and error, therefore I have not seen my way clear to take up their cause until the year 1870; their late pastor was leaving, and I was applied to, to supply the pulpit, and, finding that the church was established upon Strict Baptist principles, and the deeds specify an adherence to the truths of the Gospel. I now stand in office in the Baptist church, occasionally supplying the pulpit, therefore am in power to see the *Truth only* maintained. Not being dependant on the ministry, I am able to give my services free; but you know a prophet is least accepted in his own country, if he declare the whole counsel of God; but I am very anxious to stir up the pure minds of those ministers and brethren whose love for souls desire to bring forth fruit, hoping they may be led to aid and sympathize with the few people who are out of the reach of the greatly privileged in London and its suburbs. We want the sound truth of the Gospel, we can get plenty of Yea and Nay Gospel cheap enough. Will our good brother, C. W. Banks, let us know on any occasion, when he is travelling nearest Knighton, so that expenses may not be too heavy for us to invite him to supply our church. We make the same appeal to any sound man of truth,

when visiting near these parts, who is not wholly dependant on the ministry. We should be glad of a supply. What a noble work it would have been, had our brother, Mr. M'Cure been able to have carried on the mission for the benefit of our poor little churches. I am, dear brother, yours in the best of bonds,

W. S. MAYO.

Knighton, Radnor.

PRESTWOOD.—ZION BAPTIST CHAPEL.—I have been requested by friends to write a few lines for the *Earthen Vessel*. I desire to speak of the Lord's kindness. I know you will rejoice with me when I tell you this cause has for many years been preserved by a kind and gracious God. I can look back to the time when there was no chapel; a few friends met for prayer; the Lord heard their requests, a little chapel was built, the truth was preached; my dear old uncle, B. Mason came sometimes, and told us of the Lord's kindness to his people, that he loved his people with an everlasting love, and they should never perish. I did not understand this particular people; but I heard him pray very earnestly for the people of God, that it would please the God of all grace and mercy to grant his Holy Spirit might be poured down in rich abundance on his people; and I trust he lived to see his prayers and desires answered. Many have been called since then, they have joined the little cause, lived and enjoyed the Gospel, and are gone home to their Eternal Rest. Some of us are left, and desire to praise the Lord for his watchful and kind care over us. I can well remember, nearly forty years ago, Mr. James Wells was invited to preach the sermons at the re-opening of our little chapel; I very earnestly desired to know the plan of salvation; whether by grace or works, I could not tell. But it pleased the Lord to make Mr. Wells the means in his hands of setting my soul at liberty, and from that day until now, Mr. Wells's name has been dear to me. I do pray, if according to the Lord's will, he will raise him from his affliction, and spare him for some time yet to preach the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I have a wish to tell you of the Lord's kindness to Prestwood Cause. It pleased the Lord to continue to send one and another of his servants to proclaim the truth; until now, our dear friends, Mr. Buchanan, from the Lee, and Mr. Price, from High Wycombe, supply the pulpit with the glorious Gospel, and the Lord the Spirit carries the word with divine power home to the hearts of the people. A good Sabbath School, with teachers, (such as know and enjoy the Gospel for themselves) read and explain the scriptures to the children; the school has become large, the congregation increasing; we found it necessary to enlarge the chapel; to build new galleries, and a new vestry, making it a convenient place; this cost a good sum of money, you would be delighted to see how the friends from the neighbouring villages

came to our help; our friend Mr. Wilkins, from Soho, preached anniversary sermon, and was heard with a great deal of pleasure. We were surrounded with kindness, and pleased to see so many smiling faces at the tea table. In evening we had another good sermon. Mr. Wilkins was quite at liberty, and we left the chapel with our hearts singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." We pray that peace and prosperity may be enjoyed, love and concord fill our hearts, leaving no room for the enemy; the Lord and Giver of our mercies shall have all the praise. Amen.

WILLIAM MASON. Paddington.

(More next month, if all's well.)

THE LATE MR. ROBERT DAWS.—**DEAR MR. BANKS,**—I send a short account of the departure of our much esteemed friend, Mr. Daws, the trustee of the place where our friends meet for worship on Ripley Green. He died 13th of Sept., 1870, and was interred at Send; a large number of friends attended to witness the interment of one so much loved amongst us. Mr. Daws was much distressed in mind for some time before he died; he could not feel assured his sins were pardoned by the precious blood of Christ; but, a week or two before his departure, he was more calm; the enemy distressed him sore; he was sensible up to the end, his last words were—"O DEATH!" Three times he repeated it, as if trying to finish the text, but departed, leaving us without any particular manifestation of his eternal welfare. We believe his end was peace. Our honoured pastor, C. Z. Turner, delivered his funeral sermon on the Sunday following, taking his text from Mat. xi. 25. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." He spoke of the standing of Mr. Daws in the believing of the ever blessed gospel. For years Mr. Daws believed; and whosoever did should never die. Some time before his death, he was asked by our parson if he still maintained his firm belief in the blessed word? "Believe! yes," he said, with warmth. "Do you love God's people?" "Yes," he replied, with much assertion. He believed all the blessed word, but his greatest concern was his own interest in the blessed Salvation of Jesus. Our pastor spoke of the believing of Martha; she said, though her brother had been dead four days, yet, whatsoever Jesus asked of God, God would give it him. Jesus said, "Thy brother shall rise again." I know, she said, of the resurrection of the last day. Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth shall never die; believeth thou this?" Yes, Lord, I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world. Upon such a standing stood our friend; his belief was the same, and therefore how could anyone say but that he had gone to join Jesus, Martha and Mary? We have often seen him melted under the word, and have prayed that God would manifest his love with power and save him. We shall miss

him; he has indeed been a friend to us, and the Lord Jesus has declared, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me." His place here will know him no more; but the memory of him will be sweet to those who esteemed him in the faith. "The memory of the just is blessed." A MEMBER.

[Our friends at Ripley must pardon the delay in giving this obituary; but, our feelings over the death of Mr. Daws have been solemn, and we desired some spiritual authority for publishing the account. Three things have given us a clear hope that his precious soul is with Jesus. (1.) For many years he was a decided friend to the Gospel of Christ. (2.) Last May when we preached at Ripley, his eternal welfare lay heavy on our heart; we were led to pray specially for his soul, and we were compelled to try to preach right into his heart; solemnly did we speak to him, and we realized a love to him, believing we could feel he had a broken and contrite spirit. (3.) Brother Turner's text for his funeral sermon seems to dare us to doubt; a more appropriate text could not be. May the Lord bless the widow and children, and still support our blessed brother Turner. Amen.—Ed.]

OUR EVANGELIZING CURATES.

No. 1.

WHEN we were in one of the Shires the other day, a "Mother in Israel" said to us: "There are many good men who will stand in a pulpit, and deliver a sermon now and then very well; but, they will not do for pastors. Our brother Charles Smith, can tell us some blessed truths; but, he would not perhaps, do for a useful pastor." Will our friends who thus speak, remember that our itinerating brethren labour under many serious disadvantages. First; most of all of them labour hard all the six days of the week; some, with heavy family cares, and all of them much overdone with manual or secular employment. Look at our beloved brother, Robert Bardens, as one sample. Up till twelve o'clock on Saturday night is he toiling. By six o'clock on Sunday morning, he must leave his home, walk to the station, steam it for some considerable distance, then ride in a pony cart to Ashburton, and preach, and visit, and talk all day, and then home again. This he has done for seven years; but, for body, for soul, for mind, for circumstances, for ministry, for everything, it is a strain too much. Then, secondly, these brethren cannot read much, cannot think much, cannot converse with the children of God much; hence, they work against wind and tide. Ought not something to be done to help, to encourage, to comfort them? Indeed, much should be done. In London, one thing might be tried. Suppose a meeting was holden every Friday evening in some central place, where brethren might assemble for converse, and for listening to a ministerial and Biblical address and exposition. With the Lord's blessing, it would be of some benefit. Other suggestions

we hope to give. Now, we propose to furnish some information respecting several or all of our itinerants, in order that churches may know who best to send for, in times of need. We shall only notice one or two each month. Our friend, Mr. T. Austin, of Hertford House, Manor Road, South Hackney, is one of the very best of men in our churches. He has filled the office of deacon more than once. He is well-read, sound in the faith, and for christian deportment, for kindness and gentleness of spirit, he stands high in the esteem of all who know him. To serve the churches either by sending good men to them, or by visiting them himself, is quite his element. More of an Apollon than a Boanerges, he will feed the lambs, and the sheep will not be passed by. In this spirit, we shall notice all whom we can honestly recommend.

SECOND NOTE TO MR. THOMAS EDWARDS.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—You cannot, perhaps, realize the holy pleasure which I do, in the hope that I might be the Lord's instrument in recovering you from, what I believe to be, a popular error. An elderly lady, who professed to have found my ministry very useful to her soul, came and asked me, if I was as liberal as Mr. Spurgeon, who allowed any one to come to the Lord's Table, although they had not been baptized? I said, much as I esteem Mr. Spurgeon, yet, in the matter referred to, I have thought such a course was wrong. My faith is this, (1.) The ordinance of Baptism by immersion is an outside ordinance. I am justified in baptizing any one who requests it, and who gives a satisfactory testimony of repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and I must NOT say to any such person, I will not baptize you except you join the church of which I am pastor. (2.) The Lord's Table is an inside ordinance. It is a table unto which only those can rightly come, who have believed with the heart unto righteousness; who have (by grace) given themselves unto the Lord, in faith and obedience, and also unto his people, by declaring unto them his work of grace in them, and by being received into their fellowship and communion. To set the table outside the church, and to invite and allow any professed believer to come to it, who are not in visible and practical communion with the church, is decidedly opposed to the New Testament order of things. So most strenuously believeth our old friend. To be a "liberal" is very fine in these times; but I have yet to learn that we have any authority to alter any one doctrine, promise, precept, or ordinance, which our Lord left us by his own example, precept, and command. Jesus said, (and I dare not alter one word in that grand old commission; those four liues of practical truth are so dear to my heart, that I must cease to be a pastor, sooner than alter one jot or letter. He said) "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father,

and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe ALL things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I will be with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen." Thomas Edwards, that was your blessed Lord's commission unto all HIS ministers unto the end of time; and how any man of good faith and of tender conscience can swerve from, or rebel against it, is a long-standing and undefined mystery to me. NOTHING you can write or say; nothing all the doctors of divinity and schoolmen in the world can say; no device, no argument, no plea for charity or of liberality, can ever overturn that divine charge given unto us by him who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity; and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Beloved brother, let me say unto thee, "These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke, with all authority. Let no man despise thee." When after the Master's example and commandments you do walk.

The first thing in your letter which I will (D.V.) notice, is your assertion that "Paul gave up baptism;" but as you are not everybody, and I (in many peoples eyes) am next to nobody, I must occupy but few lines each month; hence, in my next, I wish to show you clearly in making such an assertion, you have made one mistake at least. My old friend, Mr. Polly, and many like him, have come to your rescue, all of whom shall be allowed to speak in their turn. For, I am yours in all truth,

C. W. BANKS.

THE NEGRO AND THE PREACHER.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

A minister, who does not believe immersion is baptism, was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said, some believe it necessary to go down into the water, and come up out of it, to be baptized. But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the preposition "into" does not mean into at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into the mountain, and the Saviour was taken into a high mountain, &c. Now we do not suppose that either went into a mountain, but *unto* it. So with going down into the water; it means simply going down close by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring."

He carried this idea out fully, and in due season and style closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to arise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of the brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, and that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard. Finally, a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke a silence that was almost painful, as follows: "Mister Breacher, I ish so glat I vash here

to-night, for I has had explained to my mint some dings dat I never could pelief pefore. Oh, I is so glad dat into does not mean into at all, but shust close by or near to, for now I can pelief manish dings vot I could not pelief pefore. We reat, Mister Breacher, dat Taniel was cast into de ten of lions and came out alive! Now I neffer could pelief dat, for de wilt peasts would shust eat him right off; put now it is fery clear to my mint. He was shust close by or near to, and tid not get into de ten at all. Oh, I ish so glat I vash here to-night.

"Again we reat dat de Heprew children vas cast into de firish furnace, and dat air alwish look like a peeg story too, for they would have been purnt up; put it ish all plain to my mint now, for they were shust cast near by or close to the firish furnace. O! I vash so glat I vash here to-night!

"And den, Mister Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah was cast into the sea and taken into the whalesh pelly. Now I never could pelieve that. It always seemed to me to pe a peeg feesh story, but it ish all plain to my mint now. He vash not taken into the whalesh pelly at all, but shust shumpt onto his pack and rode ashore. O, I vashi so glat I vash here to-night!

"And now, Mister Breacher, if you will shust explain two more passages of Scribtures I shall be, O, so happy dat I vash here to-night! One of them is vere it saish de vicked shall pe cast into a lake that purns mit fire and primstone always. O! Mister Breacher, shall I pe cast into that lake if I am vicked! or shust close py or near to, shust near enough to be comfortable? O! I hopes you tell me I shall pe cast only shust py a good vay off, and I vill pe so glat I vash here to-night! The other passage is that vich saish, blessed are they who do these commandments, that are they may have right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates of the city, and not shust close py or near to, shust near enough to see vat I have lost—and I shall be so glat I vash here to-night."

[This is from Winsconsin in America; true to the letter.]

CHEERING THE PREACHER.—In his Lectures on the Revelation, Mr James Wells speaks nicely of the adoration ascribed unto the Lord Jesus Christ by the living creatures and the elders. When one company exclaimed, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever," then another company said, "AMEN!" There was a good man named Goodchild, said Mr. Wells, who never heard me preach without saying "Amen" out loud, four or five times during the sermon. But once, when I was preaching, he did not say "AMEN," so I looked down from the pulpit, and said, "Why, brother, you have not said 'Amen!'" "Bless the Lord," said he, "I am so happy, I quite forgot it." After that, he said four or five Amens.

THE LATE BELOVED MR. THOMAS HANSHEW.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—One whom you loved, and who loved you, has passed away to join the Hallelujahs of the glorified. I should have written to you before now, but an indisposed state of health has prevented my doing so.

My beloved father, Mr. Thomas Hanshaw, of Watford, Herts, fell asleep in Jesus, Nov. 21, 1870.

My dear father told me a few days before he died, that he intended to write to Mr. Banks to tell him of his illness, which was brought on by taking cold, having been requested by the friends at Cobham to see Mr. Grissell, of the firm of Grissell and Peto, to inform him of the death of Miss Parsons, &c. A wrong address was given to the dear old gentleman. I accompanied him to the different places he went, but that day we could not find the London residence of that gentleman, which was obtained afterwards; little did I think then, it was the last time I should walk by his side on earth. My endeared parent, presented me with his pocket bible, in which he wrote as follows:

I, Thomas Hanshaw, present this, my pocket bible to my beloved daughter Sarah, (Mrs. John Brittain) Oct. 8, 1870. I am now in my 82nd year, looking for my discharge from the Holy War, in which I have been engaged fifty six years. Resting on my commanders word, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. ii. 10.

My beloved father advised me above all things to search the scriptures, and to read them more than any writings beside. I remember when a child, that the Bible was read much in my beloved parent's home, my father rose early to read and meditate upon the word of God, prayer meetings were also held at our house; and I believe our good friend, Mr. Henry Wise, late pastor of Carmel Chapel, Pimlico, was called by grace at one of those meetings, whom I was glad to see was one of the followers to my father's grave. On that day, the gentry and tradespeople closed their windows when the funeral passed, for he was greatly loved by poor and rich, and the tradesmen greatly respected him; a large number of persons were spectators. An energetic tradesman, a tender and loving husband and father, a kind neighbour, and a sweet preacher of the Gospel, reminding his hearers of the precious words of his loving Lord, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." About a year after you sent the account of the meeting at Bushey Heath in the little "Cheering Words," calling my beloved parent the patriarch of Watford, which he was rightly named, a shade passed over his experience, he had been for many years a happy child of God, but imagine you hear him say, Oh Banks, Banks, little do you know what I feel; such were his exclamations, he was so cast down that christian friends were surprised at the change, but the light of Jehovah's countenance chased away the

darkness of soul, and my beloved parent told me that his joy afterwards was inexpressible; lights and shades were in the pathway of my endeared parent, but now he is forever at rest.

In the Bible my father gave me is a beautiful poem, composed by himself, and is written in answer to one composed by a member of his church at King's Langley, if you have room in the *Earthen Vessel*, will you, dear sir, gather up the fragments and put them in order, to tell those of your readers who loved my father, that he has run the race that was set before him. He greatly loved my esteemed pastor, Mr. James Wells, and although an Independent minister, wished me to continue a member of Mr. Wells's church as long as he lived, and may his years be many. Amen. If you will make room for the poems, I will, (D. v.) send them for the *Vessel* another day. Yours in the bonds of the Covenant,

S. BRITAIN.

Florence Cottage, 18, Tonsley Hill,
Wandsworth, Surrey.

HACKNEY ROAD.—Claremont chapel, Durham street, has been renovated and improved. The venerable minister, John Osborn, and his fellow-labourers, the brethren G. Smith, Carey, and Hitchcock, have united to set the house of God in order, and to carry on the worship of the Lord in faith, and in the fellowship of the truth. The little cloud of Divine favour is now and then seen to rest upon the ministry, and Hope says, "the Lord will appear." Some small sanctuaries are like "the inn" to which the Good Samaritan carried his poor wounded traveller; bruised souls are healed and restored. Let no man despise what sometimes appears small to the world. We must believe the Lord keeps some of his own blessed ministers in affliction, in poverty, in a low state as regards circumstances, in order that they may truly sympathise with such of his own people who are despised, cast out, and feel themselves forsaken. We are sincerely anxious that the cause at Claremont chapel, in the Hackney road, should prove increasingly a Bethel, and a Bethesda too, unto many precious souls. Our brother Osborn's ministry has been a blessing to some for many years. Indeed, he has kept a kind of "Gospel Lodging-house," where poor saints have been healed, and helped to go further on their way. Brother Carey has had the power of the Lord going through his testimony at times in a marvellous way; and most intricate cases have been met through his instrumentality. Brother Smith is a bold Gideon-like man; he is one of the Lord's hammers; is well calculated to break hearts. Brother Carey is fitted for healing; brother Osborn for establishing. With such a trio, Claremont must be a useful spot, if the Lord will give his blessing; although popular, in the modern sense of the word, none of these ministers ever will be. On Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1871, a lecture was de-

livered by C. W. Banks; the weather was inclement, the congregation was not numerous; but there were tokens for good.

SOLEMN SCENES.

THURSDAY, Jan. 26, 1871.—I preached at Notting-hill last evening from 2 Sam. xxi. 14; "And after that God was intreated for the land." In some of David's best days, a three-years' famine came; the king enquired of the Lord; the Lord answered him. Saul's sons had to be sacrificed as atonement for the slaughter of the Gibeonites by Saul, which slaughter had been made forty years previously. God does not forget men's sins; they are often punished here in the persons of their descendants. This brought in Paul's blessed words respecting Jesus, of whom he says, "By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Let us prove our sanctification "through THE TRUTH," which is JESUS himself; then no fatal destruction, no eternal death, shall fall upon us. This Thursday, Jan. 26, I have been speaking a few words over the grave of Mr. Thomas Cartwright, who at the age of 32, in the midst of a large timber business, has been rather suddenly and most solemnly called to his last account. Oh, how true those words, "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the Judgment." As we were returning from the funeral, one gentleman said, "Well! we have done all we could for poor Thomas, as regards his body; as for his soul, that must take its chance." "Chance, sir!" I said, "there is no chance about that." "Ah, well," he said, "we can do nothing for that." No, indeed, we cannot now; the word says, "Man dieth, he wasteth away, yea, he giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" As regards Mr. Cartwright's soul we can say nothing. Our brother R. Searle, of Two Waters, lost his wife this night week. She had been most unusually cheerful all day. At six o'clock in the evening, she threw a shawl over her head, ran out, and in less than an hour was found in the canal quite dead! Terrible calamity! May God Almighty support the bereaved husband and family; and hold us all in his own everlasting arms.

HAYES TABERNACLE.—Commemorative services were holden in that modern and comfortable place of worship on Monday, Jan. 30, 1871. Worship commenced by Mr. Huxham, the minister, reading the hymns; C. W. Banks read the word, and earnestly asked for the Lord's blessing. Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure expounded the Saviour's character and office as "The Good Shepherd." A most respectable and happy company took tea; the public meeting was presided over by Mr. Huxham, who in the introductory address was calm and grateful; his supplications were sacred and comprehensive. For a long time Mr. M'Cure then fixed the attention of the audience while he rehearsed the Lord's

marvellous interpositions of special providence on his behalf during his eighteen years mission in the colonies of Australia. There is a fulness and freshness in Mr. M'Cure's Lecture; interspersed, as it is, with strong facts, and suitable appeals to the consciences of his hearers. Mr. Pearce, the Reading pastor, moved a vote of thanks in few but feeling words. C. W. Banks, in seconding the same, said, he had known, watched, and highly esteemed Mr. M'Cure over twenty-five years. The people were unanimous in expressing their thanks; the lecturer warmly responded; and "All hail the power of Jesu's name," closed a meeting which edified, cheered, and encouraged a number of friends from all the neighbouring parts.

MR. BUTTERFIELD'S NEW YEAR'S MEETING.

THE new year's meeting at Bethlehem chapel, Rotherhithe, was convened on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10. The chapel was beautifully decorated, and presented a pleasing appearance, being filled with a cheerful company to tea, which was admirably served by ladies of the congregation. In the evening, the meeting was presided over by the pastor, J. Butterfield, and amongst those present were C. W. Banks, T. Munns, W. Jeffreys, A. Kaye, and a host of hearty friends. Mr. Butterfield took a careful review of the past year, so far as the operations of his church were concerned. In the course of his remarks, he said, "As a church we hail the year 1871 with gladness, we hail the new year much as we hail the vernal spring and shining summer after the frosts of winter. The past year was one of adversity, but we are looking for the present to be one of prosperity. The past was one of great trial, but we are expecting the present to be one of great triumphs. As to the ministry of the word, we are constrained to say, Satan has hindered us; though the converts had not been so many as in former years, yet the word had been much blessed to God's true and tempted people; they were still sustained by the word of his power, many who receive the word of life from us, depart, because we are Baptists, and specially Strict Baptists, we nevertheless wish them God-speed." Last year we baptized 26 believers. Mr. Butterfield entered fully into his work in the neighbourhood. The home mission had been attended with great results; their own missionary, Mr. Hutchins, had laboured most indefatigably, but for want of funds was compelled to relinquish his labours, but if funds were forthcoming, Mr. Hutchins would return to his labour of love. Our tract society has been in existence seven years, and has never shown signs of weakness. We have also a burial society, and a Christian Young Men's Improvement Society. Some idea of the work accomplished at Bethlehem may be gathered from the following items of expenditure. For missionary labours for ten months

£26 17s. 8d. to special cases of need, £818s. 1d. tea to 250 persons, given in March, £311s. 6d. Mr. Butterfield concluded his speech in the following words. In conclusion we thank God and take courage. We thank all our own kind friends who have helped us in all our varied labours of the past year. In adversity your help is so much the more precious, and consequently appreciated; may God abundantly reward you and be with us in the work of the Lord. C. W. Banks delivered a cheerful address; Messrs. Kaye, Jeffries, Munns, and others helped to render this a profitable season. We most unhesitatingly pray that Mr. Butterfield's many years of hard labour may be followed by many more of godly and glorious success.

A CANDLESTICK TAKEN AWAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING those great differences in order and government, which separate the State Church of England from the Church of Christ, we cannot but regard with the keenest feelings of grief and sympathy the obsequies of the learned, faithful and godly of that episcopal body, Henry Alford, D.D., a most accomplished divine, passed off the stage of time on Thursday, Jan. 12. A brief comment upon his past career may not be thought unworthy of a niche in your full columns. This worthy man, best known as Dean Alford was born in London in 1810, and graduated at Cambridge. In 1831, he first appeared before the public as a poet, which gained him great reputation both at home and in America. He obtained a fellowship in 1834, and was Hulsean lecturer in the University in 1841—2, and the lectures were published (i. e.) "The Constancy of the Divine Conduct in Revealing the Doctrines of Redemption." He was also Examiner of Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of London; and in 1857, he was appointed Dean of Canterbury. It is however, as a Biblical scholar and critic, that he is so well known. His valuable edition of the Greek Testament, completed in 1861, is a work of the highest authority. The mortal remains of this excellent man were interred in St. Martin's Churchyard, on Jan. 17, followed by a most august assembly. Space and time forbids more. Believe me ever yours in unfeigned love,

Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

BRIXTON.—ELNATHAN CHAPEL, LOTHIAN ROAD. We are truly thankful to the Lord for his great kindness and watchful care over us as a church and congregation. The glorious Gospel proclaimed by Mr. Brindle and others is accompanied with power and savour; several have been added to the church, and we have hope others are waiting. The congregation is increasing. (D. v.) Mr. Brindle will continue to preach on Lord's days. We have much pleasure in being able to say the building committee is formed, and have commenced their labours. Collecting cards and circulars will shortly be ready. We shall be happy to supply friends

with them, who will kindly help us in this great work. We also hope the pastors and deacons of churches will assist by giving us a collection or donation. Notice by circulars will be sent when ready. We purpose building a chapel, to seat nearly 250 people, with vestries and other accommodation. The chapel will be put in trust the earliest convenience for the Strict Baptists.

D. WILKENS, Deacon.

AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM, CAMBERWELL.—On Tuesday evening, Feb. 14, our aged friends in this peaceful home, spent a pleasant hour in the chapel, with the combined Committees, with other friends of the Institution. It was the Annual New Year's Tea Meeting, held yearly since 1855. At 5.15 about 70 sat down to an excellent tea. The ladies kindly attended to the wants of the Pilgrims. After which, our old friend, Mr. Pillow, Treasurer of the Asylum, took the chair. After singing, Mr. J. Box implored the Divine blessing on the meeting. Mr. Jackson, Secretary, presented a few facts concerning the Asylum during the past year. Death had taken away valued friends: Sir John Thwaites, Mr. Cannon, Mrs. Bencraft, the beloved Secretary of the Ladies Committee; four inmates had left for the better land; five new inmates had taken possession of the vacant rooms; and another election of inmates would be necessary at an early period. Several kind friends had sent acceptable presents during the year. Two pleasant social meetings had been held in the chapel: one in April, when Mr. Gadsby asked the Pilgrims to a cup of tea; and in June another hospitable treat was given by the friends of Surrey Tabernacle. Brethren J. T. Briseoe, Butt, Rixon, Murphy, Rogers, and the Chairman, addressed some kind words of sympathy to our aged guests. After singing that glorious hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name." Brother Clapp closed this delightful evening by asking a parting blessing from the Lord.—WM. JACKSON, 23, Rye lane, S.E. Friends desirous of information on the election of inmates to the Asylums please address to Mr. Jackson. Only Pensioners on the Society are admitted.

NOTTING-HILL GATE.—"Being up from the country, I attended the special services holden in Johnson Street Chapel, on behalf of the building fund in Feb. 1871. I heard the pastor's sermon from 2 Chron. xxiv. 8, 9. "At the King's commandment they made a chest, and set it without at the gates of the house of the Lord, and they made a proclamation through Judah and Jerusalem to bring unto the Lord the collection that Moses, the servant of God, laid upon Israel in the Wilderness." Mr. P. W. Williamson delivered a discourse upon these words full of thought, with animation, and becoming zeal. Two principles were defined with clearness. (1.) That the Almighty God had a people on the earth, and He still has a people, who, in a spiritual sense were characterised much to the

comfort of the seeking and the anxious ones. (2.) That from His own people the Lord claimed that support for the worship of His house which it became them gratefully to render. I, with others, was benefitted by this well-timed sermon. Discourses were also given by the editor of *The Earthen Vessel*, and by Mr. John Bunyan McCure, who brought these sermons to a close by delivering his popular lecture." S. P. E.

MR. JOHN FOREMAN.—Thousands will rejoice to learn that during his late near approach to death, our honoured friend, Mr. Foreman, has been favoured in his own soul with the presence of his Holy Lord and Master; and it is believed, if no sad relapse occur, that by April, he will be again in his precious work, preaching Salvation by the Lamb. It will be a mercy for the churches, if (as the Spring comes on) both the brethren, John Foreman and James Wells, are restored once more unto their people. Mr. Samuel Milner has been partially restored, and has preached a little; but his beloved son, Henry, is gone home to his eternal rest. A heavy trial. Brother Lodge has also a son in the deep waters of great bodily illness. The winter has shaken many a strong frame, but our prayer is, that the Lord may appear for his servants who for so many years have been the true heralds of God's grace to thousands. Mr. William Palmer, of Homerton, has continued through the winter with difficulty, but still the ministry is declared to be as mentally rich as ever.

PIMLICO.—It is now nearly twenty-three years since Mr. John Bunyan McCure was ordained as pastor over the church at Hadlow, in Kent. Those services were holden, Monday, July 10, 1848. Good old Mr. Crowhurst had passed away; and the young and zealous J. B. McCure came in to fill up the vacancy; and in answer to Mr. Pope's enquires, John Bunyan McCure confessed a good confession; delivered a sterling account of his call by grace; and Mr. John Foreman then delivered to him a weighty and wholesome charge. Mr. McCure's ministry at Hadlow was very useful; but after a few years he left for Australia. There, instrumentally, as God's workman, he built at least two chapels; travelled many thousands of miles; and scattered gospel seed all over the colonies. He has returned to England; and is now commencing to raise up the cause at Rehoboth, Prince's row, near Victoria station, Pimlico. His friends have issued a circular, asking for assistance; with a view, we suppose, of erecting a new chapel in that populous suburb. Mr. E. Carr, of 19, Windsor road, Denmark hill, Camberwell, the treasurer, in a note says:

DEAR SIR.—Mr. John Bunyan McCure having taken Rehoboth Baptist chapel, Pimlico, will (D.V.) commence his labours there on Sunday, the 19th February; and hopes, under the Divine blessing, to be the means of raising the cause from its present sinking condition to a state of prosperity. The friends of Mr. McCure

feel it necessary to appeal to the congregations of other churches for help, as the number now attending at Rehoboth is exceedingly limited; the church likewise very small. Mr. McCure having entered into responsibilities without any definite income, and taking the rent of the Chapel entirely upon his own hands, in the capacity of treasurer I earnestly ask your kind assistance. Subscriptions will be thankfully received at my address. Very faithfully yours, EBENEZER CARR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Mr. McCure commenced his labours at Rehoboth Chapel, Princes row, Buckingham Palace road, Pimlico, yesterday, the 19th inst; the chapel was quite full, morning and evening; the Word was blessed to many; the collections were good; and our brother appeared happy in the glorious work of the Gospel. He must have felt much encouraged in seeing so many lovers of truth rallying round him, and wishing him success in the name of the Lord. That a prosperous cause may be raised there, is the earnest prayer of yours very faithfully, EBENEZER CARR.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—DEAR BROTHER,—As the superintendent of a Sunday School, I beg to ask a question respecting the proper persons for teachers in our Sunday Schools. It is thought by some good men that none ought to be engaged in it as teachers who are not converted persons. (Happy that school where such are found.) But what are we to do with those senior scholars who are leaving our classes? Young men and women of good moral character who are anxious to keep within the bounds of the school? Are we to discard them because they are not members, nor yet give satisfactory proof that they are changed by the grace of God? Or, are we to encourage them by giving them, at their own request, a junior class; and by doing so keep them within the bounds of truth? I, for one, find great difficulties in getting good God-fearing teachers, who are willing to use their talents for the benefit of the children. And as I desire to be right in this matter, hope some of your friends in Sunday Schools will give their thoughts upon the matter through the *Earthen Vessel*. ROBERT ROSE.

PIMLICO.—An address was given recently in Rehoboth chapel, Pimlico, by C. W. Banks, on the triumphs of divine sovereignty over man's free-will. The gentleman who announced the address the Sunday previous, said, he supposed Mr. Banks wanted to make *The Earthen Vessel* more known. We are thankful that it is widely known, circulated, and read. Our object in such public addresses is three-fold. (1.) To speak the truth; (2.) To encourage godly parents; (3.) To counsel young people. We believe practical efforts to interest and to benefit the people, would, with God's blessing, be the means of helping some of those causes of truth, which, for a long time have been sinking into weakness.

PLYMOUTH.—Our Correspondent says: At How street it is hoped Mr. Collins will return to live and die with the people here. Last Wednesday, Trinity chapel had their annual tea-meeting; about two hundred sat down to tea; addresses were delivered by Messrs. Brewer, Chambers, Lynn, King, Clansey, and Langford. All the old debt for replenishing chapel is cleared off. Anniversary services of the school at Corpus Christi chapel, Stonehouse, was held last Sunday; Mr. Lynn preached in the morning; Mr. Langford at Trinity; there was a meeting late in the evening to propose a call for Mr. Langford; when a note was read intimating the chapel was not to be a Strict Baptist any more: this caused great consternation. Mr. Knowles is supposed to be the man the place is intended for, as an open Communion place.

SOUTH CHARD.—Our sister in the truth, Miss C. Wellington, said in a note some weeks back: "Since I last wrote you, the dear Lord has seen fit to bereave me of my earthly parent, my dear mother was taken with paralysis, and lived for a month quite helpless; when her happy spirit was taken to dwell with Jesus, 'to go no more out for ever.' A trial it has been for me, but I dare not murmur or complain, knowing it is the Lord, and that he has a right to do as he pleaseth with me and mine, and every twig of his rod is dipped in love. May the year on which we have entered be a prosperous one, and if it shall be the divine will of our Father to take us home before the close, may our lamps be trimmed and burning; wishing you every blessing. Our dear pastor, Mr. Shepherd, is quite well."

WOOLWICH.—That lovely and long-flourishing pastor, Charles Box, of Enon, has tendered his resignation. This is one of the few ministerial boxes which has never been broken open. Nearly forty years since a kind Providence set him up; the same merciful Providence has preserved him in honour and in truth; and now in peace, and with plenty, he sits down in his easy chair to wait for that "express train" which will be sent to fetch him home. Whether such good and holy men can so highly value the Good Samaritan as some who have been stripped, wounded, bruised, half-dead, and all but lost, we never determine. You never get out of Joseph and Samuel such experiences as you do out of Job, and Hemas, and Asaph, and David, and Peter. Still Joseph and Samuel had their position here, and they have their place in heaven. We cannot tell friend Saunders who will succeed Mr. Box. "The Country Minister" might get an introduction through some of the Suffolk bishops.

DORSET SQUARE.—Mr. John Foreman's pulpit has been well supplied during his illness. The brethren, Meeres, Collins, Wilkins, Anderson, W. Lodge, and ministers from different parts of the country have kindly helped us; the cause has been mercifully

sustained. Only the Lord knoweth how much longer our venerable pastor may yet be given to us, but the church is praying that a few more manifestations of his ripeness for glory, may be enjoyed in our long loved Mount Zion.

CHELTHENHAM.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—I enclose a few stamps, knowing you have to use many for the churches in answering letters, and very often out of your own pocket, which is not right, for it is a heavy tax on your good feelings to serve the cause of Christ. I hope friends in the country and London will do the same, and make you a New Year's Gift in this way; friends do it. Yours very truly.—**J. T.**

[Large quantities are certainly required, and used, in seeking to serve churches and ministers. Some few know this, and act accordingly.—**ED.**]

WALWORTH.—Samuel Foster, writing a most spiritual letter from his little hospital chamber at Sturry, near Canterbury, says, "Every faithful minister in London, should set apart one evening for special prayer for Mr. Wells's recovery." We wish we could give brother Foster's letter entire, but, we are over crowded. We cannot tell how deeply we have sympathised with our brother Wells in his agonising sufferings; in prayer we have had a little faith that he would recover.

PIMLICO.—**CARMEL.** Correspondent says: "I have been to hear dear brother Bennett to-night, on "Behold he prayeth." First, the pleasure of Jehovah; second, the pain of the sinner; third, the prayer. On the pleasure of Jehovah, what it cost to make one sinner pray; sighs, groans, tears, sorrows, suffering and death. What a price! It was a joyous season."

RUSSELL SQUARE.—We had a sacred season in Keppell Street, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 5, 1871. It was our time for celebrating our Lord's Supper. Our pastor's son, Henry, had been removed by death, his body lay then in his coffin at home, but Mr. Milner preached morning and evening, and administered the ordinance in afternoon. He addressed us all in a solemn manner. He is not well, but we hope he will yet be spared unto us.

NEWBURY.—The Baptist anniversary services were pleasant; Mr. Cracknell still looks happy, and hopes long and successfully to preach "all the Gospel" here. [Not many do that.]

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. J. H. Lynn says to us: Mr. E. Pickering, of South Africa, has a case to lay before you. I have assured him of a kind reception, and the influence of the *Earthen Vessel* and its loved Editor. His case is most deserving. The cause he represents is sound in doctrine and practice, and as worthy of the support of the British churches as any that could be found. Mr. Pickering is begging for help to build a chapel in Durham.—John Hunt Lynn.

THE UNHOLY AND THE HOLY WAR.

FRAGMENTS OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. H. WELCH, AT
PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, TOOTING.

“These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them: for he is Lord of lords, and King of kings: and they that are with him, are called, and chosen, and faithful.” Rev. xvii. 14.

DIVESTED of the figurative language employed, and the symbols made use of, we have in this chapter two main points. First, Popery in power and triumph. Here is a woman clothed in scarlet, and all the trappings of an ancient strumpet, seated upon a blood-red beast, which evidently means the Popish system and Hierarchy, supported and sustained by civil law. See verse 9. This plainly refers to Rome, the seven-hilled city, proverbially so. Then in verse 10, here is an epitomy of the various forms of government in the Roman empire, before the rise of the Papacy. In this verse it goes on, and then comes back again. “Five are fallen.” Ancient writers mention five forms of government, such as kings, military tribunes, &c., before the climax of the imperial power of the Roman emperors. “And one is;” namely, at the time of John, when a Roman emperor ruled. This was the government of the Pagan emperors, as Nero, and others of like stamp. Then it says, “The other is not yet come;” meaning, the rule of the Christian emperors, which lasted but 150 years. Then verse 11; meaning, although Rome Papal was not in existence, yet Rome Pagan was, and that the same idolatrous and persecuting spirit that existed in the one should exist in the other. So it might be said to be, when as yet it was not: “He is the eighth, and is of the seventh.” Well, so it was, for if Constantine had not made a State Church, there would not have been a pope. If King Henry VIII., (and by the bye it is rather apropos, the beast being the eighth), had not set himself up to be the pope of the English church, it would have been better for the poor Baptists. “And goeth into perdition;” from whence he rose. Then in 18th verse, the Roman empire was split up into ten parts, and out of these the kingdoms of Europe arose. England among them; and embraced the religion of Rome, so it is said in verse 13. How true this has been. In the year 496 A.D., Clovis, king of the Franks, upon occasion of his victories over the Germans, embraced the Catholic faith, and received a title, which for just upon 1300 years has been handed over to the French kings, viz: The Eldest Son of the Church. In the next century, each of these kingdoms became subject to the Papacy, and so continued until the Reformation: so it is said: “These shall make war with the Lamb.” Then in the next part we have Popery in ruins; that I cannot notice now, but come to my text at once.

Everywhere we hear of war, horrid war; really it is a dreadful sound: so I thought I would preach a sort of war sermon. There is in the text:—

1st. *The Assault made.* “These shall make war with the Lamb.”

2nd. *The Repulse or Subjugation.* "The Lamb shall overcome them, for he is Lord of lords, and King of kings."

3rd. *The Quality of his followers and associates.* "They that are with him are called; and chosen; and faithful." These are his soldiers. It is a mercy to be a soldier for Christ, to enlist in his service; for there is a Holy War, as John Bunyan calls it, as well as a sinful one.

Now, to "make war with the Lamb," is to make war with his truth; to becloud and darken his Gospel. So in various times, men have brought in Free-will, purgatory, infant sprinkling, Arianism, and various errors to turn his ordinances upside down; this is to "make war with the Lamb." To bring in tradition in opposition to revelation, is to make war with him. Again, "To make war with the Lamb," is to make war with his people. It is in a relative, not in a personal sense. It is meant; for he is enthroned beyond the reach of all enemies. Christ said to Saul, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" see verse 6. It means with great astonishment, for it is computed that fifty millions have been put to death by the Papal power, as Christ said, "The time cometh, when whosoever killeth you shall think he doeth God service."

II. That is "the Assault." Now let us notice "the Repulse or Subjugation:" "The Lamb shall overcome them." What cannot he overcome? Having overcome death, sin, the grave, and the devil, for his people, what or who is to stand before him? I should be very sorry to attempt to withstand him. A very good reason is given: "For he is Lord of lords, and King of kings." Being God over all, "God blessed for evermore." Do you wish for a more conclusive proof of the divinity of the Lamb of God—"Lord of lords?" And when this "Lion of the tribe of Judah" rouses himself, kings and great men must fall before him. He maintains and exercises his exalted supremacy: "King of kings." Earthly kings and lords are only so subordinately, not absolutely, but to do his will. Hence, sometimes he causes the Anti-Christian nations to be a scourge to themselves. See verses 16, 17. I hope the present war will be a mean to this end.

III. Then there is "the Quality of his Associates." "They that are with him, are called, and chosen, and faithful." First; "They are called" by special grace, with an holy and heavenly calling. "Called to be saints;" to be separated from the world, in heart and life; to be blessed in Jesus, living and dying. Then "chosen." "Chosen unto salvation." Here calling is put first, not for the order of time, but experience; as by calling, our election is made manifest, and we come into the enjoyment of the same. In an ancient translation, it is thus: "Chosen, and called, and faithful." That runs in the order of time. Their being chosen, expresses their names being in the "Lamb's book of Life;" and as the consequence, they are delivered from the God-dishonouring and soul-damning delusions of the devil. see verse 8. Then: "They are faithful." They are brought to know the truth, and "live a life of faith on the Son of God;" "they become witnesses of his grace, mercy, and salvation; and they are "not ashamed of the

Gospel of Christ," knowing that it is "the power of God unto eternal salvation."

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
And to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his Word,
The glory of his cross."

And really, those of you who do know the Lord and love his truth, ought to be associated with his cause, and walk in his ordinances.

Now for the honour of such: "They are with him." They abide in him, and fight under him "the good fight of faith;" they hold fellowship and communion with him, and are ever in his thoughts. What a privilege, what a sufficiency! And they shall be with him hereafter, which will be their happiness and satisfaction. It is a misery to be with some people, but not so with the Lord. "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

SACRED SCENES IN THE DYING CHAMBER OF THE LATE MASTER JOHN VINCENT,

Of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

"GOD SHALL WIPE AWAY TEARS FROM OFF ALL FACES."

MR EDITOR, I have received from different parts, and from friends, a desire to know about the life and death of my dear son, JOHN VINCENT, junr. He departed this life on Lord's-day evening, January 8, at 5 30, p.m., after a short but severe illness, lasting only about sixteen days, at the age of fourteen years. He was first taken with a severe cold; this turned to Gastric Fever, then a gathering in his right ear, from a tumour; which ended his sufferings. I see in my Family Bible, the following entry, written by myself: "John Vincent was born January 20, 1857." He was much afflicted when a child; we expected every day to be his last, when about three months old. One day when his mother was looking up to the Lord for some promise concerning him, the following promise was spoken with much power, leaving a sweetness and savour from the Holy One—"Spare his life, there is a blessing in it." From thence-forward he began to amend, and soon became a healthy child; and truly he was spared to be a blessing to all the family, and to all who came in contact with him. He was blessed in life, and blessed in his death, (if I may be allowed to call it death). I only wish all poor fearful things who fear dying, had been in his chamber when his soul left his body: I should think they could scarcely be left any more to fear that monster—for death is so in appearance only. In memory he surpassed all I ever came near: and for learning he excelled many. In one of our best academies for learning in Newcastle, the master told me he was the best Greek scholar he ever knew of his age: in fact, he could read any language, as well, and better than I can read plain English: and being blessed with a strong memory, he could read anything once and repeat it without the book, with all the ease imaginable. He had a general knowledge of everything going on in the world; so that he was applied to by all our family, at all times, for any information they might require.

He commenced his studies as soon as he was up in the morning, and pursued them till night ; he could not be kept from them. In daily department, he used generally, such language, as became in every respect, a thorough young gentleman.

Let us, however, leave that department ; and look at his few last days ; so far as the Lord may help me. The first very striking remark he made to me about heaven, was only a short time before he was taken ill. I conducted the service in our chapel in New Bridge street that Lord's-day morning : when I related a solemn and beautiful dream which I had when a very young man, thirty years ago ; this made a great impression on his mind. He was so much delighted with it, that when I came home, a few minutes after him, on ringing the bell, he came and opened the door, and clasped his dear hands, and his eyes sparkled again, and he asked warmly how it was I had never repeated it to him before ? I scarcely knew how to answer him : I said, "because I wish to speak of these things at Chapel, so that you may want to go to hear them." But, the fact is, I was so surprised, I did not know what to say. The dream I repeated was this : I thought I was dead ; and was taken straight to heaven ; and after I had been there admiring the heavenly world for a long time ; beholding the blessed LORD JESUS CHRIST seated on a glorious throne, surrounded with millions of spirits and holy angels, all engaged in giving honour unto the Lamb, bowing, and casting their crowns at his footstool, and singing the new song of Moses and the Lamb : then I took a walk round : and the first man I spoke to, was taken from this earth to heaven, (as he told me) one year and a half before Christ came into this world : then there was another who was taken just about the time of Christ's birth : and then there were others after his Incarnation. Then I began to look if I could see or find any I had known when I was on earth. Presently, I found my dear father ; and after we had been talking of the beautiful country, my father said, "I have been looking for you, I expected to see you here." And I answered, "and I expected to find you here too ; and now, Father, What do you think of this blessed place ? He said, "I think, had we known what glory awaited us, we never should have cared for millions of years of troubles in the lower world ; as this place in five minutes more than makes up for all the long faces we had to pull when on this earth."

As I repeat this I am lost in wonder, that it should have been brought to my mind thirty years after I had the dream ; and then it is so solemn to me that it should make such impressions on my own dear son's mind.

" Wonders of Grace to God belong ;
Repeat His mercies in your song."

About a week after this relation of my dream, my dear son was taken ill ; and in all his sufferings I never saw him shed one tear ; or be the least cast down in his spirits. I did not trouble him much about his afflictions ; nor respecting death ; only now and then kindly dropped a word : now and again a word on dying : nor did his dear mother. We watched him night and day, in all his illness. His mother, although so weak in body, never tired ; nor did I, night nor day, until it was all over. Some of his remarks to me, were most cutting to my feelings : some of them almost too much for my mind to think of. "Father"

he said, "I am very ill: I think I am dying: what a while it will be before I shall see you again!" This sentence made tears roll down my face." "Father, what are you crying for?" said he. In order to hide my grief, I said I had spilled some water as I was about to give him some to drink. I can only repeat a few words, as they are too much for me. He was much against oppression; and the day before he died, he was anxious to know how the poor French were getting on; and sorrowfully complained of the oppression of the Germans over them. In all his afflictions he kept comparing himself, and his position to the poor French and German soldiers dying on the battle field, and him dying on a good bed, and surrounded with kind father and mother, and sisters; with every comfort—and frequently said, "The Lord bless you my father, God bless you; you are a kind father: the Lord bless my mother; she is kind to me."

I must come to his last night: his reason appeared gone: my prayer to my Lord, was, that He would appear; and that sweet hymn came cheering me up—

"The Christian's hope shall never fail."

His dear mother's portion was, Romans ix. 23—"That He might make known the riches of His glory," &c. So we comforted one another with these precious promises; and the Lord did fulfil this in us—"As thy days, so thy strength shall be!"

On Lord's-day, about twelve at noon, he came to himself; and then it was a scene worth millions of worlds to me, and to all who witnessed it. He called his mother first; blessed her in the name of the Lord; and then called his father; and then his sisters; and then our dear men, each by name and blessed us all; and then asked his mother to bless him; and then asked her—"Which will the Lord take first? you, or I, mother?" We told him, he was going first; and then, he looked round, and asked us, what we were crying for? and with a look, and a smile, and with a sharp, quick, voice—which will never be forgotten—he told us all to leave off crying directly; and he laughed quite out, and shouted, "I am happier than you all; Father! down on your knees and pray; I do'n't mean pray: bless the Lord." I went down on my knees directly; and as the Lord helped me, I did for a minute or so; seeing it was near the end of my dear son here. As I got up, he said, "Take the Bible and read." I read Psalm xxiii.; and such a scene of joy as I never saw, "his countenance brightened up as bright as an angel's. As soon as I had done, he called out, "Father, down on your knees, and bless the Lord! Which I did, I think I never did so bless the Lord before in my life. After I had done he called out, "Where is the Lord going to take me to? to heaven my dear; to heaven he said, with his eyes beaming with joy. "I wonder the dear Lord should come for such a pig as I am." His dear mother answered, "My precious child, if you are a pig, what are some here? so contrary to his loving conduct; but depend on it, he felt his position as a sinner, before a great, and mighty God: for his precious soul was filled with glory: his voice failed; and he commenced singing in a humming voice to himself. I asked him what he was singing? he had just strength to answer, "*Bits of tunes I know.*" These were the last words he spoke. He had a few short pains, and then his feet turned cold; he laid quite

still; his breath got weaker and weaker; with some humming noise of tune, till his breath left his body, without a struggle, or a sigh; and this finished the course of one of the best of children; one of the most loving that ever lived. I thought I never saw dear Watts's hymn more to the purpose, than when I asked him what he was singing,

Hark! when you hear my heart strings break, how sweet the minutes roll,
A mortal paleness on my cheek, and glory in my soul.

I must conclude. I was enabled to make some solemn remarks at our chapel on the following Lord's-day, from his mother's promise. Our respected ministerial brother, Joseph Bailey, buried my son; and gave at the grave a most suitable and solemn address. Many things I have left out; they would swell your pages. The old enemy, Satan, thrusts sore at me sometimes, asking me if I serve my God for naught? But, I am helped to answer, "No, Satan, my God blest me in my soul and body, and blest my sons and daughters; and blest my wife; and blest me in my basket and store; and I must say, the death of my son, has so strengthened my soul; so loosened my tongue to speak in my Master's name; that I never know how to leave off talking of Him, who is all over glorious in his mercy, majesty, and power; he has led me, and fed me and mine; and His promise is still, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." In days past and gone, He has so confirmed my hope, that I can say, "He will never leave me in trouble to sink."

I remain, dear C. W. Banks, yours in the Lord,

JOHN VINCENT.

3, Picton Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
February, 1871.

"IT IS MY FATHER'S WILL"

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS—Knowing that you are always desirous of promoting the best interests of the Lord's people, of encouraging the weak and of establishing the strong, I send you a brief account of one of the lilies in full blossom gathered from the plantation here to the bosom of the Beloved in glory. My beloved spouse departed this life, that is, she fell asleep in Jesus, on Lord's-day morning of October 30, 1870. In early childhood, we plighted our troth to each other, and soon as we became of age we were married. She was the subject of early convictions, and being connected with the Independents, she joined the church when about sixteen years of age. The Lord was pleased to use me as the means of opening to her the ordinance of immersion; she was baptized at Wandsworth, about three years after she had joined the Independents, by Mr. H. Wells. She was never well one week in her life, indeed her's was a life of affliction. She was the mother of thirteen children notwithstanding; an affectionate mother, and as a wife, she was to me what Sarah was to Abraham, 1 Pet. iii. 6. The Lord gave her a very tender conscience; she was remarkably conscientious, and in all matters, whether in regard to the family in general, or herself in particular, her motto was, "Owe no man anything; provide things honest in the sight of all men." The Holy Spirit blessed the ministry from my lips to her greatly; she was brought into liberty after some years of severe conflict; and brought to a real establishment in the truth as it is in Jesus; brought into

such holy acquaintance with her dear Lord, that for years she could say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." He is "my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters; yea, though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." Yes, she knew Christ was in her heart the hope of glory, that He was her Life, her Husband, her Head. During the last two years, she was incapacitated physically for performing her domestic duties, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ was most abundant in bringing about unreserved submission to her Lord's will. Her sufferings were very great at times, and that promise was blessedly fulfilled in her case, viz, "the lion shall eat straw like the ox," yes; her lion nature was wonderfully subdued, for she would say when the kind friends expressed their sympathy with her in her sufferings, "It is my Father's will; He is leading me by the way that I should go; He will never leave or forsake me;

"—my times are in his hand,
All events at His command;"

And often she would say amidst deep affliction,

My favoured soul would meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak Thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust Thee for my Guide alone.

She died in the sixty-fifth year of her age, and though she left behind four young girls and her partner, yet she had for months been able to commit them all to the Lord, declaring that

All shall come, and last, and end,
As shall please her heavenly Friend.

A short time before her death, she asked those who were with her to join her in singing,

Ah, I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away;
But on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day.

Blessed be the Lord, He gave her to me, and He hath taken her away from me, a priceless gem, and blessed be His name. Yours in the Lord,
JNO. TURNER.

36, Condell street, Fitzroy, Melbourne, Australia.

December 1, 1870.

THE PLEADER'S PRECIOUS PLEA.

BY PASTOR G. HEARSON, OF VAUXHALL.

My mother taught and often brought
Me, bending at her knee;
To pray to One—Jehovah's Son,
The pleader's precious Plea.
My prayers were said to Him who bled,
For pleas'd *she* seemed to be;
Yet, O my soul! not sick, but whole,
Ne'er plead the *sinner's* Plea.
My father died, then mother died,
Which much afflicted me;
Yet, many years I shed no tears,
Wanting a pleader's Plea.
A life of fun I sought to run,
And crowds admired my glee;

Till late one night (hell hove in sight),
I tried the only Plea.
I prayed and cried to Him who died
For sinners on the tree;
And soon I felt quite free from guilt,
And blessed the perfect Plea.
So now I'll go to friend and foe,
And tell of love to me;
Till thousands praise to endless days,
The pleader's pleading Plea.
And when I die my soul shall fly,
To heaven's high throne and see
My mother there; and Jesus dear,
The pleader's precious Plea.

WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP?

A REVIEW OF THE SEVEN METAPHORICAL CUPS IN THE BIBLE.

CHAP. XXVI.

“ Weeping goes forth the sower on his way ;
 Weeping, although he beareth precious seed :
 Weeping because he feels his utter need ;
 Weeping through many a dark and stormy day ;
 Yet, ceases not to sow, and watch, and pray.
 THE SAVIOUR, AS HE CAME, DID WEEP AND BLEED,
 But now rejoiceth with the fruit alway.
 So—like the Master—he, who sows and grieves,
 Shall, doubtless, come again with joyful sheaves.” *

IN the Working-man’s Hall, at Berkhamstead, when about to speak to a densely crowded assembly, this thought run through my mind: there are three things which have always attended the Church of CHRIST in this world, 1, Antagonism; 2, Separation; 3, Victory. The Serpent began his opposition to Christ, and to his people in the garden of Eden; and he has continued it even until now. This Antagonism works out a Separation for the Lord’s people: they become separated from all the people that dwell upon the face of the earth. Abraham was separated; he was called out of country, home, and idols. Moses and the Israelites were separated by the sprinkled blood; and finally, by the Red Sea of Divine Wrath. David was persecuted, and, separated: so were all the prophets. When JESUS came, they persecuted him unto death: then, *he* became separated: and communed no more with any but his own disciples. All the Apostles were persecuted and separated from the world; and from all the false idolatrous worshippers of their times. I was mixed up with many different sections when grace came: immediately a separation took place. To be holy, to be useful, to be good and upright, was the inmost thought, desire, and aim of my heart. From the morning when the Saviour called me—revealed himself unto me—made his Gospel powerful and precious within me—set my mind in his Word, and made his Word a light and a lamp unto my feet in the way of truth—from that very morning, Satan has persecuted me; he has deceived me; bruised me; crushed, and all but destroyed me, many times. Oh, when I review the Satanic persecutions of the enemy against my soul, against my faith, against my zeal, against my devotion, against my character, against my usefulness, against my peace, against my prosperity, yea, against everything I have desired to be, and tried to be! Sometimes when I review these things, darkness of mind, distress of spirit, and despondency, do so becloud me, that I almost persuade myself, I must for ever sink where I shall never see HIM, whose I believe I am, and whom I ardently seek to serve.

“ Nevertheless”—as Paul said (when he was in Macedonia—“ Our flesh had no rest; we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears;” nevertheless)—“ GOD THAT COMFORTETH THOSE THAT ARE CAST DOWN, COMFORTED US by the coming of Titus.” So, there has always come some blessed Titus, or other, when I have

* “ Pilgrim Songs,” by Newman Hall.

been cast down. The other day when heavy affliction had fallen on nearly all my family, Titus came so tenderly and whispered in me, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him." To have no portion but THE LORD, may be crucifying to the flesh; but it is richly sanctifying to the inner man. The next day, David's word fell into me, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup: Thou maintainest my lot." What is my lot, said I to myself? It is a promissory lot, and the Lord blessedly holds my soul in faith to those promises he gave me many years ago at the end of the ninety-first Psalm: again, mine is a *Providential* lot; inscribed thereon is this sentence, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." That lot is well maintained. Tribulations every day: then, it is a *Prospective* lot: "if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." JESUS as our substitute, sorrowed even unto death, under the burden of his people's sins: and this I feel is my daily lot in measure; but out of this dreadful sorrow, we are to rise up into "the likeness of his resurrection:" for he will come to be glorified in his saints; and to be admired in all them that believe. Onward, then, let us sing,

"Nearer to Him—till all of grief
And guilty discord cease;
And gladdened earth—upon her throne,
Beholds the Prince of Peace."

Now—as Peter writes—"He is gone into heaven, and is on the right hand of God; angels, and authorities, and powers being made subject unto him:" there are many antagonizing powers against him—against his Gospel—against his people—but, these work out a separation for the redeemed; and all opposing powers are gradually "*b-e-i-n-g* made subject unto him!" And when this consecutive, successional, prophecy shall have reached its climax; when the present tense, *being*, shall give place to the perfect or past tense, *been*; when we shall read it thus—"Angels, and authorities, and powers, HAVE BEEN made subject unto him;" then will the anciently prepared anthem be sounded out in a chorus embodying the voices of millions upon millions—

"SALVATION to our GOD
Which sitteth upon the throne;
AND UNTO THE LAMB."

"And all the Angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four beasts: and fell before the throne on their faces:

"AND WORSHIPPED GOD!"

["*The Last Vials* " for March, sheweth clearly that the master-sin of the present age, is MAN-worship: but even this sin shall cease." "GOD SHALL BE ALL IN ALL." Then shall be heard in the perfect glory-world, the everlasting Hallelujah:]

"Saying, AMEN: Blessing and glory, and wisdom and thanksgiving,
And honour, and power, and might,
Be unto our God for ever and ever Amen!"

Take your stand where you will now, you may see two great powers in contrast, and opposition, the one to the other.

First: in the world of Nature, there is the great power of darkness; and there is the great power of light. Christian! What is the promise unto thee? "Thy Sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon

withdraw itself: for THE LORD shall be thine EVERLASTING LIGHT: and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Here you have seasons of darkness, and days of mourning: they are all to cease: they have ceased with those who have reached their heavenly home. The good poet seems to have put his head in beyond the clouds: and when he returned he sang:

" All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There, GOD, the Sun, for ever reigns
And scatters night away."

Secondly: in the fallen family of mankind, there is the great power of Heathenism, and the great power of Civilization. It would form a chapter of sweet interest to the living Christian to trace out the real conquest of Sovereign Grace over millions of the heathen nations. I have secretly rejoiced in the revelations made by godly men who have dared, for Christ's sake, to go forth into the regions of cruelty, barbarism, and idolatry—and there to plant the standard of the Cross. The Triumphs of the Redeemer over the wildest races of mankind, are grand and glorious. Idolators of the basest kind have been made subject unto him. Thirdly: in the armies composing the Professing Christian Family, there is the great Power of Anti-Christ, and the still greater power of the Eternal CHRIST OF GOD. I have lately commenced an introductory public exposition of the various creeds, colours, customs, classes, and characters of the mighty Anti-Christ, which is now growing into such almost indistinguishable vastness and variety, that it is difficult to define either where it begins, or where it ends. Those two awfully destructive powers which have recently been in open hostility one against the other, represented in a small measure, the two families springing from Cain and Abel; the two armies Anti-christ, and the real and true Christ of God: and although the Prussian and German powers have been considered over-reaching, and tyrannically cruel; although "all the neology, and infidelity of the age is (said to be) the work of Prussia;" still, it does appear as though the cup of wrath had been poured out on those powers, where Roman Catholic infidelity, and a finely coloured, deceptive, atheism and immorality, have been patronized, pampered, and played with, until, the judgments of the HOLY ONE have burst upon them. This conviction has been much deepened by perusing the records of the life, the sufferings, the religious expressions and the dying sorrows and anticipations of the late Queen of Prussia; the mother of the present newly-constituted Emperor of Germany, hitherto known as King William of Prussia.

LOUISA, THE LATE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, the mother of the present King William, died at the early age of thirty-four, in the year 1810: her premature death was considered to be the result of those dreadful calamities which fell upon Prussia when Napoleon I. almost buried it in bloodshed, death, and ruins.

The history of this Christian Princess, is admirable: there appears through the whole of her private, and public career, the fruits of a pure faith in the Lord her God; so sincere as to confirm the persuasion, that she feared the Lord above many. My readers will—I believe—read a few notes of her history, with as much pleasure as I realize in writing them: for when I read the blessed Queen's life, sufferings,

and death—and place her solemn sentences by the side of the recent disasters which have befallen France—I see more clearly than ever, the meaning of those lines,

“ God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

In order to get a fair view of the whole matter, we must review the late Prussian Queen's life entire ; although it must be in as brief a manner as possible.

“ *The Sunday at Home,*” says : Louisa, the Queen Consort of Fredric William III. was born March 10, 1776, at Hanover. Her father—the brother of Queen Charlotte, Consort of George III. of England—became Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Her mother died when she was only seventeen years of age. In 1793, she was married to the Crown Prince of Prussia, at Berlin. This royal union was founded on true affection : there was a similarity of views and tastes : and they enjoyed much conjugal happiness. In 1797, the King of Prussia died ; and Louisa, and her husband, the Crown Prince, were called to the throne. The wars then being carried on by Napoleon, did not affect Prussia. There was peace, and much prosperity. The young King and his Queen made several provincial tours, and by their dignified affability, they won the affection of all classes of the people. The lines appeared to have fallen unto them in pleasant places : and they certainly had a goodly heritage. Her first son, afterwards Frederick William IV. was born in 1795 : her second son—the present King of Prussia, was born on March 22, 1797. She was the honoured mother of other noble children.

Thus, I have introduced to my readers, this excellent Christian princess ; and in producing evidence of the genuine nature of her faith in the ever adorable Prince of Peace—the Lord Jesus Christ, I shall have an opportunity of showing my readers something of the beauties of grace when it reigns and rules in hearts and minds elevated by all those great moral and intellectual powers which are not enjoyed and possessed by thousands even of the Lord's people, whose lot has been cast among the poor, the unlearned, and the afflicted of this world.

Like the Countess of Huntingdon, the late Queen of Prussia, (of whom I now write) would rejoice in the fact that Paul did not say to the Corinthians “ ye see your calling, brethren, how that not ANY wise men after the flesh, not ANY mighty, not ANY noble are called :” no : it is “ not many ;” for, as I range over the history of those who have gone before us, it is clear to me, in all times, and in all climes, our GOD and FATHER has had his chosen ones—our Lord Jesus Christ has had his redeemed ones—our precious Divine Comforter has had his sanctified ones ; and in many of them, grace has shone most brightly, although our present phraseology might not be exactly theirs, still, their faith was the faith of God's elect ; their hope was that which maketh not ashamed, and their love was drawn from those visions of the Almighty, which gave unto them the same assurance expressed by the beloved disciple, when he said of the Son of God—“ We love him, because he first loved us.”

When this broken-hearted Queen, and her Royal King, were driven

from their home and kingdom—when all that earth calls good or great was taken from them—even then her expressed sentiment was the exact counterpart of our modern poet, when he sang,

“Although my cup seems filled with gall,
There’s something secret sweetens all.”

Louisa, the late Queen of Prussia, from her earliest days—was favoured to have those about her who were devout believers in a TRICUNE-JEHOVAH; and it is from their recorded testimonies of her conversation in the heavenlies, that we gather proofs of her union to CHRIST. Eynard, speaking of the first-fruits of grace in her soul, says, “the Queen, whose life had been so pure, (as regards her external deportment,) apprehended THAT which the sinner generally learns, through the humiliation of sin: and—by the apprehension of forgiveness, through the sacrificial and atoning blood of THE LAMB—by the apprehension of being accepted in the Beloved—she “loved as though much had been forgiven her.” Yes! by a given faith she received the atonement: she loved the Days-Man Redeemer—and hence she said of Delbruch, who was tutor to her sons—“Delbruch is much prized by me, because he seeks to awaken and nourish love for the Redeemer, and for his holy precepts, in the hearts of my children.” If we know and love the Saviour ourselves, how highly we esteem those who labour to make Him known to others, especially if it be to our own precious offspring. While I write these lines, some dear to my heart appear to be sinking fast into the arms of death! my only comfort is, that they have feared, and they have sought the Lord.

In the Queen’s royal household, there was the “Court Physician,” Hufeland, by name: of him the Queen said, “Hufeland is a physician of soul as well as of body to me! What a singularly valuable man! Everything about him bears the highest impress. Firm and manly; at the same time, simple and confiding as a child: his faith appears perfectly natural to him; the King calls him an Apostle.”

The rich and conclusive evidences and holy triumphs of her faith, I am compelled to reserve for my next chapter. I would gladly fill some pages this month with this, but I dare not occupy more room now. Next month, I will (D.V.) finish my notes of her life. I believe thousands, with myself, fear there is a bitter cup for England yet. May the Lord give unto his ministers and people the power to act as Habakkuk resolved to do: “I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon my tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me; and what I shall answer when I am reproved.” So, with a trembling heart, prayeth,
C. W. B.

GOD’S THOUGHTS PRECIOUS TO THE BELIEVER.

A LETTER TO HIS FRIENDS AT CLARE, BY D. WILSON,

Baptist Minister, Boston.

[Mr. G. Firbank, of Cavendish, sends us the following for insertion. The writer is an afflicted, but faithful servant of JESUS CHRIST: a deeply sanctified, yet much-beloved brother in the Lord.—ED.]

BELOVED BROTHER IN JESUS, your kind epistle came safe to hand last Monday, and truly its contents were refreshing to us: for I had often thought that I must have offended my much esteemed

friends at Cavendish, as it is very near three years since I had heard anything from them. And yet I could not call to my mind that I had said or done anything contrary to God's Word, or my own conscience, to give any offence. But your kind and welcome letter greatly relieved my mind. Wherever we may be placed in providence, or in whatever circumstances, the dearly beloved friends connected with the church at Clare, in Suffolk, will always hold a deep and lasting place in our warmest affections. It will always be pleasing to us to hear of your prosperity in the ways of God. I sincerely thank you for the information you have sent us. My beloved wife is poorly; the cold weather much affects her. I am often very unwell. I was not able to go to the chapel last Tuesday evening. I have mostly been able to preach on the Lord's-days—morning and evening—to the few friends who love the truths of the gospel—doctrinally, experimentally, and practically. But Oh! how few in these parts are to be found, who love and walk consistently in the truth of the Gospel! We are inundated with Arminianism on all hands; but the Lord liveth and reigneth over all: and with the Psalmist, I hope we can sincerely say, "How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God!" Psalm cxxxix. 17, 18. It is true these words may be considered as the language of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, admiring the love, and thoughts, counsels and purposes of the Father, to, and concerning himself, and his work, offices, &c.; for the salvation of his beloved people. But they are also the language of all the quickened elect of God, less or more. If the thoughts of God's purpose with respect to David's creation, his deliverance from his enemies, and the stability and glory of his throne, were so precious to his heart, how much more highly would not he value the counsels of God, with relation to his eternal salvation! These thoughts, counsels, and purposes of God in Christ Jesus, are inexpressibly precious to every heaven-born, Spirit-taught soul. These thoughts are the effects and outflowings of infinite love, directed by unerring wisdom; they are established by absolute immutability, and they are all executed by Almighty power. Precious to the believer, is the Word that reveals them: precious is the faith of God's elect by which they discover—under the teaching of the Holy Ghost—that these purposes and promises are made unto them, by which they realize and rest upon them as their portion. Oh, how precious in the hours of meditation, yea, in the time of temptation, affliction, sorrow, poverty, trial, and distress! Psalm. xl. 17. They are precious to me, when they suggest the hope that animates me in the most painful exercises—when they gladden our sleepless hours; so that our souls are filled as with marrow and fatness, and our mouths praise Him with joyful lips; when we remember Him on our beds, and meditate on Him in the night watches. Precious are these thoughts to us when the morning light awakens us with true spiritual feelings to reflect on them, and lends us its wings that we may follow hard after Him: they are precious when our souls are engrossed with them, so that we feel no dreariness in solitude, no terror in its loneliest wilds. They are precious when amidst the most pleasing intercourse of social life, our souls by them are raised to Him, as our chiefest joy and pleasure. While others around us may be occupied in enquiring after the world and its interests, our souls are filled with affectionate adoration of the schemes of mercy; the result of these thoughts.

Precious are these sweet thoughts of God to the dying saint when the Holy Spirit brings them blessedly to his remembrance. (Jer. xxix. 11, 12.) Precious, O God, are Thy thoughts when they open up to the believer's view, the inheritance, the glory Thou hast provided for them beyond this world's existence. O, may the Holy Spirit comfort you all by kindly sympathizing with you in all your many trials and afflictions. It is exceedingly kind of him to come to and abide with us: to examine into our condition: reprove what is amiss, and lead us to the blood of Jesus, enabling us to wash away all our guilt in that precious fountain open for sin. (Zech. xiii. 1.) How precious does the Spirit make the thoughts of God, revealed in the Word of God, by seasonably shewing us the most sure, sweet and substantial grounds of comfort: that Jesus, our all glorious Surety, has borne our griefs, carried all our sorrows, satisfied for all our sins, and brought in an everlasting righteousness to cover our poor guilty souls: and that, well pleased, for the sake of His righteousness, God the Father who loves us, with an unchangable love, doth in the New Covenant give himself to be our God; to save us from all enemies, and bring us to glory. In the precious Word of Truth, the whole fullness of a New Covenant God in Christ Jesus is brought near unto us; and in promise is secured unto the whole election of Grace: therein we see that all our manifold blessings, flow from the love of a kind Father, through the redeeming blood of the precious Lord Jesus Christ. These troubles are light and short, though severe and painful to flesh and blood; but useful in promoting our best interests; "they work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory:" so that we shall be for ever with the Lord, "filled with his fulness and made like Him, for we shall see Him as He is, in His eternal kingdom and glory. O, my dear brother, what a mercy to be enabled by faith to apply these things as our own! To be quickened, supported, refreshed, sanctified, and filled with the "joy that is unspeakable and full of glory."

Blessed be the all precious name of an all precious Jesus, for those exceeding precious thoughts, counsels, purposes and promises, whereby we are made partakers of the Divine nature. May the God of all grace be with you all, Amen.

Mr. G. Firbank.

D. WILSON.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE

OWNED AND ADORED IN THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF J. J. KIDDLE.

CHAPTER III.

IT IS impossible for me to describe the painful conflict of mind I felt at this time. A few weeks after I returned home from school, the recollection of what I was before I went to school came into my mind, and made me cry out in deep anguish of heart for mercy. Nothing but the thunder and lightnings of Sinai appeared to surround me, not a ray of hope could I see; I could not read the Bible, every part condemned me; the enemy triumphed by persuading me there was no mercy for me, therefore I may as well enjoy the pleasures of life, as my doom was hell. To this I listened, and for four years after rushed into every low and debasing thing Satan could present in the world, excepting drunkenness and swearing, and these I detested.

The world, as it is now, seems scarcely the same as it was then. No one appeared, with whom I had to do, to know or say anything about religion, and I had altogether given up reading the Bible or attempting to pray. The state of things in the world were also different; during the French war under Napoleon II. ending 1815, farming and dealing were lucrative concerns. Corn and stock, and everything a farm produced, was very dear. Wheat realized 3s. a gallon. Was once sent to get a bushel of salt, for which I paid one guinea; tea 6d., 8d. per ounce, two ounces was a good purchase. Young people now are unwilling to credit us when we say, we can have more for 1s. now, than we could for 3s. then. I remember we used to ask mother sometimes for a cup of tea as a favour; and she replied, "Tea! you must not ask for tea; we have nearly used two ounces this week."

After the proclamation of peace, farming took a sudden turn, many failed; rents had gone up, leases had been obtained, and landlords refused to release their tenants. This was my father's case; he lost more in five years, than he had gained in the ten previous years; expenses were curtailed, and myself and three brothers younger than myself had to take the place of men on the farms, after we removed into Herefordshire. Being the oldest of the family, I had the oversight of one of the farms under my father's direction, and many times did he beat me unmercifully for not attending properly to business. I had acquired a habit of being out at night, dancing and gambling, and was obliged to be in the field in the morning with my pair of horses at six o'clock, so that by being so much out at night, and working so hard by day, my strength failed; but my father showed me no pity; on one occasion he beat me so unmercifully with a large walking-stick, that I carried the marks for months. The offence was, I did not plough the ground to please him; the ground was very hard, and I was very weak and ill, I could not do it properly; I did not resent it, but I felt a deep hatred to my father come over me, and resolved if he used me so again, I would fight it out.

After this I resolved to enlist, go to sea, or put an end to my existence. I could not look on a soldier's or sailor's life as one of pleasure, and when I thought of suicide, I felt I should then go to everlasting punishment before God sent me there; and then, again, I was carried back to my *early, happy days*, when I "walked with God," when I was solemnly impressed with the idea of becoming a minister of the Gospel: I wept and groaned, words cannot utter the load I felt; I said, God hath forsaken me; my father is cruel; and my companions in sin have an influence over me; I longed for some one to tell my soul-troubles to, but found no one. Our parish church was two miles away, the old clergyman was "a dumb dog that could not bark," yea, "a greedy dog which can never have enough." He hesitated not to say, "If you come to church on Sunday once, that is all that is required." I do not think there was a godly person in the parish; there was no place for worship but the little isolated church. I could not read the Bible; I tried to pray, but it seemed worse than beating my head against a wall of brass.

At this stage of my mad career, it was impressed on my mind that I may find mercy with God, if I broke off my sins and made atonement

for the past by living a new life. For some months I tried hard, by forsaking my sinful associates, reading and prayer, and conscience became a little calmed. At length, some gay farmer's daughters in the parish, invited me to a party, and there, like Sampson sleeping on the knees of Delilah, I was shorn of strength. My salvation now seemed more hopeless than ever; the months I had devoted to make myself fit for God's mercy were unfounded, and fell; and a strong determination was formed to abandon every religious thought. Being now grown up, in better health, naturally cheerful, yielding, affectionate and obliging, won the sympathies of the young females with whom I associated, and for company and amusement, delighted in their society. There was no kind of vain amusements I did not glory in, the last twelve months of my wicked career. Drinking, (though never drunk), gambling of every kind, dancing on Sundays, as well as at other times. I dared not reflect, it was unquenchable fire in my soul.

The neighbourhood was a dark one indeed. There was the form of going to church on Sundays. When the service was over, if a fine afternoon when we came out, we used to commence in the church-yard, ball-playing, wrestling, and any kind of amusement we had an inclination to. There were also yearly wakes or Sunday fairs, held in the church-yards. Going from one of these, one Sunday, about midnight, I heard as it were, a voice saying, "The wicked shall be turned into hell." I heard a footstep behind me, and felt sure it was the devil every step I took; my hair stood up; perspiration ran down; Satan seemed to chase me to the door of the house. I opened the door, rushed in, shut it as I thought, with my master outside; I fell down on my knees, cried to God for mercy; could not go to bed, vowed to break off my wicked ways. The next Sunday I was again invited to a dancing party. On my way there, I met a young lady on her way to a meeting in another parish; she invited me—I strongly objected, never was at a dissenting meeting. She was very urgent. I went. The preacher was a *very poor*, uneducated man. I knew him; was amused to see him take his stand; his text, "Behold the Lamb of God," &c., it was all for me; it brought me to decision in May, 1823.

A DOUBLE DEATH AND DOUBLE LIFE.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives: and in their death, they were not divided."

THE FOLLOWING is a short notice of two of our hearers, who were brought under the sound of the ministry at the Surrey Tabernacle, when very young by their parents. The event is a very solemn one, and speaks powerfully, "Be ye also ready."

The following brief statement of the illness and departure of the young man and his wife, was sent me by the father, and will best describe this affecting scene. It is somewhat remarkable, a few days previous, they visited an old member of the church, who has been laid aside by severe affliction; and they talked freely on the subject of death, and the resurrection of the body, and of the blessedness of an interest in the salvation of God.

This event is too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too deep to view with feeble sense.

Many friends attended at the cemetery and witnessed one after the

other committed to the tomb, and as they looked and wept, the words struck the mind :

Son of God, by blest adoption,
View the dead with steady eyes ;
What is sown thus in corruption,
Shall in incorruption rise ;
What is sown in Death's dishonour,
Shall revive to Glory's light ;
What is sown in this weak manner,
Shall be raised in matchless might.

E. E.

ON the 9th of February, I received a note to go and see my son and daughter as soon as possible, as they were very unwell. On reaching their residence, to my surprise, they were both in bed, having both been taken ill, at the same time. On my entering the room, my son said, "Father, I am glad you have come, as there are several things to arrange while in my senses, as I fear I shall not have them long. Do let me tell you my wish." At this sudden and unexpected request, my feelings overcame me so, that I felt I could not listen to him. On my saying, I hoped they would soon get better, he made the reply, "We shall both die." My daughter rose in the bed, and said, "That will surely take place." Shortly after this, my son's mind became deranged, being conscious at short intervals. Two days previous to his death, he appeared much better in mind, and said, "Father, What a sad thing it is to lose our senses." He seemed much distressed about his interest in the dear Saviour: "O! I am nothing but an hypocrite." I responded that hypocrites never had any fear; adding, "You love his dear name." He replied, "I do love his truth, and his dear people." "Have you never had any sermon blessed to you?" "Yes," replied he, "One particularly, about 12 years since, when Mr. Wells was unable to preach; a Mr. Clarke spoke from the words, "If thou hast run with the footmen; and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?" These words were made of much use to him; after repeating them, he asked me to have a few words in prayer, in which he joined with much earnestness, never by me to be forgotten, both begging of the Lord to give him a sweet promise before he left this world of sorrow. He then enquired for his dear wife; I told him she was in the next room very ill. "I should like to embrace her before I die." This desire was expressed with so much earnestness, that I conveyed his wishes to her. I then wrapped her in a blanket, and carried her to her dear, dying husband, when he embraced her, and begged the Lord to take care of her, remarking, "She has been a dear wife to me." He then kissed her, and bid her adieu. I conveyed her back to the bed, on which she was so soon to die. After this interview, she gradually sunk, the nature of the complaint prevented us having much conversation, as they were most of the time unconscious; his dear wife only able at times to converse. Several times she sang some beautiful hymns, and was quite happy. My son died on the 16th of February, aged 27; his dear wife, on the 24th, aged 30. By express desire, they were both interred in a brick vault, in Nunhead Cemetery, side by side, on the 28th day of February, leaving in this world of sorrow, a little boy, three years of age.

Both have attended Mr. Wells's ministry from childhood. He has left a diary, I think, of every sermon preached at the Tabernacle for the last ten years, chapter, verse, and words of text. I am truly thankful to think, that I and my dear wife never left them, day nor night, until they both left this world of sorrow. May the dear Lord give us great support at such a time of heavy affliction.

44, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

J. HUTCHINSON.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

Gems of Song with Music: a Hymn and Tune Book for the Sunday Schools, and for Use in Families.—London: E. Stock, and of the Editor, Coombe Lodge, Peckham, S.E. Since the spontaneous musical movements of Thomas Clarke, of Canterbury, the happy science of sacred music has been gradually developing, and accommodating itself to the desires and necessities of the common people: this, as much as any moral enterprize, has tended greatly to elevate the minds of the rising generation; and to promote a love for the sublime, which did not exist to any extent when we went climbing up into life. During the last thirty years we have observed, and examined, many productions designed to aid that delightful privilege, "The Service of Song:" but, this portable shilling volume, "containing two hundred and six Hymns, and one hundred and sixty-five Melodies, compiled and edited by Geo. Thos. Congreve," appears to us, the most perfect, convenient, and useful book of the kind, ever presented to public notice. *The Gems of Song* was a grand success: but this volume, *Gems of Song with Music*, will certainly be a universal favourite in every family where true piety, and sacred music, unite hearts to walk in the fear and fellowship of the Lord. We have been searching through the volume to mark any existing defect; or to see if we could suggest any improvement: again and again, we have scanned the pages, but, the music is so cleverly and neatly printed, the type and printing so clear, distinct, and correct, the paper so durable, the binding so substantial, the work altogether so unique and acceptable, as to ensure to Mr. Congreve not only an unprecedented circulation, but, also, the thanksgivings of very many thousands.

The Ship's Career, and other Poems, by Geo. Jos. Williamson, F.S.A., President of the Mariner's Friend Society. Published by Straker and Burke, St. Mary's Axc. The man who can and will devote time, talents, wealth, heart and soul, to benefit the poor mariners, is a

noble patriot, a real friend to society, and one whom the God of the seas and of the land will bless. Such is Mr. G. J. Williamson, the author of this handsome volume. But, is he a Christian? Is he born of God? Is he one that shall crown the Saviour, Lord of all, in the glory kingdom? Let us ask him? He tells his tale briefly. He married. His wife attended the house of God. He accompanied her. For a time, he derived no benefit. He says, "At last, **THE LIGHT BURST UPON MY SOUL.** I felt myself a sinner. I prayed to be forgiven: but was more miserable. A coastguards-man, seeing my distress, enquired the cause; and knowing him to be a good man, I unburdened my heart. He prayed for me. Still, the load remained. I knelt down in the boat and prayed, 'Our Father.' O, rapture! GOD spake peace to my soul. I arose from my knees, and shouted, 'MY FATHER!' This was the happiest moment of my life. I felt my sins forgiven." From this he proceeded. His first preaching, and writing, and working for the Lord, shall be told in another notice of *The Ship's Career*.

Our Sunday Schools, have a spicy review in *Sword and Trowel* for March. An American Minister is said to have written his criticism on our English Sunday Schools. He says: *our* schools are only a milder form of inquisition: he saw Dr. Cumming's school, it had nothing pleasant in it; and only thirty-seven scholars. Does Dr. Cumming and his church allow their schools to sink so low in a neighbourhood like Drury lane? Oh! fie! This American saw Mr. Spurgeon's Sunday School-room; and said it was a sepulchre; it made him think of the Irishman's description of a fine cemetery—he thought it a very healthy place to be buried in. He must be a clever child who wrote this first paper on Sunday schools; if it could penetrate unto the hearts of our Superintendents and teachers with spiritual power, it would work a reformation much required in many cases. The more we read of

such scenes as are developed in "Our Special Services," the more we are persuaded that a great net is being cast into the sea of this world; it gathers fish of every kind: the good must be saved; the bad will be cast away. With the former, through grace, may we be found!

Matthew Henry, and the Borough of Hackney is a fine historical paper in *The Sword and Trowel*, for February. G. Holden Pike is a modern historian of much merit, and of edifying interest. His industry in research is praiseworthy and reliable. His bump of antiquity must be large and expansive. The same number contains *A Discourse upon one of the Master's Choice Sayings*, by C. H. Spurgeon, which tempted Christians will read with cheerful hope, if not with ecstasy and joy. *Work among the Lost*, by a converted Jewess, (a woman of mighty nerve, of mightier faith, and of indescribable success in conquering some of the most abandoned characters) throws us all into the shade. This lady Jewess, at Brighton, has established a "Home," worthy of the name: and her moral triumphs have been so extraordinary as to stagger the faith of multitudes of "the do-nothing" family. Mr. Spurgeon's sympathy with this female heroine proves how intensely his heart is set on works of charity. He is a great practical philanthropist; and seems to jump for joy whenever he meets with one who is really "going about doing good." When sinners are plucked out of the fire, who can tell what may follow?

Christian Baptism: Its Subjects. By R. Ingham. London: E. Stock. A volume of over six hundred pages packed as full as they can hold of scriptural proof, and of ancient and modern testimonies, in favour of Baptism by Immersion of believers. Mr. Ingham has searched the world through and through, and has collected an army sufficiently strong to overthrow all the opponents to baptism in existence, if the judgment, the word, the exposition, the evidence of men could do it. But the prejudice, the policy, the craft, and the unfaithfulness of professors, is so inveterate and hardened, that we know the Spirit of God alone can accomplish their conversion to truth. Nevertheless, Mr. Ingham's volume, is a mighty achievement, and one that must be very useful. The whole of the close communion family will help this huge octavo on its voyage through the churches.

Travelling Through the Wilderness is part of the title of that unusually precious book, commonly called, "Mr. John Kershaw's Life," which contains more original and truly genuine testimonies of God's gracious dealings with one of His own favourites, than any autobiography we are acquainted with. There was one of the first family, called, "that disciple whom Jesus loved:" his name was JOHN. "Master Kershaw" as the Lancashires called him, was truly a "JOHN" in this sense. The Lord loved him; and favoured him above many. Our "Ministerial Memorials" when we can erect them, will contain one or two things which even this blessed book does not contain. Mrs. Kershaw has finished up the Memorial as only an intelligent and sorrowing widow could do. We do not know whether a new edition is yet issued: but, both this volume, and Joseph Tanner's Diary, with other Ministerial Reminiscencies will form part of our Literary Monument.

Poperly in Disguise.—Dr. Maurice, a learned and faithful minister at Yarnton, near Oxford, has, during the last few years, issued several works of great literary merit, wherein that fast-growing exhibition, called "Ritualism, or, Popery in Disguise," is exposed, proved, and censured. We have but recently received the pamphlets: consequently, our reviews of them will follow as soon as we can fairly digest solid essays. Dr. Peter Maurice is well known as a sound theologian; and as a man who has searched the world of letters through and through, gathering out such facts as prove the dangerous and downward tendencies of the Protestant faith in this country; adding thereto his testimonial defence of the gospel. Messrs Shaw, 48, Paternoster row, are the publishers.

Precious Gospel Sermon, by pastor G. W. Lasher, entitled *Christ's Prayer for His People*. This pure and extraordinary discourse is given entire in *Cheering Words* for April. We give it in *Cheering Words*, because we desire it may be circulated and read in all the professing churches of Great Britain: because it reiterates the voice of JESUS himself; it opens up the great mystery of the Gospel in a manner so simple, so certain, so clear, and so divinely comforting, that all may understand and know THE TRUTH, as it regards the salvation of the one true and living church of God. We are zealously anxious that this glorious Gospel discourse, which comes to us from the other side of the Atlantic, should be given into the

houses of all who are either opposing, or seeking to know the truth. The Lord will bless it. *Cheering Words* can be had of R. Banks, 30, Ludgate hill; of Mrs. Paul; or through any bookseller in the united kingdom.

"*Gems from the Coral Islands; or, Incidents of Contrast between Savage and Christian Life in the South Sea Islanders.* By Rev. W. Gill. London: E. Stock, 62, Paternoster row. Thousands of this *multum in parvo* Missionary book have been sold. We have learned more of shame and sorrow from it, than from any other book lately. That such faith and fulness of zeal for poor savages should be crowned with such glorious results, and we have no share either in the trials or the triumphs, causeth us to hide our heads in the dust: and to smite upon our breasts with grief. Such men as John Williams, and his fellows, were indeed, "men wondered at;" and wonderful fruits have resulted from their suffering explorations of the regions of darkness and of death. Let us

Mourn for the heathen,
In blindness they sin;
Bound as in prison,
Old Satan's their King.

No heart, softened by Love and Mercy, can read these "GEMS" without sympathies of almost every kind.

The Royal Wedding: the Banquet—and the Guests.—By C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster row. All dressed in pearly white, embellished with the English and Scottish arms in pleasant union, and well printed, this little square six-penny presents an appropriate gift-book for this season: three sermons by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, on "The Parable of the Wedding Feast," so delicately bound together, will be useful as a present from one friend to another on those joyous occasions when the hearts of the espoused ones are frequently too much set upon things seen and temporal. Mr. Spurgeon has a happy method of turning current events to good account.

The Gospel according to St. Man: a New Gospel added to the Four Evangelists.—With the utmost amazement have we read the exposition of "Man-worship" which is given in *The Last Vials* for March. We have long believed that "Man-worship" has been a growing kind of idolatry in England: and if any man, with a spark of spiritual honesty in his soul, will read *Last Vials* he will acknowledge the awful condition this nation is in, both politically and religiously.

Medical Truth, versus Medical Mystery.—A copy of the fifth edition of a six-penny book, issued this month by R. Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill, entitled, "The Voice of Nature to the Invalid" has been given us for review. B. V. Scott, M.B.M.R.S., of Oxford, is the author; and as a Medical Reformer, as a successful healer of many of men's maladies, we are persuaded he is a great blessing to his race. His dispensary is, 5, Market street, Oxford. Heads of families should carefully consult this cheap and safe guide to health.

The Olive Branches, and How to train them.—In a domestic, moral, and sometimes in a spiritual sense, a good mother's training is one of the greatest blessings the children can have. "Janet Hamilton" is giving a series of papers on this subject in *Home Words*, a penny monthly, conducted by the Editor of *Our Own Fireside*; and published at Nisbets. These "Home Words for Heart and Hearth" are quite up to the mark, for pictures, good print, pleasant reading, and profitable subjects: all for a penny.

Theodosia Ernest.—Mr. Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster Row, has recently issued the fourth edition of this popular and extensively useful book. To any unprejudiced and teachable mind, this testimony in favour of New Testament Ordinances, is conclusive; and Mr. Stock's edition is well furnished in every way.

The Name of Protestant is Stained with Hypocrisy and Blood.—Such is the blazing sentiment of *The Last Vials* for February! Such a commentary upon the Prussian victory! Enough to make any teachable mind to quake and fear. We received the number too late to say more this month.

Good News from Spain, and copious extracts from "Work among the Lost," with a table full of heavenly food, is given in *March Gospel Magazine*, and

Old Jonathan exposes "The Lower Life of London:" its houseless and homeless, in a way enough to break hearts by wholesale. Dr. Doudney very blessedly unites the essential trio—Sound Doctrine, Vital Experience, and Charitable Enterprise. We should praise God that our printing presses are not altogether devoted to vicious, mischievous, and immoral works.

The Mystery of Suffering; or, God's Controversy with us.—This paper on the sudden loss of a beloved wife, is in *Our Own Fireside*, for February. The editor is a man of rapid progress.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SEVEN THINGS ABOUT PREACHING: THE TRUTH IN HERTFORDSHIRE; AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

TO MY BELOVED BROTHER, ROBERT YOUNG BANKS, pastor of the Baptist Church, Egerton.—Before this meets your eyes, my dear brother in Christ, and in the ties of nature, I hope you will be quite recovered from the bodily affliction which has held you back from preaching to your sweet flock, over whom the Lord has placed you. May our good God spare you long enough to be a patriarch in these latter days; and may he make your ministry very successful in turning souls, and in feeding the flock of God in that vineyard where he has so mercifully placed you. I have suffered much in my head at times; but have been almost perpetually travelling and preaching; or writing and working; for, with all the humility and honesty I can exercise, I must use the blessed words of the apostle, "Knowing I am set for the DEFENCE of the Gospel;" hence, nothing has been able to stop me of this boasting in all the regions of this, hitherto, much favoured island. I thought you might read with some interest, a note or two of a little journey I am just returned from. Last Sunday morning, March 5, 1871, I left my home very early; and the doctor said, my beloved wife thought, I had no right to leave home; because dangerous afflictions had laid down three in my house, and even now two are in severe prostration. What the end will be I cannot tell. I felt my engagements were sacred, and I must keep them. I travelled down that morning to Tring, in Herts; and was permitted to preach morning and evening, and to administer the Lord's Supper in afternoon. It was a blessed day to me; and many, many of the separated saints of God did give me hearty welcome. Tring is most peculiarly a Baptist town; considering its size, I hardly think there is another like it. The town is small, quiet, and lays in a retired position on the L. N. W. line. It has the old church, with a fair congregation. It has also several Baptist chapels. The largest, in Akeman street, will hold over a thousand persons, besides gallery for children. This Akeman street chapel is a most substantial Baptist cause in the truth. Since the once celebrated Mr. Glover died, they have had several pastors: Messrs. Austin; G. Wyard, sen.; Bennett; and others; but at present, the church has no settled minister. The pulpit is always well supplied with some of the best men in the denomination; the place is generally filled; the schools are in excellent order; the singing is devotional, congregational, and cheering; and the funds are always well up. Besides all this, there are

some blessed men in the church at Akeman street, who go forth into the villages, and on to the commons, and preach the Gospel of God's grace, to their neighbours in the country. I met with some of them; fine, hearty, cheerful, "Fountain"-like sort of men, who give you such a shake of the hand, and so heartily bless you in the name of the Lord, that you feel you are in the company of men whose hearts are all on fire with love to the Lord, and his truth. They are men who preach, as one said to me, "Because he could not help it." Mr. Ibberson, has lately been preaching in Akeman street chapel, and many hundreds of people have flocked to hear him; he is much afflicted, but a very acceptable preacher. My place of work in Tring, is not Akeman street; but Ebenezer, at the West end part of the town. I have visited that people, at times, for twenty years or more; and have been, I know, sometimes instrumental for good in the Lord's hand. I was quite happy in my work there last Sunday; and large companies came together. There are four other Baptist causes in the town and neighbourhood; so you must not think the Baptists are dying out. On Monday morning, I left Tring for Hawridge, where I was announced to preach that evening. I walked from Tring to Choulsbury, where my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Belsham, of Cherry-tree farm, had invited me to spend an hour with them, before the services at Hawridge commenced. You know, my brother, it has frequently been my lot to loose my road; it was so on Monday morning; and for a long time, I walked up hills, across fields, turning, looking, enquiring, and at length, in Cherry-tree farm, resting, and conversing with my aged friend Mr. Franklin, whose conversation and Christian experience, I found to be refreshing, and very blessed; in fact, it was while talking with him, my evening's text came into my mind; which was this, "Who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Ah, my brother, there are seven things necessary to render preaching of any real value. (1.) God, the Holy Ghost, must put the text into the heart. (2.) The heart must think on the text, until it is full of good, and holy, and truthful thoughts. (3.) Then the heart must give these thoughts into the mind, to arrange and order them. (4.) The mind must then commit them to the memory, to keep them; and the blessed Spirit must himself lock them in there, until the time for preaching comes. (5.) When the time is come, the anointing of the Spirit must warm the heart, enlighten the mind, unlock the memory, and open the mouth; giving a door of utterance unto the preacher; then,

as I found it, a fulness of feeling, and a good supply, will make preaching to be sweet and easy, and happy work. (6.) The next thing is "The Application." The Holy Spirit of God opening the peoples hearts, and dropping the seeds of eternal truth therein; and last of all, he must bring these things to their remembrance; then, the sermon will not be lost, the service will not be in vain. I was never much happier in my work than at Hawridge. The chapel was literally crammed, and I cannot believe the worship was in vain. The next day, our Christian brother, Mr. Belsham, carried me over the hills, and through the vallies, of Berkhamstead. There I preached twice to full gatherings; but of this I will give another note next time;—as I am your busy little brother,

C. W. BANKS.

BRIGHTON AND HER MINISTERS. No. II.

Not critically, but simply directive, shall we this month notice some of the good men whose ministry of the Gospel is safe, if not, in every point sound, as regards the letter of divine truth, or savoury to the soul, being accompanied by the unctious power of the Holy Ghost. The latter most essential accompaniment, appears very scarce, or weak, turn where you may. Those decided Christians, who have long resided in Brighton, remember, with holy gratitude, the labours of such men as the heavenly "Brooks," whose letters we may some day give in these pages; his work was short, but it was fully demonstrated in the consciences of thousands, as standing not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. Brooks's noble and devout widow, and only son, we knew in the days of our boyhood; but they have passed away, with millions more. The venerable "John Vinal," too, has long gone to his rest. "Sedgewick" and "Savory," with other faithful witnesses, have finished their course; "John Grace," of blessed memory; "Henry Watmuff," and not a few of their contemporaries, have ceased to sound aloud to men below the Saviour's lovely name.

As these Elijahs have been taken home, on whom have their mantles fallen? That question we cannot answer. Successors to Brooks, to Huntington, to Vinal, to Sedgewick, to Savory, to Grace! Where are they? Where? Ah! Where? Still the Lord has his witnesses, and we may name the places where the truthful men in Brighton may be found. As you walk from the Brighton Railway terminus toward the town, on the left hand side, stands "Galeed," a nearly new cause in the Strict Baptist interest, where some of the best of the "Standard" ministers may be heard on Lord's day, and on Monday evenings. Nearer towards the town, the right-hand-side, is Queen Square Baptist chapel, it stands beyond Paxton Hood's Congregational church. There pastor, JOSEPH WILKINS labours with much zeal, and not without encouraging success. A minister

more generally beloved for his work's sake, does not reside in Brighton, than is, the plain, earnest, and honourable Joseph Wilkins, of Queen Square. Our subsequent critical comments on ministers, will confirm this assertion, although, as Master Saxby, of Tring, has said, so friend Wilkins *might* say, "I am a Calvinist, though not an extreme one." ISRAEL ATKINSON, of Richmond street chapel, is a thorough theologian, a true Gospel philosopher and expounder, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Neither fears within, nor fightings without, have been able to move him for many years. Mr. GLASKIN patiently perseveres in Bond street. The Islington church felt it hard to part with him; whether he will end his days in Brighton, no one on earth can say. The late John Grace's chapel in West street, is occupied by one Mr. Harbour. Windsor street Rehoboth, has Mr. Ade. Church street, Mr. Lawson, of whom further notices may be given.

We do not know another watering place on all the English coast, that has in it so large a number of Gospel ministers, as Brighton is favoured with. Our future sketches may be useful to thousands who will, by and bye be flying from the metropolis. Brighton and Bournemouth are widely different in a Gospel sense.

NOTTING HILL.—JOHNSON STREET CHAPEL. On Feb. 26, the pastorate of the church meeting at the above place of worship, was transferred from Mr. P. W. Williamson, (the late pastor) to Mr. C. W. Banks, under the following circumstances. The last Lord's day in February having been kept by the church for the last 23 years as the anniversary of Mr. Williamson's pastorate, it was considered to be a suitable day for the transfer, and Mr. Banks was invited to be present. After the afternoon prayer meeting, the social tea meeting was held, being restricted to the members of the church. Tea being over, Mr. Williamson affectionately took his leave of the church as their pastor. He said that the cause of his leaving was well known to the church, though as strange notions had been reported respecting it, he would repeat what he had before said, that the health of his family had compelled him to remove from Notting hill to Red hill, thus preventing him from fulfilling the duties of the pastorate among them. He was happy to say that step had proved a wise one. He was pleased to think that there was no root of bitterness among them, and so far as he could judge, there was not one member who wished him gone; while he on his part could say, that the kindest feelings existed toward them, which he desired to show by asking their acceptance of a large and well-framed portrait of himself. Mr. Williamson then presented each of the deacons a superior edition of the Baptist hymn book, saying that he gave them to the deacons as representative men, thus leaving with the church a second memento of his affection and esteem. Mr.

C. W. Banks was then admitted as a member of the church, (his dismission having been received from Old Ford) and recognized as the future pastor; he gave a short but appropriate address respecting his present position among us, and the circumstances that had led him here; to these he again referred in the introduction of his evening's text on the second Lord's day in March, when he said, "I stand here to-day for the first time as your chosen pastor; six months ago I received your invitation to come and supply, which I did for five months; at the expiration of that time you chose me to become your pastor. If I thought there was one mind against me, my heart would say no, but sixty five believers having said come, I dare not say I will not come. On the last Sunday in February you invited me to your meeting. I never was at such a meeting in all my life. Your pastor's manner toward you, his love to you, his long standing among you, seemed to me to say, he ought to have stopped with you. Having been received as your pastor, I would say that your deacons seem to be the right men in the right place, and the people appear a loving people. My prayer is that God may bless us all and make us happy." Mr. Banks then spoke from Jerem. iii. 15, "And I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." May the fervent prayer of the church be heard and answered by the God of all grace, "O Lord we beseech thee send now prosperity."

Sent to the *Earthen Vessel* by the Church, at their monthly church meeting, March 15, and signed on its behalf by the Deacons, WILLIAM BECKLEY, ELI BURD, FREDERICK F. RUSHMER, THOMAS JAMES, JONATHAN ROWLEY.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF MR. T. POOCK,

*Pastor of the Baptized Church at Bethesda,
Ipswich.*

On Tuesday, February 21, 1871, the church and congregation unitedly, harmoniously, and prosperously meeting in Bethesda Baptist chapel, Ipswich, under the pastoral care of Mr. Thomas Poock, Senior, commemorated the pastor's seventy-fourth birthday; which was also the twenty-seventh year of his pastorate. Tea was provided; after which the public meeting commenced; and a number of ministerial brethren delivered Christian addresses, congratulatory and instructing: between each, hymns were selected, and read by Mr. Poock, and sung by the congregation, which the people enjoyed better than pieces sung by choir. Amongst the speakers were Mr. Poock's elder son, Thomas; Mr. Samuel Collins; Mr. Whorlow; Mr. Last; Mr. Houghton; Mr. Willis; Mr. Clarke, of Somersham, who was asked to read the following lines:

MAy He, by whose kind care we meet,
Now send His blessing from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause each heart to glow with love.

We greet thee, O thou man of God,
Well pleased to see thy presence here,
With gospel preparation shod,
Thou'st walked with us another year!

Thy voice has oftimes cheered the heart
Of Zion's mourners in this place.
Long may it be ere thou depart,
Is Zion's prayer to sovereign grace.

Long hast thou in the gospel wrought
With power and unction from above;
And many to the Saviour brought,
To praise redeeming grace and love!

'Tis well, though years roll swiftly round,
To take a retrospective view,
And see, though changing scenes abound,
How well the Lord has help'd thee through!

Yet, in thy patriarchal age,
Approaching evening-tide appears;
And Time has turned another page
In thy eventful book of years!

But while we thus thy presence greet,
Oh! let the church its thanks record;
Lord, let the full assembly meet,
The pleasure—scenes like this afford.

When God shall write His people's sum,
"Bethesda's" name will then appear!
Oh! what a goodly roll will come
Of children born and nourished here!

Lord of all power, and grace, and might,
We seek again thy presence here;
Pastor and people shall unite;
Spare us to meet another year!

But should we meet like this no more
To spend an hour in scenes like this;
Oh! may we meet on yonder shore,
Where "pleasure in perfection is."

From this church, four have been removed by death; and five have been added during the year. We have much reason to be glad, and to go on our way rejoicing, for we have proved the faithfulness of the LORD, and He has been unto us better than our fears. JABEZ WRIGHT.

MR. VINDEN AT ZOAR CHAPEL.

(From a Correspondent.)

ZOAR CHAPEL! When quite a little boy these words always conveyed to my mind two ideas; first, a kind of City of Refuge; and secondly, a kind of Dissenting Cathedral; in short, a chapel where every burdened conscience did hope to find relief, where every tear was wiped away, every sorrow hushed. I well remember walking home one evening with my beloved father,—(and I never was so happy as when by his side),—we passed this *sanctum sanctorum*, and he said to some clerical friend, in a peculiar tone, "There is old Zoar." I was very young, and I thought, well, if that is old Zoar, it is very ugly, but thinking I was very wicked for even allowing such a thought, I tried to banish the evil suggestion. Zoar chapel has been a Bethel to hundreds; and as a sanctuary where God has been pleased to shew himself merciful, it behoves all to speak of it reverentially.

On Sunday morning, March 5, I found myself in this old chapel. There is very much of the antique here, in more senses than one.

The preacher I had the pleasure of hearing, was a Mr. Vinden, from Berkshire; a somewhat monotonous, loud, but by no means

unpleasant preacher; prayer long, and rambling. The text was Zechariah ix. 16, "And the Lord their God shall save them in that day as the flock of his people, for they shall be as the stones of a crown, lifted up as an ensign." An experimental sermon followed. The opening sentences pointed out that in Holy Scripture the term "that day" was frequent. There is an appointed day for everything, and here followed a very pathetic account of the preacher's conversion, when he was as ignorant of religious matters as an Hottentot. In a certain park, returning to his employ, under a large oak, the words came with great power, "The end of these things is death." This was told with a sincerity and artlessness that made us feel there could be no mistake about such a conversion; and I retired home satisfied I had heard a man who, some few years since, no one would have thought of his being a preacher of the Gospel; but now, in an original, experimental manner, tells all he has learned of the Truth, in different parts of this Kingdom.

WEST END.—KEPPEL STREET CHAPEL is one of the nicest chapels in London. The situation is most respectable; the entrance inviting; the building airy, light and cheerful. There are other nice chapels in the neighbourhood, of the same particular faith and order, but as to their present prospects, I ask, "Has not the glory departed?" Let us rest awhile at Keppel street. The aged minister deserves sympathy; time and disease have stamped their mark on him. Here our brother Milner has laboured some years; he has been a consistent preacher of the Gospel. At Keppel street there are a few steady friends, but we must not look for numbers. In the West Central district, Gower street is the only apparently successful place in the Strict Baptist churches.

Is it not time for our Strict Baptist ministers to bestir themselves? At Keppel street, we were pleased on a recent visit to see Mr. Milner in the pulpit, though care-worn and bearing traces of severe affliction. He was seated during the delivery of his sermon. He asked the sympathy of his hearers, he assured them he was not in good preaching order. He said many had been taken off this winter by what is termed the weather. God had various ways of bringing people to their end; the very air we breathe, he could use as the chariot to take us off. He (Mr. Milner), had suffered by family bereavement, and what with personal afflictions and soul trials, altogether had pretty well brought him down. This comfort was his grand sheet anchor, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." The sympathy Mr. Milner asked, he certainly stood in need of, and he most assuredly received from those who listened to his feeble efforts once more to make known the way of salvation.

We have for years cried out against a mere doctrinal statement of truths. But an imperial spirit has been cherished. Leanness has followed.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—DEAR SIR, All over the country, and in the colonies, friends of truth are anxiously awaiting your *Vessel*, to learn the present state of Mr. Wells' health. Rumours of all kinds have been freely circulated as to his state, he has been dead and buried, over and over again; but we record it with gratitude, that he is daily improving; and should no relapse intervene, we hope presently to hear his voice; but that cannot yet be for some months.

During the past month, some good brethren have laboured in our midst, and their labours have not been in vain. The Gospel trumpet has been sounded; and although the trumpeters have varied in style, manner, method, and ability, I can confidently say, no uncertain sound has been heard in our camp.

The last Sabbath in February, Mr. Parish, of Oakington, near Chatteris, was our preacher. He is a young man, free of speech, treading in a line of Christian teaching that will find a response in the hearts of the Lord's tried family. The first Sabbath morning in March, Mr. B. B. Wales occupied the pulpit. I suppose it would be superfluous for me to say he was listened to with pleasure; the subject was, "Predestination; a sister doctrine with Election;" the text was, "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will." Three ideas were looked at: *the doctrine itself; the purpose; "adoption; the source of the blessing,"* according to the good pleasure of his will." In the afternoon, the ordinance of the Lord's supper was administered; Mr. Butt occupying the pastor's position. In the evening, our friend, Mr. Caunt, occupied the pulpit; he is an honest, out-spoken Christian; there is a natural capability for speaking which has never been cultivated or trained; "You will have no human learning to-night," he told us; but there is such an ardent and earnest love to His "Gracious Majesty, King Jesus," whom the preacher "has now known for about thirty-five years," that you loose sight of the little defects which some might be disposed to pick out. We remember old Rowland Hill has an idea that may be thrown in here without much harm. He once remarked in his peculiar eccentric manner, "Some people are very squeamish about the *delivery* of different ministers who preach the Gospel; supposing you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy left you, would you employ the time criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all ear and attention to learn if anything was left for you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the Gospel preached." Our brother Caunt gave us the pure Gospel in his own style, and he ran along in a pathway many a tried Christian is called to traverse. He is a man who closely watches and recog-

nizes the Providence of God. We are sure such a ministry will be acceptable as an occasional supply, which is all that our brother Caunt is able to undertake.

The second Lord's day in March, the pulpit was occupied by Mr. J. A. Baxter, the Independent minister, of Eastbourne, Sussex. Possibly some of your readers may remember Mr. Baxter's name in connection with a work he published some years since, entitled, "Baptism; its Mode, Design, and Subjects." It was a book displaying considerable ability, opposing the ordinance of believers' baptism; a refutation and review of which appeared in *The Earthen Vessel* at the time. Mr. Baxter is a man of no ordinary ability; he has considerable powers of mind; he is a Biblical student; he is a man well read; there is order and arrangement in his discourse; his language is chaste and well chosen; his manner, although somewhat rigid and formal, is nevertheless impressive and pleasing. Added to this, Mr. Baxter is a deeply exercised Christian. His convictions, and his conversion, was painfully sharp; he has been led in the "deep waters;" and there is a decision and a firmness in his ministrations, which will commend him to the hearts of all lovers of decided truth. At the close of the morning service, we were much cheered by Mr. Butt reading the following:

LETTER FROM MR. JAMES WELLS,
TO HIS
DEACONS AND CHURCH.

TO THE DEACONS OF THE SUREY
TABERNACLE.

DEAR AND HONOURED BRETHEN IN THE LORD,—I most sincerely sympathise with you in your present difficulties, but still the Lord has been with you, and enabled you to obtain the services of those servants of God, whose testimony has been pleasing to the people; and trust you will be enabled to go on in the same path, as I regret to say, that it will be some weeks, and I may say, some few months, before I can again with safety take my place in your midst, as I am still in danger of a relapse; but I trust that danger is daily becoming less. My medical attendant says, I shall be obliged to go away into the country, where I can be quiet; and he thinks I shall be able to go the beginning of May. I shall be too happy to resume my labours; and shall not stay away any longer than is needful.

It is a great trial to me, by this affliction, to be so long severed from the people; but their great and constant kindness, and their earnest and prayerful remembrance of me; and their anxious looking forward to the time when they shall see me again; their great liberality to the cause, and to the poor; these things do indeed adorn the doctrine of God, their Saviour; they have, indeed, "Obeyed not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence." I never looked upon them with more pleasure; so that when the words come, as they often do

to my mind, "Where is thy flock, thy beautiful flock, that was given thee?" I can answer with delight, There they are, where I left them, and not moved away unto another Gospel, nor even to another place of worship. These manifestations of the grace of our God, and fruits of the Spirit of God, are greater joy to me than perhaps any of the dear friends can imagine; as saith the apostle John, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth;" and helps me to bear with more resignation the severe affliction the Lord has been pleased to lay upon me, and will minister much towards my restoration to health, as it exempts me from those distresses of mind to which I must be subjected if things were otherwise. I trust that the united kindness of the deacons and the people will continue until my captivity is turned.

I will say nothing here of the deep and cutting exercises of mind I have had on the one hand, or the joy of heaven to which I have, on the other hand, been raised; nor did I hardly know, until this affliction, I loved the people so intensely, or that the people could have abode by me as they have; and I believe that their care for me will hold out unto the end. What love then, is like the love of the truth, as it is in Jesus?

And now, the Lord be with you all, and keep you as he has kept you, steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; "Forasmuch as ye know your labour is not vain in the Lord." Your humble, but affectionate and sincere servant in the Lord,

JAMES WELLS.

March 11, 1871.

The annual collections on behalf of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society were made at the close of the services, and we are pleased to learn that upwards of £50 was the result of such collections.

The third Sabbath in March, Mr. William Crowther preached. Mr. Crowther is a gentleman from Gomersall, near Leeds; we believe he has there two or three very extensive chemical businesses; he is a county magistrate; a poor law guardian; and a *Baptist minister!* He is a clever, deliberate, argumentative preacher. In the morning, the text was, "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." The text was looked at under four ideas; or, FOUR SPIRITUAL EXERCISES; 1st, *building*; 2nd, *praying*; 3rd, *keeping yourselves in the love of God*; 4th, *looking for the mercy, &c.* In the evening, the subject was from Jeremiah xviii. 4: "And the vessel that he made of clay, was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it."

Your readers, I am sure, with myself, will be pleased to hear, that during the month,

Mr. Spurgeon has addressed a sympathising and affectionate letter to Mr. Wells; and through the kindness of Mr. Butt, I am here enabled to give you a copy of that letter.

LETTER FROM MR. SPURGEON TO MR. WELLS.

"Clapham, March 11, 1871.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I must apologize for intruding upon your sick chamber, and must beg you not to be troubled by it, but I am very anxious to know how you are, and shall be very grateful if some friend will inform me. I had hoped that your sickness was but a temporary affliction and would soon pass away, but now I hear conflicting rumours.

"I assure you of my deep sympathy in your protracted confinement from the labour which is so dear to your heart. Only to be kept out of the pulpit is a bitter sorrow, even could the bed be one of entire rest. I fear, however, that you are enduring days and nights of languishing, and I pray the Lord, the tender Lover of our souls, to lay under you his supporting arms. He comforts omnipotently, and no griefs linger when he bids them fly. He breaks us down, and while we lie prostrate, he makes us glad to have it so, because his will is done.

"You, who have so long been a father in the Gospel, are no novice in the endurance of trial, and I trust that you will be enabled to play the man as thoroughly in lonely suffering as in public service. Immutable purposes and infinite love have been themes of your constant ministry to others; may the Holy Ghost make these mighty floods of consolation to roll in upon your own soul, till all things else are swallowed up in your heart's holy joy. Personally I own my great obligations to the furnace and the hammer, and I am sure that you also rejoice in the assurance that tribulation worketh patience and brings, through the supply of the Spirit, a long train of blessings with it. May you be delivered from all excessive care as to your church and your work; the Lord's work is safe in the Lord's hands; happy is it for us when we can feel it to be so. May your sick chamber be the very gate of heaven to your soul; the presence of the Lord filling the house with glory.

"Do not think of acknowledging this, but if you are able to have it read to you; I hope some one will be so good as briefly to tell me how you are. With most sincere respects, yours truly,

"C. H. SPURGEON."

I fear, Mr. Editor, I have trespassed rather long on your space; but I must thank Mr. Spurgeon for his kind, affectionate, sympathetic, and spontaneous letter, to our beloved minister, in the day of his deep and sore affliction. Our congregations have been well maintained; and there has been no falling off in any department.

R.

HATTON, NEAR HOUNSLOW.—Mr. John Brett was, we believe, instrumental in raising a new Baptist cause, at Sudborne, in Suffolk; where Mr. Large now labours in a large chapel. After having preached much in Sussex, Mr. Brett commenced occasionally preaching at Hatton; God's seal of salvation has been set upon John Brett's work; and now his heart is moved to build a chapel; and to form a New Testament Baptist church in that place. A cottage, then a barn, have been places for worship; but the people require a chapel. Another Lydia had her heart opened; and then she opened her house, for the Gospel to be preached therein; but Lydia's house is not large enough. There are, at least, a dozen, anxious to be formed into church fellowship; and certainly their desire will be fulfilled. A site for the chapel is offered. We believe, in May, the church will be formed; of which full notice will (D.V.) be given in May *Earthen Vessel*, and we would advise our brother John Brett, to write the London churches of truth, to visit Hatton that day, and there and then to devise means for the immediate erection of the chapel. As a body of believers, it becomes us to unite together to help efforts like this to raise new churches where none exist.

SOVEREIGNTY.

"There is a remnant according to the election of grace." Rom. xi. 5.

THERE is a remnant still,

Altho' the mass be gone,
Who seek to know God's will
And live to him alone.

They struggle hard, by sin opprest,
Yet they *have* "entered into rest."

Their battle had been won,—

Now realized by faith,—
Before it was begun;

For hear what Jesus saith,
"I fought, and gained the victory,
For all my Father gave to me."

"The law's imperious claim

By me was fully paid,
Before its terrors came.

In vengeance on your head,
Again on you this claim to press
Were manifest unrighteousness."

O, ye who sigh for heaven,

But fear to reach the bliss,

To you *this* word is given,

"Trust to my righteousness."

'Tis Jesus' voice, who cannot lie,
"Believe, and you shall never die."

"Faith is the gift of God,"

Its grace divinely free,

Looks to that precious blood

Which streamed from Calvary.

As sure as Jesus' side was riven,
So sure your title is to heaven.

ROBERTUS.

Totteridge, March 3, 1871.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHURCHES.

A STRONG desire for closer union among the Strict Baptist Churches in London and its suburbs, has long been felt by ministers and others connected with that portion of the Baptist denomination. Several preliminary meetings have been held, to consider what steps should be taken to effect this object, the importance of which will appear from the fact that these churches contain about 7000 members, to say nothing of their families, Sabbath schools, and congregations. At one of these meetings, held last January, at Salem Chapel, Meard's-court, Wardour street, at which Mr. Crumpton presided,—after earnest prayer for divine guidance, it was decided “that a circular calling a special meeting to consider the propriety of forming an Association, should be sent to the churches which had expressed approval, requesting them officially to appoint delegates, who, in conjunction with their pastor (if any) should attend the meeting, and be empowered to act for and on their behalf, that the proposed Association, if that step was approved, may be duly formed.” In response to this, a large number of ministers and delegates from the churches met in Soho Chapel, Oxford street, on Friday, March 10th, 1871; Mr. Wilkins, minister of the place, presiding; when, after fervent prayer to God for wisdom and blessing, and, after due consideration and deliberation, it was resolved unanimously: That the proposed Association of Particular Baptist Churches be now formed, and called, The Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches, in and around London, maintaining the principles and practices set forth in the *Doctrinal Basis* and *Rules* now agreed upon; and that its objects be:

“1. To promote the unity, edification, and prosperity of the Churches.”

“2. To devise and employ means for extending the Cause of God in London and its suburbs.”

The following are the **DOCTRINAL BASIS** and **RULES** unanimously adopted:—

DOCTRINAL BASIS:—1. The equality and distinct personality of the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, in the unity of the Godhead. 2. Eternal and personal election unto salvation. 3. The fall of all mankind in Adam—their guilt and condemnation—together with their entire and universal depravity, by which they are utterly alienated from God, and are unable in and of themselves to turn to Him. 4. Particular redemption by the vicarious sacrifice of Christ. 5. Justification by grace, through faith, by the imputed righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. 6. Regeneration and sanctification by the direct agency of the Holy Spirit, through the instrumentality of Divine truth; and that saving faith is not a legal duty, but the sovereign and gracious gift of God. 7. The absolute necessity for a holy life, as the result of true faith, and the evidence of regeneration. 8. The final perseverance of true believers. 9. The resurrection of the dead and the universal judgment. 10. The everlasting punishment of the wicked, and the everlasting happiness of the righteous. 11. The duty of preaching the gospel to every creature of the fallen race of Adam. 12. The necessity of immersion on a profession of repentance and faith,

in order to church fellowship and admission to the Lord's table. 13. The congregational order of the churches.

RULES AND REGULATIONS:—1. That, to promote the objects of the Association, meetings for mutual prayer, consultation, exhortation, public preaching, and the despatch of business, be held at such times and places as shall be agreed upon—once such meeting in each year to be the annual meeting of the Association. 2. That the anniversary services be extended to two days or parts of them—the former day to be occupied in the transaction of the necessary business of the Association, the latter in public services. 3. That two ministers be appointed to preach at each anniversary—one to be chosen by the Association at a previous meeting, and the other by the church in connection with which the services are held. In each case a second preacher to be appointed, in case of failure. 4. That the parties entitled to vote on any question be the following: 1. The pastors of the associated churches. 2. Messengers appointed by the churches (or in case of failure their substitutes) in the following proportion: under 100 members, two; 100 to 200 members, three; 200 or more members, four; beyond which number no increase of representatives will be allowed. 5. That each of the associated churches send an annual letter descriptive of its state; and that any church neglecting to send such letter for two successive years, be written to; and if it neglect the third year without a justifiable reason, it be considered as no longer belonging to the Association. 6. That each church connected with this Association make an annual contribution to defray its incidental expense, and to form a fund for the assistance of weak churches, and for the promotion of the kingdom of Christ by the preaching of the Gospel, and the establishment of new interests in connection with the denomination. 7. That every church wishing to join this Association (except those represented at this meeting) and sending a written application to that effect, stating its agreement with the doctrinal basis and rules thereof, within the next six months, be received on the vote of at least three-fourths of the meeting at which such application shall be presented; but that after that time, all applications be presented at the annual meeting twelve months prior to voting on the question, and that the reception of all churches be approved in like manner by not less than three-fourths of the representatives present.

The Meeting then proceeded to the appointment of the officers of the Association, and also a committee for the arrangement of business, &c.; and unanimously elected for the ensuing year the undermentioned, viz., *President*, Mr. D. Crumpton; *Vice-President*, Mr. C. Wilson. *Treasurer*, Mr. J. O. Kennard. *Secretary*, Mr. J. T. Briscoe. *Committee*, Messrs. W. Alderson, J. S. Anderson, J. Battersby, W. Bracher, J. Corney, E. Falkner, H. F. Griffin, J. Griffith, J. Hazelton, T. Sadler, W. S. Waterer, and J. Wilkins. The said officers, and committee to be eligible for re-election. It was also unanimously agreed,

“That the Association meet in three months time at Chadwell street chapel, for receiving applications from the churches wishing to join the Association, and other business; and, if possible, for public worship.

“That the Annual Meeting be held (D. V.) at this time next year, arrangements being left to the Committee.

It was likewise decided:

"That the proceedings of the present meeting be reported in *The Earthen Vessel, Gospel Standard, and Gospel Herald*; and that the proceedings of the meeting in circular form be forwarded to all Strict Baptist churches in the metropolis and suburbs."

The meeting was concluded with the doxology and benediction. From the number of churches represented, the spirit of earnestness manifested, and the unanimity of the decisions, we may hope that this movement is of God, and will prove to the churches a source of abundant blessing.

POPLAR. — Tuesday, Feb. 21, 1871, special services were holden in Bethel, High Street, Poplar, of which Mr. Davis has, for many years, been the minister. In the afternoon, sermon was preached by C. W. Banks, tea was most comfortably supplied, and at evening meeting, Mr. Davis presided. Mr. W. Webb, late pastor of Staines Baptist church, interceded with the Lord in prayer. The chairman then reviewed the past; he had seen nearly or quite two full congregations taken from him by death. They were not now so prosperous as in days gone by. We think, in such cases, frequent meetings for special prayer should be convened. At such meetings, ministerial brethren should be requested to deliver addresses on the meaning and mission of the Gospel, and all the churches should practically sympathise with the afflicted church, by visiting, praying for, and with her minister and members. The Lord would bless such united gatherings, and, in time, a revival would be realized. On this occasion, ministering brethren, Lodge, Lawrence, G. Webb, C. L. Kemp, C. W. Banks, and others assisted. Special prayer was the theme. Some telling addresses were given, and it proved a refreshing season to many. Evangelists, G. Smith, Hitchcock, Debnam, and others, kindly came to encourage us. The "Debnams" are quite a ministerial family. The father labours at Sudbury; the younger son near Bury St. Edmunds; and the eldest son willingly works with such men as good Walter James, to do all that they can to hold up the hands of God's poor servants.

WELCOME, SPRING!

HAIL! lovely, lovely Spring!
Hail! lovely, lovely Lord,
That doth so nobly bring,
Blessings to crown our board.
Hail! lovely singing birds!
Hail, Turtle, in our land!
Hail! glorious Gospel Words,
Spoke by Divine command.
Hail! flowers, giving mirth.
Hail! heaven's glorious plan!
Hail! Nature springing forth,
The work of our GOD-MAN!
Hail! landscape, wood, and dale;
Hail! rippling brook and spring!
Hail! CRUCIFIED, all hail!
That doth Salvation bring.

Rushden.

CHARLES LUCAS.

PLUMSTEAD.—BAPTIST CHAPEL, St. James's place, Bloomfield road. The first anniversary was held Lord's day, Feb. 26, and Tuesday, 28th. Three sermons were preached on Lord's day; morning by Mr. Warren, afternoon by Mr. Steed, evening by Mr. Lodge. A good day it was; the good Lord making his presence known, not in a paltry wafer, or in water dashed with wine, or in the stinking incense of Rome; but, as the God of hope and love, who pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of his people, and loveth them freely. The congregations were good, almost to overflow, and the collections were good. On Tuesday, C. W. Banks gave us a right good sermon, from the words of Moses, (Exodus xxxiii. 16.) Wherein shall it be known that we are the Lord's people, but by his presence being manifest with us? We should like to give the sermon, but that is impossible. About five o'clock the ladies served a very excellent tea, to which nearly one hundred did ample justice; the weather was unfavourable, but many friends came together; pastor Warren presided. Brother Avery, of Lessness heath, asked for the divine blessing; that precious hymn of John Kent's was sung, "God hath helped us hitherto." The chairman said the objects of the meeting were principally two; first, thanksgiving to our blessed Lord, for truly he has "helped us hitherto." Like the infant, about two years ago we were cast out, and many hoped we should die, and are still very angry that we did not die; but "behold we live," because in a time of love, the Lord passed by and said, "Live;" so behold we live. After meeting some time in a cottage, we met in the collegiate school room, till the Lord directed our attention to this place, then an old cow-shed; the place was taken, and converted into a chapel, at the cost of about £48; the other object was to make an effort to pay it off, and so stand clear. Mr. Warren called upon the secretary, brother Webb, to give the financial statement. He seemed just the right man, in the right place, his heart is in his work; he said beside all other expences of the chapel, they had paid £26 within the year; and now with the kind offer of the builder to allow a good discount, they intended to clear it off; thus the £48 is paid in one year, besides all other expenses; so the infant "Lives." Since the forming of the church, they had added five by baptism, and three who were previously baptized. Brother Lodge gave us one of his good, old-fashioned, sound, stirring, encouraging, well-timed addresses. Brother Cowdry told out some of the Lord's dealings with him very blessedly. Brother Collins gave a little history of his wilderness journey, with some good words of encouragement. Brother Hitchcock gave an account how the dear Lord snatched him as a brand from the burning, and made known to him the worth of everlasting love. Thus closed a happy meeting. What hath God wrought! May the little one become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

ONE OF US.

OUR EVANGELISING CURATES.

III.

In our list of brethren who are willing to go hither and thither to preach the Gospel wherever called, there are some who have been settled as pastors over churches. Why they did not continue with those churches, is not for us to say. John the Baptist was a herald and a pioneer; he never trespassed the limits of his vocation. When a brother is called out of the ranks of the itinerants into the pastoral office, and then retires back to his original position, the question arises, "Who made the mistake? The church who called him, or the brother who was called?" To preach the same two sermons in four places wide apart, is one thing; to preach over one hundred new, fresh and varied sermons in one twelvemonth, in the same place, and to the same people, is another thing altogether. When the Lord qualifies a man to fill the pastoral office, such a man seldom has to run all over the country for years, before he gets settled. We have received a blessed letter from a brother who never thought of being a minister, but the Lord thrust him out about two years since; and ere long, we expect, he will be permanently settled as a loving and laborious pastor over a church. Many would be glad of him, but many churches cannot have him. When a man is richly gifted, the churches soon discover his gifts, and plenty will seek to enjoy them. When a man is only a teacher, and not an original and divine-inspired preacher, he may go on talking all his days, and never get settled. Let a man be once thoroughly settled as a pastor, if he does not continue and prosper, we grieve for him. Our upright brother, F. Green, of No. 1, Upper Yardeley Street, Wilmingon Square, Clerkenwell, is now sometimes disengaged altogether; yet, he has been settled for years at Holloway, at Waltham Abbey, and has preached the Word in very many towns, villages, and hamlets, during the last quarter of a century; and, we should be glad to see him the hard-working pastor of a good church. Now, Frederick Greeu is a man of high moral standing, and is a preacher of Christ's own Gospel; but, we fear, six day's hard work in the world, is often a barrier to continued and settled usefulness. We believe our friend, Mr. Green, would rejoice to be settled over a truth-loving people. His address we give above.

HACKNEY.—MR. HENRY MYERSON'S ANNUAL MEETING. Anniversary services commemorative of Mr. Myerson's eleventh pastoral year in Shalom chapel, Oval, Hackney, were celebrated Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1871. Mr. Wale preached the sermon; a large company took tea. At evening meeting the pastor, Mr. Henry Myerson, occupied the chair; there were present, Messrs. C. W. Banks, W. Flack, G. Cook, J. Blake, A. W. Kaye, Kavan, Smith sen., Smith jun., and J. Rayment. Prayer was offered by Mr. A. W. Kaye. Mr. Myerson was happy in speaking of their work during the past year.

There was much cause for thankfulness. The chapel was well filled on Lord's days, and there was a continuance of prosperity. In monetary affairs, they had no cause to complain, sometimes the collections of the Lord's day were small, but they found at the end of the quarter, there was sufficient to meet the expenses; with this they were satisfied. They were living in peace; the deacons were men well-fitted for the office, and were beloved by them all. They were all anxious to exalt the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Blake delivered an address upon the words of St. Paul, "Grace be unto all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth." The speaker hated bigotry, and showed that the Gospel could be set forth without offence to others. Mr. Blake was listened to with marked attention.

Mr. Kavan gave a theological discourse, Mr. Flack a practical one. C. W. Banks had seen many changes in connection with Shalom chapel. Twenty years since Mr. Cayzer, an Independent minister, called upon him to preach one of his anniversary sermons at Shalom. He consented to preach; Mr. Cayzer was an excellent man, but he was gone; the pulpit was gone, a platform appeared in its place; Independency had gone; dear Haslop had gone; Mr. Myerson had come, and with him more people had come; a strict Baptist church had come. Mr. Myerson was not an idle man, nor a quiet man. It was cheering to know year after year the Lord had honoured him. The chairman expressed the great pleasure he felt in seeing Mr. Banks again in their midst. It was like old times. He had known Mr. Banks many years; thought he looked as well as ever.

Mr. Smith, sen., would not trespass upon their time. He could well remember a sermon he once heard from brother Banks at Tunbridge Wells. It was the best sermon he had ever heard in his life, but that was nearly forty years ago, and he must confess that he saw some alteration in Mr. Banks.

Mr. Smith, jun., spoke very energetically upon the necessity of keeping close to the truth.

Mr. George Cook spoke exceedingly well upon the necessity of honesty in the churches.

Mr. Kaye and Mr. Rayment having spoken, the very happy meeting closed with singing, and the benediction by the pastor, Mr. Myerson.

OLD GRAVEL LANE.—The East London Union stands in this very ancient part of the metropolis. "The Christian Community," a society which will be a century old next year, gives annual treats to the poor in the London Workhouses. I was invited to St. George's-in-the-East, on March 3rd., 1871. Such a sight! Hundreds of decayed, and almost worn-out humanity; aged, middle-aged, good-looking, and singular-looking; all arranged together in one immense, yea, grand hall. Several gentlemen delivered addresses to them. Our brother, R. G. Edwards, rose up into the

eloquent flame in his discourse. Once, Dr. Elliss delivered a singular homily; then they called me to speak. I told the dear old people the dream which brother John Vincent had, also of the death of his son, and one or two other little incidents, for I do not believe that any body of people can digest a dozen sermons at one time. So I tried to strike a light, catch their attention with some sterling fact; out with it, hot and homely, and then sit down as quick as possible. For a lot of prose men to be preaching contradictory theories to such people, is a mistake, at least I thought so. The first clergyman gave a good essay on "Mind," and many good things were said; but if any one wanted either the bell or the pomegranite, or both together in harmony, I do not feel certain they would find them. Mr. Atkinson, the secretary, is a good practical Christian man, and conducts these meetings with a Christian and cheerful spirit; and in arranging for evangelists to go every Sunday into these unions, to read to them the Word of God, to pray, and preach, Mr. Atkinson and his co-workers, are certainly aiming to accomplish the good Samaritan's closing command, "Go ye and do likewise." For us luke-warm Calvinists to sit still, and do nothing but sneer at those hard-workers, does not look pleasant. When a man found fault with Dr. Gill's preaching, the doctor said, "You go up into the pulpit, and do it better." So, if we believe these enterprising folk are not quite correct in their theology, let us try ourselves and carry THE Gospel where it has never been heard. So says,

C. W. B.

GOOD NEWS FROM AMERICA.

[We give the following letter just as it came to hand. Our comments we reserve. We thank brother Lee for his kindness. When we shall see New York, we cannot tell. At present deep domestic afflictions await us.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

Knowing you like to hear of good from any quarter respecting the church of Christ, I send you the glad news of the formation of another Baptist church of sound Gospel truth in the city of New York, under the leadership of Mr. Hope, from Philadelphia. He has been preaching to the friends for some time at the Cooper's Institute on the second Sunday in every month, but will in two or three weeks preach every Sunday. To the Salem Baptist church, no doubt he is a man sent of God. He has been through the mill of Methodism, and was there ground to powder, unable to live any longer on the husks that swine do eat. He is a quick, good speaker, and just the man wanted in the city of New York. I wish there were many such in these two cities, New York and Brooklyn. Come over, Mr. Editor, and help to establish truth in these parts; my ten dollars is ready at any time to start a subscription to help to bring

you and others over. If C. W. B. had preached and travelled as much in America as he has in England, he would be a rich man to-day.

Readers of the *Earthen Vessel* remember the editor, what he has gone through to keep up, month after month and year after year, in order to give you and me news of the doings of churches of Gospel truth all over the world. Hundreds in this and other lands would like to shake the hand of the editor of the *E. V.* Put your spare pennies together, send him over the Atlantic next summer to preach among us before he is worked to death's door, as Messrs. Wells, Foreman and Milner have been. I hope the Lord will in his wisdom spare all of them a few more years to declare amongst the churches his Gospel. The true Gospel ministers work too hard in England, are not, and cannot be cared for as others are, as the church of Christ is not of this world, and they have not and never will have much of this world's goods. I, as well as many others hope, if Mr. Wells should be spared, that his Surrey Tabernacle people will spare him to pay a visit to the United States, to recruit his health and strength, as I am sure from information I have had from his son that was out with us and is now living out here, that his father would like to come over to the States for a short time. Dear Mr. Editor, please see what can be done in this matter. Believe me, yours truly in the one faith,

ROBERT LEE.

Brooklyn, New York.

Feb. 17, 1871.

P. S. The readers of the *Earthen Vessel* increases in these parts, I know of five new readers and subscribers for this 1871. I will do all I can to help it on its way. May God still speed the good *Earthen Vessel*. R. L.

NEWPORT PAGNELL is a neat, quiet, and compact little town of some four thousand inhabitants, in the county of Bucks. Besides its Church, and Wesleyanism, it has a noble old Independent chapel, where for a century or more, three pastors, named "Bull," have laboured. Mr. Bull, the grandfather; Mr. Bull, the son; and Mr. Josiah Bull, the grandson; all successively preached the Gospel here, and the elders tell us these several good Oxen have trodden out much heavenly corn in their time. Those days have passed away. The esteemed ministers have passed away; and the present young divine has been successful enough to find in Newport Pagnell, a substantial, old-fashioned, commodious chapel; a congregation; and a happy partner for life. Some of the ancient sires and their families, however, have left their long-cherished Gospel home; and in the town hall they assemble for worship. Perhaps a new chapel may some day be erected by them. We heard our friend, Mr. Pickworth, sometimes preaches unto them. I was favoured to spend two happy days with the Baptist friends, whose chapel

and school-rooms present accommodation for many of the redeemed saints to worship in. We pray the Lord to send them a true Christian ambassador; one whose heart can burn with holy love for souls; one, whose mind can arrange and collect in order, excellent things touching **THE KING**; one whose mouth shall be as a living and flowing river, whose tongue shall be as the pen of a ready writer; and whose whole behaviour shall commend the Gospel of Christ. There are some devout and decided people in Newport Pagnell. May the Lord warm their hearts, strengthen their hands, increase their faith, and multiply their numbers; so prays, their servant in Christ.

HAYES, MIDDLESEX—Special services were held at the Tabernacle, Hayes, Wednesday, March 8. Mr. H. Collins, of Plymouth, preached in afternoon. Congregations were fair in number; attention good; collections excellent. The preacher appeared to be quite at home in his work, and among some of his old friends. Excellent tea was served by the ladies at 5. In evening, a public meeting was held; our esteemed brother Ponsford presided; Miss Wild presided at the harmonium; addresses were delivered by Messrs. Collins, Griffith, Bardens, and Huxham; C. W. Banks, of London, was expected, but in consequence of a deep, domestic affliction, was prevented being present. Considering the changes, disappointments, and conflicts, this young cause has had to encounter, it is looking up in quite a promising manner. There is a neat, and very commodious chapel, which has been provided by Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Wild, whose hearts, house, and purse, are open to promote the prosperity of the cause, and to encourage the ministry of our Lord Jesus. For some months, Mr. Huxham, from Devonshire, has been supplying. The last two Sabbaths in February, and first two in March, Mr. R. Bardens, from Plymouth, supplied the pulpit, whose ministrations appear to have been well received by many of the friends, at Hayes.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

[We fear to insert all our correspondent wrote.—Ed.]

CHATHAM.—ENON CHAPEL. Tea and public meeting was held Monday, February 27, for benefit of Sabbath school and Benevolent Society. Mr. Terry, deacon, was called to the chair; he reviewed the history of the church at Enon, and expressed the hope that by God's blessing upon the present ministry it would be seen that the winter was gone; the rain past; the time of the singing of birds was come. Mr. Edgerton, (late of Tring, now supplying here with a view to the pastorate,) spoke upon the need of personal effort in the cause of Christ; and strongly advocated Sabbath schools. Mr. Peepoe, of Blackheath, delivered precious things respecting our best beloved. Mr. Oliffe, deacon,

reviewed the many struggles the church had endured; but, they had many mercies to be thankful for. God had kept them looking in faith and prayer to him. Mr. Vaneson, (one of the teachers,) spoke upon the words, "Work while it is day," which were well received. Mr. Edgerton gave out that inspiring song of praise, "All hail the power of Jesus's name," and closed with prayer a happy and profitable meeting.—A LITTLE ONE.

COLNBROOK, BUCKS.—This ancient church has recently had to experience trials, in the removal of pastor, and the death of deacons and members; but we are cheered by tokens that the Lord's presence is still with us. On Lord's day evening, March 5, Mr. Styles (who has ministered to us several times) immersed a brother in the name of the Triune Jehovah; we trust there are others whose hearts the Lord has influenced by his grace, who will soon be constrained to follow the example, and yield obedience to the precepts of Jesus. We are now engaged in raising funds with a view to the erection of a new chapel and school rooms, both of which are greatly needed. A meeting to promote this object was held on Tuesday, March 14. After tea, of which a goodly number of friends partook, a public meeting commenced, when addresses of an encouraging character were given by Mr. Kevan (our late pastor), Mr. Huxham, Mr. Styles, and Mr. Clarke, of Thame. The result of this meeting, was an addition of £114 5s. 6d. to the fund, making, with previous contributions, a total of £300. A friend present, offered £5, if nineteen others could be found to join in raising another £100. Several names have been given in response to this offer; and we trust others will soon be obtained, to make up the amount. "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be the glory."—S. W.

MR. THOMAS JONES, minister of Artillery Street, Bishopsgate, invited several to meet together, on Friday evening, Feb. 24, 1871, for special prayer. They met, and many believed the blessing of the Lord was with them. Our American Baptist papers tell us of "one month of prayer," and as the result, the recorder says, "The Holy Spirit has been poured out on a great many churches; it will be a memorable month in all time to come." Who can dare to dispute this? We feel it is time; and we ask our London and our English Baptist churches to do the same. Let one whole month be devoted to prayer. Let arrangements be made, and announcements duly given, as to when and where the meetings will be held for prayer during one entire month. Who can tell?

SHADWELL—Brother Thomas Steed, minister of Rehoboth chapel, Shadwell, in a note, says: **DEAR BROTHER BANKS**,—Mr.

Thomas Hall has been a member of the church of Christ, at Rehoboth, Shadwell, almost since its formation; he has always sustained an honest Christian character, but through old age, want of health, and no means of support, is obliged to make his ease known to Christian friends. Through your *Earthen Vessel* kindly give it publicity, thereby oblige yours in the truth, THOMAS STEED, Minister. EDWIN DEVOLL; WILLIAM KILLICK, Deacons.

[We pray God to move the hearts of many to send help to this aged Godly brother, Thomas Hall, who lives at 3, John street, Rhodeswell road, Limehouse, London, E. Go and see him, or send him help at once. Thomas Hall's petition to our readers, will be inserted in our May number.—Ed.]

PIMLICO.—Happy meetings were holden in Rehoboth chapel, Princes row, in Buckingham road, on Tuesday, March 21, 1871, to welcome Mr. John Bunyan McCure to his new scene of labour. His sermon in the afternoon on Ezekiel xxxvii. 9, was the best I ever heard him deliver. It was an earnest of a good ministerial career. Mr. Philcox and his industrious wife, supplied a first-rate tea, which a large number much enjoyed. Mr. Edward Butt, the devoted deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle, presided, and introduced Mr. McCure and the business of the evening, in a kind and able manner. I am thankful to find such good and godly laymen as Messrs. Butt, E. Carr, Mitson, R. Minton, and others are coming out with so much healthy zeal to help the smaller churches of the metropolis. These excellent laymen are doing much valuable service in this way. Mr. John Bunyan McCure was called upon to shew how he saw the hand of God in bringing him back to England. In a clear, consecutive, feeling, and satisfactory manner, he fully justified himself in the course he had taken, and acknowledged the hand of God in every step. This address will be published, and will be interesting to thousands in this country, and to many in the colonies. I was called upon to address the meeting next; but, having just lost my much beloved youngest son, and knowing I had heavy sorrows at home, I could not speak but a few moments. I fully declared my conviction that the Lord had honoured our brother, and that he would be a blessing in the Gospel in this country. The chairman asked Mr. Joseph Palmer to pray, which he did with much feeling and propriety. Messrs. W. Flack, G. Webb, R. G. Edwards and others, delivered pleasant discourses of which we may say more. Rehoboth was literally crammed, there was not "room," and I hear the collection amounted to £14 9s. 10d. C. W. B.

CANTERBURY.—The Baptist church in Dover road, have again lost their pastor. We knew the church when its godly deacons were Henry Christian, Abraham Flint, Thomas Shrubshole, and its pastor was the venerable Mr. Edmiston. Then the sweet-spirited William Matthews, whose death was

a sad blow to the church. Several others followed, until Mr. Kirtland was settled over them. He left for missionary work; and last of all, Mr. Heritage became pastor. On Sunday, March 5, 1871, he occupied his pulpit; but, on the following Thursday, he was a corpse. In the prime of life, as we say, he has been taken: we hope he is with "the spirits of just men made perfect," but we have no definite particulars yet.

BLOCKLEY.—Mr. C. J. Middleditch, once the secretary of the Baptist Irish Society, died at Blockley, March 3, 1871. He was successively pastor of the churches at Soham, Ashdon, and Frome; last of all, for about six years, he was settled at Blockley, in Worcestershire. He must have spent over forty years in the service of the Lord. He was a man of God, and much beloved by all who knew him.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—The anniversary services at Mount Zion, Feb. 26 and 28, were happy meetings. Sermons by brethren Dyer, McCure, and C. W. Banks, were acceptable. The speeches by the brethren Dearsley, Kempston, and others, were refreshing. Grief is felt over dear Dyer's affliction. Hope he will soon recover.

ST. FRANCISCO.—"This splendid and balmy city," says a Christian friend, W. Johnson, is without a Gospel minister. Brother Lee asks, if Mr. Thomas, of Croydon, will go? We do not know who he means. If the Lord would raise up some weighty enough, and willing, we should rejoice to send them; but, if St. Francisco treated THE Gospel as England does, in many parts, woe be to the men who go.

GLOUCESTER.—Mr. John E. Bloomfield, late of Meard's Court, presided over a large meeting very recently, in his chapel at Gloucester. Since his settlement there, many have been added to the church; and it is hoped a new and much larger chapel will be erected.

GOSWELL ROAD.—The pastor of Spencer place chapel, Mr. Philip Gast, is begging hard for help to pay off a £2000 debt on his chapel.

RYE LANE.—Mr. Griffiths, for Mr. Moyle, baptised ten believers, on March 19. These were principally from the Sunday school; which auxiliary, under God, proves a blessing to many.

Deaths.

DIED, March 20, 1871, Earnest Wilks Waters Banks, youngest son of C. W. Banks. He was a young disciple, a tender lamb, a secret knowledge of the Lord, much silent prayer, and a lovely patience marked his life and death.

DIED, March 6, 1871, aged 48, Mr. George Donovan, the highly esteemed deacon of the church under the pastorate of Mr. Higham, Camden Town.

THE BELIEVER'S CREED.

A Sermon

PREACHED IN THE BAPTIST CHAPEL, RYE LANE, PECKHAM, ON THE LORD'S-DAY
EVENING, APRIL 9, 1871,

BY MR. GEORGE MOYLE,
The Pastor.

“For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.” (1 Thess. iv, 14.)

THIS we find is the reason why the children of God should take encouragement at the loss of their relatives, and their brothers and sisters in the Lord, who have the like precious faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

There is nothing more painful and distressing than to lose our relatives. The father dies, and the mother dies; and however long they may have lived, yet we feel the bitter pangs of grief when they are taken from us. And so we may say of brothers and sisters: we would fain keep them as long as we can: so, also, we may say of our fellow Christians: though they may have travelled with us a long while in the wilderness, and we know they will be better off, yet, for all that, we would sooner not part with them.

Now the apostle says, “I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.” That is, no hope of meeting their relatives and friends again, no hope of the resurrection of the dead, no hope of eternal life. The *Heathen* believe in the immortality of the soul, and that there are such places as heaven, and hell; yet they have very extraordinary and vague notions on the subject. We read in Homer of those who thought heaven was a place where reigned one eternal round of darkness, &c., &c., and confessed they would rather possess a swine-herd, than go there. We don't wonder that such people have no hope, or that they should call death, “*The horrible of horrors.*” Wherefore the apostle says, in contra-distinction, “If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.” We shall see one another again, and dwell together again, in heaven, partakers of eternal life in Jesus Christ. So that those who have departed in the *faith*, are not lost, but gone before; and we are following after; and where they are, we hope to be; and our hope is *dying* and *rising* in the Lord Jesus Christ: “For those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”

The language of our text contains two leading features; of great weight, and of vast importance. In the first there is—The believer's creed, if I may so say,—a declaration of faith in few words: “We believe that Jesus died and rose again.” And in the next place there is—The blessed consolation, and bright anticipation arising from such a creed. For if we believe these things, we may look forward to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with joyful expectation; for “Those which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.” So that there will be a great gathering of the family of God in that day. It will not matter where their poor bodies may be laid, whether in the earth or in the sea, or wherever they may be scattered, not one of the members of Christ's body will be missing. For if we believe there is a God,

then we believe that all things are possible with him ; if not, then we don't believe in the being of a God. But, believing in God, we can look forward with holy confidence, that those of our brothers and sisters who died in the Lord "shall rise again," as Jesus said to Martha : "Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." (John xi. 23—26). We see, therefore, in Jesus the very author, the very foundation of the resurrection. This forms the fundamental creed of the Church of God. "We believe that Jesus died and rose again." This comprehends everything in the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Everything is contained in that short sentence. It takes in all the doctrines, promises, ordinances, &c. We trace them all up to the death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, as streams from a fountain. Let us bear in mind that Jesus Christ in his death and resurrection was the Covenant Head of his body the church. He died, not as a private individual.

Many good men have died ; but it is not through their death we shall rise from the dead ; and many of the saints have died : "And many bodies of the saints which slept, arose, and came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many," but it is not upon their resurrection that ours is founded. Their resurrection, like ours, is based upon his death and resurrection.

He is, if I may so say, the *great unit* of the whole church of God, of the whole family of God, all the "Sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty."

As Adam was the natural head, and through sin, "brought death into the world and all our woe," Christ is the *grace* head, the *elect* head of all the predestinated family of God. And as in Adam all die, and all, without exception, die in him the natural head, even so in Christ shall all be made alive, that is, all that are *in Him*, their *Spiritual* head. "And as we have borne the image of the *earthy*," and all have borne *this* image, the godly, and ungodly alike, "We," and who are these ? *Those only in Christ*, "shall also bear the image of the *heavenly*."

When Christ died, he died not for his own sins, for he had no sin. He was "Holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners ;" but he died as our covenant Head, in our "law-room, place, and stead." It was the Husband dying for the bride, the Surety dying for the debtor, the Good Shepherd dying for the sheep. "The Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all." Now where the sin was laid, the curse must follow. Where sin and the curse meet, death must ensue, "For the wages of sin is death." And Jesus died, "The Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God,"—"Being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." And he rose again from the dead as our glorious Representative, to show that he had discharged all the claims of law and justice, that he had fully and completely discharged all law charges. "He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification." And in his resurrection he was clear of all the sins laid to his charge,

“He was justified in the Spirit;” and in him the whole church of God stand justified and acquitted before God. Paul says:—“I am crucified with Christ”—literally he was not—but in a relative sense he was, because a “Member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones.” And so is every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. “I am risen with Christ,” says the Apostle,—although Christ had risen years before; but when CHRIST rose, the whole family of God rose; and when he ascended into heaven, he ascended as our great Representative, our second, or last Adam.

Now, my dear hearers, these things are fundamental realities, and there is no salvation without them. It is a matter of *belief*; and this belief is not a mere national belief, or historical credence, for Turks, Hindoos, and others, as well as Protestants, have their *national faith*; but this faith does not sanctify their heart, humble their mind or fit them for heaven. A merely *national* faith is but superstition in fact; for unless I have the faith by which I am “made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light,” I shall never make one of that glorious company. The belief I speak of, “is the faith of God’s elect,” (Titus i. 1,) the faith which worketh by *love*, which bringeth forth the fruits of the Spirit, which receiveth Christ whole and entire, as our *Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and complete Redemption*. This “*precious* faith” appropriates his blood, righteousness, death, and resurrection; it comforts the heart, cheers the spirits, and assimilates us to Jesus. “Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.” By this faith we *come* to Jesus—we are not driven to him. By this faith we live on him as our spiritual food, and derive spiritual nourishment. By this faith we believe in his life, in his death, in his resurrection, in his ascension, and in his blessed and continued intercession on our behalf at the right hand of God. And *so* believing, we are safe for eternity, and can, with the Apostle, “give thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.”

“For if we believeth that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”

The Apostle, of course, means death, though he calls it sleep with great propriety; for Christ said, “He that believeth in me shall never die.” How is this? There is this difference: the wicked, the ungodly, the impenitent, are never said to sleep in Jesus. They die the natural death, and they die the “second death.” “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,” is language that could not be appropriately applied to such. But believers in Jesus do not, in a certain sense, die, if you look at what death is as a *curse*. It is written, “Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.” But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, it is evident: for, the “just shall live by faith.” By sin came the curse,—*death*, but Jesus took away the curse. He died for our sins, He suffered all the consequences; therefore the curse being removed, death is removed; for what we call death, is to those in Christ, called sleep. It is not the soul that sleeps,—for that was never more wide awake; for as soon as the soul quits the tenement of clay, it is—“Absent from the body, present with the Lord,”—and that, *instantly!*

It is not the soul therefore, that sleeps, though some have promulgated a contrary doctrine. But Paul was of a different opinion, or he

would not have written, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." It is the body that sleeps, the soul is in the full enjoyment of bliss,—as far as it is capable. The soul enters into bliss, the body sleeps till the "trumpet shall sound, and the dead be raised incorruptible." The idea of the body *sleeping*, is a very beautiful one, for rest is sweet, and O how sweet! when the poor body is weak and fatigued, and worn out by care, labour, and anxiety. How welcome is sleep, for then, (for a time at least) we lose our pains. Let us but have sound sleep, what a blessing it is!—

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"

as the poet writes. It is one of God's greatest blessings to poor humanity; a special blessing, notwithstanding our unworthiness; for without this, our labours, cares, and pains would crush us to the ground. So that "sleeping in Jesus" is a beautiful figure of the termination of all our pains, sorrows, and anxieties.

Our father, mother, relatives, friends, and those with whom "we took sweet counsel together" in christian fellowship, may have had a long slumber in the ground, but when "the trumpet shall sound, they shall be raised incorruptible, and we"—that is, those that are alive at the time, "shall be changed."

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." That is, those of us forming the church of God,—part in heaven, and part on earth; for

"The church above, and church below, but one communion make."

The church of God is but one;—one universal church; not papist, or national, but *really* catholic church of God—"The church of the first-born, whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life."

Then the apostle goes on to say in the verses following my text:—"For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." What a blessed view! What a wonderful sight! for those who shall be alive, to see the resurrection of the dead; to see millions, and millions, and millions rising up in every direction; and also for them who have risen, to see the living saints changed! who can picture it? And then we with them, gathered together as one great body, caught up together in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air.

Well might the apostle add (with such a glorious prospect in view) "Wherefore *comfort* one another with these words."

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." So that the bodies and souls of the saints will be united, and they will ever be with the Lord. This, we believe, will be the case with our sister who has recently been taken from us to her heavenly home. I will now read a short memoir of her, which has been written, and was given to me by our brother Edwards.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry was a native of Tamworth, in Staffordshire, and was moved in the providence of God to Peckham in 1829, where the Lord met with her while attending the ministry of the late Mr. Powell. She was baptized by him in December, 1832, and afterwards joined with the church in christian fellowship. Her membership has thus lasted for a period of thirty eight years; and she was the oldest member of the church, living, but two.

Through the whole of this time, we may justly say of her—"She walked with God,"—although through deep waters. She was not one that talked much of religion, but her life and whole deportment showed that it *lived* within her. The writer of these few remarks has had many hours of sweet communion with her on spiritual things. She would often on the Monday, say with tears of joy, how she had enjoyed her dear pastor's discourse on the Sunday Evening previous, mentioning sweet passages from the sermon; often saying "oh I felt *that* was for me, but oh! I am so unworthy."

During the last few years of her life, her infirmities so increased as to hinder her from attending the means of grace as often as she wished. She would frequently say, "I shall try to get there once more." (It should here be said she was ever grateful for the help and kindness of the deacons who contributed to her in her necessities. Also she was very thankful for the kind assistance afforded her by the Aged Pilgrims' Committee.)

The last time she worshipped with us, was on the first Sunday in March, in the present year, when she sat at the Lord's table with us, on which night she felt the cold take her on going homeward, and was not well after that. Only two or three days elapsed before she felt she was drawing near her end.

She expressed a wish to see her pastor that he might pray with her. On the day before her death, she said to her sister who was with her, "I have something to say to you, as I have not many hours to live,"—and then arranged with her some family matters, and also concerning her funeral. This being finished, she said, "Now I leave myself in the hands of the Lord to do with me as it seemeth to him good. I am not afraid to die, I am going home." She said very little more, being so weak as to be scarcely able to speak. Her dear pastor was with her within a few minutes of her entering the presence of her Lord. He had scarcely gone when she said to her attendant, "I wish I could speak to tell you, but I cannot,—I shall soon be home";—and gently throwing her head back, she breathed her last, without a sigh or a groan, at the advanced age of eighty, as a "shock of corn fully ripe, gathered in its season."

And now, in conclusion I would add, The Lord grant that we may be "sound in the faith," that we may "believe to the salvation of our souls," and though our bodies may lie in the ground for a while, they may, like the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, rise again "fashioned like unto his glorious body;" and then, with body and soul united, we may "join the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven."

God bless what has been said, and abundantly bless us "above all that we can ask or think," for His name's sake. Amen.

(Taken down by WILLIAM ARUTHER ADAMS, *Member of the Church.*)

WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP?

A REVIEW OF THE SEVEN METAPHORICAL CUPS IN THE BIBLE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“Kings shall be thy nursing fathers,
 Their queens thy nursing mothers;
 Thou shalt know that I am the Lord: for
 They shall not be ashamed that wait for me.”

SEVEN years ago, one of our modern prophetic writers said, “France is the fire-brand that is to ignite the great European conflagration.” That great conflagration has commenced. France has astonished the whole world. What dark and dreadful scenes may yet arise, I know not; but the true Christian may fall safely upon those divine revelations made in Luther’s Psalm; for, “God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble;” that I have lately proved in no small degree. Death has been at work in my house, and taken from us a most precious boy; disease has nearly prostrated my family; friends have fled from us through fear; dense darkness has overshadowed my mind; no bright shining either in the House of God, or in the Word of God; and yet, hitherto I have been upheld; and Paul’s word has come into my mind to hold me on: “He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all: how shall he not WITH HIM also freely give us all things.” And I have felt that some of these “all things,” are the best evidences we can have, that he gave his own Son for us, and for our eternal salvation. Has he not given us many internal things: such as faith, and hope, and love, and power, sometimes, to plead his promises, and to make mention of the dear Redeemer’s name? Certainly, he has. And has he not given us many instrumental and external blessings, such as ministers, ordinances, and providential mercies? May we, then, go on to prove more and more the verity of that oft repeated little verse—

“When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick, and thundered loud;
 He near my soul has always stood,
 His loving kindness—oh, how good!”

I have pledged myself to proceed with the evidences of the gracious character of that once Queen of Prussia, the mother of the present Emperor of Germany; and to shew that while she was called to drink deeply of the bitter cup of grief, she was favoured to “commit her way unto the Lord,” believing that the iron hand of tyranny which the first Napoleon laid upon Prussia, would surely return upon that nation who, for a time, upheld him until he had almost overthrown the Continent itself.

Let us look at some of the delicate features in her character, and therein admire the tender beamings forth of a soul evidently born of God; and led, in its measure, to adore, and to honour him.

1. Contemplate her spiritual discernment, and the tendency of her affection toward the noble and the good. There were in her royal palace, galleries of portraits; these she studied frequently; making herself acquainted with the characters of the persons which those portraits represented. Gazing on the picture of Queen Sophia Charlotte, a princess of Hanover, the wife of the first King of Prussia, who died in 1705, Queen Louisa remarked to one present with her,

"This princess was not only the first queen of the kingdom of Prussia, but she ranks first in intellectual power and scientific attainments. She perfectly comprehended Leibnitz, her tutor and favourite adviser. On her death-bed, she said to one of her ladies, who was weeping over her bed, 'Do not regret me, I go now where I can satisfy my intense curiosity as to the primeval cause of things, which Leibnitz has never been able to explain to me.'" I believe Sophia Charlotte desired intensely to drink deeply of those living streams which flow forth from "THE WELLS of salvation." Leibnitz, her tutor, could not satisfy the longings of her soul; but she believed she was going where THE LAMB himself would lead her to fountains of living waters; and who would wipe from her eyes the tears of anxiety arising from a hitherto almost fruitless search.

Leibnitz was a true type of thousands of the present race of ministers. They cannot satisfy the living desires of the living souls in their congregations; but the Lord their God will satisfy them, when they awake with his likeness; and it is seldom that the living children of God are satisfied long together here.

The late Queen of Prussia, of whom I now write, was found one day in her picture gallery, with her eyes intently fixed, and looking upon the portrait of the first consort of Frederick-William, Louisa-Henrietta, a princess of Orange, who died in 1667. "That is a lovely portrait," said the queen; "she seems to greet me with an angelic smile. He, the great elector, a just ruler in peace, in faith a Christian; great in life, he was also great in death. She, the electress, full of intelligence, benevolence, and love; living and dying in humble, but firm reliance on her God and Redeemer." The spiritual and the mental powers of that Princess of Orange, did rejoice the heart of the poor Queen of Prussia, whose discerning eye caught with amazing pleasure the signs of that grace divine which layeth the hearts of earthly monarchs low at the great Redeemer's feet. How rich to my soul are those words of the beloved disciple: "Every one that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him."

2. Her love to the person of Christ was more manifest in her life and conversation than any written description can convey. To one, Bishop Eylert, she said—

"Our moral feelings and our conscience, demand purity and perfection; we seek, and seek on, and we find them not; even in the very best, we find spots and deficiencies that give us pain. Therefore do I love the holy Saviour so inexpressibly; the highest and purest ideal is united in his life and actions. In veneration we worship him, and yet we feel at the same time attracted. His endless and self-sacrificing love, has a soft, but wonderfully winning force. I am very happy in my religious opinions being in perfect accord with the Christian belief of the king. Have you heard what he said to me, when you preached your discourse on matrimonial and domestic happiness? He said, in his own sincere manner, with heartfelt emotion; 'We will follow the good Scriptural resolution: "I and my house will serve the Lord.'" "These phrases," adds Bishop Eylert, "are, when written down, but mere characters; but to see her—to hear her speak with her enthusiastic tones—the mind, the soul, that beamed from her countenance as she uttered the feelings of her inmost heart, made an impression that could never be forgotten, but which was totally indescribable."

This dignified expression of high and holy affection to our LORD

JESUS CHRIST, must be the fruit of pure sovereign grace in the soul. And with this once blessed Prussian Princess, it was not the mere talk of the lip, while the sun of prosperity shone upon her, and upon her country. Nay, could you study her life-like portrait, as I have done; could you follow her into those scenes of sorrow which she was called to wade through; could you stand by her side in all the desolating conflicts of her after life; and could you look upon her, and listen to her, as she sank beneath the crushing burdens, in her years of early promise; you must, with me rejoice in the conscious persuasion that the grace of God in her soul, was associated with some of those noble powers and principles, which belong to that humanity in which the Lord our God hath clothed many of the sons and daughters even of the fallen family of our first parents.

3. The moral courage, the steadfast faith, the Christ-like resignation, displayed in her times of trouble, are features demanding our thoughtful attention. Mark you, Christian, there was much in that which the Lord gave to Peter: "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith FAIL NOT." I recently said to a minister (who was expressing surprise that a servant of Christ should seem to loose his hope when in the deep waters; I said), "There is a great deal of parsonic faith and frenzy, which passes away, when the harness is taken off." Even Jeremiah said, his hope had perished from the Lord; and, in the case of the most honoured of the Lord's servants, it is sometimes seen, that, although their faith in the Lord himself does not fail, the realization of their interest in him is sadly deficient. I have, in the times of sorrow through which I have been passing lately, said in my soul the same things as Asaph said in the seventy-seventh Psalm: "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" And that closing question I have felt most fearfully: "Hath he IN ANGER SHUT UP his tender mercies?" After the "Selah" pause, Asaph declared it was his "infirmity." His faith did not quite fail him; it carried him above his infirmity, and then he fell into a frame of adoring contemplation; finally acknowledging before the Lord, the profound mysteries of his dealings with many of his people. "Thy way (O, God), is in the sea; thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." As we stand upon our little shore of "Time," and with the eye of faith look back into the eternity behind us; and upon the ages of the church's existence before us, we must unite with Asaph, and say, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea." There is an expansiveness we cannot reach; there are depths we cannot fathom; there is a miraculous ebbing and flowing we cannot comprehend; there is a faithfulness, as with the returning of the tide, which we cannot but admire; there is a fulness we cannot measure; there is a life-giving freshness we cannot fully appreciate; still, in all this, the Lord has had HIS WAY. But I must not sermonize. The great waters overwhelmed our suffering SURETY; and, the great waters of national, and of personal afflictions did almost overwhelm that Queen of Prussia, whose life-story I have been led, briefly, to tell. "Heavy calamities," at length, befel her.

The first Napoleon's increasing arrogance towards Prussia, led to

WAR. The Queen followed her husband into the camp at Jena. Napoleon prostrated Prussia. The Queen's heart was wrung with grief most devouring. Her eldest son was then only eleven years of age. She, one day, addressed herself to him: "My son; you are of an age to understand the great events by which we are now visited: in the future, when your mother and Queen is no more, recall them to mind; and weep for me, as I weep for the overthrow of my country. But do not content yourself with tears: act; develop your powers; perhaps the spirit of the guardian angel of Prussia will descend upon you. Deliver your country from the shame, reproach, and humiliation which have fallen upon it. Try to win back from the French, the sullied fame of your forefathers."

That son was instrumental in aiding the overthrow of the once proud Corsican, the first Napoleon; and that Queen's second son recently saw the third Napoleon at his feet, surrendering up his sword.

Let me take you now into the Queen's retirement; let us listen to her words, and watch and weigh her spirit and demeanour, when the floods have gone over her soul. You may be quite sure, she had about her only those ministers who walked in the fear of the Lord, and in the faith of the Gospel. The preacher at Court, one Barowsky, speaking of her in the worst of her calamities, says: "With the feelings and expressions of timidity she approached the Holy Truth; but with a thirst and longing she receives refreshment from the Gospel in all its purity. The psalms seemed most to command her sympathies." He continues, "When I had the honour to wait on her last Sunday, I found her alone in her sitting-room, reading the Bible. She rose quickly, and met me in the most friendly manner; and exclaimed, 'I have thought over, and felt that most precious psalm, the 126th: 'He that goeth forth, and weepeth,' &c. Oh," she said, "the more I meditate on it, and try to grasp its meaning, the more its loveliness and sublimity attract me. I do not know anything which has such a solemn, benign, elevating, and comforting effect upon my mind, as these precious words. The anguish of soul which is simply expressed in them, is deep, but tranquil, peaceful, and tender. What it will effect, and the fruit which it will bring forth, is strikingly explained under the pleasing figure of seed-time and harvest. The hope which soars above all, and makes all sorrow bearable, is like the hues of morning, and you hear in the distance the triumphal songs of the victor rising above the waves of sorrow. It is pervaded by a spirit of melancholy, but also of victory, of resignation, and the most joyful trust; it is an elegy, but also a hymn of praise; a hallelujah mingled with tears. I look at this psalm as you look at a lovely flower on which a dew-drop glistens in the morning light; I have read it again and again, until it is firmly impressed on my memory." And then, with holy reverence, she repeated the whole psalm." That was a prelude to the coming of heavy floods of destruction and distress. The old Napoleon followed Prussia with blow after blow, until it was crushed. All appeared to be lost. The Queen fled to Memel. From thence she wrote to her father, June 24, 1807. Oh, suffering saints of God, I ask you to look on this royal princess, brought down to drink the cup of trembling to its very dregs. There she sits, like a weeping willow; but hear her words:—

"My faith stands firm; but I cannot hope any more. I will pursue the path of duty in life, or in death: and, if it must be so, live upon bread and salt. I shall never be entirely unhappy; but I can hope no more."

That is what I call, "faith trembling on the very brink of despair," as regards earthly things. The sea of sorrows overwhelmed her country, and covered her soul; and when the crisis was reached, or nearly, she wrote to her father, in 1808; she says:—

"It is all over with us for the present, if not for ever. I hope for nothing more during this life. I have resigned myself; and in this resignation, in this submission to the will of Heaven, I am at rest; and in great peace. If I am not happy in an earthly sense, I am (what is of more moment?) mentally happy."

Surely, that is "Grace reigning through righteousness, unto life eternal." I must admire that grace which can enable an apostle Paul, a crushed Queen, a despised minister, to "count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord." If, at any time, then, at such a time, the chastened, but deeply sanctified soul, can say,—

"As myrrh, new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me."

4. We may review her wisdom in her faithful acknowledgement of the righteous government of God. The first Napoleon was, at that time, a popular and a prevailing conqueror; of him, the Queen said:—

"We may learn a great deal from Napoleon; but it would be blasphemy to say that GOD is with him. He is an instrument in the Almighty's hand to put an end to the old order of things. Better times will most assuredly come. Faith in a Perfect Being assures us of that; but GOOD can only be brought about in this world by THE GOOD; and for this reason, I do not believe the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte is so very secure upon his certainly, at present, brilliant throne. Truth and righteousness alone, are secure and at peace. Bonaparte is only politic, only prudent; he is not guided by eternal laws, but by circumstances; and he defiles his government with so many acts of injustice. He has no honest desire to speed the good cause with mankind. With his immeasurable ambition, he only cares for himself, and his personal interest. He believes he can do everything. When that is the case, a man loses his equilibrium, and falls."

There is an homily for you, my readers. There is a sermon worth printing in golden, and in gigantic letters; worth posting on the walls of the whole world; as a warning to ambitious, self-seeking, monopolising men: whether they be monarchs, or merchants, or ministers of state, or preachers of the Word. Napoleon did fall; and all such men must fall, sooner or later. But, now the queen turns from the earthly emperor unto the Lord of lords, and King of kings. She says:—

"I have a firm faith in God; and therefore, in a moral government of the word: all things as God wills. I find comfort, strength, courage, and serenity in this hope, which is firmly fixed in my mind. Is not everything in this world transitory? We must press forward. Here, my dear father, you have my political expression of faith, as well as I, a woman, can express it."

Correct; and beautifully expressed too. Indeed, it is. This noble princess met the old Napoleon, and secured the provinces on the right of the Elbe; all else was lost. Many changes occurred. They broke

up the Queen's health. On July 16, 1810, she was at Hohenzieritz and was seized with what proved her death sickness.

6. Come, now, and see her in the last moments of her earthly career:—

"Of what avail," she said, on one occasion, "is all earthly greatness? I am a Queen, but I cannot move my arms." The king, when tidings of the serious illness of his consort reached him, hurried to her bedside with his two eldest sons. "God be praised I am here," said the afflicted monarch; while tears of joy on seeing him streamed from the Queen's eyes. She said, "How didst thou come? Not in an open carriage, with thy fever?" The king replied in the affirmative. "Who came with thee?" she said. "Fritz and Wilhelm," answered the king. "Oh, what joy to see my dear children!" said the dying mother. When they were admitted to the chamber, the queen exclaimed, "My dear Fritz!—my dear Wilhelm!" but could say no more at the moment. The royal youths wept in silence by their mother's couch, while she gazed upon them with eyes full of maternal affection. She then endeavoured to question them about their brothers and sisters, but acute suffering returned, and the young princes were obliged to retire. When the hour of her death was come, she exclaimed, with uplifted eyes, "Oh, my God, my God, do not forsake me!" And soon after, in her agony, she said, "Jesus, shorten my sufferings!" The prayer was heard; the breath which gave it utterance was her last. The Queen died with her hands locked in those of her husband, who was overcome with poignant grief. On December 23, 1810, the anniversary of the day on which Louisa of Stretlitz entered Berlin as a bride, her corpse was consigned to its final resting-place, at Charottenburg.

Thus lived, thus died, one of the excellent of the earth. Since then, Prussia has risen, and her own son has carried the cup of retribution to the oppressing and flirting city; and at this very moment, France trembles in the balance; while England is assailed on every hand with heresies and divisions; even where Gospel Truth is embraced, the cruelties of Satan are working great evils; while the worshippers and publishers of man's free-will, and the annihilation of man's soul, are numerous, and multiply rapidly. Forty years ago I received the truth in the love of it. No other Gospel but that preached by Jesus, and his own chosen apostles can I receive, or contend for. I feel daily that Gospel is despised by men; hence, little else than mental and ministerial martyrdom remains for

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C. W. BANKS.

RESURRECTION.

"He is not here: he is risen. Matt. xxviii. 6.

COME, let us draw nigh
To Jesus on high;
Not now on the cross, he has fled to the sky,
And he'll come again,
But not to be slain, [die.
To gather his ransomed where they cannot
By faith I can see
He died on the tree,
The death which has given new life unto me;
I die—but to sin,
And new life now begin
From love which is sov'reign, from grace
which is free.

Totteridge, April 3, 1871.

As thou Lord didst bleed,
And die in my stead,
From the bond of fierce Justice, my spirit is
free'd;
Hence, *daily* I'll die,
And for holiness sigh,
Till for sighing and dying there shall be no
need.

O how shall I praise
In suitable lays,
This wonderful love of the "Ancient of days?"
Come, Jesus, inspire
With heavenly fire,
This heart that is panting thy glories to raise.

ROBERTUS.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE

OWNED AND ADORED IN THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF J. J. KIDDLE.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGHOUT the year 1823, the leadings of Divine Providence, and the work of Divine Grace, were marvellously displayed in me. Like Abraham, I went out, not knowing whither I went; and, like Abraham, I was led to the Mount, where God had appointed to meet me, and bless me. From the time I heard the sermon on, "Behold the Lamb of God," etc., I felt assured God would save me, but could not realise it. I felt too, "I will not let Thee go, unless Thou bless me." God had taken hold of me by His word. I saw Christ was the sacrifice—the only one acceptable to God.

On May 1st, this year, we removed from the Cum Farm, to Pembridge Castle, Herefordshire. The founder of this spacious old Castle,—(in ruins, since the days of O. Cromwell)—lies in state in Hereford Cathedral, by the name of Pembruge. Its mote, and four towers, are still standing to testify of its dimensions and strength—walls of stone six feet thick—the towers standing to each point of the compass much thicker. In that strong-hold now stands the dwelling house; and in that dwelling house is a large room, occupied as a Roman Catholic place of worship, down to the time when J. Bailey, Esq., M.P., purchased the estate, about twenty years ago. There my parents resided forty-years.

After I removed to this place, I broke off my former companions, and again tried by reformation, reading the Bible, and prayer, to realize peace with God, but daily grew more and more miserable; knew not an individual that could point out to me the way of salvation. Like Cornelius, I fasted, prayed, and wept; but heard of no Peter to send for. I wrapped up myself in religious observances—I sought to wipe off old scores by strict attention to religious duties; but instead of lessening the debt I owed, by human merit, I increased it *ten-fold*.

In this state of condemnation I felt more and more miserable—my anguish of mind cannot be told—I became so irritable, that I even envied the dog that had no soul, and was greatly tempted to everything evil. God said again and again, by the Word, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," etc. I believed Jesus was the Christ; but did not know what to believe. I knew not that the sacrifice—the atonement—the work of Christ, as finished. Was continually presenting my prayers, etc., as things of merit; and thereby insulting Divine Mercy. Many a time did I cry out, "I am the most miserable being in the world; God hath forsaken me;" and then the text would come again to mind, "Behold the Lamb of God," etc. One day when ploughing with a pair of horses that did not work to please me, I began to swear; my misery then became so great, I determined no longer to abstain from drinking, and resolved to drown that misery. After the day's work was over, I commenced my way to a public house, but crossing a large field, where there was no path, I became so impressed again with "Behold the Lamb of God," I stood still—looked up; the stars were bright in the heavens; I fell down on my kness—cried for mercy for a long time. My cry was, Lord, lead me somewhere, that I may understand the way of salvation. Rose up, and returned home. Although I did not realize

liberty, I felt assured God had heard me, and was more than ever determined to sin no more, and do everything to please God.

A few days after this, in the month of June, myself and some of the men were sent to Monmouth for two waggon-loads of soot, and after we returned, as black as sweeps, my father ordered us to go and sow it. It was then late in the evening; and as we had been all day in it, the men objected, and I had to inform my father of their determination. He became very enraged while I reasoned with him, and struck me a violent blow: in a moment, I gave him a blow with my fist which brought him on the floor; he rose, up and struck me with the stick again on my head; I fell down, and there on the floor he repeated his blows, vowing he would kill me. The servant girl hearing his oaths, and seeing what he was doing, took hold of the sweeping brush, and with the handle gave him a violent blow. He then left me, to pursue the girl; when I got out of his way, and the girl escaped.

This circumstance caused me the deepest sorrow of heart. I had again broken my promise, to sin no more, by striking my father. Although I had many marks of his violence on my body, I did not feel them as I felt the blow given to my father. He forbade my being any longer in his house; therefore, I took my clothes, and the few shillings of money my mother gave me, and started to find out my mother's relations in Dorsetshire, whom I had never seen. The first town I went to was Ross; where I was again powerfully tempted to join a recruiting party; but resisted. Next day, started again, carrying my luggage. When about two miles from the town, I fell in with a gentleman, who said, "Friend, where art thee going?"

I replied, "I do not know, anywhere to find a home."

He then enquired who I was, and where I came from. I told him all. Finding I was a respectable farmer's son, he said, "I will hire thee to look after my farm." I consented to try a month at thirty shillings, board and lodging. These people were members of the Society of Friends. They counselled me, and treated me as their child. They were satisfied with me; I esteemed their kindness; and especially the good lady's, for she showed me the affection of a mother: but I had no peace in my soul; and they could not tell me how to obtain it, but by a moral life. Providence led me there: for, at the end of the month, I had money to travel on.

Taking my leave of these dear people, I travelled, on foot, 150 miles—carrying my burden of clothes, and *the heavier burden of sin*—to Gillingham, and thence to Wincanton, to my father's brother—a pious Baptist. In my luggage, I carried a Bible, and a pack of cards. My uncle said, "A Bible and pack of cards." Which do you love most? It was a word in season; I was dumb. He reasoned with me. I told him all: he shewed the way of justification by faith. It was the first time I heard of it. A few days after, at family prayer, God gave me faith; I realized pardon; and could *now* tell the stone on which I kneeled down—never forgotten. The same night I dreamed I was preaching on Matt. xi. 15. When I rose in the morning, took the bible, and found the chapter, verse, and words, as I had dreamed. I had no knowledge of them before. I wrote home immediately to inform my parents, and all, what the Lord had done for me. They sent for me to return home at Christmas. I did so: and on Christmas day, went to

a meeting in the neighbourhood, taking my brother with me. It was a large kitchen, full of people, but no preacher. The good old woman of the house having heard of my conversion, gave me a Bible and hymn book, and said, "you must conduct the meeting." I trembled, not having done so before. I now saw the congregation to be the very congregation I had seen in my dream. I read the chapter, and told my experience on, "He that hath ears to hear," etc. And that night the Lord called my brother. Sweet Providence and Grace in 1823. Praise God!

MISINTERPRETED TEXTS.

BY BURLINGTON B. WALE,
(Of Dacre Park Chapel, Blackheath, Kent.)

[FIRST PAPER.]

"They feared as they entered into the cloud." Luke ix. 45.

BEFORE explaining the true reading of this passage, which we shall do in very few words, we shall glance briefly at the circumstances connected with the transfiguration of Christ—circumstances, which we cannot help thinking, are strikingly suggestive of *the Future Judgement*. The reader will observe that in the twenty-seventh verse of the chapter, the Saviour closes a conversation with his disciples, by the remarkable words—"But I tell you of a truth, there be some standing here, that shall not taste of death till they see the Kingdom of God." Matthew gives it thus, (chapter xvi. 27, 28.)—"For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father, with his angels, and then He shall reward every man according to his works; verily I say unto you, there be some standing here, that shall not taste of death till they see *the Son of Man coming in His kingdom*." Now, in each of the Evangelists, the very next thing named—after this utterance of our Lord—is the Transfiguration.

Now, how are we to understand the statement of the Lord, that there were some standing by, who should not taste of death till they had seen the Son of Man coming in His kingdom, with the glory of His Father, and his angels? All who were "standing by" then, have long since passed into their graves; and yet the Son of Man has not come in His glory, to judge the world. The explanation of the seeming difficulty—we think—is this: the *Transfiguration* was an *epitome* of the *glory* of the future judgement day; the disciples "standing by," who saw it, were Peter, and James, and John—they beheld the Son of Man as He will come in His glory.

When Christ comes in His glory, He will be surrounded by the quick and the dead: that is, those whom He will raise from the dead, and those, who being alive at His coming, will not see death, but will be translated, and caught up to meet Him in the air. Now the transfiguration was an exact type of this. Moses was there as a type of those who had died, and yet lived again.* Elijah was there as a type of those,

* Was Moses there in a resurrection body? We may not venture to affirm this, but if it were so, the scene would be still more strikingly typical of the judgement day. There is much mystery attaching to the body of Moses. "The Lord buried him." Was he afterwards raised from the dead? What means that remarkable passage in Jude, "Michael the Archangel disputing with the Devil about the body of Moses"?

who like him, will be translated at the coming of the Lord. Thus it was a literal fact, that there were some "standing by," who did not taste of death till they saw the Son of Man coming in His glory.

We obtain a farther confirmation of this view, if we turn now to the words at the head of this article, "They feared as they entered into the cloud." This sentence, as it stands in our translation, seems to carry with it this thought, that they (the disciples) feared, as they (the disciples) entered into the cloud; as though the cloud was the thing that inspired fear in the breasts of Peter, James, and John. Now according to the best critics, the original will not bear this construction; the real meaning of the passage being this: "They—the disciples—feared, as they—that is, *Moses* and *Elijah*—entered into the cloud." It was the entrance of *Moses* and *Elijah* into the cloud, that inspired the fear in the minds of the disciples. And now re-calling what we have just said, that the transfiguration was a miniature representation of the future judgment-day, we shall see the force of this remark. *Moses* was the Law-giver, *Elijah* the Law-avenger. (See 1 Kings xviii. 41.) The disciples might well fear as they saw them enter into the cloud. For the Law knows nothing of mercy; and the Avenger will destroy all who enter the cloud of judgement, without the shelter of a Saviour's protecting presence. But, blessed be God, when the disciples came to themselves, they saw no man save "Jesus only." *Moses* and *Elijah* talked with Christ—they had nothing to do whatever with the disciples—nothing to say to them—only as they were represented in the person of their Master: so they are not represented as speaking at all to the trembling disciples; the Law-giver, and the Law-avenger, had naught to do with them, for they were not under the Law, but under Grace.

And so it will be at the judgement of the great day, of which the Transfiguration was a type: surrounded by those who have died, but to live again, like *Moses*; and those who are translated without seeing death, like *Elijah*; the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and with Him, *Moses*, the Law-giver, and *Elijah*, the Law-avenger; but to the saint protected by his Saviour, neither the Law-giver, nor the Law-avenger will have anything to say: and when the judgement is over, the believer—like the disciples—will find himself with "Jesus only."

THE LATE HENRY FOWLER AND JOSEPH IRONS; AND THEIR PETITION TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IN a Lecture which we delivered in Boston, April 10, 1871, we noticed that the late Bishop Lloyd (the then newly made Bishop of Oxford), died suddenly, after delivering his eloquent speech in the Upper House, in favour of the Catholic Emancipation bill; also, we noticed the unhappy end of Sir Robert Peel, who made Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Oxford; who, consequently played the servile part of helping to sell England over to the hands of Rome. The following epistle has since reached us; and does accord so much with our own views, that we give it with feelings most solemn and painful. As long as the Lord shall give us any strength we are willing to lecture publicly, anywhere and everywhere, in favour of the HOLY TRUTH OF

THE GOSPEL: "Knowing we are set for the defence of the Gospel;" and in dependence alone upon the ALMIGHTY SPIRIT, we re-echo the words of the good Apostle: "As the truth of Christ is in me, no man shall stop me of this boasting in all the regions of Achaia." Opposition and afflictions attend us; but they only nerve heart, head, and hands to witness for Christ, until that summons arrives, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward." We could desire that the travelling and the stated ministers of the Gospel, instead of acting under Satan, "the Accuser of the brethren," would unite together in Paul's determination "to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."—ED.

MR. C. W. BANKS,—DEAR SIR,—In the year 1848, you kindly inserted in your monthly periodical, *The Earthen Vessel*, at the suggestion of my late esteemed friend, John Wilkinson, of the *Shipping Gazette*, the biography of my late beloved father, entitled, "Travels in the Wilderness, or My Life," by Henry Fowler, minister of the Gospel, Gower street chapel.

At this far distant day, I am more pleased than ever in observing the faithfulness with which you transcribed it, *ad literate*, as published by my late brother, Ebenezer, from *manuscript*, in 1839, after my father's decease, and for which I now thank you.

For some time past it has struck me to ask you whether you would insert an extract from his preface to "The Travels;" his remarks therein bearing some relation to the times we now live in, as it respects the state of the churches, and the economy of God in his all-wise dispensations concerning them in this wilderness. I am encouraged in asking this favour from a remark you made in the *Vessel* two or three years ago, of your intention some early future day in dotting down reminiscences of godly preachers of *our own century* (the 19th), who have gone to their rest. To that end, I therefore offer you my two mites of truthful information, as follows, viz.

FIRST MITE.

My plain narrative will not suit the fastidious taste of the generality of would-be-thought-learned folks in the present gloomy, Sardinian state of the church (1838). But we are drawing towards the close of the Sardinian state, I judge, when brighter days will come, and last till the Laodoceian state of the church commences, and which will bring on the last great day, when the Son of Man shall come in person, clothed with majesty divine, and gather out of his kingdom all that offend; gather his wheat into his garner, and burn up the chaff with fire unquenchable. This awful, but joyful day is drawing near, as I imagine. The Lord has yet a great work to do in the earth; when he begins, "a short work will he make in the earth."

The fulness of the Gentiles shall come in; not by the ordinary means, the preaching of the Word by man; but by the pouring out of the Spirit, as on the day of Pentecost. After which, the elect of God of the Jewish nation will have the veil destroyed from off their blinded minds; and then the great Shepherd of the sheep shall reign in Mount Zion gloriously. The ministers of Christ, and the body of the church, have prophesied in sackcloth these many years; for these are

the "two witnesses," and they shall continue, spite of Rome and hell, until they have finished their testimony.

There does appear to me some clear signs, that in a few years, the real Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the servants of God, will be silenced, or banished from this kingdom. Infidelity and popery, though not in the gross form it once appeared in, are the two monsters that will root out all real religion in this kingdom.

After which, infidelity will, by God's command, as the kings of the earth, destroy popery, for God shall put it into their hearts. As God employed Cyrus to demolish the Assyrian monarchy, which was first founded by Nimrod, the great grandson of Noah, and was the seat of idolatry; so will God most certainly find means to cast that mystical Babylon, the mystery of iniquity, and mother of harlots, into the deep, to rise no more for ever. I do not pretend to a spirit of prophesy; but this is my judgment, and these are my views. Time will shew how far I am right in these things.

Signed, HENRY FOWLER.

SECOND MITE.

In the year 1829, my father, Mr. Henry Fowler, minister of Gower street chapel, wrote to Mr. Joseph Irons, minister of Grove chapel, Camberwell, to come over to 23, Grafton street, East, to help him in preparing the prayer of a petition to the House of Lords against the Roman Catholic Emancipation act. Mr. Irons came at once, and it would have done you good to have heard as I did, the brotherly sympathy and zeal expressed towards each other on the subject, and the loving correction of each other in the substitution of more acceptable expressions in conveying their heartfelt sentiments in the prayer.

Mr. Irons having an extensive knowledge of various sections of the Churches at that time of day, and its ministers holding "Justification by Faith," and being a man of business energy, it was proposed for him to go round to all the ministers he knew, for their signatures to the petition. The result was, he obtained 97 ministers' names in London and suburbs, the majority of whom had congregations. This petition was presented to the House of Lords by Earl Eldon, who prefaced his remarks by informing the House that it was a petition from 97 Dissenting ministers in London, and was respectfully worded. To which the then Lord King remarked, "Yes, your lordship, signed by *ninety-seven shoemakers and tailors.*" Lord Eldon rejoined by saying, "Yes, Lord King, the more to their credit." The petition was received, and laid on the table in due form. The following week Lord King died with the rot in his bowels.

Thus far, dear sir, I have given in my two mites to you treasury, if you think them worth receiving. Believe me to be, dear sir, yours faithfully,

SAMUEL FOWLER.

3, Sandall road, Camden road, N.W. April 9, 1871.

BOOKS.—*School Board Chronicle*—This new weekly is a first class educational journal. The members of "School Boards" will find everything they require in order to fit them for their responsible duties.—*Poor Little Charlotte* is a touching tale for cruel husbands, bad fathers, and poor little girls. Published by Partridge and Co.—*The Long Lost Chapter in The Acts of the Apostles*—This penny tract puzzles us; we cannot yet, either eat it, or drink it. We shall try again.

HAS MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE DONE RIGHT IN RETURNING TO ENGLAND ?

MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE has published a pamphlet detailing the facts and circumstances which led him to return to England; and in connection therewith is a Memoir of his late beloved wife—her experience, and triumphant death; also, a few extracts from his own diary: altogether the pamphlet is pleasing to read; and will be useful to convince some that the author has done right. When we stood on the vessel which carried Mr. McCure from England to Australia the second time, we felt assured he would return: we said as much at the time. But when we received some letters from Sydney respecting his leaving his pulpit there, we inwardly rebelled against such a course. We heard serious objections in every direction. Some of his best friends in England were decidedly opposed to his return; but, Cowper's hymn is always true:

“ God moves in a mysterious way,”

and, then,

“ Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;”

still,

“ God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.”

Since our brother McCure HAS come back to England, we have availed ourselves of all possible opportunities of hearing him as a lecturer, and also as a preacher of the gospel. His lecture on Australian Life and Labour is always instructing, and must be useful. As a preacher, we considered his mind had been so desperately harrassed, and driven hither and thither, that we feared, as a STATED pastor over any one people in England, he would fail; as an EVANGELIST, we have thought him BETTER qualified than any man we have in England; but, as a consecutive, settled down preacher and pastor, in one place, we did not think he would succeed. With this impression, we went—prayerfully—to hear his sermon at Rehoboth, Pimlico, on the afternoon of the day that his public meeting was holden. In that sermon we discovered in him an experimental springing well:—and whenever we can honestly write on the front of any good Christian—“ A MAN IN WHOM THE SPIRIT OF GOD IS,” then, we are satisfied, such a man is fitted for any work the Great Head of the Church may be pleased to give him. Both as an evangelist, and as a settled pastor, brother John Bunyan McCure is now in England, his own native country; and thousands of our good Strict Baptists have received him—have helped him, and have thanked God for the grace and gifts bestowed upon him: and if any scruples remain in the hearts of any careful Christians as regards the propriety of his LEAVING Sydney the last time, we would ask such DOUBTERS to study carefully four things:—

I. Mr. John Bunyan McCure has left in his pulpit at Sydney, a sterling, a righteous, a faithful, and a laborious minister of Christ's gospel. This, we know from sermons and letters received: Mr. Allen, the present pastor at Sydney, is a man whose mind is larger than his heart,—a mind most industriously determined for God's truth. We always thought John Bunyan McCure a bold man, but Daniel Allen is a much sterner fellow than John Bunyan McCure, or we have erred in our judgment. The church at Sydney, then, is well provided for;

and if Daniel Allen will more frequently imitate Jonathan, *i. e.*, dip his ministerial rod in the honey-combe, we believe he will prove to be a minister and pastor well suited to build up the church Mr. McCure has left behind. We have some of Mr. Allen's sermons and writings to give in proof of this as soon as space will permit.

II. We ask our doubting friends to consider the large amount of Gospel seed John Bunyan McCure has scattered over this kingdom; also, the number of our churches who have invited, employed, and been helped by him. Our leading men—James Wells, John Foreman, Samuel Milner, George Murrell, and others—cannot run all over England as they have done, serving the churches; but, here is a brother who has drawn in so much of the Australian and sea air, that he is almost as hard as iron, and is fit for a large amount of work. Whether we like it or not, we must confess there appears a *seasonable necessity* for his return. He comes in to help us when our venerable and beloved fathers are laying down to rest. Let us hail him with all our heart; and give him an honest God-speed.

III. We ask our careful doubters to read this new pamphlet. By sending four stamps to Mr. R. Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill, they may receive a copy free by post.

Last of all: let us consider the cruel opposition put forth against us "*letter-men*" by those, whose experience of the law and the Gospel being so much superior to any we ever had, they feel themselves justified in wandering all over the land with their slaughter-weapons to destroy every man whose name is not written in their book. For over thirty years we have travelled and preached CHRIST'S GOSPEL, and night and day have we laboured to publish the same all through the earth, as far as our efforts could reach, and unto thousands our words and works have been useful in soul matters. Nevertheless, a race of men obtain the patronage of certain cliques; and from hence, they become enemies to us, and to our work. The Lord be thanked, they have neither killed us, nor have they crushed our influence. To God alone be all the glory.

In England, Mr. John Bunyan McCure has to go forth with Christ's Gospel, deadly opposed by Romanists, by Ritualists, by Formalists, and by Annihilationists. Against these four mighty armies we have gone forth, in the strength of the Lord, for near thirty years. In measure, our brother McCure has to go forth in the face of the same opposing armies. But, as we write, we remember most gratefully, that at the outset of our ministerial pilgrimage, those blessed words of Paul to the Romans were sealed upon our heart. Fires have been lighted to burn us: floods have been poured out to drown us; falsehoods most wicked, have been framed to kill us; but, "As thy days thy strength shall be," is a promise most inexpressibly clear to us, therefore, for ourselves, and now especially on behalf of our brother John Bunyan McCure, we reiterate Paul's query and assertion.—

"Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?"

To his own Master he standeth or falleth.

Yea, he shall be holden up;

For GOD is able to make him stand."

May God the Eternal Spirit pour upon our churches and ministers a fresh baptism of spiritual life, of heavenly love, and of Christ-revealing power. So prays THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Venerable and Original Pastor of Newport Pagnell. William Bull.—The grandson, of whom we wrote last month, has issued his grandfather's life. We may notice that singular history more fully yet. The eccentricities of that good man are not hidden by the biographer. One or two facts might be useful to ministers of the present time. The ancient preacher, on one occasion, "purposely exceeded his time" of preaching; he saw some of the people stealing a glance at the clock. "Ah," said he, "I see you are looking at the clock; but some of you have got into the habit of coming late, and I am resolved you shall not cheat God Almighty out of his time, and so I shall go on a few minutes longer, and make up at the end of the service what has been lost at the beginning." And this, too, although "he used to say it was of no use to talk to people about their souls, when they began to think about their dinner." In those days, afternoon congregations were generally large, and in summer time not more large than drowsy. But Mr. Bull was always equal to the occasion. Thus, on one such afternoon, he suddenly stopped, and then, in a loud tone, said, "My chest aches very much, and I will sit down and rest till you are all awake, and then I will proceed." The sleepers were at once aroused, and all looked on with wonder, and some thought, "the old gentleman was struck." Perhaps the best of these stories about sleepy hearers is the following: "My grandfather had a servant very subject to this infirmity, and he was resolved, if possible, to cure him of it. Towards the close of his sermon, on one occasion, he saw the man very soundly asleep in the gallery. He told the congregation he wished the usual hymn after the sermon to be omitted, and begged they would leave the chapel as quietly as possible, 'because,' he said, 'I see my servant asleep, and I don't want you to awake him.' The people did as they were requested, and the man was left to awake in an empty chapel. This is the way in which he could speak of the Church of Scott, and Newton, and Cowper and Thornton, and Cecil: "All this morning, I have been quarreling with two ladies. I hate them both most cordially. There is old Madame Infallibility at Rome, and her daughter Establishment in England. The daughter

is just like her mother, and imitates her in everything." He could be severe.

Mr. Ormiston, the Vicar of St. David's Church, Holloway, has been severely afflicted for several months, and is laid aside from his ministry. Mr. Doudney, in his *Gospel Magazine* for April, makes a pathetic and earnest mention of his case. We hope many will fly to the aid of that devoted, faithful, and spiritual servant of Christ, Mr. Ormiston. We fear his mind and physical powers have been overtaxed. How sad to us is the thought that a minister may toil on as hard and as often as he possibly can; but when prostrated, if God did not marvellously appear, both himself and his family might starve in their homes of sorrow. We have passed through much of this creature and Christian desertion, in our present, and in previous trials. Hard hearts and covetous souls abound; but the Lord liveth, and his people shall either have the fulfilment of his promises; or, sustaining grace to endure all those deprivations which afflictions bring upon them. Dr. Doudney's remarks in his magazine are solemn and seasonable. Oh, that Christian charity may shake herself from the dust, put on her beautiful garments, and go forth to cheer and comfort the afflicted in Zion. They are many; we are witnesses; every day we see or know cases needing relief.

Drops of Myrrh, from Mr. Hazlerigg's sermons, are seasonable, useful, and must tend much to stimulate sickly Christians, and to comfort healthy believers. We shall divide them between *Earthen Vessel* and *Cheering Words*, if our Lord permit. We do not know Mr. H., but we have read, with much appreciation, his sermons.

The Duty of Husbands is a published sermon by the minister of Finsbury chapel, Mr. M'Auslane, which we will take special notice of ere long.

John Wesley's Mother is a fine chapter for all who are, or desire to be, valued wives, or devoted mothers. It is given in *Our Own Fireside* for April.

The State Church—One "Investigator" has heaped up in this penny tract an immense amount of information. Not the State church only: but all the professing churches, with few exceptions, are, in their machinery, very imperfect. We think of giving "State Church" a review.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE CLOSE OF MR. HEMINGTON'S PROBATIONARY LABOURS AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL.

(By Special Correspondent.)

In the January *Vessel*, a faithful report appeared of the opening address with which Mr. Hemington commenced his four month's probation. To that report exception has been taken, not to any particular passage or expression, but as a whole, as being "very unlike the sermon really delivered." Now as there was no pretence made of giving "the sermon," only Mr. Hemington's outspoken, manly appeal to the people on his appearing before them as a candidate for the pastorate, this high-handed denial does not perhaps strictly apply. But then the question arises why this singular departure of the *Standard* from its usual rectitude? We are informed it is to gratify a few, a select few, who thought Mr. Hemington by that address evinced too much independence on entering on so important an office. Hence, "the sermon is said to be very unlike," while we affirm the report was strictly accurate as delivered.

Then it may be asked, if our former efforts to bring before the Christian public Mr. Hemington's wholesome remarks have incurred the displeasure of our *Standard* friends, why venture again? We might reply, Mr. Hemington is no ordinary man, he comes before the people under no ordinary circumstances, and therefore we wish to give our readers the benefit of such a combination of interests, and prove these little exclusive prejudices must give way to a better and more liberal spirit.

On Sunday evening, March 6, Mr. Hemington finished his four month's probation, when he delivered a masterly discourse, many points of which contained singular interest, and which was listened to by a crowded congregation. The text was Gal. vi. 15, 16, "For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. And as many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God."

The preacher said this Epistle was written by the Apostle to guard the Galatians against the corrupt doctrines of Judaizing teachers, who during Paul's temporary absence, crept in and endeavoured to draw away the people from what Paul had taught them as the grand theme of Salvation.

In the first place, Mr. Hemington noticed "circumcision," which availeth nothing. A man must be born again, born of the Spirit of God. People may make a profession, maintain an outward show of moral consistency, which thousands do in the present day, against whom there is nothing glaringly wrong in their external, moral deportment. They are strictly honest, strictly truthful,

often wonderfully benevolent, regular in their attendance on forms of religion. They go to their church or chapel, and keep up forms of worship at home, not thinking for a moment they are wrong in their religion. Yet here stands the truth, "Unless a man be born again," born of God, he cannot be saved. There is no midway. We are all passing through this mortal life with rapid strides, onward to the tomb; either down to hell or up to heaven. Down with devils or up to God and his Christ. To spend an eternity, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, or be cast down with the lost for ever and ever under the wrath of God. God help us to be faithful.

In describing the character of the mere professor, the preacher further said, they were particularly careful to keep the outside clean, while within they were as the loathsome sepulchre. They were scrupulously careful not to expose themselves to suspicion by any flagrant act, yet they were perfectly conscious that in the eyes of God they are not what they profess to be. These are what are called hypocrites in religion. There were hypocrites in the days of Christ, and no doubt there are such now. These are not tried as the children of God, these have no conflicts, lest they should prove hypocrites. These have no seasons of heart-searchings before God. But there may be some who are not conscious of anything wrong before God. These are blinded zealots, devotees in religious forms. Such are some of the Puseyites. He (Mr. Hemington) would not like to go so far as to say all these High Churchmen are hypocrites. Some may be, but there were others, his impression was, they were blinded zealots, thinking they were perfectly right. Just so with the Sisters of Mercy and people of that class, and others who make a profession of religion, not at all conscious that there is anything wrong before God. They are engaged in acts of philanthropy and performing what appears to be deeds of wonderful self-sacrifice, both in private and public, at home and abroad, giving themselves up to what they call "the service of God." Yet they are just as ignorant of the new birth as the blinded heathens are.

Mr. Hemington next came nearer home, turning on the superficial hearer, who had sat for years under the Gospel, yet no radical change, no depth of earth, no vital power. He wished to be faithful and it was a solemn thing to stand up and make religion easy for everybody, to be an instrument to quiet the conscience and cry, "Peace, peace, where there was no peace." After speaking on sowing to the flesh, he came to what he

termed the vitality of the subject, the "new creature," on which he dwelt at some length, and with considerable ability. But space will not allow us further to follow him.

After the sermon Mr. Hemington said, "I can but feel thankful to God that he has enabled me to complete my engagement; I feel and I confess that it has been with much weakness. I have struggled on here for four months. I have said, and I feel, that I never can pass through such another ordeal as to stand up for four months as a probationary period. However, my time is gone, my work is done as far as the four months are concerned. I have adhered to my first text and thank God, he has enabled me as I "determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." Not in one single instance have I faltered, and God is my witness. I have kept back nothing which he has laid on my conscience, but I have without regarding the frowns of enemies, or courting the smiles of friends, justly discharged my conscience; and spoke what I believe the Spirit of God has suggested to my mind. I have declared the truth and nothing but the truth as revealed to me. Now I say with Paul, I have finished my course, my four month's course, though not with much joy, but more conflict. Yet occasionally joys, moments of sweetness, but for the most part conflict. I have kept the faith, and I now leave the result with God. If he blesses my labours as the result of my engagement, he must have the glory. Amid all our changes there is I feel much reason for gladness of heart. In the solemn discharge of my work, I have been often strengthened when I have opened God's blessed book, and find in every age he has seen fit to take the fools of this world to confound the wisdom of the wise. It is "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." May he unite the truth on your hearts and may he work according to his own purpose, and may his mercy, grace and peace be with you and the whole Israel of God for ever and ever. Amen.

On the following Tuesday evening Mr. Hemington preached and subsequently baptized one person.

Mr. Hemington supplied at Gower street on the 16th and two following sabbaths. We hear, but of course we give it under reserve, that at the meeting held for the purpose, it was decided by a majority of eleven to one, that Mr. Hemington be invited to accept the pastorate.

SHREWSBURY.—You will be glad to learn that, under God, the congregation at St. John's Hill is increasing, and the church is full of hope as to the future. I have received and accepted a hearty, cordial, and unanimous invitation from them to become their pastor. May God bless the union. Asking an interest in your prayers and those of your readers, I am dear brother, yours in the Lord Jesus,

J. MANNING.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—Wednesday morning, April 12th, 1871. Soon after five this morning I left my bed in Pastor Wilson's vicarage at Billingborough, in whose chapel last evening we had a pleasant service. The rain poured down gently this morning, while a friend drove me from Billingborough to Bourne, a distance of ten miles. At Bourne have taken ticket for London, and after six hours shaking in a Great Northern, I hope, if God will, to see my home and family once more, which I left early Good Friday morning. A few thoughts upon the last six days work, will interest some who know a little of the Lincolnshire fens—its growing towns, and villages so neat. Some gentle hint here and there may be given to those poor little afflicted souls who seem to be perpetually afflicted with yellow fever. The ride from London to Spalding on Good Friday was a cold one; but I was favoured with some good thoughts upon that great subject, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." Father Cole met me at Spalding station, and took me on to Rose Cottage; and at Love Lane Chapel we had two services, with a tea meeting between, which Mrs. Wilkinson and her sisters in the Lord, provided in the best possible style. I thought I never met with such a group of ancient godly people before. I love to hear the fathers and mothers in Israel speak out so decidedly and experimentally on the truth of the Gospel, especially when during a life of forty, fifty, and sixty years they have adorned their profession of faith in the Lord their God. I have been in the company of many precious souls this journey, and I have delivered such messages as the Lord hath given me, in places where I have never been before. My soul in silent words would pray that a great blessing may follow my labours even in Lincolnshire. The old Baptist Chapel in Spalding requires repairing, the pulpit must be occupied by a powerful labourer in the vineyard; then "Love Lane" will rejoice again in its crowds flocking to the house of God. Mr. Tryon kindly volunteered to preach at Love Lane on Good Friday, but their arrangements were completed. If Mr. Tryon would take the Spalding Chapel case into his hands, he might soon see the old Tabernacle restored to strength and beauty. Mr. Tryon still preaches at Deeping, and in some of the adjacent districts. Saturday, April 8, I travelled on to Boston; of this and Billingborough, another day. At Sleaford, Mr. Samuel still holds on; so does Mr. Skipworth. At Billeringay, and in the city of Lincoln, the Baptists are meeting in the Royal Exchange. I was happy to see my friend, Mr. W. Wilson in such a comfortable chapel at Billingborough. But my thoughts on the Bulls' secret mischief, the Quadring case, &c. must wait for room.

MOUNT ZION CHAPEL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this excellent institution, was convened on Tuesday evening, April 18th. During the whole of the day the rain came down in tor-

rents ; this at once accounts for the sparseness of attendance on this occasion. We well remember going (as reporter for the *Earthen Vessel*) to the annual meeting of this society some years ago, when Mount Zion Chapel, Hill street, Dorset square, was quite full. Change passes upon all mundane things. At the present time some of the Fathers of the Denomination are severely afflicted, and God alone knows how long they may be spared to the Church. Leaving this matter, your readers, Mr. Editor, will be very pleased to learn that the Venerable John Foreman was able to preside on the occasion to which we refer. He is a remarkable man for his age, taking into consideration the amount of work he has done. In his short opening speech, Mr. Foreman referred to the good accomplished by their Benevolent society. Mr. Osborne (the secretary) read an excellent report. The society has been in existence twenty-four years. He was understood to say that 3,317 cases had been relieved during that time ; 118 cases had been relieved during the past year ; the amount given ranging from 2s. 6d. to 20s. During the year the father and founder of the society had been called hence. They had also lost three other of the committee. Still it was a matter for sincere thankfulness that their beloved Pastor was restored to a measure of health, and was once more in their midst to dispense the word of life to them. The cash account showed a balance in favour of the treasurer of £5 18s. 4d. Mr. Hazleton said his first business was to move the adoption of the report. He could do this heartily, as he approved of it. They had heard that 118 or 108 cases, he could not catch which, had been relieved during the year. In most instances, no doubt, personal visits had been paid to the recipients by the committee. At such times the Word of God was read and prayer offered. Of this he could approve, and therefore he with much pleasure moved that the report be passed. He should not detain the meeting with a long sermon or speech, for he had studied neither ; but while at home these words came to his mind, " He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth." Mr. Hazleton delivered a masterly address. He spoke of a threefold coming, and asserted that all true religion was the result of the atonement and mediation of Christ. The motion was seconded by Mr. Frank Griffin, and carried. Mr. D. Crumpton and Mr. W. Alderson having spoken, the proceedings closed.

CHATHAM—ENON CHAPEL. A happy gathering took place on the afternoon of Good Friday, April 7th. Tea was provided in a very orderly manner. Public proceedings commenced with a song of praise, and prayer offered to Almighty God. Mr. Oliffe was called to the chair, who in his opening remarks referred to the superstitious regard paid to Good Friday, and thought as Christians we should shun everything having a tendency that way, but still it would be well for all present who loved good things, to

consider the suffering Son of God, and dwell upon the riches of his grace. The meeting was further addressed upon the Pagan origin of some of the festivals of the Romish and Anglican Churches. Mr. Edgerton (minister) spoke upon union in Christ. Grace taught every heir of heaven the same lessons, namely, ruin and wretchedness in ourselves, but life and salvation by Christ. All could not see together upon all points, but he felt sure that every section of the professing Church contained some hearts God had touched. We must stand upon the written Word as a safe and unerring guide ; and, according to its teaching, love all who love Christ in sincerity and in truth. The speaker led the people to meditate for a short time upon the words of the infuriated rabble, who cried, " Not this Man, but Barrabas." While speaking of it as the cry of mankind now, shewed that some desired this Man above all others, and could pronounce him to be to their souls the altogether lovely. Mr. Vanheson spoke upon the Christian pilgrimage, and exhorted the people to help each other. The speaker gave some good advice to the Church, such as he felt experience enabled him to give. The blessedness of a peaceable and liberal mind was ably described. Mr. Terry offered some remarks upon sitting under our own vine and fig tree ; and also the love borne by all Christians to God's house. He was pleased to see so many present ; it exceeded his expectations. A vote of thanks was given to the ladies for the comfortable tea provided. A very earnest prayer by our brother Cassy concluded the meeting. Several friends from the Independent Church at Strood visited us, and the sanctuary was felt by many to be God's house and heaven's gate. TIMOTHY.

BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.—WEBB STREET. The 55th meeting of the Society for the relief of the sick and poor, was held April 10, 1871. Mr. Wale preached in the afternoon, (when the chapel was nicely filled) from Isaiah xlvi. 3, " I will not meet thee as a man." These words were addressed by God to his enemies, and the opposite is implied, viz, that he will meet his people as a man. He gave five illustrations of how God meets his people as a man. First, in the ministration of the Gospel. God did not send angels to preach the Gospel, but men who are of like passions as the people. Second, it was true in relation to the work of grace in our hearts, that God meets us as a man. Third, he meets us as a man in giving us the man Christ Jesus. Fourth, he meets us as a brother in the dark valley of the shadow of death. Fifth, he will meet us as a man in the last great judgment day.

After the sermon, tea was provided ; and at 6.30 the meeting commenced. Mr. Lawrence presided ; Mr. Knott read the report, which showed that in the past year they had received £30 ; balance in hand £2 12s. Mr. Williamson said it was a long time since he had spoken in that chapel, but he had no doubt but that many during that time had

been relieved both temporally and spiritually. To do good was a divine institution, and they were not to refuse help to the ungodly, for they could not tell but that they might be ministering to some with whom they might stand in eternal glory. Mr. Steed spoke from the words, "He hath done all things well." Mr. Warren, of Plumstead said, the Saviour in his sermon on the mount said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven." When a man is in need, he will be thankful for help, even if it should come from a raven's mouth. Some people are brought up in poverty and would be gladdened by help. But there were others who would not show their poverty and such when helped evince a refined feeling of thankfulness. God suffers Satan to come in and take everything away, in order that the Christian may come in with a cup of cold water. Mr. Bradley said these Societies were calculated to do much good among the Lord's people, for many of them live in the midst of poverty. Mr. Clinch spoke nicely from the word "love;" and Mr. Caunt also gave some good advice. The meeting was then closed. A good collection was made during the evening.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

WATFORD.—Mr. HENRY WISE, late pastor of Carmel, Pimlico, sends the following: Mr. EDITOR,—I see by February VESSEL, you refer to Carmel Chapel, Pimlico. I find you know nothing about me, or the place; how should you? I, nor the friends ever wrote to you about our baptisms, meetings, &c.; or of the many tokens of love I have received in the shape of gold, boxes, books, &c., from the Church, school, seat-holders, and strangers. I followed the advice of the honourable brethren Foreman and Milner. The former said, "Never give up your trade." I never did, because I prefer working to begging. Mr. Milner said, "Mind your own business; keep at home at Carmel." That I have done; the Church never wished me to leave, or change. In this also we agreed. You say, "with little or no progress." Let me inform you of the little: (not to get another place; my Master knows where I live, and sends for me constantly.) Jan. 31st, 1859, I received a letter from the Church to accept the pastorate signed by 100 members, many of them since taken home, with five deacons. June 30th, a public recognition, the ministers present were brethren Foreman, Milner, and Wyard. June 1st, 1870, I sent a letter that I must resign my office. The reason is between me and Him whom I have served according to the ability given. During my pastorate there was baptised eighty-two believers. I love the people, and would serve them in anything that lay in my power. What others may say I know not. I found, and left them a loving, kind, affectionate Church and congregation. It is reported I have given up preaching. Such know little or nothing of Henry Wise, he has preached 100 times since he left dear old Carmel, it may be with little or no progress, but who can tell? Yours in the Gospel, H.W.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—DEAR SIR, My note this month must be very brief. I am sorry to say that Mr. Wells's present state of health is not so satisfactory as when I wrote you in April number. There has been a relapse; and the intense bodily pain he has passed through, has been of the most distressing character; still, our hope and prayer is that yet he may be restored; and if the Lord's will, again brought forth to declare the wonders and mysteries of the Gospel. We have had during April Mr. Suggett, of Brampton, Suffolk; Mr. Parish, of Oakingham; Mr. Haynes, of St. Ives; Mr. Cornwell, of London; and Mr. Foster, of Hastings. R.

THOUGHTS ON MR. C. H. SPURGEON'S LETTER TO MR. JAMES WELLS,

AND SOME OTHER MEN AND MINISTERS.

"God of the just, Thou gav'st the bitter cup;
I bow to Thy behest; and drink it up."

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE ONE TRUE AND LIVING LORD GOD OF ISRAEL.—I am frequently travelling in different parts of this kingdom; and I often have brief but blessed communion with ministers and people who believe in the LORD JESUS CHRIST; and, who, also, from much bitter experience have almost, if not altogether, ceased to have any "confidence in the flesh."

During the last few months, I have been constantly asked the question, "How is dear brother James Wells? Is he better? Is there hope that our gracious God will again raise him up, and bring him forth to his happy employment, the ministry of the Gospel?" To these many questions I have not been able to return but imperfect answers; because, never having seen our brother James Wells since that happy evening when he celebrated his fortieth pastoral year; and only receiving information of the state of his health from not the most reliable sources, I could only give such answers as I had received myself; but, three things have powerfully affected my heart in relation to Mr. James Wells; and as you, Mr. Editor, have been for many years, a friend of his; and as your *Earthen Vessel* is circulating, I find, all over the kingdom; and as it is looked to as the only medium of truthful information respecting our afflicted ministering brother, I must most earnestly beg of you to allow me to occupy a little of your space while I reflect upon the three points I have referred to.

The first is, the honest, the warm, the almost heart-broken sympathy manifested towards brother Wells, by those who have proved his ministry to be a living, a healing, and comforting testimony from God unto their own souls. And this, sir, thousands have proved during the last forty, or nearly fifty years; multitudes of whom are now in mansions above, far, far away from all the noisy strife and cruel hypoises of these un-

happy climes; and I will not fear to tell you, Mr. Editor, and I shall be bitterly disappointed if you do not let me tell your readers, that, the conviction of many a mind in these realms, leads them to declare, that the cruel, the un-christian, the ungrateful, the ungodly "Protest" issued a few years since, planted a wound in the breast of our brother James Wells, so deeply destructive to his own soul's peace, that, as one did once silently write, so, our brother has often grievously said:

"Sorrrows are mine; then let me joys evade,
And seek for sympathies in this loneshade." *

Mr. Editor, you know, if any man on earth does know, that the wounds of the soul are not always such as bleed outwardly; nor the most poignant anguish caused by visible agents. Man is so constituted that an assault on reputation, or even a public or general censure of his conduct and character, will often inflict as keen and lasting pain, as the piercing of a sword. Yes, Dr. Alexander was right, when he said, "There are some who could with more equanimity go to the cannon's mouth, than they could withstand the voice of disapprobation;" especially when it proceeds from those who have been as dear to us in the Gospel, as Jonathan was to David. I charge upon the authors and publishers of that "Protest," the beginning of those heavy afflictions which have threatened to throw one of the most useful ministers of Christ's Gospel into such an affliction as may prevent his ever proclaiming the truth again: but whether Mr. James Wells is raised again or not, very many thousands have known, and thousands now living do know, that his ministry has been unto them the very power of God, in leading them into the mercies and mysteries of the new and everlasting covenant. The Lord God Almighty has honoured him above multitudes of ministers, who can criticise, cavil, and try to condemn a good man, but who can never do the work which God hath wrought by him.

I am prepared to show unto all the churches in Christendom, James Wells's origin, his strong conviction of sin, his travail of soul, his seekings after peace, his efforts to know the truth, his certain and blessed deliverance, his first movements to make known to his fellow-men the way of life, the wonderful blessings which have been received through his ministry, and undeniable proofs that that ministry has been of God; and I believe, Mr. Editor, that if you will publish these evidences in your *Vessel*, you will be the means of relieving many an anxious heart, and of undeceiving many a prejudiced soul. James Wells never was an angel, I know; he has not perhaps the genial, soft, and pleasing nature of some I might name; he is not a perfect man; but, he has been a burning and a shining light in the souls of a mighty host of Christ's own saved sheep.

* His seat beneath the tree in his garden, where in silent contemplation he spent many hours.

(II.) My second point of observation is the beautiful letter to Mr. James Wells from Mr. C. H. Spurgeon. That letter has rejoiced the hearts of heaps of good men and true; and I desire to review that communication in my next. I am afraid to do it here, because I believe if I send you too much, you will throw the whole into the waste basket; that I wish to avoid; therefore, I send you a little at a time.

(III.) My third point is, the wicked spirits which are flying hither and thither, determined, if possible, to destroy the usefulness of such men as James Wells; the editor of *The Earthen Vessel*; and some more I might name. I am fully persuaded you, and your friends, with many more in the country, have been "set for the defence of the Gospel," and for us laymen to be silent, when the enemies are all up and united in their work of destruction, would be indirectly helping on an evil work.

In the early persecutions of the Nonconformists, there was a citizen in London, named WHITE; he was brought before the Lord Chief Justice, after having been in many jails for not attending church. When he came up the last time, the following occurred:

Lord Chief Justice: Who is this?

White: White, an't please your honour.

Lord Chief Justice: White! as black as the devil!

White: Not so, my lord; one of God's children.

So, Mr. Editor, let me prove that while the enemies are crying "Black," I can prove I am

THE HONEST DEFENDER OF "ONE OF
GOD'S OWN CHILDREN."

OUR EVANGELIZING CURATES.

(No. IV.)

WE have frequently heard Mr. Thomas Rowley, (of 72, Castle street, Oxford street, W.) spoken of as a preacher in most commendable terms. He has been known to us as a brother of the kindest Christian spirit for many years. He is a long-tried Strict Baptist; sound in the faith, and in some of our London and suburban churches has laboured carefully and usefully. "Blameless and harmless," as a firm and faithful follower of the Lamb he has attained unto a degree of ripeness in the faith; and may, with the utmost confidence be placed in any pulpit where a Gospel supply is required.

We have rejoiced in reading an account of the satisfactory manner in which the Lord constrained our brother G. Burrell, (of 25, Linton street, Arlington square, Islington) to go forth into the ministry of the Gospel. As a deacon of the church under Mr. Hazleton's care, he has "purchased unto himself a good degree and great boldness in THE FAITH which is in CHRIST JESUS." The several features which Paul gives of "deacons," have been honestly illustrated and confirmed in our brother Burrell's long career. We believe

Mr. Burrell's pastor, brother deacons, and fellow-members, all could endorse these features in favour of the brother whose name we alone are responsible for thus introducing to the notice of our churches. Let the deacons of our churches consider these features for one moment. Paul says, "deacons must be

1. "Grave," (i.e. solemn, serious, not showy.)
2. "Not double-tongued," (no hypocrites.)
3. "Not given to much wine."
4. "Not greedy of filthy lucre."
5. "Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience."

6. "First proved, using well the office."
7. "Ruling their children and houses well."

Our churches for the most part we believe, enjoy deacons answering to these qualifications; hence, when, as in Mr. Burrell's case, natural, mental, and spiritual gifts are added, our churches may anticipate a large supply of useful pastors when required. We venture to advise brother Burrell not hastily to settle down as pastor over any small section. He will increase his physical and ministerial powers by serving different churches for some time; then, the full benefits of extended observation, of fellowship with various Christians in different parts of our Zion, will more perfectly prepare him to take the oversight of a church who can, and most willingly will, provide for him those supplies which the claims of this life demand. Our brother must forgive us when we tell him that the nature of his "profession," which he has so honourably maintained; and the exceedingly careful and precise style of ministry under which he has so happily sat for years, as well as the somewhat rather stiff make of his person altogether, all tend to render him more serene than the spirit of our age can duly appreciate. Our people would not very generously receive even Gill's or Owen's style. Now John says, when the glorious Intercessor cast the fire of the altar upon the earth, there were "voices, thunderings, lightnings, and an earthquake." And wherever there is anything like a Pentecostal mighty rushing of the Spirit, it will shake the best man in this world out of his stiffness a little, and thereby he will fall into the hearts of many in a way he never designed. But we must adjourn.

SUDBURY.—On Lord's-day, March 5, 1871, our morning service commenced by singing, "Jesus, and shall it ever be." After which Mr. Debnam preached an excellent sermon from Col. ii. 12. (1.) The person, "the Son of God." (2.) The institutor, "Christ himself." (3.) The subjects for baptism, "Believers." (4.) The manner how, "Buried." The person, God's dear Son overwhelmed in suffering for his people; Christ himself instituted this ordinance to be observed unto the end of time, Matt. xxviii. 19, 20 verses showed that it was not infants, but believers in Christ; showed how they became believers in Christ, by the quickening power of God the Spirit; buried with him as a proof

of his love toward them and in them; dead to the world, dead to forms, and alive to Christ Jesus, constrained by love to follow him; buried with him in baptism as the way and door into the church, no other way hath God appointed. The service ended in the chapel by singing 432 Gadsby's. We then proceeded to the river, it was a grand sight; about fifteen hundred spectators. Mr. Debnam gave a solemn address, we then sung, offered prayer, and then baptized a believer in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. We trust this is but the beginning of brighter days. To his dear name be all the praise.

T. SCOTT.

CHELMSFORD.—March 23, Mr. T. Jones preached in the evening to a rather numerous auditory for a week-day evening congregation from Ephs. vi. 10, "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." Remarking how the Apostle Paul in all his epistles began with laying a good foundation, in setting forth the doctrines of the sovereignty, eternal love, and rich mercy of God the Father, and the evolution of the covenant of grace as seen in the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ; yet, he would observe, that election was nothing, predestination was nothing, all the great things which belong to the fundamentals of religion were as nothing, except as they were associated with the experience of one's own personal interest in them through the operation of the blessed Spirit of God. Therefore, the apostle insisted in this Epistle, upon an experimental consciousness of such an interest as the characteristic of all who were the children of light; and by the word "finally," connecting what he had previously been dilating upon with his exhortation to a practical illustration in their walk and conversation of the principles of true religion, as a means thereto, "finally," "conclusively," he especially exhorted them to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. This they would be, first, essentially by the Spirit of the Lord dwelling in them; secondly, manifestatively. First, by the word of Christ dwelling richly in them with all wisdom; secondly, by their faith and trust in God, as Abraham believed God, and it was accounted to him for righteousness; and thirdly, in the strength of grace, as the apostle exhorted Timothy, "My son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."

WEST HAM, ESSEX.—On Good Friday, we held a social tea and public meeting to record the Lord's goodness in enabling the Church and people to be free from all debt on the place; it now is a freehold chapel, with plenty of room to enlarge, if required. Mr. Bracher gave a brief outline of his fourteen years labour in their midst, together with the efforts put forth to pay, firstly, the building, and lastly, the purchase of the freehold. Brethren Dearsley and Flack gave some sober, judicious, and experimental remarks on the occasion. About seventy sat down to tea. It was a good time.

"CRUCIFIED BETWEEN TWO THIEVES."

There was "Tom" in the pulpit,
And "Turn" in the pew;
"Turn" was a soft one,
"Tom" was a Jew.

"Tom"—like old Esau,—
The birth-right did sell;
'Tis thus unto "Truth,"
We are saying "Farewell."
(To be continued.)

OUR FOREIGN CHURCHES.

THE Baptist church at Durban, Port Natal, South Africa, who have been meeting together in a room since March, 1864, are desirous as soon as sufficient funds can be raised, of building a chapel sufficiently large for the purposes of public worship and Sunday school exercises. The church is small and the congregation numbering about thirty poor, but they have raised about £250, half the amount required for land and building, and they now appeal to their brethren and sisters in England to assist them in their undertaking. Mr. Isaac Cowley is the pastor of the church, but receives no salary, and nearly every week has to ride some twenty miles into Durban on the Saturday, and back on the Monday, his business of Stone-mason and Builder being principally at the various Sugar mills in different parts of the coast. Mr. E. Pickering, one of the founders of the church, has been over to England on a visit for the benefit of his health, and given two or three lectures on Kaffirs and Kaffirland, at Birmingham, his native place, and at Plymouth, for the benefit of the above cause. Any contributions will be gladly received by the editor, C. W. Banks, at office, 30 Ludgate hill, and duly forwarded and acknowledged; but the editor would beg of friends to forward direct to the real friend of this cause, Mr. E. Pickering; or, to the pastor, Mr. Isaac Cowley, Smith street, Durban, Port Natal, South Africa. Mr. Cowley's letter in our next.

VISITING AND HELPING CHRIST IN HIS MEMBERS.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I am advised to send this petition to you:

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF A POOR OLD SICK BAPTIST.

Dear Sir,—I hope you will receive this in Christian sympathy. Mine is a pitiable case. Do not deny me the hope I have of getting a little help in my trouble. I have been a follower of Christ nearly fifty years; baptized thirty-eight years ago next November by Mr. Sedgwick, in Brighton, am now the oldest male member of brother Steed's, at Rehoboth chapel, Ratcliffe Highway, London. I have been breaking down for the last five or six years; on April 9, 1870, I was compelled to give up my employment through sickness and infirmity. I am not able to do anything to get a living; I am selling one thing and another, but that can't last long. I have had heavy family; fourteen children, that always

kept me poor; now I have a son at home subject to fits, which is another great trouble. I have contributed several pieces which you have published in the *Vessel*, I have received correspondence that they were useful. If you will state my case in *Vessel*, I shall feel very thankful. O may the Holy Spirit hear my cry, and touch the hearts of the readers of the *Vessel*, so that they may send me a little assistance to help me, that I might try and do something light. O God, hear my prayer for Christ's sake. Amen.

The smallest donation in stamps, or post office order made payable at the Limehouse branch to Thomas Hall, No. 3, John street, Rhodes Well road, Limehouse, London, E., will be thankfully received and acknowledged. Mr. Steed has kindly recommended my case.

THOMAS HALL.

WHITESTONE, WITHINGTON.—

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD, Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you. I am pleased you are mercifully upheld in the way, even so it is with me, and all through the covenant love and mercy of a triune Jehovah. O may the blessed Spirit help us continually to point to the Lamb of God, and preach him in his dear relationship and sovereign power, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin. "We believe, therefore do we speak the things that we have tasted, felt and handled of the good Word of Life." They that do business in deep waters, see the wonderful works of God, and they can tell of his Almighty sovereign grace, who hath delivered them many times in temptation's hour.

The lonely fields at Sudbury have witnessed long groans and sighs, both by day and night. Many a time have I been compelled to fly thither, away from the eye and ear of mortals, that I might pour out my whole soul before the Lord; and O, how mercifully he has condescended to speak to me. Yes, dear brother, as a man speaketh with his friend. Dear little "Ebenezer" still lives by the power of God. The Lord has his chosen ones there; and they are the afflicted people, and he knows them. The truth as it is in Jesus shall continue for their sakes.

One will be baptized to-morrow there, upon whom I had my eye, believing she was a real seeker after the Lord. My soul rejoices in this, I hope yet to have the honour to baptize many here; my soul longs after them. O will my dear Lord Jesus condescend to honour me thus?

Something shall yet be declared that will be brought about before long which even now make mine eyes to overflow, and many hearts far and near shall bless my God, it is more dear to me than all the world. The humble shall hear thereof and be glad.

We anticipate your visit to Whitestone in May; you live in our hearts I know, and I pray God that grace may be given us to honour him in all things. My soul longs for the "latter rain" on the souls at Whitestone especially. Dear brother, this is my humble

prayer, God Almighty bless you with much of the inspirings of his Spirit, to cheer you in your pilgrimage. The wilderness is nearly crossed, another winding or two may be in our path. The Lord will lead us in the right way, all that he does with us is just and right, and O how merciful is our God. Yours in Jesus,

M. PLAICE.

OPENING OF THE NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, FARNBOROUGH, KENT.

On Tuesday, April 11, I took my seat at Ludgate Hill, and was steamed away safely to Bromley, Kent, to attend the opening services of a New Baptist Chapel, situated on the high road, about three miles beyond Bromley, and about a mile and a half this side of the village of Farnborough. When I arrived at the chapel—which is a very neat and substantial building—I found nearly every seat occupied. Mr. Ballard, the pastor—who is a very cheerful, kind-hearted, loving, musical brother, whom one has only to know, to love—was conducting, with heart and soul, the service of song. Mr. Fothergill read a portion of the Divine Word; Mr. George Cook implored the divine blessing, and in my hearing, many times during the day, it was said, "O what a prayer," "How fervent, powerful, appropriate, and comprehensive," "if that prayer be heard and answered, Mr. Ballard, and the people of his care, will be favoured, happy, and prosperous indeed." David Jones, B.A., ascended the platform, and preached a very appropriate sermon from the words, "And there shall be added to the Church daily, such as are saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." At the close of this service, we walked on in company to the old chapel, where a hot dinner had been provided, of which nearly a hundred partook. Having satisfied the cravings of our bodies, we returned to the new chapel. Mr. Ballard again led the singing, and in such a hearty way, that nobody could possibly help joining in the song. Mr. Rowe read the Scriptures, David Jones offered prayer; and B. B. Wale, delivered a most powerful discourse, which was listened to by a crowded house.

It is tea time, and the chapel is crowded in every part. We were told to take a walk for a few minutes, but it was raining in torrents. However, we managed very well; had a good tea; and were soon ready for the evening service. George Thomas Congreve, Esq., occupied the chair, made a splendid speech: worked the people up to giving heat, and handed in a cheque for five guineas. The people were then asked to hand to the treasurer—T. May, Esq.,—what they had promised; and it was not found necessary to ask a second time, for the money came rolling in in sums varying from ten to twelve pounds. During the evening, W. Ballard presented to each of the ladies and gentlemen who laid the memorial stone, a few months ago, a copy of Gadsby's Hymns, beautifully bound: viz., to Mrs. Fox, Mrs. T. May, Charles Spencer, Esq., and W. Rogers Esq.; each of whom,

—with appropriate remarks—accepted the same. I am not certain, but I think that £150 at least was collected during the day. It was a high, holy, and happy day. May they as pastor and people, live and love, and talk and walk, and pray and praise together for many years to come.

HACKNEY ROAD.—It was announced in April *Vessel* that a meeting would take place on Easter Tuesday. I bent my steps that way, and will give you brief description. It is a little garden called Claremont Chapel, Temple street, Hackney road. This chapel has been opened for gathering in the sons and daughters of Zion about twenty-four years. Its external appearance is not very enchanting; but the Lord has beautified the house of his glory, and often paid a visit to many of his royal children there. On Easter Tuesday there was a bountiful tea, provided by one of the King's daughters, Mrs. Bryant, and many of her brothers and sisters in royal love and union enjoyed the good provision. We all agreed to hear about the King and his servants. There is one old steward who has ministered in holy things for about fifty years, the last four-and-twenty of which he has spent at Claremont. He was once a Diaboliian, but King Immanuel kindly took him into his service. He commenced his commission on an Easter Tuesday, by taking the silver trumpet and giving the key note of truth. There was also a loving steward there, whose name is Nathaniel Starkey, Esq., who sent up a petition to his Lord to come in our midst, and gave a description of his precious Lord. A dear brother, Mr. Stevens, of Stoke Newington, who has a good gift of utterance, spoke very blessedly of free and sovereign grace, showing how a poor, destitute, lost sinner got relief from the King's own vine, a bunch of precious grapes; and then Steward Smith gave us some excellent advice. Mr. George Smith occasionally ministers at Claremont. Our stewardess, Mrs. Bryant, and other ladies, helped us greatly. Our brother C. W. Banks was expected, but was miles away on his Master's service. Dr. Bell wrote to say he was confined to his bed by deep affliction. The old steward, pastor Osborn, is glad to see any of his ministerial brethren. His motto is: "Spiritual Truth; Heavenly Love; Sweet Peace: and Joy in the Holy Ghost."

THE WIDOW HUTCHINSON.—DEAR MR. BANKS, Will you allow me through the *Vessel*, to thank the kind friends that have so liberally ministered to my necessities. My earnest prayer and desire is that the Lord will pour down his most choicest blessings upon them, and that he may restore into their bosoms a hundred-fold; may the Lord also reward Mr. Searle for all his kindness, he has taken great interest in my case. I remember during the former part of my dear husband's affliction, these words were very sweet to him and also to me, "The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruise of oil fail."

Bless the Lord it never has, his mercies have been new every morning, and great has been his faithfulness. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his mercies that he hath bestowed upon me during the affliction of my dear departed husband. He never wanted for anything he could take, for the Lord always sent what he needed through some kind friend. Towards the last it was a grief to him what would become of the dear children and myself. I said, do not grieve, the Lord has provided for us, and he will still provide for us; and bless his dear name he has done so, for more than twelve months have rolled away and every need has been supplied. I have a little washing, and if the Lord is pleased to send me a little more, and bless me with a goodly measure of health and strength, with his blessing, I think I shall be able to manage very well. Dear Mr. Banks, may the choicest of heaven's blessings rest also upon you, is the sincere prayer of yours in the bonds of the covenant,

M. A. HUTCHINSON.

DEVONSHIRE, NEAR KINGSBRIDGE. FORD CHAPEL.—Through the superabounding goodness of our covenant God and Father, we were permitted to hold our thirtieth anniversary services on Good Friday, when it pleased our gracious and adorable Lord to smile upon us, and bless us, and that too, in a most distinguishing manner, both in providence and grace. I had the pleasure of being greeted by a host of old friends, both from town, village, and hamlet, the number of which surpassed all our previous anniversaries, as did also the number which sat down with us to tea. The sermons were preached by our much esteemed and beloved brother Langford (late of Newton Abbot), each of which occupied more than an hour in delivery, and was listened to with wrapt attention. I doubt not but that in due time we shall see signs following his ministry, which is plain, honest, powerful, instructive, consoling, and cheering; in a word, it is the whole counsel of God, combining doctrine, practice, and experience, so that it commends itself to the hearts and consciences of the living and tried family of God. I heartily bid him God speed, and pray the ever blessed Spirit to open a door for his future usefulness, as a mouth piece for God, to take forth the precious from the vile. Our beloved brother's present address is, Tudor road, Newton Abbot, Devonshire, and believing him to be called, qualified, and sent of God, I hesitate not in commending him to any destitute Church, as a supply with a view to the pastorate. Wishing you the full enjoyment of every new covenant blessing, I remain, dear brother Banks, yours in the beaten path of tribulation,

P. F. HORTON.

Ford, near Kingsbridge.

HACKNEY—DEAR BROTHER SAMUEL FOSTER.—I am sad at heart to find you do not find the new course of medicine to do you permanent good; but I hear you are

falling back again into a weaker state. I do pray the Lord to console and comfort you, to provide for you, and to bless you at all times. Spring has come; may many run into your little hospital at Sturry; then they will hear a nice sermon from you, will plead together with you, and administer to your needs. Everybody now understands the little railway station at Sturry, near Canterbury, is not five minutes walk from you. I would try and write to you, but I cannot write letters. My own house has been a scene of affliction and death for many weeks. On Saturday evening, February 11th, 1871, my son Earnest was with me in my study; all at once his head dropped. I took him and laid him in his bed; but from that moment he sunk. On Monday, March 20th, he died. Four others in my house fell ill; we were in sorrow. On Saturday, March 25th, 1871, I went to Nunhead Cemetery, laid my dear little boy's remains in my family grave, where now five of mine lie in the stillness of death. As yet I am upheld. The next day, Sunday, March 26th, I preached at Notting Hill, morning and evening; at Mr. Myerson's in the afternoon. On Monday was at two services at Watford; returned safe same night. Tuesday, called at Mr. Wells's house; he was a little better; then went on to Mr. Hall's at Clapham; spoke there in evening. Next day at Notting Hill; and so on. These blessed seasons in the Master's service, with all the letter reading, answering, and writing I must do, keeps me always at it. Praise the Lord. Trust in him, and pray for

C. W. B.

CLAPHAM.—EBENEZER CHAPEL, in Wirttemberg street, is a happy-looking and comfortable place of worship: its minister, Mr. Hall, is a respectable and useful minister of the Gospel; and the cause is cheerfully advancing. Special services were held March 26th and 28th, when sermons were preached by Messrs. Crumpton and Wale. Mr. Mitson, of the Surrey Tabernacle, presided at public meeting as a *finale* to these special services. He had a platform full of ministers, of whom we thought he made good use. Mr. C. L. Kemp, on Christian Experience, was discriminating; Mr. Wale, on the Law, was eloquently expository; C. W. Banke, R. G. Edwards, William Caunt, J. Ballard and Brindle, gave little sermons. Mr. Hudson, of Trinity, presented many prayers to the throne; Mr. Hall asked for a vote of thanks to their excellent chairman; the choir gave us precious hymns; and the people gave good collections. The ministers Battson, Rayment, and a host of brethren were present. As we passed poor "Garner," it seemed to groan out, "Those that walk in pride, he is able to abase." Poor "Garner!" How sad thy history.

HALLING, KENT.—With pleasure I record the steady growth of the little church at Halling. The Lord has answered our

prayers, and has lengthened our cords, &c. On Wednesday night, March 22, Mr. Everard took one sister and three brothers through the ordinance of believer's baptism at Zion chapel, Chatham, kindly lent for the occasion; it was a season long to be remembered. Mr. Everard preached from Acts x. 47, "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" Faithfully did he unfold to our soul's satisfaction that none but those that were quickened by God the Spirit had any right to attend unto this solemn ordinance. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." On Sunday, April 2, the baptized candidates, with others from other churches, were received into full communion, to partake of the supper in accordance to the dying command, "Do this in remembrance of me." Our services are well attended. Many come to hear the Word that never attended any place; we are full to overflowing. Our prayers are that ere long the Lord will appear in providing for us a house, for we have not room to dwell. I hope before long to record more. At times we exclaim, "Wonder, O heavens, be astonished, O earth, the Lord hath done it."

W. G. RAYNER.

SPALDING.—LOVE LANE CHAPEL, SPALDING, LINCOLNSHIRE. Tuesday evening, April 4, our friend Mr. Bull, of Wellingborough, preached a very impressive sermon in this chapel, delivered in his usual energetic style, and listened to by a very attentive congregation. A hearty welcome to brother Bull whenever he can make it convenient to pay us a visit.

On Friday, April 7, (Good Friday) Mr. C. W. Banks, of London, preached two excellent sermons in the above named chapel. We were glad to see and hear our brother Banks so energetically, lucidly and powerfully proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel. People listened throughout with breathless attention, and for ourselves we say it was good to be there. Friends had comfortable tea at 5; a very pleasant and profitable afternoon and evening was spent. May Israel's covenant-keeping and promise-performing God bless brother Banks and bring him down to Spalding again as soon as maybe, when doubtless there will await him a hearty welcome. May God the Holy Ghost bless the labours and the labourers of the week.

A. J. MARGERUM.

STEPNEY.—CAVE ADULLAM. Dear Sir, Will you kindly favour us with a space in the *Vessel*, to appeal to its readers to help us to purchase Cave Adullam Chapel, Stepney. The Cave has long been known as a place where the doctrines of sovereign grace have ever been faithfully and fearlessly proclaimed. The Chapel has been purchased for the small sum of £500. We have paid £200, but require a further sum of £300 to complete the purchase. My people have done their utmost, so that I can with confidence appeal to the

friends of truth in all parts, to help us in this matter. In churches where a questionable gospel is preached, no lack of funds is experienced, and surely the Strict Baptists of England will not see one of their oldest causes pass into the hands of the Papists for the want of a simple £300. For the satisfaction of friends, I may add, that, as soon as the money is paid, the place will be put in trust for the Strict Particular Baptist Denomination. The smallest donations will be most thankfully received and acknowledged by GEORGE REYNOLDS, 8, Barnes street, Stepney. P. O. Orders may be made payable at Waterloo terrace Office, Stepney.

STONEHOUSE.—This town is a link between Plymouth and Devonport. Corpus Christe chapel is the place where Mr. Hemington laboured for some years. Mr. Knowles, a scripture reader, is now the minister. The place is Open-Communion. A public tea to welcome Mr. Knowles was holden in Temperance Hall; three hundred sat down to tea. Mr. J. H. Lynn, and other ministers were there; but now, a Strict Baptist says, "We want a home in Stonehouse, and we publicly ask Mr. Westlake to let us have Ebenezer chapel; then, we could have a devoted and useful Strict Baptist pastor. Mr. Westlake is a blessed and honourable Christian man; but he must see he is occupying Ebenezer chapel to little purpose; preaching sometimes to not more than a dozen persons." We certainly think Mr. Westlake should now let the Stonehouse Strict Baptists have the chapel, and the minister they all can hear to profit. No minister should hold a pulpit for years, when the empty pews witness against him.

NEWTON ABBOTT.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—We desire to record with thankfulness the Lord's goodness to us as a church, in sending us an able minister of the New Testament, Mr. Ward, of Newport Pagnell, who supplied us during the month of March. We are happy to inform you his ministry has proved so acceptable that we have given him a cordial invitation to take the pastoral oversight of the church and congregation, which he has consented to do, commencing his stated ministry with us Lord's day, April 2, with hopeful and we trust encouraging prospects of success. May the great Head of the church smile upon us, and bless his ministering servant in his work, by manifest tokens of his approbation, making the Word of his grace effectual to the ingathering of many precious souls, and the establishing of those who through grace have believed. So prays, yours truly in Jesus,

J. MERSON.

East street, Newton Abbott.

April 18, 1871.

We desire to express our thankfulness to you in your being the instrument in the Lord's hands of our hearing of Mr. Ward, and the kind interest you have taken on our behalf. The Lord reward you abundantly, and ever bless you.

KENTISH TOWN.—The Lecture Hall, Camden street. On Good Friday Mr. G. Webb and his friends held a meeting. Mr. Hazelton preached in afternoon. About one hundred sat down to good tea provided by friends. Public meeting was held; pastor G. Webb presided. Mr. Osborne implored the divine blessing. Our pastor spoke of the Lord's dealings with us as a church and people. Mr. Alderson delivered a solemn address on the words, "Father, the hour is come." Mr. Griffith in a very able manner, on "The cross of Christ." Mr. Hazelton on "The punctuality of Christ." Mr. Meers reminded us of the vast assemblage there must have been at the crucifixion. Mr. William Webb gave us a brief speech. A hymn was sung, and our pastor commended us all to the Lord. It was one of the happiest meetings we have experienced for years. After all expences were paid, the Treasurer holds a balance in hand. **JAMES ARKS, THOMAS EVERARD, Deacons. CHARLES BURROWS, Treasurer.**

TRING.—A great man, in every sense of the word, has fallen in Israel. Mr. Butcher, the banker at Tring, the leading deacon at Akeman street Baptist chapel, and the much loved preacher there, has been most suddenly called home. This solemn event has cast a great gloom over Akeman street church, and over the neighbourhood altogether. We all know men must die. It is exceedingly afflicting; but, we must bow down in resignation and hope.

THE SOUL ON THE WING.

JESUS, my soul's delight,
Thine absence makes my night,
Thy presence day.

When thou deign'st to appear,
It does my spirit cheer,
And all my doubt and fear
Soon flee away.

To feel his glories shine,
And hear him say he's mine
And I am his.

While he supplies my needs,
And to sweet pastures leads;
This blessedly exceeds
Earth's highest bliss.

Oh, could I live by faith,
And what my Jesus saith,
Rely upon;

My comfort would increase,
Distressing fears all cease,
My soul enjoy sweet peace
In him alone.

Oh, my indulgent Lord,
Kindly thy help afford,
While here I stay;
Till through thy sovereign grace,
I shall behold thy face,
And dwell in thine embrace
Through endless day.

MARY ANN HUDSON.

NEWTON ABBOTT.—**BROTHER BANKS.**—We wish to express our thanks as a Church to you, in recommending so excellent a minister as Mr. Ward has proved himself to be. We have heard him with much pleasure and soul profit, and cannot but recognise the good hand of the Lord in the matter. We have given Mr. Ward a unanimous invitation to take the pastoral oversight of the Church, (which he has kindly accepted) believing him to be the Lord's servant, and that he will be pleased to make him very useful. He commenced his stated ministry on Lord's-day, April 2nd.
J. MERSON.

CITY ROAD.—In the late Mr. Abraham's pulpit, Mr. Vinal is preaching the experience of the people of God with success. Regent street chapel, it is said, has not been so well filled for some time. Mr. Richard Luckin is laid aside; we are exceedingly grieved for him: some of his old friends fly to Regent street. Mr. Hobbs is also almost at his journeys end. Other reasons might be assigned why Mr. Vinal gathers so many around him. We should be thankful to be assured that when new ministers come to London, they not only gather sheep from other folds, but that they were instruments for gathering many sinners, savingly, out of the world. London is crowded with its three millions or more; but out of these masses, how few, comparatively, illustrate that great prophecy, "they shall come that were ready to perish."

ST. NEOTS.—Services commemorative of the eighty sixth birthday of the venerable Mr. Murrell were held in the Baptist chapel, on Tuesday, Feb. 7. Mr. Bax, the present minister, presided at the afternoon meeting, when addresses of a suitable and solemn character were delivered by the brethren Wale of Blackheath, Kitchen of Kingstead, and King of Gransden. Mr. Murrell though living next door to the chapel, was unable to be present, as he never leaves his room, and, only now and then for a few hours, his bed. But he still eats well, sleeps well, and looks well, and is patiently waiting for the command, "Come up hither." The public tea was held in the large room, and Mr. Wale delivered his lecture on "Nothing but Words" to a large audience, Mr. Gunn, the Independent minister, occupying the chair.

The cause continues to prosper under the ministry of our good and kind brother Bax, and the chapel is well attended. Long may its prosperity continue.

PLYMOUTH.—Our churches here are all in great commotion. Many wish to settle Mr. Langford, but there are difficulties. Mr. Veal supplies How street during April. Mr. F. Collins, I understand, commences a twelvemonths' supply at Greenwich in May. Mr. Ponsford, of Clapham, gave us a solid discourse on Justification. "An occasional visitor" says, "There are some of the best men in the world in Plymouth, as decided,

honourable, God-fearing Christians, and yet, in all the three towns there is not one settled, established Baptist minister in the Truth; all are on the move, except good John King, who is too far off for many to reach."

[There should be special meetings for persevering and united prayer to our Lord, and for conference with each other. Such is the heart-felt desires of some of the silent and sorrowing saints in the three towns.]

NEW YORK.—We thank Benjamin James Rogers for his paper on "Faith's View of Death." The only difficulty is its length; but as soon as we get a little clear, in it shall go. If we cannot run over to New York, we must write to our friends there. Meanwhile we shall be glad to receive all the papers and letters they can send us. There is no reason why many thousands of THE EARTHEN VESSEL should not circulate in the New World.

LITTLE ALIE STREET.—A friend says: Our venerable brother Philip Dickerson, presided at our celebration of the Lord's Supper, Sunday evening, April 2nd, 1871. He appeared quite well and happy. The Church has chosen Mr. Masterson for pastor; his public recognition will take place soon. Our correspondent's review of Mr. Masterson's sermon and preaching, with some of the Church's history, we propose to give as speedily as possible.

RUSHDEN.—Mr. Drawbridge's church and people had a happy day on Good Friday. Brother Lucas says, that plain, homely servant, Mr. Lodge, was so filled with the Spirit of God, that he wanted to go home then and there. It is remarkable; all ministers appear to be favoured in that place. It is a mercy the Lord is with the people.

CANADA.—The Rev. Abram Duncan, once of Glasgow, for some years a Baptist pastor in Canada, died last January, at Chatham, near Toronto, in the 70th year of his age. He had been a hard worker in all moral and theological enterprises. Quietly, he said, "I'm nearing home."

WHITTLESEA.—"Quite a revival," says our correspondent, "in one of our Baptist Chapels, while in the other it is the reverse." Our friend has had a long and happy day. Changes will come. The two sermons cannot go in this month. We hope the house of David will speedily resume its wonted glory.

EXETER.—It is expected Mr. Veal will settle as pastor over the Church meeting in Zoar Chapel. He is a minister of many years labours, and of much ripened experience; and we hope the Lord will use him to build up the cause.

SCARBOROUGH.—On Thursday evening, April 6th, 1871, Dr. Benjamin Evans was sitting at home with his family, when

about ten o'clock he fell back in his chair, and expired in a few moments. Some few years since he was subject to paralysis, and has been far from strong for some time. We have no doubt but that his immensely heavy labours as student, writer, and minister seriously injured his health. Dr. Evans was thirty-eight years minister of Ebenezer Baptist Church in Scarborough, and has entered into his rest, in the sixty eighth year of his age. We fear the doctor overworked his mental powers; but as editor, as author, and as a devoted pastor, he has had a long, and successful career; as an experimental preacher of the "faith once delivered unto the saints," he was not acceptable to all who have listened to his testimony. A more zealous and highly gifted man the Baptist Union cannot produce.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. George Wyard, jun., (late of Shrewsbury) has accepted a very warm and unanimous call to the pastorate of the particular Baptist church, Sussex street, Parade, Brighton, lately under the pastoral care of the late Mr. George Isaacs.

TWO WATERS.—Received from Constant Friend for Widow Hutchinson, 6s.; the same friend asks me how she is getting on; she is truly grateful to God, and her friends. Fourteen months have rolled away since her husband died; she has wanted for nothing; now she has a prospect of earning her living; two of her children are able to go to school; she has taken a house with a drying ground, so that she can open a laundry. I am happy to say a friend has advanced her £5 to buy a mangle, and given her one towards it; if any one feels disposed to follow the same example, I shall be happy to receive it for her. Your's truly,
R. SEARLE.

A CORRESPONDENT says, "Mr. Thomas Butchers died on Wednesday morning, April 5, 1871, at a quarter to six. He was taken ill, and was gone in less than an hour. His age was 65. His remains were laid to rest April 11, in the family vault, in Akeman street Chapel yard. Mr. Bull conducted the service. The deacons and many members followed. Mr. Butchers had been deacon over thirty years. Mr. Whittaker preached the funeral sermon.

ANOTHER FAITHFUL MINISTER GONE.—Mr. Samuel Sharp, of Finedon, departed this life Wednesday morning, April 13, 1871, about half past eleven o'clock. Irthingborough. GEORGE ARNSBY.

ACTON.—Pastor John Keed, the Baptist minister, died April 11, aged 61.

CHURCH MEETINGS.—"The Canadian Baptist" wisely tells us, unhappy church meetings often arise out of the neglect of Secretaries not fully preparing "the order of the business to be attended to." The fact is, no church meetings ought to be held without the deacons and pastor previously meeting and deciding upon the subjects or questions to be laid before the church.

NOTES ON THE UNKNOWN OR LOST BOOKS
MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE.

A SUBJECT of this nature may probably appear somewhat novel in its kind to the general readers of your spiritual and intellectual magazine, but as we are instructed by the apostle to the effect that all things written in the Word of Life are for our learning, we have, (the church) by the sovereign permission of God, the happy privilege of seeing, whether these things are so, by the "harmony of contrast" or comparison. Yet, lest we should in the meantime trespass on forbidden ground, or attempt to pry into the latent mysteries of Jehovah's will, (which we have no divine authority for), it will be essentially necessary to adhere as strictly as possible to the written word; and by the light and power of the Spirit of God, (without which the wisest of men are accounted fools and blind), we may enter into a wide sphere of useful knowledge. For my part, I have but little sympathy with any man professing to be a teacher, who can calmly sit down under the veil of his own ignorance, and exult in the sorry fact that he is "not larned," and does not believe in the absolute necessity of mental culture for the benefit of others; as though God would give, by a miracle (without the use of means) the same fulness of matter and perspicuity of language, as he did to the fifteen different nations who were present on the day of Pentecost. Further may I add, without being too censorious, that the individual who does not labour for knowledge (see 1 Tim. i. 7; 2 Tim. ii. 15;) as though he were to be saved by it, is not worthy the name of a servant of the Most High God. It is from the wilful negligence of study, that much of what is so painfully distressing in our little churches is to be attributed. Bear with me a little in my folly, and lest this well intended hint should be considered too discursive and arbitrary, we will at once proceed to show a few things relative to the subject in hand, *supra*. Concerning the acts of the children of Israel, the Lord said unto Moses, "Write this for a memorial in a book." Exo. xvii. 14. This appears to be the first time writing is mentioned in the Scriptures; we are told that before the age of Joseph, that Thoth, secretary to king Thamus, invented the alphabet; but Champollion has discovered that the Egyptians had a kind of hieroglyphic writing, which was merely phonetic or signs representing the sounds expressed. What is known now of the book of the wars of the Lord, mentioned in Num. xxi. 14? The authenticity of this book has been largely debated by biblical critics. Aben-Ezra, Hottinger, and others, (says Dr. Kitto) are of opinion that it refers to the Pentateuch, because in it are related various battles, of the Israelites with the Amalekites. Hezelius, and after him Michaëlis, think it was an Amoritish writing, containing triumphal songs in honour of the victories obtained by Sihon, king of the Amorites, from which Moses cited the words that immediately follow. Fonseca and others refer it to the book of Judges. Le Clerc understands it of the wars of the Israelites, who fought under the direction of Jehovah, and instead of *book*, he translates it,

with most of the Jewish doctors, *narration*. Dr. Lightfoot considers it to have been some book of remembrances and directions, written by Moses for Joshua's private instruction; for the prosecution of the wars after his decease. (See Exod. xvii. 14, 12.) This is confirmed by Horne.

The Lord did a great work at the Red Sea, by the Amoritish King Sihon; or at *Vahab*, in *Suphah*, as it may be rendered; against the city of Moab, which he destroyed with a whirlwind, by the brooks of Arnon. We will notice another of these books, *i.e.*, Jos. x. 13; And the sun stood still, &c., "Is not this written in the book of Jasher?" Respecting the book of Jasher, which name means, "the book of the upright or righteous men." (See *Wickliff's Translation*). "And the sunne and the moone stoden, til the folc of God vengide it silf of hise enemies. *Whether this is not writun in the book of inst, (or rightwise) men?*" The opinion of the learned are much divided; we find it mentioned nowhere except 2 Sam. i. 18, and there on account of the lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan, (see D'Oyley and Mant's Bible), which he caused to be recorded in this book. It probably contained an account of the lives, and some particular adventures of eminent Jewish worthies, and of remarkable things which befell the nation. Dr. Clark considers it to be a book, which in reference to Joshua and his transactions, was similar to the commentaries of Caesar, on his wars with the Gauls. The Latin Valgate has, "Is this not written in the book of the just (*in libro justorum*)?" The Targum has, "Is not it written in the book of the law?" which may be considered the most probable, for if the ancients were so uncertain, we cannot wonder that the moderns have been equally so. The old versions of 2 Sam. i. 18, are not all the same, as in the other passages. The Septuagint is, "Behold it is written in the book of the upright;" as before stated. Three books, in Rabbinical Hebrew have borne this title, *i.e.*, the Book of Jasher, Ashir, or Asher; but they are believed by some to be only forgeries, as is the case with the English ones printed in 1751, 1829, and 1842. There was such a book seems certain; which was of a poetical nature, comparative to the grand ode given by Habbakkuk iii. We cannot determine when this book was written, for if written in Joshua's time it could not have contained references to what occurred under David. Only on the supposition that it was a collection, which received successive additions; and was comprised of various ages and authors, like the book of Psalms. Both allusions are, however, parenthetical, and may have been added by Ezra, who finally revised the canonical books of the Old Testament. All we can fairly say is that there was a book, called the "Book of Jasher," which contained sacred odes, or canticles, commemorative of the sun miracle, as given *supra*, with the additional title of "The Bow," prefixed to it, according to what David said, "Teach the children the use of the bow." Josephus speaks of this as one of the books laid up in the Temple, but it is no longer extant.

Another of these books is mentioned in 1 Kings xi. 41; "And the rest of the acts of Solomon, and all that he did, and his wisdom, are they not written in the book of the Acts of Solomon." Which book as is thought, was lost in the captivity (see marg. Old Version, 1587).

Dr. Gill states that it was either written by himself, as Kimchi suggests, though not in being; or by some chronologer or historiographer, employed by him, in writing the most memorable things that happened in his reign, or by several prophets; as in 2 Chron. ix. 29, out of which the inspired writer of this book, took what he was directed to by the Lord, to be transmitted to future ages, according to 1 Chron. xxix. 29. The acts of David first and last are written in the book of Samuel the seer, and in the book of Nathan the prophet, and in the book of Gad the seer. These writings are also lost, except the particulars interspersed in the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles. Gad appears to have been one of the biographers of King David. Solomon's acts we are here told (see 2 Chron. ix. 29, 1 Kings ix. 41.) the particular books in which they were recorded. The last of these authors, Iddo, wrote also the acts of Rehoboam and Abijah, chap. xii. 15. It is supposed that he lived in the time of Asa, (chap. xv. 1,) where he is called Oded. We do not suppose that the three writers here mentioned, join to make one book; but they severally and distinctly gave an account of such things as occurred to their knowledge; out of which it is probable the author of these books of Chronicles took many things which are here supplied. (See Bp. Partrick.) In the Septuagint, Iddo is called Joel, and is said by Theodoret, to be the same that prophesied of Jeroboam and his altar: 1 Kings xiii. 1. We also find that the invasion of Shishak by Rehoboam, and all the acts that he did, are written in the book of Shemaiah: 2 Chron. xii. 15. He wrote the chronicles of the reign of that king. The acts of Jehosohphat, first and last, are written in the book of Jehu, the son of Hanani. This writer appears to have reproved Jehosaphat, king of Judah, after the celebrated battle at Ramoth-Gilead, for having helped the ungodly Ahab. He wrote a book of his own times, which was much esteemed, according to Kimchi; it was written with, or put along with, the book of the Kings of Israel. The Targum understands it of Jehu, being the king's historiographer, who had the care and oversight of the diary, journal, or annal, of the kings of Israel. The question may be asked also, where are the prophecies of Enoch, mentioned by Jude? verse 14. He is called by the Arabic writers: "Edris, the prophet." The Jews say that he was in degree higher than Moses or Elias. They also call him Metatron, the great scribe; possibly in this case, the word *προφητεία* prophecied, means no more than to preach or declare, &c., concerning these things and persons. It is certain that a book of Enoch was known in the earlier ages of the primitive church, and is quoted by Origen and Tertullian; and is mentioned by Jerome, in the Apostolical Constitutions; by Nicephorus, Athanasius, and probably by St. Augustine. Such a work is still extant among the Abyssinians. "The Prophetical Gospel of Eve, which relates to the, Amours of the Sons of God with the Daughters of Men." (see Origen Cont., Celsum, Tertul., &c.) Gen. vi. 1, 2.

More of such matter might be adduced relative to the above named books, but let this suffice for the present. Probably on some future occasion, we may consider briefly the nature of the contents of the rolls and parchments, &c., recorded in the Word of God.

Yours in truth,

W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE MURRELL.

“The patient waiting for Christ,” 2 Thess. iii. 5.

WE shall not this month write the life of the above venerable minister of Christ's Gospel. We only announce his death; or his departure from this world, where for nearly eighty-eight years he toiled, and sorrowed; rejoiced and laboured; rested, and waited, and then, as his last testimony, said—“I AM GOING TO JESUS;” his body then falling asleep until “the Everlasting arms” shall raise it up, a glorious body; in which more perfectly he will adore the Lord his God; and realize all the fulness of that completeness in Christ—and that union to him—of which he preached so sweetly so many long years. GEORGE MURRELL—the long and universally beloved pastor of the Baptist Church at St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire—fully answered the quaint description of a saint, “he was a Grace-caught, Grace-taught, Grace-conquered, and a Grace-preserved man of God.” To many of our churches in London; in the Home Counties; as well as to his own flock, he was more sincerely esteemed, and more generally accepted than falls to the lot of many. Still even this good, and gifted man, was not without his troubles. Although we never laboured or communed with him but once, yet there is no minister toward whom we felt a stronger sympathy, than we did toward him. He carried his cross better than many; but the Lord took it off his shoulders; and all his sorrows have for ever come to an end. Of his life—ministry—church—successors—and of his last days, we shall give a few chapters in future numbers, if the Lord will give us a little longer to labour in his vineyard below.

The late Venerable George Murrell, (who was for nearly fifty-eight years pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, St. Neots, Hunts), fell asleep in Jesus, May 4th, 1871, in his eighty-eighth year.

The short report of Funeral Services below is from the *St. Neots Chronicle*, but we are promised a FULL, AND ACCURATE MEMOIR, &c. &c., from a Correspondent, for JULY No., and we would advise all our readers who desire an extra copy to order early.

THE FUNERAL.

The mortal remains of this venerable and respected minister were interred in the Cemetery of the Baptist Chapel, New Street, on Monday afternoon, May 9. From the great esteem in which the deceased had been deservedly held for his long and faithful pastorate, it was anticipated there would be an immense concourse of spectators present to witness the mournful ceremony. This would doubtless have been the case, but a violent thunderstorm commenced about half-past one o'clock, and continued, with one or two slight intermissions, during the afternoon: the consequence of this was that many friends from the surrounding villages were deterred from attending. Shortly after three o'clock the body of the venerable pastor was borne into the chapel and placed at the foot of the pulpit, (which was draped with black cloth,) in which the deceased had for so many years preached the glorious truths of the Gospel. After an appropriate hymn had been sung, the Rev. T. Robinson, of Little Staughton, read that beautiful passage of Scripture, selected from the 15th chapter of Corinthians, commencing “Now

is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." This was followed by singing and prayer, after which Mr Palmer, of London, (a most intimate friend of the deceased minister,) delivered a clever discourse from the 13th verse of the 16th chapter of the 1st epistle to the Corinthians,—“ Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.” At the conclusion of the service in the chapel, the body was taken up and borne to the cemetery, when it was lowered into its last earthly resting place. Mr. Palmer then delivered an address at the side of the grave, speaking principally of the wonderful abilities and inestimable virtues with which his friend had been endowed. The proceedings terminated shortly before six o'clock.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

OWNED AND ADORED IN THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF J. J. KIDDLE.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER I had given the address on Christmas day, there was almost astonishment expressed about it, as there was about the preaching of Paul the first time, at Damascus, after his conversion. The working people at that time were so destitute and ignorant of true religion. In the rural districts, they were filled with wonder that that any one but a “ Parson ” (as they called him) should presume to preach. The news spread abroad rapidly, and I was invited the same week by the sons and daughters of a neighbouring farmer, to accompany them to a Wesleyan Methodist Watch meeting at Monmouth. I accepted the invitation, and was again requested to give an address. After this, I was invited to join the society, and take some preaching appointments. I hesitated sometime; but as there were no other places of worship for miles, only these house meetings (excepting the Church), I felt called of God then to do so. I remembered my uncle had told me that all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, according to the Scriptures, should be baptised when they join the church, and I expected to be called to do so. I was so ignorant of sectarian rules and denominational distinctions, that I thought all did as God's Word commanded them; but my Methodistical friends said baptism was non-essential. I yielded. Still I was persuaded in my own mind, if I had been left (without a word for or against baptism then) to the New Testament alone, I should not have seen any other way into the church visible, but *by baptism by immersion*.

At this time the world, and all in it, seemed new to me. And why? Because God had by free and sovereign grace, made me a new creature. He had given me new eyes to see with; he had taken away the heart of stone, and given a heart of flesh; he had given me the testimony of forgiveness of sin. I thought, all these Methodist people of God say must be true: I did not think there could be any error or wickedness among them; and, as I knew nothing myself, I readily caught hold of all my Methodist friends preached to me. I had no book but the Bible to read; never read a controversial subject. I knew nothing about Calvinism, Arminianism, or any party doctrines: in truth, I did not know there was any differences of opinion. I thought all Christians believed and obeyed the *Bible alike*.

In this happy state of mind, the Lord brought me through the year. I worked hard by day, and walked many miles at night, to different meetings. Was sent to many places to speak for the Lord. I knew nothing but what I had experienced, and did not attempt more; and yet, in almost every place I went to, the Lord quickened poor sinners. Had much persecution at home; but my brother cleave unto the Lord. At Christmas, I spent a week with a family all walking in the fear of the Lord, and had some refreshing seasons. Soon after my return home, my father said, "You shall either give up your 'Methodists,' or leave my house." He said also, "You are the talk of the neighbourhood; a disgrace to my family, you Methodist dog!" One day, myself and three others, were shearing sheep in a barn. My father came in, and began to hold up to ridicule his Methodist son, causing all to laugh; when I said, "Fools make a mock of sin." He laid hold of a knife on a table, where there was bread, cheese, and beer, and said he would as soon stick me as a sheep, were it not for the law. I wished to honour my father, but keenly did I feel the remarks, and heartily did I cry, "Lord, save him." No one had a better father in things pertaining to this life. His hatred was my "Methodism," and he withheld his favours from me because I was a "Methodist." The more unconcerned my brothers were about religion, the more favourable he was towards them.

It pleased Almighty God to favour me with much of his presence during these trials, and grace to endure, until June, 1825, and then, I was forbidden a home in the parental dwelling any longer. At a meeting that evening, after I stated the case, a gentleman invited me to make his house my home until my way was made clear. This good man was well educated, intellectual, and aged, without family. He advised a course of study; aided me to accomplish it. I was soon under instruction, and in two months assistant-teacher. Gracious Providence! I felt I was chosen, called, provided for by God; and grace filled me with praise. Although I had paid no attention to education from the time I left school, I soon found the advantage of it, and rapidly passed through the English studies I had previously pursued, and then worked hard night and day to acquire the knowledge necessary to qualify me for teaching and preaching.

At the beginning of 1826, a school-room and premises in another part of the county was offered me, and accepted. Being only a day-school, I had little expense or time for study. In a short time I had fifty scholars. I opened my room to preach God's Word in, and after a time, the Rev. J. Jones, a wealthy clergyman, and his lady, came to hear me, and greatly encouraged me. This gentleman was a classical scholar, advanced in years, a converted character, and favourable to Nonconformists. He invited me to spend my evenings with him, to improve my education on those points I had not studied. This continued about four years, and strengthened me in Nonconformist principles. My school was very prosperous and respectable, and in twelve months I cleared nearly £100. I lived alone, with merely a bed, table, candlestick, and stool. At the commencement of the next year, I was desired to take a few boarders. To do so, I had to furnish my house. This done; it only required what God called a "help-mate." In the choice of this most important piece of furniture,

my determination was to be careful, and rejected many a smiling face. One Sunday, I preached at Broad Oak: it was feast day for wrestling, fighting, &c. Some wicked fellows determined, when I had done preaching, to cast me into a large pit of water; but three young (unconverted) men protected me. A rush was made; a fight commenced, and I escaped. God blessed these young men after; two became preachers, and one deacon of a church. A young lady in the congregation that day, said to her mother, "I will stick my cap aside at this preacher." The next visit to the place I was invited to tea, and thus commenced an acquaintance which terminated in union in the city of Hereford, October 20, 1827.

TRUE WORSHIP.

STRANGE is the fact, but not more strange than true, that it is in the nature of men to worship. Go into what country we may, even amongst the most uncivilized and heathenish, and we shall find, that no people, tribe, or tongue, under the heavens, are altogether ignorant of the being of God, and the necessity of divine worship. The naked and barbarious tribes of Africa bow with as much reverence and devotion to their serpents, adders, wild beasts, or the stocks of a tree, as the more learned, but equally superstitious Brahman of India, or the cultivated inhabitants of the west. Nay, more; with shame do I write it, but it has been left to the learned and high-bred inhabitants of Europe and America, to teach the non-existence of the great God; and, therefore, the folly and stupidity of bowing the knee to that which is not. Do my readers doubt this fact? Then let them study the remarks of travellers, both godly and profane; let them take the travels of Cook, Columbus, Penn, Bruce, Moffat, Livingstone, and others, and carefully examine them, and they will find that it is neither to the plains of Africa, the cities of China, nor to the Frozen North, that they must look for infidelity; but to the land of cultivation and science. Nay, more; it is not in the hovel of the Indo, not in the haunts of Caste, that you must look for *ignorance of God and worship*; but to the back lanes and streets of our own great cities, the haunts and habitations of crime. How are we to account for the fact, that, while in every country of the world, some God is worshipped, that even in our own country, persons have been found totally ignorant of God, worship, and the first principles of morality? I answer, (without any fear of contradiction, but with a firm persuasion of the truth of my statement,) because, in civilized countries, nature's instinctive teaching has been over-run by generations of *educated crime and artificial restraint*. How are we then to account for this acknowledged universal principle? Some tell us, that they learnt it from their fathers; but from whom did their fathers learn it? Did *they* learn it from the first inhabitants of the earth? If so, whence did *they* derive this knowledge? If from instinct, then comes the question, Can a man have an instinctive idea of what does not exist? I answer, No. That which is thus universal in the mind of man, and part of his very nature, must have some sort of existence. But, again! if it can be proved that the worship of bye-gone

ages was more enlightened, and nearer the truth, than the present ; if it can be proved that the race of man has degenerated in his ideas of God, and the nature of worship ; if it can be proved that all men have some expectation of a future state, and ideas of rewards and punishments ; if it can be shown, that there still exists to a greater or lesser degree in the mind of man, evidence of a once noble and exalted nature, then I think we shall establish upon reasonable grounds, that man was once a pure worshipper of the only true God.

The fact that man has degenerated in his ideas of God and worship, may be gathered from the records of history, and from the traditions and fables of various nations. I know it may be objected, that tradition is no sure guide, and fables a mere invention ; and while I acknowledge this, yet it must be confessed, that all traditions must, from the nature of things, be founded upon truth. That a tradition may be false in detail, yet true in the main, is an acknowledged fact. Take, as an instance, the deluge. How many are the traditions of nearly every nation under heaven, with regard to that solemn event ? We have the statement of Ovid, Plato, and Lucian ; besides traditions concerning it in Mexico and Peru ; and also of the East Indian Brahmans ; and although their statements in the main are true, yet, in the details, anything but correct. That which is handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth, must naturally both lose and gain ; but, however distorted, it retains the main idea. Now the traditions of idolatrous countries point to the existance of greater purity of worship than now exists. I again, in proof of this point, notice the conclusive testimony of history ; and lastly, to the various degrees of idol worship now existing ; and which bear upon them the mark of having been different steps from good to bad, from bad to worse.

It has been ascertained, that idolatry appears first to have taken the form of worshipping the Sun ; hence, Sun-worshippers. (Ezek. viii. 16.) But the Sun was not always to be seen ; therefore, man requiring a constantly visible object, Fire is taken as an object of worship, because it nearest resembles the Sun in light and heat. But as man farther degenerates, the Wood of which the Fire is made, becomes the object of worship, till everything and anything become to the debased and besotted mind of man, an object of adoration. Thus, if we trace backward, the result is the same for ages, idols of Wood and Stone ; farther back, Fire ; the highest order, the Sun ; and what, my reader, could the Sun have been worshipped for, but as representing some great being, brighter than its most dazzling rays, higher than its wondrous distance, more glorious and benignant than its most beautiful displays ? I can understand nothing in nature more suggestive of God than the sun of this great world.

The second fact is, that man has ideas of a future state of rewards and punishments. The Indian has his traditions ; of the happy hunting ground for the good, and a boundless desert for the wicked. Heathen mythology has its awful caverns, where the gods meet out punishment to their enemies, and paradise where perfect enjoyment may be had to their friends. All reckon that a man's life in this world will determine his position in the next. And it is in proportion to the evil or moral life of the man that he looks upon the future. If his life has been one of wickedness—according to his religious ideas—he looks with

awful dread to the grave: if moral—according to his religious ideas—with composure. Certain it is, that man naturally looks to be punished for wickedness, rewarded for acts of virtue.

Observe again, man has an *unsatisfied longing for something*, and he knows not what; and it is only when the grace of God enlightens his soul, and radiates his understanding, that he discovers what his longing was for, and exclaims, “*I shall be satisfied when I wake up in thy likeness.*”

The forgoing facts, I think, are sufficient to shew that man will worship, that man has always worshipped, that there must have been, and still is, a God worthy of our highest adoration. It may be asked, why I make these statements? Simply, because I think that from these premises may be drawn an argument from nature, that man was once pure and holy; that he fell, and as the result, has become depraved and lost; thus corroborating the scripture testimony. The design of God in choosing the Israelites, and acting as he did, I take to be the preservation of true worship in the world. The world has never been without true worshippers. In the fall, Abel offers to God a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain. (Heb. xi. 4.) In the time of idolatry and wickedness; in the days of long life and aged sinners, we have alone, yet not alone, Enoch, who walked with God, and was not, for God took him; and Noah, the man of God. In the deserts of Arabia, in the midst of all the generations of Ishmael, we have, “*Job, a perfect man, who feared God*”; and in the midst of the idolatrous Egyptian Court, the man, Moses, who desired more his God and his people than all the pleasures of Egypt. When Israel has trodden under foot God’s law, forsaken his tabernacle, and in turn have been trodden down and forsaken, yet there are 7000 who have not bowed the knee to Baal, nor worshipped his image; and so it has been down to the present time, and will be till the end of time; God will have true worshippers in a true temple: they may have been few, and their earthly condition mean, but their number does not hinder their high devotion, and their lack of dignity does not render their worship less acceptable. If they be few on earth, they have many brethren in heaven. If their dignity here be little, they are yet kings and priests unto God and the Father, and they shall reign for ever and ever. All worship is either natural or spiritual; a few words on the former must suffice. Natural worship is that which I have before referred to, namely, the nature of man to worship. But so long as it is left to himself, so long as he has no other object than nature, no other guide than his own mind and will; so long he will rise no higher than himself: and in proportion as that mind becomes debased, so will he sink to the level of his own debasement, and all idea of what he is, and what he worshipped will be lost in the rubbish of his own making, and be choked among the briars and thorns crowding upon his intellect. His very contact with his fellow man will not improve, or raise him any higher, for while in nature he may meet with those who know more than he does, yet then, natural instinctive impulses will be the same. We may therefore safely conclude,

1. That all natural worship must be erroneous. Nature has never produced a true worshipper since the fall. Simply because nothing can come to perfection, nor can be wholly right, where the machinery is

out of order. May we not say, comparing man to a beautiful piece of machinery, that when he fell all the parts were there, every wheel, every pin, every part there; but it was disarranged, the wheels no more worked in harmony, the spring became weak, the whole concern out of order. How then can it keep time? How can it do its appointed task or mission? I take it that man's fall was not simply a fall from God's favour, or a fall from Paradise, or a fall of holy principle within him, but a corruption of every attribute, a stroke of the divine anger paralyzed his every action, and left him, (not a part removed, and he incomplete,) but a whole wreck, a complete mass of wounds and sores, a stately ruin, a broken and shattered fabric. If this be true, then pride took the place of humility; cunning the place of wisdom; cruelty in the stead of mercy; wrath the place of fervent devotion; a groveling appetite the place of lofty and pure aspirations. Yet he will worship; and from being a pure spiritual worshipper, he sinks to that of a natural one. And his ideas of God and worship will become as erroneous and debased as his mind can make them. How solemn, yet truthful, is the language of the apostle concerning this matter, when he says, "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of uncorruptible God into an image made like unto corruptible man, and to birds, and to four-footed beasts and creeping things, who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever."

2. All natural worship must be unclean. Being filthy, they will not be able or willing to endure anything that is higher or better than themselves. The natural man's god must be like himself in most respects. Nay, he will want him to be what he himself would like to be. In fact, we say but the truth when we affirm, that the natural man desires a god with all his own propensities, but with power to carry them to their full extent. The gods of the Heathens are but deities of their own imagination. They breathe forth a cloud of iniquity, wreath it with divine attributes, put into its hand the sceptre of universal wickedness, set it upon the throne of their vile affections, and fall down to worship, what he himself has made.

" Gods, partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes, were rage, revenge, and lust."

Do you want, my reader, to know what man fain would be; what heights of blasphemy he would rise to, and what seas of vice he would indulge in? Then read the history of Rome-Pagan, and—for aught I know—Rome-Papal too: read the sickening details of Heathen Mythology, and the later descriptions of Heathen-worship in our own day, and then you will discover, how *bad man would be* and how long suffering God *is*. Who can read the revolting rites of Venus, Mars, and Jupiter? Who can read the thrilling declamations of inspiration against idolatry, without discovering that man, left to himself, worships that which best accommodates his own vile affections? Till the introduction of the Christian religion there was no nation—but the Jews—who taught in their religion anything approaching true morality. And the Word of God is the only book ever written—claiming to be inspired—that raises man from the low level in which it finds him: and all other books of morality, borrow the same from the Scripture

fountain. Every religion of man's invention treads upon morality, traffics in vice, and excludes purity and truth. Much has been written of the exalted views of the Grecian Philosophers, but if their lives be read in their naked truthfulness, it will be found that they encouraged vices so awful, that the most impure lips would almost hesitate to describe, and which vices were openly advocated amongst the people. Murder was in many instances taught to be virtue. Suicide honourable and manly. Adultery simply a necessity. Destruction of maimed children a duty to the state; and the murder of all but the eldest girl, according to the law of the land; and other matters which I forbear to mention. Well may the inspired Paul—living in the midst of these corruptions and idolatry—exclaim, "Without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful: who knowing the judgements, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

3. All natural worship is addressed to more than one supreme being. It is only spiritual worshippers who can grasp the idea of the Great Mind governing all things by the word of his power. The natural mind hesitates to receive it. The ignorant, natural mind cannot and will not believe it. He cannot himself be in more than one place at a time, and therefore he cannot comprehend one God being enough; and thus the Heathen have their god of war, god of love, goddess of flowers, god of the sea, god of the air, etc., to an enormous number, bewildering in their names and weak in their very profuseness. It is so in all false religions. Mahomet taught but one God, but in its practical application he worshipped many. The Church of Rome teaches the worship of the One Eternal God, but she worships saints, crosses, altars, men and pictures; and in that very act proclaims many gods. Nay, the professed Christian, who is not a true spiritual man, worships the golden calf, and falls down to many an image he has set up. It is not altogether extinct from our churches. If the golden calf was destroyed by Moses, many a new one has been cast and raised up. At Bethel was a calf, and at many of our Bethels, Zions, Jirehs, Salems, Bethesdas and the like, the golden calf is still worshipped: if it were extinct, our poor would be better looked to, the minister of God better paid, the house of God in better condition. If such money-worship was extinct, the wealthy Christian would not think a shilling a liberal donation once a month to the plate, and two shillings a good price for the best seat in the chapel. The minister's salary would not be doled out as a favour, but generous hearts and hands would liberally give and heartily work for the cause of God. Has it ever had to be said in our Christian churches, as it was said to the Israelites, "Let neither man or woman make any more work for the offering of the Sanctuary. So the people were restrained from giving"? The people of God have yet to learn—or at least to apply the truth—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." That day will be a happy day for our churches, when the golden calf shall be ground to powder, and when—ceasing to be a god—it shall be made to serve and do good in the midst of our country. Idolatry runs in every grade of society, under different names, yet always debasing the mind, and enslaving the intellect. Thus natural worship may be summed up as remaining vestiges of primeval purity, testifying to man's fallen and ruined condition.

Consolidated by man it becomes earthly, sensual, devilish; commencing with indistinct and natural ideas of God, they lost the power, lost the reality, and sunk deeper and deeper into ignorance and sensuality, till degenerate man worships he knows not what; nay, more, offers impure worship to the author of sin and the father of lies. Let men boast as they will of the proud intellect of man; let them in glowing periods declare what he has accomplished in arts and sciences; let them talk of his purity and truth; let them tell how he can rise, and how daring his conceptions can be, but we will point to the high places and groves of Baal, the filthy temples of India, the murderous worship of China, the sickening details of Heathen Mythology, as an ever-standing and immovable evidence of, not only the fallen, but degenerating nature of man. Some dream of a world—now lying in the wicked one—to be made pure and holy by the universality of education and the advance of science. But let the recent war on the continent, with its pious king and generals—so called—highly educated, and presumed religious, stand to the present generation, a ghastly protest against such intolerable, misleading ideas. “When Christ cometh, shall he find faith on the earth? I tell you nay.” Was Sodom wicked? Was Capernaum lifted up to Heaven in sin? Was Tyre fat with all its riches, its ill-gotten spoils, its awful wickedness? Was Nineveh, and Babylon, and Rome, typical cities of sin? Yet I reckon that the sins of Paris, of London, of New York, of Modern Rome would out-vie them all for open blasphemy and unnatural crimes. Will God burn up the world because the people are no good? Nay, rather because sin will have grown to such dreadful proportions, that ascending to the Lord God of Sabbaoth, He will send out his lightnings and smite them, he will utter his voice, and destroy them; and this world in a blaze shall be a fit embodiment of God’s hatred and displeasure at sin.

In our second paper we shall treat of the nature of Spiritual Worship.

WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“**LORD**, return, and love me still,
 Make me subject to thy will;
 Frown with wrath, or smile with grace,
 Only let me see thy face:
 Evil I have none to fear;
 All is good, if thou art near.

Have I sinned? Oh, show wherein?
 Tell me; and forgive my sin!
KING, and **LORD**, whom I adore,
 Shall I see thy face no more?
 Be not angry: I resign,
 Henceforth, all my will to thine.”

THE cup of retribution is that which we have been considering in the sorrows of the late Prussian Queen, and the awful miseries which have fallen upon France; and especially upon her chief cities and towns. What the end will be, I cannot tell. One thing, I know; it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God; and it is a fearful thing when “waters of a full cup are wrung out,” even to those who fear God, yet have been in some wise left to follow the devices of their own hearts. But chastisement is not banishment. “It is only reprobate men,” as Edmund Greenfield said, when he preached that awful sermon on the death of his apostatizing deacon, “it is only reprobate men who are left in hardness to draw back unto perdition;” but, when we see, and hear, and read, of such characters as Henry Fowler describes, hardened even

in death, and declaring they wanted no God, nor any prayer; it should cause a sacred jealousy in our souls, lest hardness of heart steal over us, and lock us up at last in black despair. This, we know, cannot be the end of any of the redeemed; but it may be the end of many who make a long and a glaring profession of the Gospel; for if they are not rooted and grounded in CHRIST, if they have not been baptized into Christ, they will not be glorified with him: but if we have been "planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

During the last three months, while seeing my family all smitten; sickness and death sinking them, taking them, and outward trials abounding; oh, how dreadful at such times to feel one's heart unmoved; to look upon your dearest objects in the furnace, and in death, and not able to weep; hard, cold sorrow. How awful this! Yet, even now, before God, I hope, like David, I may say, "This is my comfort in my affliction; for thy word hath quickened me." Yes, when I was in the pulpit at Boston, on Easter Sunday afternoon, that word did come home, and into my poor heart: "Thy way is in the sea, thy path is in the great waters; and thy footsteps are not known." That was a solemn season to my soul. Again, when I was in Charles Turner's pulpit at Ripley, the words, "Underneath are the everlasting arms," did amazingly soften and open my heart: and this day on which I write these lines, I can but reflect upon the inward conflict of my soul in going to the great prayer meeting on behalf of our dear brother James Wells. Such questions did stir my poor mind to its very centre; as though some one taunted me with, "What do all these calamities mean?" "Is there not a cause?" Ah, indeed, there is a cause: but, what that cause is, I cannot tell. Only in this, I do desire to be thankful, that for many years grace has preserved me. To study CHRIST, to think upon CHRIST, to preach CHRIST, to live CHRIST, to serve the churches of CHRIST, and to anticipate the glories of CHRIST: these things have been my only comfort; my soul's sincere delight: and when in that hallowed assembly at the New Surrey Tabernacle on the twelfth of May; when perhaps more than a thousand souls were all prostrate before the Lord in prayer, then a little sacred feeling moved my spirit. The hymns they sung—the prayers they presented—the words they uttered—yea, the service altogether—was enough to convince our spiritual mind that the Lord was in our midst; and when Mr. Mead read the letter from his afflicted pastor, it was as a seal upon all our souls, that the hand of the Lord had done this; and I did anticipate the day when a holy assembly shall be convened—with our brother James Wells in our midst—to return thanks unto our HEAVENLY FATHER, for sanctifying, and restoring mercies. That night, too, when in my room, before laying down to rest, I was enabled to beseech the Lord to grant that my faith in the desired recovery might be realized; and that the resurrection—as it were—of our brother James, might be the means of raising up a new life among all our churches—causing our ministers to go forth with the flame of God's eternal love in their souls—making them instrumental in plucking many as brands from the burning.

From all I can see in our churches and ministers, there is great need of this. From Suffolk, we have lamentable tidings: in Lincolnshire,

black and base works have been transacted : and even in Kent, an aged man who has long stood in the truth, has all but made shipwreck of his faith, and of a good conscience. So much so, that a Christian gentleman sends me the following lines, with the hope that they may meet the eye—touch the heart—and recover the spirit, of the fallen aged one. I give the lines here ; and this is all I must give this month, under this heading ; because other matters require the space. May the genuine breathings of a true Christian heart toward one who has hurt himself—and the cause he espoused—be very useful, so prays the afflicted servant of the Church,

C. W. B.

[While the following verses are intended for one particular minister of some years' profession in the truth, they are calculated to reach, and touch many more than him.—Ed.]

Respected brother, hast thou sinned ?

Go, knock at mercy's gate ;
Confess your guilt before the Lord,
For he's your advocate.

You stood upon Mount Zion's walls,
With trumpet in your hand,
To take the word from Jesu's lips,
And sound it through the land.

But you have proved unfaithful, friend,
Unworthy of your trust,
And hence the members of the church
Turn from you with disgust.

The enemies of truth and peace,
Will gainsay and blaspheme,
While you, unto the church of God,
A hypocrite will seem.

Satan hath caught you in his snare ;
But is your spirit grieved
To think how you have pained the hearts
Of those you have deceived ?

But when they see you penitent,
Prostrate before the throne,
They'll clasp you in the arms of love,
And still the kindred own.

We know the blood of Jesus Christ
Doth cleanse us from all sin,
Not only from the stains without,
But from the stains within.

O, that you now may feel that blood
Sprinkled upon your heart,
And if the Lord hath scourged you,
That blood will heal the smart.

You'll find, if you're a child of God,
Sin brings its punishment,
Nor peace, nor comfort, can be known,
Until the heart is rent.

But art thou hardened in thy heart ?
O, what a solemn thing
To loose, if but a little while,
The favour of the King.

The favour of our glorious King,
Is as the latter rain ;
London, May 10, 1871.

Go, spread your case before his throne,
And all your loss regain.

Lust, when conceived, doth bring forth sin,
Whose pestilential breath
Benumbs the feelings of the soul,
And stupifies in death.

Hence, in temptation's trying hour,
Alas, there is no strife ;
The artful foe is not opposed,
Because there is no life.

Thus, like a man o'ercome with wine,
Who knows not what he does ;
He on the brink of danger runs,
But knows not where he goes.

My brethren, be not too severe,
But on your helper call ;
Remember, ye are in the flesh,
And liable to fall.

Our steps are in a slippery path,
Or, on enchanted ground ;
There, many wily snares are hid,
Here, pleasing parts abound.

By nature, O, how weak is man ;
Frail as a bruised reed,
He soon would fall to rise no more,
Did not Christ intercede.

When in self-confidence we stand,
We but display our pride ;
And if a single moment left,
Alas, we turn aside.

If righteous men be left to fall,
They'll drink the bitter cup ;
But what a mercy, O, my soul,
The Lord will raise them up.

Gird ye the Gospel armour on,
And stand up for the fight ;
Resist the devil, and he'll flea,
And vanish out of sight.

Stretch forth thine hand, Almighty God,
Hold thou me up, I pray ;
And lest my feet should start aside,
O, keep me night and day.

H. T.

MEMOIR OF SUSANNAH CLINCH.

THE subject of this memoir, Susannah Clinch, wife of Joseph Clinch, of Reading, was born at Sutton Courtenay, near Abingdon. Her parents are of the working class, and have always found it as much as they could do to provide things honest in the sight of all men; but, in the providence of God, have been enabled to do so; and through his rich and abundant mercy and grace, the mother and three of her children have been led to follow their Lord and confess his name in the ordinance of baptism.

When Susannah was about twenty years of age, the Lord began to show her that her kind and affectionate disposition could not recommend her to him, who requireth truth in the inward parts; and that she was by nature and practice, a lost sinner. In her trouble, she went from place to place, (often among the Arminians,) hoping to find rest and comfort, as they teach you can come at any time you choose, and believe, and be made happy: but her experience proved this doctrine to be false. She was then led to hear that honoured servant of the Lord, Mr. Randall, pastor of the Baptist Church in her native village; who preached salvation full and free, and a settled thing from all eternity. This seemed at first to leave her without hope: but this was only the darkness before the dawn; for (as she used to tell me,) when she thought all hope had expired, the Lord graciously brought light into her soul and taught her to praise him.

Mr. Randall often spoke about, and explained the ordinance of Believer's Baptism, and she was satisfied it was an ordinance of her Saviour's appointment; but a great cross lay in her way; there was no pool in the chapel; and to be baptized in the open stream seemed more than she could bear. She could get no peace on this subject, till one Wednesday evening, her pastor was led to say something about baptism that the Lord applied with power to many of his children; Susannah among them: at the close they sang

" Dear Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?"

This humbled her proud spirit: she was enabled to give a clear and satisfactory account of the Lord's dealings with her: she was baptized May 17, 1863: in the open stream. Her subsequent walk and conduct proved she was not of those who draw back to perdition.

While she remained single she was kind and patient to her afflicted mother, and all who required her attention: especially her beloved pastor and his wife; she esteemed them very highly. She entered the marriage state with myself, September 16, 1866; and in God's providence we removed to Theale, about twenty miles from our native village: here, among other trying circumstances, we felt the loss of a free grace gospel: the nearest place being Providence Chapel, Reading: five miles distant. While here, I experienced her care as wife and nurse through a five month's affliction. After this, we removed to Reading, where I obtained constant work; and both of us the privilege of sitting under Mr. Pearce. Being of weak body she could not attend the means so often as she desired.

After a long season of debility, she was suddenly laid up with derangement of the liver, and (as was proved after death,) perforation

of the bowels, causing inflammation and excruciating pain for six days, when her happy spirit took its flight to where

“Sickness, and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.”

she was favoured to leave all earthly matters in the hands of her Saviour; and after offering a hearty prayer for myself and our child, she exclaimed, “Home to glory! Home to glory! Home to glory!” and repeated part of the hymn,

“Jesus can make a dying bed
Softer than downy pillows are.”

I asked her if she doubted her interest in her Saviour? She answered, No, not in the least; and repeated several times, “My precious home;” “Father, take me home;” “My precious home,” &c., till her happy spirit took its flight, March 22, 1871.

I have lost a loving, careful, and faithful wife; our little one, a tender mother; and our friends, a faithful friend. We committed her body to the grave in the Reading Cemetery the following Sunday; when Mr. Pearce spake some solemn yet cheering words to a large audience at the grave side. In the evening he improved her death in the chapel, from Job ix. 12: a cheering discourse to bereaved friends, but awfully solemn to the unbeliever.

JOSEPH CLINCH.

LETTERS FROM THE HEART.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND—Since I last wrote to you, my way has been rough and dark; and I find that without the holy, gracious, bedewing, sanctifying, and sustaining influences of the Holy Spirit, it is impossible, when surrounded with trying, distressing, and perplexing circumstances to say, “Thy will, O God, thy will be done.” But still we do adore the vast designs, and wonder at the all-wise providence of our indulgent Father, who is not accountable to his creatures, and to whom none can say, “What doest thou?” “His way is in the sea, his path is in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known.” Shall we then murmur, when we consider that he is not only too good to be unkind, but also too wise to do wrong? Heaven forbid. Though we cannot tell what the dear Lord is doing, and are ignorant of his wise projects, yet may we always be constrained to bow our inmost soul, in resignation, and submission to the divine will. Though we cannot comprehend his works, nor understand his ways, yet, may we be always resigned, yea, perfectly resigned to his wise disposal, and be able to feel, as Paul felt, when he said, “For me to live, is Christ; to die is gain.”

But, how frequently do we mistake him, when he is full of love and pity, and is only afflicting us, that we may be more refined from our earthly dross; then, to our shame, do we think that in wrath he is about to leave us, or, at least, we are not numbered with the dear people of God. If the Lord’s providences are adverse, may we not despair, and if they are prosperous and pleasant, may we not be careless or ungrateful. May we have grace sufficient to enable us to surrender ourselves into the hands of our glorious Immanuel.

May we never be satisfied with anything short of a realization of a personal interest in all the blessings and privileges of the everlasting covenant of Grace which is ordered in all things and sure.

GEORGE COOK.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Preacher Pelting the People.—Master Charles Haddon Spurgeon in his *Sword and Trowel* for May, furnisheth a rather large paper, headed, "The Ministry needed by the Churches, and Measures for Providing it;" in which are some broad hints, and not a few good suggestions; but his plain dealing with pedantic parsons is worth quoting. He says, "The Latinity of some preachers reminds us of the old fable of the boy-thief perched in the apple-tree. The owner of the orchard tells him to come down; but his words are laughed at; he then tries turf; the rogue is not dislodged. At last, he throws stones at him; and the boy is soon at his feet. Now, the devil does not care for your dialectics and eclectic homiletics, or Germanic objectives and subjectives; but pelt him with Anglo-Saxon in the name of God, and he will shift his quarters." As Mr. Spurgeon desires to supply the whole nation with an army of ministers, he certainly ought to know the kind of men required; but, after all, except JESUS CHRIST himself, by the HOLY GHOST, make, qualify, and send a man to do a special work in the Gospel ministry, no SAVING work will be done. For gifted preachers, such a day as this was never seen before; but, the great divinity booksellers tell us, and Mr. Spurgeon seems to be aware of the fact, that the rising race of parsons in this day, "Sneer at such giants in mind and learning as John Owen, Goodwin, Charnock, and Manton; and they will neither buy nor read the works of those godly men whose lives were exhausted in writing out the great and the most essential principles of the Gospel. Our leading men in the Strict Baptist section have almost entirely neglected the young men springing up around them; consequently, many of them are gone to the Pastor's college. Nevertheless, we have a large number of valiant Jerusalem-blades, who are chosen, and called, and faithful; and who have mental, and natural, and gracious qualifications; but they require time for quiet meditation; and means for acquiring more general information, in order to meet the generally well-informed people to whom in these days they are called to minister. Mr. Spurgeon's hard blow at the new edition of poor Bidder's *Marrow of Dr. Thomas Goodwin's Works* is neither the most

correct, nor the kindest review he ever wrote. The late William Bidder made some choice quotations from Goodwin, and labelled them "The Marrow." &c. The first edition having been all sold, a Christian gentleman urged Mr. Robert Banks to issue a second edition; he complied; and just printed title and contents as Bidder left the work. The "marrow" is simply an oleaginous substance in the hollow of a bone; a tiny part of the whole. Let it be granted Goodwin's works were gigantic; Bidder never said he had taken out "all" the marrow; the fact is, the pamphlet ought to have been marked "No. 1," as Bidder only *commenced* his work, intending if he had lived to have made a good volume; but the Lord took him home. Whether the extracts were "made with judgment," or not, is a mere matter of taste. If six men sat down to make choice extracts from Goodwin, each one would make such selections as he felt to be the best; and each, would perhaps, differ from the other. We think it a pity, when a reviewer allows himself to condemn a *good* thing, simply because it is small; or, more likely, because it did not happen to be produced by his own more fortunate publishers. "A monstrous title," is a term which may please the student lads; but no impartial mind will think it well chosen.

The Praying Widow; her Widowed Daughter, and Six Fatherless Children.—Thomas Huband Gregg, a clergyman at Harborne, near Birmingham, publishes a penny monthly called *Gilead*, and it is a noble witness to the truth of the New Covenant Gospel. In May number the following precious piece of Providence is given; and we quote it to show forth the character of a real Christian, though only a poor old widow. The visitor asked her, "And how does your widowed daughter get on?" "Now that is a constant wonder to me," said the poor woman, "I can't tell beyond this you know, that the widow and the fatherless God has promised to care for, and truly he does in her case. She's as honest as the sun; I think she would live upon a crust to pay her way; but she doesn't know the Lord, so poor soul she has no refuge in him, and yet how he cares for her and her six little bits of fatherless-children is quite wonderful. It is just

day by day, his hand is seen in providing for their daily wants; but I think they will soon be motherless too, for she is very weakly, she had to give up all her washing a few weeks ago, that brought her in a good Saturday night; but she keeps on her mangle, and in some untold way, one has helped, and another has helped, and she has not missed the washing. Now, isn't that wonderful? It is a testimony to me of his faithfulness, for nights and nights upon this bed have I poured out my soul to the Lord in prayer that he would help that poor thing and her six little ones to a bit of bread, and day after day I hear of the Lord's goodness to them, and it is such encouragement to me to pray on. For years, when my husband was in such poor health, I used to entreat the Lord that he would not take him from me while my children were little, and I knew nothing of the Lord then, but he heard me, and when they were all grown up he died, so I had only to suffer poverty alone like; 'but the Lord is my portion,' saith my soul, and that sweetens every bitter cup. The people who lodge here are very kind to me, and God's people do show out the love of the brethren, for they visit me and provide for me in many ways. But what I cry to the Lord for is, to see grace in my children. O, if I did but know they were the Lord's, every trouble would seem light, but I must leave them with the Lord, and shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

The Londoner's Favourite Preacher.—For many generations, yea, for many centuries past, London has had its favourite preachers; but, the singular, (which we find in *Our Own Fireside* for May, in its article on Mr. Hugh Latimer and his Plough Sermons; this singular) may now be pluralized, for every sect in London, every city, town, and village, perhaps every professing family in Christendom, has its own "favourite preacher;" and truly that is a vain and empty position in many cases. "Who did you hear last Lord's-day?" "Oh, G—ds—k, at Gr—h." "I don't care to hear him at all; it goes in one ear, and out at the other. But two or three in the place think there is no one in all the world like him." Such is the poor parson's critical position; he preaches the best sermons he possibly can, it may be; many go away quite angry, while a few will caress and comfort him. Of Master Hugh Latimer it is said, "No conven-

tional ideas of the dignity of the pulpit fetter his homely utterance;" to the king, and to the humble citizen, he spake truth out of his heart; and for that they burned him at the stake. So let us know from the Lord; and so let us know for ourselves, that we have God's holy truth burned into our souls by the fire of the Holy Ghost; and then, whether we are cursed by men, or caressed, we must press on with our work, leaving results with HIM, to whom alone we must give in our accounts. *Our Own Fireside* gives us every month nice lots of useful papers.

The Murphy Relief Fund.—In *the Rock*, perhaps the best penny weekly Protestant paper we have, gave, on April 28, a bold and seasonable epistle from Rev. S. A. Walker, of Bristol, on the murderous attack made upon Mr. Murphy, at Whitehaven, by 300 banded ruffian colliers. Different men may look upon Mr. Murphy from different points of view; but, if any man on this earth, if any body of men, can attempt to justify these Roman Catholic murdering colliers, then, sure enough we may conclude, that a bloody persecution has again commenced in our own country, and that it will be patronized too. Every man worthy of the name of a Protestant, ought, in his own name, to demand of the powers that be, that such a premeditated, wilful, and malicious attack upon a man simply because he was exposing the dark doings of deceivers, should receive the fullest investigation, and punishment too. It was worse than all the Smithfield martyrdoms.

A Job-like Farmer; or, the Day of Adversity set between Two Days of Prosperity.—This double or treble tale of sorrow, really brought tears into our dull and dry eyes; for, we have carried sorrow in our hearts for so many years, that sometimes we have felt almost hardened in it; as though nothing could move a heart so rocky, so broken, so baked and bruised as ours has been. However, "The Job-like Farmer" touched the yet remaining tender spot, and made a tiny tear or two ooze out. *The Job-like Farmer* is a title of our own coining; but it is truly expressive of the narrative which we give in the June number of *Cheering Words*, and we solemnly desire to circulate this tale of tribulation and of triumph everywhere. Mr. Lush gives it us in his *Itemembrancer*; we give it in *Cheering Words*.

Arminianism Detected and Rejected. Mr. Wallinger gives a plain paper on this subject in *Gospel Magazine* for May, which is more experimentally precious than ever. Mr. Doudney has now conducted the *Gospel Magazine* thirty-one years; and over those thirty years and more, he may look with intense gratitude to God for having thus honoured, thus preserved, and thus employed him. The blessing that monthly has been to thousands, eternity alone can reveal.

Bye-paths in Baptist Church History: a Collection of Interesting, Instructive, and Curious Information, &c. By the Rev. J. Jackson Goadby. London: Elliot Stock. Two three-penny parts of this work are now issued. To trace up our origin, and to review the fields of blood and suffering our fathers travelled in, must help to strengthen the faith, and to educate the judgment, of all who desire honestly to know the mind of the Lord. Mr. Goadby aims to be useful; and for his work in this department many will thank him.

The Ambassador and his Instructions.—Sermon delivered by Rev. W. Jeffrey, at Charles street chapel, Kennington. London: Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. Very neat discourse altogether: matter is quiet and good as far as it goes: and the style of production is all one could wish. The preacher indirectly ignores the majority of present day ministers, when he says, "The true Ambassador is known by his being in doctrine incorrupt." We hardly know where to find such Ambassadors now. We carefully reserve the sermon, hoping to give it further attention.

Touching the Death of Sir John Herschell.—John Hampden, Esq., has recently turned his attention to the astronomical theories of "Scientific Professors and their Principles;" and by tracts, pamphlets, and papers, he is declaring that sceptics have been made by wholesale, by the deceptions of pretended philosophers. There are inextinguishable mysteries in the heavenly, as well as in the spiritual, world. Both these departments have been immense markets, wherein the school-men have carried on a large trade for centuries. What Martin Luther did for the papacy, John Hampden is doing for the Astronomers; and we think we may gather something from his writings, of use to our readers, some day.

A. B. C. London and Suburban

Church and Chapel Directory for 1871.—London: R. Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. This is the eleventh annual issue of this universal guide to all the places of worship in London, and in its suburbs: shewing where those places are to be found, who the preachers are, where they live, and at what particular time they conduct public worship. There is scarcely a Christian in the nation but would gladly possess this cheap two-penny annual, if he knew of its existence and its value.

Window Gardening.—To thousands in crowded cities this species of cheerful floriculture is a great treat; and they may improve their knowledge, and increase their pleasure by carefully studying *The Gardener's Magazine*, conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq.; and published by E. W. Allen, Ave Maria lane.

A Pastor's Address to his Church, by Dr. Broek. If many of our pastors could read this address right into the hearts of their people; and if its good suggestions took root within their hearts, bringing forth practical fruits, it would produce a grand change in some of our churches. Our people will find a difficulty in obtaining this pastoral address: therefore, in sections, from month to month, we desire to give it them. They can easier digest small pieces than the whole at once.

Pliable of the Nineteenth Century may be had, free, by applying to Samuel Jones, 67, Peckham grove, Camberwell, London, by any minister or deacons of Baptist churches, on condition that they are sold, and the money given to the poor of the church: price 4d. Mr. Thomas Steed, at Mr. Stringer's meeting, pronounced this *Pliable* to be the sharpest, and most reasonable book, he had seen for a long time. There are plenty of poor; we hope the churches will embrace this opportunity.

The Charter of Salvation, by the late Joseph Irons, of Camberwell, is given in *Old Jonathan* for May. That *Charter* is well drawn from the Holy Bible; and should be studied, tested, prayed over, and proclaimed, by all who desire to be faithful and useful ministers of the Gospel.

For *National Monitor*, and *Harper's Illustrated* we are much indebted. The excellent style, and the becoming talent, of the American Baptist Journals convince us, that they have ten times the zeal of our English Baptist.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

OUR CHURCHES IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

A NOTE

TO MY BELOVED BROTHER JOHN.

I WAS glad once more to see your face in the flesh. I was thankful you heard me preach the Word; and when I thought of the first time you and I went to Littlebourne to preach; and of all the changes, sorrows, and mercies, since then, I tried to be humble and grateful too.

I desire to give you a few notes on my internal conflicts, and external labours. Read them: if any dew of the Spirit rests upon them, praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

In the lane leading from Rose cottage to Love lane chapel, Spalding, on Saturday, April 8, 1871, as I walked, this sentence stirred up my soul: "BOSTON! AND THE SEVENTY-SECOND PSALM." To myself I said, I have but one work in all the wide world, and that is to speak all I can in honour, and in favour of my blessed Lord and Master, JESUS, the SON of GOD. I feel, if I could, I would bear my testimony in the proclamation of his precious name and salvation, in every city, town, village, and inhabited part of this world. While some seem to smother him in chasubles and robes, and wrap him up in gaudy ceremonies; while others hold out hard controversies and deal in philosophical essays, I would simply say, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he is in himself; what he has done for his Father's glory; what he has accomplished on behalf of his people; and also, what he has done for my soul."

Three different kinds of feelings are continually running through my mind: (1st.) A dissatisfaction with all I hear, see, and read, which does not lead up to the glorious person of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. (2nd.) A spirit of unhappiness because I cannot more powerfully realize his presence and blessing in preaching his precious Gospel. (3rd.) A deep desire, more than ever, to honour, to serve, and to commune with him; who is beyond all description, the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. At our meetings generally, there is too much of the flesh, and too little of the Spirit of Christ.

For many years I have thought of going into Boston, in Lincolnshire. I never asked any man to let me go. I do not think I even asked the Lord to send me there: but I had a secret thought the day would come when I must go. There has been much opposition; but when my gracious Lord designs me to go to any place, he will make the way plain in his own time.

Last Monday week, I took Mr. Thomas Mayhew Jones down to Old Ford Bethel to preach; and there I thought much of my beloved son Earnest, who has just been taken from me; and while silently and sorrowfully meditating upon the solemn scenes, these words in Psalm, xxii. 15, fell on my heart like rain: "And he shall live; and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised." I was thus led to contemplate, and to think, upon the person of Christ, of his resurrection life, of his intercessory life, of his life in the Gospel ministry, of his life in the souls of his people, and of his glorified life when he shall receive into his kingdom all that the Father hath given unto him.

So much were those words and thoughts impressed upon my mind, that they never left me. I preached several times and in different places, previous to reaching Boston; but until Sunday morning, April 9, 1871, I never touched those precious words: "And he shall live." I reached Boston on the previous Saturday evening. Our ministerial brother, D. Wilson, and two brethren met me; and exceedingly kind to me they were. I had bed, board, and the warmest friendship that ever any poor sinner could meet with in this world; and on Easter Sunday, brother Wilson read the Word, prayed to the Lord, and I tried two or three times to lift up, and to unfurl, the banner of truth. I thought I had three of the largest texts in God's good Book: 1. "And he shall live." 2. "Thy way is in the sea; thy path is in the great waters; and thy footsteps are not known." 3. "And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life: he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Those three Scriptures rolled into my soul for many days; but if ever man felt the contrast between the feebleness of his mind, and the fountain fulness of eternal truth, I did that day. But, do read over, and think upon, these Scriptures; and of Boston churches, and other things, you will have more the next time you hear from

C. W. B.

OUR WATERING PLACES.

Yarmouth is 126 miles by road, 121 by rail, from London; as a sea bathing place it presents powerful attractions; situate on a piece of land between the River Yare and the sea; it is the resort of thousands during the season, and with its extensive sands the lengthy promenade called "The Drive," its numerous residences, and the well-stocked market, provide ample accommodation. The

Quay of Yarmouth is considered the finest and most commodious of any in Europe; that of Seville in Spain only excepted.

The Steamers from London Bridge Wharf bring down many hundreds; accomplishing the journey in eight to ten hours, at a low fare; the return tickets available for a month. Those who prefer a Saturday to Monday trip are accommodated by the Great Eastern Railway, who run special trains at extraordinary low fares once a fortnight. Here visitors meet with many from Cambridge, Huntingdon, Bedford, Northampton, and other Shires and Counties who know and speak the language of Canaan of whom it may be said, "Thou shalt not see a fierce people, a people of a deeper speech than thou canst perceive, of a stammering tongue that thou canst not understand." Isaiah xxxiii. 19.

Salem chapel, situate in Albion road, one of the hills of Zion, is the place of assembly of such as these, and where the Lord is oftimes found.

It was on a visit here last year that the writer of this had a little lamb taken to the fold above; while walking among the dead, he copied the annexed from a grave stone, which he ventures to put as precious specie on board the *Vessel*.

"Crumb of Jacob's dust lies here below,
Richer than all the mines of Mexico;
Its being in these ruins doth not prove
Its Lord's neglect, nor yet decay of love;
It ever was, and is its Lord's delight,
Nor e'er was moved a moment from his sight,
Or ever shall, but freed from grief and pain
With Christ its Lord eternally shall reign.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Romans viii. 35.

R. H

OUR EVANGELIZING CURATES.

No. V.

[In order to make room for the following explanatory note, we must not bring forward other brethren this month. We are closely watching those young men who are receiving invites with a view to the pastorate. We earnestly beseech them not too suddenly to attempt to SETTLE down with any people. Let every young man solemnly ask himself three questions as he goes on in the ministry of the Gospel. Let him ask himself, first, "In my study, does the Lord the Spirit open up in my own soul his own blessed Word?" Secondly, "In my pulpit does the Lord, from time to time, give me a light and liberty in his holy service?" And thirdly, "In the souls of saints and sinners, does God the Eternal Spirit make the Gospel, through me, the power of himself unto their consolation and salvation?" If in studying, in preaching, in praying, and in the people's hearts, God's anointings are realized, then to that man the exhortation is applicable; and in that man's life the promise shall be verified where it is

said, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, (in the ministry in Gospel Zion) and verily THOU SHALT BE FED." But as our brother Green has a few words to say, we must retire.]

MR. EDITOR,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, and the one universal Zion of the Triune God of Israel. You have made honourable reference to me as a minister of the glorious Gospel of Christ; and of my ministrations among the churches for many years. Receive my sincere thanks for the same. The purport of this comment is to place before the churches of Christ some just reasons relative to myself and other brethren, resigning our pastorates; and to clear up the minds of churches in their views of brethren who labour in the Word, yet still attend their calling in life. As regards myself, allow me to say from no disaffection to my brethren in office, or to the churches at Zoar, Holloway, or Waltham Abbey, did I leave either of them. As a proof of the regard shown to me at Zoar, (a little before I left) the church and people raised in a few weeks, £100 towards building a new place, but on account of it requiring (from the value of ground close by) some £700 or £800, the money was justly returned to each contributor who wished it; and I, from that time, sought other leadings of Providence. I accepted the cordial invite from Waltham Abbey, and tarried there four years; they built for me a neat little chapel, but seeing my labours hindered by two causes existing in a limited sphere, I felt justified in wishing to leave. I believe, by my deacons, churches, and members of the congregations of both causes, I am esteemed with as much respect as at any period of days gone by. You think mental fruitfulness is retarded in brethren who attend to the ministry and their calling in life. No doubt that is true; many brethren are debarred from study by being engaged early and late in their business. But this doth not prove that all are. My calling in life favours the reverse; from 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. being my hours of business, and leaving throughout the year at 2 p.m. Saturday. I have served the churches in Northamptonshire, &c. near 100 miles off for a year past less or more, and perhaps few stated pastors have studied more than your humble servant has done for years. I possess a library of valuable theological and other works, of the most learned authors; thanks to a gracious God for this providence, and also for a mind to dive into matters. Aud I think I am justified in believing there are many of my brethren in the ministry who are similarly favoured. It may be asked, Why are we not entirely engaged in the ministry? Because I am afraid of shutting the door of Providence already opened. See how fluctuating pastorates are, and have been for years. Look at many of our older brethren, how they have been tossed about; and look at the new or younger brethren that have left entirely their calling, would they not be glad had they still remained in that call-

ing? When I can see my path clear to throw myself on a people, I will do so; till then I had rather travel here and there. Affectionately yours,

F. GREEN.

OPEN COMMUNIONISM.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

SIR,—I deem it a duty to “stand upon my watch tower,” and to survey the scene around, in order to detect the approach of any foe. True, I “stand” almost alone, but the absence of company, unless it be of the right sort, is not to be regretted. In looking out a short time ago, I discovered in a publication edited by a young Baptist minister of a Northern school, the following characteristic announcement:

“The Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper is administered on the first Sunday in every month, after the evening service. Professing Christians of all evangelical denominations are welcome at the Lord’s Table.”

Of course, this means “all and everybody,” whether members of churches or not, whether Arminians, Socinians, Jumpers, Ranters, and whether baptized or not, for no questions are ever asked. Indeed, I am informed that persons of the most opposite views on divine truth and Gospel practice and discipline, sit at that table, and are audacious enough to pretend that they are of “One Lord, one faith, and one baptism.” And this, forsooth, is called a Baptist church! And, by consequence, is an Apostolic church. Shades of Peter and Paul, is this thing a church after your model?

In another direction, an old Baptist chapel was recently sold for a large sum of money, and a new one on the open principle is in course of erection from the proceeds. But now comes out the startling truth. The trust-deeds of the old chapel are of the *strictest* possible order, and make provision for the employment of any capital arising from the sale of the property, *the very reverse of Open Communionism*, and the parties concerned know this quite well; but who expects common honesty where Strict Communion is the victim? You may travel from Norwich to Ramsgate, and from Ramsgate to Rawdon, and never meet a man but he thinks he is “doing God service” by robbing a Strict Baptist.

ONE WITH EYES OPEN.

KEPPELL STREET.—MR. EDITOR,—Our pastor, Mr. Samuel Milner, is much recovered. He is preaching again with freedom and power. His church and people have convened a meeting, and made him a handsome present. We are all pleased and thankful, and hope our brother Samuel has a good harvest to gather in yet. We are looking with hope for more union and true Gospel fellowship among our churches. May the Almighty burn up unholy prejudices, break down haughty Phariseism, and melt us into true humility at his dear feet. C. J.

SURREY TABERNACLE.

The last Lord’s-day in April, Mr. Foster (of Hastings), paid us another visit, and was received acceptably. He is not a minister that opens up the Word in its biblical learning; but to the Christian who has been jocelling against the world all the week, and is weary of its deceptions and its deceits, and is compelled of necessity to look to the Lord for a word in season, so as to help him on over another space of his journey, such would hear the Word gladly as delivered by our somewhat aged friend Forster. In the course of his morning sermon he related an incident in the life of the late beloved John M’Kenzie.

It was prior to his (Mr. M’Kenzie’s) being led to know the truth. At the time in question, Mr. M’Kenzie was endeavouring most assiduously to attain to a state of righteousness. He was determined by every means possible to arrive at a state of perfection and holiness. Being then engaged in business, he found it difficult sometimes to keep strictly in this path of perfection; but he had firmly resolved on a Sabbath day to so conduct all matters, either business, family, or otherwise, that his righteousness and holiness should be blameless. The first transaction on the Monday morning following the day this resolve was made, was with a lady who was an excellent customer of Mr. M’Kenzie’s. This lady required a further supply of a class of goods she had previously purchased. During the interval of her first and second purchases, the same goods had been reduced in price. Mr. M’Kenzie showed the lady the same goods, observing they were precisely the same quality, but owing to the reduction, the price would be less. The lady (the same as many now) thought the goods being lower in price were lower in quality, and insisted upon having the goods of the same quality and *price* as at her first purchase. The result was she was shown another parcel of goods of precisely the same quality as the one she had then before her, but at an increased price. This satisfied her; and she made the purchase, paying a shilling over the just price for her ignorance. This (Mr. Forster said) was robbery; “and thus,” as Mr. M’Kenzie had often remarked to him, “I lost all my perfection and holiness for a shilling.”

The first Sabbath in May, our cheerful friend, Hethrington, (of Chobham), paid us a third visit, and was well received. In the evening, he delivered a discourse in defence of the ordinance of believers’ baptism by immersion. If the discourse was not replete with argument we give the Preacher all credit for the earnestness of manner, and warmth displayed on the subject. On the second Sunday, Mr. Welland, of Lewis, preached; and was followed by Mr. A. J. Baxter, who supplied the pulpit six times; and I understand the six sermons are to be printed and published; but as I purpose giving you a report of the special prayer meet-

ing, I must defer any observations on these good men for the present.

SPECIAL PRAYER MEETING.

On Friday evening, May 12, a special prayer meeting was held in the Surrey Tabernacle, "To plead with, and present earnest and united supplication to Almighty God for the relief and restoration of our beloved ministering brother, Mr. James Wells."

It was an exceedingly solemn meeting: a deep spirit of devotion appeared to pervade the assembly. It was an impressive scene. The large platform was crowded with ministers, and the body of the chapel was quite full, while a good number occupied the galleries. There were about thirty ministers present: sixteen of whom took part in the service. Mr. Edward Butt was to have presided, but was prevented, through indisposition; the chair was therefore occupied by Mr. John Beach, one of the deacons. Among the ministerial brethren present we noticed the following: Messrs. Huxham, now supplying at S. Luke's; B. B. Walc, of Blackheath; J. Parsons, of Brentford; R. Howard, of Sunningdale; P. W. Williamson, of Reigate; the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*; C. L. Kemp, of Poplar; J. Griffin, of City road; A. Baker, of Isle of Ely; R. A. Lawrence, of Bermondsey; C. Cornwall; E. Vinall, of City road; J. Warren, of Plumstead; J. Bennett, of Pimlico; F. Wheeler, of Chelsea; J. B. McCure, of Pimlico; T. Stringer, of Stepney; H. Hanks, of Woolwich; W. H. Lee, of Bow; R. G. Edwards, of Islington; J. Hethrington, of Chobham; W. Flack, of New North road; J. Palmer; T. Jones, of Artillery street; H. Hall, of Clapham; John Hunt Lynn, of Plymouth; J. S. Anderson, of Deptford; Mr. Steed, of Shadwell; also Messrs. W. Minton and Stevens, deacons of Mr. Hazletons; Knott and Stringer, from Mr. Lawrence's; and many others which space forbids me to enumerate.

At 7 o'clock, the meeting commenced by singing,

"Come, O my soul with all thy care,
And cast it on thy God;
He knows thy each distressing fear,
And will sustain my load."

Mr. Stringer then offered prayer. Mr. Hanks gave out, and the congregation sang,

"Where is my God? Does he retire
Beyond the reach of human sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?"

Mr. Vinall, (of the City road,) offered prayer.

Mr. McCure read the next hymn,

"My soul ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee was spilt,
What else can he withhold?"

Mr. Thomas Jones followed with a short but appropriate address, taking as a motto for the same, the words of the Preacher,

"In the day of prosperity, be joyful, but in the day of adversity, consider." He remarked that brother Wells and his church, had realized, in a large measure, the former part of this text, and in their prosperity they had rejoiced; they were now passing through the latter clause of that passage, and was therefore called upon "to consider;" for "God had set the one over against the other." That very large meeting, and that crowded platform, declared the sympathy shown to them and their pastor, in his deep affliction.

The Chairman said, the previous evening, the deacons spent with their dear pastor; and Mr. Wells observed that while they were pleading for his restoration in that place on that occasion, he should be seeking the Lord on their behalf.

Mr. Mead read the following

**LETTER FROM MR. WELLS
TO THE DEACONS OF THE SURREY
TABERNACLE.**

DEAR AND HONOURED BRETHREN IN THE LORD,—I most highly and sincerely appreciate your kindness, and the kindness of ministers and friends, in uniting in most solemn prayer to Him who saith to each one of his children, "I am the Lord that healeth thee."

My affliction is still serious and trying to the last degree, nor can I say assuredly which way it will terminate. My symptoms are much more favourable than they were, while at the same time I know that none but the Lord himself can restore me, by using such means as he is pleased to direct me to. I pray the Lord to bless the same to that end. Not that I have any undue love of life, and so if my work *be* finished, and it be the Lord's will to take me, then I need only his presence to enable me to say, The will of the Lord be done. But as I am not without some hope of being restored, we may with that hope look to our covenant God by Jesus Christ for his mercy.

Many and deep and solemn are the lessons I have learned in this affliction, and among the rest is that of brotherly love. How have little prejudices and partialities been swept from my mind. I have felt, and do feel that Christian love to the ministers of God as though none of those little differences had ever existed, and I feel I could be content to wash the feet of the humblest of the saints. This love to the brethren has at times much encouraged me in my deep affliction, darkness, and despairings, to hope I am one of that happy number. The enemy has worked hard to beat me off the atonement and righteousness of the Mediator of the better covenant, as though I needed some merit of my own to bring me to God. But I could not be benten off from the belief of and love to the truth as it is in Jesus, there I feel I am safe.

Now may the Lord be with you all and

bless you all, and grant your petitions that I may obtain mercy to enable me to serve the Lord a little longer here below, and that you all may be blessed with health and strength and much of the presence of the Lord. So prays one who is less than the least of all saints,

JAMES WELLS.

Mr. Griffin gave out the next hymn; and Mr J. S. Anderson, (of Deptford), offered earnest prayer.

Mr. R. A. Lawrence gave out the lines:

"Shepherd divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to trust and pray."

Mr. B. B. Wale followed with a short address expressive of the deep sympathy felt for their brother in his long and painful affliction; he could assure them that sympathy was not confined to the London Churches, but was general throughout the length and breadth of the land, especially amongst those churches where their pastor in years past had been occasionally called to labour. Some *reasons* followed why they should pray for his restoration; and the address was closed by giving some proofs of *encouragement* to pray, the promises, &c.

Mr. Hall, of Clapham, read the next hymn; and

Mr. McCure offered prayer, especially bearing Mrs. Wells before the Lord, to support and sustain her in her day of trial.

Mr. C. W. Banks gave the third short address. He observed this was a solemn night to his mind. Christ spent whole nights in prayer; that was an example for them to follow; and Matthew, for their encouragement, had said, "If two of you shall agree on earth touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them." He had, perhaps, as much as any of his brethren, prayed with the sick and dying. He asked them specially to watch the motions of the Spirit of God on their own souls, when pleading for any special case. In a recent bereavement, when pleading for a dear son, all the reply he received was "It is well." The Lord had taken that child to himself. For nights, he had cried to God for his brother Wells; his heart had prayed; his soul had prayed; and his faith assured him, that they should again see their dear Brother standing in that pulpit, declaring the grand truths of the mysteries of Godliness. "It is the faith of my soul," earnestly added the speaker; and then gave three instances of three London pastors who had been brought "to death's door," whom he had earnestly and fervently sought the Lord to raise up; his faith was honoured; the three were still living; and he looked forward to the day when they should again meet in that place giving thanks to the Lord for restoring their beloved brother Wells.

Mr. R. G. Edwards then read the verse:

"Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;

And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore."

Prayer was offered by Mr. Ponsford, of Clapham; and

Mr. Cornwell gave out the next hymn; after which

Mr. Stead expressed a firm belief that Mr. Wells would again be restored.

Some remarks were offered by Mr. Mead, who closed the meeting with prayer.

Thus during the meeting, six prayers were offered; three short addresses were given; and eight times we praised the Lord. Seldom have we been at a meeting more solemn, more devoted and where a deeper spirit of earnest supplication and brotherly affection appeared to pervade the whole of the large assembly.

On the following day, Mr. Wells left London for the sea-side. The journey was performed with little difficulty, Mr. Wells's eldest son having arranged for an invalid carriage, which conveyed him by rail with ease and comfort to his destination; and we are hoping and praying that the change may be blessed of the Lord to his restoration.

I hope, Mr. Editor, your faith in our brother's restoration, may be honoured.

R.

A LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA

TO JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

Grace, mercy, and peace through the anointing and peace-speaking blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the blessed unction of God the Holy Ghost, be with and upon you, and all the saints of God, henceforth and forever. Amen.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—We have to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter, dated October 7; and rejoice to hear the Lord appears to have given you a work to do in our fatherland; that you feel so happy in your work; that your labours are being blest of God to the advancement of his kingdom, and the ingathering of his people; and we earnestly pray that the abiding presence of God, as manifested by the love of Christ dwelling within you, and the daily anointing of your soul by God the Divine Spirit, may still help you in the glorious work which he has given you to do. Yes, dear brother, it is a great consolation to us, whose hearts were bowed down with sorrow and heaviness, at feeling what we then considered to be the frownings of the Lord, in removing you from our midst; yea, we are too ready to say like Jacob, when called upon to pass through dark clouds of adversity or the deep waters of distress, "All these things are against us." But could we only get a glimpse behind the cloud and fathom the depth of the waters, oh how different should we feel! but our Heavenly Father works sovereignly, and he knows best when and how to reveal the secret of his workings to his people; thus we can truly say from happy experience, that

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

For while it has pleased the Lord to remove you from our midst, and place you in a more extensive sphere of usefulness, he has not been unmindful of us. He has provided us with another of his servants to watch over and feed his people in this place. Our dear brother Allen is a true and faithful servant of God; preaching the Gospel of his Grace in all its fulness and purity, and with great acceptance to the people; the hungry are fed, the weak strengthened, the doubting ones confirmed, the seekers led to the Lamb of God, and the saints built up and edified; although we cannot boast of the enlargement of our borders as yet, still we feel that God is with us, and can rejoice in the assurance that we have his blessing. We are truly thankful that we are enabled to inform you that all is peace and harmony in the church. Eleven members were received in soon after brother Allen commenced his labours amongst us; nine by baptism, several of them were seals to your ministry; a further testimony that your labours here were not in vain. We trust, ere long, that the Lord will be pleased to bless us in adding to our numbers many of those whom he has ordained to eternal life, and we will render unto him the praise and glory due to his great and holy name.

Please to remember us to Mr. and Mrs. Carr, who have so kindly ministered to your bodily comforts and those of your children, "Verily, they shall not lose their reward." We shall always be happy to receive a few lines from you. Now, dear brother in Christ, we commend you to God and to the word of his grace; earnestly praying that the great "Head of the Church" may ever give you joy and peace, by abundant manifestations of your labours being honoured and blest by him. Yours truly in the bonds of Christian love and affection,

SETH COTTAM,
WILLIAM WAGG,
STEPHEN CROSS, Deacons.

Castlereigh street, Sydney.
December 26, 1870.

VISITS TO DYING BEDS.—**DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.**—I read with much pleasure the account of God's wonderful display of the power and efficacy of saving grace, forwarded by our dear brother Lawrence, and published in March number; and I believe if brethren who witness such striking instances of Divine mercy manifested, were briefly now and then to make it generally known, it might have a very beneficial effect. (1st.) We might be encouraged in knowing that the work of God is sometimes going on when there is not much manifestation of it before either the church or the world. (2nd.) The way of a sinner's awakening, pardon, acceptance; and justification, would be simply and clearly set forth. (3rd.) Brethren might be much encouraged in that very important and sometimes dis-

couraging work of visiting the sick and dying. Upon reading the account, it brought afresh to my memory a similar case which came under my own notice a few seasons back; which, with two solemn circumstances connected with it, I shall briefly give you the particulars of:

CHRIST, AND CHRIST ALONE, HOPE.
Jeremiah xxxi. 17.

OTHERS WHICH HAVE NO HOPE.
1 Thes. iv. 13.

My neighbour P. was apparently a man of very strong constitution, and I have many times looked at his fine, muscular frame, and thought that he had three times the physical strength of a weakling like me; and judging after the manner of creatures, that he would be likely to outlive three such lives as mine. But how many things confirm the truth of Holy Writ, Isaiah lv. 8, "For my thoughts," &c.

I saw this fine constitution and muscular frame attacked by a destroying worm, in the shape of rheumatic fever, which shook the earthly house to its very centre. I had no conversation with him at that time, and he appeared gradually recovering, resumed his business again, and for a little time seemed to be gaining strength. But it was of short continuance, he again gradually declined, and at length had to take to his chamber. I now longed for the opportunity of conversing with him, he had always treated me with much outward respect, but he seemed to me hard to get at, (a publican). At length I was invited to see him. We were quite alone at the first interview, I spoke to him of the probable result of his illness, and the solemnities of death, and left him, neither read or prayed, only silently between the Lord and myself.

Visited again shortly, seemed to have gained the ear and the attention; he told me he had lived an honest and upright life. I endeavoured to open up to him what he was as a lost sinner, the claims and spiritual nature of the law of God, put it to him closely as to whether he could dare say he had loved the Lord with all his heart and mind and soul and strength, and he candidly acknowledged he was sure he had not. I then tried to illustrate it by a familiar figure: when a criminal is tried, the great question is this, Is he guilty or not guilty? and it proved to be guilty, the judge does not enquire how many good actions he has done, to balance against the charge, and set aside the sentence; and with the Judge of quick and dead we have no good works to bring forward, for the most favoured believer has honestly to confess,

My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

I read Romans iii., and prayed with him; left him, lifting up my heart to the Lord for him.

Shortly after went again to see him, there seemed a marked change; he was about to make reference to morality and uprightness, but quickly recalled it saying, But I

remember you told me there was no standing there. He appeared to be very anxious to know the way a sinner could be saved, and I endeavoured as the Lord enabled me, to set the dear Saviour before him in the beauty of his person, the greatness of his love, and the perfection and suitability of his salvation; read and prayed again. After this, whenever I went he seemed rejoiced, and particularly requested me to read and pray before leaving. The solemn messenger daily approached nearer, and he several times told me he was brought entirely away from all hope and dependance upon self. The day previous to his death, I visited him three times. I did not leave his chamber until 12 o'clock p.m. His breath was fast failing, what is called the rattles were in his throat. I said, Now P., creatures can do you no good, even wife cannot help you, shortly you will be in the presence of God, tell me honestly upon what are you building your hopes for pardon and acceptance? when he immediately answered with all the power of speech he had, *Christ, and Christ alone*. And the next morning before I saw him he was gone. I do hope and must think P. is in heaven. Heb. vii. 25.

And none that trust in Christ are lost,
But all come safe to land.

I think we may thankfully say, There is hope in his end.

The other two solemn circumstances I refer to are these. About eighteen months after his death, P.'s wife was taken ill. I was again invited to visit her; went several times with the same desire to be useful in the Lord's hand, and having the same respect for her as a fellow creature and neighbour. Cannot say I saw or heard anything very encouraging, the only confession made, was, she was a poor miserable creature; but I could not ascertain what the misery arose from; and I leave her case with Him who is sure to do right, without attempting to draw a conclusion of my own.

The other case. One evening two persons were just coming to my door as I entered, they said, "O, here is Mr. B., we want you to come and read and pray to poor Mr. C., we do not expect him to live, and we know you were very kind in visiting P. and his wife." I replied, I would come in half an hour. To which they rejoined, "O Sir, we are afraid that will be too late." When I said, "I do not know that I can do him any good; you must not think that I have any power of my own to do so; but do you mean to tell me that he has been ill some time, and you have driven it off to the last half-hour of his life before you ask any one to come and speak to him." They excused themselves by saying they did not think he was so bad. I went immediately. There lay the dying man. Spoke to him: no response. Read fifty-first Psalm; prayed: all like the marble slab. When I left, said to his son, if your father expresses a wish to see me, send, and I will come. No message came. Went next evening; he was sinking fast; took no notice; made no response; shortly died. I enquired of his son, what

place of worship his father attended when about? To which he replied, None sir; he staid at home, and read his Bible." I am afraid from what I have heard about him, that Bible was either the newspaper, or his account books. The one case I think very encouraging; the others truly solemn. You can make what use of them you think proper, as the Lord may enable you.

W. BRADLEY,
Itinerent Baptist Minister.
No. 3, Chapel Place, Southwark.

UCKFIELD, SUSSEX.—Last Good Friday, April 7, 1871, the public recognition of Mr. John Hawkins, as pastor of Strict and Particular Baptist Church, took place at Uckfield, which, through all the vicissitudes and changing circumstances of time, has maintained the truth as it is in Jesus for one hundred years. At 11 a.m., Mr. Joseph Worsley, of Haywards Heath (well known among the churches in Sussex) read 2 Timothy ii.; offered up the ordination prayer, and asked the usual questions, in answer to which Mr. Hawkins very distinctly told the Church, and large congregation assembled, how the Lord met with him, and brought him to cry for mercy, and how the Lord delivered his soul from the yoke and bondage of sin, when he was young; and also the means the Lord used in His providence and grace in leading him under the faithful ministry of the late Mr. John Andrews Jones, then pastor of the Baptist Church, Old Brentford. Mr. H. bore testimony that his much loved mother (who is still in the flesh), and his dear brother William, (who is now pastor of the Baptist Church at Norwich), had no small part in the Lord's hands in bringing him to a knowledge of the truth. When he was eighteen years of age, he had the privilege and happiness of being baptized, and joined the Old Brentford Baptist Church. He related some of the Lord's dealings and leadings, and gave an outline of his call to the ministry; how he became especially acquainted with the Uckfield Church. He then gave a concise profession of faith; which he stated had been the substance of his preaching; and by God's help he would hold fast sound doctrine, and study to shew himself approved unto God, a workman that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of Truth. Mr. Ford, one of the deacons, gave a short account of the Lord's dealings with them as a church, which led them to invite Mr. Hawkins to become their pastor. In the afternoon brother Carr, of Brighton, read, and prayed most fervently that a blessing might accompany the services of the day. After which, brother Chapel, of Southampton, gave a faithful and affectionate charge to the pastor. At the conclusion of which the senior deacon (Mr. Hudson), in the name of the church, recognized Mr. Hawkins as their pastor, by giving him the right hand of fellowship, hoping that the union, then publicly formed, might prove a lasting blessing to all concerned. After an appropriate hymn read by Mr. Bus-

scy, Mr. Chapel gave a kind charge to the church from the words, "Encourage him." Mr. George Wyard, junr., who is now settled in Brighton, preached in the evening: thus closing the services of one of the great days of the Lord in Zion. [Mr. Hawkins's "Confession of Faith" another time.]

PECKHAM.—MR. GEORGE MOYLE'S ANNIVERSARY.—The twenty-third anniversary of Mr. George Moyle's pastorate at Rye lane chapel, was celebrated Tuesday, May 9. After tea, a public meeting was convened under the presidency of Mr. George Moyle, who was supported by Mr. J. S. Anderson; Mr. J. Griffith; Mr. J. L. Meeres; G. T. Congreve, Esq.; Jacques, Esq., and others.

The proceedings opened by singing

"Jesus, I love thy charming name."

which was read by Mr. Jacques. Miss Congreve presiding at the harmonium.

The venerable chairman read the sixty-seventh psalm: after which, Mr. Creasy offered prayer.

The chairman then delivered an admirable speech, tracing his connection with the church for the last twenty-three years. He clearly saw the hand of God in the matter. There was peace with the deacons, with the church, and congregation. In looking over the past twenty-four years, he would say there had been nothing that would foster pride, there had been no great increase, but there had been steady progress, and he would say it was all of God. Paul may plant; that was instrumentality. Apollos may water; that, too, was instrumentality: but God giveth the increase; that was efficiency. So that the instrument was nothing. He would desire to say that all that had been accomplished, was of God alone; "the effectual working of his power;" and what a marvellous power it was. At this time of the year especially, when nature was springing forth everywhere, they knew that it was caused by nothing short of "the effectual working of his power." After going into other matters, the chairman referred to his connection with the church at Rye lane. It would be twenty-four years in October since he first came to preach at that church, and he could well remember his dear brother Congreve, father of the present deacon, saying, after he had been there three months, "Now, you had better settle." He could not, at that time, quite see his way clear; he did not see sufficient progress. Dear Henry Congreve was very urgent, but he (Mr. Moyle) said, "Try the year round," and so the matter went on, until he was settled. In looking over the years he had been with them there had been no flood of prosperity, but he thought he might truly say there had been a steady progress. But what was of most importance they had kept to the truth, and they had been preserved by God in peace. The venerable chairman closed an

admirable address by words of thankfulness for past mercies.

G. T. Congreve, Esq., expressed the pleasure he felt in common with his brethren in office, and the church, at seeing their esteemed pastor so happy and well on that occasion. He could well remember his first coming in their midst; his hair was not the same colour as it was then, but there was the same kindly and generous looking face. He had thought of getting a painter to take his portrait, and to have it hung up in the vestry: Mr Moyle would make a fine picture. Mr. Congreve then went into some few particulars respecting an infant school they are about to erect; but he asked their subscriptions on that occasion for the new warming apparatus which they were compelled to put into the chapel. The old ones were not worth more than old iron, but the new ones, which had been put in at a cost of £24, were all that could be wanted. It had been intimated that those who sat nearest the stoves should contribute the most. The speaker then gave a handsome donation, as did several ladies and gentlemen present; and the matter was cleared up before the close of the proceedings.

Mr. J. C. Anderson, Mr. Griffith, and Mr. J. L. Meeres, having spoken, the meeting terminated, grateful to all present.

DR. DOUDNEY AT THE AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM, CAMBERWELL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As good men and true are not always in a position to help when their services are most needed, it is my wont when a golden opportunity arises, to embrace it on behalf of the dear old Pilgrims.

Our esteemed friend, Dr. Doudney, of Bristol, being in London to fulfil pulpit engagements during April, he very readily acceded to my invitation to preach at the Aged Pilgrims' Asylum.

Wednesday evening, April 26, was chosen. The weather being fine, the preacher and place both inviting, our commodious chapel was quite filled at 7 o'clock, the time of commencing; late comers occupied the vestry, and several were obliged to stand. (Since the doctor's last visit, a comfortable platform has been constructed in lieu of the old pulpit.)

The service began by singing "Children of the heavenly King," after which Dr. Doudney read and sweetly commented on Psalm cxvi. The subject of his address was taken from 1 John iii. 1; it was truly a refreshing, soul-comforting, Jesus-exalting occasion; our aged inmates much enjoyed it.

I had proposed to Dr. Doudney a collection at the close, in aid of the "Sustentation Fund" for the new Asylum at Hornsey Rise, now nearly completed, and we gathered £5 11s., very good considering the size of place. I have known smaller collections for our Society in some of the London churches.

This delightful evening was brought to a close by singing the Doxology.

Your readers may ask, "What is the Sustentation Fund?" My reply would be thus, The beautiful Asylum on Hornsey Rise will soon be opened, where eighty of the Lord's aged people may be comfortably housed, without the anxiety of rent, and with congenial society. We owe this great boon under God, to the munificent liberality of my late esteemed friend and coadjutor in the work of the Society, Mr. John Box, who was the long tried Pilgrims' friend.

With thoughtful consideration he also reserved a portion of his gift, in order to form a permanent fund for supplying each room with coals during the year.

But no fund is yet in existence for the coming annual support and upholding of the building, which is much larger than the Camberwell Asylum.

It will be a source of thanksgiving if the Hornsey Asylum is destined to be in the same position as the one at Camberwell, viz, self-supporting. To this end a sustaining fund must be immediately commenced, by means of new annual subscribers, or the realizing a sum, the interest of which shall meet the yearly current expenses of the building. If the churches of Christ in London and the country will only consider the obligation they rest under to their Lord and Master, to take special care of for his sake his own poor and oft times afflicted people who are upon the earth, this responsibility anxiously pressing upon the committee will be cheerfully and liberally met.

I commend this matter most earnestly to the living hearts of the Lord's people who are blessed with many mercies, and shall be glad to receive from many of them tokens of sympathy and help in this Christ-like work.

Subscribers will have votes at elections of inmates according to the rules now existing; also collectors in the same proportion.

Post Orders made payable at the head office. Stamps gratefully received. Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM JACKSON, Secretary.
23, Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E., and 10, Poultry, E.C. (Office.)

N.B. I have been asked if the committee supply any furniture for the rooms? they do to some extent; the Pilgrims bring their own furniture, but the committee supply each room with iron bedstead and mattress, stove, fender, and fire-irons; at a cost of about 70s. a room. Some few friends have promised this amount for a room; will others send me a furnishing present, or make a family collection?

MR. SPURGEON'S LETTER TO
MR. JAMES WELLS.

No. 2.

MR. EDITOR—On Sunday evening, May 7, a letter was read to the church meeting in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, from its pastor, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, which much aff-

ected all who heard it. It was written by him while propped up in his bed; and suffering at the time, much excruciating pain. Thousands of us are exceedingly grieved to learn that both those extensively useful men, the ministers of our two large Baptist Tabernacles, James Wells, and C. H. Spurgeon, are in the furnace of hot and heavy bodily affliction; quite unfitting them, at the present, for any of those works so desirable as we think for the good of the churches. All good men and true, will surely mourn in secret; and, if they are much at home before the throne of the Heavenly Grace, they will not fail to ask our Great High Priest to take up these cases; and most solemnly will they beseech of our Good Physician, to send the healing virtue unto them, so largely at his own command. May the Lord our God sanctify these trials, to the raising up in the hearts of multitudes, a spirit of holy supplication. Our valiant men do indeed fail. That fine old English gentleman—that laborious London and Provincial Preacher of the Gospel of God—John Foreman—is almost ready to depart. That lovely spirited and beautiful servant, George Murrell is gone. Poor dear Wells has been six months out of his beloved pulpit. Boanerges Stringer has been lamed by a serious illness; and my tender, but large hearted brother C. H. S. is now frequently in his hospital, when he desires to be in his large field of evangelical labour. These strokes are heavy. Their voice is loud. They all echo that wholesome charge—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Ah! Mr. Editor, and let me tell you, narrow-minded as some say you are, let me declare unto you, that there is more vital unity among the children of God, than some of you may think there is. It is not many Sunday evenings since, when that recently severely tried man, Newman Hall, publicly referred to our brother Wells, in the most sympathetic and brotherly manner.

How sensible! How sacred! How sweet to my soul, is the truth so brilliantly enunciated by Paul, when referring to the priestly office of our glorious Redeemer, he saith, "It be-hoved Him, in all things, to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." Then comes the consolatory deduction, "For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, HE IS ABLE to succour them that are tempted." And, if, by the side of this, I might ask you to notice one precious piece of human composition, then, I would say, read the third chapter in Mr. James Grant's volume, "*Sources of Joy for Seasons of Sorrow*," which is headed with Anon's lines as follows:

"Affliction's furnace is design'd
The Christian's character to show;
By this his graces are refin'd,
And he is weaned from things below.
To brighter scenes his soul aspires,
With steady aim, and warm desires,

All the distresses, which he feels,
Are sent to check the power of sin ;
The Lord who wounds him, kindly heals,
And yields him sacred peace within.
Freed from his dross, he is patient still,
And meekly waits his Father's will."

I cannot bury the conviction that these heavy ministerial afflictions are sent by the Lord to answer some great ends. Mr. Spurgeon's letter was the result of a holy sympathy, and Mr. Wells's letter to his deacons on "Brotherly Love" bespeaks a softened, and truly sanctified state of mind. I know there are differences between the blessed servants of Christ, which will in some things separate them; nevertheless, I feel the separations are lessening; and when I read Charles Haddon Spurgeon's kind letter to Mr. James Wells; when I see Messrs. Baxter, Vinal, Matthew Welland, Foster, of Hastings, Crowther, of Lockwood, all actually preaching in the New Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit; when I heard B. B. Wale speaking, and J. S. Anderson praying so earnestly for our afflicted brother Wells, I cannot but hope that a vital, practical, useful, and permanent union of all God's good servants, may yet be realized. There are three places where all good men and true *may* meet. 1, At the foot of the Cross to confess our sins; 2, at the Mercy-seat, to implore the anointing power of the Holy Ghost; and 3, on the top of Mount Zion, to proclaim salvation by the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Oh, Mr. Editor, beseech your brethren, one and all to be reconciled, and united in these essential matters: and we shall see blessed results. I have many things to say on the Unity of the Brethren, and the letters referred to, in the next—from

THE SAME AS BEFORE.

PIMLICO.—WELCOME MEETING AT CARMEL CHAPEL. A meeting was convened at Carmel chapel, Pimlico, to welcome Mr. John Bennett as the pastor of the church. About 150 persons sat down to tea; after which the public meeting was held. Mr. Wilson (vice-president of the Strict Baptist Association) occupied the chair, and was supported by Messrs. D. Crumpton, C. Box, J. S. Anderson, J. Bennett (the newly-elected pastor), W. Flack, J. Parsons, W. Alderson, G. Webb, J. Hazelton, and others. Prayer was offered by Mr. C. Box.

The chairman expressed the pleasure he felt at being in their midst. It was a great thing in these days to recognise such as they were doing on that occasion, a man of truth and a man of character.

Mr. Bennett saw no necessity to say much on that occasion. He might just say that when he was about leaving Woolwich, two or three engagements were made, still there was one Sunday in the month he had open. He did not at all like the idea of being idle on that day. A letter came asking him to supply the pulpit at Carmel for one Sunday. He went. He had never seen the place before; he felt at home in the pulpit. From that day's preaching other invitations were

given, which finally ended in one for him to accept the pastorate, which he had done.

Messrs. Anderson, Parsons, Crumpton, Hazelton, Box, Alderson, and G. Webb having addressed the meeting, the proceedings closed with singing and prayer.

STAINES meeting on Good Friday was a solemn time; the Lord was in our midst. Brother G. Cook spoke to the comfort and satisfaction of the tried of God's people. A good substantial tea was provided, which reflected great credit on the ladies of Staines, and gave great satisfaction. The public meeting was presided over by brother Cook, who called on one of the deacons to invoke the divine blessing; after which brother Turner (the other deacon) gave a short account of the Lord's dealings with them as a church, and stated they were in debt, and wanted to pay it off. The chairman introduced brother Huxham, (at present engaged at Bethesda, St. Luke's, London) who gave some home-spoken remarks on the place which is called Calvary; brother Kempston gave a very encouraging address; brother Snowden, of Uxbridge, gave good friendly counsel, founded on the nautical phrase, "Stand by," in which he exhorted the church to stand by each other; to stand by their officers; to stand by the truthful ministry; and so to work the good ship "Staines" free from the rocks of opposition which lay before her; the shoals and quicksands of error that lay concealed for the present from her, but known to her Captain, and described on her chart to stand by in attention to his divine command and bring her safe to port. Brother H. Smith, junr., and brother H. Smith, the venerable sire, spoke a little of his tour through Devon; of the spirit of Jesus he found, and the hospitality he realized as a preacher of the Gospel. The meeting closed with singing "All hail."

WEM.—The new Baptist chapel was opened in this town on Wednesday, the 11th inst., when the Rev. C. Vince, of Birmingham, preached in the morning, and the Rev. J. J. Brown, of Birmingham, in the afternoon. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, the Rev. J. G. Stephens (a retired Baptist minister in this town) in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. C. Vince, J. J. Brown, of Birmingham; H. Angus, Shrewsbury; and W. Champness, Wem. On Sunday last two eloquent and impressive sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Stokes, of Manchester, to large and attentive congregations. Liberal collections were made at the close of each service. On Monday evening the Rev. W. Stokes gave an interesting lecture in the chapel, on the "Four Great Empires of the Ancient World"—Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome; their rise, greatness, and fall; with an examination of the question, "Will Great Britain ever decay as they have done?" The chair was taken by the Rev. H. Hughes. The lecturer dealt in a masterly manner with his

subject, tracing Babylon from its rise at the Tower of Babel, to its subjugation by Cyrus the Mede. Also the Medes and Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans were dealt with in the same able manner, which evinced no little research on the part of the lecturer. The question whether this country will ever share the fate of the foregoing four great Empires was discussed *pro* and *con*, and Mr. Stokes concluded with an earnest exhortation to every one present to help forward the cause of civil and religious liberty, and also unite in praying to God for an universal peace among all the nations of the earth. The worthy gentleman was frequently applauded, and at the conclusion a vote of thanks was proposed by J. Boughy, Esq., seconded by Rev. R. Bowen, and carried unanimously.

[The above is given from the Shrewsbury and Wellington papers, and our informant states that it appeared in a *London Baptist Weekly* in so garbled a manner that he was ashamed of it. He thinks that as a Strict Baptist was engaged in the services, and was highly appreciated, it was considered proper to the Open Communion policy that the whole truth should not be told. On this point however, we offer no opinion.]

STURRY, NEAR CANTERBURY.—
DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER.—A Gospel church is planted here; by God's grace it is thriving under the pastorate of our brother Charles Hancock, whom we receive as a gift from God to us to minister in holy things. The heavenly ordinance of believer's marriages in the Lord has not been attended unto here. Can you give me any Scriptural reason or cause why we should not be empowered to attend to this ordinance also? This is a subject that might be treated on by some master-mind like yourself with profit. I mean a treatise on marriage, setting forth something of the Spiritual import or meaning, and the ancient mode or manner as carried out by New Testament saints. Where, I ask, did the saints of old go before the church of England? before the days of Constantine? If the elders then had this power in the churches of God, why not now, and particular as the clergy are, most of them, on their way to Rome, and we here are sadly taken with it. Ritualism is now the order of the day, and the people here are beginning to like it, except the despised few whose names are cast out as evil. When my child died, the clergyman sent word to me to say if it had not been baptized he could not bury it; could not open the church, could not have the bell, as it had not been regenerated; and he kept his word; then they said we buried it like a dog. But "none of these things move me." I felt assured of the child's safety. Is there then not a needs be for a burial bill to be brought forward? We had a nice meeting on Good Friday; a little present of eleven pounds was divided between the pastor and his co-worker; after that a self-explanatory family register Bible was presented to each of our Sabbath School teachers; it was a joyous

season; our hearts were glad. I am happy to say that during the fifteen years I have been in membership with the church, never before have we experienced so much success, soul-prosperity, and brotherly love as now. God has raised up young men who are going out on the Sabbath in the highways and hedges, proclaiming Salvation by Christ only.

J. M.

NORTH BRIXTON TABERNACLE.

The Memorial Stone of this new Chapel, now erecting in Russell street, Brixton road, was laid on Tuesday, May 9, 1871. The stone bears the following inscription:

*This Stone was laid the 9th of May, 1871, by
J. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., of Galeshead.
O Lord, we beseech thee, send prosperity."*

A large company assembled. Mr. Brindle, (who has principally preached to the friends at North Brixton Hall: also in the Lothian School Rooms), read the hymns: M. C. Cornwell read the Scriptures: Mr. Steed presented prayer. Our Christian brother, Mr. Johnson, having made every necessary preparation, quite in a mechanical style, the stone was lowered, adjusted, and fixed in its proper place, and declared duly laid. Mr. Johnson, then, standing on the Stone, addressed the crowded audience in a spiritual, gospel, and philanthropic spirit. He rejoiced to know that many able, zealous, and useful men were springing up in the ministry; and that the Strict Baptists were still spreading, building, and increasing in decision, in intelligence, and useful in bringing many of the Lord's ransomed into the fold. C. W. Banks closed this meeting with earnest supplication for the Divine blessing. A large company then assembled in the Gloucester Hall, and a beautiful tea was supplied; after which a public meeting was holden, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Butt. The Hall was literally crammed; and spiritual addresses were delivered, (after Mr. Kemp had offered prayer), by the brethren J. C. Johnson, Esq., W. H. Lee; C. Cornwell; S. Ponsford; C. W. Banks; H. Hall, Brindle, Steed, Warren, and others; but the history of this cause, the subscriptions, and other particulars, we must defer until next month. We hope then to announce the time when the New Tabernacle will be opened.

ISLINGTON. Providence chapel. It having been rumoured that our dear pastor is about to leave, we think it necessary to state the facts. Mr. Edwards did tender his resignation; the reason being, the cause did not appear to flourish as he could wish; and it having been said his ministry did not profit some, who had left in consequence; but while the pastor was contemplating the matter, the Lord was working; for at the same time one and another came forward to testify of the Lord's work in their souls, through his instrumentality, to the number of eight; and it was his pleasure to baptise seven persons last month, and to receive

eight new members into the church the first Lord's-day in this month. We did not wish to bring this matter forward; but he wished it. It was moved, and seconded, and carried unanimously by the church, that the same be not accepted; so that we hope to go on and prosper, praying the Lord to bless his servant, our pastor, abundantly, by giving him many seals to his ministry, and souls for his hire. We are going to have public services June 11, and 12, when Mr. Bunyan M'Cure, Mr. Vinal, Mr. Glaskin, and Mr. Hall, are to preach; we hope to see many friends, on that occasion, to bid us God speed.

TRING.—A Correspondent says: Mr. Butcher did not wish to be eulogized; he felt all he was, or ever hoped to be, was entirely through the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. There was no funeral sermon; as they have no stated minister, he was buried by Mr. Bull, of Wellingboro'; the same man who buried Mrs. Butcher last year. Mr. Butcher had a sudden illness about three months ago; since that time it has been noticed how very close he lived to God; in giving a short address on Wednesday evenings, he frequently expressed the spiritual benefit he derived from that affliction. On Wednesday, April 5, he rang the bell for the servant between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning; when the servant entered his chamber, he was found in prayer; he was taken with a kind of suffocation, and sent for the doctor at once; but he was dead before the doctor arrived, which was but a few minutes. He was buried on Tuesday the 11th; a great number attended the funeral. Mr. Butcher has been deacon for many years at Tring; has been a great stay to the church; a great help to the poor; his departure is sorely felt by all classes; he was active in business matters, and spoken well of by all who had to do business with him.

BOW.—Mount Zion, Albert terracc. Special services were held Lord's-day, March 19. Pastor preached morning and evening; brother Stringer in afternoon. The services were continued on Tuesday. Our pastor presided at the public meeting; and prayer offered up by brother Cook. Pastor called on secretary to read report, which we found expressive of our heart-felt thanks to the great Head of the church, for grace and harmony, and for the success and spiritual prosperity the Lord had conferred on us throughout the year. We had warm-hearted addresses by brethren Warren and Cornwell. Our pastor, in the name of the church, presented the secretary with a handsome testimonial, consisting of two vols. of Gadsby's Wanderings, and a copy of brother Wells's Lectures. Brother May thanked the church. Mr. Anderson spoke on the peace and prosperity of the church. Brother W. Webb gave encouraging remarks on the vitality of the union of the church to its ever living Head. Brother Baldwin spoke on the

immutability of the great Head of the church. We had some excellent pieces of harmony during the evening. The pastor closed the evening with prayer.

NOTTING HILL.—On May 14, anniversary sermons were given in Johnson street chapel. The morning, by C. W. Banks, was a brief description of Gospel experience, a Gospel church, the Gospel ministry, and Gospel privileges. Mr. Frank Griffin, the gifted successor of the late John Andrews Jones, gave good testimony in afternoon; and Mr. G. Reynolds put the Gospel crown upon the services in the evening: the friends heard with much pleasure. May 10, two public meetings were held in same place. Mr. P. W. Williamson, the former, and long esteemed, pastor, presided in afternoon; Messrs. Anderson, Langford, Wale, and Stringer, edified the people. After tea, C. W. Banks opened evening meeting, when Messrs. Thomas Jones; Thomas Stringer; Evans, of Hounslow; Lawrence; and Rowley, spoke of things touching the work of the ministry. The programme we must give another time. Messrs. Hudson, Joseph Palmer, and other ministers, with friends, attended.

STONEHOUSE.—Mr. EDITOR—Your Correspondent (under the heading Stonehouse) would lead people to suppose that Mr. Westlake was stopping against the wishes of the people. I am grieved the courts of Zion do languish; and that the people who profess to fear and love the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, do not hold up the hands of God's servants as they ought. But as a church, of which I stand a member, have we no right to chose our own pastor? Are we to be dictated to by others? Your Correspondent's statement is literally correct, with regard to numbers at times; but still there are a few who love and fear the Lord, and claim the right of exercising their own judgement as far as they think right in the sight of God.

JOSIAH WESTLAKE.

[Our Correspondent thought that as Mr. Westlake had preached so many years, without signs of success, it would be kind of him to let another minister and people have the place: but, of course, the church and minister at Ebenezer, must decide that. We have our own thoughts.—Ed.]

BEDMOND.—Seeing it announced in *Vessel* that the anniversary of Bethesda chapel, Bedmond, was Tuesday, May 2, I went once more to visit the little cause. Our brother Cook, of Luton, preached well from James: "Is any among you afflicted, let him pray; is any merry, let him sing psalms." I hope many found it a seasonable opportunity. May the people at Bedmond still have the same precious truths preached to them, as they had on that occasion. I see a tablet in the chapel, is erected to his

memory who laboured amongst them many years. I knew their pastor, Mr. Hutchinson, and loved him for his works' sake. I was glad to meet with Mrs. Hutchinson, and her three little ones: "Hitherto the Lord hath provided for them." [We rejoice with this kind reader of *The Earthen Vessel* in the fact that the church at Bedmond, and the late pastor's widow are upheld. We have received £1 from a lady in Surrey, towards Mrs. Hutchinson's mangle.—Ed.]

RIPLEY, SURREY—The fifty-second anniversary of our brother Charles Z. Turner's natal day was celebrated at their spring meeting on Ripley Common, on Thursday, May 11. Mr. Hetherington, the pastor of the Chobham Church, read, expounded, and prayed unto the Lord. Sermons in afternoon and evening were preached by C. W. Banks; and between the services a cheerful and large company sat down to a real good Surrey tea, provided by Mrs. Turner, the pastor's wife, and her helpers in the church. We have visited Ripley once a year for many years; but, we never experienced more of the power of the Spirit in preaching than on this occasion. Brother Turner's meeting was well attended; his church dwell together in peace; and we trust the seals to his honest and hearty ministry, both in Ripley and in Chertsey, will be many.

COLCHESTER.—Salem Baptist Chapel, Stanwell street, Colchester. On Lord's-day, April 23, the church of Christ was re-organized by Mr. John Andrews, pastor of the Baptist Church, Sutton, Suffolk. The life-giving, soul-animating presence of the great Head of the Church, in its consecrating and sanctifying influence, was copiously and solemnly enjoyed. The forms of truth proclaimed in this place of divine worship are those given in the New Testament by Jesus Christ himself.

E. WILLIS.

SOUTHWARK—Mr. C.'s testimony to the honour of Dr. Doudney is received gratefully: he says, "I am a conscientious dissenter; but I would a thousand times rather hear such a valiant, and faithful clergyman as Dr. Doudney is, than many of our Dissenters." Dr. Doudney is not only sound in the faith; he is a spiritually-minded, and deeply exercised servant of Christ. His preaching, writings, and benevolent efforts have been a blessing to thousands. May the Lord long spare his valuable life!

CHELTENHAM.—A weekly journal says, Mr. Joseph Flory has accepted unanimous call to the pastorate of Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham; our original note of Mr. Flory's labours as preacher and lecturer was last month omitted by accident.

WELLINGBORO'—Mr. Charles Drawbridge is no better. No hope at present of his preaching.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

WEST OF ENGLAND.—Several ministers from the West have lately visited our Metropolitan churches. Mr. Robert Bardens, of Plymouth, has been supplying at Hayes, and is expected again. Mr. Frances Collins, of Plymouth, it is said, is to succeed the late Mr. Gwinnell, at Greenwich; Mr. John Hunt Lynn is supplying Mr. Box's pulpit, at Woolwich; Mr. Edwin Langford has been supplying Mr. Myerson's, while he has been preaching at Trinity, Plymouth; and Mr. F. Turner is commencing a new cause in Assembly Rooms at Poplar. All these ministers are acceptable in their different spheres.

"THE ADVICE" is common enough; we are bound to thank the Lord, that notwithstanding all opposition of that kind, our Correspondents are immense; our circulation growing; our applications from poor ministers, from poor churches, from poor Christians, and from believers in various difficulties, are more than we can possibly attend to. Near thirty years ago a Cave Adullam commission was given us. We have done for all who fled to us the best we could. So we hope to continue. Master will not forget us.

"NOT A MEMBER" says—"The minister ought to see how things are, and leave." That is not always so easy to be done. "Lay hands suddenly on no man" is a precept much neglected. People too rashly settle ministers, and without the means build places they cannot pay for; then difficulty, division, and distress follow. Dark clouds sometimes cover certain places! and the people suffer. What the minister in this case should do, is to resign; fling himself upon the Lord, and leave the people free to try other ministers.

THE BAPTIST MINISTERS and Churches gave Mr. F. Trestrail a cheque for £1,350 as a testimonial on retiring from 21 years' service as joint-secretary to the Baptist Foreign Mission. It was altogether a pleasant meeting, and Mr. Trestrail will retire to a quiet pastorate in the Isle of Wight, to spend the rest of his days we hope, in peace and in a holy ripening for the great harvest, to be gathered into the garner of God's glory, with millions of the ransomed to praise redeeming grace for ever.

CLERKENWELL.—Mr. Trub's letter on a minister's frequent extolling himself on his "spotless character and unblemished reputation" is too personal. We were led to think of the old Puritan's "Nonsuch Professor," but we wish to deal fairly with this subject, when time and tide do suit.

"THE TWO IN THE TEMPLE" are still there, but we cannot draw their portraits this month.

MARRIED.—On May 6, 1871, at the Surrey Tabernacle, Mr. William Turner to Miss Hunt; the latter a member of the Surrey Tabernacle, both of Brixton.

DIED.—On April 19, Mr. Samuel Charlton, son-in-law of Mr. R. Minton, of 94 St. John street Road, Clerkenwell, in his 24th year.

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

OUTLINE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY

PASTOR ISRAEL ATKINSON,

At Richmond street, Brighton, on Lord's-day Evening, April 30, 1871.

“Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting.” Dan. v. 27.

THERE are some respects in which this Scripture is true of all. But I entertain the greatest confidence that there are some here of whom this is *not*, and that there are others of whom I solemnly fear, this Scripture *is* most certainly true in a fatal respect. The eyes of the Lord run to and fro in the earth, beholding the evil and the good, every day, and every moment of the day, everywhere. Not the eyes of a mere idle spectator, but of an observant Law-giver, and a stern and righteous Judge. Good is recognized with a smile, and in a sense, receives a present reward; evil is marked with a frown, and with it is present punishment, irrespective of what lies beyond.

Some of you, I know, have been weighed in God's balance, and have been convinced of the truth, that you have been “found wanting.” Others perhaps, have not; but there is a day coming, when for some purpose or other, you will be weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, when your character will be judged by the Most High God.

I. THERE IS AN INFALLIBLE STANDARD TO WHICH EVERY ONE OF US MUST NEEDS BE BROUGHT.

(1.) There is an infallible standard of *men and things in respect of righteousness before God*; and this is one of the most solemn thoughts that can occupy our minds. Righteousness between man and man is a comparatively easy affair. No doubt there are criminals, and jails, and magistrates; but every man is not a criminal, nor every house a jail. Human laws only recognize overt acts of wrong. In the sight of God it is a different thing. There are thousands who think because they are righteous as between man and man, they are righteous before God. A more fatal mistake cannot be made! What is the standard of righteousness between man and God? “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, strength, and mind; and thy neighbour as thyself.” (Luke x. 27.) This, comprehensively, is the standard of righteousness between man and God. Not only so, but it is required in perfection, and in continuance. “Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.” (Gal. iii. 10.) He has said, “It is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than one tittle of the law to fail.” (Luke xvi. 17.) Men sometimes speak of the severity of God's judgments, and of the hard inflexibility of the line which he has drawn. To what height would you raise the standard? Where would you draw the line? Does not the slightest deviation from righteousness become unrighteousness? An unrighteous God could never win your love, deserve your honour, or merit your esteem; neither could you render him anything approaching to spiritual worship. If there is a weighing in

the balances, and there only requires a little to make full weight, and yet there is not full weight, could you respect a God who would compromise matters of this kind? Let us rejoice that the laws which God has made are absolutely, abstractly just. Regarding it thus, you will find it is not an easy thing to do; and more, not a single individual among us has ever done it: the most righteous man is absolutely wanting.

(2.) There is a *rule of right between man and man morally considered*. Most men are satisfied with being legally right between man and man; God requires them to be morally right. They are satisfied if they do not defraud or wrong their neighbour; God puts it in stronger terms, and says, "Thou shalt love him as thyself." The kindest-hearted man is found wanting here.

(3.) There is an *infallible standard of truth with regard to spiritual character*. That man is a good living man; you will never find him spending his days in frivolity, or his nights in vice. He is a good husband, an affectionate father, a pleasant neighbour, an upright man. Let us rejoice in such a man; not only is he an ornament to society, but also a blessing wherever found. Another man may have a clear understanding of the plan of salvation, a keen insight into truth, and a wondrously intellectual grasp of it, yet there may be nothing spiritual in it all. Another may be generous to a fault; his alms almost go beyond his means. It seems hard to blame such an one in a world like this. But you have read that chapter on charity. (1 Cor. xiii.) Generosity of nature is a beautiful thing, but there may be this, and yet no spirituality. That man is a preacher of the Gospel; very popular, multitudes flock to hear him. That may be. I suppose Judas was a preacher, and many others have preached the Gospel while they have been strangers to the grace of that Gospel. That man who has no repentance towards God; who is not the subject of the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit; who is deficient in faith in Christ, and love to Christ; whatever his pretensions may be, the balances of the sanctuary detect him as wanting. Where there is genuine repentance, and simple hearted faith in the Lord Jesus, saying, with Toplady:

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to the cross I cling;" &c.,

or, repeating the language of heavenly wisdom as used by the poor idiot boy:

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is all in all;"

there I find one who put in the balance will be found full weight. There is a heart full of the love of Jesus; a soul simply depending upon him, running out after him: he bears spiritual character.

(4.) There is an *infallible standard with regard to spiritual relationship*. Every believer in the Lord Jesus, is also a servant of the living God. Every believer bears that name, but how you and I exemplify that name is another thing. When God puts us into the balances with regard to our character as servants, we kick the beam immediately. But there is such a thing as a whispered "Well done," now and again from our beloved Lord and Master. Though always wanting, it is not so great at some times as at others.

II. GOD PUTS MEN AND WOMEN INTO THE BALANCES, AND THEY ARE BROUGHT TO THE TEST OF AN INFALLIBLE STANDARD FOR DIFFERENT PURPOSES.

(1.) They are *weighed in the balances for convicting purposes*. There are some here who have never been put there perhaps. They have no sense of being wanting; their condition before God has never cost them a single sigh or tear, or a moment's anxiety; they suffer no alarm, make no confession about it. But there are others who have been put into the balances with regard to their righteousness before God, and have discovered themselves to be wanting. The language of their soul is, "Can you tell me, how a man who is a sinner, can be just before God?" Is there any way by which God can be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly? He has been put in the balances for convicting purposes, and is convicted. How beautiful to his view will be the exhibition of God manifest in the flesh, putting away sin by the sacrifice of himself. "He made Christ to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." You see how he accomplished it, by Gethsemane to Calvary. God has put you in the balances to bring you to Christ, and having brought you to him, here you find rest and pardon and peace, and ultimately he will bring you to sit with him on his throne, for you are made "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

(2.) There is a *being put into the balances for purposes of correction*. In many things we offend God, and he puts us into the balances that we may feel this. "I thought on my ways," said the Psalmist, when God had put him in the balances, "and turned my feet unto thy testimonies." His feet had been turned away, and so God by this means brought him to self-examination. It is painful work, but very profitable.

(3.) *Men are sometimes put into the balances for purposes of condemnation*. You remember the case of Judas. Though those thirty pieces of silver were thrown away, they were like a millstone round his neck, and in God's scale he was altogether lighter than vanity. God put him in when his conscience wrought so fearfully within him, and his remorse produced such awful results. Ananias and Sapphira, Simon Magus and others, are so many examples of this. And as Enoch prophesied, "Behold the Lord cometh . . . to convince the ungodly," &c. At the solemn, final account, all who stand on the left hand of the Judge, will be put into the balances, and will go into condemnation, feeling that they are judged righteously.

(4.) There is a *being put into the balances for purposes of justification*. Job begged that he might "be weighed in an even balance, that God might know his integrity." So the Lord puts his people, sometimes when they are reproached by others, and sometimes when they are filled with doubts about themselves, when the language of their soul is:

"'Tis a point I long to know," &c.

There is a doubt about your spiritual character. The Lord Jesus says to you as he did to Peter, "Lovest thou me?" and the answer you give is an appeal to him, "Lord, thou knowest."

III. THE TIME WHEN GOD PUTS INTO THE BALANCES.

Seasons of affliction, severe trials, deep distress, or in the midst of some calamity, God frequently chooses. When Achan took of the accursed thing, and the Israelites were smitten at Ai, it was a time of serious enquiry among the people. "For the divisions of Reuben there were deep searchings of heart." In the storm which overtook Jonah there was solemn enquiry made among the ship-men. And so when a man is laid aside from the gaze of the world, and alone with God, it is not unfrequently that he is put into the balances. How many men have been put into the balances in abject poverty. They have first prayed for bread, and God has then taught them to pray for salvation.

IV. WHENEVER GOD PUTS A MAN INTO THE BALANCES FOR PURPOSES OF CONVICTION, CORRECTION, OR CONDEMNATION, HE IS ALWAYS FOUND WANTING.

He puts the sinner in for purposes of conviction. What is he to do in such a case? Go to the Lord Jesus Christ, he will tell you all about it. He says in his large-hearted benevolence, and with equal power to accomplish what his heart desires, "Come unto me." You may take him at his word. You are wanting, but there is hope in Israel concerning this thing. Jesus says, "Come to me," and he will take care of the rest. Throwing the robe of righteousness which he wrought out around you, you will not be found wanting in the eyes of the infinitely holy and just God. Believer, you are found wanting when put in for purposes of correction. You are obliged to say, I'm a poor deficient thing, what shall I do? Nothing, but to go in the old road. The patented way is still open. Through the rent veil of his flesh we may still go to God and implore his pardon. He will make us to mourn over our short-comings, but we shall be glad to make use of his name and say, "Pardon my iniquity, for it is great." God bless you. Amen.

WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP?

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Although my cup seems filled with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all."

TO distinguish between the *Chastisement* of the Lord's people, and the *Destruction* of hypocrites, appears to me, a distinction most difficult. It may not trouble *some* of the Lord's people: it may not disturb *mere professors* of the Gospel: sinners who are spiritually dead in their souls, are not subject to this inward conflict; but every man who daily proves—bitterly proves—that the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; every living man who is here clothed with a body of sin and death, will sometimes be so bewildered and distressed, that the fear will assail him that he is nothing but a hypocrite in Zion; and not a true, spiritual, heaven-born child of God: full well does he know that upon all such will be poured out a bitter cup of wrath; and the lowest hell, Bunyan says, will be their portion.

Before I pass away from the consideration of the first of the Seven Metaphorical Cups of the Bible, I feel a desire thoroughly to investigate the character of the Hypocrite in Zion; and to bring my own soul, and the souls of all who may read, and will be examined, to the many

touchstones which the HOLY GHOST has caused to be written for us ; which touchstones the lives and deaths of not a few have confirmed as true ; awfully solemn truths they are indeed.

But, in this chapter, I am inwardly compelled to furnish one instance of what appeared to me to be a seasonable, suitable, and sacred token for good unto my soul ; and I would hope it was of some use unto the souls of others. Before the whole body of ministers and people, who secretly and conversationally condemn me, would I lay this testimony : and leave it in the hands of the Holy One of Israel, to use it as may please him best.

It was in Mr. John Broom's house, in Cheltenham, on Wednesday May 31, 1871, when the matter now referred to commenced. I had been down to Whitestone, in Herefordshire, on the previous Sunday and Monday. I had been to Shrewsbury on the Tuesday ; and attended the Recognition Services of Brother Joseph Flory, at Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham, on the said Wednesday, May 31. The following little note was written by me on the Saturday, May 27, in railway carriage : it will shew with what feelings I commenced that journey into the west. [These notes are declared to be acceptable to thousands ; therefore I give them ; leaving enemies to make their own estimate of their value.]

Sat. May 27, 1871.—Left home this day with a heavy heart ; my poor Kate looks like one near death ; and her poor Mother is bowed down. I am crowded in a Great Western, with a ticket for Withington ; having five days work before me in Whitestone, Shrewsbury, Cheltenham, Crudwell, &c. ; and if I am spared to go through all the services, I hope to realize the divine sanction and blessing. For this, I silently sought the Lord this morning. The two last Thursday evenings I have been favoured to preach in Mission Hall, Battersea, to a body of men with much liberty ; and last Tuesday at Hatton Church Formation ; we all solemnly worshipped God ; and I hope in this journey, once more to be the Lord's mouth to many souls. Micah's prophecy of Gospel mercies is softly on my mind. He speaks of the Establishment of the Church in the last days — “the mountain of the House of the Lord shall be established in the tops of the mountains ; and she is to be exalted above the hills.” Then the prophet describes the outflowings of grace : “At that time many nations shall flow unto the House of the Lord :” there will be prosperity. “Many nations ;” there will be sympathy : man for his fellow-man will feel, and he will cry out, “Come.” He will call his fellows from their state of darkness—from the broad ways of death and destruction. Grace cries out for unity too, “Let us go up :” it is going together, helping each other ; this grace delights in fellowship. The Lord, by the prophet, speaks of the Gospel, “The law shall go forth of Zion, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem.” This has been so : the Law of the Spirit of Life has gone forth delivering and quickening a people, and the Word of the Lord has gone forth gathering and feeding them ; peace in our nation has followed ; hence, every man sits under his own vine, and his own fig tree : and here every man worships the Lord after his own conscience. I am now passing from Oxford to Worcester : the heavens are covered with black clouds ; the rain is pouring down ; there is every prospect of a stormy and wet time. Surely the times with me are gloomy without and within. May I realize the 91st Psalm.

Having been carried safely through all my journeys into Herefordshire, Shropshire, and Gloucestershire ; and being now about to go once more into Wilts, to preach Anniversary sermons at Crudwell, on Thursday, June 1st., I silently prayed unto the Lord to give me one word to carry to the dear people at Crudwell. I well remember

standing in brother John Broom's bed-room, in Cheltenham, and spontaneously taking up my Bible before I laid me down to rest, I opened on the following expressive words in the sixty-sixth chapter of the Prophecies by Isaiah; and in the fifth verse:

“Hear ye THE WORD of THE LORD,
Ye that tremble at His Word;
Your brethren that hated you,
That cast you out for my Name's Sake,
Said, let the LORD be glorified:
But, HE SHALL APPEAR to YOUR JOY;
And they shall be ashamed.”

These words entered into my soul. I sought the Lord's mercy, care, and blessing; and laid me down to rest. Early next morning, I arose, took train to Kemble Junction: then walked nearly four miles in that quiet road from Kemble, near Cirencester, to Crudwell. Here the Word began to open up to me; and in meditation, I slowly walked on without the slightest interruption. The heavens looked stormy: all nature seemed to sigh under the cold and gloomy atmosphere: oxen and men were ploughing the earth; some were mowing down the grass, others were hoeing turnips; sheep-shearing, and road mending works were going on, but my mind was fastened on the Word. Now and then, I stopped by the side of a gate, and thought a little, then onward I walked again. To myself I said, here is,

First, a Special Proclamation — “Hear ye the Word of the Lord.” I considered the provision of the Word. What a treasure is this book; the Book of books, the BIBLE!

“O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still, new beauties may I see;
And still increasing light.”

Then, to the Christian, there is the APPLICATION of the Word; and that, too, by the secret power of the HOLY GHOST. There is, also the OPENING of the Word; and then there is the FULFILMENT of it. Now, I cannot think I could have gone forth all these years preaching the Gospel, if the ETERNAL SPIRIT had not unto my soul applied the Word; to my understanding, opened the Word; and in some measure fulfilled the same. Looking over the dark, the dangerous paths in which I have travelled, like David, I must now say, “Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then have perished in mine affliction.” But,

Secondly, Special Persons are addressed, “Ye that tremble at my Word.” I will tell you plainly, my readers, that in seasons of soul-conflict, the thunderings of the divine Word have many times made my soul tremble. Jude's words have seized and shaken me: “Wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.”

“Storm after storm is black with ill,
And thunders rattling make me start;
Wave after wave come dashing still,
And burst its foam upon my heart.”

When God's terrible words enter into us; when they appear to describe us; when they try us; when they judge and condemn us; tremble we shall.

Thirdly, there is a kind of PERSECUTION described: and there is a

five-fold degree in the description: it is, "Your *brethren*." Cain and Abel were brothers: and from all I am obliged to hear and witness, the same conflicting spirits now exist in our particular churches, as did exist between Cain and Abel. Of how many professed ministers of CHRIST must it not be said—"Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain; ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward; and perished in the gainsaying of Core?" Ah! What the great burning day will reveal, oftentimes makes a tender heart to quake. Jacob and Esau were brethren; and I fear among the tribes of men called "Ministers" there are some who are malicious and envious, like Esau; while it is certain many poor erring and wrestling Jacobs are to be found.

"*Your brethren!*" Those two words sounded in my ears and went down into my soul. "Where shall I find these brethren?" said I to myself. I have thought of some in this kingdom, who I KNOW as brethren, in the Bible sense and meaning of the term: and that is three-fold: a three-fold *unity*. When brother Plaice commenced the morning service on Whit Sunday, at Whitestone, he most feelingly read, and spoke upon those precious words, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to DWELL TOGETHER IN UNITY." We all felt that morning in blessed Whitestone, that we were dwelling together in unity. When I commune with such true Gospel men as Thomas Lamb, of Crudwell; Charles Turner, of Ripley; Mr. Plaice, of Whitestone; John Brett, of Hatton; and a few others I might name, I realize that sweet three-fold Biblical unity:—"Dwelling together in unity:" 2, "Keeping the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace:" 3, as far as it can be realized in our present imperfect state, we come also "into the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God; unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of CHRIST." This three-fold unity is the only power that can rightly cement brethren together. There must be the unity of the faith in the knowledge of the Son of God: there must be the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace: and there must be that which is both good and pleasant—"dwelling together in the unity" of a recognized, and realized bond of holy Christian brotherhood.

The present utterly contemptible recognition of some men as "*Standard* men;" "*Vessel* men;" "*Herald* men," and so on, is utterly beneath the notice of any but the meanest creatures that can dare to crawl or creep into the ministry. I enter my protest against it: and I enter my protest against the system of hawking scandal about in all parts of the country, with no other motive than that of excluding some ministers in order to get themselves into favour and patronage. The supply system works more evil than can be imagined; but it answers three purposes: first, it opens the door for a number of idle men to travel the country, instead of staying at home mending shoes, and taking care of their families: if the people who encourage them knew what I know of the sufferings of wives and families, they never would countenance them at all. Secondly, the Supply system enables a number of resident Christian families to have these different travelling parsons into their homes from whom they can receive large accessions of such "hear says" and slander as well suits their unholy state of mind. And, in the third place, the Supply system feeds the curiosity of congregations who love variety. Many in these congregations are like an old Irish lady, who

told me, she loved to go and hear them all: "not," said she, "that they can tell me anything; but I love to go and see how each man does it."

If, in the United Kingdom, there could be found twelve honourable, godly fathers in the ministry, who hold firmly the principles and practices of the New Testament; or what we call Strict Baptist Churches: if such fathers in Christ would unite together, and call a holy convocation, a sacred conference; before whom all causes of difference should be laid; and by whom all different questions should be settled, I believe a much better state of things might be produced. But, of this, and of the other part of my Crudwell message I must cease to write this month: as space is required for other matters. I only add, from Crudwell I hurried home; and in three days after my return, I wrote the following note:

June 5, 1871.—I have just seen the remains of our most precious FLORENCE KATE in her long coffin. Who can tell what it is to see your own dear ones suffering: dying; then gone; and all you can see is the lifeless corpse to be laid in the grave? A long time has she been sinking. I reached home in time to see her, and to pray with her, before she departed. All her life, was she subject to bondage, through the fear of death. Her mind was large, active, but exceeding reserve and solemn. A few days before her departure, she expressed a wish to die. "I have always loved Jesus," she said, "but I have been so wicked." Poor dear Lamb, I must say, surely, a conscience more tender, a spirit more meek, a heart more humble, could scarce be found. On Saturday morning, June 3, 1871, at nine o'clock, she ceased from this mortal strife, from all the agony and grief: her desire was granted, she fell asleep. When I reflect upon my past thirty years of captivity; when I look at the domestic afflictions and checks in all parts of my family, almost like Job I exclaim, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me. Why do ye persecute me as God, and are not satisfied with my flesh?"

Sunday, June 4.—I felt as though I could not think, or pray, or preach; and yet, through four services was I that day carried, with solemn freedom, and some spiritual power. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Amen. C. W. B.

TRUE WORSHIP.

BY H. F. GRIFFIN,

(Pastor of the Church meeting at Arch Chapel, East Road, City Road, London.)

PAPER II.

IN our last paper we dwelt at considerable length on the rise and progress of *natural worship*. It may be thought that in a paper on "True Worship" it would be unnecessary to dwell at length on *natural worship*; but we contend that it is only as we compare the one with the other that we can see the true and perfect beauty of the true worshipper. Furthermore, natural things are often taken for spiritual things, and he who bends the knee, upturns the eyes, and prostrates the form, is often mistaken for one who bends the will, the affections, the heart, in humble contrition and true worship. But it is with pleasure that we turn from the false, and the polluted, to the perfect, the true and the good. What constitutes a true and real worshipper? What (or rather

who) must he worship? How should the Object of worship be addressed, and where should he be sought out? These are the questions that naturally arise in the consideration of such a subject. Yet while such questions are natural and necessary, another question still more important rises out of our last paper. It is this, If our remarks upon "natural worship" are true, if man is so miserably sunk in sin and misery; if he be so far from God, nay more, if he be so ignorant of the true character of God, and not only so, but at enmity with that God, how can such an one ever worship in spirit and in truth? The answer is plain: "Without faith it is impossible to please God": man in such a condition cannot, must not, would not please God. Man of himself, and left to himself, would go on worshipping he knew not what, until life was changed for death, and death for damnation. And yet (Oh, wonderful thought!) it is not impossible for the vilest sinner to become a real worshipper. Do I say, Not impossible? Nay, it is a FACT that man may be just with God; that the guilty may be pardoned; that vile idolators may become spiritual worshippers.

True Worship—Spiritual. And to be spiritual, it must be *Divine*; to be divine it must come from God; and to come from God to the guilty it must be through a mediator, and that mediator must be united to God; to be so, he must be God; yet so like to us that he can feel our miseries, and understand our weakness; in fact, it must be the One Mediator between God and man, the Man, Christ Jesus.

True worship will always be in conformity with Divine Law. Coming from God, indited by the Spirit of God, it will never overstep or be in opposition to the claims and demands of its Author; but seeing that even the saint is a sinner, and the child of God full of imperfections, it is impossible that he can offer praise or prayer without either outstepping or falling short of the divine ideal. But, blessed be God, this fact does not prevent our worshipping, or cause it to be unacceptable to the Father: for, being "*accepted in the Beloved,*" our weak attempts to worship God in spirit and in truth are recorded by the Comforter, perfumed with the dear Saviour's sacrifice, offered up upon the altar of his body, and finding its way to the mercy-seat through "the rent veil,"—that is to say, *his* flesh,—ascends to God, ascends to heaven, and returns in showers of mercy and grace. What is wrong in our expressions are by our blessed Mediator set right; what was carnal is omitted; what was for our injury cancelled: and when our prayer and praise ascends to God, it is always true; always perfect; always acceptable.

True worship must always be centered in Jesus Christ. One is almost surprised in reading the Epistles to find this expression so often used—"Through Jesus Christ," "By Jesus Christ," "In Christ," "Upon Christ:" and why be surprised, when we consider that all we have, and all we are, is by reason of the mighty work, the Son of God came to accomplish! He is the beginning and end of all the Christian's hopes; of all God's purposes; of all Covenant promises; counsels; and of all types and shadows. I cannot live, or move, or breathe without the Lord Jesus Christ. He is the Sun round which all planets move; he is the Fountain through which all good things flow to man. He is the

"Circle were my passions move
And centre of my soul."

Therefore, when we pray, it must be in the name of Jesus Christ: when we sing, it must be concerning Jesus Christ: when we hold fellowship with God, it is always through Jesus Christ: when we made our first attempt at real worship, we pleaded the blood, righteousness, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ: and when we get to heaven and worship without any interruption, it will still be "worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive dominion and glory for ever and ever." That prayer in which Christ is not the medium of access to God, that song which bears not on its wings the Church's best Beloved, that sermon which does not exalt Christ, that praise which does not make "him first, him last, him midst, and without end," however great, and grand, and beautiful, is not true, vital, blessed worship.

True worship will always command the whole heart of the worshipper. True worship and heart worship must ever go together. When once the sinner is taught how far off he is from God, an earnest desire is awakened to come near to God, and to be reconciled to him; he is willing to make complete surrender, willing for God to do just as he sees fit with him, and desires rather to fall into the hands of God than man: a guilty worm, he falls into God's hands, with a cry for grace and mercy. Sincerity marks all his prayers: if confessing, he tells no more than he feels; and often bemoans so little feeling and so little desire: not one fault is cloaked over, everything is laid bare, and there is, and always must be, a "Search me, and try me, O Lord, see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." I know many people object to this, and say, it is only inexperienced Christians who will say this, for they know not what they ask, when they say, "*Search me, O Lord;*" but a little inquiry, a little thought will shew the objection to be absurd. When a sinner is quickened by the Spirit of God, the necessity for pardon and justification is felt with a marvelous intensity, and there is a strange sensibility to the fact, that if one sin be left unknown, and unpardoned, the soul must finally be lost: feeling therefore that he cannot but be damned if not redeemed, he tells all, confesses all, and calls upon God to search out all his sins, that there may be nothing left to condemn his soul.

Abel was a true worshipper, for he came by blood to the throne. Moses was a true worshipper, for he took his shoes from off his feet. Manasseh was a true worshipper, for he made full confession; and the Publican was a true worshipper, for he was sensible of God's demands and his sinfulness. The returning Prodigal was a true worshipper, for he left behind him the far country, and came doubting, yet believing; wishing and hoping, yet fearing; but he came humble, penitent, child-like, and (blessed truth,) "while he was yet a great way off, his father had compassion, and ran, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him." And no poor sinner shall ever thus come to the mercy-seat, and plead his sinfulness, and plead the blood of atonement, but what he shall find at last, joy, and peace, and God.

True worship will always consist of prayer and praise: and they always follow one another; the two words connect us with heaven itself. On earth we pray, in heaven they praise. On earth we pray and thank God, sometimes we also praise. See then, the connecting link is praise, and when I do so, I take part in the worship of heaven. Prayer cannot be complete without praise; there must not only be the "going away

weeping," but there must also be the "coming again rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them." "God be merciful to me a sinner" would be a poor thing indeed, without the additional words, "I say unto you, that this man went down to his house justified rather than the other." No sinner can ever pray (I mean real praying) but what he shall ultimately praise. Yes, it is the seed of praise. My poor little seed of prayer shall surely bring presently a sheaf of praise. Sometimes I shall worship with Hannah, and sometimes with Simeon. Sometimes my lips will move with emotion, but no words be heard, and sometimes I shall take the cup of Salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I may be to-day at the foot of the ladder, looking up, but not daring to climb; but God's to-morrow will surely come when I shall ascend the ladder, and hold fellowship with the Father, and with the Son Jesus Christ. Oh, for more prayer; I don't mean the twenty-five minutes, or half-hours; I don't mean the long sorrows that are addressed to the Majesty of heaven; I don't mean the long winded journey from Dan to Beersheba, that some brethren indulge in; but I mean earnest, hearty, tearful prayer-meetings. I should like prayer meetings in which our brethren broke down through emotion, in which the Spirit should come as a mighty rushing wind, and then we should praise more and more, till lost in the fulness of him that filleth all in all, we shall praise him as we ought.

" Oh long expected day begin;
Dawn on this world of death and sin."

True worship will always ennoble the person engaged in it. Conversation with cultivated persons must of necessity leave some of its effects upon us. Or, to use a most sublime illustration, when Moses left off communing with God, his face shone so that the people could not endure the sight: and when Peter, James and John went to the mount, and saw Christ transfigured, they were also enveloped in the cloud. Can we look upon the Sun and our faces not be lightened? Can we obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing not flee away? And can we go into the presence of God, hold communion and fellowship with the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and not get our thoughts ennobled, our faith strengthened, our aspirations heightened? Have we not sometimes the blessedness of worship? Have we not on our knees worshipped in spirit and in truth? And have we not felt a holy, blessed calm pervading the mind? have we not laid as it were beneath the shadow of the cross, and found it a great rock in a weary land? As we have held communion with the Lord, our thoughts have mounted higher and higher, we have longed for a clearer vision, for a nearer sight, we have wanted to get.

" Beyond, beyond these lower skies,
Up where eternal ages roll."

It is true we have had again to descend to the commonalities of every day life, to the busy world, and to our daily cares: but has it ended like a vision, in bitter disappointment? has it been the weary journey after the will-o-wisp, and nothing but loss and danger the result? Has it been the toilsome search for water, and when near at hand found it to be a delusion? Nay, it has rather been a drink of the brook by the way: it has been a little of heaven's joy tempered to our mortal condition. It has nerved us to nobler efforts for God, it has made the world bearable, and the cross less weighty. It was to us no delusion: ~~for~~ we did

not grasp the crown, but we caught a glimpse of it, and felt it would be ours some day. True, we saw no one, but we heard a voice, gentle, kind and loving, which said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." True, we did not enter into heaven itself, but heaven entered into us. And we came down again to our ordinary life, ready to run with patience the race, ready to fight the good fight of faith, ready to bear our cross, strengthened by the power of another and more ponderous cross that loomed from Calvary. Yet a little while, and all prayer will be answered; yet a little while, and the voice of praise shall be heard, and the voice of gladness: yet a little while, and we shall in triumph enter into the promised kingdom; and then,

One song shall employ all nations
And all cry, "Worthy the Lamb, for he was Slain for us."

MEMOIR OF MR. GEORGE MURRELL.

WHO WAS FOR NEARLY FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS PASTOR OF THE PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHURCH, ST. NEOT'S, HUNTS.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

THERE are two stand-points from which the believer views death, so widely separated, and so totally dissimilar, as essentially to change both its character and its appearance. The first is the *Prospective* view—the *looking forward* to death. From this position the spectacle is one from which even the feelings of the Christian instinctively recoil. Death is a part, a terrible part of the curse; and no firmness of faith in Christ, or brightness of Christian hope, can entirely disarm the feeling, that it is a momentous thing, even for a saint of God, to die! In the prospective view of death, it appears in its pure, unmitigated character—an arbitrary sovereign, an armed despot, a relentless foe, a melancholy and inevitable crisis of our being; severing the spirit from the body, the soul from home, the heart from all its loved and cherished ties of earth; and terminating, too, the believer's witness for God, his service for Christ, and his mission to man. In looking forward, then, upon death, we marvel not that, from this stand-point of time, the saints should shudder at the prospect. But the second view of death is the *Retrospective*—the *looking back* upon death. How different is the spectacle! how changed its aspect! It is from the stand-point of glory "the spirits of the just men made perfect" survey death. The dead crisis is passed, the cold river is crossed, the enemy is conquered, the victory is won; and standing among the heavenly minstrelsy, the palm-bearing throng, who line the golden sands of the heavenly Canaan, and from thence, looking back upon their defeated foe, they raise their psalm of triumph yet more expressive and melodious than that which rose in the triumphant song of Israel, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."
"Death is swallowed up in victory, mortality in life!"

It is from the ethereal heights of glory that George Murrell now looks back upon death, raising aloud his voice in holy song "with all the shining train"—"Unto HIM that loved us, and washed us from our sin in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God

and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen." Of the life of the glorified and their blest employ we know but little, but this we do know, that

" Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears."

But their days of mourning are ended, their wrestlings are over, their tears are dried, and their fears have vanished for ever; but the record and lessons of their lives remain to instruct and comfort those who "follow after," "who are looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." (Titus xiii. 13, 14.)

The following particulars respecting our dear and venerable departed friend, are gleaned from various authentic sources, but chiefly, however, from his own address, delivered on the occasion of his Jubilee at St. Neot's, when he spoke as follows: — "I have been requested to give a short outline of my life. I therefore avail myself of the present opportunity to say, that I was brought up under the tuition of a gracious Father. My dear parent, I believe, was never what I call sound in the faith of the Gospel; but I have no doubt he possessed the root of the matter. (Job xix. 28.) He has long since had all mistakes of thought and feeling rectified, by his visions of the bright day of heaven, where no clouds exist to obscure the mind. Convictions of my state as a sinner were given me when I was very young, my father reading and explaining the Word to me, and my brothers and sisters. They left an impression upon my conscience, and kept me from running into sin, although they did not produce a change of heart. These impressions came and went, till I was apprenticed to a shoemaker, at the age of fifteen years. At that time, the affairs of eternity, the solemnities of a dying day, the awful consideration of meeting the Judge, and the fears of hell took a deep possession of my mind. I regularly attended, at that time, Sion Chapel, Whitechapel; where ministers of Lady Huntingdon's connection preached: but their testimony being yea and nay, truth and error, I was often inclined to keep away altogether, one of the preachers, (a Mr. Bennet, of Birmingham) concluding thus — "If you do not receive the offers of mercy, if you don't believe the Gospel to the salvation of your soul, every sermon you hear will rise up in judgement against you, and will increase your hell." Christians of a sound judgement can well imagine the effect of such preaching on the mind of George Murrell, and when it is remembered that at that time he had no private place for prayer, and had many hardships to endure on account of the wicked conduct of his ungodly mistress, his distress of mind must have been very great. But as he remarks — "However, as I went on, hope sprung up. Now and then, remarks from the pulpit were helpful. For, from the rising of hope in the divine mercy, I got some encouragement under the ministry. God the Spirit sealed pardon upon my heart, not in a place of worship, but in a private room. He revealed to my soul the sufferings of Christ for me. My heart was melted: not a doubt rested upon my soul but that Jesus put my sins away. I

can recollect, though it is many years ago, I felt as if I should like to have died that night : I felt as if I longed to go to heaven : Oh, if I could have retained the pleasurable sensations of pardon in my heart, I could have made neither boots nor shoes again. Neither should I have wanted any more ; there was such a fullness, and deep humility, and such sweet repentance, that I could take neither meat nor drink. I had such a loathing of sin, and a consciousness of redeeming blood, and love to Christ, that I longed to be with him. But no, the time of possession was not come, though the sweet earnest of that rest was brought into enjoyment in my soul. In these exercises I felt a strong desire to the work of the ministry. I used to say to God, "If thou wilt forgive me, how I should love to go and

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

With these desires, I united myself by persuasion, to the Itinerant Society that was formed in Sion Chapel, Whitechapel ; the managers first engaging my services as a Sabbath School teacher, and after a time they desired me to exercise my gift for preaching before the sub-committee. I did so : and they were pleased to appoint me as one of the preachers in that Society. I went on thus for some years, until I received a letter from St. Neot's. I was surprised ; for I knew not that there was such a place in the kingdom. However, I went up stairs, and begged of the Lord to direct me aright in the matter. I shall never forget the circumstance, for while I was in prayer about St. Neot's, the words came, "Get thee out of thy Father's house unto a place that I will tell thee of." I was much affected, and said, "Lord, if thou wilt go with me, if thou wilt give me bread to eat and raiment to wear, if thou wilt grant me thy presence, Lord, I will go." I remember the words came, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee peace."

The result clearly proved that thing was of the Lord. Matters having been arranged between Mr. Murrell and the friends at St. Neot's, he came and supplied their pulpit, finding the little chapel three-parts empty. Truly, such a beginning was enough to depress his spirits. His first text was, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." The people heard him with much satisfaction ; and congregations increased from Sabbath to Sabbath, many coming from the surrounding villages where Mr. Murrell preached during the week. Indeed many a time did this dear man of God walk upwards of twenty miles out from home, to proclaim to the "poor and needy" "the unsearchable riches of Christ." He remarks — "After about six months, I received a unanimous invitation to become their pastor, when they offered me the small sum of forty pounds a year ; having a wife and two children ; bread about eighteen pence the quarter, and other things dear in proportion." The invitation was accepted : "Not by constraint, but willingly : not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind, to feed the flock of God." The Lord did not let his servant want, for he raised him up many friends at a distance. It was in the Autumn of 1810, that Mr. Murrell first came to this town ; his Ordination taking place in the year following : Messrs. Freeman and Chapman officiating on the occasion. Mr. Murrell was not a baptized person when he first preached to the people here, but was immersed within a few weeks after. The increasing and permanent

success accompanying his preaching, induced the people to build a more commodious place of worship, and to obtain a more eligible site, for the old chapel was small and dirty, and inconvenient to get at. The "gold and silver" was brought in a most liberal manner; so that in the year 1817 the people had a nice new chapel, answering to their wants and wishes. God was still with them, and increased them on every side, insomuch that they had to enlarge their building more than once, besides erecting galleries, and a costly school-room. Altogether, between £3000 and £4000 have been laid out on "the house of the Lord." The Lord is good. Yes, the Lord is good; and this the dear servant of Christ experienced to his latest breath. It has been permitted to but few men to labour among the same people for so many years as did George Murrell. Nobly did his numerous and warmly attached friends manifest their Christian love to him at the time of his Jubilee, on which occasion not less than three thousand persons were assembled together in a spacious tent, in which the special services were held. What a beautiful sight! how expressive of God's goodness to poor sinners! Let the reader picture to himself the dear aged saint and pastor in the midst of this great multitude of friends, gathered from many counties, and imagine what George Murrell's feelings must have been, when Mr. Stead, (one of the deacons) rose, and said, "It now devolves upon me, Sir, to present you with this cup, on your attaining the fiftieth year of your pastorate, wishing you a continuance of friendship, love, and happiness in your future life." The cup, which was a splendid silver vessel, chased elaborately, was designed by Mrs. Barranger, of St. Neot's, and represented in bold relief, the baptism of Jesus in the river Jordan. The following inscription was engraved on the cup; — "This cup containing a purse of gold, (£100.) was presented to Mr. George Murrell, the beloved minister of the Particular Baptist Church, St. Neot's, on his attaining the fiftieth year of his pastorate, as an expression of the continued attachment and esteem of his church and congregation. May 22nd, 1860." In addition to this splendid love-token, Mr. John Foreman, of London, presented Mr. Murrell, with a purse containing twenty guineas, from Mr. Foreman's London friends. In the year 1865, Mr. Murrell had a co-pastor, but as the devil was permitted to work such sad havoc by that circumstance, and as the unmitigated flagrancy of the act, (by which truth suffered, the church rent, and Mr. Murrell cruelly injured,) is known to the churches, we will pass it in silence.

On Lord's-day, April 26, 1868, Mr. R. Bax, the present pastor, was unanimously chosen to take the pastorate of the church, Mr. Murrell warmly recommending the church to take that step. It appeared to be a great relief to his mind to see the church again provided with an under-shepherd, in the firm belief that the truth and primitive order of the Gospel would be maintained among the people. During the last two years of his life, his soul was variously exercised as to his own standing in Christ, but ever most blessedly and triumphantly maintained in the eternal verities of the Gospel. He was a blessed man. He was a gifted minister of Jesus Christ, a successful preacher, rich and mellow in experience, and to the last surrounded by a large circle of warm-hearted and generous friends. But he is gone. His works follow him. Fragrant and blessed is his memory below. Above, in the bright world

of open vision, where "the King is seen in his beauty," he is known and hailed with delight by hundreds and thousands who received the truth from his lips, and what is infinitely better than all, he has been crowned by his God and Saviour, Jesus Christ, as "a good and faithful servant." But we must draw to a close: we therefore take the liberty of quoting from a contemporary, as furnished by the present pastor: desiring for ourselves and readers the same blessed entrance into the kingdom of glory, as the dearly beloved George Murrell, who fell asleep in Jesus, in the 88th year of his age.

At about three o'clock in the morning of Thursday, May 4, 1871, George Murrell ceased to be an inhabitant of this sin-smitten world; his happy, ransomed spirit being borne on the downy wings of angels to the bosom of God there to be numbered with "the spirits of just men made perfect."

The death of this godly man is an event of more than ordinary interest to tens of thousands of saints, to whose spiritual interests and pleasures he had so often ministered during his long pastorship of the church in Saint Neot's. But they will greatly rejoice to learn that his end was painless, peaceful, and blessed.

He was born on January 21, 1784, in Whitechapel, London, and was carefully brought up under the tuition of a gracious father. When at the age of fifteen years, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, experiencing many privations and hardships from his ungodly mistress during that period. During his term of apprenticeship, "the affairs of eternity, the solemnities of a dying day, the awful consideration of meeting the Judge, and the fears of hell, took deep possession of his mind." For a season he dwelt on the very borders of despair, and was almost inclined to neglect the means of grace altogether; but at length, night gave place to day, and despair to "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." This happy frame of mind begat in him a strong desire to proclaim to others the knowledge of salvation through a crucified and exalted Redeemer. In process of time, Providence gave him opportunities to "speak in the name of the Lord Jesus," God bearing witness with his word.

And thus it was, that having preached for some time, he was at length invited to preach at Saint Neot's, to which town he came in the year 1810. Shortly after Mr. Murrell's first visit to this town, he was baptized in a small pond in a field near the brick-kilns; and the first person he baptized was the late Miss Stead, who remained in membership with the church below till the year 1864.

On Christmas-day, evening, 1867, Mr. Murrell spoke from the words, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift;" which was the last day of his speaking in public; and on Lord's day, November 21, 1869, he addressed the church for the last time. Wise and weighty were the words of counsel he gave us on that day, expressing his very great concern for the peace and prosperity of the church, beseeching the members to live in peace one with another, and to strengthen the hands of their present pastor, as he believed his brother Bax to be a man of truth, and preached the truth, and had confidence in him that he would ever abide by the truth. To the very last he exhibited to the present pastor the most tender and thoughtful consideration; almost his last words being, "Good-bye, friend; pray take care of your health for the church's sake; and may the blessing of heaven rest upon you, and God Almighty be your shield and defence." About a fortnight before he fell asleep in Jesus, when suffering much pain in the bowels, he said to his attendant, "Tell friend Bax to pray for me, for I am in the swellings of Jordan; and request him to beg of the Lord to cut his work short." I went to him at once, and told him he would soon feel easier, and assured him that his Heavenly Father would not delay one moment beyond the appointed time, and then offered a few thoughts in reference to the glorified state, and

of the soul's departure, concluding thus: "Yes, as you near the confines of the invisible world, the light of his countenance will stream into your soul, and as you behold the bright and beautiful angels come trooping down to the margin of the river, and the smiles of Jesus irradiating your mind, then in a moment you will realise the blessedness of the words—'Absent from the body present with the Lord.'" The dear old saint burst into tears, his countenance beaming with hope and comfort.

On the Tuesday evening before his end, I spent some time with him; his mind was calm, and he expressed a hope that his time to depart was at hand. I saw him again the next day, but he was very drowsy, and continued to doze during a good part of the day; but still his end was not thought to be at hand. At about eight or nine o'clock on Wednesday evening he roused up, enquiring for me and for his son (neither being in the way), and then said, with much pleasurable feeling, "I am going to heaven;" and after a short pause he said, "I am going to Jesus! Yes, Jesus is precious to my soul," &c.; and then again.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

After a further pause, he said, "Yes, I am going to heaven; I am following after those great and good men, Dr. Gill, Dr. Hawker, John Stevens," and some other names, which are forgotten at present. Shortly after this, he said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Then he lay quiet a short time, his countenance looking "beautiful." Presently, making an effort with his upraised hand, saying, "Oh! if I could but grasp," apparently beholding an object of great delight—for his manner was very fervent. From that time he remained with his eyes closed, until about five minutes before his departure, when he breathed so softly, that they thought he was gone: but on asking a question, they found him sensible, with his whole soul apparently absorbed with the glorious realities of an eternal world. As he took his departure, he gave a faint sigh or two, and George Murrell was no more. Oh, peaceful scene! oh, blessed exchange! Let my last end be like his!

The deceased was in his eighty-eighth year. The interment took place on Monday afternoon, May 8, of which we gave particulars last month.

DEATH OF THE LATE MR. HOBBS.

ANOTHER of those most excellent servants of God, with which the church of Christ has been favoured during the last half century, has been carefully taken home. We give the following exactly as it came to hand.—Ed.

MY DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry relative to the death of the Rev. John Hobbs, of Haberdasher's Hall chapel, Staining lane, London, I beg to say that it took place on June 1, at his residence, 31, Cambridge terrace, South Lambeth, in the 75th year of his age.

He had been laid aside from the work of the ministry since the Sunday before Christmas day last, with an affection of the lungs, and a tendency to asthma, occasioning great difficulty of breathing with the least bodily exertion, and varying necessarily with the changes of the weather; but his breath having improved somewhat the last month or two, his friends quite hoped that he would have been able again to occupy his pulpit, with the return of milder weather. Upon one

occasion only. May 7, Mr. Hobbs, (whose desire to meet with his people for the worship of God, even if unable to take part in the service, was very strong), came to the chapel, and at the close of the service, was able to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in a manner so solemn and affectionate, as to be deeply impressive to those who were present. But as his heart was in his work, and the profit of his flock was dear to him, Mr. Hobbs was able to dictate a pastoral letter to his people, each week during the period of more than five months he was unable to preach, and this was read on the Sunday to the congregation, as an instructive, as well as interesting, portion of the service of the day. Most of these letters were expository of some one subject, or portion, of God's Word, and extended to the length of six or seven closely written sheets of paper. He thus evidenced his desire, often expressed, that he might not be laid aside as an useless branch. On the Tuesday before his death, Mr. Hobbs became worse, and his doctor pronounced the new symptoms to be bronchitis and pleurisy. The latter disease was very painful and exhausting, and though on the Wednesday evening the doctor did not see any cause for alarm, Mr. Hobbs was taken to his everlasting rest early on the following morning, dying peacefully, and without pain; and, it is probable that the near approach of his great and happy change was unknown to himself. As he spoke with much difficulty, I have nothing to tell you of dying testimonies, nor are they needful. He had lived a life of faith on the Son of God, and died trusting in that grace, or God of grace, which had made him such a close and humble follower of his precious Lord. He rests from his labours, and his works follow him. As Mr. Hobbs left no special declaration as his dying one, I will quote a passage from one of his published sermons, preached March 22, 1863, as to his own views and expectations on the subject of dying beds. At page thirteen of the first series of twelve sermons, he says:

"Let me tell you that I do not expect, when the Lord is pleased to take me out of this world, that I shall say very much, if anything: these things are to be spoken of before. Weakness of body, and the probable failure of the faculties, militate against this. Many expect a great display at the last; we will not expect it. I have often remarked the very few accounts we have in Scripture of the departure of the saints. Jacob gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost; and we read of the last words of David; but we have no account of the end of most of the prophets and apostles, and it is not necessary that we should: what they had to proclaim of the truths of God was spoken before the approach of death; and "we walk by faith, not by sight;" therefore, do not be discouraged when you see the children of God silently depart out of this world. I know it is very delightful, and a great privilege, when we hear the dying saints proclaim what God has done for them; but I often question much of the accounts that are published of the death of believers; as they are generally so fanciful, they seem to want that simplicity which we look for on such occasions. I do not expect a dying saint to preach a sermon at the last. But 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'"

And in Mr. Hobbs's death we see his expectation literally fulfilled.

I would just add that Mr. Hobbs had been for forty-four years pastor of the same church, meeting at Staining lane. His gentleness of character, affectionate disposition, and true humility of heart, were accompanied with gifts of mind for the work of the ministry of a very high order; and since the time of the late Mr. Huntington, there has not been one, I believe, who so closely came up to him in the experimental doctrine he preached, or the clearness, fulness, and ability, with which he set it forth.

May God furnish and send forth more labourers into his vineyard, that his truth may prosper, and the harvest be gathered in.

Wishing you much soul prosperity, and grace for your work, I am, my dear sir, yours faithfully,

G. DOUDNEY.

13, Windsor road, Denmark hill.

June 19, 1871.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

OWNED AND ADORED IN THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF J. J. KIDDLE.
CHAPTER VI.

THE time of my courtship was short, but short as it was, my feet had well nigh slipped. Courtship is a robber of soul, spirituality. Courtship, preaching and growth in grace did not accord. I was doubtful of the spirituality of her I had betrothed. So suspicious was I of the piety of my intended, I carefully sought to be satisfied. I was anxious to know the truth. She had long attended a Baptist chapel, and was respected by the people; but rather inclined to the vanities of youth.

On one occasion I walked five miles, after ten o'clock at night, to find out whether she had grace enough, in a party assembled to hold, in her parent's house, what was called a "Harvest Home Supper." On these occasions neighbours were invited, and a variety of sinful amusements indulged in. I aimed to get there when I thought the feast would be in the highest glee. About a quarter past eleven I knocked at the door. A maid (like Rhoda) said, "It is Mr. Kiddle." Instantly, I heard some one within say, "Pray put away the cards." I went in, was introduced to the company and took a seat. All was stillness, confusion, and surprise. I took no notice of the effect my coming in had produced; song-singing, card-playing, and dancing, was at an end. Watching my opportunity, at length I asked, "May we sing a hymn?" There were several young people there I knew to be seriously disposed, and they readily assented. We spent two hours after in singing hymns, reading the Scriptures, address and prayer. I have often thought of the presence of one stripling in the midst of so many Goliaths in sin, silenced by a babe in Christ, and confounded. Providence guided, and Grace gave strength. "One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one." At length I was satisfied on the point of anxiety. Like many others, I gave way to the thought, "If all is not right it will be so," not considering it may not be so. *Love is blind.* I had got into the net, and found no way out.

The first year of my married life was a prolific one. My father, to

whom I had not spoken a long time, was suddenly taken ill, and life in danger. I was sent for. Hastened to his bed-side, and there the very one I had often prayed for, I was favoured to pray with, and there the Lord removed the feeling that was against me. My preaching in my school-room was blessed to many. The gardener of my ever-to-be-remembered friend, the Rev. J. Jones, was one of those called of God. The conversion of this man, and a farmer's carter, a noted swearer and blasphemer, produced no small talk in the place. About nine months after the conversion of the gardener, he died a most triumphant death. I was requested to preach his funeral sermon by the good man's master. Hundreds came to hear, and again God blessed the word spoken. I went from house to house visiting and preaching the Word of God in the dark neighbourhood. Had access to many of the wealthy farmers, whose sons I had to educate.

Few had the smiles of Providence as I had for three years. Had a daughter born the thirteenth month after marriage. Bought a small property at an auction, and the next day took £40 for my purchase. My school increased in numbers and respectability. I was much respected and flattered, and became vain of my success, yea, I became as conceited, proud, and as self-righteous as Satan himself.

The yoke of Methodism I never found easy. I loved many of the people, and considered the Local preachers a noble host of quarrymen; but the conference, the district meetings, quarterly meetings, and class meetings, only a system of human invention, to set up, support, and endow with authority, "Lords over God's heritage." A more unscriptural system of legislation I thought not invented. I speak not of persons or their piety, but of the *tyranny of a system* concocted and presided over by a few, but carried on by persons not allowed to believe anything but what Wesley taught, for doctrine and discipline.

My impressions led me (as I watched the working out of this system) to ask myself, "Is not this the third beast," that "had a face as a man," or Popery dressed in a better suit than the first or second beast, but *still a beast?*" I was disgusted with the class meetings. Persons were asked a variety of questions touching their life and conduct, &c. The answers were sometimes evasive, and sometimes utterly false. These class meetings satisfied me, the principle feature in them was money, and an unbecoming prying into personal affairs. The leader was appointed by the Superintendent, and he took care to appoint a starched, stiffened and dried "Methodist," piety or not. The conference appointed the Superintendent, who was under the district chairman, the Cardinal, who was subject to the President, *I called* the Pope. The class leader had to inform every member in his class that the rules of Methodism expected every member to pay, at least a penny a week. At the end of every quarter, the Superintendent met the leader and his class, to see that all had attended regularly, and that the leader had fulfilled his instructions; and then gave each a quarterly ticket, for which each was expected to pay a shilling. Then the leaders and Local preachers had to appear before their Superintendent, render an account of themselves and deliver up the cash from all parts of the circuit at a quarterly meeting. Local preachers travelled many miles to preach, make collections, and class leaders, after pressing for every penny, then gave the whole up to those who did but a *small portion of the work.*

I often conversed with my clerical friend and an eminent Independent minister on the doctrines and government of Methodism. They were both what is called "*Calvinists*," as most church and Independent ministers were, (and perhaps are now) who preached the Gospel of divine grace. I struggled hard to be a Methodist, and succeeded in raising funds to build two village chapels, that have produced great reformation among the villagers. I preached from one end of the circuit to another, and was much applauded. Often walked twenty miles on a Sunday and preached twice, and once thirty miles and preached three times, but could not preach free-will doctrines. On this account I was several times called to account and reproved. Some of the Local preachers, who were jealous of my popularity, rejoiced over my rebukes; but I endured all and "laboured more abundantly than they all" until 1833, when my esteemed teacher and friend, the Rev. J. Jones, invited me to become co-minister with him at Ruxton chapel. This was a Chapel of Ease, built some years on the private property of this clergyman, who was a landed proprietor siding with nonconformist, in which himself occasionally officiated. The invitation was unexpected, and at the very time the Methodists would subdue my freedom of thought and action, I saw the hand of Providence. Resigned my connection with Methodism, and accepted the invitation. A merciful Providence leading from works to grace.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

RE-OPENING OF CARMEL CHAPEL, ANGLESEA ROAD, WOOLWICH,

And the return thither, after an absence of upwards of eight years, of Mr. H. Hanks, with the church and congregation lately worshipping in the Albert Rooms, Eleanor road, Poyiss street.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR,—Believing an account of our re-opening services will be interesting to the readers of *The Earthen Vessel*, I have undertaken to supply it. Lord's-day, May 28, 1871: In the morning we held an early prayer meeting in the chapel, commencing at 7 o'clock, at which from eighty to ninety were present. The meeting opened with singing the first of four appropriate hymns, which our pastor, Mr. Hanks, unknown to any of his friends, had written expressly for the occasion, a printed copy of which I enclose for insertion. This service proved to be one of those peculiarly hallowed and solemn seasons by which the Lord sometimes condescends specially to refresh his inheritance when it is weary, and was a good beginning of that which will be long remembered as a good and a happy day at Carmel. At the morning service the chapel was comfortably filled. Mr. Hanks read as his text: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified," and this resolution of purpose he maintained throughout the whole of his

discourse, which was listened to with wrapt attention. Indeed, his mind appeared to be deeply imbued and his spirit chastened with the sentiments expressed in the last verse of his second hymn:

"Now, let the past be all forgot,
And ev'ry ill forgiven:
And our communion daily grow
More like to that of heaven."

In the afternoon, Mr. J. Bennett, of Pimlico, who was the last of all the pastors that have successively occupied Carmel since Mr Hanks quitted it, preached to a large congregation. And right glad were his friends to see and hear him again in the chapel. To say the sermon was a good one, and that it was attentively listened to, would but very inadequately represent either the sermon itself, or the feelings of the people under it. It was, in many respects, such a sermon that no other man beside Mr. Bennett could have preached; and this exception is owing, mainly, to his knowledge of parties, and previous connection with parties, and with the place. The exercises of his mind in reference to Mr. Hanks's position in the town, even whilst as pastor he occupied the pulpit of Carmel, and his conviction that no other man would do there, were told out in a manner which deeply impressed and moved his hearers. His hearty expressions of prayerful solicitude for our peace and prosperity will be long remembered, and we unitedly cry, God bless him! In the evening, the capacious chapel was crowded to the doors,

many going away for want of room. Our pastor preached from Acts viii. 13: "And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptized him." After the sermon, Mr. Hanks baptized three believers, who, with one other were received into fellowship at the Lord's Table on the following Sunday.

On Monday, May 29, Mr. Parsons, of Brentford, preached in the afternoon an excellent sermon to a good congregation. Between two and three hundred sat down to tea. In the evening, Mr. E. Vinal preached from Isaiah liv. 10. to a large congregation, and with considerable acceptance by the people. Our collections were excellent. While we purposely refrain from indulging here in any speculations upon our *future*, we are constrained to say that we have everything in the *present* to encourage us. We know, as our pastor lately observed, that our peace will depend greatly upon ourselves, upon our carriage and bearing towards each other, whilst our prosperity will depend entirely upon the blessing of the Lord. No man could have had a more cordial reception given him than that which was given to Mr. Hanks. Even the town's people congratulated him, and his friends, on their return to the chapel that was built for him. Knowing, and having seen, that it is "not by might, nor by power (human), but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," that the building of mercy goeth on to completion, we again unitedly cry, Send now, O Lord, prosperity! Yours, in Jesus.

D. W. HITCHCOCK, Deacon:

Plumstead,

June 7, 1871.

FORMATION OF BAPTIST CHURCH AT HATTON.

By R. G. Edwards, of Islington.

Tuesday, May 23, 1871, to the saints at Hatton, will long be cherished as a red-letter-day. In the fond remembrances of those who were favoured in any way to be associated with those solemn services, there will be the residue of the savour they then enjoyed.

Early in the morning were seen a number of ministerial brethren and friends in the South Western train on their way to the Feltham station, where our beloved brother Brett met us "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race."

There was a large van awaiting our arrival, which we soon began to occupy; but the owner spoke out sharply as to our overloading the conveyance; and the major part returned to *terra firma*; leaving others to retain possession of that accommodation. We then girded up our loins for a march of two miles to the village we intended to invade that day; it was a delightful walk indeed; nature exhibiting a thousand charms, the foliage and flowers were magnificent; the perfume most fragrant; the air serene; the sky almost unclouded; the brilliant sun shining in all

its splendour. Having plenty of time, we leisurely luxuriated in these rural delights, reflecting on the wonderful works of God in creation, providence, grace and glory. At last we sighted the place of our destination, "Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the fields, and lodge in the villages." After a short ramble we entered a house which should henceforth be called "ZION'S COTTAGE," two rooms were occupied, but in the front were the services conducted. Our brother C. W. Banks presided, and presided most efficiently. Our brother Kemp gave out the first hymn in praise to God; brother Huxham (now supplying at Lever street) read a portion of God's Word; R. G. Edwards implored the blessing from our triune Jehovah; another hymn, and then our brother C. W. Banks gave some excellent remarks concerning Christ and his church, but expounded principally Job xxii. 21, 22, "Acquaint now thyself with him and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee, receive I pray thee the law from his mouth and lay up his words in thine heart." I only wish my pen was able to write the precious things brought forth for the direction, edification and consolation of the Lord's people and ministers by our brother; he was evidently highly favoured with the Spirit in this elaborate and important discourse, and could it be gathered up and circulated among our members, it might be productive of immense good. Brother Brett then testified concerning those saints who desired to be formed into a church order; stating his personal knowledge of them all; one sister among them, the fruit of his ministry, had been here called by grace; the others had related their experiences to him; he had no doubt they were the living children of God; all of them had been baptized on a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, four of them had been members of other churches, they all were united in heart, determined to stand by and for the good old-fashioned truths of the everlasting Gospel in its doctrines, experience and ordinances. Our brother declared his great attachment to his friends at Hatton, and the great love he bore to each of them, as he was assured they felt towards himself. He then related the mysterious dealings of the Lord with him in bringing him among this people, and blessing his labours so much as to raise a Strict Baptist cause as witnessed this day. He then gave us a confession of faith which we did most assuredly believe and rejoice in, and which by God's grace we intend to stand by, whoever else may turn away. Brother C. W. Banks then asked those dear brethren and sisters in Christ who desired to be formed into a church to stand up; and now our tears began to flow; the beautiful flowers we so admired in our walk here, were not to be compared to these "sweet flowers," flowers of grace, lilies of the valley, they were but twelve in number, but angels witnessing our devotions at that moment must have shouted and clapped their wings with rejoicing; they were the Redeemer's flowers,

fragrant with redeeming blood, illustrating the eternal, sovereign, electing, everlasting love of God the Father, the redeeming love and finished work of God the Son, and effectual operation of God the Holy Ghost. Yes! our tears would roll down our cheeks as we felt "This is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven to our souls." Our brother Brett then arranged the candidates by themselves, and our brother Banks went to each of them, holding their hand and speaking precious words of exhortation and comfort to their souls. We felt the Lord was in our midst, such a holy solemnity pervading our minds whilst our brother was giving them the right hand of Christian fellowship, it was certainly a foretaste of that rich communion of saints in glory. Thus six brethren and six sisters in Christ formed this first church of Strict Baptist principles in the village of Hatton, "The church in thy house." Long may this church remember their birth-place and their birthday, may it be celebrated in grateful Ebenezers in ages to come with increased blessings and spiritual rejoicings, under the rich anointings of God the Holy Ghost.

Another part of this day's work was now proceeded with; the babe born was also appointed to be espoused this day, its birthday should be its wedding day, not to Christ, for that was an accomplished fact, but to one of his honoured servants, so after another hymn was sung, brother Banks told the new-born church they were at liberty now if they pleased, to elect their beloved pastor; they had full liberty to choose whom they pleased, in fact they might choose any one of the present ministers if they thought well. At this moment all our eyes were riveted on the church, and their eyes were also fixed, but not on any of us poor ministers, we had evidently no chance at all; their eyes were directed where their heart's love had long been fixed, viz., on our straight-forward, honest brother Brett, and he was chosen by them in the usual manner; their smiling faces betokened it was a "day of love" to their souls, while our hearts were praying God, even our covenant God and Father to bless them pastor and people, that God would open the windows of heaven and pour them down a blessing. All the ministers then advanced and gave our dear brother Brett the right hand of ministerial fellowship with heartfelt words of congratulation and good wishes that their love union might be crowned with everlasting blessings. Our brother Sack then offered up solemn prayer, brother Banks then took the bread, blessed God, and broke it, and gave it to R. G. Edwards to hand round, members and ministers of the same faith and order joining with us. Brother Huxham took round the "cup of blessing," and thus ended this most interesting service by singing and prayer, having occupied about two hours and a half, but not a moment too long.

A short interval sufficed for the refreshment of the body with the cold collation provided by the friends, and again we sought

the feast of the soul. Now we were directed to another place where we found a barn fitted up and decorated with flowers, where the afternoon services were to be holden. Brother Kemp commenced by giving out a hymn, and brother Kaye, of Hackney, read and prayed; after another song of praise, R. G. Edwards gave out his text from Matt. xvi. 18. "My church," from which he endeavoured to shew the nature, constitution, and privileges of the church of Christ, the happiness and honour to that soul who forms a part of this church, of which Christ is all and in all. Again we sang the praises of the great Head of his church, and then our brother Banks called on the newly elected pastor publicly to testify his acceptance of the pastorate of this church, to which he cheerfully responded; the question was then asked him, If at any future period he should change his views as to the doctrines of grace and the ordinances of God's house, which he had so boldly proclaimed this day, whether he would not then at once resign his office as the pastor of this church? Brother Brett declared he certainly would, though he felt and so did all present, that there was no room to fear such a calamity, as the truth of God was ingrafted in his soul, burnt in his heart. The ministers present were then asked if they would help our brother in the ministry as far as laid in their power, to which all gave their hearty assent.

Our brother, C. W. Banks, then commenced the solemn charge to the pastor, from those words of the Apostle Paul, recorded in 1 Cor. ix. 27, "But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." Our brother gave some weighty illustrations of the importance of this ministerial regimen: the number of ministers he had known who had been ruined and lost to the Church: blazed away as flaming meteors, and suddenly expired in midnight darkness. Cast away by the Church, their lives foul with sinful gratifications; to which the preacher added, with much emotion, that if he had himself observed this important conduct, forty years since, he should have escaped many deep sorrows. The service was then brought to a close by singing and prayer. We then adjourned into the orchard, where, under the beautiful rows of trees, were tables spread with food and flowers, and the company very soon were all engaged in partaking of the "cup that cheers without inebriation." The happy faces showed the happy hearts. After a short walk in the fields, we all returned to the barn, when our brother Banks again presided. R. G. Edwards gave out the first hymn; brother Drake engaged in prayer. Then our brother Kemp gave us an excellent speech from the subject announced from the Chair, "The end and design of the gospel ministry." R. G. Edwards also spoke on the same topic; and very pleasing and profitable addresses followed from our dear brethren Huxham, Kaye, Brown, (from Reading), and C. W. Banks. Thus concluded this happy day, its

the formation of a Church of Christ at Hatton, on New Testament principles. Our friends and ministerial brethren will be so kind as to pardon many faults and omissions in my humble attempt to raise a memorial of this interesting event, by the request of our brother Banks. My time is so much occupied, and it is now more than a fortnight since the occurrence; but I have done my best, and beg the will may be taken for the deed.

June 9, 1871.

R. G. EDWARDS.

OUR EVANGELIZING CURATES.

No. VI.

"Let not them that are mine enemies wrongfully rejoice over me; neither let them wink with the eye that hate me without a cause." Psalm XXXV. 19.

"A Masked Portraiture of Christianity (says *The Rock*, in a masterly paper on the Ministry of the day) is not unfrequently brought before us." How extensively and fearfully true is this statement! The writer of that sentence has discovered that "the leaders" of all that is essentially defective as regards the "form of sound words" are so very complimentary and smooth-spoken, that people are easily deceived; and are craftily led away from the solid foundation, on to the flowery sand-banks of ruin and dismay.

In a lecture recently delivered, it was said, "There are three subjects for painful consideration at the present time: the first is, the pitiable state the great masses of our fellow-men are still found in: hundreds of thousands are living and dying in practical Atheism; in refined Pantheism; or, in a masked Formalism. Secondly, on every hand, churches, and chapels, and halls, and schools, and meeting-houses are rising; and for these there are such constant and urgent appeals for money, that Zion's friends are grieved; and her foes look with contempt upon "the money-seeking tribes of profession." Then, thirdly: look where you will in the ranks of professing Christians, three things are comparatively absent: (1.) The life-giving and love-implanting powers of the Holy Ghost. (2.) The true conversion to God of sinners from the world. (3.) The UNFOLDING of the Word of God. The Bible, said Trap, is like an oyster. The letter is the shell; if you cannot OPEN the shell, the people cannot get at the meat. Now, considering the large number of devoted men who are going forth in the ministry, is it not a matter for serious enquiry, Why so little real good is accomplished? In looking over our list of "Ministers without Churches," it is consoling, however, to find some of our laborious brethren are happily acceptable to the churches were they labour. Our brother Debnam, the senior, is useful at Sudbury: the church there, held a meeting at Whitsuntide, and presented their pastor Debnam with a testimonial, expressive of their esteem for him. The church and congregation have increased; and many hearts rejoice: Praise the Lord. Brother

Battson has been the means, in the Lord's hands, of strengthening the cause at South Green. We hope to witness his settlement there soon; and we pray that his life may long be spared; and a large increase, and a heavenly prosperity attend his ministry. Brother John Brett has been chosen pastor of the newly formed church at Hatton; and if all who love the truth would only give one penny each, the Hatton Baptist chapel might be immediately erected; and the well-founded expectation is, that a useful church would there prove a light to many souls, leading them savingly unto the truth. Brother Brindle has not worked at Brixton in vain. He has greatly helped to raise a true Gospel tabernacle in that large southern district. Many cannot understand why he is not to be THE minister of the new place. If the Lord has designed brother Cornwell to be his mouth to his people there, none will more sincerely rejoice in the extension of Zion's cause than the brother who has rendered, in every way, such efficient service. Our friend Joseph Cartwright, is a bold, plain, faithful, and beloved witness for Christ, to many of our London and Suburban churches. What the author of "Punch in the Pulpit" is doing now, is unknown to us. Brother Joseph Flory has found a desirable field in Cheltenham; the Lord permitting, and blessing, he is settled as pastor of the church in Bethel for the next three years: we hope it will be to the end of his life, and that in a good OLD age he may see many flying as doves to their windows in the exercise of a loving zeal. The Tadworth church have received brother Herring with prayer and thanksgiving. Will he settle as their pastor? Our clever young brother R. Howard has seen a revival at Sunningdale; and brother Kempton runs between Watford and Tring with much honest decision. We hope the Wandsworth church and brother Kevan will be wedded until death shall them divide; and that after all the days of sorrow each have seen, seasons of rich harvesting will be realized. Brother Lawson is settled at Brighton; even in the late John Vinall's pulpit. Of this, we have some thoughts preserved. Brother W. Saek has a heart for constant work in any choice corner. He halts at Chiswick until marching orders come. Brother Styles has gained the affections of Old Ford church; if he would settle, the little one would become a thousand. Frederick Wheeler has been set on high at Trinity: T. Wheeler ought to have a good home at Eaton Bray; hence, we find that many of our good Evangelists are becoming Incumbents; and the lists of itinerating brethren are not so numerous as they were. Still we have to notice many more yet. Those who are settled or settling, must labour incessantly in prayer, meditation, and preaching; for these times require great mental, as well as spiritual, power.

HIGH WYCOMBE.—Travelling home this June 6, 1871, from Prestwood common

where anniversary services were holden yesterday, an elderly gentleman entered freely into conversation with me concerning the state of the churches in High Wycombe. The Church of England there is highly ritual; the General Dissenting churches are increasing; and the two Strict Baptist churches, he considered, were moving on steadily. Zion chapel, with brother Thomas Chivers for its minister, is becoming a working body of Christian people; their clothing society, and other auxiliaries, hold out a hope of still better days to come. We travelled over the times when Messrs. Evans, Corbett, Stenbridge, Brunt, and other ministers were in Wycombe; but my friend thought his pastor, Thomas Chivers, might certainly say, "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; and I have a goodly heritage." Mr. Cause, in the other Baptist chapel, is also realizing a Spring-time. Mr. Miller, of Penn, holds fast to the truth. Mr. Jones, a highly respectable minister, is at Speen; Mr. Witts, at Askett; Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Price acceptably supply the pulpit at Prestwood; and, in none of these parts doth Gospel Truth appear to be at all on the decline; although showers of grace and the sunshine of the Saviour's glory are much desired.

LARGE SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETING IN BRIGHTON.

MR. BOXELL'S ADDRESS ON THE DUTIES OF SUPERINTENDENTS.—A SUNDAY SCHOOL BOY CRUSHED IN MACHINERY, SINGING HIMSELF INTO GLORY, &c.

THE twentieth anniversary of the Sunday school in connection with Ebenezer chapel, Richmond street, was celebrated on Whit Tuesday, May 30, 1871.

About 400 friends sat down to tea, which was served in the upper school room, after which a public meeting was held, the pastor, Mr. Israel Atkinson, presiding, who was supported by the ministerial brethren, Nunn, of Hailsham; Taylor, of Portslade; Mr. Cole, superintendent of Bond street Sunday schools, and other friends.

Mr. J. Dadswell, secretary, read the report, which was of an exceedingly interesting character. There are 524 children and 43 teachers on the books, with an average attendance respectively of 375 and 40.

Increased accommodation has been provided by the construction of a new room for the infant classes, and also a separate room for the senior male class. The same friend who in 1866 contributed £500 towards the then enlargement of the schools, again generously defraying the expenses incurred. Four teachers have removed from the neighbourhood in the past year, and the like number, on a satisfactory testimony of their faith in the Lord Jesus, have been added to the church.

The total expenses for the year, which has been an exceptionally heavy one, amounted to £189 0s. 7d., the receipts (including Mrs.

Lambert's donations of £121 14s.) reached a total of £103 6s. 1d., leaving a balance in the hands of the treasurer of £4 5s. 6d.

Mr. Boxell, thanking the friends for again electing him to the post of superintendent, took occasion to urge upon them the importance of Sunday school work in the present day, more especially as connected with the church. If Sunday schools were indeed to be nurseries for the church, how all-important was it that those who taught therein should be nursing fathers and nursing mothers in Israel, qualified to rightly instruct the children in divine things; for while conversion was the sovereign act and alone prerogative of the Holy Spirit, it was their bounden duty that they should be instructed in the letter of the Word, leaving it to him to apply that Word in spirit and with power. He felt indeed, he was called upon to occupy no ordinary position; what the pastor was to the church, the superintendent was to the school.

As it was impossible for the church to rise above the level of its pastor, in like manner the school would take its tone and character from its superintendent.

He must be a man of spiritual attainment, and statesmanlike ability. While he should be able to marshal his forces, as a general does his officers and men, he must not be cold as an iceberg, but warm-hearted, devoted, earnest in his work, zealous in the cause of God and of truth; comprehending and grasping in all its fulness, the reality of his work.

It was in no spirit of egotism he then spoke, but from a deep conviction of what was required of one holding such a position.

He felt how entirely dependent he was upon God the Holy Spirit for the strength, ability and wisdom necessary to perform those duties aright; he needed, and he asked for, the hearty co-operation and sympathy of his brethren and sisters in the work, and the fervent support and earnest prayers of all who have the best interests of the rising generation at heart. He congratulated the school upon the efficient staff of teachers they possessed, but they were insufficient to meet the demands upon them. There was ample scope for more workmen in that portion of the Lord's vineyard. In that densely populated neighbourhood, not more than one half the children attended any Sunday school at all.

It was a sad fact, that upwards of 100 children were absent every Sunday, but all their teachers were so fully occupied, they could spare none of them to look after absentees. On enquiring after one that day, he found she was dead, although he had not been previously aware of her illness.

It was a matter of rejoicing that of 72 who had been baptized by their pastor, 36 had been conducted from the school.

The funds of the school weighed heavily upon his mind. He remembered the time, now over twenty years ago, when they were deliberating about the purchase of the ground upon which the building stands. Their dear friend, Mr. Lambert, strongly recommended

them to do so, and for twelve years he was their staunch friend and supporter, and his purse was ever open to their need. Eight years have elapsed since he entered into rest, but nobly and generously has his widowed partner filled his place. Besides her usual contributions, four years ago she gave £500 towards the enlargement, and had subscribed, as they had heard that evening, so liberally through the past year. But that dear friend was passing away, and they knew not where to turn to find one to fill her place. Still he who had sustained and kept them until now, would doubtless carry on the work. It was his, and in his hands and to his care let them commit it; but it was also theirs, they have an interest in it; let it then have their sympathy, support and prayers. He concluded an earnest and impressive address by relating an anecdote of a factory boy in the north of England, who had been taught in one of the Sunday schools there. Meeting with an accident in the intricate machinery, his mangled body was removed home, medical aid obtained, but it was evidently of no avail. Hearing there was no hope of his life being saved, he asked that his teacher might be sent for, which was accordingly done. How that teacher's heart was gladdened, when to him he made confession of his faith in the Lord Jesus. At his request they sang that beautiful hymn:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"
the voice of the dying boy accompanying
his teacher till they came to the words
"When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,"

when the teacher found himself singing alone.
The spirit of the ransomed one had soared on
high, and now

"In a sweeter, nobler song,
He sings his power to save."

Mr. Nunn said it gave him much pleasure to be amongst them again. Ten years had elapsed since he resigned the office of superintendent there and removed from the neighbourhood. Though engaged in another field of labour in his master's service, his thoughts were often with them, and his prayers for them; he felt the same affection towards them, the same interest in the work, and hoped he should do so till life's journey ended. It was with heartfelt satisfaction he heard the school was in such a flourishing condition; but was extremely glad they had not settled down into a "rest and be thankful" state of mind. It was impossible for a true Christian to feel satisfied while there lived a human being who had not been brought under the sound of the Gospel, or a child uninstructed in the Word of God. There was plenty of work to do. Children must have teachers and it was the duty of a congregation to supply such.

Christianity never makes a man or woman selfish; when the Holy Spirit opens the eyes of a poor sinner, and leads him to the Saviour, then

"He wants to tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour he has found,

He points to his redeeming blood,
And cries 'Behold the way to God.'"

Mr. Taylor, as one who had been connected with Sunday schools for 44 years, made some encouraging and practical remarks, suggesting that some who excused themselves from becoming teachers, might be pressed into the service as visitors, to look up and report concerning absentees.

Mr. Atkinson concluded with a few remarks, and pronounced the benediction. The proceedings were enlivened by some admirably-executed singing by the children, accompanied on the Harmonium.

T. G. C. A.

P. S. The friend alluded to above, Mrs. Lambert, entered into rest on Friday, June 2.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." The pastor, the church, and the school have indeed lost a true and faithful friend.

MR. JAMES WELLS'S MINISTRY AND SERMONS.

[The following is from a country pastor. It is a grateful testimony: we hope it will lead many to pray effectually for the recovery of the Lord's long-afflicted servant. —Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS. — As *The Earthen Vessel* is the only medium by which I can hear of the state of Mr. James Wells's health, I long for its appearance, and truly sorry was I to learn, from the last issue, that there had been a relapse; yet, I know that it was wisely so ordered by the great Head of the church, whose ways are past finding out. Doubtless our dear Master has some wise purpose in his eternal plan to accomplish by bringing this protracted illness upon our dear brother.

The very name of James Wells is dear and precious to my mind, inasmuch that the Lord was pleased some few years ago, to use him as the instrument in bringing me into Gospel liberty. It was not my privilege to sit under Mr. Wells's ministry in London; but having been informed that he was to preach at a place in Huntingdonshire, I accordingly went to hear him. A few remarks made from the chapter he read in the morning, proved a sharp two-edged sword to the legality I was at that time fostering; but the Lord was gracious, and let me have a blessing before the day was over. My soul felt at once united to him, and I immediately after that commenced taking his weekly sermons which proved a greater blessing to me than all the preaching I have ever heard. As Christ in the entirety of his person, and the perfection of his work, was ever the blessed theme on which he so richly dwelt, I found those sermons to be to my hungry soul a "feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined." I no longer craved for the boiled bread and skim-milk-and-water preaching (with which our country abounds), but for the rich dainties the Lord of hosts himself provides. One of your

correspondents last month, said that "thousands now living do know that his (Mr. Wells's) ministry has been unto them the very power of God in leading them into the mercies and mysteries of the new and everlasting covenant." Yes, and blessed be the name of the Lord I am one of them, and not only have I read these sermons which proved such a blessing to my soul, but I have also lent them, and have given them to friends who have also testified that they have been precious to them: I have also left them in railway carriages, &c., in order that others might see them, who probably would not otherwise, in hopes that the good seed thus sown, might, by the blessed Spirit, be deposited in the heart, to be watered and nurtured; that it, might spring up and bear fruit, to the glory of his holy name.

I do hope that the affliction thus brought upon Mr. Wells, and upon the church, especially where he laboured, may be sanctified, both to him and it.

You, dear brother, are also called to pass through some very deep waters of family affliction and bereavement. I deeply sympathise with you, having somewhat the same kind of trial for the Lord has seen fit to bereave me of a dear child, after many weeks' illness. This, with other trials, hangs heavy upon my soul; but, dear brother, the precious promise still stands firm: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee."

May you, and I, and all the tried family of Jesus Christ, be kept looking unto, and trusting in him, is the prayer of

A LITTLE ONE ON THE BORDERS OF
SUFFOLK.

MY VISIT TO IRELAND.

I left home on Monday morning, by 9.20 train, *via* Brixton, Farringdon street, and Gower street; walked to Euston square station, left by 11 o'clock train, and steamed away on my Irish journey. The sun shining gloriously, pouring forth floods of golden radiances upon all created things; the country looking magnificently beautiful. Oh, how I do need the infinitely more glorious Sun of Righteousness to shine upon my soul. Yesterday I was favoured with some bright shininings of his countenance, who is the health of my countenance, and my God, while preaching to my dear people in Rehoboth. The Lord was in our midst, and the hearts of many were made glad. Several instances of the Lord's goodness I have now received, in confirmation that the Lord has brought me to England, having a work for me to do. One who had been in a low state of soul for a long while, the Lord has delivered. Another who has never cared for the things of God, and of his soul; there is every reason to believe that the Lord has begun the good work in him; he is a most attentive hearer of the Word. Another whom the Lord has convinced of sin through reading "My Life and Troubles," she has offered to be baptized. Another was met

with seventeen years ago, under the ministry of Mr. Wells: in Rehoboth chapel she is now brought to decision to obey, "If ye love me keep my commandments." One has applied for membership, who was called under my ministry, and whom I baptized more than twenty-two years ago, at Hadlow. After the service last night, her husband, who used to hear me at Hadlow to whom the Word was blessed, is now brought to decision to obey the command of Christ. Thus, after so many years, Gospel labour in the colonies of Australia, having twice sailed round the globe, now to hear me in Rehoboth, and last evening to be constrained for the first time after twenty-five years, to be baptized, and walk in the footsteps of the flock. The Lord be praised for such confirming evidence that I have done right in coming to England, and to Rehoboth.

6.15 p.m., arrived at Preston, detained about fifteen minutes. Several hundreds of all kinds of people are waiting here, who have been keeping Whit-Monday; there are hundreds of boys, many of whom are smoking and swearing, and delighting themselves by groaning at our train. Poor things, I do pity them, and praise the grace that makes me to differ. It is now three years and six months since I was here, on my way from Liverpool to London, when I was on my late mission from Sydney. Since then "What has God wrought? Wonders of Providence indeed." Yea, and wonders of grace also! 7.30, arrived at Fleetwood, and am now on board "Prince Arthur" steamer, bound for Belfast: Sydney, I was going to say; for I now feel as though I had just finished my mission, and am going home, to embrace my dear wife and loved ones; but that, alas, cannot be, my mission has long since been completed; I returned, but it was to the house of mourning and death. 8.15, steam's up, and we are off. O, Lord, once more give the winds and waves charge concerning thy poor servant, that I may have ship-board mercies, and arrive in safety in my desired haven. It is a most beautiful evening; the sun is just going to bow his farewell for a little season, while visiting the other hemisphere, where many will be glad to see him.

Tuesday, 5 a.m. Through the enduring mercy of the Lord, we are now in port. We have had a splendid passage across the channel, a distance of 150 miles; a wonderful contrast to what it was when I was last in the channel on my homeward voyage; then the hurricanes and mountain billows were awful indeed; hundreds of ships were wrecked, but we were saved. Another Ebenezer, hitherto, Alleluia, praise ye the Lord, our God, who is the Lord God Omnipotent who reigneth, which is the grand and only cause of all our Ebenezers. "The Lord hath helped us."

7 o'clock. I was taken to Windsor, Belfast, by my very kind friend, Mr. T., who, with his dear wife, gave me a warm Irish welcome, such as the Irish people can give. After breakfast, read Psalm xxvii, and

prayed with the family. What a mercy is the throne of grace, and the ear that is always open to the cry of the poor and needy. My friend then kindly drove me about the town: the general appearance is that of a clean, business-looking place; the buildings are good, and many of the streets regular and wide. Few towns have progressed in importance so rapidly as Belfast: in 1821, the inhabitants numbered only 37,000; in 1851, increased to 100,301; in 1861, to 120,777; and now, 150,000. The flax mills and linen warehouses naturally attract the visitor's attention. I went over one of the largest; the number of hands employed is about 1800. The unceasing hum of myriads of spindles, and the subdued sound of machinery, together with the light and airy appearance of the immense rooms, and quiet and orderly appearance of the hands employed, very much surprised and pleased me. Then went to Cherry valley, was received in the most kind and Christian manner.

The next morning we went to Lough Neagh, which is the largest lake, not only in Ireland, but in the United Kingdom, and only exceeded in size by a few in Europe. It is twenty miles long, by fifteen in breadth; it is computed to contain an area of 98,255 statute acres, and to be forty-eight feet above the sea at low tide. The petrifying properties of the water are something wonderful; I saw large blocks of what were once wood, now entirely stone, without any mole within them. At the village, about a mile from Cherry valley, in the Presbyterian chapel, I lectured for over two hours, principally exposing Popery and priestcraft, which was listened to with the greatest possible attention, only one man went out during the lecture; a collection made to pay my expenses, which was responded to most cheerfully by the people, at the same time expressing their hopes that I would come again. Very many of the Irish people are decided Protestants, and are true to their principles; and are astonished that the people of England are suffering themselves to be Romanized by the Ritualism of Jesuitical-Anglican priests. In Belfast, the watchword is, and will be, "NO PEACE WITH ROME!" The Popish crosses were introduced in Belfast, and placed in a place of worship; during the night the crosses were removed, and broken to pieces. The Irish people cannot understand how anyone professing themselves to be Protestants, can wear the crosses, the mark of the beast, or suffer them to be on the outside of their buildings; for they are decidedly Popish, and are intended to seduce the rising generation to ruin.

On Friday night, I left Belfast by stean; during the night, unable to sleep, I could hear an old Irishman speaking to another: "Yes, that's true, 'Ye must be born again.' That's the religion that would do to die by: 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.' Do you know the reason why?" said the old man. "This is

the reason: 'For they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.'" Thus he continued for some time, speaking out boldly, for he was one who had experienced the mercy for himself, and was not ashamed that all should know that he was a Christian.

Through the mercy of my ever gracious Lord, I arrived home in safety and health, Saturday, 4.30, p.m.

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

20, Windsor road, Denmark hill, Camberwell.

"WHICH IS MOST CHRIST-LIKE?"

DEAR BROTHER BANKS, I have now been nearly thirty years (with the ability God has given me) trying to preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth of the ever blessed TRIUNE JEHOVAH, and by God's grace have neither swerved from any doctrine or ordinance of the Gospel in the strictest and highest sense of the word; but have always gone and preached or delivered an address wherever and whenever I have been invited, if it has been in my power, but I have spoken "the truth" in the name of the Lord, and "nothing but the truth" as far as revealed to me, never sacrificing principle to any place, or for any consideration. Now my dear brother, if thus fulfilling my Master's commands to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel" is wrong, why then I have been an heretic all my ministerial life, and fully intend so to continue, without asking the permission of any man in existence. Would it not be as well if ministers did look more to their own work than to slandering a brother? Is it Christ-like to exchange pulpits with a brother minister; and for that minister to attack you in your own vestry before your deacons when you are absent, and also in the pulpit to insinuate that their pastor is deviating and abandoning the "whole council of God?" Is this fulfilling the precept "go to thy brother, and tell him between thee and him alone?" If Archbishop Manning was to ask me to preach in the Roman Catholic chapel, Moorfields, next Lord's day afternoon, I would go, and glory in the act, standing in the midst of pictures, dolls, perfumery and millinery, although some of my brethren might tell my deacons secretly, "It will do him injury." The more they are in error, the more reason we should not keep aloof. When my brethren perceive I have struck my free-grace colours, and run up others, then they will be justified in speaking against me to my deacons and to one another; but until I do, (and they will have to watch long enough before that takes place, for it will never be) I say until then, such insinuations are not only unkind, but treacherous and base. Yours faithfully in Christ,

R. G. EDWARDS.

Oxford street, Stepney.
June 20, 1871.

WEST OF ENGLAND.—Mr. Collins's

farewell meeting has passed at Howe street. £14 was presented to him. Mr. Vaughan was present. There was a baptizing service at Mr. Westlakes in June. Howe street has been supplied by Mr. Cudlip, Mr. Clancy, Mr. Brown, &c. At Sunday school anniversary Mr. Ashby addressed the children. In the afternoon Mr. J. Easterbrook, of Nutley, supplied Mr. Brown's pulpit, while he was at Howe street. At Trinity, Mr. Bath, of Newquay, Cornwall, has been preaching. Mr. J. Easterbrook filled his pulpit at Newquay. Mr. Ashby is at Trinity. We hope in July to hear Mr. T. Jones, of London. June 18 was Mr. King's school anniversary; Mr. Clancy preached; Mr. King addressed the children in the afternoon. On the 19th Mr. Knowles, of Corpus Christi, preached at Mr. King's, Ebenezer. We hope for better days; a few faithful ones are yet left. May the Lord grant that his cause of Truth may prosper in Devonshire.

OUR BAPTIST ASSOCIATIONS.

To Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR SIR, I hand you report of annual meeting of Suffolk and Norfolk association. It is a good report, and published in a friendly spirit. (To give the report in full would occupy more room than we think our readers would like. Our correspondent says:)

"This annual meeting being held in the county of Norfolk, where but few churches belong to the Society, the distance was too great for many of the messengers to travel. In some instances no pastor attended. Some churches were represented by only one messenger. Mr. Brunt, the moderator, strongly recommended other churches to join. Many out of the thirty three churches in the association require help; it is stated this year two thirds of the number applied for assistance.

Letters from the churches were rather gloomy; very few baptized or received, and according to report, the associated body numbers between forty and fifty less than last year. In 1870 the number of members were 3147; in 1871 it appears to be 3083. In twelve of the churches none appear to have been baptized, and the remaining twenty one have baptized 54, received 37, dismissed 22, separated 43, dead 69.

The next annual meeting is to be held at Stoke Ash; where the gatherings may be much larger; let us hope more prosperity will attend the churches another year. Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

A. R.

SHOREDITCH. — CUMBERLAND STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Our 228th anniversary was on Tuesday, May 16. Mr. R. G. Edwards preached in afternoon to the comfort of many. A good tea was provided and the public meeting was well attended by ministers and friends. Mr. Lodge, the pastor, presided in his usual original style; brother Lodge is honest, homely, and happy, and seems quite so with his people. Mr. J. Ford, of Islington, supplicated the divine blessing.

A short account of the origin and progress of the church was given, which in point of age is the third Particular Strict Baptist cause in the metropolis; and although sometimes brought very low in numbers, yet amidst fierce persecution it had stood by the good old doctrines of grace and the ordinances of the word. Brother Warren, of Plumstead, spoke upon the Lord's people comparable to the horses in Pharaoh's chariot. C. L. Kemp of the evidences of divine grace in the soul; how a child of God might know that he was born again, stating the first evidence to be faith; some of the brethren thought conviction of sin to be the first mark; to which Mr. K. replied, that if he had been describing the work of the Holy Ghost in the soul, conviction of sin undoubtedly would be the first mark of grace; but as many are convinced of sin like Judas, yet not born again, this could not be an infallible proof of the new birth, except we could distinguish between natural and spiritual conviction. Mr. Crowhurst gave a short address, followed by Mr. Evans, a member of the church. The meeting closed by prayer by R. G. Edwards and a "Day's march nearer home."

ONE OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE ROCK.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—DEAR SIR, of necessity my note must be brief this month, for a heavy domestic affliction has kept me from my place at the Tabernacle for some Sabbaths. Mr. Cornwell, Mr. Hill, Mr. Forman, and Mr. Sears have preached during June. The word has been received with thankfulness; the people have been fed; the ordinances of the house have been observed; and the friends have filled their seats. So far we have cause for gratitude and praise. Our minister is still away; and hopes were entertained the change might prove beneficial; but these hopes are not well grounded. At present, Mr. Wells cannot be said to have much improved by the change; and we are anxiously waiting to know what a further length of time may do. I am happy to say our dear pastor is in a most peaceful, calm, and resigned state of mind, resting on and enjoying the peace arising from the Gospel he has for so many years faithfully and fully preached. I hope to notice some of the ministers who are kindly supplying the pulpit, in your next.

R.

YATELY, HANTS.—The forty-sixth anniversary of this cause was held on Tuesday, May 30. In the afternoon, Mr. Day, of Farnham, preached a sound, experimental Gospel sermon from 1 Tim. iii., part of the 15th verse. An excellent tea, provided by the friends, was afterwards partaken of by a numerous company. In the evening the discourse was founded upon Psalm xlv. 15. The services were acknowledged to have been profitable seasons when the presence of the Lord was graciously realized. May the heavenly, life-giving power of the Holy Ghost ever rest upon his truth and people here, for Jesu's sake. E. P. BROWN.

FROM SAMUEL FOWLER TO SAMUEL FOSTER.

Highly favoured brother Foster in our Covenant Head, Christ Jesus. I have often wanted an opportunity of sending you a mite. A gentleman you well know, *unasked* by me, requests me to send you the enclosed 10s. on his behalf, and you will please enter it to God's credit. That is all I am to say from him.

* Heard of God," or, "asked of God," *

* Hebrew meaning of the word "Samuel."

Dear Samuel that's our name,
His chastening word, his gentle rod,
And his love is still the same;
Because we're in
Immanuel.

What think you of him! I need not ask,
Of the beams of his sun when in them you bask,
Of a sip of his choice delicious wine
Wring from the clusters of Calvary's vine
Give glory to him
Oh, Samuel.

SPALDING.—MR. BANKS, be so kind as to represent our need of assistance who meet at Love lane chapel, Spalding. We are desirous of having a Gospel minister. Having not the means to support one, the pulpit is often vacant. Been built over a century; it is much out of repair, and needs repairing. The people are poor; they wish to represent their case through the medium of the *Vessel* to the Strict Baptist churches in town and country. Begging their assistance to repair and to procure a Gospel ministry. This place of worship is put in new trust; Mr. Banks being chosen as one, he has well and long known the people, and will give all information. Mr. J. S. Wilkinson, of Rose cottage, Thomason road, Spalding, is the duly appointed treasurer; and George Coles, Westhill, Spalding, secretary. Whatever the good Lord may dispose the hearts of his people to give, will be thankfully acknowledged by treasurer; and may the Lord bless every effort for the furtherance of the Gospel, in bringing in ransomed of the Lord to a knowledge of the truth, and his name shall have all the praise.

GEO. COLES, deacon.

MR. JAMES WELLS. To the many and anxious inquiries pressed upon me as regards our brother Wells's health, I can only say, I am told he is no better; but, I read it is the privilege of a prophet to tell a dream if he have one. I am no prophet; but on Wednesday night, June 21, I had two or three remarkable dreams respecting Mr. Wells. I was with him in his vestry; he was cheerful, his voice was strong, he was exceedingly well and happy. He was about to administer the Lord's Supper to the church in Surrey Tabernacle. God grant this may be a real fact. So earnestly prays,

C. W. B.

PRESTWOOD COMMON is about five miles from High Wycombe, in Bucks: a

large agricultural district. For many years a small Baptist chapel has stood here, wherein the truth of the Gospel has been preached; Sunday Schools have been supported; and real good has been accomplished. The dear people have recently much enlarged the chapel; this was absolutely necessary; they owe their banker £80; and they earnestly solicit the help of Christian friends towards setting their chapel free. Anniversary sermons were preached by C. W. Banks on June 6. Mr. Jones, of Speen; Mr. Witts, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Read, of Askett; and many friends assembled. It was a happy day; and this cause is strongly recommended to the benevolence of our truth-loving brethren. If every one would send only a trifle to Master Mason, the senior deacon of Zion Baptist chapel, on Prestwood common, near Great Missenden, Bucks, the debt might soon be cleared off.

MARKYATE, STREET, NEAR DUNSTABLE.—Anniversary of Particular Baptist chapel was Tuesday, June 13, when we were favoured to hear that honoured servant of the Lord, Mr. A. Peet, of Sharnbrook. His Master enabled him to preach two encouraging Gospel sermons. Many were spiritually refreshed; the Lord reward him for his kindness in coming to help us. May his life be long spared to proclaim that glorious Gospel to many thousands. The afternoon looked threatening; but we had good gathering; after an hour of good Gospel truth, the people flocked to tea in overwhelming numbers; after tea we were favoured to listen to a discourse from Daniel x. 19; it was worth listening to. We praise the Master.

MOSES LACEY.

MATFIELD GREEN.—Tears run down in the hearts of the few who know the truth, when proud Phariseism ascends the Gospel throne, and delicately introduces free-will and duty-faith, instead of the sovereign, saving grace of Jehovah." To hear such things from such a place, made me feel quite fightable." Solemn feelings these under what is so called the Gospel ministry. "This nation," said the late James Osborn, "will be left with nothing but the shell of an empty profession." Our conviction is, we are sailing back into the dead sea as fast as possible. Our churches can send forth gifted orators; but where can we behold the power of God as it was seen in Whitefield, Huntington, Gadsby, Warburton, Kershaw, Hawker, and Hardy?

YOXFORD, SUFFOLK.—The widow of the late faithful James Mason, (the apostle of the Sudbourn church) has been called home. She has left two afflicted, but very gracious girls behind totally unprovided for. We have letters from brother B. Taylor, of Pulham, and J. Rayment, Saxmundham; but too late for June. We must attend to this case.

GLEMSFORD.—Lord's-day, May 28, was anniversary of Sabbath school in connection with Providence chapel. This school has been formed about eleven years; it has rapidly increased; numbers amounting to upwards of 150. Mr George Pung, of Cottenham, preached three sermons on the occasion; the chapel was crowded with attentive hearers each time. As Mr. Pung had formerly been the pastor of the old chapel in this place, many of his old hearers availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing him. We are glad to say the church at Providence appears in a peaceable state; although, of late, no large additions have been made. Pastor Samuel Kemp is a plain, hearty, cheerful, and truthful man; and we believe that both pastor and church strive for peace: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is to see brethren dwell together." We earnestly wish them the enjoyment of all New Covenant blessings.

HACKNEY ROAD.

[As we were instrumental in bringing Mr. Edwin Langford to London, we feel most thankful to find the Lord has made his servant manifest in the consciences of many; and give the following note with pleasure. ED.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS, please give this in *Earthen Vessel*.

To the churches of Christ wanting a pastor, grace, mercy and peace be multiplied unto you.

Dear brothers and sisters in one common faith, I beg to recommend our dear brother Edwin Langford to you as a sound and savory preacher of the Gospel, who has preached with great acceptance for five successive Sabbaths at Shalom chapel, Oval, Hackney road. He is not a novice in the things of God; I feel persuaded he is a man sent of God to preach. Yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,

H. MYERSON.

33, Poole road, Wells street, South Hackney.

N.B. His address is Mr. Edwin Langford, Newton Abbott, Devon.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—SALEM STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL, BILLESDON. We held anniversary services on May 29, at above place, for raising money to pay repairing, cleaning, painting, building fence, wall, new gate, &c., amounting to about £30. Sermons were preached by W. J. Helges, pastor of Ebenezer, St. Peter's lane, Leicester; and W. Garrard, pastor of Providence, Newark street, Leicester. A good company of kind Christian friends came from above places of worship. Ninety-four sat down to tea in Mr. Nemp's barn; tea was provided by friends and members of the church at Billesdon; the collection, with proceeds of tea, amounted to over £20. The friends present their sincere thanks to the Great Head of the church for disposing friends to come to the help of the Lord in assisting the

little cause. For a long time we have had no under shepherd: but the Lord has heard our many prayers, by sending us brother John March, jun., deacon from Ebenezer Strict Baptist chapel, St. Peter's lane, Leicester. He has preached to us the last twelve months; the blessing of God has been enjoyed; there has been one baptized, and another received into the church. We believe others are convinced of the one thing needful. The church has unanimously invited Brother March to continue with them. On behalf of the church,

CHARLES FOX, Deacon.

STONEHOUSE, DEVON.—MR. EDITOR, I write to correct you respecting "a blessed and honourable Christian," one who is a minister of God to my soul, and to many, many others in this neighbourhood. Had you seen the tears shed by some as I did, when your remarks were made, read by Mr. Westlake, at Ebenezer Baptist chapel, Stonehouse, from his pulpit, I know you would have felt grieved at what prejudiced parties say respecting Mr. W., who has had some pulling down as well as building up work to do since he has been pastor of Ebenezer, Stonehouse. Spiritual wickedness was reigning; but now our cause at Stonehouse is *the only Strict Baptist cause* in this neighbourhood, with a *Strict Baptist minister*; which I could send you proof of if you would publish the truth. A happier little flock cannot well be than this whom God has made Mr. W. the instrument of gathering round him. We have young converts, many of them seals of his own ministry for Christ since he has been at Stonehouse, and some anxious enquirers. This is the work you call upon him to give up (?) If you were to advise the discontented of Mr. Hemington's late flock to seek prayerfully God's direction, and wait upon him in hope to see the opening of his gracious hand of mercy towards them, it would be better. So thinks,

A GRIEVED ONE.

[Between our Plymouth correspondent and "A Grieved One" there is a difference, if the church under brother Westlake is happy, and if God is so blessing his ministry, how could our correspondent write as he did? ED.]

PECKHAM.—RYE LANE. On Sunday, June 11th, the 49th Anniversary of the Sunday School in connection with Mr. Moyle's Church was holden, when the pastor preached in the morning, and Mr. J. A. Brown in the evening. In the afternoon, an interesting service for the children was holden, conducted by the Superintendent, Mr. Geo. Thos. Congreve. This is one of the best conducted Sunday Schools in all London, and no better proof could be given of this assertion, than the conduct of the children at this special service; evidently a cord of love and tender kindness binds together superintendent, teachers, and children. We are

glad to know a commodious School-room for an infant class is to be erected; and Mr. Congreve gives £50 out of the profits of the little "Gems of Song," towards it. We were the first to hail "Gems of Song," and said it would be a favourite. Does not a gift of £50 out of the profits prove we were right?

GREENWICH.—**MR. FRANKS.** Our dear brother, Mr. Francis Collins, from Plymouth, commenced his stated labours as pastor of Baptist church, Devonshire road, Greenwich, on Sunday, June 4. (Late Mr. Gwinnell's). We intend, by God's help, having prayer meeting Lord's-day morning at 10, preaching at 11; prayer meeting, afternoon at 3; services, evening 6.30. We have changed our week-night preaching from *Wednesday* to *Thursday* nights at 7 o'clock. Our late dear pastor's ministry was made a great blessing to many; as Mr. Thomas Jones said at the funeral, "his memory is embalmed in many precious souls who now can and do testify that his word was *with power*." Our brother Collins opened his ministry on the first Sabbath in June with two blessed Gospel, experimental sermons, many rejoiced; also on Wednesday evening he was richly carried out in Gospel truth from Col. i. 12. "Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us *meet* to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." I do believe our brother Collins's ministry will be made a blessing to the church here in a special manner. Our attendance is good; union and good feeling does exist between pastor and people; and now our brother is finally settled, we have many waiting and wanting to come forward to testify what the Lord has done for their souls. That the best of heaven's blessings may rest on pastor and people is the prayer of one of the unworthiest of all, a monument of grace.
JONAH CRUTCHER.

CAMDEN TOWN. Mr. George Webb preached funeral sermon, June 18, for Mr. Marks, the once happy precursor for the late James Nunn. We expect a memoir of him ere long. He was a real friend to Zion. How happy his blessed soul must be in beholding that Saviour in heaven of whom he so delighted to sing while on this earth!

BORO' GREEN BAPTIST CHAPEL.—This Chapel is pleasantly situated, surrounded by the beautiful hills of Kent, amid hop gardens and nut plantations. The fifty-fourth anniversary of the above place was held on Whit Tuesday, as has been its custom for over half a century. On this last occasion the old people said they never saw so many friends gathered together at Boro Green before; moreover they said they did not recollect hearing sermons better than they did that day; nor did they recollect partaking of better dinner and tea; or that there were even better collections; or that they ever had finer weather than they had on Whit Tuesday, May 30th, 1871. Besides many friends

from the surrounding neighbourhood, there were between 70 and 80 from London, which was a great mark of respect to the preaching brethren, namely, Wale and Griffith; and no less so to brother Wyard, the Pastor of the place, who is pretty widely known in town and country. For all this, therefore, we thank God and take courage. This testimony is borne by one of the members who was favoured to participate in the godly pleasures of the day, and which will not soon be forgotten.

BLACKHEATH.—"The happiest pastorate in all London." So we said after returning from the anniversary at Dacre Park, on Whit Monday last. We had remarked so previously; but after hearing the pastor's statement on this occasion, we were confirmed in our opinion. Truly, as a pastor, Mr. Wale can say, "The lines have fallen in pleasant places;" and we don't think he would be far wrong in adding the remainder of the verse, "and I have a goodly heritage." This year's anniversary was, in every respect, equal to any previous one. The church is in peace, and gradually growing; love reigns all around; and Heaven's blessing appears to descend on pastor and people. The brethren Jones, Stringer, Peplow, and others gave suitable addresses.

HIGH WYCOMBE. Zion chapel anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. Hazelton; the sum collected was over £50 towards the debt on the chapel. It was a happy and successful day. Mr. Chivers, the minister, preached sermons on June 11, on behalf of the poor and sick fund, when about £8 was collected, and promises of more given. Mr. Chivers and his people are working practically for both the spiritual and temporal good of the people.

SPALDING.—Mr. and Mrs. J. and H. Wilkinson, of Rose cottage, Spalding, gratefully acknowledge for poor W. Clark and his wife, 5s. from J. Wright, Nottingham; 5s. from C. J. G.; N. H., reader of "Cheering Words" 1s. 3d.

We thank God on behalf of these friends, and trust many more will remember "Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

ESSEX.—**JEHOVAH JIREH CHAPEL, SOUTH GREEN, NEAR BILERICAY.**—During the nine months our dear brother Battson has been preaching the word of life here, we have had abundant proof of the divine blessing attending the same, in the calling, comforting, and establishing the souls of the Lord's people. Our congregations have much increased; this being the case, the church hath invited him to the pastorate, in which the congregation agree without one dissenting voice; and our dear brother having felt much of the power of the Spirit with him in his work, has consented to accept the same.

THE VISIONS OF GOD.

“The heavens were opened ; and I saw visions of God.” Ezekiel i. 1.

“JESUS,—the vision of thy FACE
Hath overpowering charms,
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If CHRIST BE in my arms.’
Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll ;
A mortal paleness on my cheek
And glory IN MY soul.”

THE darling theme of my heart (which is the REVELATION of the GLORIOUS PERSON of the LORD JESUS CHRIST in the quickened souls of his redeemed children,) received a most sacred confirmation in reading our beloved brother Horton's account (in the *Cheering Words* for August) of the beautifully holy and happy departure of his second daughter, who went home to glory last June. I will notice three things in that dying testimony which appear to me, not so much a pattern of a death-bed experience, as it does, a model of the work and power of that saving grace in the heart, without which there can be no sanctification of the inner man here ; nor full and final salvation of “the perfect man—the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,” hereafter.

First—Tryphena Horton realized a soul-humbling, heart-breaking conviction of her fallen condition. “I fear the Lord will not take any notice of me.” This work deepened.

Secondly—by the application of the word of Christ to her own soul, she obtained peace : “Daughter, be of good comfort : thy faith hath made thee whole : go in peace.” Now

Thirdly—While her soul, mind, and body is being tossed upon the most terrible of all storms : the dreadful swellings of Jordan : in a moment the blessed bridegroom appears : in a firm voice she exclaimed, “I SEE JESUS !” This was no fleeting phantom of the brain : her father was ready to burst with joy ; but she was sedate, solemn, collected, calm, and RESTING in the VISION of her Redeemer's glory. “Be quiet, father :” she exclaimed : the revelation of Christ, the Son of God, was to her, a realization of the Saviour's promise — “Upon this ROCK will I build my church ; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” Do notice, still further, there was a double confirmation of the REALITY of this vision : some hours afterwards, she exclaimed — “I SEE MY SAVIOUR ALL GLORIOUS !” Oh ! what was contained in that one sentence — in that vision — “I SEE MY SAVIOUR ALL GLORIOUS ?” Thus it was with my soul in the Countess of Huntingdon's old chapel at Canterbury ; and in Jewry Street Chapel, Aldgate, under the late Mr. Abraham's ministry, when, in infinite mercy Jesus lifted up my soul out of the horrible pit in 1843 ; twenty-eight years ago this month of July ; and forty-three years from the time it FIRST pleased God to reveal his Son in me. From these two special manifestations of himself to my soul, by the power of the Holy Ghost, my heart has ever been fixed on THE ETERNAL SON OF GOD, — “the

Son of the Father in truth and love." My faith in him, as the Covenant Head of a Covenant seed and body; of a chosen number given to him by THE FATHER: redeemed by his own most precious blood; and sure to be effectually called by the SPIRIT OF GOD. My faith in these divine and unalterable verities has been preserved entire. It has been most fiercely tried: the devil has tried to kill it: the flesh has tried to drown it: the world has tried to smother it: almost all the ministers and churches in the world have tried to sneer it away: and clothe it with contemptible scandal. Surely good Joseph Hart wrote his precious hymn upon faith for me, as well as for millions beside; when, after describing the conflicts of the mind, under distressing dispensations, he says:—

" Shine, Lord! and my tears shall cease;
The blood of atonement apply." &c.

In the shining of His face, and by the cleansing virtue of His blood my soul, now enjoys some foretastes of the Heavenly glory. And

" Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against us in malice unite;
Their rage we through Christ can oppose,
Led forth by the SPIRIT to fight."

The crowning evidence of Tryphena Horton's eternal happiness, was seen by her friends in the last moments. Ten minutes before they perceived her earthly end had come, she lifted up her hands, tried to clap them—tried to sing; but could only joyfully exclaim

" HARK! HARK!!

" HALLELUJAH!!! PRAISE THE LORD!!!!"

Then, silently as far as the poor creatures left behind, could tell, she was carried into the beautiful regions of pure light and love divine.

Most precious to my spirit is this reviving testimony; and believing it to be one most expressive of Holy truth, most honourable to God, and exceedingly comfortable to the genuine saints of Christ, I ask all who sympathise with me, to give this August number of "CHEERING WORDS," into the hands of all seeking and weeping, and coming sinners: for unto them, sooner or later, God will His beloved Son reveal. Amen.

Those who dream of the soul going to sleep with the body, may cast a sceptical sneer at this; but with them I have nothing to do. As far as I can form any safe judgement of the state of things in our churches, a natural, a scholastic, a borrowed, a speculative faith is terribly prevalent; while the anointing, convincing, heart-warming, Christ-revealing, sin-subduing, world-crucifying, soul-confirming powers of the ETERNAL SPIRIT, appear to be withheld. A collegiate, a classical, an educational, and theoretical creed and qualification, is the idol of the day. By its undue ascendancy, by its excessive appreciation, the HOLY SPIRIT is grieved; and as regards His mighty operations, has retired. Ministers, Members, Professors, and Possessors, are all mainly left to themselves; hence our divisions, and weaknesses, pride and party-distinctions. So believes, so writeth

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE,

OWNED AND ADORED IN THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF J. J. KIDDLE.
CHAPTER VII.

ON entering upon my new sphere of ministerial work, I felt a solemn responsibility resting upon me. I felt my call from God. I felt I was only a messenger for God. The message to be delivered must come from God, and that message to be derived from the Word of God. To know the will of God, I commenced a careful reading of the Word of God throughout, and was frequently led to see that infant sprinkling is not baptism according to the New Testament, and that the doctrines of free and sovereign grace are of divine authority.

Ruxton Chapel is a spacious edifice; but situated in a very isolated place: few inhabitants near. Two Independent ministers had preceded me: viz., the Rev. F. Skinner, and the Rev. S. Penhall. The attendants were few. No church. The endowment sustained the minister, and the service was conducted as the Church of England, omitting the objectionable parts in the prayer book.

In 1834, after ordination, by my devoted friend, and his brother, a clergyman and magistrate, and duly licenced, I formed a church, and administered the sacraments. I was always timid about preaching before classical men, and often entered the pulpit with trembling and sickening sensations. I read and studied, but was very deficient in memory. To aid my poor treacherous memory, I had recourse to short notes; but found that instead of improving memory, it acted otherwise. My weak and feeble memory was a great grief to me. I could not trust to memory: It often betrayed me, and troubled me. Sometimes after hard and earnest study, and a hope to be able to recollect, I have dropped all in ascending from the floor to the pulpit, and for sometime have groaned with anguish of mind; but even then the Lord did not leave me without a word to speak for him. What I could not accomplish by reading and study, the Holy Ghost accomplished by giving me ideas, and words to express them, at the time of need. My deficient memory left me to trust in God alone; and as the Holy Spirit operated upon my heart, ideas flowed in, that set the tongue on fire, and words became burning coals in the hearts of the people. "My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom;" but, I spoke as the Spirit gave me utterance. No doubt the fear of man arose from my pride of heart, as did my earnest desire to impress on memory what I had studied for, or culled from some respectable authority; but memory generally failed, and my proud heart fell before God and man with shame, whenever I depended on previous preparation.

A few months after I commenced my ministry there, the congregation increased considerably. It was necessary for me to carry on my school, as the income for the ministry was inadequate to sustain a family; therefore, I had no time to waste. I was greatly encouraged in my work by Mr. Jones and his holy Christian wife; and during the first year grace sustained and blessed me. The following is an extract from my diary, dated Feb. 15th, 1835. "The little progress I have made the last two years in literature and piety makes me ashamed of myself. Lord, open my understanding to understand the Scriptures, as thou did'st

the disciples; and my heart, for grace to flow in. I am expounding the Scriptures every Friday evening in my school room, and am blessed in the work. The rich clergyman and his lady generally present. He has presented me with Dr. Hawker's work on the Psalms. The congregation is greatly increasing at Ruxton. Last Sunday week, two young ladies residing with a wealthy uncle, at the Court, were induced to come to the chapel by an invite from a poor woman that washed for the family. The Word of God entered the heart of one: the conviction was very powerful; the burden of sin intolerable; it weighed down the delicate body: at length, medical aid was sought; and the report was, "It is not in the body, but the mind." She was then asked, Is there anything on your mind you have hesitated to disclose? At length, she told the state of her mind, and what produced it; and then expressed a wish to see me. I was sent for; and found her in bed, despairing of mercy: read and expounded Jno. iii, in the presence of several members of the family, who were bigoted to the Church of England, and prejudiced to all others; after which, God gave me the spirit of prayer, to plead for deliverance and peace for her he had quickened. It was a time of tears to all; but she did not then realize the intelligent assurance of forgiveness. Satan came in with the necessity of works. My argument was, "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquities of us all." "All that believe, are justified from all those things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." By Christ, by grace, by faith, by his blood, by his knowledge. "By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified:" "For we are his workmanship." The next morning I called on her again, and to my great surprise, found her in the drawing room, *cheerful and happy*. In the night the Lord appeared, and gave to her power to cease trying to justify herself by works of righteousness, and to rest by faith on the finished work of Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit then touched the heart of the other sister and the governess, and they too, were led to seek salvation.

On Ash Wednesday (so called) following, being a day when all in the neighbourhood deemed it right to go to church, I took hold of the opportunity to preach on Isa. xlv. 13: and first stated that "*The Church is the Chosen Israel and glory of God.*" First *negatively*; not the ceremonial superstitions, and idolatrous Church of Rome, or any other sect "that teaches for doctrines, the commandments of men." Secondly, *Positively*: those who believe in the one supreme, divine, and sovereign Power; those who recognize the divine authority of the Scriptures as the only teaching for the Church, and those quickened, regenerated, and saved by the operation of the Holy Ghost within. *Secondly, The manifestation of the divine glory in the church*, in salvation, righteousness, and peace. After this service, I was invited to dine at the Court, and spent a happy evening with the young converts and the family. If God had not cropped my wings by affliction, I may have risen with pride, to fall in sin.

The Esaus have but earthly and carnal things, but saints have all blessings; they hang in a cluster together; not one is wanting. Let us, then, rejoice in our lot and portion.—*Dr. Goodwin.*

BRIGHTON AND SUSSEX MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

“ Yet, lackest thou one thing.”

MR THOMAS LAWSON has been duly recognized as the pastor of the Church worshipping the Lord God of Israel in Providence Chapel, Brighton. The Services in one vol. to be had of Mr. Lawson, 17, Rose Hill terrace, Brighton. In a local and ministerial sense, Mr. Lawson is a successor of the late venerable, and very dear William Huntington; also, of the late severely exercised J. Jenkins; of John Vinall; and last of all, of the yet deeply afflicted Thomas Bayfield: who, since November, 1868, has suffered from paralysis.

The blessedly honoured coal heaver, sinner saved William Huntington, breathed his spirit forth into the hands of his Redeemer, on Mount Ephraim, at Tunbridge Wells, July 1, 1813; and was buried near Jireh Chapel, Lewis, just about fifty-eight years ago at the time of our writing these lines. His dying request was, that no words should be spoke over his grave; no funeral sermon preached on the occasion; and that no black should cover his pulpit. He would have none of the mere empty formalisms so common with men; and the inscription to be placed on his gravestone was edited by himself, in the following order:

“ *Here lies the Coalheaver,
Beloved of his God, but abhorred by men.*

THE OMNISCIENT JUDGE,

*At the Grand Assize, shall ratify and Confirm this,
To the Confusion of many thousands:
For England and its Metropolis shall know that
THERE HATH BEEN A PROPHET AMONG THEM.”*

We have seen the tomb with this inscription on it. We have stood in the pulpit, and sat in the vestry, at Jireh, Lewis, where William Huntington sometimes preached: where poor Jenkins was minister: where the late John Vinall laboured for many years: where Matthew Welland now fills the pastoral office.

Between thirty and forty years we have read the works of the late WILLIAM HUNTINGTON; and we reverence and sacredly love the name and labours of that singularly-gifted man of God, beyond any we have ever known. There was a divine originality, a Scriptural developement, an experimental discrimination and decisiveness, in Mr. Huntington's works, we have never found in any other except the Word of God itself. We can never look into any of Huntington's volumes, but there *is still* the same *demonstration* of the *Spirit's power*: the same *living witness* speaking so expressly to the heart, as to make us stand in awe, believing the Lord was pleased to dwell most richly in that great man's soul.

From his day, there has been a gradual declining of the mighty grace and power of the Holy Ghost in the ministry, even of the best of men. We write this sentence with a strong conviction of its truthfulness; at the same time with fear and trembling; lest, in the enunciation of such a judgement, we either unduly offend, or be found in error. But we cannot withhold it. We have read some of the sermons and letters of those precious men Isaac Beeman, of Cranbrook; and Thomas

Chamberlain, of Leicester; and they had the same mind; the same spirit; but not to the same extent as their spiritual father, William Huntington had; no, not by a long way. Still, they were Huntingtons of the genuine stamp; they were men that lived in God; and God did live in them. George Whitfield was a glorious outside thresher of the mountains: he was indeed "*A flame of fire*:" and the Holy Spirit, by his ministry, did shake the nations: Zebulun like, he did "call the people to the mountain:" "the great trumpet was blown:" some that were "ready to perish," did come; but, when this great net had gathered fish of every kind; then in infinite wisdom, the Lord raised up that Barnabas-Boanerges, to be as his mouth, "to take forth the precious from the vile;" to comfort his own people; to build up Jerusalem; to gather together the outcasts of Israel; to heal the broken in heart, and to bind up all their wounds. This work the Lord enabled him to do all over England; by his writings that work will be going on to the ends of the earth; yea, unto the very ends of time itself.

Dr. Hawker, William Gadsby, and John Kershaw were all men of power in the ministry, through the indwelling of the Holy Ghost: they were men most marvellously gifted for usefulness in their day; and in some things came near to their predecessor, W. H.: but, no voluminous testimonies declare the existence in them of that exclusively devotedness of life, heart, mind, and body to the Lord's service, as the good self-styled "Coalheaver" has left us. Nevertheless, a comparison between them would be of great interest.

May we attempt an enterprise so profound? We believe a cheap edition of Huntington's works ought to be pressed upon the people in these times; with the hope that they might give thousands to see and feel the difference between the chaff and the wheat.

On our study table we now see some of A. J. Baxter's sermons: a sermon by W. Crowther; the sermons of M. Welland, and "Mr. Lawson's Call by Grace, his Training; for the Ministry, his Confession of Faith," &c., &c.; and we anticipate a close and serious examination of them all, as speedily as possible: for to us, almost everywhere, the unction of the Holy One, the Gospel in the power of the Holy Ghost, appears to be wanting.

MR. C. H. SPURGEON, AND HIS "NUMBER ONE THOUSAND."

A FRIENDLY AND FAMILIAR REVIEW.

NUMBER ONE THOUSAND: *or, Bread Enough, and to Spare.* Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, publishers, of 18, Paternoster row, have sent us a copy of the thousandeth number of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons. We were at a public meeting the other evening, when Mr. John Wheeler—an Essex divine of no mean order—expressed his sincere hope that the long and severe physical trial through which Mr. Spurgeon had passed, had been sanctified to the still greater purifying of his mind, which, to Mr. Wheeler, was clearly evidenced in that sermon, "The Withering Work of the Spirit." We gratefully sympathise with Mr. Wheeler, having ourselves read that sermon with the same holy and pleasing persuasion.

We rejoice in the fact, that clear Gospel truth, and testimonies of vital godliness, are ever delightful unto us; and seeing that Mr. Spurgeon's voice is heard by thousands, and his sermons read by tens of thousands, it is impossible for honest Christian hearts to withhold a song of thanksgiving to the Great High Priest of our profession, for having given unto this highly gifted minister, a fresh baptism of "the Holy Ghost, and of fire."

We mentioned this sermon, "The Withering Work of the Spirit," to a rising minister of our own particular section, and begged of him to read it. He said, he had almost made a vow never to read another of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons; because, in some he had seen such positive contradictions. We shall not dispute that point; but, as for ourselves, we ask all who look for the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, to "forget those things that are behind;" so, for Mr. Spurgeon, we say, although his Open Table, and his occasional Free-will, must be grievous to some of us; and although his former onslaught upon the Evangelicals in the church, have been offensive to them; still, after all, we cannot think there is one real Christian, in his right mind, but does believe the Lord has raised up, and holden up, this living messenger for the accomplishment of a great work in Zion: therefore, on the one hand, let us be careful that we despise not the Lord's work, nor the Lord's workmen; although, in some things it layeth not exactly straight with our view of "the line:" so, on the other hand, let us, like our beloved brother Paul, "rejoice" that "CHRIST IS PREACHED," although in the exordium, or in the peroration, or in the excessive central outbursts of a large, loving heart, sentences and theories may appear to which we cannot subscribe.

We were amongst the very first, in our original paper, *The Christian Cabinet*, to herald forth his name as a young Elisha of extraordinary zeal and power; we heard some of his first discourses in London, and sermons more thoroughly sound we never did hear: we bent our knee by his bedside, when ill there he lay, and wrestled with God for his recovery, as we are seldom favoured to do; therefore, secretly, we have rejoiced in all his CHRIST-LIKE enterprises; whereas, when he has launched out where we dared not venture, silent grief has often made us stand and wonder.

On the whole, however—and we have reviewed his work from its commencement in London, to the issue of this "Number One Thousand"—and, on the whole, our conviction is, that our LORD JESUS CHRIST has made him the instrument of arousing the churches, of spreading the Gospel, of truly calling in many sinners, and of building multitudes of places where prayer is made, praise is offered, "THE WORD" is read: where, for ages yet to come, souls may be won to Jesus, and the Gospel, in some degree, published. Surely, here we may re-echo the ancient stanza:

"Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
A stream of liberal and heroic deeds:
The swell of pity, not to be confined
Within the scanty limits of the mind,
Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands,
A rich deposit on the bordering lauds.
These have an ear for his paternal call,
Who makes some rich for the supply of all:

God's gift with pleasure in God's praise employ,
And Spurgeon sympathizes with the joy."

If—"as the elect of God," our faithful men had all—"put on bowels of mercies," forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, more than they have done, we believe our church would have had more peace. But, we forbear.

These remarks may fan the flame of persecution against us. Let it be so. We shall as soon go over to the Pope of Rome; we shall as soon ask ordination at the hands of the Bishop of London; we shall as speedily seek to be in the British Cabinet: as we shall look for any patronage or favour at the hands of the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Abhorred for ever by us, may that spirit be, which can "Come, and crouch to any one for a piece of silver, and a morsel of bread."

We received our commission from Christ himself, to preach his gospel where he shall open the door; and, although there is not a man on God's earth who more delighteth in the publication of salvation full and free, by a Triune Jehovah, than the man who pens these lines: although, even now, if we could, we would ever be expounding the mysteries of the Cross: still, we must be for ever silent, ere, to Duty-faith, to Free-will, to Open-communion, or to any of the fashionable enterprizes of men, we could lend ourselves for a moment.

The Pentecostal Pattern is our law: Preaching Christ, not offering him: warning all men, not indiscriminately inviting them: seeking out repenting and Christ-embracing sinners, and baptizing them: exhorting all such practically to exclaim,

"Our feet shall stand
WITHIN thy gates, O Jerusalem."

Only in this New Testament line can we be found believing that "If we had been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of His Resurrection.

Now, a word for this "*Number One Thousand; or Bread Enough and to Spare.*" We have read Stephen Charnock's sermon on the Great Mercy of God for Great Sinners—and we feel a burning desire inside to send out millions of that discourse into this awfully atheistical world of ours: but, we could never carry out that desire. Some parts of this "Number One Thousand" has made us think of Charnock's blessed out-pouring of pity and of truth for poor miserable sinners; and we believe this handful of corn upon the tops of the mountains will produce a blessed harvest in many a precious soul.

It is certain that none of us commoners could preach just such a sermon as this. The preacher plunges into the great fountain of God's atonement: and he can see no limit. He comes out with his whole soul in that one sentence:—

"There must be sufficient efficacy in the blood of Christ, IF GOD HAD SO WILLED IT—to have saved not only all the world, but ten thousand worlds, had they transgressed the Maker's law."

We have not room this month, to analyze this extraordinary gospel discourse—for an extraordinary one it is. But, next month, we hope to notice some parts more particularly.

MR. HEMINGTON AT GOWER STREET :

HIS FAITHFUL AND INDEPENDENT SPIRIT : THE CLOSE OF HIS
PROBATIONARY TERM.

GOWER STREET CHAPEL, near Euston square, London, has been one of the most highly-favoured gardens of the Lord, in this land, during the last half-century or more. There Henry Fowler, Arthur Triggs, and some other blessed men, who opposed baptism by immersion, laboured in the gospel with good success—especially that devout and sharply exercised man, Henry Fowler. But we remember those solemn days when William Gadsby, John Warburton, John Kershaw, and a few others, were instrumental in crowding that spacious sanctuary with anxious hearers : and when the glory of CHRIST and the unction of the SPIRIT, filled the hearts of the people with love, and their eyes with tears ; and when their faith was so strengthened, that, as on eagle's wing, they mounted high, and could, like some of old, exclaim, "Master, it is good for us to be here !" Those holy men of God have gone to their rest ; those precious seasons have passed away. We never can forget them : we never *here* can recall them : we seldom now realize anything like them. If the most intense sympathy with the ministry of such God-sent Ministers, as Gadsby, Warburton, and Kershaw, entitle persons to be called "*Standard Men*," then, we put in our claim ; but on the other hand, if sympathy with the hosts of pitiable and cruel imitators, gives the necessary qualification—we hurl such qualification to the winds : knowing "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Mr. Hemington has been listened to by large congregations : how far the LORD has worked good by his ministry, we know not. One thing he clearly tells us—his heart is not toward Gower street—his desires are not toward London. Well, we are a poor sinful, despised, and miserable people : and if such a good and great man was settled here—and if the Lord did accompany his ministry with a killing and quickening power, he would be a great blessing : but, we believe Mr. Hemington rather covets a quiet country incumbency, than a poor labouring London Minister's life. We have had nearly thirty years of it—working hard against wind and tide ; we are never better than when studying, praying, preaching, visiting, and writing in the Master's holy service, but such down-right hard work would not suit every delicate young country gentleman. Our correspondent sends the following :

MR. HEMINGTON AND THE PASTORATE OF GOWER STREET CHAPEL.

Some ministers are accused of accepting without due thought and careful enquiry the important post as pastor ; this cannot be alledged of Mr. Hemington. After seven months of almost continuous labour, he still hesitates to decide, at the same time he appears to waver in pronouncing the word "*No*." And well he may, seeing the overflowing audiences with which he is greeted ; a man in such a position, if he fears to go forward, may well hesitate to go back, lest in so doing he runs counter to the will of his Master ; or, as he aptly put it, be found like Jonah fleeing unto Tarshish, when God had bidden him "Go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it." It is no light matter to

become *the* pastor of a people, who for so many years have had so many favourite pastors; it may be very difficult for a people grown old in the way of supplies to adhere to one minister; variety has its charms, hence though many may flatter, some will surely frown at the man who essays to become their pastor.

In confirmation of the above remarks, we append a few of Mr. Hemington's words (*not his sermon*) uttered on Sunday evening, June 25; the text was Jude, the two last verses, "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and for ever. Amen."

"I feel, beloved friends, that these are appropriate words with which to close my seven month's labour among you. I can only repeat that which I have stated before, that the past has been a period of intense trial to me, and a time of intense anxiety to you. The issue is now with God, and may he work according to the counsel of his own will, and bring about such a termination, as he will fully sanction, for the good of this church and for the benefit of immortal souls. I believe God has his special purposes in everything he designs, according to which I believe everything takes place in this world or otherwise according to his decretive will. If God has a special purpose in bringing me back to this place, he will in his own time make me willing to return. If God has no purpose in bringing me back to this place, I am sure I have not the least wish to return. I trust he will enable me to hear his "still small voice:" and if I know my heart in this important matter, I can say,

"How rough so e'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on;
Nor leave me till I say,
Father, thy will be done."

You too, beloved friends, have felt the necessity of the special guidance of God, and feel that it is not of so much importance as to what particular work which God shall be graciously pleased to call us, so that at the last we finish our course with joy. It will be a matter of little consequence whether we have few people or many; whether I have a small church or a large church: or it will matter little to you who is to be your minister; or whether you go back to supplies or not, so that you act according to the will of God. I cannot say my mind runs naturally towards this great city, neither can I say that my mind runs much after a London church, for it does not. I have felt for years, indeed I still feel as much as ever, a shrinking from everything approaching to position, unless God himself makes that position for me. Were it the will of God, I feel I would rather occupy some obscure place; at the same time, I have not the least desire to run contrary to the will of God, and act the part of Jonah, and go down to Tarshish, when the Lord wills me to be in this great city, crying out against the great wickedness that is constantly going up before the Lord. What I have said is more in harmony with my natural feelings; so that if any man or woman thinks that I care a straw about this place, unless it be according to the will of God, that man or woman is very much mistaken in my character, and mistaken in my object in coming here. I

felt I could not forbear making these few remarks in coming before you this evening."

Mr. Hemington then turned to his text, and again by a very easy digression adverted to the question which must be very near his heart, viz., leaving the Gower Street people, though for a time. Like Jade, he said he trusted, he had discharged his conscience as before God, during the past seven months: he had declared the truth with much trembling; never for once, purposely, had he smothered up anything: he had not spared them in the way of reproof, nor sought to modify his statements to meet the taste or feelings of any. He felt his shortcomings, but to the best of his abilities, he had exercised his little gifts; and, like the poor woman, he had cast in his mite into the treasury: and he blessed God he left that pulpit with a clean conscience, if he never came back again. Still he did not wish to take a farewell of them, but he hoped to have an opportunity of speaking to them occasionally as long as life may last. He hoped God would bless them one and all, and strengthen them in his glorious truths of the everlasting Gospel.

If correctly informed, the question of the pastorate is still undecided, and will be for some mouths yet to come. In the meantime, Mr. Hemington will again visit Gower Street.

A FEW NOTES OF, AND FROM OUR MINISTERS.

"Whether any do enquire of Titus; he is my partner, and fellow-helper concerning you: or, our brethren be enquired of,—THEY ARE THE MESSENGERS OF THE CHURCHES, AND THE GLORY OF CHRIST." 2 Cor. viii. 23.

WE never knew a time when the above text of Paul was so practically realized in our experience as it is at the present. God's faithful servants are truly "the Messengers of the Churches. Such men as our brethren, James Wells, John Foreman, Richard Luckin, Samuel Milner, John Bloomfield, John Pells, John Stevens, and many more we might name, were all of them for years, *Messengers of the Churches.*" From the beginning of the year to the end of it: from early morn till midnight, they were running each in his own manner, carrying all over the land, the messages of love and mercy: and often, through their ministry "THE GLORY OF CHRIST" hath been revealed. While they are living and labouring, but little, it may be, is thought of them. But when the Lord takes them away, or lays them aside, what anxious enquiry! what sorrows and losses are then experienced. We cannot answer all the enquiries we receive. The following notes are thrown in spontaneously: they will be of use and interest to some of our readers. J. H. says, "I shewed your dreams about Mr. Wells, to a gentleman in Manchester; he said, "it was a sign it would be the reverse."

We hope, and sometimes can pray the Lord will yet raise Mr. Wells up, there is something to come out of all this. The letters he is now writing are pledges to us, that in his evening-time it will be light. We watch with intense anxiety every movement. Already a large number of Godly Ministers have been brought before thousands of London believers: they must all be convinced of the great fact, that our God is still raising up men in all parts of this kingdom, who are "taught of the Spirit." They may not have the power nor

penetration of the pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle; they may not have the deep-toned solidity and high manly bearing of the minister of Mount Zion; they may not have the rapid eloquence of Charnock, nor the strong argumentative powers of Owen; but, they have the three essentials, the life of God in the soul: the fear of the Lord in the heart: the faith of Christ in a sanctified mind; hence, in their day, and in their measure, they are useful, and to look upon them with contempt is, unlike HIM who esteemed the weakest disciple, where the heart was right.

DOWNHAM ROAD.

At the Grammar School in the Downham Road, (not five minutes walk from the Haggerstone Station) Mr. Edwin Langford, late of Newton Abbott, is engaged to preach the Gospel, every Lord's-day, from the second Sunday in August; until the end of September. This cause at the Grammar School, is that which has been raised by the instrumentality of Mr. Blake, (late of Artillery Street.) Mr. Blake is now removed to Beccles: and is, we understand, settled as pastor over the Church for so many years under the care of the venerable George Wright, the Apostle of the Suffolk Association. Mr. Edwin Langford, has been recommended by us to the Church in the Grammar School, in the Downham road: the Church has heard him, and has given him a unanimous invitation to supply for two months, with a view to the pastorate. On August 13, the Lord permitting, he will commence that probationary term. In all the places around us where brother Langford has preached during the last three months the blessing of the SPIRIT has rendered his ministry very pleasant and profitable. We hope a permanent and Christ-exalting course lays open before this devoted man of God in LONDON.

THE LATE MR. HOBBS.

We are seeking to give a memoir of the late Mr. Hobbs. The following note is so sweet in spirit, we knew many would read it with pleasure.

Dear Sir,—I should be glad if I could help you to such information as would enable you to insert a memoir of dear Mr. Hobbs in the *Earthen Vessel*, but I am unable. I will convey your desire to Mrs. Hobbs. At present I do not think she would feel equal to undertake such labour; but, at some future time, I am in hopes that *in some form* a portion at any rate of his very remarkable life and experience may be published to the Church of Christ. I have this morning received a very sweet letter from dear John Kershaw's widow, condoling with me in the loss sustained by his people in the removal of Mr. Hobbs. Mrs. Kershaw had seen the account in the *Earthen Vessel*, and felt constrained to write from the feelings associated with the memory of my dear father, and Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Kershaw, who were sweetly united together in the bonds of the Gospel. Some five years ago, it was my privilege to be at my father's house when he entertained those two faithful and aged servants of Christ, and they both related the circumstances of their call by grace and to the work of the ministry. Mrs. Kershaw was present on the occasion as well, and very solemn, profitable, and interesting we all felt the meeting to be. Mr. Kershaw has himself related his own experience so graphically and well in his published memoirs, that I could only desire that Mr. Hobbs's life could be published as faithfully and well as his own. And now all the three who were then extolling and praising God on earth are worshipping together around the throne. What a mercy, my dear

Sir, to have a good hope through grace of joining the sacred throng. I sympathize with you in your own recent losses, and trust the "God of comfort" will sanctify it and every cross to your spiritual welfare.

Yours faithfully,

G. DOUDNEY.

49, Lombard-street. July 10, 1871.

MR. THOMAS WILSON, OF CLARE.

WE have several letters of enquiry respecting some "Tale of Sorrow" referred to in our June number. We wish all honour to every good man, whether he minister to thousands or tens. Hence, we first give the following note from the pastor of the Baptist Church at Glemsford. He says:—

"Several have asked me if I know what is meant by the tale of sorrow? My answer is, I do not know; but I do know that the Baptist church at Clare have a good, truthful man: one who adorns his profession as a Christian and as a minister. Would to God there were more like him, then, our churches would be in a more healthy condition than they are. Mr. Thomas Wilson, the pastor of Clare Baptist church, is a man that ought to be highly esteemed for his work sake by every member of the church; for it is his glory to extol the Lord Jesus in his person and work. The more I know of him, the more I feel attached to him; but I forbear."

It is delightful when one good minister can thus speak of his neighbouring brother; it is not everywhere to be found: but we believe the Suffolk ministers do live in much brotherly and holy fellowship. We rejoice to know Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Clare, stands in a position so dignified, aiming solely to lift up the glories of JEHOVAH JESUS—"IMMANUEL—GOD WITH US."

The highly-honoured deacon of the Clare Church has favoured us with two letters. His first letter should have been published last month; but we considered it simply a *private* epistle: and as such answered it as soon as our multitudinous engagements would permit. Unfortunately, MR. ROBERT PAGE misunderstood the meaning of our note: consequently, he sends us the following:

DEAR SIR,—I beg you will accept of my thanks for your favour received this morning. After so long silence, it has somewhat relieved my mind. The copy of my former note to you, which is now before me, I have again read over; and I cannot see one word in it calculated to hurt, hinder, or wound you. This I know, nothing of the kind was intended; such a feeling has no place in my breast, nor ever had; contrarywise, I have ever felt deeply concerned for your welfare; I have watched with intense anxiety the result of the many poisoned arrows I have seen pointed at your often lacerated heart; and I rejoice to add that "hitherto the Lord hath helped you." All I wanted, and all I wish for now is, that that libelous misrepresentation which appeared in the wrapper of your *Vessel* for June, under the head of "Glemsford," called "The Tale of Sorrow from Clare," &c., &c., should be flatly denied, and thrown back from whence it came. I have not yet been able to discover the writer of the article in question; but I hesitate not to say, whoever he may be, whether friend or foe, he was actuated by the spirit of the prince of darkness. I cannot, neither will I, sit by in silence and see so heavy and groundless a charge brought against a people whom I love in the Lord, without raising my protest against it. I speak from long experience, and in honour to the church I represent, that a people cannot be found more free from the charge brought against them than they are. I challenge the writer; for upon righteous grounds I know victory is certain. I have no desire to quarrel; I hate it with perfect hatred; I shun it as I would shun the devil.

What I wish for is this, that as your June number spread far and wide that falsehood, your August number should carry with it this my reply.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, ROBERT PAGE.

No one on earth can justly charge us with impugning the integrity, the honour, the uprightness, the Christian-bearing, and the truthful character of the Church at Clare. Neither its minister, its deacon, nor its members are known to us; with one exception. In the hospitable mansion of one of its families, we found the warmest friendship, and the purest devotion. What answer then can we give? Simply the following:—Several letters were referred to in the paragraph which has excited so much attention. "A TALE OF SORROW"—dark and dreadful, came from *Lincolnshire*: it did not come from Clare at all: although notes or letters respecting *some* Clare did reach us: but neither the definite, nor the indefinite in the paragraph, could be said to apply to any particular church anywhere.

CHANGES IN CHURCHES IN NORFOLK.

MR. JOHN VINCENT, — (one of the deacons; we may also add, one of the ministers, of the Strict Baptist Church in New Bridge street, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne) — has forwarded us the following special communication. Norfolk is a county less known to us in a Gospel sense, than other counties are. We hope to know it better soon. The Cathedral city of Norwich is better off for Particular Baptist Churches than most Cathedral cities are. At Claxton, Mr. Pawson is doing a good work. Lowestoff and Yarmouth, are towns where our principles ought to be more recognized; but mental and spiritual power is wanting.

Mr. Vincent, of 17, Oxford Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, says:

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Allow me to answer Mrs. Ann Burrell, and several others, through your *Vessel*. Dear Mrs. Burrell,—I received your letter 17th May, and was a long time before I could remember the writer; but, on receiving your second letter, I remembered you quite well. You ask several questions: I will try and answer them. First, I must say it is twenty to twenty-four years since I saw or heard from you. You ask, Am I that Mr. John Vincent you knew when you was at Lynn, in Norfolk? Yes, I am. Again,—Am I the son of dear old Mr. V. that used to meet at Zion chapel, Lynn, with whom you held sweet council concerning your soul? Yes. And you ask, Is the old man yet alive? Yes, he is. And you ask, Are you Mr. V. that you once met at St. Jarmon's Sluice, at Mr. S. Smith's twenty-five years ago, when you had such a blessing? Yes; I remember it well. It was a beautiful Lord's-day; one to be remembered with many others with pleasure. That good man is gone home. What changes have we seen since then! Let us look at some. S. Smith lost his first wife, and his second too lately. Poor man! He has had a solemn bereavement in his second wife. Five weeks since, I had a letter from his friend, informing me of Mrs. Smith being burnt to death on the Lord's-day morning. She was at home, and her dress caught fire. Mr. Smith was returning from chapel, and as he turned round the corner of his house, his poor wife came out all in flames, and was so burnt she died next day. Oh! think of him, a loving husband, seeing his dear wife burning to a cinder before his eyes! My friend, many such things await us here; but, bless the Lord, we shall soon have done with it. Poor Zion chapel at Lynn is closed, and most are gone to sleep till the great decisive day. You remember the little chapel at Tilney, St. Laurence, five miles from Lynn; and can you remember how well that was attended? Forty-one years ago that was opened. Mr. John Carter, W. Felton, Mr. Creasy, and many others used to preach there. Well, I was born at Tilney, forty-eight years ago last April, and my dear father was one of the leading

men among them in those days. I can remember with much pleasure and delight, I often went with my father to chapel there till I became about twenty years old, and then I left home. My dear friend, I was much exercised about my soul when a child; and if I had any wrong thoughts, the enemy would tell me all my sins were written on my forehead, and as sure as ever I went to chapel, they would all come out, and everybody would see them. I was secretly told to resist the devil, and he would flee from me. So I thought of a plan, and it was this:—To chapel I must go, so I used to get there early, and hide up under the seats, afraid any one should see me. For many months I was troubled about these things, and even then the ministry was a great exercise to me, when I was only eight years of age, and it is still. But to return. I would get early into chapel, and get into the pulpit, and pray to the Lord that if I was His, there should be some token for good. I prayed that I should first be delivered from this temptation, and that I might one day be spared to stand in that pulpit to testify to the glory of His grace in delivering me from the most terrible of temptations which I dare not mention. Bless the Lord I was so highly honoured of my God in answer to prayer. Perhaps you knew the chapel had been closed for sixteen years, and it has been in the hands of another people—a people that knew not Joseph, until the 11th of June, 1871. I have been from the chapel myself twenty-eight years; but, on the 17th of last June, I had the assurance given to go 250 miles, to the place of my birth, and re-opened this very place, in answer to my prayers. You must think I was much exercised about my going so far; for you know I am only a jobbing gardener. I am not a man-made parson, and I am only a curate at our chapel here in Newcastle. I have a dear brother whom I love much; he is much my senior and much my superior in the things of God, Mr. J. C. Johnson I mean. We undertook in the name of the Lord to open a house for prayer, and the exercise of those gifts which the Lord gave us, and we have succeeded wonderfully, considering us poor things. We had only four persons to commence with; we have a goodly number attend with us now, bless the Lord. You ask, How I came to the opening of the chapel at Tilney? Well, the devil was not there, I am quite sure; I must say he did not so much as dare to squint at me all that blessed opening day. I can tell you of three that were there,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,—for the chapel and my soul was filled with His glory. Well, you say, What was the text? I tell you, quite another from what I meant to go on with. I went to our station at Newcastle to catch the early train. While I stood and looked at that, the devil kept bantering me. He said I was only going to make a fool of myself; so I missed the train, and I had to wait for the flying Scotchman at 10 a.m. To the station I goes again, and the devil met me with this, “Are you going?” Just as I thought of giving out, the Master came, and the devil scampered off. My text came to me in 20th chapter of Matthew, part of 4th verse,—“Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you.” I went my way to Tilney, arrived safe, and was put up at a dear friend’s house in the midst of a wood, full of crow’s nests and birds of all sorts; so I laid and spent all night in prayer; and I prayed to my God, and listened to the birds singing, as my text kept me awake all night. I got up after a long night, and off I marched to chapel. The little chapel was full, and the Lord helped me. In the afternoon Mr. S. Smith spoke; but I was so overcome with sleep I do not know where his text was. That was a sore burden to me. At half-past six, I mounted the pulpit and read and prayed, and the people sung. I was led to speak from Luke xxi. 28,—“And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.” Congregation was very large; chapel crowded, and all outside. I looked across to the church, and wondered how they got on there, as we must have had nearly all friends in these parts there. My dear friends, I have tried to say a word or two; hoping He will keep us very near to Himself, and we may be spent for His glory.

Yours in best bonds,

JOHN VINCENT.

WHAT WAS IN THAT CUP?

CHAPTER XXX.

“ Waters of a full cup are wrung out unto them.”

“ When shall I, Lord, a journey take,
Through my departed years,
And not one mournful visit make,
And not return in tears? ”

TH**ERE** are two features in soul-feeling, or in experience, which I have a little realized lately, and I have thought them expressive of deeper teaching than falls to our lot in a general way: the first is, a coveting, a desiring, a secret thirsting after the climax of our sorrows. It came to me this way: I was travelling to a certain place to preach from Acts xxi. 5: “ And we kneeled down on the shore and prayed.” Luke tells us how they besought Paul NOT to go up to Jerusalem: but, this only worked his poor soul up into a holy passion: so that he cried out, “ What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem, FOR the NAME of THE LORD JESUS.” Then they said, “ The will of the Lord be done.” Why should Paul suffer martyrdom for the LORD Jesus? It was the will of the Lord, and that will must be done. And I saw this agonizing desire of Paul to die for the Lord at Jerusalem, was the same spirit as Christ himself had, when he said, “ I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished? ” He only longed for the final end of his sufferings: and the same breaking of heart was expressed by him at the table, when he said, “ With desire have I desired to eat this Passover with you, before I suffer.” When there is a strong inwrought conviction that unto any of us, it is given “ on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake,”—then the Spirit will give grace to desire the full accomplishment of it: as many of the martyrs found; and as the Apocalypse saith of the persecuted ones—“ They overcame him: (who? “ the Accuser of the brethren; who accused them before our God day and night: this is said to be Satan’s last character, and his last work,—“ accusing the brethren,”—setting every man against his neighbour: but they overcame him)—by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives UNTO THE DEATH.” There are the three most weighty evidences of true saintship you can have.

First, there is the essential evidence: faith in the atoning blood overcometh all accusations, all slanders, all reproaches, all castings-off, all revilings. Let men, let ministers, let saints, let sinners, let who will accuse: we fly to the fountain opened; and while the chastised spirit exclaims,

“ My affliction, and my faith,
Are just as good old Micah saith
In chapter seven and nine: ”

yet, still, the happy triumph of the soul lays in this —

“ If sin be pardoned I’m secure;
Death hath no sting beside.
The law gave sin its damning power;
But CHRIST my ransom died.”

It is a true and living faith in the one offering of Christ which gives a

perfect victory over assaults of every kind. Then, secondly, there is the Experimental and Testimonial Evidence: we overcome him by "the word of OUR testimony: Let me, in the fear of the Lord, and in the faith of the Gospel, tell out MY testimony:"—How

" Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies."

And all who hear and receive that testimony will lose their prejudices; and Satan's accusings will be drowned in the sea of a Saviour's precious blood: while the reality of all this will be proved

(Thirdly): by the ENDURING Evidence: "they loved not their lives unto the death." Surrendering all up to him, that "Christ may be magnified in our bodies, whether it be by life or by death." The glory of the Lord is to be revealed; and human pride confounded.

That is one point my soul has struggled to attain unto—coveting to suffer "the loss of all things"—if thereby the kingdom and glory of Christ might be advanced. It is only with this spirit that we can sing with Watts:

" Here at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus! Nor shall it e'er remove.
Yes! I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my dying God;
And my best honours to his Name."

Brethren—and sisters in the Lord—this special grace may soon be specially required by us. If we cannot go with the tide of free-will, and a popular Gospel we must suffer. Beside, as the minister of Portland Chapel, Plymouth says:—

"The war on the Continent is over—peace with Rome is the result; and the Standard of the Cross is being scattered to the winds. A religious war is looming in the distance—it is very near. The voice of pure Protestantism will soon be silenced in the German Empire, in all Europe, and in our own England withall."

If then you cannot shift about—and become anything or nothing in religion—you must be cast out as evil. But, how increasingly precious to my soul is that Scripture I referred to last month, and which the Lord himself gave me in good John Broom's bed-room, in Cheltenham, to carry to Crudwell on the first of June, in this very year of 1871. Let me write it out again; it is so rich in meaning; so terrible in experience; so grand in prospect: here it is, in Isaiah lxvi. 5,—I can see myself standing in that bed-room that night; the month of May was just closing; I had been into Herefordshire, into Shropshire, and Gloucestershire travelling and preaching; and right happy too when Jesus smiled; and the Spirit into my soul was poured: but, now, poor, empty, fainting, dark in mind, I silently lifted up my heart, and said, "Lord. I have now to go to Wiltshire, the very hot-bed of that "ism" which strives like a secret poisonous air, to destroy me altogether. Lord! What shall I do?" With a heavy heart, I opened my little Bible *at once*, right on the sixty-sixth of Isaiah, and the letters met my eye so strongly:—

"Hear ye the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word."

But of this I must write you next month.

C. W. B.

Productions of the Press.

The Mad Iniquity of War—Doctor Craig's book on "France and Germany" is a revealer of such horrors as no one can think of without agonizing sorrow. How weak and ineffectual appear all the prayers, all the preaching, all the missionary societies, and all evangelistic efforts, when we behold two such civilized nations dealing in a double-distilled wholesale murdering of each other! Oh, popes, bishops, rectors, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, ministers of every name, and of every degree, when you look at France, at Germany, at China, at Bradlaugh in England, and all the delusions and awful murders of our own city, what do ye think of man's free-will for religion? What do ye think of duty-faith, and of universal redemption? What do ye think of the HOLY SPIRIT being given to every man? Men, brethren, and fathers, have ye power with the Lord in prayer? If ye have, come together, wrestle together; persevere together; spend days, weeks, months together, in fervent cries to God Almighty. As the prophet cried of old, so let us cry: "O Lord, be gracious unto us; we have waited for thee;" and may a voice from the eternal throne be heard: "Now will I rise, saith the Lord; now will I be exalted; now will I lift up myself." What then will be the results? "The sinners in Zion will be afraid; fearfulness will surprise the hypocrites;" and the awful question will be asked with all intensity: "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring flame? Who amongst us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Every man now does as he pleases with religion; it will not be so when the Lord shall plead his own cause.

Free Grace and Arminianism.—A poem, perfectly original, will be issued shortly, written by the writer of the following note from Sheffield:

"Dearly beloved and highly esteemed in the love of God, and in the faith and fellowship of the saints,—I must have a word about my thrice precious Saviour. Can we speak or write too often of him? Can we ever sufficiently adore his matchless love? Surely my own note should swell above all, for how are mine eyes opened, and what do I see? I stand astonished; my heart is broken at the remembrance of his mercy; that I should be visited with this illumination of mind! I, a poor, sinful, unclean man, of no position or standing in the

world; a teacher of error from my youth upwards; and unblest with superior advantages of education, &c. To me it is strange that after many years of trial and suffering, the Lord should turn my temporal affairs and my heart at the same time into the knowledge of the mystery of his love. I feel I must live to work with hands, and feet, and tongue, and brains, and all to his praise. The burden increases upon me; my debt is so great; I never can pay! Oh, that my poor abilities, my strength, my substance, were more adequate to the great work! I count all things as dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord. I shall do my work, which he hath appointed. Oh, to be used by God's hand in doing his work! How honoured we poor mortals are! What a salvation! And then, when we shall be glorified together! I hope to see you THERE. The Lord seems to be giving me favour at Lockwood: I go a third time next Sunday week. Oh, that he would speak through my stammering tongue.

My precious brother Elam is a Paul unto me, and sends his love.

JOSEPH TAYLOR."

Baptist Confessions of Faith—Mr. Goadby in his *Bye-Paths in Baptist History* (now publishing by Elliot Stock), tells us that the rapid growth of the Baptists in the seventeenth century brought against them a host of adversaries: "Slander, perversion, abuse, all are considered fair in the warfare." Well, well; all the difference between the early part of the seventeenth century and the latter part of the nineteenth century, is this: in the first case, the enemies were outside; but, in the latter case, they are inside. If any one asks a poor, wounded Baptist minister now, "What are these wounds in thine hands?" we are assured his answer would be, as Zachariah says, "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." The ancients said, this wounded one was our once suffering Saviour; and we do not dispute that point: only add, that many of his poor persecuted followers have their share in this wounding warfare which is carried on in the houses of our "friends." (?) Mr. Goadby says, "There was one bitter enemy against the Baptists, a wicked informer; and the country people called him, 'Trepan;' and, we believe, if we ever publish *Our Epistles to the Pious People in the Eastern Churches*, we shall shew old *Trepan* is still alive; and is as great a troubler in Israel as ever." Mr.

Goadby's *Dye-Paths* are full of racy incidents.

"*Slowly Recovering from Severe Affliction.*"—Such are the words with which C. H. Spurgeon closes a letter to his friends everywhere, in it he says he hopes to be found preaching by the 25th of June: and we pray that the request of his soul, as expressed in that letter, may be largely realized. To his friends, he says, "Ask that the furnace-heat which I have suffered may produce its full effect upon me, in my own soul, and in my ministry." His sufferings (like those of our brother James Wells) have been intense. We heard a gentleman say: "Poor Spurgeon has laid on his bed, and cried like a child that has been whipped." Many of us, of late, have had sore chastenings. God Almighty grant that the fruit thereof may be, our own purifying, his glory, and the comforting of his people. Amen. Hundreds of thousands will surely say, Amen—"So let it be." In July *Cheering Words* we have noticed Mr. Spurgeon's "Letter" more fully.

We regret to see a second letter, dated June 11, of a more mournful nature. Mr. Spurgeon says, "Pray for me. Perhaps if the church met for prayer, I should be speedily restored." Well do we remember a special time in prayer with him once. At this moment our poor heart ascends secretly with, "Lord, heal thy servant, we pray; and our brother James too. Amen."

The Bible and the Poor—A fine picture of Missionary work among the hovels in St. Giles's is given in *The Sword and Trowel* for July; it is a practical commentary upon the command to "go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." Mrs. Banyard must be a beautiful compound of Christian charity, and of persevering benevolence towards the poorest, and the most degraded. We may be considered a little *unsound*, but, truly, we cannot resist the wish that every one of our churches had a Mrs. Banyard in their midst; a hard-working, soul-seeking, comfort-giving kind of a Mrs. Good Samaritan. Paul had his Phœbes, Tryphosas, and Lydias, and they helped him greatly in the Gospel; and when a godly woman's heart burns with love towards her fellow-creatures, she will become a mighty power in the hands of the Almighty God for real good. *Sword and Trowel* gives a paper full of power on IMMERSION, which Thomas Edwards, Mr. Baxter, and more of the brethren might read. The tidings

of Mr. Spurgeon's recovery are quite cheering.

The Clogs—London: Partridge and Co. Clergyman "Power" is well known as a great literary power in finding veins of gold in the deep dens of sunken humanity. We "do believe" these *Old Clogs* will enable us to write three chapters. First would be called, "Love Sweetens Life." The second would show, "How Love may be Weakened, and turned to Cruel Jealousy." The third will indicate, "The Course to be taken to Nourish, and bring almost to Perfection, the Love that should Exist and Grow between Husbands and Wives, between Parsons and Peoples, between Friends and Neighbours." Would poor parsons rend their churches in sunder, IF they truly LOVED CHRIST; loved the souls of the people, and laboured only to glorify God in the recovery of the church from the fall? Certainly not. Let husbands and wives look out; we have a few kind words for them: not rods of iron to break them; but Aaronic rods to blossom, and to bear fruit.

Life's Crowning Ornament—A Lecture to Young People. London: Houlstons. Mr. Joseph Bailey has here produced a fine essay for boys and girls: and if they all could practice the wholesome principles propounded, our prisons would soon have hoisted on them, "Lodgings to Let." Our policemen might be sent to cultivate waste lands; our judges might retire; lawyers might become historians; counsellors at the bar, if they had grace enough, might be eloquent preachers: lots of churches and chapels would be required everywhere; temperance lecturers might be sent as missionaries to heathen nations; and everything would give hopeful signs of the millennium approaching. Mr. Bailey's lecture will be highly prized, and extensively read by thousands who can feel for the moral recovery of our fallen humanity. We surely do not yet sufficiently consider the momentous importance of trying "to bend the twig while it is young."

Home Visitor shews clearly enough that Ritualism is as old as was the coming of Austin, the Romish missionary, in 597. He brought into the country a religion guarded with a fine trimming—"made lucious to the senses with pleasing ceremonies; so that many who could not judge of the goodness (of divine truth), were courted with the guadiness of the shows." There is, in our day, moreover, a mental, a philo-

sophical, a pharisaical Ritualism, for anything we know, as delusive as the flowers, fancies, and foibles, of the Tractarian and Romish excitements. We cannot sympathise with either; hence, we must offend. But, beware!

Pliable of the Nineteenth Century—Mr. C. Lucas, of Rushden, says, "I have the pleasure to communicate to Mr. S. Jones, his "Pliable" is well received and highly approved by some of our people. I do think there is great neglect amongst our brethren in office in not spreading and diffusing clear and distinguishing truth in our churches."

[We believe all the enemies to CHRIST'S Gospel do wonderfully use, and increase by means of, the press. All our churches should have a library, a tract society, a colportage, and a sick-visiting society. With God's mercy these auxiliaries would strengthen their hands.]

Health—Old Jonathan for July gives a view and history of the West of England sanctorum, now building at Weston-Super-Mare. We wish such institutions were more numerous. When a poor man comes out of a hospital half cured, he requires finishing in some life-imparting home and atmosphere. Only our LORD could so perfectly heal, as to say, "Take up thy bed and walk," implying that the same power which spoke disease away, did also give sufficient strength for all the duties of life.

Mr. Baxter's Eight Sermons—Published by Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. In answer to "An Aged and Intellectual Christian," we can only reiterate the sentiment we before expressed: "It is a question whether we are qualified to judge, or form a correct opinion of much of the printed divinity of the present day." Nevertheless, we hope carefully to read; and humbly write our convictions and conclusions, when sufficient time can be found.

Short Sermons and Sweet Songs are found in Part 7 of *The Good Man's Pilgrimage*,—in the world, in the church, and in the ministry, for eighty-six years as related in the life and writings of the late Mr. James Newborn, now publishing by Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. Plain and spiritual Christians will find some nuggets of Gospel gold in the meditations and written exercises of the late Mr. Newborn.

Quench not the Spirit is a fine piece of theology in *Our Own Fireside* for June, by Dr. Vaughan. In same number, the objects and nature of *Hindoo Worship*, opens up scenes of fallen

man's delusions which fill our souls with grief. *The Bible and its Evidences*, by Dr. Duff, is more encouraging. *Our Own Fireside* is increasingly useful.

The Battle of the Days, and the Quarrel of the Churches—Two dreams. London: William Penny, Ivy lane. The poor church, torn and mangled by her self-assumed children, her false friends, here presents a sorry picture. These "dreams" are too real for Zion's prosperity. This note must not suffice, More, anon.

Poor Thomas Lamb and his Wife, and the Baptizing in Old Ford River.—*Cheering Words* for July, contains this testimony to the goodness and power of the God of all grace. We are thankful to find *Cheering Words* are spreading. Will our friends help to circulate them in their journeys? We trust we may say the LORD has rendered them useful.

Bye Paths in Baptist History, &c.—Three three-penny parts of Rev. T. T. Goadbey's work, are now issued by Elliot Stock. It throws a clear light upon the rugged path our Baptist brethren have had to traverse. Decided Baptists will read it with pain and pleasure too.

Baptism Calmly Considered.—A pamphlet, if read without hardened prejudices, must convince many, and do much good. For ten stamps it can be had of Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster row. "Happening to Pass a Baptist Chapel," as an extract, we shall give. It is a beautiful little incident.

The Legend of Warrior Hank.—A poetical tale of the conversion of a warrior chief. Well done. London: E. Stock.

Man's Future in God's Word.—By W. Collingwood. London: Yapp and Hawkins. Profoundly mysterious: worthy the careful study of scholars whose judgments are not fixed.

Crossing the Jordan.—A letter by Dr. Doudney, in a pretty penny tract: published by "Book Society," 28, Paternoster row. As we have waded through much, very much of the dark experiences herein revealed, we can recommend this little book, as one likely to cheer some poor tempted soul.

Christian Union is the subject of a pamphlet by "A Layman," published by Elliot Stock. The same pamphlet has some intelligent criticisms on "A Sermon in Defence of Infant Baptism," which preachers of Gospel truth, and

teachers of New Testament principles might read much to their edification.

Napoleon means in the Greek, "The lion of the thicket," on which the author of *The Last Vials* for June has some extraordinary anticipations. The great war of Europe is not yet finally closed; the prophecy of Jeremiah may yet have a more complete fulfilment. "The lion is come up from his thicket; the destroyer of the Gentiles is on his way."

The Withering Work of the Spirit—The second sermon after Mr. Spurgeon's long illness appears to us to indicate a deeply-sanctified mind, and a discriminating spirit. He says, "The faith of the flesh is not the faith of God's elect; the faith which justifies the soul is the GIFT OF GOD, and not of ourselves." If that one sentence could fly through our professing churches, and fly into the hearts of hundreds of thousands, clothed with the Spirit's power, it would make fearful havoc in multitudes, but it would effect an amazing change. We hail the sermon with hopeful expectations of much blessing.

Jane Walker's Memoir. Such long-living and happy-dying testimonies do more effectually nourish the faith of the true church of Christ, than all the sensational services, and intellectual sermons in the world. See advertisement.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY MISS ELEANOR EMBERSON,

(Of Camden Town.)

[This young and afflicted sister in the Lord has been specially favoured during her illness to draw forth her soul in holy poetic meditations upon the experiences of grace. We believe the following sweet poem will incline thousands of our readers to thirst for more; and many more, from the pen of Miss E. Emberson, of Camden Town, we hope to give.]

THE JOY OF ANGELS.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth." Luke xv. 10.

There's joy in those mansions of glory,
Sweet songs thrill the quivering air:
They are telling the old, old story
Of the Saviour's Almighty care;
They are shouting abroad his praises,
They are striking their harps of gold;
One more has left his dark mazes,
And entered the great Shepherd's fold.

He had wandered in *hopeless blindness*,
In sin's weary, thorny track,
Had not Jesus, with thoughts of kindness,
Thus called the wanderer back;

It would seem that the love of God never
Could touch a proud sinner like this:

But Jesus is *strong to deliver*,
And "God knoweth them that are his."

Now the angels in gladness are singing,
Jehovah hath put forth his hand,
And his child he is tenderly bringing,
Plucked out from the fire as a brand.
The "Strong One," in power, hath spoken,
The word is, "Now loose, let him go;"
The hard, strong heart is now broken;
The sinner, repenting, bows low.

'Tis at this sight all heaven rejoices,
They list to the penitent's sigh;
We fancy the glad singing voices,
"He repents, he is praying," they cry;
The glad song rings loudly through heaven,
And Jesus will take up the strain,
My child long by Satan was driven,
But "I've found my lost sheep again."

And thus while the sinner kneels sadly,
Scarce daring to lift up his eyes,
Above him in heaven so gladly,
The songs of rejoicing arise.
He knows not the joy his repentance
Has caused midst the angels in heaven;
He feels what would be his just sentence,
And fears he can ne'er be forgiven.

But Jesus is tenderly bending
To gaze on his pitiful grief,
And hears the petitions ascending;
And soon he will send him relief.
In his mighty arms he will raise him,
On his loving breast to recline,
And through all eternity praise him
For this great forgiveness divine.

There's joy in the army of heaven,
To hear the poor penitent cry,
To see him thus ransomed, forgiven,
By faith and repentance brought nigh.
And as they are singing and praising,
'Tis this gives their word the glad tone:
The theme of the song they are raising,
Is, "*Glory to Jesus alone.*"

Dear Saviour, give me some fresh token,
That I have in'trest in thee;
Say, is my heart wounded and broken?
Have angels rejoiced over me?
When first I knelt humbly before thee,
Hope and fear, alternately, tost;
Didst thou, bending tenderly o'er me,
Say, "*This is my sheep which was lost?*"

Yes, though trembling and fearing, thy
Spirit,

Bears witness that I am thine own;
And that I one day shall inherit
A place near thy glorious throne.
To join the glad song of salvation,
My freed, ransomed spirit will soar;
My just sentence is "Condemnation,"
"Through thy grace, tis 'Lift evermore."
June 1st, 1871.

God saith he will rejoice over them to do
them good with his whole heart and with his
whole soul; and what a man doth with his
whole heart, we say the whole of him is in it.
— *Dr. Goodwin.*

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

OPENING OF NEW AGED PILGRIMS' ASYLUM, HORNSEY RISE.

MR. EDITOR.—

Tuesday, July 4th, 1871, was a high day for poor Aged Pilgrims; what would John Box have given to have seen that day? and it is certain, if it had not been for what the said John Box did give, we should never have seen what it gives us great pleasure now to record. On that day, the new Asylum for poor Aged Pilgrims, was opened. It is beautifully situate on the top of Hornsey Rise, and on a bright clear day, you may view London laying below you for miles and miles. The weather on the opening day was not what is generally known as "Queen's weather;" it was sunshine and rain; nevertheless, I may say we had the KING'S presence, especially at the devotional meeting in the afternoon. There was a large attendance, and not one did I hear find a single fault (and that's saying something, amongst so many pilgrims), but all appeared to join in the universal and oft-repeated remark,—that the Committee had done their business thoroughly, efficiently, and without either being extravagant or mean, had raised such a building for the accommodation of eighty poor Christians as did much credit to both their judgment and their heart; there is convenience and comfort combined, without any waste.

The new Asylum at Hornsey Rise has the Alexandra Orphanage on one side and a large workhouse on the other; and is within a short distance of the Crouch End railway station. It occupies the three sides of a large quadrangle, with the chapel in the centre, and the officials' apartments at the ends of the wings. Without any pretensions to great architectural beauty, it is not without merit; the whole *facade* being light and graceful, the breaking-up of its sameness being effected by turrets over the staircases, the elevation of the chapel, and the graceful corridor which runs in front of the cottage tenements. This corridor is glazed and flagged with encaustic tiles, and the pillars are light iron. The building itself is of yellow bricks, with red bands running along, but broken up by dormer windows. Each tenement consists of a room, with a recess for a bed, a little scullery, coal cupboard, dust-box, and every convenience for saving trouble to feeble people. The chapel is Early Gothic, neat, pleasant, and light, the pulpit being placed in the northern apse. All the fittings are of polished deal, like the rest of the woodwork. There is a bell-turret, and a recess for a clock, not yet purchased. The building being on a declivity, the lower rooms of the cottages lead to the upper rooms of the corridor system, and thus give

it a simplicity, coupled with a variety. Considering the funds, and the objects of the building, it may be said that nothing could have been better planned and better carried out, than this asylum; and for economy, elegance, and utility, may be regarded as a model for others. Altogether, it reflects great credit on all concerned in its conception and execution, from the architect downwards.

So much for the building: excepting one word; we recommend our Country friends to make it a point to visit it, when in town; and by this means, we are sure that their interest and aid in behalf of the institution will be secured.

Now a word or two as to the services of the opening day. In the afternoon, a special prayer meeting was holden in the very neat chapel of the Asylum. Many of the friends were unable to gain admittance for want of room; so a second meeting was convened in one of the corridors of the building and carried on simultaneously. The meeting in the chapel was conducted entirely by the gentlemen of the Committee: Mr. Marshall, one of the Treasurers, presided; and the services of praise, reading and prayer was conducted by Messrs. Pawley, Butt, Clapp, Whittaker, Johnson, Box, Barnard, and others.

At the close of this meeting, fifty-nine candidates were chosen as inmates for the new building; and by the time this magazine is in the reader's hand, doubtless, these fifty-nine Aged Pilgrims will have taken possession of this, in all probability their last earthly home! May heaven's best blessing rest on every inhabitant of that, the closing home of their pilgrimage! Then came the tea, under a spacious marquee, capable of accommodating three hundred; but as there were near six hundred to tea, we were obliged to have a "second edition." Then came the evening meeting. The chairman was Count Andrew Bernstorff, the son of the Prussian Ambassador to the English Court. We held this meeting under the tent, as it was impossible to get a quarter of the audience into the chapel. The Count, I think I may say, commended himself to the consciences of all present, as being a devoted Christian gentleman; his remarks were thoughtful, experimental, and practical. We hope to see him here again. Mr. Tiddy offered prayer; and Mr. Rogers told us how they had spent the money; the ground cost £3,500; the building £12,500. They had a balance in hand of upwards of £600; but then there was furniture, fittings, gardening, and many small matters to see to, which in so large a building would be sure to more than swallow all that up.

Mr. Butt represented the trustees; and told us all about Mr. Box's bequest. In a

word it was this: the late John Box left in trust a number of gas shares, the produce of which was to be applied to building an Asylum for Aged Pilgrims on the North side of London. These gas shares when sold realized £12,000. Here was the money for the building; Mr. Box very wisely stipulating that before this £12,000 was to be touched, the money for the ground must be obtained, and paid for. I don't like to say how many years it was, the Christian public took to get this small amount for the ground (Mr. Butt did say, but then he is in authority, I am not), but it certainly bears out the remark, that if it had not been for the £12,000 in the Box, there would have been no Aged Pilgrims' Asylum on Hornsey Rise this day.

The energetic, persevering, and indefatigable Honorary Secretary, Mr. Jackson, gave a description of the building; informed us the Bible Society was going to send fifty good type handsome Bibles for the use of the Pilgrims; said he had received two cheques for £50 each that day; and hoped to have some more. We hope Mr. Jackson will be encouraged on all hands in his labour of love: we can witness to the large share of time and intelligence he devotes to this, his much loved institution. After Mr. Jackson had done speaking we sang:—

O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee and be at rest.

But hush my soul, nor dare repine,
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do His will be mine,
And His to fix my time of rest.

Then followed short addresses by some ministers. Mr. Tiddy, Mr. Vinal, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Alderson, and Mr. Bland; after which Mr. Marshall pleaded hard for "the *Sustentation Fund*" for the new Asylum. This fund is to provide for the expenses connected with the building: such as rates, taxes, gas, repairs, and the many necessary and heavy liabilities, that will arise in keeping in proper condition such a large building; certainly £300 or £400 a year will be thus needed. May we hope Mr. Marshall may not plead in vain for so important an object.

May I beg a little further? Mr. Jackson wants eighty copies of "*Dr. Hawker's Morning and Evening Portion*," one for each Pilgrim in the new Asylum. They should be good bold print. Is there any Pilgrim's friend can supply this want? If we had a good Edition, friend Jackson should not ask in vain. Will our readers think of this?

But I must not trespass further. The day was a good one in every sense. Where may we look for a second John Box, who will give us the means to build another Asylum at the East End of London? To wealthy Christians we commend this question. After thanking Mr. Bowden (the warden of the New Asylum) for his courtesy in showing us

over this New Asylum, me and my friend, Mr. John Carpenter took train for London, accompanied by a host of friends. I hope next time, Mr. Editor, that I am at Hornsey Rise, I shall have the great pleasure of seeing you, a sincere Aged Pilgrim's friend, in our midst. R.

OUR EVANGELIZING CURATES.

NO. VI.

We did not, last month, sufficiently explain ourselves. We intended no offence to those good men who go forth into all the destitute places, and preach the Gospel of Christ unto little churches who really CANNOT afford to keep settled pastors.

Our conviction is this, that when churches resolve to carry on the worship of God by a continued succession of supplies, that thereby they pervert the order and design of the church's existence on earth. The pulpit is one thing, the pastoral office is another thing. Where the pulpit is well sustained, and the pastoral office and work religiously accomplished, the church must prosper; but where a church has a constant variety of preachers, peace, unity, soul-comfort, and evangelical success, will not be realized. We are looking round upon our churches, and ministers, and supplies. We wish to see them all rising from the low, weak, and divided state they are sunk into; and if in our reviews we do not meet with the approval of all, we must bear that. Flatter men, or attempt to hold up men whom the Lord doth neither sanction nor bless, we shall not. At the same time, we would not unduly afflict a true servant of CHRIST upon no consideration whatever. One of the old London supplies, who is as full of conceit as he can hold, hurled his insults at us fiercely, but we are not moved by such things. Our Lord God has been pleased to burn up in us much dross; and in the light of the furnace, we have seen the danger of that pride and self-exaltation we are all so prone to cover ourselves with. Let us seek, not "the joy of wild asses," but "the joy of the Lord," for ONLY that can be "our strength." We cannot this month give any more than the following note from brother J. Taylor, of Sheffield, who also has misunderstood us. He says:

"Your remarks on supplies led me to great searchings of heart as to whether I had not run before I was sent; and whether I had not better mind my boots and shoes a little more, and go preaching less; but I feel that I can say in the fear of God, my only object is his glory, and in no case have I sought or thrust myself into the doors which have opened to me thus far. For the humble proclamation of that grace which it has pleased God so abundantly to pour into my soul. Hence, while I see the necessity for your remarks, and hope they will do the good that is needed, I shelter myself in the thought that the Lord may please to make me, although a mender of shoes, and a companion

of Paul in daily toil, one of those weak things by which he destroys and brings to nought the mighty. Yours dearly and truly,
 "J. TAYLOR."

BOROUGH.—Anniversary services at Trinity were held July 9 and 11. Sermons were given by Messrs. F. Wheeler, of Chelsea; Bennett, of Pimlico; and B. B. Wale, of Blackheath. Mr. Spencer, of Blackheath, presided over public meeting on the 11th; Mr. Kealey asked the Lord for his blessing; Mr. Thomas Stringer then delivered an address on "Regeneration," he was cheerful in spirit, and expounded several Scriptures bearing upon that essential work, "the passing of the soul from death unto life." At the close of his pleasing address, he informed us that this was his birthday; he was 62 years of age that very day, having been born at Orpington, in Kent, July 11, 1809. The chairman heartily congratulated him on reaching his 62nd year, so hale and so happy; and the audience seconded the chairman's wish, that very many happy returns of the day might yet be enjoyed by him. C. W. Banks was then requested to speak on "Invitation" from Rev. xxii. 17. Mr. Caunt followed with a good amount of sarcasm, humour, and experimental truth, elucidatory of Heb. x. 25, "exhorting one another," &c. Mr. R. A. Lawrence, of Bermondsey, was excellent on "Temptation." His references to "Milton's Paradise Lost and Regained," discriminating between the temptations of the first and the second Adam, were excellent. Mr. Wheeler briefly spoke on "Consolation;" and moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was accorded, acknowledged, and by Mr. Hudson gratefully seconded, who told us Mr. Spencer had not only efficiently presided, but generously helped them in their finances; which we were all glad to hear. At the close of the meeting, a gentleman said it had been rumoured about that the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel* was going over to the Duty-faith system. Nothing could be more FALSE or unfounded than such an assertion; but, for full thirty years, a number of the Baptist body both in town and country, have secretly endeavoured to destroy the influence and usefulness of *The Earthen Vessel* and its editor, by disseminating the most cruel slanders; and because *The Earthen Vessel* is increasingly acceptable, their "underground" efforts are increased. While *The Earthen Vessel* has constantly contended for the whole Truth as it is in Jesus, and for the maintenance of New Testament Ordinances, it has ever expressed a kindly feeling toward all those practical efforts made by others for the ameliorating the miseries of our fellow-men. This charity many bigots cannot understand.

BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.—Ebenzer, Webb-street. The building fund committee have now obtained from the freeholder a promise for eighty-four years of a lease of a

piece of ground at the junction of the Linton and Upper Grange-roads for their new chapel and schools. They expect (D.V.) to lay the foundation stone about midsummer next; but they stand in need of material help before that time. At their last quarterly meeting, about three weeks back, they had cash in hand to the amount of £202, with positive promises to the amount of £25. This amount, with the exception of the valued aid of one or two friends who do not worship with them, has been collected by and amongst their own people. They have received several promises of help when they had secured their ground, and they hope this intimation of their success will "stir up by way of remembrance" the pure minds of those kind friends to fulfil their promises. Their pastor, Mr. R. A. Lawrence, 2, Marlborough-road, Old Kent-road, will gladly and thankfully receive and acknowledge either in *The Earthen Vessel* or by note, any contributions sent to him, as will also the secretary, Mr. Thomas Knott, 198, Bermondsey-street. Further, their pastor will feel thankful if his brethren in the ministry (one or two have promised to do so) will kindly lend him their chapels for a service with collection on any Lord's-day afternoon. And, finally, to members and worshippers in our body, and to the readers of *The Earthen Vessel* generally, they pray that the love of Christ and His free-grace gospel may constrain you to help them in their effort to erect a house for His worship. Donations in stamps or otherwise will be gladly received by the pastor or secretary, as above, and acknowledged (as requested) either by note or in *Vessel*; and cheques or Post-office orders may be crossed "London and County Bank, Newington Branch."

PIMLICO.—Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure conducted the solemn services connected with the formation of a Strict Baptist church (to worship under his pastoral care in Rehoboth chapel, Princes row, Pimlico) in the New Surrey Tabernacle (kindly lent to him and his friends by Mr. James Wells and his deacons), on Friday evening, June 23, 1871. Mr. M'Cure called upon C. W. Banks to supplicate the throne of grace; and then requested Mr. Thomas Jones to state the character, order, &c., of a New Testament Christian church; which Mr. Jones did, with perspicuity and decision. Mr. M'Cure said, it was twelve months last Lord's-day since he preached his first sermon after his arrival from Australia, at Carmel chapel, Pimlico. The church at Rehoboth chapel, Pimlico, was then in a very low state. He was invited to take that cause up; and after laying the matter before the Lord, he felt his mind directed to that place. Last March Rehoboth was re-opened; manifest evidences of the Lord's blessing on them led them that evening to become united together as a church on New Testament principles; he then called on the members to answer to their names; which they did, numbering thirty-one. He then read the articles of faith; which the members pledged them-

selves to maintain, by standing up, and holding up their hand. The union was expressed by Mr. M'Cure giving, in the name of all the others, the right hand of fellowship to two of the elders. The Lord's Supper was administered by Mr. M'Cure; the elements were taken round by brethren Davis, of Poplar; Frank Griffin, of Jireh; Lawrence, of Bermondsey; and G. Webb, of Camden town; during which, addresses were delivered by brethren Dearsley and Wale. E. Carr, gave an affectionate address, very encouraging to Mr. M'Cure, respecting his success at Rehoboth. Mr. Steed, and other brethren, assisted in the services of the evening. Thus has Mr. M'Cure commenced to raise a cause of truth, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Queen's town palace; in the populous locality, now so well known as "Victoria Station." With the divine blessing, a long and prosperous career is now before him.

The friends rallying round Mr. M'Cure in Pimlico have given demonstrative evidence of their zeal and attachment by contributing between eighty and ninety pounds in the four months of their assembling together. Our brother, John Bunyan M'Cure, appears to meet with warm hearts, willing hands, and wealthy friends go where he may. We expect soon to hear that Pimlico Tabernacle is in course of erection.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—Special services were held in Mount Zion, July 16th and 18th. Sermons were given by Mr. Caunt, Mr. R. G. Edwards, and Mr. James Hunt, the present minister. On the 18th, a company of friends met for tea; at the public conference, Mr. R. G. Edwards presided with zeal, precision, and kindness. We hope our brother Edwards will still be settled in London, as he is a generally useful and faithful minister. Mr. J. W. Dyer, offered prayer, and spoke to the friends most tenderly; being in much affliction of body. Our good Deacon brother Weight called our attention to the renovation of the chapel had undergone. It looks well; but it had involved them a little: they asked help; we fear they did not recover the sum required. Mr. Dearsley gave a thoroughly practical address. Mr. Caunt believed there was no remedy like the lifting of Jesus on high. Mr. C. W. Banks admitted there were hinderances to Zion's prosperity; but there were helps. Ministers, had need to labour much to win the people, under God, by a loving and devoted spirit; and if the people truly loved the Saviour's cause, and if each one was led to seek the prosperity of Zion at the throne in fervent and frequent prayer, surely a blessing would rest upon the church. Mr. John Wheeler, late of Sible Hedingham, delivered a solemn address referring to the benefits he had seen flowing from open air preaching. Why do not our ministering brethren hold meetings these summer evenings, and several give short addresses to the people? Mr. Z. Turner thought the churches had a great deal to be thankful for. He believed the Lord never

had more loving children on the earth than now. Mr. R. Howard went round the walls of the city, and described the gates with much ability. Mr. James Hunt gave the closing address. We are glad he is acceptable, and has a prospect of raising the cause. Mr. Edwards preaches in Mount Zion every Thursday evening. The speakers ranged from the highest points of Christian Union, down to the most necessary points of Christian Practice. We all tried to sing—"PRAISE GOD."

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR MR. BASSET, OF COLLINGWOOD.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have received by the mail just arrived, what is good news from Australia, the enclosed letter from my dear son, and as the *Earthen Vessel* circulates there, I think the account of the blessing my daughter-in-law received under Mr. Basset, Collingwood, might be comforting and encouraging to him. I send the letter for insertion therein, if you think it worthy of a place, you will oblige me by inserting it. Yours, &c.,

S. PONSFORD.

4, Barrington crescent.

June 20, 1871.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—we received your letter by this mail, were very glad to hear you were both in good health. We are all going on just about as usual with the exception of my dear wife, she has not been in good health for some years, I do not mean ill, but she has required such medical advice as we have not been able to procure up the country, and as she seemed to be getting worse, we thought it advisable she should go to Melbourne and procure the best possible; she has been, and I believe has obtained such help that she will be better than for some time past; and dear Father, I am happy to say that while staying in Melbourne, she went to hear Mr. Basset, a Strict Baptist preacher in Collingwood, a very good, sound man, and I really believe it was what her soul was longing for, it was the first time in her life that she had heard such preaching; the morning text 2 Tim. ii. 12, the evening, Isaiah xxi. 11. She could have listened to him for hours, all seemed so in unison, no contradictions, everything so plain, and yet so different to all she had heard before, she could not express her feelings, she had long been wanting something different to the trash we generally get here, but still not able to define what it was she wanted. I sincerely hope by the blessing of the ever blessed Jehovah, it may be to her soul the beginning of good things. Dear father, I can fancy I see you in the old chapel preaching on that text in Ephs. ii. 18. The glorious Trinity of the three persons in one body all essential to the poor sinner's salvation; by the working of the Spirit we come to God to find our reconciliation to him through the precious blood of the cross, and not only reconciliation, but full and free

pardon, and more still, a glorious inheritance prepared before the world began; O amazing love, who can fathom the heights and depths? *none*. We never shall until we leave this clod of earth and meet the blood-washed throng assembled around the throne, there we shall sing eternal hallelujahs, where there will be no more death, and where the dear Redeemer himself will wipe all tears from the eyes of his dear blood-bought saints. Dear father, when we contemplate these things, what are the pleasures of this life that we should cling to them, or be loth to part from them? We may truly say with the apostle, "For me to die is gain," but we are not always in this happy state of mind, or speaking for myself, I am very often cast down, and then I feel the want of some one of more experience than myself in these matters to speak to; but there is no place or situation which debars us from intercourse with our heavenly Father, we can go to a throne of grace with all our doubts and fears, he is ever ready to hear and to answer in his own good time; what a comfort none can take this privilege from us. I had a visit from William on Good Friday, we remembered your anniversary, and comparing those days with the present, we both agreed that ours was really the loss; you know what I mean. With love to all relatives and friends, your affectionate son and daughter,

JOHN & E. PONSFORD.

Carisbrook. April 21, 1871.

BETHNAL GREEN.—One Monday evening, in this July of 1871, I had engaged to visit an aged brother in the faith, who was supposed to be near the end of his pilgrimage; he was with his wife, and some of the family members with me when I was pastor of the Church, in Squirries Street, Bethnal Green. I traversed the inner circle of little streets, round and round, under and above, until I reached his cot, his room, his bedside: there I conversed with him, prayed for him, and left. I looked at the densely crowded streets, the lanes, the courts, the little squares, the broad roads and masses, of people; and to myself I said, "What is being done for them in a religious sense?" Alas! I could see no sign of a spiritual movement any where. I went to Old Squirrie Street Chapel, expecting some would be there in prayer. Nothing of the kind. All closed; all as still as death. A bill on the wall told me Mr. Carpenter preached there every Tuesday evening. I went on to the Tabernacle in the Old Bethnal Green Road; all shut up. I looked at some of the Churches which the late Bishop Bloomfield erected: they were all empty and shut. Disease and death are working hard everywhere. Music Halls and Theatres are filled. Sin and Satan are busy. But **CHRISTIANITY** is hardly to be seen. My heart ached in me when I thought of some rich professing gentlemen who helped to set on foot the movement to build my Bethnal Green Tabernacle and Schools; but which effort has

never yet been accomplished. I silently sorrowed over the hundreds of thousands of souls here, swarming in all directions; but, how few seem to be seeking first the kingdom of God and His righteousness! The Lord gave me a few precious souls in Bethnal Green, and now, although I have been overwhelmed in sorrows and in bereavements, still I yearn over this most deplorable part of London's deep, sunken population; and if all who have for years benefitted by my labours where to put their shoulder to the wheel, a substantial tabernacle for poor Bethnal Green, might be erected, and in it, if I could carry out my desire, all the valiant young men in Israel should preach Christ's gospel there. Bethnal Green is not totally a desert. At Hope Chapel, Mr. Griffiths preaches Christ's gospel to the comfort of many; and Mr. Ollerenshaw is declared to be a zealous and devoted minister; but one Sunday afternoon, the minister of St. Peter's Hoxton, Mr. Caudwell, in one of our Bethnal Green Churches, made a remark which exactly accords with my mind. He said, Preaching, had often been spoken against, and he did not wonder at it, because the Word of God was so seldom preached or listened to as it ought to be. What was wanted was men with tongues of fire, who were concerned more about saving of souls than rituals; and hearers were wanted who felt the burden of sin. We want, in fact, men of prayer to preach, and men of conviction to listen. He dwelt at some length upon the benighted condition of thousands of poor people in that neighbourhood, and the importance of sustaining earnest, holyminded teachers of the Word. Could we but get tongues of fire in our preachers we should certainly have hearers with souls deeply convinced. Oh, dear readers pray for the multitudes in Bethnal Green.

A CHURCH IN A COAL-HOLE.

It is wonderful how busy the Church of England people are in planting their churches. A few months since a little brick-built hovel on the Canal bridge, in Cambridge Heath, was opened as a church; a little tingle-bell was stuck over the hole of a door, and inside the worship was carried on with a very few. Presently, the people obtained a piece of ground near Victoria Park; a modest building has been erected, it is called "CHRIST CHURCH." The Bishop of London opened it; many of the leading evangelical clergy preached in it, and thither now many flock to sing, and hear, and pray. How is all this done? By the united efforts of many. Why cannot we do likewise? Our long-afflicted brother Alfred Kaye, has a large loft on the shores of the same Canal, where a Strict Baptist church has been formed; where some most blessed souls worship the Lord their God; and for this loft they pay a rent of £40 per annum. If our churches were all united to help one another, a good chapel might be erected for friend Kaye and his flock; and

our Bethnal Green Tabernacle might be completed too; but our isolated and selfish spirit keeps us disjointed and weak. Our Strict Baptist churches have the Truth in principle and in practice beyond any other of the churches; but we seem forced to lay at this poor dying rate, and sing to our Lord:

"Our love so faint, so cold to thee;
And thine to us so great."

Why do not our younger brethren unite for prayer; constant, fervent prayer, and for public preaching, and for a holy perseverance? Surely, they might save us from being buried altogether! Suppose such genuine fellows as Edwin Langford, Henry Myerson, Alfred Kaye, Kempson, the Everetts, the Baldwins, and others, were all to join hand in hand, and heart in heart, not for sordid motives, but for the glory of Christ, and to go out with the Gospel, we believe they might soon see around them people and powers enough to build a dozen chapels; whereas now, we creep on in lofts, and school rooms, as though we neither had faith, nor zeal, nor love enough to exclaim practically, "In the name of our God will we set up our banners."

SAMUEL FOSTER'S SISTER IN THE FAITH, AND IN THE FURNACE.

"God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of deep distress invade,
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid."

All our readers have heard, and read, of Samuel Foster, of Sturry, near Canterbury. Some have visited his cot; they have sat by his side in his chamber, where, for many years, he has been mysteriously confined by physical affliction, which, it seems, no power of man can reach. Not a few have cause to bless the Lord for the good they have received from Samuel's prayers, from his letters, and from his conversation. We quite long to meet him again ourselves; but, at present, we see no prospect.

Mr. J. C. Pembrey, of 3, Clifton villas, Cowley road, Oxford, has sent us a volume bearing the following title: "A Memoir; being an Account of the Lord's Dealings both in Providence and Grace, with JANE WALKER, of Islip, who was laid on a bed of affliction for thirty-six years: also, Letters, and Obituary." A perusal of this gem of "Christian experience" will enable our readers to justify us in calling Jane Walker, of Islip, "a sister in the faith, and in the furnace," of Samuel Foster, of Sturry, in Kent. Poor Jane has left her earthly hospital, and is at home with the royal, the redeemed family in heaven: while our beloved, and sharply tried brother, Samuel Foster, is yet in that body so burdensome, that chamber so wearisome; except when the Saviour smiles, and bids him be of good cheer.

"Poor Jane!" we called her; and, in temporal things, for years, she was poor enough. Only a mother to nurse her; the

whole income to support them both, was four shillings per week, and two loaves of bread; two shillings per week was required for firing, her complaint requiring constant fomentations; so, that for three years they never knew the comfort of a drop of tea, and had to subsist on a scanty supply of bread, and a little coffee. "Poor Jane" and her mother lived a suffering, starving life, yet, most blessedly supported; and, after a while, when her HEAVENLY FATHER had tried her, he brought her soul into a wealthy place; he raised up some friends to help her: and, although on her bed she lay many times in pain and sorrow, yet her faith failed not; her end was in quietness, and salvation certain. Some holy and happy testimonies from her memoir we hope to give next month.

HERTFORD. — EBENEZER CHAPEL. Married, June 1st, by Mr. R. Bowles, Elijah Pannell (deacon and superintendent) to Elizabeth Maston, both of Hertford. This being the first marriage solemnized in the chapel, Mr. Bowles presented the happy couple with a very handsome bound bible and a richly bound hymn-book (Gadsby's selection) accompanied with a suitable address, in the course of which Mr. B. remarked that he thought the bride was something like Ruth, she had come to glean some ears of corn, and she had succeeded in gaining a husband. He had no doubt that such a handful had been let fall "of purpose," that she might gather him up. He hoped that they might be as happy and as prosperous as Ruth and Boaz, and that when the husband came home from his daily toil, the salutation might be, "The Lord be with you," and the response, "The Lord bless you."

CROWBOROUGH. — The Anniversary of Forest Field Baptist Chapel was held on Tuesday, June 13: sermons were preached by Mr. Masterson, Mr. Reed, and Mr. P. Dickerson. The day was sweetened by our aged friend Dickerson preaching from, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." He preached as if under the sensible blessing of God, and as he preached, we noticed several in an unmistakable manner, found it good to be there: the evening will not soon, if ever, be forgotten. Crowboro' never had such a time from beginning to end; and in every sense, since God has had a cause here. A gallery has been erected, yet scarcely room for people to get in throughout the day. A debt of £5 5s., remaining on the recent enlargement, through the kindness of our aged friend Doggett bringing the matter before the people, was in a few minutes cleared off. Poor Crowboro' must, and desires to rejoice, for such is the position and circumstances of the most part of our people, that we are poor in more senses than a spiritual one; we have reason to be humbled and

much encouraged. We thank our friends from Brighton, Uckfield, Tunbridge Wells, and other churches, for the seasonable help and countenance given us. The cause of truth at Crowboro' was instrumentally established by our aged brother, Mr. Doggett, in the year 1829; who hired a barn on the spot where the present chapel, house and burial ground now stand; he then residing in the neighbourhood. The Lord smiled on the undertaking, the Word preached was sealed on the hearts of many, in this then dark and benighted part of the country. A church was formed by our esteemed friend Dickerson, which has continued amidst all the storms common to Zion, to exist and prosper to the present day: and perhaps never was in a more hopeful state than at the present, under the pastorate of our honoured and beloved minister, Mr. Littleton.—G. ASHDOWN, Deacon.

ESSEX.—REHOBOTH, SIBLE HEDINGHAM. Sixth anniversary of Sabbath school was Lord's-day 9th, and Monday, 10th of July. Brother S. Kemp preached; he was enabled to bring forth good old Gospel Truth, in morning from Isaiah, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord?" &c.; afternoon, Job, "All these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living." Evening, "A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again; but the wicked shall fall into mischief." On Monday 10th, the children and teachers went into the meadow, and about 5 had tea in chapel; about seventy friends joined them; public meeting after. Brother T. Willson in chair, who based his opening remarks upon a motto which hung in chapel, "Be not weary in well doing;" then the report told us school is increasing; numbering 16 teachers and 121 children. Brother S. Kemp spoke upon the *prosperity and the unity* he had observed amongst us. Brother J. Smith, "Let brotherly love continue." Brother Morling on Scripture invitations to Scriptural characters. Brother Wren noticed the goodness of the Lord towards us. A vote of thanks to the chairman; the ladies for the tea, and the decorators of the chapel. We desire to be thankful for what the Lord has done, but are not satisfied; with an increasing school and congregation, we want a gallery for the children; but we have a £100 debt on the chapel, which we are trying to clear off first. The giver of all good dispose the hearts of some to assist us in this, and he shall have the praise evermore. Amen.

J. D. BOWTELL.

[It delights us to find brother Kemp still so successfully useful. We often wish our London churches could hear him. He is not a giant in stature; but surely, in a small "earthen vessel" the Lord hath put excellent treasure.—ED.]

HALLING, KENT.—At Halling, near Snodland, in Kent, there are a few of

Lord's people who are united together as a church, who worship in the house of brother Rayner. Wednesday, June 21, was fixed for the anniversary, when brother Everard preached in the afternoon, and brother John Bunyan McCure in the evening; the day was very unfavourable in consequence of the rain that fell in abundance, but notwithstanding very many more people attended than could have been expected, and above all the Lord was in our midst. Our brother McCure was favoured with much liberty, and the heavenly showers descended upon the little garden, refreshing the souls of his dear children so much so that many said it was good for their souls, while waiting upon the Lord. The house not being large enough, a tent was erected, which at times was wet and damp from the rain. Nevertheless, the people were thankful in having such a place to hear the free-grace Gospel of Christ faithfully preached. If the rich of God's people would help this little church, it would be a great blessing, so that they might build a cheap chapel, wherein to worship the God of their salvation, so that there may be a cause of truth established there in years yet to come. Subscriptions will be most thankfully received by brother W. G. Rayner, sen., Halling, near Rochester, Kent. We are quite sure that our brother McCure will be able to recommend this cause as being worthy of Christian sympathy and help, he having preached here with very great acceptance to the lovers of Truth. One person came up to him after he had preached, and said that she had not seen or heard him for twenty-five years, then she heard him preach in Maidstone, which sermon was the means of her conversion; she was very much affected in seeing and hearing Mr. McCure then, for the first time for twenty-five years.

THE PULPIT OR THE TABLE:

WHICH IS THE MOST SACRED?

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel
—DEAR SIR, If any one who is conversant with the subject, will favour your numerous readers of the *Earthen Vessel* with a Scriptural view of the propriety or impropriety of Strict Baptists admitting to their pulpits unbaptized preachers, I am persuaded it will be doing the Church of Jesus Christ great service. It seems to me a greater inconsistency to allow men (I speak respectfully) to occupy our pulpits unbaptized, (I say unbaptized, because we ignore infant sprinkling,) than to admit an unbaptized person to the Lord's supper. In the one case the man takes the place of a teacher; and how can he be an honest man if he do not preach what he professes to believe, and denounce what he deems unscriptural? In the other case he is not a teacher, and therefore, he has not the same opportunity to oppose truth. The error does not seem to end here, for in this way they admit to the pulpit all grades of teaching, from the highest Antinomian to the lowest Armenian. It is not a day to be silent. We want to search out truth, and then boldly

maintain it; "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." As a Strict Baptist, I can only think that those who are not for us are against us. I am dear Sir, Yours faithfully,
J. J. KIDDLE.

Baptist Minister, Broadstairs.

[We are considered bigots of the highest order already; but, we know Mr. Kiddle's question is exercising the minds of many—Ed.]

THE WINDSOR BAPTIST CAUSES.

[It appears there are four Baptist causes in Windsor. None too many, perhaps, if all are seeking the glory of God and the ingathering of the Lord's redeemed. If any other motive leads to such divisions, the sooner some are dissolved the better. The following letter is brought to us by Mr. Thomas Austin, the secretary of the Itinerant Society, and at his request we give it insertion as he has written it. Beyond this we know next to nothing.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

The church and congregation meeting in William-street held anniversary services May 29th. Mr. Hall preached in afternoon; tea was provided. At half-past six, the public meeting commenced: Mr. Snowden, of Uxbridge, occupied the chair. After singing, brother Rush offered prayer, when, in succession, brethren Batson, Brindle, Cook, Hall, Huxham, and White delivered short addresses. It is contemplated by the friends to erect a chapel when a suitable piece of ground can be met with, and the prospect of needful funds. They are indebted to the Christian liberality of the late Mr. Lillycorp for the possession of £100, left as a legacy to the cause meeting in William-street towards building a new chapel, which sum is reserved in trust, exclusively for the use of the church and congregation meeting as above; but, until a suitable piece of ground can be obtained, they intend to continue holding the services in the "upper room" in William-street, where, for some time past, they have assembled, and have been favoured with sound gospel preaching by various brethren, chiefly from London churches. Although few in number, they are one in heart, and firmly adhere to New Testament order, strict communion, and the discriminating truths of the old-fashioned gospel. The friends wish it to be understood that the persons who have announced in the *Vessel* that "the new chapel is rising," are in no way connected with them as a church. There are but two Strict Baptist causes in Windsor.

BOSTON.—Anniversary of the Bethel Baptist Chapel, Trinity street, was celebrated Sunday and Tuesday, June 25th and 27th. Three sermons were preached to numerous and appreciative congregations, on Sunday, by Mr. George Wyard, Senr., of Borough Green, Kent; on Tuesday the annual tea

meeting was held in the School-room attached to the Primitive Methodist Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. In the evening the company repaired to Trinity Street Chapel. Mr. Wyard again preached an impressive sermon which was listened to with marked attention by all present. Our correspondent speaks of this anniversary as one of great success in a spiritual and temporal point of view. The venerable and honourable preacher delivered his four discourses, with freedom, pleasure and power. It is a glorious work when God's promise is seen true, "the righteous shall flourish like the Palm tree; they shall still bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing," and all this appears solemnly true in the long-continued, well-wearing ministry of brother George Wyard, Senr., now a respectably retired country pastor; one who has known him many years, says, "I do not know that ever I heard brother Wyard better." We wish Mr. G. Wyard, Senr., could give a Monthly Lecture in some central place in London, where all young ministers might hear him.

THE OLD AND THE NEW DEVONSHIRE SQUARE CHAPEL.—A Splendid history belongs to this old Baptist place of worship, where once some of God's holy messengers did their best to defend the Gospel; but which place of worship, in the old square, near Bishopsgate, has been sold to the Railway monopolists; and with the money, a prudent, yet princely, Gospel mansion has been erected in the Stoke Newington road. We were present at one of the opening services: when Donald Fraser preached: and can bear witness to the beauty and sacred order of the worship; as well as the truly evangelical and Christ-like spirit and ability of the preaching. We ventured to take a seat on the platform, close under the preacher: we watched minutely the mind, the manner, and the matter of this excellent minister from Aberdeen, Donald Fraser; and to us his sermon was a feast of spiritual, experimental, and Biblical truth. Donald Fraser is no artificial reader of sermons; his head, his heart, his hands, his whole soul, all he is and has, goes into the work. We hope to give a note or two more soon.

HAYES, MIDDLESEX.—Our "Tabernacle" anniversary services were held on July 6. Mr. Ponsford preached in morning, Mr. Anderson in afternoon; a public meeting in evening, at which Mr. Bardeus, the present minister presided. The Lord was in our midst; many from other churches came to see us, good number to dinner and tea; excellent collections. The Lord hath been very good to us, having directed Mr. R. C. Bardeus, late of Ashburton, to come amongst us; the word has been blessed. Mr. B. has accepted unanimous invitation to preach here for twelve months, from the last Lord's day in May. On the 1st of June we had tea and public meeting to welcome him. Several

kind friends came to unite with us; we believe one and all found it good to be there. On June 29 we had baptizing; our esteemed brother Ponsford preached; three believers were immersed by our minister, Mr. Bardens, in the name of our triune Jehovah; a solemn and delightful season, rejoicing the hearts of many. As a church we have abundant cause for thanksgiving for the revival of this cause; we prayerfully look for a yet larger outpouring of the divine blessing upon us.

Mr. Barden's address is Elm villa, Hayes, Middlesex.

NEWICK, SUSSEX.—At our last tea and public meeting, under the presidency of brother Worsley, (a useful minister of the gospel) a friend from Brighton, announced John Brett, of Hatton, had gone over to Open Communion. Mr. Editor, let me tell you, we Sussexonians are either very decided Strict Baptists, or, we are strong advocates for every part of the Huntingtonian doctrine, discipline, and experience. We look shy at your "Vessel" because some tell us you are only a letter preacher; for the settlement of anxious ones who have heard John Brett very blessedly, will you tell us, is he decidedly a Strict, Sound, and a God-sanctified Minister? [We know of no man more unflinching than is our brother John Brett. He has publicly made a covenant he will never break, grace preserving him.—Ed.]

SUNNINGDALE.—June 13th was anniversary of Baptist chapel. At morning service Mr. Hetherington preached from "There was great joy in that city." In afternoon Mr. G. Cook preached; his text, "He is a rock; his work is perfect." We were led to think of that stability which all the election of grace have in the Rock of Ages. Tea was kindly given by the ladies to a numerous assembly. Messrs. Martin and Styles, of Reading; Mr. Turner, of Staines; Messrs. Dorey, Wilkins and Dobson, of the Surrey Tabernacle; and several friends from neighbouring districts cheered us. Mr. Cook in evening addressed the audience from "All things are yours," &c., a well-arranged discourse was listened to with great attention; the Spirit's power was realized; we trust great good was done.
R. H.

KNOWL HILL.—The Baptist chapel here (once the scene of the labours of the departed Savory, B. Mason, W. Webb, and many others) presented a lively scene on Wednesday, June 28, 1871, when anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. Hetherington and Mr. Pearce. A large company went from Reading, accompanied by the excellent curates, brother Brown and his son E. P., and other helpers in the cause. This is one of the most rural and lovely spots in the home counties; and it must be exceedingly grateful to find the Gospel is still preached.

Seeing the good old people are gone home, who has come up in their room? We hope that one text has often been realized there, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."

BRIGHTON.—Baptist chapel, Sussex-street, Grand Parade. Services were held to recognise Mr. George Wyard (late of Shrewsbury), as pastor of the church, on Monday evening, July 3. An introductory prayer meeting on Tuesday evening: ten was provided, and followed by the recognition service. Mr. J. Wilkins (Queen square) read and prayed. Mr. J. Tate, one of the deacons, narrated the circumstances resulting in the present meeting, which the newly chosen pastor confirmed; and after giving a brief account of his conversion, call to the ministry, and faith, he and the deacon joined hands by the request of Mr. George Wyard, Sen., who presided, and delivered the charge to his son from 1 Tim. iv. 16, "Take heed to thyself, and to the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee." The meeting was afterwards addressed by brethren R. Hamilton, London-road; W. J. Smith, Belgrave-street (Congregationalist); J. Wilkin, Queen-square, and J. Glaskin, Bond-street (Baptist), all of whom spoke highly of the church at Sussex-street, heartily welcomed Mr. Wyard, and expressed their fervent desires for the usefulness and happiness of pastor and people. Mr. Glaskin prayed, and the chairman pronounced the benediction. On Wednesday evening, Mr. John Hawkins, Baptist minister, of Uckfield, read and prayed, and Mr. Wyard, Sen., preached an able and seasonable sermon to the church from the words Ephes. v. 1, 1,—"Be ye followers of God as dear children, and walk in love," &c. Liberal collections were made in aid of the building fund.

GREENWICH.—On Wednesday, July 6, 1871, we witnessed the fixing of "Memorial Stone" of new Baptist chapel, now building for Mr. Benjamin Davis, in South street, Greenwich. Mrs. John J. Olney performed the ceremony in a style exceedingly interesting to all who witnessed it. A magnificent new silver trowel and beautiful mallet was presented to her by W. R. Huntley, esq.; and John J. Olney, esq. gave the inaugurating address. Cheques from Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, from Mr. Olney, and from numbers of the company, were laid on the stone; even the Sunday school children presented £50; in fact, every thing appeared to be of the highest order, as regards benevolence to the cause, and respect for Mr. Davis. Mr. J. A. Spurgeon said, Mr. Benjamin Davis was a minister with sixteen ounces to the pound; at one time he thought Mr. Davis was sixteen-and-a-half, but now he was equally balanced. We have known Mr. Davis for several years; we have always respected and loved him; it is said, he is gone from us to Mr. Spurgeon; we hope he is

gone where he will serve the LORD JESUS CHRIST with pure devotion and good success. Some have come from Mr. Spurgeon to us; were we to give their career their cruel conduct, neither Mr. Spurgeon, nor any other leader, would wish to be associated with them. We think the churches ought to be warned against those men who can first make use of their elders, then turn upon and injure them. Mr. Davis never did this, we are confident he never will.

OLD FORD.—The Strict Baptist church at Bethel, in Old Ford road, still maintains the Truth; and its Sunday school, (under the able leadership of Mr. Ames, the proprietor of the commercial Academy, and his co-worker) is an auxiliary for much real good. Its eighth anniversary was on June 11, when the children sang some of Mr. Congreve's best gems; and sermons were preached by Mr. W. J. Styles. In the afternoon Mr. Styles came forward to meet the capacities of the young, with similitudes apt and edifying; closing the day's work by an evening sermon on the text, "In the morning sow thy seed; in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that," &c. After shewing what seed should be sowed, he gave a solemn address to sowers; and shewed the moral and spiritual good the Word of God has bestowed upon man. Many testified to the fact that a good day had been spent in the house of prayer. Thanks to him from whom these blessings come, and may he still favour us through our Lord Jesus Christ; prays

THE SECRETARY.

LANGHAM PLACE.—Mr. A. Ferris, deacon of the Baptist church in Riding-house street, Langham place (the late Mr. John Wigmore's), writes to say, Mr. Elvin has frequently supplied there; has been well heard; and the church have invited him to supply for six months, with a view to the pastorate: this, Mr. Elvin has accepted; and (D.V.), commences his pastorate, September 3, 1871.

[We knew Mr. Elvin in the juvenile days of his ministry, when his beloved father-in-law, the late William Allen, introduced him to us. This led to his preaching at Farnborough, and other places; and to his subsequent settlement at "Garner," Clapham. We deeply sympathised with him in his long affliction; and can now be thankful to find he is again progressing in the ministry. Nearly all the men with whom we laboured in the Gospel over twenty-five years since, have passed away; we hear of others coming up in their places, but our knowledge of them is very little. ED.]

CITY-ROAD.—Bethesda chapel, in Leverstreet, was, we believe, built for the late Mr. Newborn. Since he departed, Mr. Anderson,

Mr. Wyard, Mr. Briscoe, and others have filled the pulpit for a season, and then left it. At length Mr. Huxham, a Devonshire divine, is chosen as the pastor of the church. At Havertonford, and in other places, Mr. R. A. Huxham has so ministered as to gain the esteem of many who love a sacred and solemn ministration of the gospel; and we hope in London Mr. Huxham will be such a winner of souls, such a workman in the vineyard, that for many years he may so succeed as to be the means of making Bethesda a church and a chapel much larger than it ever yet has been.

NOTTING HILL.—Anniversary of John-street chapel Sunday school was July 9. Mr. James rendered encouraging report of progress of those committed to their care. C. W. Banks distributed the prizes; a quantity of beautiful volumes were given to both boys and girls. Messrs. J. Rowley, James, and Rushmer, addressed the friends; the children sung nice pieces. The next day they were all taken to Hampton Court. We thought the proceedings reflected great credit upon those kind friends who devote themselves so zealously and affectionately to the interests of the school.

RUSHDEN.—Our anniversary services in Mr. Drawbridge's Chapel, at the end of June were truly blessed seasons. We put our brother William Lodge, of London, to a rather severe test; we had six public sermons in three days; and in every way, he was much sustained; in his reading of the Divine Word—he is clever and impressive: in his approaching the Mercy-Seat—he is earnest and reverential; in preaching the gospel, there is originality, propriety, and practical and experimental testimony. We desire to praise the Lord that although some are nearly worn out, others are yet full of vigour, decision and love. Oh, that our Churches and Ministers may more blessedly illustrate that one line so often sung.

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name!"

NEW WIMBLEDON.—Mr. J. L. Keys now preaches in the Palmerston hall. Note says: A Baptist church is to be formed. We are often asked, "Who has the late dear Luke Snow's chapel?" We believe it is in the possession of those brethren who, by some are considered, the only true, experimental ministers in the world. We pray, with all the solemn feelings of our soul, that all our churches could honestly say, "And now ABIDETH Faith, Hope, and Charity, but" (in a powerful, practical way) "the GREATEST of these is CHARITY." We wish ALL the true servants of JESUS CHRIST were constrained to preach sermons on 1 Cor. xiii., and to practice their sermons as well as preach them.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—July 11 was our

anniversary at Sharnbrook. Mr. Cornwell, of London, gave us two full sermons; highly calvinistic, but biblically sustained. I heard no one dispute a single point. Our minister and friends from Bedford, and others, came to see and help us. We are holden up in Truth, although our harvest of great in-gatherings is yet to come. At Bedford, Mr. Newbold has succeeded Mr. Newborn. We are glad to find the seventh part of Mr. Newborn's life and letters is issued. It contains some drops of honey out of the rock.

HAMPSHIRE. — FLEET AND HOPE CHAPELS. Anniversary of united church, under pastoral care of Mr. John Young, holden June 6. Mr. J. S. Anderson preached in Fleetpond chapel in afternoon. The Hampshire friends will be ready to welcome Mr. Anderson if he should again be permitted to visit them (and his old fellow labourer, the pastor) for they are a truth-loving people. The other services of the day were held in Hope chapel, which was full to tea and public meeting. Several addresses were delivered by the ministerial brethren present, including Mr. Anderson. The pastor presided.

JOHN YOUNG.
FRED HANKS.

KNOWL HILL.—On Wednesday, June 28th, the anniversary services of this cause were held, Mr. Hetherington, of Chobham, preached an excellent sermon in the afternoon, from (Rev. vi. 2.) A numerous company sat down to a good tea kindly provided by the friends. In the evening, Mr. Pearce of Reading gave an earnest and instructive discourse from (Esther v. 3.) "What is thy request?" Through the mercy of our God we were privileged to have a thorough good day. Many friends came to bid us "God speed" from Reading, Henley, Maidenhead, &c. We desire to be thankful and bless the name of the Lord.

E. P. BROWN.

LANDPORT.—The elder Mr. Hammond has gone to his rest, having reached the 90th year of his life; which was a long, honourable, experimental, and truly Gospel life. His son Alfred has written a precious memoir of his patriarchal father, a memoir we wish every sceptic could read, for it is a living, and dying demonstration of the grace of CHRIST in the soul. After wading through depths of soul-trouble, we believe A. Hammond now speaks at the Clarendon rooms on Monday evenings.

SAXMUNDHAM.—Mr. Rayment is doing his utmost to be useful here. He preaches in chapel three times on Sundays, in open air after that, in three villages besides, gives lectures on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and holds Bible class Fridays. Few ministers could endure such incessant labour.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—**DEAR SIR.**—It is eight months since our minister was last amongst us; during which time he has suffered extremely, not only in body, but in mind. During July, on each Sabbath, we have been favoured with a letter from Mr. Wells, which has been read from the platform: the three first were specially descriptive of the "bitterness of soul" he had been the subject of; he has been deeply and sorely exercised as to his interest: truly, "God moves in a mysterious way;" we cannot see the reason for this long affliction, but presently, "HE will make it plain." Many friends have expressed a desire to see these letters in the *Vessel*: but their length entirely precludes complying with such a wish. From the letter read on the 23rd, it would appear Mr. Wells feels deeply the privation of being separated from the saints at the house of prayer: it was a strong and persuasive scriptural argument not to forget the assembling of themselves together. Dictating his letter on a Sabbath evening, he says, "Oh, what would I have given to have been with you this evening—even if only on the doorstep." "No one can tell the distress, sorrow, and grief I feel, at being thus excluded." "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, how would I speed me to your midst." But his "harp is on the willows;" and he is even now sighing, Oh, how I weep when I remember Zion. It is hoped that this letter will be printed. In it, Mr. Wells states he is "*improving, though slowly.*" So that we are still hoping that he may again be in our midst. We have been well supplied during July. Mr. Wale gave an excellent discourse from the words, "I am the God of Bethel." Then friend Edwards came to us with "comfortable words." Mr. Trotman, of Blackmore, was heard well by many; and so was Mr. Winslow, from Wadhurst. For two Sabbaths, friend Lambourne has been with us, with words of solemnity and truth. Thus we have kept together; the truth has been faithfully dispensed; and the church fed and nourished. R.

WOKINGHAM.—A little Bethel has been found for the Lord's flock in this town. Our blessed JESUS, by His SPIRIT, has consecrated the hearts of His people. Mr. Pearce, preaches occasionally on week evenings; but, if any faithful servant of Christ is passing, the friends would welcome him.—Address, Mr. Grey, Stone Sculptor, Rose street, Wokingham, Berks.

SPALDING.—Mr. D. Wilson, of Boston, preached here in Love Lane, Sunday, June 25th. We were glad to hear him speak of the precious things belonging to a sinner's salvation. [Ah! our good brother David was pulled out of the free-will net; and he has honourably and usefully verified that text:—He said, "they are *My people*—children that will not lie—so he was their *Saviour.*—Ed.]

THE LIFE OF A TRAVELLER IN ZION.

MR. JOHN FOREMAN'S MINISTRY IN LONDON: — MR. JOHN BALDWIN'S
PASTORATES, &c.

[We very much enjoy memorials like the following: they are pure, powerful, and establishing to the souls of the Lord's people.—ED.]

THOUGHTS ON MY SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, JULY 18TH, 1871, BY
J. BALDWIN, BAPTIST MINISTER, OLD BUCKENHAM, NORFOLK,
(LATE OF SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK).

THESSE thoughts I hope may be made a blessing to some after my decease. I am at this time gradually declining in health, and expect shortly to be called home to my Father's house. I am not able to lay down in my bed, my health is so bad. But I am experiencing what the Psalmist said: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. I was born in the parish of Tunstall, in the county of Suffolk, July 18th, 1801. My parents were of the world, and loved the pleasures of the world; but that good man, Mr. John Thompson, of Gundisburgh, came into the villages preaching the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and my parents were among the first fruits of his ministry; they, with several others, were baptized and added to the church at Grundisburgh.

Afterwards a church was formed in the village; a chapel was built; and here I was brought up under the ministry of Mr. Daniel Wilson; but I do not recollect anything particular occurring respecting my state as a sinner before God until I was about twelve years of age, when a Mr. Pearce, an Independent minister of Debenham, was on a visit to some friends in the village. He was invited to preach one week day evening, and his text was from Rev. xx. 12. "And I saw the dead small and great stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works."

I shall never forget the feeling produced: my very hair seemed to stand upright on my head. Here I was led to see my state as a sinner before God, and the solemnity of the judgment day. I now determined to lead a new life, and to work out a righteousness acceptable to God. Being naturally of a cheerful turn of mind, and very fond of music and singing, I was led into gay company, and then away went my hopes of salvation. I was never happy in such society. Seven years passed away in sinning and repenting; once, almost in despair, I was tempted to commit suicide by hanging myself. When I was about nineteen years of age, I went to London, and obtained employment, and after a time was sent to Richmond to assist in building a Roman Catholic chapel. There I caught the small-pox, and had three sorts; the seven, eleven, and twenty-one day. Here I was stripped of my cobweb dress,

with all my sins brought before me, without hope, and without God in the world. But I was led to cry for mercy; the Lord heard me, and appeared to me in a vision, and spoke peace to my soul, and I sung.—

“Unclean, unclean, and full of sin,
From first to last, O Lord, I've been;
Deceitful is my heart.
Guilt presses down my burdened soul,
But Jesus can the waves control,
And bid my fears depart.”

I then sunk into an unconscious state for more than a week, and once they thought I was dead. After I revived, I had so much joy and peace I wanted everybody to join with me in singing praises to God. This continued about six weeks, and I thought I should never have anything to annoy me any more; but afterwards a great darkness set in upon my soul, and I began to think it was a delusion after all. I have learnt since that the people of God only are the subjects of these changes.

On the second day of January following 1822, I married my present wife, who is both lame with rheumatism and nearly blind at this time. We were both born and brought up in the same village; we went to school together; we sat in the singing pew together in the chapel, and were both called by grace nearly at the same time; and were both baptized together, and never had any other acquaintance, and should we be spared till next second day of January, we shall have been married fifty years. We have had seven sons; but the Lord has taken them all to himself. We settled down in London, and the first minister we sat under was Mr. Jonathan George, of Shouldham-street, Bryanstone-square. Afterwards we sat under Mr. John Keeble, at Blandford-street chapel for about three years; then he died; the church divided; part of them took some rooms in Edward-place, Seymour-place, and Mr. Cattel, from Cambridgeshire, preached to them for several months. Under his ministry my wife and myself went before the church, and were accepted; but we were disappointed. The church divided again, and the minister left, and only thirty-six members were left; a new chapel was being erected (the present Mount Zion); Mr. John Foreman accepted the pastorate. The chapel was opened on January 1st, 1827, and my wife and myself were the first two baptized in that chapel by Mr. Foreman in May, 1827. Here we continued members fifteen years; we saw many changes, but the members increased to three hundred during that time.

I have a letter of dismissal written by Mr. Foreman, which I think would be of service to thousands of the people of God if published in some of our periodicals, giving an account of the rise and progress of that church during the first fifteen years. During this time the Sabbath-school was established by myself, the late Mr. Robert Sears, and others, which has been a great blessing. Also the Infant Friend's Society, of which my wife was one of the committee from the commencement.

My mind was exercised very much about the ministry for several years; but I felt myself unfit for such a work. I prayed scores of times to the Lord to take away the thought of it. Sometimes I spoke at a prayer meeting, and at other times in the school-room, and for

about two years I went out supplying pulpits destitute of ministers. Woolwich, Hayes, Waltham Abbey, &c. I was then appointed to preach before the church and congregation one week-day evening on probation. This was a great trial to stand up in Mr. Foreman's pulpit before about five hundred people; but the Lord helped me. My text was,—“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?” Rom. viii. 35. It was well received and I was accepted. I was recommended to the Baptist church at Elsworth, in Cambridgeshire, where the late Mr. John Corbett was a deacon. I preached my first sermon on my birthday, July 18th, 1841. The Lord blessed my labours in the conversion of many precious souls, and increased the congregation. We built two new galleries, and cleared off a debt on the chapel. I was publicly ordained in 1842. Mr. Thornley, Mr. Murrell, and Mr. Foreman preached the sermons. But there was one man who was opposed to my settlement from the first, and I never had any real comfort through his unchristian conduct; the fact is, he wanted the pulpit himself. The consequence was, after five years' pastorate, I gave three months' notice to leave, to the grief of many dear friends. I would say that the man who had been my opponent some years after confessed his fault, and we became great friends; and although he never occupied that pulpit, he became a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, and was made very useful to many churches in this kingdom, and died happy in the Lord.

After supplying various churches for some months, Tunstall, Ipswich, Gravesend, and so forth, I settled down at Bury St. Edmund's; but, after four years, I considered my work was done, and amongst the number I baptized there, was the aged mother of my dear wife. She was left a widow and came to live with us, and under my ministry was savingly brought out of bondage into Gospel liberty, and was baptized in the seventy-sixth year of her age, and it may truly be said she went on her way rejoicing until she reached the age of eighty-seven, and then peacefully died, and was buried at Cransford.

After leaving Bury, I accepted the pastorate at Cransford, where I continued eleven years, and thought to have ended my days there; but my health failed me, and my work was hard in village preaching. The Lord added a goodly number of souls to the church. After experiencing many joys and sorrows during that period, I left. After resting a while, I accepted the pastorate of the little church at Saxmundham. Success attended the ministry; the chapel was purchased and put in trust. My complaint (asthma and dropsy) increased. After five years, I resigned the pastorate, never intending again to accept of another. But when the summer time came, I revived again, and was invited to preach one Sabbath at Old Buckenham, in Norfolk, and the change of air was beneficial and the word was blessed. I continued preaching for three years, until I was scarcely able to get to the chapel, and had often to be led home, and I preached my last sermon on July 30th, 1870. The text was,—“Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.” Heb. xiii. 8. And from that day to this, I have been gradually sinking, not able to lay down in bed, and get but very little sleep: and now I am waiting until my change come, depending upon the faithfulness of God in the fulfilment of his promises in the future.

I have not strength nor space to tell you of my many failings; but the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sins; nor the many peculiar

interpositions of Divine Providences in my wilderness journey. It would fill a volume. Nor of the enemies I have had to contend with; many of them were those on whom I most relied, and whom I made my bosom friends; many would have consumed the little bush, but the angel of the Lord was there. One thing I can say, I never hurt an hair of the head of one of my enemies, but have fed and clothed some when they have been in distress. I kept to the word of the old book: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord." I could relate some fearful circumstances that have attended some of them. But I leave them until the judgment shall sit, and the books shall be opened. "Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not."

I am yours truly,

J. BALDWIN.

A PROCLAMATION OF GOD'S JUDGEMENTS ON THE SHEPHERDS OF ISRAEL.

"They watch for your souls as they that must *give* account." Heb. xiii.

"Long lines of saints are looking down,
A white robed host are they—
Our fathers in the faith—they lived
To light an evil day.
By Grace we follow in the track
Of those who've gone before;
When life is passed, again we'll meet,
On the ETERNAL shore."

WE had been visiting the fatherless, and the widow, and was hastening onward to other work, when a gentle voice called us to come to a public meeting, that evening to be holden close by. We declined the honour; but promised to give the following note as introductory to an exposition of the thirty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel's prophecy. Before the throne of God, we feel we could say, we solemnly sympathized with those who inly wept over the fact, that one aged saint, while standing on the edge of the grave, could, in spirit, reflect upon the weakness of another once valiant warrior, now lying on the battlefield, wounded and weeping. How profoundly mysterious are the divisions of Reuben! That all-glorious prayer which JESUS poured out of his heart before he went into the garden *seems* to lay in ruins now. Where on this fallen earth can you see the two chief desires of that prayer *answered*? (First,) "The glory which thou gavest me, I have given them, that they may be One, *even* as WE ARE ONE?" Then, this—

(Secondly,) "That they all may be One, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee; that they also may be ONE IN US: THAT THE WORLD MAY BELIEVE THAT THOU HAST SENT ME?"

Surely, there will be a day when "the World" shall see the Bride—the Lamb's wife—brought unto the KING in the robes he has for her prepared! Yes! brethren, that day must come; and then, in the full blaze of OUR MEDIATOR'S GLORY, losing sight of all the present infirmities of the best of men, we shall be prepared to sing:—

“ The King of Saints—how fair his face.
 Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
 HE COMES! With blessings from above,
 And wins the Church by his own love.
 At his right hand, our eyes behold
 THE QUEEN! Array'd in purest gold:
 The world (?) admires her heav'nly dress;
 Her Robe of Joy—Her righteousness.

* * * *

O, happy hour, when thou shalt rise
 To his fair palace in the skies;
 And all thy sons—(a num'rous train),
 Each like a prince in glory reign.”

Then comes the chorus in which all the Johns and Jameses; all the Samuels and the Thomases, with all the rest in that day will unite:—

“ Let endless honours crown his head;
 Let every age his praises spread;
 While we with cheerful songs approve,
 The condescensions of his love!”
 Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!!

“Simon Peter” made us promise most faithfully that we would give the following note as a kind of door-way which is to open into a careful exposition of the thirty-fourth of Ezekiel's prophecy; for “Simon Peter” thinks the day is come, when the Shepherds of Israel must be required to read over the terms of their commission; and their failures of its fulfilment. We entered into the covenant; and here give “Simon Peter's first inatalment.”

The fifty-second anniversary of Mr. Moyle's Baptist Chapel, in Rye Lane, was holden Tuesday, August 8, 1871. Some of us looked back upon the many happy anniversary days in Rye Lane, when crowds filled the courts; when the Gospel in power and preciousness was preached unto us. As a church and people, we have much to be thankful for now. Our venerable pastor, Mr. Moyle is spared, and still comes to us with living messages from the Lord. Few pastors have been more comfortably and honourably maintained in their office, in their work, in the affections of their people, and in usefulness than has Mr George Moyle, a man of God, ripening for “the home of his Father,” in the still purer kingdoms of inconceivable glory. This year Mr. John Foreman came up in the morning, and preached a sermon on Salvation which we heard gratefully. A long and untiring life in the Gospel ministry has been meted out to the pastor of Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset square: his ministerial jubilee has long since passed away: four-score of years has he seen in this sinful world: and, still, he ascends the pulpit; reads the Word: offers prayer; and preaches his sermon with propriety and ease. Oh, how some of us wished we could see the Word going forth with divine power, turning proud hearts into holy and humble ones; in the manifestation of a Christ-like, a loving, forgiving, and soul-seeking spirit: but we must believe the Word of the Lord shall have free course—and run—and be glorified; although at this time, in our section of the church, so much perplexes tender hearts. Some men have been all their lives long, so great and so good, that they can look with contempt upon others, who, as Job said, they would “disdain to set with the dogs of their flock,” and by indirect sentences, can so cut at their brethren as deeply to wound those who are “grieved for the afflictions of Joseph; and who abhor the supposed “excellency of Jacob.” (Amos vi.) The thirty-fourth of Ezekiel's prophecy contains awful woes against the Shepherds who feed themselves: the ALMIGHTY LORD GOD makes a proclamation which all the professed ministers of Christ should read with much self examination—“Thus saith the Lord God, Be-

hold, I, even I, will judge between the fat cattle and between the lean cattle : " the ancient version hath it thus : " between the sheep which are strong, and the sheep which are weak : " but, of this in next chapter.

Mr. Samuel Collins, of Grundisburg, delivered the afternoon sermon at Rye Lane, with much clearness and deliberation. " Dwelling in love, was his theme : and nothing could be more suitable for Rye Lane Baptist Chapel : here pastor and people ; deacons and members ; Mr. Superintendent Congrove and his juvenile band, all dwell together, and work on in love.

" There of the *largest* men in the Strict Baptist Churches are here to-day," said " Silent Silverpen."

" Indeed ! " said his neighbour in the pew — " WHO ARE THEY ? "

" Three they are — look at them : three, finer specimens of Natures moulding you will not see at every anniversary. There is Mr. John Foreman, Mr. Samuel Collins, and Mr. Thomas Stringer."

The Commemorative Services of the day closed by a public meeting, over which T. M. WHITTAKER, Esq., of Blackheath, presided with all that Christian complacency, and manly bearing, which ever renders his chairmanship so pleasant to the people.

We cannot now give all that " Simon Peter " sends of the evening speeches. We must not *promise* them, if we curtailed them Peter would be offended. If we give them as written by him, the doctors would be offended. We pause.

KILLED, AND MADE ALIVE.

THE EXPERIMENTAL TESTIMONY OF BROTHER JOSEPH TAYLOR, OF SHEFFIELD.

A WARNING FOR WESLEYANS, AND A WORD FOR ALL WHO HONESTLY SEEK THE TRUE WAY TO GOD.

THE dealings of our God with his own people are often (for a time) wrapped up in mystery. His hand is with them to do them good, even in times of chastisement. I know it. I have proved it. The tree is purged, that it may bring forth more fruit. Wounded, that it may be healed of its sinful sores. The soul well taught by God rejoiceth in tribulation also. What, though the flesh be crucified, if but the spirit be saved in the day of God ! Happy man ! Happy people, who through much tribulation enter the kingdom, having their robes washed in the blood of the Lamb. He scourgeth every son that he receiveth. The paths in which he leads his people are often beset with briars and thorns to the fleshly man ; but with them there springeth up joy ; for light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. The good Shepherd knoweth his sheep ; he followeth them ; speaketh to them ; calleth them ; far away in error, they hear, and know his voice : his shadow lighteth upon their spirit : they are troubled ; their eyes become enlightened ; their bowels are turned within them, for his love is sweeter than wine. They yearn—they follow. " Come," saith he ; and he leadeth them : " draw me, and I will run after thee." Oh, how strong, how delightful, how strange, are his constrainings.

Thus hath the hand of my God been upon *me* from my youth, that he might bring me into his chambers. I have great joy ; I have great

sorrow ; I boast ; I am dumb ; the Lord hath done it. Why, for so many years, were my eyes closed to the true knowledge of his ways ? Why have I not beheld his glorious grace ? Why was I born and brought up a Pharisee ? “ Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight ; ” that thy grace might be the more manifest in me, and the more exemplified in his own time. “ Come, ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.” The humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. He hath loved me, therefore hath he drawn me ; vexed me ; cast me down ; broken, crossed, defeated me ; disappointed all my earthly hopes and plans. (“ The council of the Lord that shall stand, and that for me is best : ”) he hath stained the glory of my youthful pride by discovering my foolishness unto me ; he hath overturned my confidences ; curbed my spirit by the words of his mouth, and hath shown me the utter vanity of zeal without knowledge. In my life he hath stood to contend with me ; and my thigh is broken. I spoke of freedom, but felt I was in bondage ; talked of liberty, but wondered what it really was ; boasted of God, but found it not in me. I strove for CHRIST, that my own glory might be enhanced by his, for I was taught, if possible, to outshine and surpass my brethren, that my salvation and reward might be great. Hence, at times, the sin that was in me wrought all manner of deception, by provoking me to unnatural zeal, and an *envious strife* to save souls. I laboured hard, partly for Christ, partly for myself, that I might rise in the estimation of my brethren ; for, throughout Methodism, he who can command the greatest zeal and eloquence, or, he who can bring most to the Communion rails, &c., becomes popular, and is fearfully idolized by the people.

Blessed be God ! although ambitious and sanguine, and withal faithful in the utterances of Arminian teachings, my way yet was hedged up by an unseen hand. Do I bless God for this ? Yes ! for what I knew not then, God hath shewn unto me now. Time after time my hopes bloomed to be disappointed ; friends surrounded me, and would have lifted me higher. Thrice have I been proposed as a candidate for their ministry ; but again and again, have I slipped out of their hands. For many years I laboured, and was respected, as a tract distributor, a representative, a Sunday School teacher, a superintendent, a trustee, a class leader, and local preacher, besides many other positions held among them. Nevertheless, in all these positions I had a *strange feeling*, which at that time I could never account for. I felt as one dwelling alone in the midst of them. I had a secret relish for spiritual conversation ; but I was continually depressed with the apparent want of this in those around me ; and happy was I when I found one who instead of being fond of spending time in cracking jokes, &c., was disposed to converse on heavenly things. I was *with* them, yet seemed not to be *of* them. As sure as an influential friend took me up, an enemy lifted up his heel—all I did prospered *not*. ’Twas mine to build, that it might be overthrown. I planted, the Lord plucked up ; until bruised, sick at heart, and weary of vain glorious strife, my spirit cried out for something better.

Taking a leading part amongst them, it was my painful experience to be mixed up with so much litigation, strife, division, and discord. that I felt something to be radically wrong ; not only *in my own*

experience, but in a church so much divided against itself, as the Methodist bodies are. In the bitterness of my soul I fled to my closet, and with strong crying and tears, besought the Lord to show me the right way.

Many years ago, even before I knew that such a people as the Baptists were upon the earth, I was convinced, from reading the New Testament alone, that adult believer's baptism was the true and Scriptural way; and upon further light, some years after, was baptized.

To return to my agony. I prayed, I groaned out my heavy burden of trouble before God. Out of love with myself and everybody; unsettled, confused, dissatisfied, and unsuccessful in all my most *dearly cherished hopes and aspirations*, full of frailties and imperfections, and ashamed to come into the presence of my God, because of my sinfulness, I was almost driven to my wits end. *Then did he who was asleep in the ship, arise; he rebuked the winds and the waves. Providentially*, I met with brother Johnson, who being disposed to spiritual conversation, and well instructed in the Truth, brought me to a stand upon the teachings of the Word. I soon perceived that there was more importance attached to these things, *than ever I had seen or supposed*. At this time, my mind being caught and perplexed, and my pride so abased by the Lord's dealings with me in temporal and spiritual things, I was ready as a little child to receive his teaching, and to sacrifice all things for *the rest of faith* I so much needed. I greedily read and devoured all I could find upon these things. One by one my objections and difficulties were cleared away. I met with that precious work of *Elisha Cole's*, which so took hold of my own experiences, and somehow became so *savoury* to my soul, that it was as precious water to my thirsty heart. I searched the Scriptures from end to end, to see if these things were so. Light beamed in upon me—until one day, sitting in my own home, buried in meditation, *and alone*, a flood of light came over me. I saw, I wondered, I was astonished, I rejoiced, I had passed the mark: the assurance was given unto me; I knew, I felt, that God had heard my cry, and that he had REVEALED HIS CHRIST unto me, having laid my sins upon him from the foundation of the world. I saw that *faith was the gift of God, the pledge of mercy to them upon whom he would show mercy*, of justification in Christ, of redemption through his blood, and the forgiveness of all sin, laid upon him and punished in him, according to the riches of his grace, and the revelation of himself in his eternal purpose, saving men not according to their own will or works, but according to his own mercy, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. I saw that all good works were the fruit of his mighty working in the soul. That he first made the creature *new, bsinging the bones together, then* clothing them with skin and flesh.

May it ever be mine to adore him, to show forth the praises of him that hath called me out of darkness into his marvellous light—he hath put it into my heart to declare his salvation: I am poor, I am blind, I am naked, I am ignorant. I live, *yet not I*, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live is a life of faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me. God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross; yea, doubtless, and I count all things as

dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord.

I conclude this letter with three requests to all my brethren in Christ everywhere: 1. In behalf of the head of the body, the church, I request every member, as they have received the Lord Jesus, so also to walk in him. 2ndly. In behalf of the body, I request that they submit one to another, and all to the Lord Jesus and his apostles, in matters of doctrine and ordinances. 3rdly, and lastly, I request an interest in their continual prayers, that as God hath chosen this weak thing, despised and nothing, he may use it to confound the mighty, and to bring to nought the things which are.

I remain, one determined to know nothing amongst men, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified,

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

Sheffield, June, 1871.

THE INSTRUMENTAL PLANTER OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT MILTON, KENT.

[We thank Mr. Axford for sending us this interesting memoir of a good man.—Ed.]

SAMUEL JENNER died in Geneva, State of New York, America, on Sunday, May 28, 1871. Mr. Samuel Jenner was in the 76th year of his age. Most of the following particulars have been furnished me by his surviving relatives, with the request that I forward them to Mr. Banks, for publication in *Earthen Vessel*, which he has for many years received through me. I have many times received such tidings from him and of him, that I have every reason to believe he has been taken home to be with Jesus,

“ Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.”

Mr. Jenner was a native of Hollingbourn, Kent, England; but in early manhood moved to Milton, in the same county, where he established himself in business, and by his moral and upright character gained the confidence of his fellow townsmen and neighbours. About the year 1825, he was led, through the instrumentality of a friend, to attend Independent Chapel, Milton: where the gracious Lord met with him; bringing him to a knowledge of himself; taking him from the ruins of the fall; and establishing his feet upon the Rock, Christ Jesus; that Rock, against which the whole artillery of hell can never prevail. Taught by the blessed Spirit, and sustained by an Almighty arm, he remained on that firm foundation until he was taken to the mansion prepared for him before time began.

After uniting with the Independents, being very zealous for the honour of him whose cause he felt it a privilege to espouse, he began more dilligently to search the Word, and found that Believer's baptism was revealed there, and was the truest exposition of the death, burial, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was also led to see more clearly the doctrine of salvation through free and sovereign grace by Christ alone; and made known his views to others. From that time he,

with two or three who agreed with him, went generally to hear at a Baptist cause, at Chatham. Here he found friends, and preaching in accordance with his views of truth; and was immersed in conformity to the divine command.

When the number of friends to a free-grace Gospel at Milton had reached to a little over a dozen, he proposed that they form a Baptist church, which was done, he being chosen a deacon; which office he filled well. They met for worship in an "upper room," but the congregation and membership so increased, that the place soon became too strait for them. Having a storehouse adjoining his house of business, in 1830, he rebuilt and fitted it up as a chapel; and truly, it may be said, the Lord was there, to own and bless the labours of our esteemed friend and brother; making him a man of sterling worth to the church, instrumentally lifting up the weak hands, and confirming feeble knees, pouring in the oil of consolation to the sin-sick soul where needed: so that it may be said of him, he was a "father in Israel."

In 1840 he lost his beloved wife, which was (as many of the Lord's loved ones know) a heavy blow. Through the many trying circumstances he was called to experience,

"Midst changing scenes,
And dying friends,"

he was ever found the same untiring, persevering, and zealous servant of the Lord: and by grace divine he was enabled to say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Early in the year 1850, he, with his five, beloved, and loving daughters, left England for the United States of America, and settled in the city of Albany, State of New York. Soon after this, he became a subscriber to me for *The Earthen Vessel* and *Gospel Standard*, and continued such until the time of his decease. In a few short years, the ravages of time, together with much arduous labour, told materially on his otherwise iron frame. In addition to an asthma, slowly, but surely increasing upon him, an abscess formed in his side, which was of such a painful nature as almost to deprive him of life; but he was kept, through grace, calm and resigned, remarking as he slowly recovered, in the language of the poet,—

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

Finding he was the subject of such deep affliction, and advanced in years, he threw himself entirely into the hands of his family, depending upon them for the very many and constant attentions he so much needed, and which they ever cheerfully accorded to him. In 1864, he retired to the residence of one of his sons-in-law, in Geneva, New York State; where after seven years of sunshine and shadow, joys and sorrows, light and dark seasons of experience: at one time enjoying the illuminating influences of the Sun of Righteousness upon his soul, at others awaiting with anxious care, the time when his gracious Redeemer should take him home to himself, he fell asleep at the time before stated.

The Lord, in covenant love, has wisely ordered that some of his dear family shall pass through seas of affliction in this time state, doubtless, to take away their dross and tin; that, under the influence of his sanctifying grace, their light might shine more brightly in the furnace fires; receiving with gratitude all mercies vouchsafed to them as so many tokens of his divine faithfulness. Unpopular in the world, they neither

strive nor wish for its applause ; knowing that fellowship with the Father, and the Son, by the powerful operation of the blessed Spirit, is worth more than all this world can bestow.

When our departed friend and brother Jenner was taken with his late sickness, he expressed himself that it would be his last, and rejoiced that the time was so near for him to quit this earthly tabernacle for that building, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. He was often heard repeating some portion of Scripture ; especially the 103rd Psalm, and on one occasion, he exclaimed with much warmth, " Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ? "

Owing to the extremely painful nature of the disease, his physician was compelled to resort to narcotics ; nevertheless, in his sufferings, his thoughts were upward, and though, from the effect of the means used, his friends were, no doubt, deprived from beholding a most triumphant manifestation of the power of divine grace to sustain in the article of death, they rejoice in the hope that he is now in the presence of his dear Redeemer.

May the Lord bless the bereaved family of our departed brother, and prepare them to meet him in peace.

JOHN AXFORD.

New York, July 7, 1871.

WHOSE TURN WILL IT BE NEXT ?

" In a moment — in the twinkling of an eye."

DR. H. P. LIDDON'S Sermon on the death of the late Dean — Dr. Mansell, has been published by Mrs. Paul, in "*The Penny Pulpit*," at her offices in Chapter House Court.

It is of no very great consequence as to where a Christian lives ; nor, whether death take a long or a short time in which to do its work : the one grand thing is to be so eternally, so spiritually, so manifestly united to Christ, that neither things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able, to separate us from the love of God, which is in CHRIST JESUS our LORD."

Dr. Liddon declares the late Dean was " a downright Christian." While as an intellectual giant he could wrestle with the strongest forms of modern unbelief, he knelt with a child's humble faith at the feet of the CRUCIFIED, that he might be washed in that blood which has redeemed."

Charles Haddon Spurgeon said, (in his sermon, " Bought with a Price,") " I am asked sometimes to read an heretical book : if (he adds) I believed my reading it would help its refutation, I might do it as a hard matter of duty ; but I shall not do it unless I see some good will come from it. I am not going to drag my spirit through a ditch for the sake of having it washed afterwards ; for it is not my own."

We are of the same mind with Mr. Spurgeon. We greatly rejoice in this, that we know the truth ; and it has made us free from all desire to speculate with any of the new fangled heresies, or delusions now spreading. To us, the two-fold privilege, which Moses saw belonged to

Jacob, and to all his spiritual posterity — (Deut. xxxii. 9 — 12.) — is excellent and decisive : —

“ So the Lord ALONE did lead him :
And there was no strange god with him.”

To the genuine New Testament family, Free-will, Open Communion, and other modern inventions are all strange gods : but we are not with them ; they are not with us.

Nevertheless, an able metaphysician — one who can grapple with all the forms of thought — with all the subtleness, with which Satan is now mightily working to mystify, yea, to murder the truth by stifling it between the soft and delicate pillows of Ritualism, Spiritualism, Rationalism, Abstract Mentalism, and so on, — a man of God, a man of mental and intellectual power, like Dean Mansel — whose powers of thought were marvellous — such a man is of immense use ; and his researches and testimonies ; his labours of the brain ; his written conclusions from controversies most severe — will prove to be illuminated beacons to guide the enquiring minds of many, for generations and ages yet to come, when the influence of the popular preacher may for ever have passed away !

The old proverb is oftentimes painfully realized — “ The emptiest minds can speak the easiest.” Dr. Mansell was no great public orator ; but his brain was sanctified and consecrated to the higher service of his Master ; and Canon Liddon’s biography proves clearly that the spirit, the labour, the whole life of the late Dean, was one strongly in unison with him who said, “ I must work the works of him that sent me while it is yet day : the night cometh when no man can work.” (John ix. 4.)

Brethren in Christ, let us appeal to your best feelings : are you prepared to answer three questions which the words of Jesus suggest : 1. Has the ALMIGHTY GOD sent me to work in his vineyard ? 2. Am I doing THE work which he HAS assigned to me ? 3. Am I zealously and honestly pursuing THAT work, solemnly believing the night will soon come, when my work will cease here for ever ? ”

Against our National Church, and many of our clergy, strong prejudices must exist : but no pure mind can read Canon Liddon’s sermon for his departed Dean, without realizing a soul-elevating pleasure. Dean Mansell has been misunderstood. Canon Liddon explains the work, and defends the character of his deceased friend, in a spirit highly commendable. Speaking of Dean Mansell’s very sudden death, the preacher said : —

Only last Sunday he took his part in the morning and evening service of the Church. He was, they say, particularly cheerful. At this very hour, one short week ago he was, to all appearance, in even more than his usual health ; and there was no strain upon him which, humanly speaking, was likely to disturb it. He retired to rest after making arrangements for coming to town by an early train on Monday morning. ONE SHORT MINUTE AND ALL WAS OVER. There was no time for anything that could be called a death struggle. Death must have been instantaneous. A blood-vessel had given way at the base of the brain. There was a single sigh and he had passed away.

We dwell on the physical side of these things — on the premonitory symptoms and constitutional tendencies, on the probabilities, as we deem

them of this or that issue in particular cases. We are wise after the event, no doubt. In truth we know little about it. We do well to turn from the outward and the physical to that which does not meet the eye. Death is not the extinction merely of an animal consciousness: it is the passage of an undying, indestructible spirit from one sphere of being to another; and a sudden death brings before us very vividly the nearness of the eternal world. A sudden death reminds us of the true terms of the tenure by which we hold to this our earthly existence. We are but tenants-at-will, and our Master at any moment may see fit to dispossess us — to summon us from one state of consciousness in which we are still face to face with familiar countenances, familiar objects, the associations of a lifetime, to another, in which we gaze for the first time (oh, most strange, most awful vision!) upon the realities beyond the veil — the face of God, the majesty of his blessed Son, the beings who surround his throne, the eternal destinies of men on this side and on that.

The late Dean of St. Paul's death, although sudden, was — I dare to say it — not a surprise. It would almost seem as if one of those shadows of the yet unfaced future which we deem a presentiment, and by which sometimes the All-merciful sometimes prepares his creatures for the approaching crisis of their destiny, had already fallen across his soul. Certain it is that he was constantly dwelling on the thought of death. After the very last funeral which took place within the walls of this Cathedral one short month ago, when the wife of his honoured predecessor was laid by her husband's side, his words on returning to the vestry after performing the service were, "Whose turn will it be next?" He had given particular directions for the disposal of his property, and for his burial place. He habitually conditioned his intentions and wishes about the future with such phrases as, "If God should spare my life" — "If I should live." He on one very recent occasion expressed the opinion that a sudden death might be a most merciful and blessed means of passing from this world. He looked at death constantly, earnestly, with calmness, for, thinker as he was, he was a down-right Christian."

"Then, let our songs abound, and every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, to fairer worlds on high."

MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE'S SUCCESSOR:

RECOGNITION OF PASTOR DANIEL ALLEN, AT SYDNEY.

LARGE and influential assemblies were holden in Sydney last June, publicly to recognize Mr. Daniel Allen as pastor of the church meeting in the Baptist Chapel, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Our first section of the packet sent us, will be the following letter, which reveals a most honourable course in seeking for a good minister of Christ, as pastor over a destitute Church. We shall all highly esteem Mr. Seth Cottam for his careful and Christian procedure; and watch most anxiously the steady stream of prosperity which we are persuaded such a union will be favoured to enjoy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL: —

DEAR SIR, Your readers will be glad to receive intelligence respecting

the cause in this city, since they manifested sympathy for it in such a practical way during our late pastor's visit to England in 1867 — We had tea and public meeting in Castlereagh Street Chapel on the 31st of May for the purpose of recognizing Mr. Daniel Allen to the pastorate of the church. A good number of friends sat down to tea ; after which, public meeting was held ; and the following is a condensed statement of the circumstances that led to the call of brother Allen to the pastorate, as stated by the Chairman at the opening of the proceedings. I also forward you, along with this, brother Allen's address in reply. — Yours truly, in Christian bonds,

SETH COTTAM.

MR. SETH COTTAM, as Chairman, said,

Christian friends, the object for which this meeting has been called is, that of recognizing in a public manner the call, (by the unanimous voice of the church worshipping here,) of Mr. Daniel Allen to the pastorate ; and as it will no doubt be a matter of surprise to those of our friends present that are not connected with the church or congregation, that we have only *now* called him to the pastorate — knowing that he has been ministering unto us in the holy things of God, for upwards of twelve months — it devolves upon me to give you a brief account of the circumstances that led to the call of Mr. Allen to the pastorate of the church : you will then see that the delay has not been on the part of the church, but in accordance with Mr. Allen's own desire.

We first became acquainted with Mr. Allen in a very casual way : one of the *then* deacons of the church, received information from a person in Melbourne, (who was aware of our late pastor's intended visit to England,) that there was a Mr. Allen in that city, a thorough *free-grace* man, the pastor of a church, who, he thought would be very likely to render us some material assistance during Mr. McCure's absence, and advising us to send him an invitation for a month, as he was quite sure that Mr. Allen was a man that we should like very much. Accordingly, acting upon this suggestion, shortly after Mr. McCure's departure in 1867, we sent an invitation to him to come and supply our pulpit for one month ; that invitation he accepted, and came. I am happy to say, we found him to be *all* and *more* than report had said of him. So thoroughly satisfied were the people with him, and he with the people, that he remained with us *two* months. Again at the close of the following year, we ventured to send him a second invitation to assist us for a few weeks ; and after some difficulty with his people in Melbourne, he obtained leave of absence for *four weeks only*, so that we had the benefit of his services a second time ; and when he returned to Melbourne on that occasion we had not the remotest idea that we should so soon afterward be called upon to seek another pastor. But I will not now speak of those painfully afflictive circumstances, which ultimately led our late beloved pastor, Mr. McCure, to resign his office, and return to England, as I am sure they are only too well, and sorrowfully remembered by you. Suffice it for the present to say, that after much suffering, both in mind and body, and strong pleadings with God at the throne of Grace, he felt there was no other course open to him but to resign : accordingly he gave in his letter of resignation to the deacons, in the early part of July, 1869, and after acquainting the church with that fact, no further action was taken in the matter, until three or four months

afterwards, in order that Mr. McCure might have an opportunity of re-considering his position, and of re-calling his resignation, if he could see his way clear to do so, before it was submitted to the church for acceptance, or otherwise.

In the mean time, the question that actuated the minds of the people was, Who can we get in Mr. McCure's place? And many were the enquiries made of the deacons as to the probability of getting Mr. Allen. But though we felt that it would be very desirable to get Mr. Allen, as the minds of the church and congregation were so unanimously directed towards him, we could not hold out any hope to them in that direction, as Mr. Allen had been the settled pastor of his church for upwards of seventeen years; and they had twice refused to receive his resignation: besides, we thought there would be great difficulty in removing him from his residence at Kew.

However, a few weeks previous to our calling the church together to consider the matter, a report reached us that Mr. Allen had resigned his pastorate, and gone to Launceston, in Tasmania, to supply the church there for three months. And just about this time, I had occasion to pay a visit to Smithfield, for the purpose of following the remains of a dear Christian friend, (the late Mr. Betts,) to his last resting place, and while in the grave-yard, I entered into conversation with our brother Hicks, (of Kissing Point) with reference to the difficulties of our position. And he said, Well, if Mr. McCure really does leave you, you must get Mr. Allen, he is the man for Sydney, and I have reason to believe that his heart is there. I replied, But the great difficulty would be, his removing from Kew. He answered, That might be, yet, notwithstanding, I am fully convinced that he is the man to fill Mr. McCure's place; for I have thought a great deal over this matter, even since Mrs. McCure's death; and I can clearly trace the hand of God gradually opening the way for bringing Mr. Allen to Sydney.

Well, dear friends after leaving our brother Hicks, and turning the matter over in my own mind, I resolved upon writing at once to Mr. Allen on the subject, which I did; and in my letter I submitted the following questions, requesting him to favour me with an answer to them as early as possible:—

1st. Have you resigned your pastorate at Melbourne?

2nd. If so, Is your present engagement at Launceston, in view of the Pastorate there?

3rd. If not, Have you any other arrangements in view at the termination of your present one?

4th. If not, Is there any difficulty in the way of your removal from Kew, in the event of your receiving a unanimous call from this church?

5th. Would you like to come to Sydney?

I will read you his answers to those questions, in the order in which they were submitted, from which you will see how entirely he desired to be passive in the hands of God, and to pursue whatever course it might be his will to command.

⁶In reply to your questions, I have only to state, —

1st. I *have* resigned my pastorate at Melbourne in favour of Mr. Bassett, who is blest to the people of my former charge.

2nd. My engagement with the church in Launceston is for three

months, now near expired, and they now wish me to become pastor, but I have thought it best to wait six months, leaving it quite open to the church and myself for the Lord to lead us, as to whether I become the pastor, or not.

3rd. Should I not become the pastor of the church in Launceston, I have other opportunities, but not at all engaged or decided: wishing to lay passive in the hands of my God, "And know no will but his."

4th. There will be no difficulty in my removal from Kew, when it shall be the Lord's holy will that I should do so: the Lord has only to command me where to go, and I will leave *all* to obey *him*, and by his grace, go through floods and flames to do his holy will.

5th. And lastly, I would like to come to Sydney, if it would please my Lord and God to shew me that it was his heavenly will; and put out to me his dear hand and lead me to you, but without this I am afraid to come, I dare not. Thus without *promise* or *pledge* I cast myself and you at the feet of our Lord, before the throne of his divine Sovereignty, and say "Lord, do with us as shall seem good in thy sight." If you, as a Church, desire me for a little shepherd, all you have to do is to make it right with the *Great Chief Shepherd*, and if he will appoint me to you, I will come like a young *roe* over the mountains and waters between us.

Well, shortly after receiving this letter from Mr. Allen, the church was called together to take into consideration Mr. McCure's letter of resignation, when, with a general expression of sorrow, it was accepted; and the Secretary was directed by the church to communicate with Mr. Allen to come and supply our pulpit for twelve months with a view to the pastorate; and in order to explain this request of the church, I will read to you another paragraph in his letter to me. He says,

"Should the Lord so dispose of things, and order me to come to you, I should then like to be with you six or twelve months before I remove my family to you. It is a much more solemn thing to become the pastor of a church than many think, and I am not disposed to enter upon that relationship under twelve months trial of the people, and the people of me."

Well, a considerable amount of correspondence, (both by letter and telegram,) passed between Mr. Allen and the Deacons of this church on the subject, which finally resulted in his acceptance of the call of the church, subject to the conditions which I have just read to you. Accordingly he arrived in Sydney, and commenced his twelve month's probation on the 15th of May last year. Shortly after, a tea and public meeting was held to welcome him to Sydney; on which occasion it was my privilege to read, on behalf of the church, an address of welcome; and with your permission, I will refer to, and read you the closing sentence of that address, which is as follows:—

"And now dear brother, though your present engagement with us is but a probationary one, with a view to the pastorate, in accordance with your own desire: yet, we trust that at the expiration of your probation, that the bonds of Christian love will unite us still closer in the relationship of pastor and people: and will earnestly pray that those bonds may each succeeding year become stronger and stronger, until the time comes, when the Great Head of the Church, shall say unto you, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy

Lord." But, we will hope, if it be the will of God, that that time may be far distant, and that you may be privileged to reap a rich harvest of souls, in *this* the new sphere of your labours."

Now, I can truly say that I speak the mind of the church, with reference to the hope there expressed—"that the bonds of love may unite us stronger and stronger each succeeding year"—is fully realized at the close of *this* the *first* year of our union; that we love Mr. Allen more fervently now than twelve months ago, which was thoroughly manifested on the evening of the twenty-sixth of last month, the evening appointed for the election, or otherwise of Mr. Allen to the pastorate. The number of bona-fide members of the church is eighty one, but seventy-four ballot papers only were issued, the remainder being beyond our reach, by temporary absence, some in England, and some in the distant interior; and of the seventy-four issued sixty-eight was given in on the evening of election: and on opening the ballot-papers, there were sixty-seven "yea's" and one neutral, which Mr. Allen says belongs to his wife.

Thus, dear friends, Mr. Allen's call could not be more unanimous; and which call we are justified in considering, that you do, by your presence here to-night, recognize and approve. And as regards the prosperity of the church, I am glad to be enabled to say that during the past twelve months there has been added to the church eighteen new members, thirteen by baptism, and five from other churches; and during the past few months the congregation has steadily increased. And as regards our finances, although our accounts have not as yet been balanced, I believe I shall be correct in stating, that our receipts during the past year will fully cover our expenditure. I will not further occupy your time, as there are many ministers and other friends here present to address you in reply to your kind recognition of his call.

[Mr. Allen's reply is a singularly weighty one: we shall give it when we can.]

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE,

OWNED AND ADORED IN THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF J. J. KIDDLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE prosperity that attended my preaching the two first years I was at Ruxton, made me somewhat popular. I preached in all the villages round on week-nights, after the duties of the day, and *oftentimes* returned home, drenched in rain. Kept School all the week: preached three times on a Sunday, and four nights in the week while in a delicate state of health. Many of these villagers had never heard the Gospel before I carried it to them. They were blind, vicious persecutors. By some I was looked upon, and spoken of as a "False Prophet" and "Deceiver of the people." By others, as "the Agent of Satan to lead astray." Was designated a "Methodist," and that name was then *most odious*. These villagers were destitute of education and religion, slaves of their taskmasters, *the farmers*. They appeared little above the mere animal. They ate, they drank, they worked, they slept, they

lived, they died ; but they had no knowledge of God, the Bible, or salvation.

The rude ignorance and destitution of these villagers led them to a variety of persecutions, endorsed by the Parson, the Squire, and the Farmer. It was necessary to license every cottage we occupied in preaching the Gospel ; and even then were stoned, and pelted with rotten eggs, doors fastened to prevent getting out, etc. etc. The village parson of the English Church held fast the masses, and encouraged persecution to keep Nonconformists out: nevertheless, in every place, God called some of the most notorious out of darkness into Gospel light. It pleased God to give me the organs of compassion and combativeness ; and while my heart bled for the darkness and misery of the people, God enabled me to endure hardness, and "fight the good fight of faith," himself giving the victory ; for when the rough persecutors saw they could not drive me out, they ceased, and treated me with respect.

For three years after I became the Independent minister at Ruxton, I worked hard by day in my school, preached at night, and visited the sick ; read and studied in the morning from five to eight: had four children: salary for my ministry, £40 a year. This endowment prohibited collections, and the usual efforts to add to the salary. I had many handsome presents in money, clothing, and books, by ladies, who were my principal supporters. The aged uncle of the young people before referred to, sent me three tons of coals: another a sack of flour, and a farmer, to acknowledge the good he had received, presented me with £10. These unexpected presents were always sent at times of need. They deeply impressed my mind with the minute care of divine providence over the creature chosen and called by Free and Sovereign grace, and gratitude to God burned on the altar of my heart as a fire. Any act of kindness, however small, has the tendency of producing in me inexpressible gratitude and ready forgiveness of *any injury*. My love of self-approbation, self-esteem, and combattiveness need daily checking, and the Lord has hung around me such dead weights, that make me sigh, and groan, and cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me? But he has never left me to want needful things. He has had to keep guard over me and keep me, for I am beset around with snares."

Early in the year 1836, I was brought low by afflictions. The following quotation from my diary will show the powerful strokes of providence, and the sustaining efficacy of grace. "The laborious work I am engaged in has for some time told on my feeble frame. A violent cold, taken from night exposures, to heavy rains and cold, have brought me to think my end draweth near. It is a time of serious examination — a time of weighing in the balances — a time of weaning, and a time of soul prostration. I have a wife and *dear* children: I have a loving church and many friends: I have a good school and respectable standing; all, perhaps, to be parted with by "putting off this my tabernacle."

To the end of the year I continued to get weaker and weaker, and was in bed the last three days. A meeting was appointed to be held in my school room the last night in the year. I sent to ask a brother to come and preach for me. The people assembled and filled the room,

but no preacher came. At 9 o'clock my wife came upstairs, and said, "The room is full of people, and no preacher come." I cried to God for help; rose and dressed myself, and crept into the room, and commenced the meeting. A few prayed, and I preached with great liberty and amazing strength. The next morning I felt almost in health again, and for some days after.

The new year opened upon my soul with radiant brightness, and satisfactory assurance that "as far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed my transgressions from me." My proud heart was laid low, and the creature thirstings in the flesh were quenched by the conquerings of divine grace. Physical strength increased with spiritual revivings, that made me feel resigned to anything the Lord saw fit to lay upon me: but little did I think death was so near my house. On the nineteenth of February, after a few days illness, my only son, six years old, died, telling his governess, "I am going to be with Jesus." And on the 15th of March following, my second daughter, also, died. These strokes plainly shew me why the Lord gave such sweet resignation to his will that enabled me so truly to say, "Thy will be done."

These solemn strokes of death, were soon followed by a renewed attack of illness that baffled medical skill, and they advised me to relinquish my school duties, and only preach occasionally. After an anxious struggle for three months longer I was led to yield to the advice, and took a farm of 150 acres in the neighbourhood, beautifully situated, where I had rest for my lungs, and more healthy exercise, holding still my pastorate, and preaching once on a Sunday.

Entered upon the farm Feb., 1838. Had to borrow a sum of money, not having enough to stock and crop it myself; and this soon became a burden to me. "My school, my ministry, and my affectionate people had kept me out of debt and difficulties. I had all needful comforts, but in one particular. In one thing I made a grievous mistake, and was like the one who went into the fields to gather herbs, and found a wild vine: gathered a lapful of them: shred them into the pot of potage, and then cried out, There is death in the pot." This one thing is a bitter herb that spoils all; a dead weight that crushed all my happiness, but cannot kill it. Many know I have a thorn in the flesh, and render me double sympathy. I was supplied during my affliction with all the luxuries my female friends could contrive; and with abundance of wine by the males, on which, for some time, I existed. My medical attendant said, "Unless some great change took place I could not live three months."

A physician kindly called on me one day, and advised regulation of diet, and total abstinence from all alcoholic beverages, with out-door exercise. He said, Your lungs are sound, but you have over-taxed your strength. I adopted the advice, and in a few months felt much better. On the twenty-eighth of June, (the Coronation day of Queen Victoria,) the Lord gave me another daughter, which I named Victoria.

I held the farm five years, and continued my ministrations; but was never happy as I was before. The cares of business in the field, the market, and many other ways produced barrenness of soul. Twice was I elected guardian of the parish; and in many ways I was elevated in society, and especially in agricultural meetings. Two years passed comfortably in the world, and I was restored to health: but the real

enjoyment of religion degenerated into a cold form. At length my determination was to give up preaching, and often for a time got supplies. This grieved and scattered the people. At length the Lord opened my eyes and quickened me by a series of losses and trials. My crops were blighted: stock died; and the friend I had borrowed the money of demanded payment: I was in trouble. Providence smote me, and grace humbled me before God. I groaned, and wept, and sought a father's forgiveness for months. I found mercy. I owed £30, and had no means to pay. Then I felt anxious to pay—cried unto God like Gideon, Give me this sum if thou hast restored me to the joys of thy salvation. Two old friends who knew my trouble; but unsolicited, came to my help; one by sending £20, and the other £10. After this I gave up the farm, paid all, and returned to God's work. Exaltation in the world made my soul barren, and God, my Father, chastised his disobedient Jonah.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Churches—Broad, High and Low, in "What are we to Believe?" clearly tells every honest mind that shadows are now covering over all the substantial principles of "the faith once delivered unto the saints." For forty years we have, in different ways, expounded, and laboured to defend THE TRUTH, "the good old paths:" we have never deviated; and we have always strove hard to PROVE that God's revealed will is the only truth, the only original and safe LIGHT in this dark world; and that JEHOVAH'S divine purposes are unfolded, accomplished, and confirmed, by his works of Providence. Every man is a living and walking illustration and confirmation of some part of the Word of God. We contend for FACTS. We must beg of every friend we have in the world, to aid us more than ever in our efforts to maintain every particle, every principle, every practical ordinance, and every precept of the Gospel. All sorts of churches and creeds are rising. "In the name of our Lord we will set up our banners." May the Lord still give the people to KNOW HIM. Amen.

Address by Pastor Daniel Allen to the Baptist Church in Sydney, &c.—Lee and Ross, Sydney. Mr. Allen is not simply a preacher of the Gospel: he is a laborious and intelligent author. No less than a dozen or fourteen of his works are announced on the cover of this address; and some of these appear, from their descriptive titles, to be works greatly required at this momentous

crisis, when the Christianity of the Bible, the authenticity of the Scriptures, the main pillars of the Gospel, the essentials of the church's experience, the genuine Protestantism of the Reformation, and every other fundamental and solid, holy, and heavenly doctrine, is rapidly becoming covered over with the showy and shallow theories of a fashionable ceremonialism, a modern liberalism, and a semi-infidelity, which boldly sets us all at defiance. We believe Mr. Allen to be a man of considerable erudition; a man firmly fixed upon the eternal principles of God's revealed will; a man boldly defending the whole truth; and a man that evidently fears God above many: and all this we shall be able to prove.

Prophetic News, &c.—Our old friend, Mr. Angus, has succeeded in producing a penny monthly paper under this heading. Its editor and publisher, is Mr. G. J. Stevenson, of 54, Paternoster Row. The second number contains some seasonable and powerful papers. The glorious second advent of Zion's KING has been a sacred and pleasing theme with us for more than thirty years; but, we could never find any sympathy—or, very little indeed. Still, we are certain that a Scriptural consideration of that which will be the most gigantic event the world ever saw, the believing expectation of that "blessed hope" (the results of which will shake the world, terrify the lost, and bring all the glories of heaven to view: the holy anticipa-

tion of, and the gracious meetness for that dispensation) will yield us more consolation and strength, than all the possessions this world can give.

Scottish Covenanters—A most expressive and life-like picture of *Covenanters' Preaching* is given in *Old Jonathan* for August. In their covenants they pledged themselves to resist all changes in their religion. We require such covenants now. To our good ministers of Christ, to our devoted deacons and elders, to all who love the LORD in honesty and reality, we say, let us hold meetings to proclaim the eternal principles of God's revealed religion, and to pledge ourselves, by the grace of God, never to admit of any change, either in doctrines, ordinances, or essential experiences of the truth. Who will help to inaugurate the first assembly? Let us call it, *The New Testament Covenant*. Where shall the first meeting be held?

Infant Sprinkling, and *The Immersion of Believers*, as controverted points, are fiercely opposed, in the cited histories of Mr. Goadby's No. 5 of *Bye-Paths in Baptist History*. How many years has the mode, meaning, and mystery of baptism, been a source of contention with professing Christians. After all, it is one of those deep things the Spirit of God alone can reveal. The text may be received or rejected by men without any grace: but to "discern" the mind of Christ in the metaphor, is a privilege enjoyed only by those taught of the Spirit.

Charles Voysey's Lectures on the Bible—We have sorrow over the fact that any respectable house can lend themselves to publish a work of this description. A review is out of the question: but a critical note or two may be given. When we consider the blindness of man in the fall; when we remember that without the Spirit of God no man can know the things of God, we shall cease to wonder at such productions as these.

Filled with Joy at the Wonderful Love of God. Such was "Jane Walker's" state when the Lord appeared for her: her little memoir is a precious "Bank of Faith," which clearly witnesseth unto the truth of that word, "The righteous cry, and the LORD heareth; and delivereth them out of all their troubles." Poor saints, who, in the Lord confide, shall his salvation see, in many, many ways.

The Night Cometh—Dr. H. P. Liddon's funeral sermon on the death of the late Dean Mansell, is published by J. Paul, Chapter House court. Dean Mansell was a quiet, humble, yet powerfully minded man. He was a penetrating thinker in theology from a boy. We believe he had overstrained the brain: his death was instantaneous. Dr. Liddon's "Funeral Sermon" for the Dean is delicately fine in beautiful and truthful sentiment. We have much enjoyed it.

Matrimony—Mr. W. House, pastor of Baptist church, Maldon, Essex, has been requested still to issue his poem on the union of believers. Pastor House is a quaint poet; but the advice he gives, if followed, would prevent many a sulky fit, many a sorrowful hour. For a few stamps, William House, of Maldon, Essex, will send his poem on *Matrimony*.

Ye Must be Born Again—A penny tract by B. Baker, of Barham, near Canterbury, Kent: published by R. Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. The sword placed at the east end of the garden of Eden, turned every way; so this pointed arrow is made to meet the sinner, let him be where or what he may. Only let this tract be well scattered amongst the sons of men; let the Spirit of the Lord accompany its solemn truths to the heart, and the good it may produce, no one here can estimate. We are glad one of the Sturry pastors has come forth with an effort from the press.

The Conservator—An Antiquarian magazine, edited and published by Samuel Palmer, of Catherine Street, Strand. Mr. Samuel Palmer (a son of the late Ebenezer Palmer, so many years a divinity bookseller in Paternoster row) is one of the most singular men in the world, as a connoisseur in rare, ancient, and curious old books. He will be quite in his glory in editing *The Conservator*.

The Spirit of the Martyrs is one of many thorough papers of useful literature in *Our Own Fireside* for August.

JAMES BAINHAM, a gentleman of birth and learning, by profession a lawyer of the Middle Temple, suffered at the stake in 1532. So highly was this chosen vessel favoured in his last moments, that when his legs and arms were half consumed by the flames, he addressed the spectators in these memorable words:—"O ye Papists! ye look for miracles. Here ye may see a miracle; for in this fire I feel no more pain than if I were on a bed of down. It is to me a bed of roses."

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

OUR AUSTRALIAN CHURCHES.

[We wish to devote some space to communications from our churches in the Colonies as frequently as possible. This month we give a portion of much already on hand. We trust all our churches in all the Colonies will regularly correspond with us; and that our brethren the pastors and deacons of the churches in those colonies, will use their influence to extend our circulation. It must be evident to them all, that no publication in existence doth so fully represent the English Strict Baptist Churches as *The Earthen Vessel* is favoured to do. We wish as fully to represent our sister churches in the colonies—ED.]

To the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel*:

My dear Brother—It is possible you may have forgotten me in my associations with the departed Mr. John Corbitt, at Manchester, or our conversation in his parlour upon the great and blessed doctrine of justification, but when I tell you that I have been a constant subscriber and reader of the *Vessel* from its first appearance on the waters of tribulation, perhaps you will find room for the following letter, addressed to the church in George street, Collingwood, Melbourne, by our beloved pastor; which evidently speaks of furnace work, and which may, under the blessing of Jehovah the Holy Ghost, prove a word of consolation to some of the poor tried, bereaved, and tempted, of the living family; and be as a cry from the ends of the earth, (Psalm cxi. 2.).—I am, My dear Brother,

Faithfully yours in Christ Jesus,

I. F. MATTHEWS.

45, Lawson street, Melbourne, Australia.
April 22nd, 1871.

FLAMES OUT OF THE FURNACE.

Beloved Brethren in a precious Christ, May grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ be multiplied unto you. Again the Lord in his wisdom and love has seen fit to lead me in a path of sore trial: not afflicting me in my body, but in my family. It was my intention to be present with you this morning; and I had been specially favoured with some sweet views of the glorious resurrection of our precious Christ, the great Head of the Church: but now my Easter day has been turned into mourning and sorrow. Another of my dear children has been taken away by the stroke of death, after a very brief, but painful illness; and I feel my poor heart is broken with sorrow; and my feelings so agitated, that I could not venture to speak, for utterance seems choked. Although I had been watching for the departure of the little one; expecting it every hour since yesterday morning; yet, I was so mercifully supported by

my covenant-keeping God, that I felt I could come amongst you; but, when the little thread of life was snapped asunder in the afternoon, an overwhelming weight of sorrow, and a horror of great darkness came upon me, and mine eyes have been a fountain of tears. Some, perhaps, might think that it is unmanly of me thus to sorrow; but my Jesus wept over the death of an earthly friend: and when I consider—when I look back upon the path of trial along which I have been led during the past two years; the furnace work, the purging, the sifting and the pruning, I feel amazed that so weak and frail a thing as I am (even an earthen vessel) should be able thus to endure. But, glory be to a Triune Jehovah, though he has driven me as a leaf to and fro, he hath preserved me from sinking, his grace has been sufficient for me, and his hands have upheld me.

I have indeed been taught the great truth of Jehovah's sovereignty. The dear child over which my heart now grieves, seemed to me to be sent in love, to heal the former wound; when that which was most dear was taken away: but now he is removed: and my heart feels sometimes inclined to ask, Why is this, dear Lord? And these words sent me by a beloved brother, when I was last tried with bereavement, have been very sweetly sealed upon my soul, and are now constantly in my thought:

He gives and he takes, and makes no mistakes,

Whatever may be the amount:

Nor have we a right, however he smite,

To ask him to give an account.

I hear a voice now saying, "Be still, and know that I am God." But I find it no easy thing to be still, though such is my desire, and earnest prayer. However, I am now bowed down beneath the stroke, and brought with humility to confess, "Thy judgements, thy dealings, O Lord, are a great deep." I cannot fathom them, and my prayer is, that this bereavement may make me a better man, and a more devoted minister of the Cross of Christ. When Aaron lost his sons, he felt it most painfully, but he held his peace: and when poor Eli was bereaved, he was enabled to say, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." And I want to say the same, not merely with my lips, but with my heart. I look also at dear Job; how he was enabled to acquiesce in the will of God; and I long to say the same, feelingly: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." I am sure that I shall have the prayers of many of God's dear people, that I may be enabled to kiss the hand of my chastising Father. I do indeed feel, that there is more than enough need for this, and for every other cup of sorrow which the Lord hath given me to drink; and am assured that God, in very faithfulness, hath thus

visited me. I know I want bringing down ; I know that there is pride, and every evil thing lurking within me : yea, deeps of depravity which I cannot fathom ; and the knife must be used : my heavenly Father seeth it needful to chasten me, not for his pleasure, but for my profit ; that I may be made a partaker of his holiness : and yet methinks, even in this, he is preparing me for comforting the minds of others, with the comfort wherewith I myself am comforted of God : may it be so, and he shall have the glory. I know that the Lord's dear people are bidden to rejoice ; even more, "to count it all joy, when they fall into divers tribulations ;" but I find, and believe, that all who walk in the path of trial, find it almost an insurmountable difficulty to lose their own will, in the act of submission to the will of God. I know by past experience the truth of dear Toplady's words :

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

But in order to do this, I find that I want a word spoken home, and applied to my soul. Some would tell me that I ought to rest in the promises ; but, the truth is, I cannot, unless the Lord is pleased to open them up, and apply them ; and then I find them like cushions of love. Look for a moment at poor broken-hearted Mary in Joseph's garden : it would have been poor consolation, to have said to her, you ought to rest upon the promise of your Lord ; for he said, " I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." That would never have dried her tears, and given her the oil of joy for mourning : but see, when our dear Jesus spoke, though he did but utter one word, (Mary!) why her poor soul did leap within her, like the hart upon the mountains. You see it was a word applied, sealed home, spoken to her soul : and nothing can ever comfort any disconsolate mourner but a word or a promise sweetly applied. Little did I think, when I was speaking to you last week upon the Israel of God, — their trials and consolations, — that I should be called again to experience bereavement : but I do see now, that my gracious God in some measure prepared me for the trial, by leading my soul to the contemplation of that theme ; and though the sorrow of my heart is now stirred, yet I have found some sips of sweetness from those things of which I then endeavoured to speak. Oh, it is a dear mercy to know that there is no curse in my trial : that it is according to God's appointment and eternal decree : that it is not an ounce too heavy, but just the exact weight which was written down in the dear covenant which is ordered in all things, and sure. And I feel it a glorious mercy, while the Lord hath chastened me sore, he hath not given me over unto death, nor taken his Holy Spirit from me. The child was dear to me ; it helped to make home happy, after the other flower had been cut down : * but how brief its stay ; barely a year and a half, and the comfort

given me was withdrawn. But blessed be the Lord my portion is still untouched : " He never, takes away our all ; himself he gives us still. Dear David saith, " He maketh the clouds his chariot." And I do firmly believe that he intends to pay me a precious love visit, and that he will soon step out of his cloudy chariot, and make darkness light before me. " It is good for me that I have been afflicted," saith the same David saint ; and all the tried family shall, sooner or later, be able to add their hearty Amen to his statement. Oh, the rich blessedness of having a God to whom we can tell our troubles : a merciful and faithful High Priest, who is afflicted in all our afflictions ; who saith :

I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy
groans ;
For thou art most near me, my flesh and
my bones.
In all thy distresses, thy Head feels the
pain ;
Each stroke is most needful, but not one
is in vain.

And what a blessed hope our dear Lord hath given us, that he will soon wipe all tears from our eyes ; that he will come and receive us to himself, that where he is, there we may be also. I do feel deeply for the Lord's Zion, that I should be thus again and again called away from my work ; but I trust that the Shepherd of Israel will this day feed the flock himself : that the gracious Spirit will be pleased to take of the things of Christ and reveal them unto your hearts. And we shall see presently the blessed end of the Lord. We shall see the good which he will bring out of our trials, which trials are the fruit of his holy and spotless counsel. I hope speedily to resume my labours more fully ; though doubtless, when the one set of trials are completed, and my health is re-established, we shall still have something to try our faith. But this we must leave with our promise-performing God ; assured that he will put upon us no more than we are able to bear. May we, beloved, be by these things weaned from earth ; have our affections set upon things which are above, where Christ sitteth. In the midst of my sorrow, I shall not forget to plead with the Lord for you, that he will comfort the mourners ; save the afflicted from mourning and despair ; feed the hungry ; clothe the naked ; give eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, liberty to the captives, joy to the sad ; and bring down high looks ; humble proud hearts ; and lead poor broken-hearted sinners to the precious Saviour. My heart is full, so I conclude. Grace be with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. — I am, dear Brethren,

Yours affectionately in Jesus,
WILLIAM BRYANT.
Middle Crescent, Brighton.
April 9th, 1871.

" YE ARE CHRIST'S."

A FEW rough notes, like hedge-stakes, some weary travellers may find useful. The following little wild flowers, I pencilled as I strolled on from Rushden to Irchester, where I found deacon Lucas and bishop Fountain :

* A dear daughter that died, September 9, 1869.

and the three of us together talked of some of our little sisters; until the puffing steamer bade us say farewell.

July 31, 1871, at Irchester station, while waiting for the train to take me home, I muse a moment over the mercies of the past day, which was occupied in the following order; and as it was one of those days of freedom and peace in the Lord's service, I desire to put a note of it in my little bottle. It was rather late on Saturday evening when I reached home from Red Hill; hence, I found it impossible to travel that night to Rushden, where I had promised to preach. Very early yesterday morning, I was up; and committing all into the Lord's hand, I left home soon after six. The rain was pouring down: I had near seventy miles to travel: four services to engage in: and to get to London again as quick as possible. I am not happy travelling Sundays; but it is not easy to avoid it always. Reached Irchester soon after ten: through wind and wet, we pressed our way to Mr. Charles Drawbridge's chapel. They were singing in excellent full chorus. I was led to read the twelfth chapter of Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians. The moment I read those words, "I will come to visions and revelations of God"—this thought flew out, that is where multitudes, who assume the Christian name, never yet could come. Also, a sweet freedom took possession of my soul, when I read—"Visions and revelations OF THE LORD." These visions and revelations of the Lord are often so perfectly internal, and so instantaneous that no pen can write them; no pencil can portray them; no human tongue can tell them; no power in man can command them. Before I went to Rushden, three comprehensive scriptures were in my heart. One was touched a little: "YE ARE CHRIST'S." But I was not feelingly sufficient for it; but the words are of vital moment to us all; and if the Lord did speak them to my heart, and if through my mouth, the Spirit applied them to the hearts of any of the people, my secret prayer will have been answered. I desire other anxious souls might think on this assured expression: "Ye are Christ's." Therefore I will try and open a little on this, if I can another time. During all the services at Rushden, I was favoured with a precious enjoyment of Gospel liberty; and at the Lord's table there was peace and joy, without any sensational emotions, or undue efforts. Three sermons, and the ordinance, with all the readings and prayers, were, to me, sacred and soul-confirming.

Through the churches generally speaking, there is a "LOWNESS" and "LITTLENES" prevalent: as for instance, there is in the first place a large amount of dark grovelling which passes for experimental preaching. I would be ashamed to utter, write, or read, the awful things many men will dare to utter in the pulpit; and call it preaching the Gospel. Serious mistake. Then there is a lowness of sentiment: ministers will dare to presume publicly to tell all their hearers that they all may be saved there and then if they will. Do they mean to say, God's

sovereign will—Jesus Christ's finished work—and the Holy Ghost's omnipotent power in regeneration—all depend upon the WILL of the CREATURE? It is a perversion of the whole of the revealed mind of God; yet thousands upon thousands, hear, receive, and handsomely support this creature-power—this free-will ministry. Again, there is a lowness of intellect: a degrading tone of expression which damages the cause we espouse. We must believe that grand Scripture which the Lord gave his disciples, just as he left them, is true in all that are really called, saved, and sent into the ministry. Look at the words:—

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send in my Name, HE SHALL teach you ALL THINGS, And bring all things to your remembrance; whatsoever I have said unto you."

Now, can it be believed that the same Divine Teacher will teach one class of men the doctrines of eternal and unalterable Election; eternal and particular redemption; essential and effectual calling by the Holy Ghost?—and that the same Divine Spirit will teach another class of men to deny, to pervert, and even to pour contempt upon these great principles! Nay, that must not be admitted for one moment.

Where, then, are our professing churches drifting?

Is there not a flood of every kind of error coming in? Does not that flood swell higher and higher, and spread wider and wider? Is not nearly all Christendom being carried away with this flood? I cannot but deeply fear it is so. How delightful it is to be taken away from all this lowness and littleness, up into that high mountain, where, as on Pisgah's top, Paul stood, when to the church he said, "All are your's, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." For that high and holy day at Rushden, I desire to bless the Lord. As I left brother John Packwood's dwelling, this morning, and as I walked on slowly for nearly two miles, I said to myself, "I have been to Rushden, to prove that the Spirit of the Lord has not forsaken me. For a long time I have been sighing for a sight of the King in his beauty; and here, in some sense, I have enjoyed his spirit—realized his smile—and can praise his name.

Beneath a shady grove,
Where trees stand thick and high;
I climbed a sturdy hill,
I heaved a secret sigh.
And, as upon that hill I trod
My heart began to talk with God.
"Oh, my Father!
What a field of wonders
Is this great world of thine."

Viewing stretching hills and dales, Northampton's growing beauties engaged my thoughts in wondering admiration. I stand by hedge-rows, smelling nature's growing life. Glad, first, to catch a gentle breeze; then look once more to that hive of shoe-preparing bustle, where in Wellingborough, sits poor Drawbridge, in pensive sadness,

like a vessel stranded on a rock. His tongue has told the tales of Truth to many thousands, some of whom now grow like Cedars fair, on t'other side the river. 'Tis true, sometimes, as Satan rushed through Peter's mouth, so did Apollyon often try to dash poor Drawbridge to the ground, but the great High Priest of our profession will separate, even in Charles's ministry, the precious from the vile. And for all the good he's done, or meant to do, a blessed smile shall yet be given.

I must not commence now the mystery contained in those words: "YE ARE CHRIST'S." I only now, to all the broken-hearted say, "Rejoice with me," for I am seeking Zion's good; of all her friends I ask prayers for

C. W. B.

JUBILEE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, BOND STREET CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

History to the historical mind scarcely fails to prove a source of pleasure as well as instruction, more especially when there can honestly be traced that degree of progress so characteristic of the age in which we live; the rapid development of science with all its attendant advantages, proving the truth that God has given the earth to the children of men; under such consideration, the deepest gratitude should mark the anticipation that Sunday school instruction is not behind in truthful progress. The Sunday School, Salem chapel, Bond street, Brighton, having this year celebrated its jubilee, was formed in the year 1817, under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Goff; the books in September, 1818, shew the number of scholars to be 111 and teachers 12, under the superintendance of Mr. W. Sturgess until 1819, when he resigned; from that time it has undergone continual changes, consequent upon all the events of this ever fluctuating mortal life; during the pastorate of the late Rev. W. Savory, one of the most affectionate and earnest preachers that ever graced the Dissenter's pulpit in Brighton, whose anxious regard for the well-being of youth was exemplified in his ministrations, watching with an ever jealous care their interest for good and the dethronement of all that was evil; beneath whose spiritual influence the school flourished, and long enjoyed the appellation of "Premier" in Brighton, as an illustration of its position. I here endorse the following prose that was compiled by Mr. W. Whittemore in December, 1838, and repeated at the annual public tea-meeting, entitled:

THE TEACHERS.

There is no other school I'm sure,
That's so well off as we;
Who must indeed be quite secure,
With such a company

Of teachers so capable, earnest and kind,
And provided so well with the food for our mind;
Now if you'd be furnished with means for discerning
The resources they have to assist us in learning,
And for other good ends which will come into view,

Attend while their names are unfolded to you,
Ah! but first we should mention the sermons we hear,
When at chapel we each Sunday morning appear,
For while they are faithful and earnest and true,
What is much better still, they are Savory too,
Yet if our attention should happen to ebb,
We have music below from a spiderless *Webb*.
And now for all the teachers kind,
Who in spite of cold and raining,
You at their post of love may find,
To keep us all in right good training.

And as trouble will sometimes befall us you know,
We should always prepare for the season of woe;
If our roof should fall in tho' I wouldn't portend it,
We can easily get a good *Thatcher* to mend it;
While our teachers are earnestly guiding our youth,
We should draw all we can from the deep *Wells* of truth;
And as children we ought indeed much to rejoice,
When hearing the prayers which come forth from a *Voice*.
Two friends they assert are much better than one,

When we are anxiously seeking for counsel,
And the truth we confirm for amongst us are known

Two teachers whose names are both *Honoursell*.
But the sagest advice can they need it at all,
Since grief and perplexities seldom befall,
For there's only one *Harris* among them as yet,
Tho' still when its absent they always regret;
And their energies seldom can meet with a damp,

Since they're never afflicted with more than one *Cram*,
But yet lest their chariot of love be impeded,
They've a *Wheeler* to see to repairs that are needed;

Next we name faithful *Stephen*, no martyr is he,
For if troubles should come he most wisely would flee,
And we must not forget among the ladies is

Lenny,
So punctually setting example to many,
Nor must we complain of a circumscribed bound,

When *Miles* in the school-room may often be found,
Although *Coveley* and *Osborne* and *Stocker* and *Turness*,

Who share in the toils and the heat of the furnace,
Won't rhymic well in verse, yet their praises remain,

And the hope that their labours will not be in vain;
If any ill-tempered ones railing look down
From the hill they call pride on our rooms in the town,

And endeavour to visit the school with affrights,
They are ready:—and some of the ladies are *Knights*,

They'd buckle on armour with good will we're sure,
And *French* would join with them the cause to secure;

We must not skip over the good teacher *Beal*,
Whom we hope will be found with a like stock of zeal;
If the girls ever slumber their kind teacher

Yates,
Bestows a soft touch on their innocent pates;
Now the last of the regular teachers will be
The girl's superintendent (and kind friend) *Mackie*;

But no I've forgotten and that have left out,
Without which you'd wander most oddly about,
Yet when its discovered you probably may,
Declare that we're not so well off as we say,
For when a man's foolish its oftentimes said,
Why his conduct betrays that the fellow's no
head.

Therefore we are somewhat ashamed to confess,
That among us we only one *Head* do possess.

And now there comes a little band,
Whom they assistants style,
Who gladly lend a helping hand
To share the teacher's toil.

Of the first we must say and our record is true,
He'd be only a *Child* if a giant he grew,
And tho' sticks are forbidden we're furnished
with knocks.

Since the girls often scream out oh! there's a
good *Box*;

Now as winter's upon us you won't think it
drole,
If they've ordered they hope a supply of good
Cole;

Then one of these teachers is *Godly* in name,
And we hope 't will be found she's in conduct
the same;

Then lastly there's *Durtnall, Clark, Hounsell,*
and *Gearing*,

All four in one line I've repeated them, fearing
To trespass too long on your valuable time,
If each one was placed in a separate rhyme;
So now having heard all their names I've to
tell.

Don't you think we shall easily do very well,
Yet the best arranged system is sometimes in
danger,

And misfortune may come where it seems quite
a stranger;

So with all their advantages if they should fail,
If our teachers their want of success should
hewail,

And should fancy that nothing was gained by
the school,

And should find all their patience and arduour
grow cool,

Good *Hope* will pop in with encouraging smile,
And they'll brighten up fast with new zest for
their toil;

Should they find out indeed that dry teaching
won't do,

That the children are stupid and indolent too,
Then they'll call in the aid of sweet singing to
pouir

Her enlivening charm o'er a wearisome hour,
For never can langour our senses enthrall

When we list to the musical strains of *Durtnall*;
And when we're in want we can always rely on
That friend to afford us a new song of Zion;
One teacher's omitted who can't well appear,
Since you all will allow and confirm that tis
clear,

Since all egotism should lay on the shelf,
That the poet can't very well talk of himself.

The number of children that have entered
the school during the past six years is about
600; the position of the school at present:
boys 121, girls 133; total 254. Teachers 24,
anticipating the divine promise:

He that oft in tears doth sow,
Shall surely reap the truth,
A blessing o'er his head shall flow
Who righteously guides youth.

Thine obliged,

HENRY COLE.

Milton road, Brighton.

THE BIBLE AND MODERN DIVINES.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PARSON
STRONG AND JOHN GREEN.

Parson Strong.

Good morning, neighbour Green, said Parson
Strong,

To read God's Word should suit both old and
young;

And all should read from Geneses to end;
I'm glad to find you thus engaged, my friend.

But these are days in which 'tis little used,
And then by many but to be abused;

To "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,"
To let the conscience bear its searching test;

To try each action by its holy rule,
Is to expose yourself to name of fool.

John Green.

Aye! aye! dear pastor, these are sorry days,
God's blessed book that used to be the praise

Of all good Protestants this country through,
Is but a by-word, and a proverb now.

They tell me pastor Strong, sure't can't be
true,

That parsons 'mong the rest can misconstrue
Its holy doctrines and its precepts too?

Parson Strong.

John Green, if you'll believe me, these are
days,

That from the dead might our good fathers
raise,

Who shed their blood by rack, and fire, and
sword,

That they to us might give God's Holy Word:
To them each sacred page was made most
dear,

And ev'ry sentence bore the impress clear,
Of inspiration from the Holy One,

As certain as the rising of the sun.
But now in pulpits and on platforms broad,

Discussions rise about the Word of God;
Some say it is his word, some say 'tis not,

Some say 'tis so in part, but not the lot;
Each doctrine's called in question in its turn,

Till real believers feel their ears to burn.
These Doctor Wiseheads tell us all at once,

That ev'ry learned father was a dunce;
Or they'd have seen, as now is made most
plain,

That doctrines are but fancies of the brain:
The Fall's a myth we're told; at most a fable,

That Paradise ne'er was, nor Cain nor Abel;
The Pentateuch's a lie, it can't be true,

It contradicts our *reason*, and our *feelings*
too.

Moses and Aaron were but crack-brained
men,

That never ought to've used their ink or pen.
And as to Job, poor soul, he never lived!

His book is but a parable, believed
By none but madmen, such as roundheads
were;

And puritans, whose names to some are dear.
Eternal punishment must not be named,

To think thereon, men ought to be ashamed,
To preach it, is to be by all men blamed.

The Atonement, was by man ne'er needed,
And what is said thereon, should not be
heeded;

For God to shed the blood of his dear Son,
Is charged as murder on the Holy One.

John Green.

Stop! stop! good pastor Strong, yourself
explain!

You never mean to tell me these are men
Who pass for Christians and for teachers too,
And stand in pulpits to address the pew?
Who take their text from Scripture's sacred
page!

It can't be sure, in this *enlightened age!*
This nineteenth century of which we boast!
If 'tis so, surely we may count the cost.

Parson Strong.

'Tis true, John Green, nor is this all I tell,
Though painful 'tis on such sad things to
dwell;

For sure there's not a truth in all God's
Word,

That's not by learned doctors now ignored.
The Trinity—Regeneration too.

Are themes and dogmas far remote from
now;

Suited for ages past, but men of mind,—
And men of learning, must leave these be-
hind;

And onward speed at Railway's rapid pace,
Nor with such things their 'nlightened minds
disgrace.

John Green.

Once more I ask your pardon, honoured sir,
But from this point I cannot let you stir,
Till you explain who these sad teachers are;
What are their names? What creed do they
profess?

They can't be many; sure the honoured
Press

Don't stain its pages with such things as
these?

Sure Editors denounce such blasphemies!

Parson Strong.

Ah John! I fear you too old-fashioned are,
You read that book that's so unpopular,
And that alone, or you would wiser be,
But "ignorance is bliss," I now can see.
Would God ten thousands more were wise as
you,

Though of the world you very little know;
The Christian world and world profane are
both,

But outside worlds to you of little worth.
The men are legion, John, and can't be told,
Nor are their numbers kept within one fold;
Churchmen, Dissenters too, of many names,
Are sending forth these foul, these hellish
streams;

And tens of thousands drink and drink again,
And say, "These are the things for rat'nal
men."

But as to creed, John, they are bold to tell,
They have no creed at all, and that's the
spell;

"Creedsmen," say they, "are bigots one and
all,

Away with creeds, and let us, great and
small—

Unite to crush the whole fanatic race,
And from the earth their memory efface.

Let's have a Bible too, that'll suit each mind,
A Bible that with love will all entwine,
Good men and bad may surely all come in,
For not to love all men is *the great sin.*

So to revise the Book let's all be one,
Church and Dissent 'twill be such glorious
fun;

The Western church and Eastern, all may
join,

And Unitarians too, we'll all combine,
With learning deep, and craft sublime."

John Green.

But stop again, good parson Strong, I pray,
Satirical you never sure can be,
On things so solemn and so awful too!
Sure parson Strong, this never can be you?

Parson Strong.

I must admit my words are rather *strong*,
But that's my name, so pardon if I'm wrong.
And sure you must be *green*, my dear friend
John,

For these things are not in a corner done,
And I much wonder you have not them
known.

Still these are truths, and painful though
they be,

Should all be known by such as you and me,
Though many say, "'Tis best to keep them
back,

And pass them by for our dear children's
sake;

To speak about them is to make them
known,

'Tis far more loving to let them alone;
To preach, but not contend, be your en-
deavour,

Be meek, be mild, be kind to all, and ever."
So be it John, if truth be not at stake,

And more, if they will not my Bible take;
Or strip it of its ev'ry glorious theme,
That makes Salvation more than a mere
name;

Or touch the glory of my loving Lord,
Whose name in heaven and earth must be
adored.

But when these are at stake, let sword be
drawn,

That two-edged sword of truth, nor mercy
shown,

To friend or foe, professor or profane,
Church or Dissent of any sect or name;

Let every "valiant man of Israel" rise,
Lift up his voice, and rend the vaulted skies

Of heaven with earnest prayer, till God make
bare

His holy arm, to save his people dear.
Let Israel's armies look forth as the morn,

Shoulder to shoulder stand as one strong
man,

All armed with Gospel panoply so stroug,
With silver trumpet roll the sound along,

That *certain sound* that makes the sinner
quake,

And satan's kingdom to its centre shake;
Unfurl the Gospel banner, lift it high,

Spread it from shore to shore, from earth to
sky;

Till truth's triumphant, and the Church
ouce more

Shake off her dust, and from the ashes soar,
On wings of faith mount up and up again!
To all of which John gave a loud "Amen."

W. FLACK.

Salem, Wilton-square.

NORTH BRIXTON TABERNACLE.

This newly erected sanctuary was opened at the end of July. Its position in Russell-street, between those two immense thoroughfares—the Clapham and the Brixton roads—must secure for it a large attendance so long as the Gospel is faithfully and consistently proclaimed. New ground has been taken. The friends who have gone forward in this enterprize deserve the help of all our churches. We went as early as possible to the services on the Tuesday: the absence of all the neighbouring ministers surprised us. Why cannot all our ministers and churches unite on such occasions to take all monetary burdens off from those who have ventured to build a house in the name of the Lord? When the North of England people open new places, they hold Special Services for a month, at least: thereby, the new sanctuary is well made known, and much help is afforded. Mr. E. P. Brown, of Reading, (a young and zealous minister) has written for us the following: as he was present at all the services on the Tuesday.

Many of our readers remember that in our June number we gave a report of services held on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of North Brixton Tabernacle: those services were successful and cheering. We have now the privilege of recording a few particulars in connection with the opening of the above chapel. On Sunday, July 30, sermons were preached by Mr. Cornwell, and Mr. B. B. Wale. The congregations and collections were encouraging. On Tuesday afternoon, August 1, we wended our way to the Tabernacle, and arrived just in time to hear brother Anderson preach a sound, experimental, Gospel sermon from Hebrews. Tea was well served by the ladies and friends. The evening service was presided over by our much esteemed and beloved brother, Mr. E. Butt. The large audience was addressed by Mr. Steed, in a much animated speech: then came a well timed address from our brother, C. W. Banks; he said, it was a lamentable fact, that a large number of ministers delighted in carnal and coarse expressions in the pulpit: Christ must be preached experimentally but not the creature: Christ's Gospel must be practised, and held before men as the sum and substance of our faith. Mr. Anderson fellowed with a few remarks on the love of Christ in calling us brethren. The report of the Building Committee was then read by Mr. Wilkins, in place of Mr. Brindle, (who was unavoidably absent through indisposition.) Mr. Butt then congratulated them on having raised so neat and commodious a structure, where God's glory would be sought in the proclamation of the Gospel. The plate was handed round; and the Chairmau set a noble example, by giving £5 in addition to the £5 given by him at the laying of the

stone. A pithy speech was then given by our earnest brother Warren, of Plumstead. The meeting having been somewhat prolonged, Mr. Cornwell said a few words, and the meeting was brought to a close by singing the Doxology. A vote of thanks was heartily accorded Mr. Butt for his kindness in presiding. . . We hope for many days to remember with grateful feelings these interesting and edifying services.

PIMLICO.—Wednesday, August 2, a very solemn service was held in Mr. Hall's chapel (kindly lent to the church at Rehoboth, Pimlico), when Mr. John Bunyan McCure baptized five disciples: he chose for his text, "And Jesus came, and spoke unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I command you, and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen." Having spoken upon the authority of Christ, he enlarged upon the command: first, to preach the Gospel, then to baptize those who were made disciples by teaching: viz., the teaching of the Holy Ghost, through the instrumentality of preaching the Gospel. The sermon was listened to with great attention; at the close of which, Mr. McCure immersed five believers in the name of the Holy Trinity. The ordinance was administered in a most orderly and Scriptural manner; many said they believed the Lord was in the midst of his people.

BOW.—Mr. W. H. Lee, pastor of the church meeting in Mount Zion, Albert terrace, Bow, baptized four believers in July, in the Cave, Stepney, kindly lent for the occasion. We are thankful Mr. Lee's ministry is gathering, and establishing. We hope he will soon have a new and larger place.

"O, HOLY, BLESSED, AND GLORIOUS TRINITY."

TUNE: HART'S.

FATHER, on thy Word I rest,
And would put it to the test;
Hast thou not declared to me,
"As my day my strength shall be."
Jesus, once thy precious blood
Barrier to thy mercy stood;
Now I know 'twas shed for me,
I urge thy blood as Mefcy's plea.
Spirit of the living God,
Be thy sceptre as thy rod;
Bring my soul in harmony,
With the love of Christ to me.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Grant me what I need the most;
If with this I am supplied,
Nought I need will be denied.

ROBERTUS.

Totteridge Park.

OUR EVANGELIZING CURATES.

NO. VII.

"Their calling, oh, how solemn, yet, how grand!

THE GOSPEL they are going forth to preach!
Christ's love to magnify, all round the land;
His mercy to all kinds of folk to teach."

Before us, on our table, lays a handsome *carte*: quite an interesting picture; fairly representing Benjamin Woodrow, a member of the Baptist church at Penzance; but removed to fill a useful post in our large metropolis. He has been a preacher in the Cornish villages; and all our churches will be glad to hear how affectionately, and with what decision, Benjamin can speak of "the Beloved of the Lord." Brethren Edwin Langford, now of Downham road chapel, Dalston; Z. Turner, of Poplar; Robert Bardens, of Hayes; and others beside ourselves, have long known and respected Benjamin Woodrow. A zealous young farmer's son, named J. S. Elliot, a real Devonshire, is also come to town, quite determined to tell of a Saviour's love wherever a door is opened. And our young friend, Mr. E. P. Brown, of Reading, is to be settled in the city of London: we believe every pulpit, where Bible truth, heart experience, and New Testament precepts are maintained, may be filled. "Frsh up from the country," too; some of them, almost in their first love; will render them acceptable (if the Lord bless) to some of the thirsty hills of Zion. Our respectable brother Joiner has visited old Love lane, Spalding, quite to the satisfaction even of those ripe and matured people. If we had the means we would send some good brethren to Spalding every Lord's day. The church there require new life, new power, new accessions, bad enough. The following note shows London has lost one of her old workers in the Initerant fields:

BROTHER BANKS.—Through the kind mercy of a gracious God, I have reached Manchester: here, I hope, with my family, to spend the remainder of my days. Fifty-one years have been spent in London; many of them in serving the churches of Christ in the surrounding districts. I am now in a strange place. Will you inform the churches I am in Manchester? I shall be happy to meet with, or serve any, destitute cause surrounding the district in which I reside. May Israel's God be with you, dear brother, and all the brethren and churches of Christ in London; and may this special Providence which has called me in my vocation of life, prove a marked blessing to me and mine, and the church of Christ, is the earnest prayer of yours, for Jesus' sake,

FREDERICK GREEN.

17, Runcorn street, Cornbrook road, Chester road, Manchester.

SPALDING.—Ebenezer chapel, Love lane. Special services were holden here first week in August, in aid of the chapel repairing funds—Lord's-day, August 6, three sermons were preached by Mr. Joiner, of London; listened to by attentive and appreciating audiences. Mr. Joiner is a man of truth; his subjects were well handled and impressively delivered. On Monday evening we had special prayer-meeting. Oh! for an out-pouring of the Holy Spirit! for an enlarged spirit of prayer in our churches. On Thursday and Friday Mr. C. W. Banks, of London, visited us; on Thursday he preached two excellent sermons in the chapel. May the Lord's people be enabled to ponder over those great truths. There was public tea meeting. On Friday evening, in the Assembly rooms, Mr. Banks delivered his lecture in defence of God's Holy Word to a very respectable congregation; I think all must have been gratified and benefited. Mr. D. Wilson, of Boston, presided; and in his opening address expressed the pleasure he realized in meeting his friend C. W. Banks, who, for many years he had known and esteemed. Mr. Banks threw down his pearls broad-cast by handfals; contended earnestly, eloquently, and energetically for the faith, and opposed any interference with the Bible. In this highly Ritualistic and Arminian age and neighbourhood, it is indeed refreshing to hear the grand old truths of the grand old Bible faithfully dealt with, and the farce of Arminianism and Ritualism exposed. Go on, brother Banks, and the Lord go with thee; do not be satisfied with this only, but stir up others of the brethren to deliver lectures of a like class. It will, it must, with the divine blessing, do good. Poor old Love lane church does not often get so much food in one week. We think we can see a glimmering ray of light in the distant future for her, and hope the time of her adversity is well-nigh over, and that the day may soon come, when her righteousness shall shine forth as brightness and her salvation as a lamp that burneth, her numbers greatly increased, and her prosperity established.

VICTORIA PARK.—Mr. Henry Varley has been preaching in the Congregational church; and a local paper gave a critical review of his discourse. Ministers who are neither classical, philosophical, nor powerfully spiritual, are sure to be severely noticed when they stand in the pulpits or on the platforms of the literary and the learned divines of the day.

CHATHAM, JIREH. — BROTHER BANKS, — I desire to record the mercies of our God to us as a church. The seventh anniversary of formation of church meeting at Jireh Baptist chapel, Cannon street, Ordnance place, Chatham, was Monday, July 24. The people flocked together, friends from Halling paid us a visit. Bless the Lord we esteem the glorious Gospel of the grace of God above our chief joy. At 3 o'clock we commenced singing:

Awake my soul with joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving kindness O how free.

Brother J. Warren preached from "We preach Christ crucified," &c.; he denounced some of the errors which men, untaught by the Spirit of God, set up in opposition to the precious Gospel of Jesus Christ; and went on to show the blessedness and security of those united to Jesus by a living faith. About seventy sat down to tea. We commenced public meeting by deacon Middleton giving out:

Come, saints, and sing in sweet accord,
With solemn pleasure tell
The covenant made with David's Lord,
In all things ordered well.

After reading the divine word, brother Cork, of Woolwich, offered prayer, invoking the divine blessing. With useful remarks brother Middleton, as chairman, reviewed the goodness of the Lord to us as a church; he said the following speakers would have the range of the mountains: Brother Broomfield, of Stoke, made a discourse from the words: "He

where I could not get rid of my wares (eternal truth) but here as soon as they are dealt out, they seem to be consumed." He spoke of the Lord's command, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." Brother Warren is a father and a friend to Zion. After singing "On wings of faith mount up my soul," brother Saville, of Stepney, offered prayer in a spirit of thankfulness for the Lord's mercies in the past, and begging for faith and strength still to hold on our way. Thus closed one of the best meetings we have seen at Jireh.

HENRY PHILLIPS,
Deacon of Jireh.

SEVENOAKS, KENT. — August 6. Being in this town on a Sabbath morning, I started out about 10 a.m. in search of a place where truth might be heard, and a Saviour's presence realized in the ministering thereof, if the Lord would graciously bless it. In a window of the High street, I saw a paper announcing, that it was the meeting-place of the Calvinistic Baptists; as it was yet too early for the service, I walked musingly into some fields outside the town, and whilst I was musing, the fire burned; those soul-bedewing words of dear Cowper dropped sweetly into my heart:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

And upon this—lest I should be drawing comfort from man's word only—the fulness of Zechariah's prophecy came with power, "In that day there shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness." I thought, Ah Lord, that is it; the only remedy for a guilty, filthy, sin-polluted sinner, is the precious fountain of Christ's blood; and as I once heard dear James Wells say, (and, oh, may it please God once more to raise him up) he was ruminating in his mind early one Sunday morning on this wise: How shall I go before the people to-day, and what message shall I go with to meet all their cares, and sorrows, and troubles, and sins? Immediately (he said) these words came with holy power, and settled the matter, "The blood, the blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin." Blessed! thrice blessed! is he that believeth. But to continue: I turned back into the town; and went into the doorway leading to a large room of the above named meeting; they were singing a hymn; when finished, a middle-aged, earnest-looking gentleman got up, and gave out for his text, Zechariah xiii. 9; but his sermon was a running commentary on the whole chapter, embodying my text, hymn, and musings of the previous half-hour; and in a most decided, savoury way, did he set forth the eternal verities of God's everlasting covenant. His language was plain, and his images homely; but it came to my soul in the demonstration and power of the Spirit. It rejoiced my heart exceedingly to find in his fashionable town there was a place still, where truth was boldly proclaimed, the sinner laid low and Christ Jesus only exalted.

There were only about forty attendants; and the cause seemed not to be very flourishing outwardly. I believe the good man's name is Stevenson, and I think it is a remnant of the late Mr. Shirley's people.

FRANK WHITLOCK.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—During the month of August, the pulpit has been supplied by Mr. Jull, of Ryarsh; Mr. Hatton, of Redhill; Mr. Hetherington, of Chobham; Mr. Jones, of Wadhurst; Mr. Warren, of Plumstead; and some others. Each Sabbath we have had a letter written by Mr. Wells, read to the congregation; and they have been of a cheerful yet thoughtful character. In a note the writer received from Mr. Wells, at the early part of this month, he (Mr. W.) said, "The doctor says I am getting better." So that still the hope is kept alive that the Lord may yet restore him. The cause at the Tabernacle is still well maintained; the supplies have been generally well received; of course, there is a diversity of feeling in this particular, as there always will be; but each good minister can rest assured he makes some friends when he comes, and we have had a goodly number; certainly, we cannot sing with Dr. Watts (although he did not mean it in the sense I use it here.)

"Lord, what a barren land is this,
That yields us no Supplies."

for we have had between forty and fifty different brethren; and I don't know one we should not be pleased to see again. Some of the counties have served us well: we have had some choice men from Sussex; Kent has sent us some good ministers; from the North we had "good news;" Suffolk has been represented; and, of course, London has helped us on a little. I am glad to say that we still have good congregations, and there is a decided spirit among the people to abide together, and maintain the cause firmly and efficiently. R.

MATFIELD GREEN.—The first note we shall give is from our ministering brother Bilton. We have much for Matfield Green, in time. The notice Mr. Bilton speaks of, had no reference to himself. He says:

"MR. EDITOR.—A paragraph for July, headed Matfield Green, is calculated to lead your readers to conclude the church have departed from the truth: I am truly happy to be able to say, It is not the case. The same doctrines; the same experience; the same practice being maintained as when the cause was founded, now over fifty years ago. I have been with them more than five years preaching with the ability the Lord has given me: they have been years of peace and union; and some little amount of success. I have enjoyed some sweet communion with them in the things of God, and I know them to be a people who have learnt the truth by a sweet and happy experience; for whom nothing but the truth—the whole truth—will do. I am unknown to your readers. I was for some years a member of

the church at the Old Surrey Tabernacle, where I was spiritually born, and baptized; and where my soul was fed and nourished with the good old corn and wine of the kingdom, under the ministry of Mr. James Wells, whom I dearly love in the Lord; and for whom I sincerely pray that the Lord will support and raise him again; if it be his will.

Yours in the best bonds,

T. BILTON.

(To be continued.)

SOUTH CHARD.—Our Sabbath school anniversary was held August 1. In afternoon, Mr. Langford delivered an interesting and neat address to the little ones, which, I trust, will never be entirely forgotten. A good tea was then given. In evening, God's Word was read, and the Lord's blessing implored by Mr. R. Varder, of Yeovil. Mr. Langford then gave us an earnest and impressive discourse on the "Watchman," giving a clear description of the true character of a real God-sent minister; his office; and the effects of his labours, under the mighty operations of the Eternal Spirit. We had a good day every way; it was one of the happiest days spent at South Chard for some time.

W. SHEPHERD, Pastor.

CINDERFORD.—**DEAR BROTHER HUXHAM.**—The goodness of our covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus to the saints and faithful brethren in Christ Jesus meeting together for worship in the Strict Baptist chapel, Cinderford, must be recorded: Anniversary services were held Lord's-day, July 9, 1871; three sermons were preached by brother J. Smith, of Cheltenham. The Lord was pleased to help his servant each time to feel the power of God in his own soul, and to speak out of the abundance of his heart. It was a day of refreshing from the presence of our great Covenant Head; we hope it was a time of awakening to some poor sinner. On Monday the annual tea meeting was held in the chapel; about fifty sat down; the Cinderford sisters always furnish tea in excellent order. Our sisters Harris, Bowry, Tillion, and others, enabled us all to enjoy ourselves. After this we assembled to listen to a most affecting and faithful sermon by brother Joseph Flory, minister of Bethel chapel, Cheltenham. Collections were good.

LEATHERHEAD.—Having been favoured by the Lord to spend a most happy day with the saints meeting at Leatherhead, at their eleventh anniversary, I send a line to say Mr. Vinden, of Reading, gave two discourses to the honour of his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ: if you had seen the people's countenances, you would have said, "Surely it is good to be here." There could not be less than one hundred to tea. Should any Christian friends want to spend a happy day, and see a united loving little cause, tell them to go and see the Leatherhead folks.

A VISITOR.

READING.—The twelfth anniversary of the opening of Providence chapel, was held August 13 and 14. The Sabbath day services were allotted to Mr. H. F. Griffin, of London, who preached three thoughtful sermons. On Monday a sermon by our warm hearted brother, Mr. Hetherington. A numerous company took tea; all well conducted. In evening, our pastor, Mr. F. Pearce, presided; after reading and prayer, E. P. Brown spoke a few words: brother Griffin gave an interesting speech on "Unity." Brother Hetherington crowned this happy meeting with Christian council to wrestle and pray for God's Spirit to be realized in our soul's experience, and in the means of grace. The Lord's presence was felt: much was done to cheer our hearts by the liberality of friends in helping us.

E. P. BROWN.

[Reading proper, and its surroundings, is now a popular district of immense importance. Providence chapel, Oxford street, is the only place in the town where a stated minister stands in the whole council of God, and in the ordinances of the Lord. We do not say the Gospel is to be found in no other place; but a New Testament pastor and people, in the entire sense of the term, is not in any other place in Reading. We are glad therefore, to find their anniversary so prosperous, their prospects so cheering. We believe Sunday schools, zealously and Scripturally conducted, are helpful auxiliaries; a good band of Gospel tract distributors, and house-to-house visitors, have been much honoured by God: but preaching in the surrounding villages, and even in the low districts of the town itself, are often useful to gathering in large congregations; and out of them the Lord takes his own. Mr. Pearce's position is a great one.—ED.]

HADLOW, KENT.—A correspondent says: We have candidates for immersion; others expected soon; our congregation increases; our services are solemn, yet refreshing; comforting and establishing; we are much favoured with something like what you read, "When the disciples were gathered together, Jesus came in the midst of them." So that the presence of Christ makes the services of God's house endearingly precious, and all the lovers of Truth look forward to the Lord's-day with eagerness and delight.

CINDERFORD KNOWL.—NEWNHAM, GLOSTERSHIRE.—We held anniversary of chapel July 9 and 10. Mr. John Smith, of Cheltenham, preached three times on the Sunday. The Lord blessed him with great liberty. Our collections better than last year. On Monday we had our tea; about fifty-five sat down. Mr. J. Flory gave us a very able discourse from Isaiah xxviii. 20. "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Also from Hebrews iv. 2. "We which have believed do enter into rest,"

showing forth the false hope of the self-righteous, and the sure foundation of every believer in Jesus. The Lord has been with us through another year. Our prayer still is, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years."

WILLIAM HARRIS.

WINDSOR.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS, —Will you let your readers know our Strict Baptist chapel, in Grove road, Windsor, will be opened September 19: the only Free-grace Strict Baptist chapel there is in Windsor. Our London friends, country friends, and Windsor friends, have given money freely already: we have paid the builders £100. We believe we shall be able to pay the whole shortly. We are in want of a few more friends to complete the payment of £338, which will finish the whole of the building; and it shall be called "GOD'S HOUSE:" for I believe the blessed God has put it into the hearts of the people to give. I hope some of our Free-grace Baptist churches will help us to complete the whole of the payments of the building by December, 1871. I should feel very thankful to any of our Free-grace Baptist churches in London or country, if they would lend me their pulpit to preach in: I would pay my own expenses if they make a collection to pay for the chapel at Windsor. I would (D.V.) go anywhere, any Lord's-day, or any week evening, if they will give notice to their humble servant,

THOMAS DRAKE.

Ashford, near Staines, Middlesex.

PLYMOUTH.—"A Lover of, and Hard Follower after, Holy Truth in the Three Western Towns," makes a mistake in saying we have taken all the ministers away to London. "If I go to Corpus Christi, as I do sometimes in my journeys, I find a stranger, and ask, 'Where is Mr. Hemington?' 'Gone to London.' I go to How street, 'Where is Mr. Collins?' 'Gone to London.' I go to Trinity, 'Where is Mr. Wale, or Mr. Lynn, or C. W. Banks, whom I have heard here?' 'All gone to London.' I have been to old romantic Asliburton, and ask, 'Where is my sweet rosy Robert Bardens?' 'Gone to London.' I do business at Newton, with Master Merton, 'How is Edwin Langford?' 'Don't know; he has gone to London.' I must be in Totness sometimes; try to find out that sober brother Huxham, where is he? 'Gone to London.' In Exeter, at Zoar, I have met Z. Turner, 'Is he not here now?' 'No; he has gone to London.' Well, well, Mr. Editor, (says this 'Follower'), you have swept our Devonshire decks clear, at any rate; and then you send us who you like, and take them away again."

[Our correspondent is not rightly informed. We reserve the letter. What he says, and what we can say, would make something. Reflections are like something else.—ED.]

TENDER GRACE, TRIED GRACE, AND TRIUMPHANT GRACE.

A LETTER BY THE LATE ANNE ROWLEY.

ANNE ROWLEY was the daughter of Mr. THOMAS ROWLEY, many years a member of the church at Johnson street, Notting hill, under the care of Mr. P. W. WILLIAMSON. The following letter from Anne to her father furnisheth several pure, sweet, and encouraging lessons for the encouragement of pastors, Sunday school teachers, and all whose hearts and hands are engaged in winning souls to Christ. Of course, the writer of the following epistle never thought of its appearing in print: it is the unadorned, affectionate, and simple tale of her soul's concern for salvation.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I promised you that I would try and tell you of some of the Lord's dealings with me in my soul, from the time I first began to feel my need of a Saviour. I will try and tell you a little. I cannot remember all.

It was when I was about ten years old, I was very much struck by what my Sunday school teacher, Miss Hall, told us: it was that God spoke in the hearts of those whom he loved and died for; and that there was a certain number chosen by him before the foundation of the world; and I began to be very anxious lest I was not chosen in that number. I thought a great deal about the elect, and wondered if God had ever spoken to me in my heart. I came to the conclusion that he had not; therefore, I was in great trouble indeed, to know if he would; and I thought that he certainly would not, on account of my being so great a sinner; and for weeks and months I was in that uncertain state of mind. I did not tell anybody of it, for I felt afraid to speak; but, oh, I remember how I used to enjoy the prayers of my mother. She used to pray after breakfast. I often used to long to tell her of what was passing in my mind, but could not summon courage.

I am not sure, but I think it was after she died that I found peace in my heart, and joy in believing. This is how it was. One Saturday night I was in bed; the others had gone to sleep. I was thinking of Jesus, and longing for him; when these words came with such power to my mind, "Fear not, thy sins are all forgiven:" and it seemed to me as if Jesus had spoken them to me; and I felt him so near to me, and I felt so strangely happy, so unspeakably glad. I sat up, and I prayed to him to continue that feeling, and not to let it go away by the morning. I was awake a long time; and then I felt as if I could lay down and die. I remember saying to Jesus, "Oh, my Lord, if thou wouldst only take me now, while I feel thus! Oh, do take me away from the evil to come, and from my sins." I did not know then that it was wrong to ask him to take me: and after that night I felt as if I must tell somebody of his wonderful goodness to me. So I wrote to Miss Johnstone, a good many little letters. I think it was once a week; and she used to talk to me: but, oh, I felt to long for others to feel like I did. I thought I should like to tell my brothers and sisters, but I was much too timid. Then came the longing to follow the

commands of my blessed Lord, and to be baptized: it was ever in my thoughts. I used to listen to Mr. Williamson, and long to tell him all about it. I did not seem to think that I was too young: that never occurred to me, until some one else told me so. I forget who now.

Well, one night after I had been to chapel, I felt as if I must write and tell you about it, and ask your consent: so I did; and my cousin Martha came up when I was writing to you, and she got it all out of me, and promised to give you the letter, which she did: but, oh, afterwards, how I did dread meeting you: I cannot explain the feeling. Then when I was at Woodford the next week, I received your letter telling me that you had written to Mr. Williamson. I felt as if I must break down in very thankfulness: it seemed to melt me so. I wanted to pray to Jesus, and so Annie Back and I used to go in the churchyard to pray very often. I was so full at times, but I think I dreaded meeting you more than anything; and, when we had that talk in the omnibus coming home, I felt as if my tongue was tied; I could not speak at all of my feelings, yet the desire was the same to be baptized. I am glad that you let me alone for a few months. I became more settled in my mind after that, and Sunday after Sunday I have made up my mind to go and speak to Mr. W., but I could not. At last, I asked my teacher one Sunday arter school if she would go with me, which she did the next night; and I was the same with my pastor as I was with you. I could hardly speak; I had no idea it would be so. I thought that I should be able to tell him all; but he very kindly told me to write to him, which I did. I felt very happy all this time. I felt that Jesus loved me with an everlasting love; and that he had redeemed my soul by his most precious blood; and I continued to feel so for about six months after I was recieved into the church.

One thing Mr. W. said to me at the time, has come very true many, many times: it was, that as I grew older, I should feel the burden of my sins very much more than I did then; and so it is: and it is certain that I have felt the burden very much more since then. Well, after six months had passed away, I was in great trouble again. I began to think that it was all a delusion; and that I had done very wrong by joining the church of Christ. He had, as it were, hid his face from me! I could not see him; nor could I enjoy his presence at all. I used to tell Janet Moniel that I felt a cloud hanging over me, and that it was as if God was angry with me; but after a time, I found that Satan had been busy tempting me to doubt him, my precious Saviour. I prayed for faith, and obtained it; and many, many times he has answered my prayers most wonderfully. I used to have many a talk with Rebecca Freshwater, and Janet, in letters, after she had gone to Scotland; but, it was a most singular thing, I never could talk with any of my sisters; and it is only lately, since I have been away from them, that I can talk with them on the things of my soul in writing.

I remember once, when we were in St. James's terrace, I thought that I had poisoned myself, for I sucked the green verdigris off a teaspoon that had been standing in vinegar all night. Of course it was by accident that I sucked it, not knowing what was on it; but I

remember I went and prayed to the Lord, and told him that if it was his will that I should die, I was quite ready to go ; and I felt no fear whatever : not because I felt that I was good. Oh, no, it was through Jesus only ; and at breakfast I said to myself, most likely I shall be in heaven before dinner time ; yet, I did not tell anybody anything about it, until some time afterwards : but I am afraid I am rambling a good deal.

For the next year or two, I was in a very uncertain state of mind. Sometimes cold, and sometimes hot ; although when I was in any trouble, he was sweet and precious to me ; yet I very often forgot all about him ; and remained very careless and thoughtless for weeks together. Oh, how many times have I felt as if I had no God : I had no belief, no trust, and thought that God must have forgotten me ; and sometimes when I have felt so dark, and dead, and miserable, those precious words, " Fear not, I have redeemed thee ; thou art mine : " have been a wonderful comfort to me, although I wondered how it could mean me. Yet faith was given me to grasp it. Indeed, I have had such sweet manifestations of Jesus to my soul, through these words.

When I was at Dalston, I had been for months wretched, dark, and dull. I could not believe, nor could I enjoy his services at all ; but I was delivered from that, and brought out in the light of his countenance. Oh, it is indeed because of his mercies we are not consumed ; for if we were to depend on our frames and feelings, what a wretched hope we should have to lean upon : but I have been enabled very sweetly to realize how unchangeable his love is, and how forgiving and gentle he is with such a wayward sheep.

I left Dalston, and went to Richmond ; and there I am grieved to say, I sank into a state of mind equal to an heathen ; for I forgot him who had done so much for me. I was with ungodly people ; and my time was fully occupied with work. Once or twice I thought I had a glimpse of him, for very often I yearned after him. I then came to Westbourne Grove, and I enjoyed a little more of the presence of Jesus ; although I sorely repented of my past heedlessness and ingratitude. Nearly a year after I came home to keep house for you, and during that time I had many sweet times, though not such as I have had since ; for I think it was because I did not have anything particular to trouble me ; for I am sure that I have had the sweetest seasons of enjoyment with my beloved Jesus when I have been in trouble. Since I have been in Hastings, it seems as if trials brought me on my knees much oftener than a smooth pathway ; and I feel that the more I pray for him, the nearer he seems to me ; and the more I depend on him, for daily and hourly supplies, the closer I am enabled to walk with him ; but, oh, how forgetful I am of that very thing. It is only sometimes that I can talk to him all the day long, and feel his presence with me at all times ; and other times I am quite the reverse. I cannot pray when I would, and dark thoughts come into my mind every time I begin ; but he does not leave me for long together ; he shows his smiling face, and I am at peace again, trusting all to him. I am often in trouble, but I am enabled to cast all my care upon him who careth for me—to lean upon my beloved Jesus.

Now, my dear father, I think I must conclude. I had thought of

going a little deeper into spiritual things, but I cannot collect my thoughts sufficiently for that, so I have simply told you a little of the way in which the Lord has led me since he called me by his free and sovereign grace into fellowship with his dear Son Jesus Christ. I know we shall be able to write to each other, and so I will tell you how he keeps me and watches over his little one. I trust I have not written this with a wrong motive, for I only wish to ascribe the glory to God.

Good-bye, dear father, and I remain your loving daughter,

June 4, 1870.

ANNE ROWLEY.

[MORE TO COME.]

MY CALL TO THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

CHAPTER I.

[This introductory chapter is furnished by brother Frederick Wheeler, now preaching the Gospel at Trinity chapel, Borough. We have known this honest servant of Christ for many years. He has been (metaphorically speaking) on many rough seas; and has done business in deep waters. If he will carefully continue the narrative of his life, it will contain some extraordinary passages. We hope to continue and to conclude it.—ED.]

I WAS called to preach the Gospel at the early age of sixteen years, (in the year 1832,) first time by the dear Lord speaking these words into my heart: "Come now, therefore, I will send thee." "I will send thee," kept sounding in my soul, as if some one was speaking to me; yet I knew not the meaning of the words, or their object. I prayed and I wept sore before the Lord, saying to him, "But, Lord, I am only a child, and cannot understand thy Word even; and, besides, I do not know whether I am right in supposing you mean to send me on any errand or message. Now, Lord, make it plain." I did not even know whether the words were in the Bible at the time. Oh! how deeply did the words exercise me; with what earnestness I cried unto the Lord. For the entire week this Word was on my heart. I was up at four o'clock in the morning, searching the Word, to try and find out the meaning of this Word. When I had found where it was, and that it was really in the Word, on the following Lord's-day I went to the chapel where I was in the habit of attending, and where the dear Lord first met with my never-dying soul, viz., Lewisham-street chapel, Lewisham-street, Westminster, when the man of God took for his text the very same words. This made me all ears; this filled me with wonder and amazement, and I trembled as I sat; and the preacher began by giving an account of who the words were spoken to, viz., Moses; then who spoken by—Jehovah-Jesus; and, last, what spoken for—to declare the power of the Lord. On this last clause, he said, "The Lord has not ceased speaking to his people. No, no! for he can speak these same words into the soul, and call to the ministry by them now as much as when the Lord spake them to Moses, for our God is not dead." The speaker then said, "The Gospel ministry is a solemn work, and none but God can call to or qualify any person for that solemn work." Thus was I confirmed and established in the fact that God had called me to the work of the ministry; but, before I would attempt to speak, the Lord called me seven times, giving me no rest; until he called by again speaking these words into my soul: "Why standest thou without idle all the day?" I said, "Well, dear Lord, if

you will pardon me, and give me peace, I will go and preach in the park next Sunday." And on the Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, in humble dependence on the God of my salvation, I went tremblingly, prayerfully, with the word God had given me for a text (1 Cor. xv. 21.): "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead." This sermon was preached by me, then a boy of sixteen years, opposite the Duke of York's column, in St. James's Park, to above two hundred people; and I continued this for above six months every Lord's-day afternoon. Since that time, I was baptized by Mr. Hammond, at Romney-street chapel, Westminster, whose ministry I left because he preached the error of progressive sanctification, which I could not find in the Word. I then joined Mr. Williams's ministry at Grafton-street chapel, Soho, where I was superintendent of the Sunday-school, and used occasionally go out and preach Christ in Newport-market. The first cause the dear Lord called me to preach to was one formed in Poland-street, Oxford-street, where I continued for some time. During my stay there, I was honoured by the Lord, who gave me two seals to my ministry, for whom I travailed in birth, and I baptized them at Rehoboth chapel, Richmond, Surrey.

(To be continued.)

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE,

OWNED AND ADORED IN THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF J. J. KIDDLE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE humiliating grace of God which wrought so effectually in my soul and humbled my proud heart, was followed by gracious Providences. When God, by repeated chastisements, had made me willing to surrender the world and be abased, to give up the farm and resume the work of the ministry he opened the door of egress.

A farmer, ejected from his farm, offered me £100 to give up the remaining two years of my lease of the farm to him, and take all the crops and labour at valuation. The offer was accepted, and after disposing of stock and implements, by auction, I was enabled to pay every one in full, and had nearly £200 for myself. With the farm, I resigned my pastorate of Ruxton chapel, and went to reside in Monmouth.

During my ministry at Ruxton, and residence at Ganarew farm, I had a great many dear Christian friends. Preached at more than fifty different places, occasionally, and some of them many times: at one place (Whitechurch), for a long time, I preached in the private chapel of T. Brown, esq., and on his death-bed he told me my ministry had been blessed to his soul. Preached his funeral sermon, and stated what he had said, viz., "That for many years he had been a hearer of Wesleyan preaching, and rested on his own good works for salvation, until he was led, by the Holy Spirit, to see that they were all nothing but a hindrance to his justification, and that he was saved by grace without the deeds of the law." On March 1, 1843, the good Lord gave me a son, to whom my own name was given in solemn consecration to God.

In Monmouth I commenced a business of corn-dealing, waiting the

providence of God to open my way again into the ministry, and supplying (to keep my sword bright) at different Baptist and Independent chapels.

In 1845, I was requested, by the Association, to preach at Pontypool. The Independents had erected there a spacious new chapel for the English part of the population. A church had been formed of eight persons: it was difficult to obtain English supplies. After supplying there a few Lord's-days, I was invited to preach in the ancient chapel and old Independent cause, Usk, and had a call; but, as they wanted me to discontinue all business, and were not in a position to give an adequate salary, I could not accept.

Shortly after this, my brother invited me to Newport, and there I found a good opening for a boarding and day school. This was more in accordance with the ministerial calling. I preferred, like Paul, "labour, working with my own hands," that "I may make the Gospel of Christ without charge." After disposing of my business in Monmouth to advantage, and duly advertising, I opened the school with encouraging prospects, and commenced a regular supply at Pontypool. On June 19, 1848, was recognized by the following members of the association: Revs. J. H. Bann, T. Gillman, W. Lewis, and T. Thomas, D.D., who strongly advised me to reside in Pontypool, and resign my school. The Holy Spirit blessed my ministry. The congregation largely increased; sixteen members were added to the church at the time of the recognition, and the Association promised to support me. For months did I cry to God to be directed; was made willing to go, or remain where I was; was greatly tried by want of kindness, sympathy, and affection where I had a right to expect it. For some years, believers' baptism was, to me, a subject for grave consideration. I felt I was called of God, born of the Spirit, chosen to salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. I loved God sincerely, *pre-eminently*, and God loved me: the Holy Spirit's testimony was within. Reason said, "Baptism is not essential. God has saved you, and will save you to the uttermost. What can baptism do for you?" My many friends, by arguments and books, tried to prove to me that infant sprinkling was scriptural; while others condemned it as un-scriptural. The conflict was sharp, but in spite of conviction that I was in error, I resolutely held out, and opposed my daughter's immersion when she desired it.

During the following six months of 1841, great was the conflict of my mind about parting with my school—could not give up the ministry and retain the school, although the school produced me £150 a year, and I could not expect more than £100 a year from the church and association. The expense of travelling, and being from home from Saturday to Monday, the leaving the charge of the school so much to my assistant, and the want of opportunities to perform pastoral work, made it imperative to give up one or the other. At that time, the iron, tin, and coal works were in a prosperous state, and people had plenty of money.

Just when I knew not what to do, and feeling I was wearing out fast, by preaching four times a week in addition to the school duties, a gentleman from Worcester came and made a voluntary proposition to give me £35 good-will, and take all fittings, &c., at valuation. This

decided the point, and early in 1849, removed to Pontypool, with tolerable good linings to my pocket ; but, my wife was greatly opposed to the step, and the ministry altogether : this was no small trial.

This chapter will now be closed with a few quotations from yearly records 1849, 50, 51, when I resigned my ministry at Pontypool. I have always thought three or four years in a place quite long enough for me. Another particular desire of my mind is to go only to those places where good chapels stand, and the cause is low. That is my particular sphere.

December 31, 1849.—The year I am now closing has been to me one of marvellous display of Omnipotent power, in providence and grace. My wants have all been supplied. From sickness I have been restored to health. In feebleness of body and mind, I have been strong to preach in Pontypool, 139 times ; Abersychan, 24 ; Cwin Eoy, 12 ; Newport, 6 ; Messalech, 4 ; Cwm, 12 ; Goldcliff, 2 ; Abergavenny, 4 ; Addresses to Sunday School, 18 ; Young Men's Meetings, 18 ; Morning Prayer Meetings, 50 ; Society's Meetings, 12 ; Church Meetings, 12 ; Lord's Supper, 13 ; Visits to Sick, 61 ; Tea Meetings, 7 ; Infants' Sprinkled 13 ; Members added, 12 ; suspended, 1. Have had access to the principal pulpits in the association. This is only recorded to remind God's people that what Paul said of himself (2 Cor. ii. 21, &c.) is true still of ministers of Jesus Christ. Night and day I read, prayed, and preached during the raging of cholera in September, and at last fell under it. God was precious. Death desired ; but God spared the poor sinner, for his mercy sake. Praise God ! Praise him !

By referring to these works, there is no idea of referring to them as works of merit. They are stained with the sinful propensities of human nature. They are laid at the footstool of sovereign mercy crying for the cleansing blood of atonement. The sprinkling of infants is not a good work, not being the work of faith, not taught in the Word of God. I am a reader, admirer, and believer of Mr. H., the coal-heaver ; but wonder why so devoted a man of God should be silent on what God approved of, the Holy Ghost sealed, and Jesus Christ personally adopted and commanded. In future, when desired to sprinkle the little ones, I purpose saying, "I do not believe it to be a baptism at all."

God's word is my teacher ; the Holy Ghost is my comforter ; and Jesus Christ is my Saviour. What the Holy Ghost, in the word, reveals to me, as the work and commands of Christ, I believe, viz., that God's people are chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world. Eph. i. 4. That Jesus Christ purchased them by His blood, in His death on the Cross. Out of death He brought life. Calls them to the adoption of sons by His word, and seals them to the day of redemption by His Spirit. Salvation, (not by works), by free and sovereign grace, "According to his eternal purpose in Christ Jesus our Lord." Eph. iii. 11.

Three conversions this year cheered me. A lady, a Roman Catholic, stood at the chapel door to listen to the singing. I took the text, Matt. x. 32, "Whosoever shall confess," &c. She then came in, sat down, and heard the sermon. Next day she called on me, and said, "I heard your discourse last evening. I felt I was the greatest sinner in the world. I saw all my sins ever committed. I have confessed

them all to my confessor, and he assured me of pardon. I told him this morning it is a delusion, and what I felt." We spent some hours reading and expounding the Word, and prayer. She believed through grace, and was saved. A second was a Roman Catholic also, a tradesman's wife; and a third was a lady often visited, who died some months after. She sent for me when dying at midnight, and said to me, "Mr. Kiddle, can this be dying? Oh, how sweet!" and soon fell asleep in Jesus.

Brevity will not admit of bringing, *from daily records*, the operations, conversions, restraining and sanctifying grace of God through the year 1850; but they were more abundant than the preceeding year. The Church numbered 48. Some property adjoining the chapel was bought by a friend to improve the entrance. Myself and deacons became responsible for the money; and ultimately, I had to pay it, and that stripped me of all my cash.

Wrote thus: Dec. 31, 1851. "A year of many trials and mercies. A great change in the works here. All at a stand-still; no work to do; no money circulating; congregation good; Church kept together; but salary not sufficient to find bread. I will stand my ground as long as my money lasts, but having to pay £100 and support my family of six children, I was again brought low. My wife blamed me for entering the ministry. It is a time of trial. How my faith is tried. Have had persecutions in the world, false brethren in the Church, afflictions and trials in my family; but this dark cloud is impenetrable. Is it saying Depart? A voice—'I am with thee.'"

WHAT WAS THAT IN CUP?

CHAPTER XXXII.

"The Tree of Life, that near the Throne, in Heav'n's high Garden grows,
Laden with Grace, bends gently down its ever smiling boughs.
Hovering amongst the leaves, there stands the sweet Celestial Dove,
And Jesus on the branches hangs the Banner of his Love."

LAST month the printer broke my "Cup" in two; so that it ended very abruptly: and unless the reader will peruse the last chapter with this, the whole will be confused. Printers often have a pailful to put into a pint; as this cannot be done, something must be omitted. The inflowing of so many communications seems to demand of me the omission of "the Cup" altogether; but many speak of its benefit to them; and I am bound to finish the seven-fold view of the Metaphor, if the Lord will spare and allow me.

I was speaking in my last of the application of the word in Isaiah's sixty-sixth chapter—"Hear ye the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word," &c. I felt that character belonged to me: that word was for me, for I have many a time trembled at his word; because, from my earliest days of faith and fellowship in the Gospel, there has been a strong three-fold ambition in my heart—1, To be as pure and as holy as an angel; as deeply sanctified in mind and in soul as was Daniel or John, or any of the most devoted. 2, To walk before men, devils, saints, and sinners, in the love and likeness of the Lord himself. 3, To be as useful in the Church; in the ingathering of sinners to

Christ ; and in administering comfort and help to the saints, as was Paul, or any of those blessed men of God, whose lives and labours I have read with joy, and solemn pleasure.

“ Instead of this, I’ve sorely felt,
The hidden evils of my heart.”

Instead of that delightful three-fold ambition, I have been hurled to the ends of the earth : destructions and deaths perpetually crushing me : mistaken men everywhere condemning me : well might I tremble at his word ! Surely, then, I was the very character ; “ Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word.”

My eyes and ears were open in a moment ; and in came the words, which (1) defined the five-fold persecution ; and (2nd) delivered to me the precious promise, “ Your brethren that hated you ; that cast you out for my name’s sake ; who said, “ Let the Lord be glorified.” That is exactly the kind of persecution, which, for many years, has been, and still is, hurled at me ; but, now comes the promise :—

“ *But—HE SHALL APPEAR TO YOUR JOY ; and they shall be ashamed.*”

Thus the word was sealed home upon my heart—to Crudwell I went—my message I delivered—and in the evening service I realized *something* of the promise ; for “ there the glorious Lord was unto me, a place of broad rivers and streams ;” and no instrument of slavery ; no messenger of war, could that night come unto me. Thomas Lamb, the minister, and his beloved friends, were as kind, and as tender, and as charitable to me as they possibly could be : no lion roared : no dog moved his tongue : all was solemn and peaceful, and I never heard

“ All hail the power of Jesu’s name ”

sung in such a heavenly spirit and manner before. I was nerved up to return home, to behold sickness and death : and in almost every way to be tried ;

“ Yet have been upheld till now.
Who could hold me up but thou ? ”

The second strong feature in the persecution named, is this : “ Your brethren that *hated* you.” Before I define and prove that, let me refer to the second secret branch of what I believe to be true Christian Experience ; and this I found in the seventy-third Psalm : in the last clause of the twenty-fifth verse of that seventy-third Psalm : “ And there is NONE upon the earth, that I desire *BESIDE THEE!*” Here the soul is so exclusively, so contentedly, and so satisfactorily wrapped up IN the LORD, and WITH the LORD ; as to anxiously desire none—nothing but HIMSELF ; and what he sees best to bestow : for truly, I have seen everything failing and perishing : relations near and dear : children on whom my heart was set, have been removed from me gradually during the last forty years : and every effort I made to be useful in the world, has been hurled back upon me with a kind of fury and disdain, except in the preaching of the Gospel ; and in the publication of this *Earthen Vessel* : in both these enterprises I must believe the Lord has, in the exercise of his great mercy, holden me, helped me, and honoured me. Bless his Holy Name, he sends me hither and thither nearly every day ; sometimes even thrice and four times in a day have I had little messages to carry to the poor of the flock. Of course, I never am sent among the holy and the good, and the great, and the pious, and those

of unblemished reputation ; those of high and lofty standing. My little basket of choice seed would not suit them. Men, who have always prospered ; who spread themselves like a green bay tree : men of letters : men of high creed : rhetorical, intellectual, self-possessed, and sedative men :—

“ Pamper'd with Gospel ease (?)
Their flesh looks full and fair ;
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas ;
And grows without their care.”

In their chapel you will never see me ; a pig in a parlour would as well accord, as the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel* among the ranks of the portly, and the proud. The poet suits my case exactly, when he sings :—

“ Poor and afflicted, Lord, are thine,
Among the great UNFIT to shine :
But though big wigs may think it strange,
We would not with big wigs exchange.”

There was a decree passed in the council of the New Covenant, which, through the medium of that sweet little Zephaniah, reads thus, “ I will also leave in the midst of thee, an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the Lord.” Three things define us here. We are poor and afflicted : we are left “ in the midst of Zion ;” we are not outsiders : not mere legalists or letter-men : no ; we dwell in the MIDST ; in the inner circle, where sometimes his visits are so sweet ; his voice so soft ; his mercies so tender, that we can sympathise with the doctor, when he wrote :—

“ Were I in heaven without my God,
T'would be no joy to me ;
And while this earth is my abode
I long for NONE BUT THEE.”

That is, when the chastening rod, and reigning grace, have brought us to his feet. So that the inner-circle people are defined : first, they are “ poor and afflicted :” secondly, they are “ left in the midst of Zion :” and thirdly, it is most positively said, “ *They SHALL trust in the NAME of THE LORD.*”

Most imperative have I found that last clause : so that go where we may there is sure to be a heavy blow levelled right at us, to keep us down ; lest we forget our position, deny our character, and trust in something short of the Lord.

I have noticed those two little veins of experience—a longing for the full climax of all our sorrows—as Jesus, and Paul, and many have done ; and also, an exclusive being with, and devoted unto the Lord himself. I have had a *taste* of both these : what more is to come I know not. But I know that tenth verse of the seventy-third Psalm, lays much upon my mind. Poor Asaph saw men in his day, who had no trouble. “ *Therefore,*” he says, “ Pride compasseth them about as a cloud : violence covereth them as a garment ; they set their mouth against the heavens ; their tongue walketh through the earth,” then comes in my verse—“ *Therefore His people*” (the Lord's people) “ *return hither ; AND WATERS of a FULL CUP are WRUNG out to them.*”

What these waters are ; and the other part of my Crudwell text, I must leave for the present ; only giving the following note from a dear servant of Christ, who, referring to my last chapter, says :—

“ Beloved Brother, and Servant of Jesus Christ, and of God our Father,—

permit me to thank you for your heavy hit against *Standard*, and *Vessel*. distinctions in this month's "Cup." I fully endorse your one sentiment; and earnestly pray, and hope for the time, when out of the pure shining light of a divine Charity in the understanding, the believing children of God shall feel and see the utter meanness and contrariness there is to our great and glorious Head in such fleshly distinctions, which only hinder their services in the glorious gospel of an everlasting unity in Christ, in which we have believed. I am persuaded such things are but the work of our great adversary: that he may keep in bondage the people of God. We are not ignorant of his devices, nevertheless, they shall all cease ere long."

THE LATE DR. BELL.

PADDINGTON CEMETERY is a pretty park-like or flower-garden spot. A numerous company of friends assembled on Friday, Sept. 15, 1871, to witness the interment of all that was mortal of the late Dr. G. T. Bell, with whom I had been corresponding, and in friendly intercourse for many years. I believe he first wrote to me from Lynmouth; and in some way I was instrumental in his first preaching in London. He was of a kind, gentle, and truly charitable spirit; a man of zeal in the Lord's work; devoted to the best of all causes; and silently, but extensively useful. He has been pastor of the Church in Shouldham street, Paddington, for the last few years. Late on Thursday night, Sept. 14, 1871, I received the following note:—

Dear Sir,—You will be much surprised to hear that our beloved brother Dr. Bell has departed to be with the Lord. He died almost suddenly, last Lord's-day morning. It is to him eternal rest and joy; but it has brought sorrow and desolation here. He will be interred tomorrow at 4 o'clock at the Willesden Cemetery. I remain, your's sincerely, MARY COLLIER, 20, Harley Road, St. John's Wood, Sep. 14.

To the Church—to his bereaved widow—to his afflicted daughters: to the cause of Christ altogether, this is a heavy stroke—a painful loss. The Doctor had not reached his sixtieth year; but in one moment, he has been called away. And now—

At Home! Array'd in robes of spotless white,
How full his joy! With rapturous delight
On his LORD JESUS he doth fondly gaze;
And sings to HIM most glorious hymns of praise.

Dr. Geo. Thomas Bell, was not generally considered as "one of us:" but in a memoir we may give of his life, we hope to prove he was one of the excellent of the earth: a circumstantial and mental martyr; a Tychicus, to whom Paul gives this three-fold title: "A beloved brother: a faithful minister: and fellow-servant in the Lord." C. W. B.

LOVE. BY W. HOUSE, OF MALDON.

Sweet is the love that over me
Its banner doth display,
Its kindest care and clemency
Upon me ev'ry day.
And under everlasting arms
On which my soul doth rest;
Above, beneath, and all around
I am completely blest.
There is a state of perfect love,
Of which I have foretaste;
A drop so sweet! O then above
I would to glory haste.

Jehovah Jesu's preciousness,
Superlatively great;
The very thoughts my spirit bless,
And I would reach that state.
What are the trials when the love
Of God is shed abroad;
Within the heart all else above,
O thou my precious Lord.
I'm surely thine, and glad I am
To be whatever's right;
How sweet it is to walk by faith,
And not to walk by sight.

TRY! WHO CAN TELL?

MR. BENJAMIN WOODROW, late of Penzance, now of London, sends us the following perfectly truthful narrative. It should stir us all up to active means. Mr. Woodrow says:

During the time I lived at Falmouth in the year of 1864, I received 8000 tracts from that good man of God, Mr. Muller, of Bristol. To circulate those tracts I spent some time on the Lord's-day afternoon in the back streets of Falmouth, but one day my mind was directed to go aboard of a large dragging machine which is used for dragging the harbour; there are several men who work this machine, and those men very rare, if ever, go to a place of worship. I circulated many tracts among them. I remember giving a tract, "Poor Joseph," to one of these men who is known by the name of a drager. This man I well knew had lived a very wicked life; but he read the tract; then he retired to a place by himself to read it again; the Holy Spirit blessed the reading of the same. He read it with tears first by himself and then again to his family in the evening. After this his Sabbath, was no longer spent as before: in a careless, wicked way; but in the house of God. This tract was carried in his bosom for weeks; by this tract he was brought to see and confess his guilt as a lost and ruined sinner. He said to me one day with a tearful eye and a sorrowful heart, that he should have reason to bless God to all eternity for the circulation of that tract. I saw the man a short time afterwards; he said with tears, oh, sir, I hope through the mercy and blessing of God the tract you kindly gave me has proved the happy instrument of my conversion from sin to God, that tract by the life-giving power of God brought me with tears to consider about my soul, it made me tremble so that I could not sleep for nights, thinking about my never-dying soul to be lost in despair for ever; oh, said he, I found no hiding-place for my guilty soul for nights; but blessed be God, on Thursday night, before I retired to rest I heard the whispers of the Saviour's mercy and felt his pardoning love, and such a flood of light burst upon my soul as to overwhelm me with a sense of the love of Jesus and now—he said it with tears—I can testify of the love of Christ; I a poor sinner and nothing at all, but Jesus Christ is all and in all. This tract was not only blessed to him, but also to his wife and two sons. His wife has often expressed to me her sincere thanks and acknowledgement to God for the striking change effected both in the life of her husband and two sons. Now, she said, he is always ready to go to the house of God. At one of our prayer meetings this poor drager arose up with deep emotions, and said, Christian friends, I stand here before you as a monument of divine mercy; some of you know of my past wicked life: how careless, unbelieving, impenitent I was; but one day, blessed be God, a person who is now in this room put a tract "Poor Joseph" into my hand; I read it and I shall never forget the feelings I had as I read over that most blessed simple story of mercy and love. The Spirit of God sent home its blessed truths to my heart; I wept in view of my sins, with a sorrowful soul I never rested until I rested in the blood of Jesus Christ for salvation and eternal life. I am now, by the grace of God, (together with my dear wife and two sons) travelling to the heavenly rest, and now I desire to be doing some good in the cause of Christ, and my desire is to be made an instrument of leading some lost

and perishing souls to the Redeemer, and if so, all may be traced back to that tract. The following year this draging machine was stopped working, and this vessel of mercy was obliged to leave Falmouth and went to reside in Wales, and the last account I heard of him he was still adorning the Gospel of Christ and also preaching that Gospel to sinners round telling what a dear Saviour he had found. May this prove to be great encouragement to all tract distributors to go forward in the name and strength of him who hath said, "My word shall not return unto me void."

W. WOODROW.

22, Goodson road, North end, Fulham, W.
August 9, 1871.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY THE LATE JAMES NEWBORN.

[From the last issued part of Mr. Newborn's Life and Writings, the following is selected, as a fair sample of the pure and spiritual character of his religion, of his writings, and of his ministry. But the people in these times care not for such spiritual unfoldings of the grace of God.]

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart."

THE broken hearted are those who are deeply wounded and broken with the conviction of sin. A broken heart God will not despise; nor will anything do for such but Gospel consolation; and God is nigh to heal the broken-hearted, and to bind up the wounds which his own hands have made, by convincing of sin. He is nigh to save such as are of a contrite spirit. How much better it is to mourn, sigh, and cry with a broken heart, than to be left to that hardness of heart the believer often feels himself to be. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: "a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." This is the heart that knoweth its own bitterness, and with whose joys a stranger doth not intermeddle. Dear Saviour, as it is thine to heal the broken hearted, heal mine by the application of thy guilt removing blood. Sprinkle with thy blood, my heart, from an evil conscience, that I may sing of thy healing power, and rejoice the "blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." The Lord is nigh his broken hearted family, to support under trouble, to comfort under sorrow, to protect from enemies and dangers, to revive when fainting, to strengthen when weak. Witness the children in the fiery furnace, Israel in the sea, and Daniel in the lion's den, David in the cave, the apostles in prison, &c. And now, my dear Lord, be thou unto me as my refuge, and my very present help to me in the time of trouble.

And art thou nigh to me, my gracious Lord;
Thine help in times of trouble to afford!
Why then should I, or foes, or dangers fear,
Since I to thee am dear, and thou art near!

GREENWICH.—The church and congregation, under the ministry of the late Mr. Jesse Gwinnell, had scarcely welcomed Mr. Francis Collins, from Plymouth, as their pastor-elect, when a sudden and severe illness laid him prostrate; causing the greatest distress to his devoted wife and family; and affliction to the cause at Devonshire road chapel. While we sorrowfully pen these few lines, we learn that no better symptoms have yet been observed. It is a grave, and may be a severe calamity.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Golden God, by Anna Maria Gould. London: Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. Price 1s. That anyone in these times, should venture to write and publish, a book to expose the millions of worshippers of *The Golden God* is matter of surprise; that surprise is much increased on finding this "two-edged sword" has been powerfully wielded by the delicate hand of a lady. It is quite certain that none of us can get on very comfortably in this world without a little gold; and it is equally certain that very few of us know when we have enough of it. It is so convenient; it is so bewitching; it brings you so many friends; it enables you to be so very charitable; in a word, it is so thoroughly one of the most absolutely essential things of this life, that we cannot recollect ever meeting with any persons but who were evidently seeking to obtain more of this article than they had hitherto been able to obtain. We have read of the late John Newton's good old "Dame Cross," who having nothing at all to live upon, was offered ten pounds per annum, by some charitable ladies, for her support; but Mrs. Dame Cross positively refused to have more than five pounds per annum, assuring the ladies that if they would obtain for her one room in a respectable house, and if they would, in addition thereto, allow her five pounds per annum, she should have all she desired of this world's goods. Of course "Dame Cross" died at a good old age; but, whether such a self-denying Christian dame could be found in these times is not so certain. We heartily wish we had one of the bags of gold which our authoress shews us hanging on the back and sides of her old *Golden God*. One of those large bags of gold, would enable us to build our Bethnal Green tabernacle at once; it would enable us to restore old Love lane chapel, in Spalding; it would enable us to relieve the distressing cases which come to us from all quarters: yea, it would help us honourably to lift up our hands with joy, a good conscience, and a grateful heart. Whether Miss Anna Maria Gould has included us in her list of the worshippers of *The Golden God*, we have

not yet discovered; if she has, we cannot put in the plea, "Not Guilty;" for in every direction we see a little gold is required; and, to make the poor man's path through life rather smoother would be blessed work for us; but, it falls not to our lot. The "vignette" on the title of Miss Gould's book is strikingly illustrative of the multitude of votaries who are bowing down to the golden image which the love of mammon has set up. Monks most ugly, and maidens beautifully fair; old men and young ones; lawyers, doctors, warriors, authors, artists, painters, florists; yea, persons of every class and kind, are all seen most intensely falling down at the feet of this miserly old fellow, the *Golden God*. The authoress of this nicely executed volume is evidently a gifted Christian lady; she has studied the Word of God to great advantage; showing us that in every age human nature has been deeply impregnated with this money-getting and money-hoarding propensity, while the Lord in his declarations and providences, in his denunciations and judgments, has always been pouring forth his abhorrence of this kind of worship, so prevalent in every part of the world. The literary powers of Miss Gould are excellent; her knowledge, and her application of God's Holy Word are remarkable. We cannot condemn one single thing which she has advanced. Every Christian minister should read and recommend her work; every honest bookseller should do his utmost to get it into circulation; every godly parent should let his family read it. It is a choice work; it cuts into the growing evil without mercy. We think it must be useful; but the love of money is such a thick skinned mortal, we fear this voice will not be heard as it ought to be. Nevertheless, it is a witness for God, for godliness, for Christian charity, and for a prudent benevolence; as such, we believe the Lord himself will bless Miss Gould's pure, unprejudiced, and reasonable effort. We expect to give a further notice of the *Golden God*.

He was Seen of Cephas—The evangelist Mark has been called "the interpreter of the apostle Peter:" for only Mark gives us that message con-

plete: "Tell his disciples and PETER, that he goeth before you into Galilee," Matthew does not mention it; but Mark is Peter's friend, and he tells us that there was in the angel's message a distinct and personal recognition of the Christ-denying, but Christ-forgiven and Christ-beloved apostle. Luke tells us that while the message of the angel brought by the women was as idle tales to the little assembly, "Peter arose and RAN unto the sepulchre!" Yes! the sound of his name ("tell his disciples and Peter") roused the poor fellow from his despondency, and he ran to the sepulchre: the broken heart leaps for joy at the mercy manifested, and flies to adore HIM, whose love and pity, whose person and power, are the sources of our peace and salvation. Christ will always have some who will befriend his poor Peters, when he has restored and forgiven them. John tells us how Jesus thrice fetched from Peter the confession that he loved his Master; and John tells us how distinctly Christ commanded Peter to feed both his sheep and his lambs. But (as Alexander Maclaren says in *Our Own Fireside* for September), it was Paul who so very significantly writes, "HE WAS SEEN OF CEPHAS" (that is Peter). But what passed then is hidden from all eyes. The secrets of that hour of deep contrition and healing love Peter kept secretly curtained from sight in the innermost chamber of his memory. But we may be sure that the forgiveness was sought and granted, and the bond that fastened him to his Lord was welded together again where it had snapped, and was the stronger because it had broken, and at the point of fracture." Such deep things as these are not often developed; but Alexander Maclaren is one of those choice spirits, whose papers often enrich the pages of *Our Own Fireside*, a monthly of varied literature and historic merit. By the same editor, we have *Home Words*, the cheapest penny magazine we know. Both are now published by Nisbett & Co.

The Ritualists; or, Non-natural Catholics: their Origin and Progress, &c. By Rev. Peter Maurice, D.D. Yarn-ton, Oxford. Nothing could be more appropriate to the works of Dr. Maurice than is his motto-text of Jeremiah v. 31 (which stands on the title page of one of his thick pamphlets): "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so; and WHAT WILL YE DO in THE END thereof?"

Ah, what, indeed? In all the public addresses we have given in different parts of this kingdom, we have specially referred to, and introduced, Dr. Maurice's works on *The Ritualism of Oxford Popery*; and our conviction is, that no author has more clearly exposed this gaudy harlot, Ritualism, than Dr. Maurice has done. We have an ancient sermon (over two hundred years old) which was preached against the Ritualism of that day: so that Dr. Lloyd's enterprises in 1827, and onward, were but the resurrection of a mischievous phantom, which has been haunting, deceiving, dividing, and ensnaring the visible church ever since the days of Ahab, of whom the Holy Ghost saith (1 Kings xvi. 31): "It came to pass as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam, that he took to wife JEZEBEL the daughter of Ethbaal king of Zidonian, and went and served Baal, and worshipped him; and Ahab did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him." This Jezebel appears again in the church at Thyatira; and to none of the seven churches does the Son of God appear in such terrible majesty as he representeth himself to Thyatira: "These things saith the Son of God, who hath his eyes like unto a flame of fire; and his feet are like fine brass:" and have not the judgments of heaven, of late, been more in accordance with the "eyes like unto a flame of fire," than like the "Good Shepherd" gathering in his sheep? And WHY IS THIS? The answer of JESUS, "the Son of God," to our professing Thyatira: that is, the effeminate daughter:—(Thyatira means a daughter: a weak, silly, foolish daughter; and to this poor flirt, he) saith, "I have a few things against thee because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication," &c. If there is a MAN, one worthy the name of a man, in all England's church at this day, let him dare to be honest to his GOD, and his CHRIST; let him, like John Wycliffe, and a few others, stand out as a witness for the truth, or soon the Protestantism of England will be buried for a time. Dr. Maurice is a scholar, a gentleman, a Christian, a sound theologian; and his anti-ritualistic books (published by J. F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster row) would be extensively circulated and read, if the people were not more than half-a-sleep. We must return to Dr. Maurice again.

The Essential Unity of the Church by the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. By J. Godsmark. This book is sent us for review. We have laid it and Robert Macnair's *Christian Baptism* together; and some day we hope to read them both again. Macnair was a student of high attainments; and evidently a good, a conscientious, and devout man. There is no low abuse, no wholesale denunciations, no vulgar epithets, no uncharitable judgment, no jealous feeling, no personal disrespect, no carnal motive, no blighted ambition, in Robert Macnair. He tells us of his conflicts, of his doubts, of his searching and researching, of his heavy fears, of his prayerful examinations of every portion of God's Word; and then how at last he resigned his ministerial connection with the Presbytery, because he *could see* that "Christian baptism was spiritual, not ritual." Very good. We have had our trials and anxieties too, and we have for many years seen that Christian baptism is BOTH *spiritual* AND *ritual*. Mr. Godsmark says he can see that "the man of God FULFILLS EVERY COMMAND PERFECTLY and SPIRITUALLY from the heart, THROUGH FAITH IN THE LIFE and SPIRIT of THE SCRIPTURES." Hence, Mr. Godsmark ignores all observance of ordinances: he has no prayer meetings; no baptism, either by sprinkling or by immersion; no observance of the Lord's Supper; if we understand him rightly, he has no ordinance, but that in which he loves to be employed—preaching the Gospel of Christ. We feel we are much to be pitied. Mr. Godsmark is in the fulness of Gospel liberty; while us "poor free-grace Baptists," as he calls us, are in legal bonds: we are no better than the Welsh Jumpers: "the wafer-god and the water-god," he says, "are but one idol." bigotted popery rules in the Baptist churches; at least, so Mr. Godsmark seems to think. With Mr. Baxter at their head, there is springing up quite a crop of ministers who are opposed to baptism of any sort or size as an ordinance to be observed by repenting sinners and believing saints. We were born before this wise generation came up: and being of rather a stubborn turn, we can neither yield to open communion, nor to mixed communion, nor to free-will, nor to duty-faith; much less can we see, with Mr. Godsmark, that because the love-elected church of Christ is complete in him, that therefore the members of that church while on earth, may down with

all ordinances altogether, and ignore entirely discipline and duty of every kind and degree. These Gospel libertines may preach, print, and publish, as they please; but we can see there is an absolute necessity that *The Earthen Vessel* still continues its mission in defence of the New Testament pentecostal pattern of church order and ordinances: and we pray our Lord God a long time yet to spare its Editor; making him more than ever faithful to God and to every part of truth; and that he may be enabled to shew unto all the churches that Libertinism and Ritualism are only two extreme ends of a very mistaken profession of the Holy Gospel of Christ.

The Prophetic Future of the Empire of Great Britain, &c.—This original essay by that gifted author, Isaac Fowler Ballard, esq., is "dedicated to her Majesty the Queen:" published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co.; and must be read and considered not by the Queen only, not by her Majesty's Government merely, but by all classes of society; for its predictions of controversy between the English and Romish Churches, and of England's future interference in settling European difficulties, are PRE-ORDAINED FACTS, which Mr. Ballard believes none can consistently deny, and facts for the development of which, the nation must be prepared. As a theological writer, we have known Mr. Ballard several years; and to his superior judgment we generally feel bound to pay considerable respect. Mr. Ballard is a High Calvinistic Church of England believer of the Gospel; and to some sections of his pamphlet we bow our humble assent: but, over some of his paragraphs we pause, we consider, we feel to require more palpable proof. If Mr. Ballard's *Prophetic Future* can obtain a large reading in literary and theological circles, it will excite much opposition in the minds of those who have not the SPIRIT of the LORD to guide them into all truth.

The Seven Dials and St. Giles's—Time was when a modest, respectable person would tremble at the thought of passing through any of the districts like those we have mentioned; but, moral and missionary works are in progress; and some of the worst localities have the Word of God read in their midst, and prayer is offered. Who can dare to condemn the labours of those who zealously seek to pluck, as brands from the burning, some of the most awful characters? If the conversion of

some, and the reformation of many, are to be received as signs of the Lord's blessing, then we must be thankful for triumphs achieved by such young men as Mr. Hatton, whose work in S. Giles's is delineated in the *Sword and Trowel* for September. In the same number, "Pastor Fliedner" and the institution of deaconesses, furnishes a history of real earnest life in the outer works of evangelism: for these enterprises it requires as much the help of the Lord, as does the more spiritual and internal. The editor reports himself quite recovered.

Vision of the Second Advent—This is the heading of a paper in No. 3 *Prophetic News*, a monthly, edited and issued by Mr. G. J. Stevenson, 54, Pater-noster row. Mrs. P. Palmer has given in the paper headed as above, such an exposition of Elisha's words (Job xxxiii. 14), as we never read before in all the forty years' course of our studies. We could only pity the man whose whole soul was not powerfully solemnized by the awfully grand description Mrs. Palmer gives of the vision she had in the still hours of the night. We could wish that millions of our fellow men might read this number of *Prophetic News*: it is not sensational: it is solemn, solid, reasonable; and contains lessons men cannot afford to despise, unless, as reckless reprobates, they neither fear God, nor seek to escape "the wrath to come." Some of Mrs. Palmer's words on the Second Advent will be given in *Cheering Words*.

The Apostacy of Christendom—Brother Joseph Taylor's distinction between free-grace and free-will is now issued: and can be had of R. Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. It is a piece of easy verse, telling the truth in plainest terms. Here is one description of the almost universally popular delusion:

"Free-will, poor airy, sickly thing:
A shadow, vain, upon the wing;
Stretching its form o'er man's weak mind,
'Tis as the 'blind leading the blind.'"

Brother Taylor's definitions of Free-grace are sometimes quaint, but as true as Truth itself. Here is one verse on the character of true Christians. He says:

"They are 'OF GOD:' of heavenly birth:
Called out to walk with him on earth:
From sin and death by Christ set free:
THE CHILDREN OF THE DEITY."

Like a little star on a stormy night, this piece of original rhyming will

cheer many a poor traveller in his lonely walk to Zion's holy hill.

Full of Eyes—Ministers, and especially Editors, require plenty of eyes: when given, and when anointed, they are of great value. We are tempted to think some are but very weak, short, and selfish sort of eyes; nothing but what proceeds from themselves, or is calculated to promote their peculiar interest, is of any value or use. "A single eye to the glory of God" is a most precious gift, where'er it is bestowed. Those four *beasts* which John saw, had a three-fold fulness of eyes; and had each of them six wings about him. I have often felt that very improper views have been taken of these "living wights" (as Dr. Thomas Goodwin calls them); and as they are the last New Testament description which the Lord gave to John, I am anxious to write a line or two about them.

Bye-Paths in Baptist History, published by Elliot Stock, progresses in interest, each number furnishing facts valuable to the denomination. Our distinguishing ordinance has always been strongly opposed by other sections of the Christian church; but, true Baptists will go down, and rise up, sink and swim, just in proportion to the power put forth by the Holy Ghost for the special in-gathering of the redeemed. He that saved us was a Baptist by immersion; and he has commanded his disciples to preach the Gospel everywhere, but to baptize none but believers. And JESUS will always have some servants who will obey him, rather than men.

A Chapter of Irish History. By J. F. Barry. London: Dennant and Co. This book unfolds dreadful facts of the social and cruel life of some parts of Ireland. Our people, generally speaking, can know but little of the misery and mis-rule existing in the rural parts of the emerald isle: at least, where "land tenure" so seriously affects the poor oppressed Irish. Are Protestant ministers and Missionary societies paralyzed in that country where there are 20,000,000 acres of good land, nearly 5,000,000 of which are not cultivated at all?

Mornings with the Romanists—A series of painful papers (papers shewing the hollow and awful delusions of a merely ceremonious religion) are given in *The Rock*, one of the cheapest and best weekly penny papers the Protestant cause has ever had for its organ.

Sanctuaries and Societies—This double branch of England's moral, intellectual, and evangelical stamina, is usefully pointed out in *The London Church of England Directory and Guide*, a new, neat, and correct edition of which has been printed and published by Mr. Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate hill. As a distinct church directory and clergyman's hand-book, this annual is of great value. It is a pretty and portable volume; and exceedingly cheap.

My Old Friend, Elijah Packer—As we were running through the pages of *The Gospel Magazine* for September, we met with the above sentence. A correspondent who signs himself, "A Weeper," evidently well knew our good "Old Friend Elijah Packer," and esteemed him in the Lord. We felt pleased to see the dear man's name in the pages of a magazine so rich in its truthful and experimental testimonies. We cannot resist the opportunity of stating that a memoir of the late Elijah Packer was issued by us, and copies of it may still be had of R. Banks, 30 Ludgate hill.

One Hundred Thousand Communists in London—The Earl of Shaftesbury lately expressed his fears (so says *Old Jonathan* for September) that there are at least 100,000 Communists in our metropolis, ready to burst forth the moment the reins of discipline are let loose. Our noble earl would not unduly alarm us; but, if it be so, how earnestly and unitedly should we cry unto God to be our shield and our salvation. We often fear there are dreadful days for England yet. May the Lord preserve us. *Old Jonathan* has pretty pictures and pleasant papers.

Good Old Thomas Ladson—Nearly one hundred and forty years have passed away since Thomas Ladson was born in Little Gransden, in Cambridgeshire. He was settled over the church which the Lord gathered by his ministry at Needingworth, Hunts, in 1767, where he was upheld as a faithful minister more than fifty-two years; dropping asleep in 1819, aged about 87. His sweet and simple experience was written by himself several years before his death, in a series of letters; these have recently been issued, in a shilling book; and some precious portions of these letters we may give our readers as soon as we have time to prepare them. Thomas Ladson was a fine old cedar in Lebanon; and from the tree which the Lord planted, preserved, and

watered, much excellent fruit was gathered. We will send a little sample or two soon.

The Last Service Held in the Market-Place, appears an Irish tale; no one to sing; none to preach to, &c., this must be distressing; but, more care is necessary. We hope the end of the scene will be better than is expected.

MR. WELLS'S HEALTH.—We are pleased to announce that the original disease under which Mr. Wells laboured is much removed; but he has for some week's past been suffering most intensely from an attack of siatica, the pain of which at times has been of the most distressing character. About the middle of September, Mr. Butt went down to Silver Hill to him; and Mr. Wells still entertains a hope that yet he may be restored to his work and his people. During September, the pulpit has been supplied by various ministerial brethren; but we cannot this month specially refer to them. Our correspondent, "R.," has sent us a letter as usual; but we must think over it before inserting.

MR. JAMES MANNING, OF SHREWSBURY.

This minister's name and reputation has, we fear, been injured. Unsought for, the following note comes to hand, which we give as written, simply stating, that Mr. and Mrs. Williams are well-known, honourable, long-standing, truth-loving witnesses for Christ. They write as follows:

DEAR FRIEND BANKS,—As it was advertised in the *Vessel* that our pastor, James Manning, was to preach at the Surrey Tabernacle on Lord's-day, the 17th; and finding that he is not allowed to do so on the ground of his being a duty-faith and free-will preacher; and having learned that an enemy hath done this, I feel it is only justice to him to say that he has never preached in our midst either duty-faith or free-will; those being errors from which our dear Lord has delivered him by revealing to him the great and glorious doctrines of free and sovereign grace, which I trust will enable him to go on from strength to strength. Hoping yourself and family are at this time well. Wishing you every blessing, temporal and spiritual, I am dear friend in our Covenant Head, a lover of the truth as it is in Jesus,

C. WILLIAMS.

Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

WHO IS MR. AIKMAN?—WHY IS HE PERSECUTED?

GOWER STREET CHAPEL.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR SIR,—Having seen in the September number of a religious magazine to which I have subscribed for many years, an attack on a minister named Aikman, and having ascertained that Mr. A. would preach at Gower street on Sunday the 17th instant; also feeling a great desire to hear for myself whether Mr. A. was a minister of the Son of God, or an agent of the Prince of Darkness,—on that date I visited the sanctuary of God before mentioned. I found Mr. A. to be in appearance about sixty years of age, and of rather venerable aspect. Having read the Word of God in a very reverential manner, and afterward prayed in a simple, solemn way, as one profoundly impressed with the greatness, glory, and holiness of God, and deeply conscious of his own sinfulness, and undeservedness to be permitted to address the Majesty on High, he gave out his text: 1 Peter i. 16, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." He commenced by referring very pointedly and boldly to the attacks made upon him, and said that by the help of God, he would that day so treat upon the subject of Gospel holiness and sanctification, that he would defy all the Antinomians in the world to scripturally refute his statements. With unusual candour, and very evidently after close study of the subject in hand, he dilated in a masterly way on legal holiness as found in man prior to the Fall: on created holiness, as exemplified in the fallen angelic hosts; on the complete unholiness of the whole of Adam's posterity in their natural state: on the holiness by decree, by which from everlasting the Eternal God has decreed that the elect shall be viewed perfectly holy and without spot, by reason of the imputation to them of the Righteousness of their Saviour, and that they were chosen of God to bring forth the fruits of holiness, to the praise and glory of that gracious God who began and carried on his own Divine work in the souls of his believing people. He also contended that the text was a Gospel command, enjoined upon every individual child of God who had been made subject to regeneration by the Spirit, and that the text did not refer to the decree matter. He did not care that Huntington, Gadsby, and others had said differently. He did not go to the writings of uninspired men for his views of truth, but to the indestructible standard of eternal truth, the Word of the living God. He charged his opponents with being Antinomians, whose distorted views of a portion of truth, and whose practice was in direct opposition to the preaching and example of the Son of God, and of the inspired apostles. He stated, too, that their general religious experience (which they prize so highly) had nothing in it varying from that of men dead in trespasses and in sin, and that dying in that state they could not escape the damnation of hell! He quoted those solemn words of the Saviour, "Many shall say unto Me in that day, Lord, Lord," &c. He insisted on the Gospel commanding separation from the world's maxims, pursuits, pleasures, and principles,—and hearty, sincere, pleasurable consecration to God's service; in short, Gospel holiness, without which no man can see the Lord. He knew the word holiness was hated by his Antinomian friends. Why should they hate it if it did not condemn their principles? The true child of God, the mere babe in grace does not hate the word holiness. He loves what God his Father loves, hates what God hates, and would on no account explain away the enjoined word because it does not square with his carnal desires. This same living child of God finds another principle within him opposed to God and holiness, and his grief thereat sends him in the power of the Spirit to the throne of grace, to spread his sorrows there, and the Father hears, smiles, and the smiles lighten up the poor child. The Shepherd-Saviour lifts up the bleating lamb of his fold, and says, "I love thee well, my child." So the service of God is made sweet, and is perfect freedom, and not the drudgery of the slave.

To be strictly impartial, I must confess I felt sorrow of heart to hear Mr. Aikman mention names of departed servants of God, but it must be remembered that he spoke under circumstances of unusual provocation. Though there certainly was at times a display of bitterness, yet it was a most scriptural discourse which I, for

one, do not believe the day of judgment will upset. I know I felt condemned on many points. May God in infinite mercy, for the sake of Jesus, pardon my shortcomings, open his gracious, bounteous hand, and satisfy my desire to know him more and serve him better: and may he greatly bless all his faithful servants. I have omitted to say that Mr. Aikman finished his sermon by a clear and positive statement, not of legal or Arminian doctrines, but of Bible truth. May God bless that message to the souls of many, if in accordance with his holy will.

It appears Mr. Aikman intended to have followed up the subject in the evening, but was requested not to do so by one of the deacons, and to their wish he complied. In the evening he preached from Psalm xxiii. 1, a very powerful discourse. I would say something about this but for remembrance of your limited space.

You will probably feel reluctant to insert this, not wishing to add to, but rather to stem the waters of strife. But there is much involved in this matter. Arminians accuse us of being opposed to personal holiness. A man of God amongst us stands up and boldly advocates Gospel holiness, and separation to God's service. For this he is grossly attacked and is represented as advocating perfection in the flesh. Ministers and churches are by letter, circular, and printed statements, warned against receiving him, and requested to throw in their weight against him. *The Pope of Rome could do no worse than this.* Will you by silence aid Mr. Aikman's bitter adversaries? I venture to think you will not.

In the list of preachers given monthly on the wrapper of the magazine I referred to, I could put my finger on the names of many who advocate Sunday after Sunday the holiness enjoined by the Gospel. Mr. Aikman has only more boldly and with greater precision stated the divine precept. For this he is to be persecuted and denounced. But the blow is also intended to fall upon others who esteem faithfulness to the Word committed unto them of greater importance than blindly adopting and following the traditions of man. May God bless and sustain Mr. Aikman. So prays, dear Sir,—Yours for truth's sake,

PETER.

London, September 19.

N.B. I am quite unknown to Mr. Aikman, and to his many true friends at Gower Street, but they know and love my namesake, the fisherman, and the blessed precepts the Holy Ghost caused him to write. May that same Spirit cause us to walk in them.

[Not against Mr. Aikman only, but against many of the Lord's servants, the most violent and wicked spirit has long been raging. From communications received, it appears to us Mr. Aikman has simply contended for that preceptive part of the Divine Word, which we have all TOO MUCH neglected. Our ministers, who pass for Christ's Messengers, have been too abstractedly doctrinal and experimental, to the neglect of insisting upon that teaching the Saviour gave in the fifteenth of John's Gospel. But, next month, we must go more fully into this matter.—ED.]

MR. AIKMAN'S DEFENCE AND FAREWELL AT GOWER STREET.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

Those who read in a contemporary last month, two letters respecting Mr. Aikman, may be as puzzled to understand their meaning as they are surprised at such censures on one invited to occupy the Gower Street pulpit. It is presumed there has long existed a slumbering feeling of hostility somewhere; but, as events prove, the "old soldier" is in no way backward to join in the controversy. From some reason, Mr. Aikman was again invited to occupy the Gower-street pulpit; whereby, he enjoyed an excellent opportunity to review his "antinomian friends," who call him a "mongrel Calvinist." After reading the letters above referred to, and hearing Mr. Aikman was to supply the pulpit again, we were anxious to hear what he would say for himself. Mr. Aikman, it appears, has been

much abroad in India; if we are not mistaken he has served as a soldier and a missionary. He is a fierce looking little man, with long white beard, bald head, and anxious, but determined, countenance. Altogether impressing one with respect for his venerable appearance. Undoubtedly he is in earnest, he is sincere, and his life is said to be blameless. His roving life may have given him roving ideas. His mode of expression at times may not be quite orthodox. His style is wanting in conciseness; but divested of some little eccentricities, the same thoughts expressed in the old orthodox form, would go down even with the very soundest people. Wherein, then, lies Mr. Aikman's offence? It is because he tells the people they are in error.

On Sunday morning, September 17th, in Gower Street pulpit, he replied to his accusers in good old Saxon style. The chapel was not full. The text was I Peter i. 15, 16: "But

as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy, for I am holy." The preacher entered into the conflict, stating as we understood, he had four papers in his possession; three in print, and one in manuscript, reflecting on his character as a Gospel minister. His hearers would recollect when he last preached there, he told them wherein he found error in their midst, and without hesitation, he exposed it. Wherever he found error he would, God helping, expose it to the uttermost. The text, he said, contained so much matter, he should not be able to go only half through it that morning: he would give his friends the trouble of coming again in the evening, if they wished to try and catch him. But the "old soldier" would give them work enough, the old lion had shaken his mane; and was ready to meet them and their ministers, with the double-edged sword. They would find it was no child they had to deal with.

Mr. Aikman entered into a critical examination of the word "holy." He said he intended to nail his testimony with passages from the Word of God. He proceeded to show the word "holy" was frequently used in the Scriptures in the same sense as "sanctified," or set apart. But this he contended was not the more general application of it. It applied in a more particular sense to God's eternal decrees, according to which a people whom God hath set apart from the mass unto his holy use; or in other words the elect of God.

But there was another sense in which the word "holy" applied, and to which his Antinomian friends objected, but he boldly threw down the challenge, and asserted that the more ordinary sense in which the word "holy" was used was not in reference to the decrees, but to that of the state of the heart. This was the more common sense meaning; the purified heart, and the affections turned to God. In proof of this he quoted several passages, and turned on those whom he termed his "Antinomian assailants," that they made too much of the decrees, and made light of holiness of heart and purity of action before God. But on these assailants he would trample with scorn, who would in part dare to ignore the spiritual work of God as set up in the hearts of his dear children. After some more fencing with his "Antinomian friends," and giving them first, second, and third denials to their assertions, Mr. Aikman came to his *second head*, and proceeded to show the special meaning of the word "holy" in the text. He said he had already given two meanings of what he termed, "the decree matter and the heart matter;" the latter he said was far the more genuine application than the former; which was fatal and deadly to all Antinomians. The special meaning of the word then, what was it? He would though he propounded the question, allow no man to give him an answer, neither Mr. Huntington, Mr. W. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, nor Mr. Vinall. Mr. Aikman preferred paying deference to

Peter, James, John, and Paul, than to such men as Huntington, Gadsby, Warburton, or Vinall. He called no man master. Peter pointed in the text plainly to the state of the heart, not to the decrees of God. Peter quoted "Be ye holy, for I am holy." He would take his opponents to task; these "would-be-Calvinists," who, if they contended Peter was referring to the decrees of God, contended for that which was simply nonsense. He proposed next to notice Gospel holiness and legal holiness. Legal holiness was the state of man before the fall, before he was stained by sin. But there was a middle state by the fall, a state of corruption, by which man was unclean from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. Gospel holiness was a state of holiness of life, holiness of action, holiness of heart, as to what this Gospel state was, he, Mr. Aikman, wanted neither Huntington nor any of his copyists to tell him; as to what the power of God in the heart was, he could tell them much they did not know.

This is a very brief outline of this singular display of brotherly love. Mr. Aikman is assailed as a "Mongrel," he retorts on his assailants, not perhaps in a dignified manner, but then he says he is an "old soldier" that they are "Antinomians," and as such they should be warned of the perils of their condition.

[As Mr. Aikman has been advertised as a minister of unsound principles; yet, has been received in the highest circles of truth, we must say more than our correspondent has, another time.—Ed.]

MR. AIKMAN'S FAREWELL.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Aikman preached what must be considered his farewell sermon at Gover street. He was favoured with a good attendance; he was somewhat milder on this occasion. Still, he stood boldly on the defensive; and at times bore down heavily on his assailants.

The text was Gal. i. 15, 16. The most telling points were in reference to the following passage, "That I might preach him among the heathen." He alluded to the stale device anterior even to the days of Paul, that if a minister was made instrumental in making a mere professor manifest, that professor was sure to turn round and assail the minister as being no servant of God. There were many men in the churches whom he termed mock modest. They were such little things; they wished to be thought of so small account in Zion; but just thwart these *little ones*, and at once they rose up full bloom devils. There were men who held on ravenously to the doctrine of election, and believed because they do so, the doctrine being unpopular, they must be right at last. They never paused to ask if their hearts were sanctified. This was a favourite delusion of the devil, by which he allured many down to perdition. The truth was, God being holy, he would have a holy family, brought near by contrition of heart, and this was foreign to the insolent Antinomian.

Paul's mission was to preach Christ, for which purpose he was separated from among men. You (said Mr. Aikman) are particular Baptists, claiming to be doers of God's truth in all its parts. Then don't make Paul a liar. He says he was not sent to the saints, but to the heathen; yet men tell me I am in error when I preach to sinners. Paul said when it pleased God "to reveal his Son in me" he preached to the heathen. Paul preached to self-righteous sinners, the vilest of men. Therefore he (Mr. Aikman) was bold enough to charge it home to any minister who neglected this part of the minister's duty, that they only did their work in part and not wholly. Let us take our mission from the Book, said the preacher, which is better than all the Antinomian twaddle, in confirmation of which he turned to Acts and quoted various passages to the point in hand, and then asked if they would brand the great apostle as an Arminian? Say I am an Arminian if you like: "none of these things move me." I admit Peter, James, John, and Paul, I follow them, but I will not follow Huntington, Warburton, Vinal, nor Mr. W. Gadsby in their one-sided views.

In conclusion Mr. Aikman said he was convinced some of his hearers had experienced the revelation of the text, but not all of them.

There appears to be considerable division among the people as to this unseemly controversy, we heard it stated outside the chapel, "We don't seem to have any first-rate men now, they are only a set of mongrels, or cross-breeds."

[This is solemn conclusion for Gower street people to reach; but, alas! the power of life, love, unity, faith, and zeal for God, appears going from us.—ED.]

HALESWORTH.—"Although sorrows have almost drowned us, yet we are not destroyed. We have once more holden anniversary services, when S. K. Bland and Charles Hill preached the Gospel to us. We have also had that venerable man of God speaking to us for some Sundays, Mr. John Osborn, of Claremont, London. We received him as a brother in Christ, and hope his visit will prove useful, as he has promised to send us some honourable ministers. May the Lord revive us."

[Where, and how, is pastor Gooding now? To John B.'s question, our answer is, Try, a good, honest hearted, sound, and experimental preacher. If the society cannot find the right man, look elsewhere.—ED.]

POWER AND UNITY.—MR. EDITOR, Forgive the intrusion of a line or two; but a kindred spirit tempts me to write.

"Although thy cup seems filled with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all."

And to enable thee to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ with that feeling which is the savoury part of the Gospel. I rejoice that thou art enabled amidst all thy trials and difficulties to preach the Word; and look

back upon thine Ebenezers; and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." May thy zeal still increase to protest, as you have done, against all that is opposed to the Gospel of Christ: may your meditation of him be sweet: cheer up my brother,

"The pathway to the skies
Is marked by many a cross;
Through blood-stained paths it lies,
Whatever be the loss."

The portals of eternity open alone to victory. Oh, for more of that three-fold unity to cement us together while travelling Zionward. There seems to be a lack of the power of the Gospel amongst our churches; cold and indifferent many seem: and then, how true, many backbite others to get themselves in laune. I mean as you protested against in *July Vessel*: they seem to fight under a party banner, instead of CHRIST being "All and in all." May thy heart be kept steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Remember, he that goeth forth and weepeth shall DOUBTLESS return. May this be thy happy portion, so prays—Yours in Jesus, A LOVER OF UNION.

[Let us hold meetings for prayer: crying to the Lord for the Spirit. Before the Saviour went to the cross, he gave repeated promises of the coming and work of the Holy Spirit: also, promises of the prevailing power of prayer. Indirectly, Christ said, The Gospel dispensation should be characterized by three things:—1, SPIRITUAL WORSHIP; 2, A PRAYING PEOPLE; A PURE MINISTRY. The Gospel dispensation began, with these: we have been losing them. Let us unitedly cry for the return of these blessings. ED.]

TURK'S ISLAND.—We cannot write as a Reviewer does. We wonder not at any change. We knew the original. We knew too well *some* of the changing scenes. What the end of many such will be, is fearful to contemplate: but, although we are not to company with them who are given (so frequently, and so singularly) to change, still, we would seriously adopt Paul's prayer: "The Lord have mercy on him in that day; and not on him only, but on them that deeply cry unto HIM for mercy." Amen.

WEYMOUTH.—Poor Weymouth! Proud Weymouth! It was here, the man denounced the coal-heaver: here, during this year, the small pox has raged; so that it is said, the town has lost at least, £50,000 this season: it is here you may seek until you are tired, to find a prosperous cause of Christ in the Truth of the Gospel. ["Barnsbury" gives a poor description of—but we hold on yet.]

GREAT GIDDING.—On August 1st, 1871, our late pastor for nine years—Mr. Joseph Norris, was called away by death, after a few days' illness. He had travelled here 74 years.

"HE ALONE HAS DONE IT!"

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE DYING DAYS
OF MR. SAMUEL COLLIN.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—A little time back, I sent you an account of the Lord's dealings with a dying young man, to show the use he had made of my feeble instrumentality. I now enclose another of a similar nature, only in this case the most prominent lessons are, first, the exclusion of instrumentality altogether, and, secondly, the power of the prayer of the righteous; for the throne of grace had been much besieged on the behalf of the departed one by a godly father and mother. And as I write, my prayer is that God may bless the perusal of this article, to the comfort of believing, praying parents, and to the glorifying of His own power in bringing some of his elect to a knowledge of the Truth, to the exclusion of man, even as an instrument. Yours very sincerely, in the Friend of Sinners,

R. A. LAWRENCE.

MR. SAMUEL COLLIN was the son of two of the members of the Church over which God has placed me as a minister, and about nine or ten months ago, I saw him for the first time, under most solemn circumstances, viz., the death of a younger brother, who left a most blessed testimony behind him as to the power of Divine grace. He had for some time previously been suffering from consumption, and the nasty hacking cough, from which he suffered, seemed to bespeak an early death. An effect from his brother's happy death-bed, was earnestly longed for by his parents, but no manifestation of Divine power was apparent at this time. I called frequently to see him, and in my conversations with him, I endeavoured, (in the absence of his parents, who wisely withdrew), to get at the state of his mind. But though he listened attentively, and with apparent earnestness to what I said, his *reserve* was so great that I could get very little from him to encourage me to hope. Things went on thus, and a manifest clinging to life was very observable in him. So, as a last resort, and more to satisfy his mind, than with any hope of benefit resulting, his parents were induced to try the Brompton Hospital.

During his short stay there, little of moment took place, save that when asked of what religion he was, he, with some spirit, replied, "A Baptist." However, on Monday, September 4th, an alarming telegram from the kind matron of the institution brought the mother to his bedside, and to her first, and anxious enquiries, his answer was, "Yes, mother, I have a *hope* that God will have mercy upon me, and pardon my wickedness." However, through that solemn night, he never got beyond a *Hope*, and the first language of assurance that came from his lips, was on the following evening (Tuesday), when I saw him at his own home.

In answer to my questions as to his state and hope, his answer was "I trust in the sufficiency of the Saviour's blood to cleanse

me from my sin," and this declaration was almost immediately followed by another (and with which I have headed this paper), "He has done it all, He alone has done it!"

I am no picture painter, and I lack that power of language with which some so nicely describe an affecting scene, but to my latest day I shall not forget what followed. His brother and sisters were brought to him one by one, beginning with the youngest, and the spiritual tact with which he addressed them, according to their ages, might more reasonably be expected from a tried and disciplined Christian of mature years, than from one just brought into the liberty of the gospel.

To his eldest sister, his word was "Annie, I hope you may be brought to believe in Jesus, so that when you die, you may be as happy as I am now."

Knowing he was young in the ways, I suggested that his peace of mind might not last, and that Satan might be allowed to try him, but his answer was assuring. "If so," he said, "the Lord will give me strength to resist him, and he told me that his first testimony to me "The sufficiency of the Saviour's blood," was the weapon he intended to use in the conflict. I quoted, "And as thy days, so shall thy strength be," and being in great pain at the time, he paraphrased it thus, "Yes, the more the pain, the more the strength to bear it."

I bade him good-bye, saying "I hoped to see him again. His reply was, "I hope not, God being willing, I would rather go home than stop here." About two hours afterwards I saw him again, and found his mind was stayed on God, and although in the most excruciating pain, at the end of every bout of it, he broke into a sweet smile, and expressed himself to the effect that every pang he endured, made one less in the number that he had still to pass through.

Having had some free-will tracts given to him in the Hospital, he had placed them between the pages of an edition of "Bunyan's Holy War," which I had lent him, and he expressed a wish that his parents would take that "stuff" away before they returned me the book.

On the following evening I saw him again, and read with him the 116th Psalm—"I love the Lord, *because* he hath heard my voice, &c." His face lit up with joy as I dwelt on that word "Because," and he ran along nicely with the Psalmist through almost every verse.

Many now called to see him, and he was helped to give a word to each.

To one, "May you be made as happy as I am, when you come to die." To another, "May God bless you;" and to another, "I hope to meet you in heaven, *but* 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.'" To the repeated questions of enquiring friends, as to the state of his mind, his answer was, "As happy as I *can* be." His testimony also was "I am longing to be gone;" and "Home" was the word he invariably used when speaking of heaven. In answer to the question of a fond mother, as to whether he had any

particular wish concerning his funeral or burial, his reply was, "No! it matters little what is done with the body, the soul will be with Jesus."

His mother also asked him, in the event of his last struggle being severe, and he should be unable to speak, if he would only, by holding up his hand, let her know that in the very last struggle his soul was happy, she should be so much pleased. He seemed to discourage this idea, remarking that he might be so deaf as not to hear any question put to him at such a time, and if he did hear it, be too far gone to express himself in any way, and so some mistake might occur, but, "Remember, mother, (he added,) what Mr. Lawrence told me, That it is my hold of Christ, but His hold of me, that makes me so safe."

However, in a most fearful season of pain, which even turned his poor finger nails black, he (doubtless thiinking the end had come), held up one of his hands, and kept it erect until his mother had seen and recognised and acknowledged the sign, and then he drew it down again.

As his mother wiped the perspiration from his chest, she said, "My boy, Jesus Christ sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, and that for you." "Yes, mother, (he replied), yes, for me, and God himself has told me so."

His last night on earth was spent in earnest, solemn, prayer, and once a whispered sentence like this, could be heard by those at his bedside, "Oh! Lord, support poor father and mother."

His last audible utterance was the word, "Amen," but to what it referred his parents could not tell.

About twenty-four hours previous to his death, he, with some difficulty, but in a plain, bold hand, wrote the following concise account of the Lord's dealings with his soul, which, with the consent of his parents, I copy verbatim, even the punctuation being his own.

September 7th, 1871.

"DEAR MOTHER, — At your earnest request I now endeavour, on my death-bed, to tell you what the Lord has done for my soul. It is now about two years ago when I first became in any way concerned about my soul. During this time I was at times more or less earnest, but never at any time really comprehending the danger of leaving such matters as the life or death of my soul. It was while in the Brompton Hospital that I really became thus first concerned; and when the bad attack of breathing came on, I then indeed felt how unprepared I was if the Lord had taken me then. In two short days the Lord did his work; *he alone*; and I am now waiting for him to take me home. My only hope of salvation is in the all-sufficiency of the blood of Christ to save sinners; and through him *alone* are sinners saved. He has taught me truly and sincerely to repent of my sins and iniquities; and he himself hath said that to all that knock he will open,

and to all that ask shall be given; I do rest assured that my sins are forgiven, and that eternal salvation and happiness await me in heaven, where I shall join in singing to the praise and honour of the Lamb. He has indeed been merciful to me in the strength he has given me to bear the pain of my affliction, but I do now pray that if it be his will that the end may be near, and that he will give me his presence until the last. May he bless you and father with strength to bear his will, and bring you all at his time to everlasting peace and joy in his presence; from the sins and sorrows of this world to one where is nought but happiness. To the Lord be all honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

"I do sincerely thank Mr. Lawrence for his kindness in so concerning himself for the welfare of my soul.

"May it please God in his mercy to bring up my sisters and brother to a knowledge and realization of the blessedness of thy holy truths, and at the last to bring them to eternal glory. Written by your son,

"S. H. COLLIN."

Dreadfully prostrate, but perfectly conscious, and with a firm persuasion that his feet were fixed on the Rock of Ages, he fell asleep in Jesus on Friday, September 8th, barely completing his eighteenth year.

Beloved in Christ, readers of *The Earthen Vessel*, what shall we say to these things?

"He alone has done it," was a favourite expression of the dear departed boy, and as the hands that penned (with no help or dictation of any kind) the above letter, are now sweeping the strings of a golden harp, in praises of the God of all grace; may not we in our small measure join him in his blessed occupation, and though in a lower key, yet take up the same chorus, and

Give all the glory to his holy name,

To whom *all* the glory belongs;

Be ours the high joy, still to sound forth his fame,

And crown him in each of our songs?

R. A. L.

TIME BY MOMENTS STEALS AWAY.

On Time's light wing, how stealthily our moments fly!

Soon as we feel life's deep responsibility,
And learn its lessons with increased docility,
This voice arrests the traveller's ear, "Man,
thou must die." [death;

The day of birth is fittest time to think of
Not with shrouded mind, or gloomy dark
foreboding: [corroding;

That would aid and not avert life's peace
But with calm submission and with praying
breath. [like mine;

Dear friend, the texture of thy life has been
The warp and woof thereof have not been
very rough: [coarse enough,

And yet we've often, doubtless, thought them
Tho' interspersed with silken threads which
sometimes shine. [than the last;

Many be thy future days! each brighter
And life eternal thine, when time's brief day
is past. ROBERTUS.

OUR EVANGELIZING CURATES.

No. VIII.

SPALDING — AND WILLIAM JOINER'S
CONVERSION AND MINISTRY.

[We referred last month to our brother Joiner. We now give the following letter from him. When a minister can give a reason of the hope that is in him, in accordance with the Word of God and the work of the Spirit, he may be safely received by the churches of Christ. Here is brother Joiner's testimony:—]

To Editor of Earthen Vessel.

Cowper said: "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." And certain incidents connected with a visit to Spalding confirm in my mind the truthfulness of that declaration, for after an absence of twenty-three years, the Lord so arranged circumstances, that you were induced to aid the realization of an object desired by me for some considerable time. And as a few particulars may not be out of place, I supply them for your readers, praying Israel's God may render them promotive of his own glory and his people's good.

I went down to Spalding Saturday, August 5th, 1871; journey unpleasant. On arrival at the station, I was met by one of the deacons of Love Lane chapel; it was well I was so met, for such is the enlarged size and improved aspect of the town, that it appeared quite strange to me. Streets and houses abounding where in my youthful days "reeds and rushes grew," emblematical of that marvellous transformation which the Sovereign Grace of God produces in the wilderness of the sinner's soul. My guide conducted me to what is properly designated "Rose Cottage," which for beauty vies with some of the attractive portions of Kew Gardens or Victoria Park. I could but think, if knowledge of love for, and care over, plants and flowers, constitute a qualification for paradise, our friends Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson are sure to obtain admission there. In evening I visited chapel in Love Lane, within and around which are deposited the mortal remains of many heirs of glory. Dust, which shall be re-collected and immortalized; bodies, which shall be re-organized and re-united to their glorified souls, when the archangel's trump shall bid the sleepers rise. Time with its withering hand hath touched the ancient building; hence the efforts which our friends are making for the purpose of repairing and improving this house of God; and in their behalf I invite the co-operation and assistance of those in our denomination whom the Lord may have favoured with this world's wealth, inasmuch as Spalding is a large and extending town; and as far as I am aware the Cause at Love Lane is the only one in our interest which Spalding can claim. Come then, ye friends of Zion, unto the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

It was stated £150 would be sufficient to modernize and renovate the chapel. Help ye men of Israel, help! and with the Divine

blessing upon the work, and upon the man our God may send them, wonders of grace may be wrought.

On Lord's-day, August 6th, the friends held a prayer meeting; my exalted Master allowed me to speak thrice in his dear name with a single eye to his glory; results I leave with him.

On Monday, 7th, I went over to Weston Hills, the place where the Lord, in his mercy, met with me, when as a farmer's boy I resided with my uncle, the late Mr. Peter Hickling. Oh, the havoc death has made in the course of thirty years! oh, the changes time hath wrought in that locality. The old chapel, in which I shouted "Glory to God" almost as loudly as any Methodist that entered it, is being now translated into a common habitation. The old Wesleyans have withdrawn from the place; the Primitives and United Methodists have entered; each party having raised for itself a comfortable place of worship. The house and farm which my uncle owned having passed into other hands, is so altered that but for its actual location I should not have known it again. The present proprietor takes credit for greatly improving the property, but I respectfully submit an opinion that the removal of the three stately lime trees from the front of the house, and the long row of tall poplars from the southern side, has destroyed a great deal of natural beauty which the estate could formerly boast. My friend is a prosperous farmer; as I sat in his comfortable home, my memory called back the years which have fled since we were boys together; and I thought how deeply mysterious are the arrangements of Divine providence. I don't suppose my friend Mr. C— has known the want of a shilling; but I, on several occasions, have known the want of a piece of bread; and often felt the pinchings of poverty through adverse circumstances. Not that I make such reflections with a repining spirit; far otherwise; for I believe my poverty, sanctified by grace, has bound me tighter to the heart of JESUS, and bound him tighter to mine than could all the gold this earth contains, supposing it were made into chains for that purpose.

MY CALL BY GRACE.

I said Weston Hills was the place where the Lord met with me. I will briefly state a few particulars concerning my call by Grace. In very early life I was the subject of powerful convictions by the Holy Spirit; yet not so as to be restrained from launching into sin in some of its worst forms; at fifteen years of age I was a sinner indeed. But, he who foreknew me from all eternity, kept his eye upon me throughout the entire period of unregeneracy, and at the appointed moment, and in the appointed place

Stretched out his arm omnipotent,
And seized me for his own.

On the 31st of December, 1838, the Wesleyans had a tea meeting at the house of one of their people; after which they held a prayer meeting with which they ended the

old year and began the new one. To that meeting I was induced to go, with a greater desire for cake and tea than for my soul's salvation. The tea being over, the prayer meeting began, at which a good woman, being in deep concern about her state as a sinner, most earnestly implored the Divine mercy; and knowing her to be a respectable neighbour, I was greatly surprised at the character of her prayer, and the cogitations of my mind ran thus: "If you require mercy, how much more do I need it!" And in the twinkling of an eye the Holy Ghost pointed all my past sins as so many daggers at my heart, whilst I trembled from head to foot like a culprit awaiting execution. The friends perceiving the agitation of my body urged me to pray audibly. I attempted to comply, and in sighs, sobs, tears, and broken accents, breathed my wishes to the throne of heavenly grace; but what a night of soul anguish! The more I prayed the worse my state seemed to be; yet leave off praying I could not, had they given me ten thousand pounds; God's curse seemed to rest upon me, and on every object in creation, whilst reason herself reeled on her throne. The meeting broke up between two and three next morning; never to be forgotten by me through the countless ages of an endless future. The Lord kept me in bondage for several days, slowly and gradually revealing himself in the light of his mercy as my pardoning God and Saviour.

As a matter of course I became identified with the Methodists, with various sections of whom I mingled for nearly twenty years; nor have I the shadow of a doubt that as it was my heavenly Father's purpose to call me amongst them, so was it his everlasting purpose to call me away from them. Hence he employed my first wife now in glory, as an instrument in the carrying out this great design. When we married we were both Methodists; but my wife having been induced by a friend occasionally to hear Mr. JAMES WELLS, the light of truth in doctrine graciously entered her soul, and she never rested in Methodism after. She subsequently attended the ministry of Mr. W. Flack, by whom she was baptized and received into the church under his pastoral care in Wilton square, New North road. The doctrines of grace were consequently brought prominently before my notice, and I was occasionally prevailed upon to accompany her to chapel, where ultimately the Gospel in its power, sweetness, and harmony was brought home to my soul, as a sequel to which I was baptized by the same minister on September 22nd, 1859, and added to the same church.

Although my continuance in Methodism extended over a great many years, several of my Arminian strongholds one by one had been taken by God's free and sovereign grace; hence before I left it, fleshly perfection was renounced for the imputed righteousness of my dear Redeemer; and a salvation contingent on a believer's obedience was exchanged for the irrevocable settlements of saving mercy; and as I could not blot elec-

tion out of the Bible, I slipped into Baxterianism, considering that in order to render his church progressive, permanent, and secure, the great Head thereof absolutely chose, commissioned and qualified, its recognised officers; but at the same time that such absolute choice did not in any way interfere with the plan of general redemption, or deprive a single soul of the right or chance of salvation; and I must honestly confess that such was my blind bigotry and foolish prejudice that I slurred a free grace ministry and despised the writings of its ablest defenders. Hence my consummate ignorance of the perfection of truth as it is in Jesus at the time I became united with the Strict Baptists, a people from whom by grace, death only shall divide me. Howbeit "I find myself a learner, yet unskillful, weak, and apt to slide," yet in conclusion I cheerfully sing:

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

WILLIAM JOINER.

August 15th, 1871.

Brother William Sack, whose address is, 17, Devonshire road, Chiswick, Middlesex, has received the following note from Sunningdale:

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHERN IN THE LORD,—Our highly esteemed brother Sack, who has supplied the pulpit of the Particular Baptist chapel at Sunningdale, has applied to the deacons and friends of the same for a recommendation. We are exceedingly sorry to part with him, for during the nine months he has been with us we have all profited much under his ministry, and our congregation has increased; but our cause is at a very low ebb, so that we are not in a position to support a minister. We esteem him very much, for the Lord appeared to give him much ability to preach the Gospel and a large share of his presence.

Trusting that he may still go with him wherever in providence he may be placed, and may his word be abundantly blessed is the sincere desire of yours truly in the everlasting covenant,

(Signed) J. WELLBELOVE,

Deacon of the above Cause.

Sunningdale, March 24, 1871.

THE JUBILEE SERVICES AT WANDSWORTH; AND WELCOME MEETING TO MR. KEVAN.

We seldom attend any meetings where positive engagements do not call us; but having to preach at Battersea on Thursday, August 30, 1871; and wishing to see a brother in the Lord at Wandsworth the same afternoon, we ventured to enter the old chapel while the afternoon service was going on. Mr. Kevan having stood in church-fellowship with us at Unicorn Yard; and feeling a Christian regard for him, we were glad to see him in a chapel, and with a

people, where he might hope to find a settled home, and a successful sphere of growing Gospel labour. We intended to give an impartial review of the Wandsworth cause, and of Mr. Kevan's ministry; but, we shall only now give the following, furnished by our own reporter:

The question is often put, "Is there a cause of truth in such and such a locality?" This appears strange to many persons who do not thoroughly understand what is meant by this query. It is put out of no disrespect to other sections of the Christian church. It is simply this: those persons who love a free-grace Gospel cannot be content with anything short of that "certain sound," and as they have a perfect right to do as they please, they write to us to know if a cause of truth can be found in certain localities. They mean, "Is there in the neighbourhood where, in God's providence, I am going, a place of worship where the Gospel in all its fullness is proclaimed?"

Here is a case in point. Fifty years ago the Calvinistic Baptists had no place of worship in Wandsworth. There were a few of what are termed "truth-loving people" there, who bent their steps to the Independent chapel. One Mr. Marks was wont to walk from Wandsworth to Great Alie street, where he officiated as clerk for some time. At last it came into his mind that there ought to be a place in Wandsworth where the word of life should be faithfully dispensed, "and the ordinances duly administered." This became the ruling passion of Mr. Marks's life; and after some difficulty in securing a place, he, with some others, "built a house for God."

Wandsworth Particular Baptist chapel has an antique appearance. There is a quiet approach, with good-sized garden walk. The edifice itself is covered with ivy. The interior is yet more like a sanctuary. In some respects it is not very unlike the interior of some old parish churches we have seen. There are a number of tablets on the walls in memory of departed saints. The one erected at the back of the pulpit to the late Mr. Ball, is an excellent piece of work. The chapel, considering the time in which it was built, is airy and comfortable.

On Thursday, the last day of August, the jubilee of this place was commemorated; and a welcome given to the new pastor, Mr. Samuel Kevan. In the afternoon, there was a respectable company present. Among the clerics we noticed the Ven. John Foreman, who sat in a pew to the left of the pulpit, and directly opposite sat the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel*. No doubt both were unconscious of each other's presence. Then there were J. L. Meeres; S. Kevan; H. Hall; R. C. Bardens, of Hayes; W. S. Styles, of Colnbrook, &c. Among the laity were Mr. Kennard, of Deptford; Mr. Wild, of Hayes; Mr. Walters, of Colnbrook; and other real friends to the Gospel.

The sermon in the afternoon was delivered by Mr. J. L. Meeres, very appropriately dwelling upon the Jewish Jubilee, and

therefrom drew some most important Christian truths. The tea was acceptable to many; and was provided and supplied with care and comfort.

At six o'clock the evening service commenced. This was to welcome Mr. Kevan. As the first hymn was being sung, Mr. John Foreman (who has now reached eighty-three years of age) ascended the pulpit. He looked remarkably well; it was thought he appeared better than usual.

Mr. Foreman first stated the nature of a Gospel church; and then asked Mr. Kevan if his views were as when he (Mr. Foreman) ordained him at Halstead? Mr. Kevan having responded in the affirmative, Mr. Foreman asked the senior deacon to give an account of the leadings of Providence which caused the church to choose Mr. Kevan as pastor.

This was replied to by the senior deacon, who gave a very satisfactory account of the circumstance which led the church to give Mr. Kevan a call.

The pastor-elect having given an interesting account of his call by grace, and to the ministry; Mr. J. L. Meeres (at the request of Mr. Foreman) joined the hands of deacon and pastor, Mr. Foreman pronouncing the words, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Mr. Foreman in his prefatory remarks at the commencement of the service, said he remembered that place of worship being erected. He had himself preached in it forty years ago. There were four ministers who preached there once a month on a week evening to keep the doors open. It was built by dear Joseph Marks, and the whole burden laid upon him. It was with great difficulty the doors were kept open; but it was a matter for congratulation that in all the difficulties the church had kept to the faith; they had not gone over to more fashionable ways. No! there had been no change of sentiment in that place since it had been built; and he hoped that his good brother whom they were recognizing that evening, would maintain the same truths, or leave.

The statement of the senior deacon was very similar to that made by Mr. Foreman. The place had been built fifty years. Mr. Joseph Marks was the responsible party, and matters pressed very heavily upon him. Amongst those who had ministered there were Mr. John Stevens, Mr. Bayley, Mr. W. H. Wells, Mr. Denham, &c. The place being mortgaged caused much trouble. When Mr. Ball was chosen pastor, he made an effort to clear off the debt. In nine years £600 was paid, mainly by penny-a-week subscriptions. Mr. Ball laboured there with much acceptance for twenty-two years, and was greatly esteemed by them. The friends having heard Mr. Kevan profitably, had given him an invite to the pastorate; and he (the deacon) believed he was the man for Wandsworth.

An address was delivered to the Church by Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, who gave some advice, which, if followed, would be of

great service to the churches generally. The doxology was sung, the benediction given, and the proceedings were then brought to a close.

A WORK OF FAITH,

AND LABOUR OF LOVE IN THE CAUSE
AND KINGDOM OF OUR PRECIOUS AND
ALL-GLORIOUS KING OF ZION.

Lord's-day, September 3rd, I preached in the morning from, "To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes," and in the evening from, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." It being the first Lord's-day in the month, at the close of the evening service we celebrated the redeeming love of our Great High Priest, and felt that it was an unspeakable privilege to be there. What the Lord's will is concerning me at Rehoboth is yet to be made known; our chapel is too small and inconvenient; to continue there, is not desirable because we have no room to grow. To build a new chapel will now be the question; if my friends can see their way clear to do so, I am willing to stand by them, and work with them, and build another house for the Lord. But I would much rather settle down where there is a chapel already built; that my time and mind may not be distracted with another chapel debt. "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

STURRY.—Monday 4th, I left my home at 7 o'clock by train for Canterbury, arrived at Sturry 10.30; preached morning and afternoon, and lectured in the evening for two hours upon "The wonders of divine providence and grace." The little chapel was full, and so were the hearts, and hands of the people; the collections on behalf of the chapel fund for the purchase of the chapel was really wonderful, £35. There I met with some whom I had not seen for twenty-five years whom I then knew in the Gospel. What a mercy to be kept until this day, and to be blessed with that grace, that will not let us go. After the evening service, I spent some time with brother Foster, who is still in the furnace of affliction, with a poor weak suffering body, from which he has no hope of deliverance, till he leaves it in the grave. He is a witness of the faithfulness of the Lord, and by that grace that is always sufficient, he is able to glory in tribulations also. Those of the Lord's dear children who are blest with this world's goods, please remember that they have a brother in adversity, living at Sturry, on his sick bed.

GROVE CHAPEL.—Tuesday 5th, preached in the evening at Mr. Jay's chapel, the Grove, Camberwell, where the late Mr. Irons preached the glorious Gospel of the blessed God for many years. I was very much favoured with the presence and help of my ever-gracious Master, and very grateful to the Lord in having the opportunity of preaching in that God-honoured sanctuary. Forty-nine years ago I was taken there by my parents, and by Mr. Irons was sprinkled.

Mr. Irons told me six months before he died, that he remembered the circumstance distinctly, and that when he sprinkled the water upon my face, I cried, he then said, My prayer is that this child may by the Holy Ghost be taught to cry for mercy. When he pronounced the name, John Bunyan, he said, Who can tell but that this child may be raised up by God, to preach the same Gospel that his namesake preached, God grant it may be so. My parents being members of the Grove, I used to be taken there by them, to the chapel, until they removed from Camberwell. At the appointed time I was called by grace, and then to the ministry. Mr. Irons died, I was present at his funeral, which took place on the eve of my departure for Australia. I did most earnestly desire, that I might for once, stand in that pulpit and declare what God has done for my soul. I left England without that privilege; after over fifteen years residence in the colonies, I returned to England on my late mission, while here no opportunity offered, only once more to see the outside of the chapel. I again left for Sydney, finished my work there, returned again; and now after preaching all over the land for fourteen months, now that which I have so much desired is granted, by the present pastor who asked me to preach, neither he, nor any one else, knew the desire of my heart. The Lord has granted it, and I will praise his holy name.

HITCHIN.—Wednesday 6th, I again left London for Hitchin, preached in Mount Zion chapel in the afternoon, and lectured for two hours and three quarters in the evening; the Lord was most assuredly in our midst, blessing the things spoken of to his dear children. Brother Tucker is still labouring there in that very nice and comfortable Mount Zion chapel, sustained by the founder and builder of Zion; he has had his trials, and if the Lord had not stood by him, he must have sunk under some through which he has been called to pass.

Thursday 7th, I left Hitchin and returned to London, preached in the evening in Rehoboth, Pimlico, from "The oil of joy for mourning," and was anointed with fresh oil, which renewed my strength, so that I was enabled to run, and walk in the Gospel without weariness or fainting. Thus, once more I have been strengthened according to my day, having had ten services in five days. It is a work of faith, believing that the Gospel is the grand instrument of the power of God, unto the salvation of his people, and that it is not possible to preach it in vain, for the Lord hath said, "It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it." It is therefore the best antidote to go forth with throughout the length and breadth of the land, against the awful delusions of the devil which are now almost rampant in England. *It is a work of love*, no work so dear to me as the work of preaching among the people the unsearchable riches of Christ. If I were of inde-

pendent means, it would be my greatest pleasure to go everywhere I might, without fee or reward, save and except souls for my hire, and seals for my ministry, and help the weak and needy causes of truth among the churches of Christ.

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

Conrad villa, Windsor road, Denmark hill, Camberwell. September 8th, 1871.

SOUTH GREEN.—Great Burstead, Billericay. My brother in the faith and hope of the Gospel, my mind is led to tell you of some of the Lord's goodness to me. Oh, the mercy of the Lord's "hitherto's;" but for them where should I have gone? In the year 1868 the Lord deeply impressed my mind to build a chapel, although amidst great opposition: I promised one minister not to go on with it, even after ordering the materials to build with: but my Lord's power and work was not to be crushed. No, no! I could not rest night nor day; so I simply said, "Lord, what shall I do?" My adorable Lord answered, "Go on, and I the Lord will bless thee." All glory to his dear name, he has done it; fulfilling in my soul his promise, where he says, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace." The Lord knoweth I lie not. As I was building, the enemy came in and said, "What minister do you think will come?" Such a load and dread filled my mind; I never shall forget it. In a few minutes the fourth verse of Gadsby's 864th hymn so blessedly removed my load that the enemy got defeated. Through the goodness of God, little "Jehovah Jireh chapel" was opened first time, November 13, 1868; and we have not been without a preacher but one Lord's-day the whole twelve months. You kindly sent us the late G. Holmes; many of the Lord's servants have come. Messrs. Hurel, Smith, W. G. Smith, Sack, S. Frances, Nugent, R. Howard, Cornwell; and at last there has been with us ten months, our dear brother Battson, whose ministry is most singularly blessed. Two precious believers were baptized in July; solemn time! There were assembled at our obscure place, from 200 to 300 persons; and on the first Sabbath in August, our brother J. Battson was received as our stated pastor; and then the two newly baptized ones. It is clearly to be seen there are others waiting for the moving of the waters. I must tell you I had not money enough to pay for the ground, which is free-hold; but I promised to pay for it on a certain day, and on that day I took a cheque, just the amount: and the timber merchant trusted me the materials, and, bless the Lord, he has enabled me to pay every shilling out: and I can tell you I had £15 given me by one friend, with which I bought the fire-irons, stove, lamps, and window blinds; so my covenant God helped me. My sole motive in telling you these few things is to exalt our God. Oh, "What was in that Cup?" Our brother How-

ard's preaching was well received: it tended to arouse careless ones. I could tell you of striking cases. The Lord is mindful of us. Our brother Battson comes from time to time richly laden with Gospel tidings to comfort us feeble ones.

JOSEPH BULL.

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.—DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—Having read in *Earthen Vessel*, a wish that Sydney friends would send correct reports of our dear pastor Allen's sermons; we forward (with much pleasure) some extracts from his own pen, which he sends to us from time to time in the form of letters. It is not our privilege to hear him only when we visit Sydney. Our lot is cast in the bush, far from any public means of grace; but we are favoured in reading such as those we send. We feel it a great loss not being able to hear him every Sabbath; but in this as in many things we have to submit, knowing the bounds of our habitations are fixed by an unerring hand. We trust, all praise to the Lord, we have found he is not confined to places made with hands: Where two or three are gathered together in his name, there he will bless them. We meet to read his Word, sing his praise, and call upon his name; then we read a printed sermon, sometimes Philpot's; now we are reading a lot of Mr. Wells's, lent us by Mr. Franklin; and though pining for his earthly courts, still he blesses us in these little gatherings. The Rock Mr. A. speaks of is a small cave by the sea beach, which he always visits early in the morning when he goes to preach the Word at the residence of our dear parents at Waverley. We need say no more; his own writing will speak for him; he never seems weary of his Master's work, for he delights to talk of him, and if he cannot speak face to face he will write of him. It is our daily prayer that the Lord will abundantly bless his dear servant in his work, and to the cause to which we have the pleasure of having a name and place. With kind Christian love, we remain yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,
HEPHZIBAH AND HENRY BEVERLEY.
Myall River, Port Stevens.
March 13, 1871.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—The church at Mount Zion have given Mr. Hunt a call to the pastorate, which he has accepted; it is arranged to hold recognition services, Tuesday, October 3. On Thursday evening, August 31, Mr. Edwards baptized at Mount Zion, an aged sister (77); she had walked in the ways of the Lord nearly forty years; but had not seen her way to be baptized, until one evening during a sermon preached by Mr. Edwards it was made plain to her: and she hesitated not to follow our Saviour's commands; and on Lord's-day evening, September 3, 1871, she was received into the church.
G. R. W.

WOOBURN GREEN.—August 3, 1871. From that large green basin, called Woburn Green, in Bucks, I have this morning come. Sweetly smiles our autumn sun, and softly come the breezes: the corn is ripening, the flowers look gay, and if one did not know the coming and the curse of sin, if past and present pain did not bear terrible witness, such scenes as creation reveals this morning, would almost make us doubt the extent of the fall. My honourable friends at Woburn Green have, for many years stood fast in the truth; they have a comfortable chapel, but they require a consecrated chaplain: one of Paul's own sons, who would work with his hands, and preach out of his heart; a man embodying in his own experience the patriarchal pattern; an Abraham for faith; an Isaac for the realization of the promise; and a Jacob for providential exercises and Penuel visits. In the Lord's hands, such a man might do a good work for Zion in Woburn Green; but who can tell us where to find him? We had a public meeting here last evening, Mr. John Dullely presided; and I was favoured with a little freedom. The Lord send them prosperity. Marlow, Maidenhead, Beaconsfield, and many places in this part of Bucks, present a field for useful evangelizing work.

HACKNEY.—Trinity chapel, in Devonshire road, is *considered by some* (?) to be the only place in Hackney where the Lord's Word and service is purely maintained: the church is devotedly and patiently attached to its pastor; who, for many years has lived in the closest retirement; but seldom appearing in the midst of his flock. On the first Sunday in September he was able to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; for which the church then assembled, was more thankful than can be expressed. Mr. Thomas Hughes was once one of the most popular preachers of the Gospel in Hackney; thousands listened to his discourses with reverence and delight. Afflictions have often threatened to remove him; but, as yet he is spared. The pulpit has been sacredly closed, we think for twenty years or more. No other minister would be allowed to enter it. Mr. Child, a leading deacon, preaches Thursday evenings at Clapton; and is a brother in the Lord greatly beloved both for his ministerial gifts, and for the charity and grace which, during a long period, has adorned his almost patriarchal life; but even this excellent follower of JESUS is never heard expounding the Word of Truth in Trinity chapel. Is Mr. Hughes the pastor? and, are the members of the church justified in such an exclusive course? We should be thankful if Mr. Hughes could again pour forth the Gospel of Christ, under the divine unction of the Holy Ghost; but if physical infirmities prevent him, can he consistently, indirectly, arbitrarily say, "No other servant of Christ shall minister to the people which come to seek their Lord in Trinity chapel, Hackney." We wait for a reply.

POPLAR.—The Annual Sunday School Meeting at Bethel Baptist Chapel, was holden Tuesday, July 25. Mr. Davis, the long and much-beloved pastor, preached intelligent and truthful sermons on the previous Sunday. We are happy to find our brother Davis is favoured to behold a revival in the cause; and the School is zealously cared for by Mr. G. Reed, who read a report of progress; which Mr. Anderson, of Deptford commended in a speech of a real Gospel character. Addresses were also given by the brethren Lawrence, G. Webb, C. W. Banks, and Mr. Briscoe. Our brother Lawrence expressed his conviction that one result of the Educational Board will be to banish all religious teaching from the Schools; consequently, the Sunday Schools must, more than ever, labour to give the rising generation the best Biblical instruction they can, or infidelity will more than ever abound. C. W. Banks thought our churches generally had scarcely realized the value of the schools as yet. If all connected with the churches could be zealously united in their efforts for the moral, intellectual, and spiritual good of the children, they certainly might be—under God—an unspeakable blessing.

NEW YORK.—BAPTIZING IN THE RIVER! Good news for friends of Gospel truth in England. Last Sunday, August 13, 1871, was a good day for the newly formed Salem Baptist church, New York city. Mr. Hoops, the pastor, baptized at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, a brother; the first since the formation of the church. A number of friends met at the side of the East river, at Greenpoint, opposite New York. Many lookers-on did not seem to understand what was doing: but a carriage drove up with Mr. Hoops, and the candidate. The pastor formed the friends into a half circle, and then gave out the hymn,—

"How great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day."

Which was sung with the spirit and understanding also. Mr. Hoops spoke of those persons who were fit subjects to be baptized, and of the love that Christ had to such, and of the love in return to him in obeying his command, and in the outward profession made before the church and the world. Then the hymn,—

"Come ye beloved of the Lord,
Behold the Lamb, th' Incarnate Word."

A blessing was asked on all present, and then they both went down into the water, about twenty yards from the shore, while the friends sang the second and third verses of the hymn,

"Matchless Saviour let us view thee
As the Lord our righteousness."

After this the pastor closed the services by thanking the Lord for what had been done in the name of the Three-in-One. Many Roman Catholics were present, but remained very still. Believe me, dear Sir, Yours truly in the one faith,
ROBERT LEE.
553, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn,
New York.

LOWER NORWOOD.—Gipsy Road. At first meeting of Strict Baptist Church, Mr. Silverton preached to a full congregation; after tea, Mr. Spencer presided; addresses were given by brethren B. B. Wale, Collins, Silverton, Knights, and Edwards; the meeting closed with prayer by Mr. Cook. We hope his petitions will meet with answers from above. Nearly two years since Mr. Stevens asked Mr. Wale to preach once a week; he agreed so to do. In a small school-room, Mr. Wale first commenced on Thursday evenings. A building belonging to Mr. Stevens was afterwards made into a comfortable room: here the Gospel has been preached. Mr. Wale has generally preached Sunday afternoons and Thursday evenings. At our Sunday evening service, Mr. Knights preaches. We hope the Lord will bless us. These are not days when large numbers of Strict Baptists can be gathered: gifts and graces are given to comparatively few: but a number of small causes are spread over the country, and in these the Holy Spirit is pleased to meet with the eternally-loved children of the Father in Christ the Son: and God will be with, and bless, our brethren at Gipsy Road.—**ONE WHO WAS THERE.**

KENT.—Reding Street, Broadstairs. Some years past Mr. Dexted erected a small Strict Baptist Chapel here on his own premises, and preached the doctrines of grace in it, about 17 years. In his will he directed that it should remain as such as long as the Baptist friends paid a trifling acknowledgment for it, and as long as they kept it open; but this was not done as appointed, and it was claimed by a relative, and let to the Primitive Methodists, but they did not succeed. Mr. Croft then took it, but, after a long trial, gave it up to Mr. Kiddle, and it was soon filled. Mr. Kiddle then bought it; but as Mr. C. Dennis lived in the village, and often preached there, he cheerfully let Mr. Dennis have it. Mr. D. has preached regularly, excepting occasionally when Mr. K. came. It soon became too small, and Mr. D. has built a commodious chapel; collected a good congregation, and established a Sunday School. Mr. K. formed a church of nineteen members. Mr. D. is now pastor. Last week seven were baptized. I am happy to say the church is formed on Strict Communion principles. Help is needed.—**J. K.**

MATFIELD GREEN.—Will the writer of the paragraph headed "Matfield Green" candidly inform your readers to whom—and to whose ministry—at that place he refers, as "delicately introducing free-will and duty-faith, instead of the sovereign and saving grace of Jehovah." We cannot for a moment suppose that he intends the regular ministry at Matfield Green; yet, we fear those of your readers may do so to whom our minister and his ministry are unknown. If the writer be the honest man which his production would indicate, he would gladly explain all—for A FRIEND OF MATFIELD.

WALTHAM ABBEY, EBENEZER.—Forty-seventh anniversary of this cause of truth was celebrated Thursday, September 7. The Lord most graciously favoured us with his special mercy and loving-kindness throughout the whole of the services. Our esteemed friend, Mr. R. G. Edwards preached in afternoon from Prov. xxv. 25: "As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." This he was enabled to unfold very sweetly in a somewhat novel and peculiar style, adopting the character of a postman, and his peculiar functions as illustrative of the work of the ministry. In the evening, Mr. J. Bennett, of Pimlico, delivered a very melo-dious discourse based upon John iv. 10; several friends felt comforted under it. Friends took tea. Mr. F. Wheeler took part in services, which passed off in a profitable manner. The Lord send more labourers into his vineyard, real sons of thunder and consolation, ever keeping the precious truth among us: so prays one who hates every false way.—**W. W.**

SYDNEY.—We gratefully acknowledge the following as received from the meeting when Mr. Daniel Allen was recognised as pastor of Baptist church, Castlereagh street, Sydney, in Australia. The report says: "We heartily thank the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel* for all his kindness to the churches; and to this in particular. We hand over all these papers to him, to use as he shall wish, for the information of churches in England."

[We realize much pleasure in receiving several letters, sermons, reports of lectures, and testimonials, fully proving that the Lord hath given the Castlereagh street Baptist church a man in every way qualified to be a great blessing. All the English churches will be edified when they peruse Mr. Allen's pastoral address which we hope to give next month. **ED.**]

SALENDINE NOOK, Nr. HUDDERSFIELD.—Two sermons for the Strict Baptist Sunday School at this place, were recently preached by Mr. William Stokes, of Manchester. The attendance in the morning was unusually large, but in the afternoon it was crowded to excess, even up to the pulpit door, and it was estimated that not fewer than 500 were in the spacious grave yard, not being able to get into the chapel. And when the people were dispersed it was a sight but seldom witnessed, for all the roads, lanes, footpaths, and many of the fields, were studded with the crowds who were returning home. This romantic, elevated region was never seen to greater advantage. The two collections exceeded £55.

ASKETT.—**BROTHER BANKS.**—The Lord is blessing his cause in this place; his people are comforted; some, after years of bondage are delivered; some are called. On Lord's-day, July 30th, I had the honour of baptizing two; on Lord's-day, August 27th, three. Others are coming. The Lord bring them. Amen. **C. WITTS, Pastor.**

NEW BUCKENHAM, NORFOLK.—September 14. I forward you account of our proceedings at New Buckenham: since Mr. Gill's settlement at Old Buckenham, he, being desirous to preach the Gospel of Christ, was invited to preach in a cottage in New Buckenham, and it was soon found too strait for us: we were then directed to a place formerly used as a chapel; it was repaired, and publicly opened in February: sermons were preached by Mr. J. Brunt, of Norwich; tea was supplied to upwards of 120. The evening sermon gave great offence to some free-will folks. Services are held on Sunday and Tuesday evenings: the congregations are good. Mr. Gill has been enabled to preach the doctrines of the Cross of Christ, and success has attended his labours: sinners have been saved and publicly baptized. On September 13th we held our harvest home; a good number were gathered; Mr. Gill gave us a blessed sermon. The *Vessel* and *Cheering Words* have been circulated with tracts of various kinds, and books of sterling truth. Sir, I wish you abundant success in preaching and circulating the Gospel through the world.—
A FRIEND TO TRUTH.

LONG PARISH.—To EDITOR.—Mr. Taylor, (who for upwards of twelve years has been pastor of Baptist church, Long Parish, travelling ten miles) wishes it to be published that on the first Sabbath in October, he will resign his pastorate; after that day the pulpit will be open to receive ministers of Truth, who preach none other than a Free Grace Gospel. Mr. Taylor, (with the church there) is anxious that the Truth be preached; Mr. T. will be willing to supply as oft as he can; or if his services are required, to supply other churches where he might be useful. We hope the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ will still be faithfully proclaimed.

Letters of communication should be addressed: Care of Mr. Murterson, Suffolk Cottage, Long Parish, Hants.

R MOWER.

DEVON.—Mr. Horton's Thanksgiving Services at Ford Chapel, on Sep. 12; were conducted by Mr. Vaughan, of Devonport; who preached three sermons in the day. At Loddiswell, on the 13th, Mr. Yalland held his Harvest meeting. Mr. Vaughan delivered two discourses. Mr. Sandover's celebration was Sep. 20th, at Aveton-Giffard; Mr. Vaughan preached twice. The Devonshire people love the old corn of the Gospel; and they never neglect publicly to thank the Lord for the new fruits of the earth sent to them every year. We poor cold-hearted Londoners need more corn than any other one part of the world; and every day the Lord sends us bread enough to feed three millions; but where are our public THANKSGIVINGS?

OUNDLIE.—Our brother Fountain, of Sharnbrook, preached the old Gospel of the grace of God to us on the last Lord's-day in July. Since pastor Tooke left us for Chesham, we have not been settled; but, we are a

free-grace people; and our best friends can see nothing but a holy Gospel, and a full-Christ ministry will do for the church at Oundle. We heard friend Fountain gladly: he is thoroughly grounded in THE TRUTH revealed by a Triune Jehovah. The modern-amalgamisers would be glad of him; he is no green-horn; no mere systemizer; no abstract textarian; no empty talker: the truth often flows as from an original "fountain:" and we old Oundleites were quite refreshed. After our services, some said, very silently: "Why does not Mr.—try and get him?" We wish we could: but Catworth Church are more likely to have him than us poor Oundle folks. An old SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

SPALDING.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Most unfeignedly did I rejoice to see your appeal for *The Aged Pilgrims' Pension* on behalf of Mrs. Clarke, of Holbeach road, Spalding. Of the genuineness of the case there can be no doubt. Both Mrs. and Mr. Clarke are very aged, and both have been followers of the Lamb of God for many years. They are surely fitting objects for charity. I thank you for making the effort, which ought to, and I trust will, prove successful.

A. J. MARGERUM.

[Cannot an *Earthen Vessel* fund be subscribed for many poor godly worn-outs? We have repeated applications to get aged saints on the Aged Pilgrim's Society. We might as well try to get them into the Queen's palace.]

IRELAND.—At the Baptist Conference helden this summer at Tubbermore, our beloved brother Samuel J. Banks delivered an essay on ministerial education. Large meetings were convened. Mr. Henry, of Belfast, is said to be one of the first pulpit orators of the day. We should be glad to hear him, if his eloquence fetcheth its force and fullness out of the river of God, which is full of (living) water. Who will send us some of Mr. Henry's sermons?

WOKINGHAM.—A few of the Lord's people meet here for prayer, and to hear the Gospel, when they can get a sound preacher; but, in order to build up a cause here they require "an under shepherd," who is not dependent on the ministry. Communications might be addressed, J. W. Grey, Wokingham, Berks.

MARRIED.—September 5, Mr. John Broom, by Mr. J. Flory, at Bethel chapel, Cheltenham, builder, to Anne Stanbury, daughter of the late Mr. Upstill, solicitor, London.

DEATHS.—Mr. John Harvey, of Ipswich, died August 20, 1871, in the ninetyeth year of his age; a member of the church at Stoke Green for more than seventy years.

Matilda, the beloved wife of Alfred Voysey, of Turnham Green, Middlesex, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, Friday, September 9, 1871, in the 53rd year of her age, and the 40th of her membership at Old Brentford. "Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation."

On Sunday, August 27, Mary, the wife of F. Sampford, deacon of the Baptist cause at Ware.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION BY THE WILL OF GOD

A SERMON BY D. ALLEN,

BAPTIST MINISTER, CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY, PREACHED
LORD'S-DAY, JAN. 29, 1871.

“By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once.”—Heb. x. 10.

THE whole context shows the words “*for all*,” supplied by the translators, to be an egregious superfluity. This wonderful letter of our dear Gentile apostle to the Hebrews is one of the most glorious productions of Divine inspiration, and a most precious gift to the dear church of God: inasmuch as by it a glorious light is shed upon the Levitical economy, whereby we are led to see that the whole design of Jehovah, in His minute arrangements of all things therein, was to give the church an heavenly illustration of the most blessed incarnation, holy nature, deep sorrows, tremendous death, glorious achievements, complete salvation, wonderful resurrection, and grand ascension of our most dear and very much-beloved Lord Jesus Christ. And all this for and on behalf of His dear church, in the midst of which He would sing praise because of these things, and tell His dear brethren of His Father's holy name.

I repeat, my beloved in Christ, the fact namely, that this most blessed letter demonstrates that all the *things, ceremonies, and services* of the ancient sanctuary were pictorial illustrations of Christ and His church, and the way He should make her holy, harmless, and undefiled—a glorious church in His presence for ever and ever. “It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these.” (Chap. ix. 23.) Here, then, we have *the patterns* and the real things mentioned, and the sacrifices by which the patterns were devised, and the great sacrifice by which the heavenly are sanctified. Well might the Lord give such special charge to Moses: “See that ye make all things according to the pattern showed unto you in the Mount.” Why so? Because it was a pattern of Christ and His church.

First, let us notice *the will mentioned in the text*; the sanctification brought in by that will; the sacrifice of the body of Christ to that end; the persons interested in this blessing contained in the precious pronoun “*we*.”

I. The great *will* of Jehovah is the immutable *rule or law* by which all things are done in heaven and earth. “He doeth according to His *will* in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth.” Again, “Who worketh all things according to the council of His own will.” Truly, all hell and earth have been in rebellion against this sovereign will of Jehovah ever since the fall of angels and man. But all their blasphemous imputations and vile assaults upon this Divine *will* no more affect it than the dribblings of worms can injure the blazing

sun at noon day. In the midst of all the theological rage of devils and divines about God's will and free-will, "His eternal thought moves on His undisturbed affairs." Well, then, beloved, as it is now in the affairs of Providence, and in the manifestation of salvation to God's elect, so it was in the beginning, when God would set His house in order in the vast eternity of the past.

It was in His holy *will* that He *would* have innumerable millions of redeemed sinners to compose His church, who, being washed in their Saviour's precious blood, should be to the praise of the glory of His grace to all eternity, "according to the good pleasure of his will." Glory to His name. Having *willed* their creation, and to permit their fall, which He knew sin and devils would soon accomplish, when left unrestrained by His mighty power, which He *willed* they should be, that room might be made for Christ the Saviour to save His church to the glory of Divine grace. Thus the fall made a channel for grace and mercy to run in. And I will say it fearlessly, that mercy and grace being in God as an immeasurable ocean, never had an outlet but by the fall of man, and those who deny that God *willed* the fall *permissively*, do deny that God designed to be "merciful and glorious." Let those devils and divines who deny God's will relative to the fall, tell us where the vast sea of *mercy* and *grace*, pent up in the loving bosom of Jehovah, was to find an outflow if not into the souls of fallen men. And if Jehovah *willed* to give His full breasts an holy flow into the miserable souls of fallen men, He must have *willed* that fall into which His rich mercy should flow; for "He worketh all things after the council of His own will."

Have we not seen mothers with full breasts as much desirous to give them vent as the crying babes have been to receive their flowing streams; the one is necessary to the other. So lost, undone, crying sinners are necessary to the full streaming breasts of Divine mercy. And shall not our most merciful God be allowed to make way for His boundless mercy in bringing millions of most miserable sinners to His Mercy-seat to receive mercy and grace to help in time of need? If any man, devil or divine, will still deny God's right to *will the fall permissively* to make way for His mercy, I shall consider such too low, vulgar, unlearned, and, atheistical to answer otherwise than as the Holy Ghost has answered all such infidels:—"Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?"

It was necessary for me to notice how these people came to *need* Jehovah to *will* their *sanctification*. Having noticed the Divine procedure relative to their fall and pollution, we now notice the determinations of the Divine *will* relative to their purification. Jehovah saw them defiled and filthy in sin, yet He *loved* them *dearly*, even when they were in their sins and filth, "*while they were yet sinners.*" Then He *willed* that the eternal Word, "*the Logos,*" should take a body like theirs. Therefore He saith, "*A body hast thou prepared me;*" and as they had violated every law of their God, He put the law in the very heart of this glorious God-man, so that in this very body prepared He might manifest it, and make it honourable, in holy obedience for them, they having no obedience. Therefore He saith, "*Thy law is within my heart.*" Furthermore, He *willed* that all the sins of these people should be charged upon this dear Saviour, who should take this body as it is

of Glemsford, in the afternoon, read; Mr. J. B. McCure spoke from Heb. vii. 25: 1, The Person, in his priestly character, after the order of Melchisedek; 2, His Ability, his sacrificial, present, representative, and intercessional ability,—The Salvation to the uttermost; 3, the persons interested, a living and an instructed people. About 100 to tea: after which, brother Whorlow, of Chelmondiston, gave out his favourite hymn,

“Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.”

Brother Beach, of Chelmsford, read and prayed, and we were glad to see him after his trying affliction; may it prove under God's blessing, a saviour both to him and the Church of God; an experimental ministry is one of the greatest blessings a church can have in this day of superficial religion. Brother J. B. McCure spoke again to us on the choicest theme, “Christ is All and in All.” With subscriptions, collections, and donations, we hope to clear £30. To the All in All be all the praise, Amen. MINIMUM.

THE BEGGAR AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

‘Twere folly to pretend
I never begged before;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often hast relieved my pain,
And often I must come again.
Though crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I;
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy:
Oh, do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.
Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal;
From others who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

The beggar's usual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offered unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain.
And pleas which move thy gracious ear
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
I have no right to say
That, though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more.
Thou know'st that from my very birth
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
Nor can I dare profess,
As beggars often do;
Though great is my distress,
My faults have been but few:
If thou shouldst leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.

Mr. Newborn's Life and Letters, in one volume, will soon be issued. It will make a suitable New Year's Gift book.

SHEFFIELD.—A Lecture on “The Church of the Reformation” was delivered in Rev. Mr. Battersby's School Rooms, on Oct. 11, by C. W. Banks. It is believed by many that Mr. Battersby, the Vicar of St. Simons, is the only true and spiritual gospel preacher in Sheffield. When Mr. Battersby first came to the district of St. Simons, there was no church, or place for him to meet in. His first service is described as follows: he says—My first sermon was preached in the open air, while I stood up in an old chair; a scripture reader helped the song: another man whose mind was wrong: some children laughed and off they ran: my wife did weep: (alas! poor man.) Since that, a nice church has been erected: the Lord's blessing has attended, and still rests upon, Mr. Battersby's ministry. As preacher and visitor, he is a most laborious, faithful, and much beloved servant of Christ. At the lecture, several friends addressed the meeting; Messrs. Elam, Joseph Taylor, Johnson, Lee, Barrons, and others, all in a blessed Gospel spirit.

PLYMOUTH, Sep. 24,—DEAR SIR,—The end is near of Mr. Wale's supply; to-morrow is the last day. There will be three sermons, it being the anniversary of the re-opening of Trinity. Mr. W. has had large congregations. On Monday week, he preached at Ashburton. Last Monday, he lectured at the Plymouth Mechanic's Institute, on “Nothing but Words.” He gives general satisfaction. Mr. Stringer is expected; many will be glad to hear him. Anxious enquirers about Mr. Collins; he left friends behind him. I hear he is much better. Mr. Pearce, of Reading, has been preaching at How street. Some say Mr. K. will not stand long; many are leaving. Mr. Easterbrook has been preaching at Totness. Mr. W's friends tell me out of the few some talk of leaving. How much untruth have I spoken? I feel pained at deserted walls. My desire is that the courts of Zion may be filled with anxious enquirers.

NOTTINGHILL.—While the wheels, the water, and the fire are shaking me from London to Sheffield, this eleventh of October, 1871, I write a line on our Building Fund Public meeting at Johnson street Chapel, near to Notting Hill Gate, yesterday. Mr. Robert Bardens, of Hayes, gave us a sweet and pleasant discourse in afternoon. Near 150 took tea in school-room; and the chapel looked well filled in the evening. Mr. Rushmer, one of the deacons, and honorary and honourable Secretary, read Report, which I hope to give, with some notes next month. Intelligent Discourses were delivered by brethren P. W. Williamson; Griffith; Thos. Rowley; and R. Bardens; W. Flack, and A. W. K. we offered fervent prayer.

From beginning to end,
The smiles of our Friend
Made us sing without fear,
Jehovah is here.

Amen and Amen.

C. W. B.

WESTBOURNE PARK.—On Thursday evening, October 5, the Baptist chapel in Bosworth road, was kindly lent for a lecture by C. W. Banks, on the dangers surrounding our nation, our Bible, our Protestant churches, &c. Mr. G. P. Clarke presided; Mr. Thomas James moved vote of thanks; a respectable audience listened attentively; and the meeting closed by all singing that sacred piece, "For ever with the Lord." We have hoped if meetings of this kind, for prayer, reading God's Word, singing his praise, and for an intelligent and impartial review of the fulfilment of divine prophecy in the daily development of the eternal purposes of our heavenly Father, were holden in every available place, good must result therefrom.

NORTHAMPTON.—"R—in—D" says: "There have been grand meetings in this town, of Baptist ministers and people; but, one of the Tabernacle bright young stars completely kicked over the traces, and dashed into the wilds of salvation by self and company." This must be the result of a training where principles are given to lads whose natural feelings are opposed and unobdured. Our young aspirants can see plain enough that the broad gauge of man's free-will, will be more and more popular; until even the original president's theology will be almost ignored; and, when to find one who earnestly contends for the faith once delivered unto the saints, will be next to impossible. But, without witnesses God will never leave himself; although his witnesses may be slain in a social sense; and trodden down in the dust by the contempt of men mighty in the gifts of nature, and in the attainments of the schools.

OAKHAM.—On the 5th of November, Mr. Freeman was expected to preach here. We understand he has been called away from all further service in the church. We have unhappy statements of movements in the Liverpool church, but only such particulars as can be of use to the churches shall we give. It is very solemn thus to see ministers solemnly removed.

BARNSELY.—Special services in the interest of the Gospel have been holden here. October 15, sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, and James Johnson, of Sheffield. On Monday, October 16, C. W. Banks preached in the Baptist chapel; and on Tuesday, delivered lecture in Temperance Hall. We hope Strict Baptist church, under the pastoral care of Mr. Johnson, will soon be formed here, and a new chapel erected.

STEPNEY.—Anniversary sermons were preached in Cave Adullam, on Sunday, Oct. 8, by C. W. Banks; and on Tuesday, Oct. 10, by Mr. Vinall. Pastor Geo. Reynolds, and his friends appeared united and happy;

hoping to spend many years together; labouring with success in the good work of the Lord.

We love old "Cave Adullam" well,
For there the good old Gospel bell—
Has always sounded clear.

A THOUGHT.—As early in the morning May 31, 1871, I was in Shropshire behind the steam, the book of God's creation, the unfolding leaves of nature opened so blithly to me, I felt my rhyming muse spring up, and I wrote:

From Shrewsbury to Hereford
How sweet all nature looks!
The tow'ring hills, the streams, the plains,
And little sunny nooks:
All tell me in delightful strains
Our MAKER lives—our SAVIOUR reigns.
To Cheltenham I speed my way,
'Tis Flor's recognition day.

PORTMAHON.—We had good company on Thursday, Oct. 13th, to hear lecture by C. W. Banks, on Oxford and Rome. Only the Sheffield Church Disturber attempted to disturb our peace: but we grieve when men who profess to be friends to the truth, can not only *grumble* with the worldlings, but *grumble* at the people of God. How wickedly do some professors act!

NEWTON ABBOTT, DEVON.—Harvest thanks giving services have been holden at King's Kurswell, Morton Hamstead, Abbott's Kurswell, and Torquay. Sermons were preached each afternoon by W. Ward, of Newton Abbott; and each evening addresses were delivered by respected brethren in the ministry who are constantly engaged in publishing the Gospel in the neighbourhood.

PECKHAM.—Interesting service was holden in Rye Lane Baptist Chapel, when several believers were baptised by Mr. Griffith, who officiated for Mr. Moyle. There was one feature of much interest in this service which we may refer to another time.

PIMLICO.—The friends of Mr. John Bunyan McCure (now meeting for worship in Rehoboth Chapel) intend to erect for him a new chapel. Meetings have been holden: further particulars we expect to give very soon.

DIED.—On September 20, Eliza, youngest daughter of the late T. B. Duprey, Peckham Rye.

MARRIED.—By Mr. T. Stringer, at Bethel chapel, Wellesley street, Stepney, on Monday, October 16, Mr. Richard Searle, widower, Baptist minister of Twowaters, Herts, to Mrs. Susan Smith, widow, of Poplar. God bless them. T. S.

On October 12, at the Surrey Tabernacle, by Mr. B. B. Wale, Mr. Joseph Beach, youngest son of Mr. James Beach, to Matilda Tree, youngest daughter of Mr. Tree, of Dover road.

On September 23, John William Syms, son of Edward William Syms, of Camberwell, to Eliza, eldest daughter of George Skinner, of St. Alban's.

within. "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Then what was He to do with them? Why, by His wondrous death in the merits of His blood, "cast them into the depth of the sea;" "remove them as far as the east is from the west," from them and their God. Yea, "He removed the iniquity of that land in one day;" so that though their sins should be sought for they should not be found. Glory to His name we say.

"Jesus, our Lord and God, bore sin's tremendous load.

Praise ye His name.

Tell what His arm has done, what spoils from death He won,

Sing His great name alone,

Worthy the Lamb."

The Lord willed, then, that the Son of God should take our nature, obey the law for us in it, then take our sin and curses; carry our sorrows, removing them for ever from us, and rise triumphant from the grave, and live to die no more. This *will Jesus fully did*, according to His Word, in the 40th Psalm: "Lo I come, in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do *thy will, O God*." "By the which will we are sanctified." The plain meaning of which is, that God the Father, in the everlasting covenant, here called the volume of the book, *willed* that Jesus, His dear Son, our most beloved Lord, should do these things before-named, and that He did, fully and exactly, all that the Father *willed* Him thus to do, and that by His thus doing the *will of the Father*, His people are entirely sanctified. Thus Moses was to do all; just as God commanded him, and then, the patterns, would be sanctified thereby. So Jesus, in like manner, as a Son over his own house, received from the Father just His holy *will, what He was to do*, that He might sanctify His house; and He did that *will*, and His house is holy. Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? "It is Christ that died:" "It is God that justifieth."

"With His spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One."

II. We have now to direct your believing attention to the most blessed sanctification resulting from Christ's doing this *will* of the Father for His people.

Sanctification implied three things in the law relative to the patterns of the heavenly things. 1st. *Setting apart* from a common to an holy use in the sanctuary. 2nd. Sprinkling with blood for *purification*; almost all things were purged with blood. 3rd. Anointing with oil for consecration. By these three things almost all things were by the *will* of God sanctified unto Jehovah by His servant Moses. So also in the Gospel the heavenly things themselves are blessed with a threefold act of God in their sanctification, and each of these three parts are performed by each of the persons in the Godhead, and they cannot be confounded without great confusion both to the preacher and hearer. There is a sanctification by God the Father, distinct from the sanctification by God the Son, and this again distinct from the sanctification of God the Holy Ghost. Yet there are not three absolute purifications, but one glorious presentation of the church, without *blame, spot, or wrinkle* unto Himself, by the conjoint acts of the holy Three in One.

As in the order of the law, God the Father *sets apart* all the millions

of His elect from the common mass of human kind to be His holy heavenly things; so it is written: "*To them that are sanctified by God the Father.*" And the place where they were *set apart* is evident, namely, "Preserved in Christ Jesus and called." This is God's election.

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

Then there is "The sanctification of the Spirit." The holy anointing, which has respect to the removal of the being of sin from the spirits of the elect, the subjugation and mortification of sin in their bodies now, as also the entire purification of their spirits, souls, and bodies in the resurrection of the dead—yes, from all indwelling sin for ever and ever.

Now, the sanctification in the text, by the glorious acts of the dear Son of God, is distinct from both these, inasmuch as it has to do immediately with the guilt of sin and the damnation of the law. That which Moses *set apart* he purged by the sprinkling of blood; that which the Father *set apart* in election, Christ purged by the shedding of His blood, and that which Moses purged with blood, he consecrated by oil; that which Jesus purged by His blood, the Holy Ghost anoints—all *done as God willed*. All the *sanctuary*, with its *furniture* and *servants*, were thus purified. "He sprinkled both the book and all the people, saying, "This is the blood of the covenant which God hath enjoined upon you." Thus it was at their first dedication, and afterwards in their personal sins, and their natural sins also, were purged away once a year on the great day of atonement, as in Lev. xvi., when they slew one goat, and sprinkled its blood before God, who dwelt upon the ark, and then by confession laid all the sins of the nation upon the scapegoat, which carried them away into the land of forgetfulness, &c.; thus setting forth our most beloved Lord, who shed His own blood for His favoured nation on our great day of atonement, and went and appeared in the presence of God with it, sprinkling it in meritorious display before the great throne of Jehovah for the reconciliation of His people; then He, as the scapegoat, bore the sins of His people away, "As far as the east is from the west." "Therefore, Jesus, that He might *sanctify* the people, suffered without the gate." Because the bodies of those beasts whose blood was sprinkled before God on the great day of atonement were burned without the camp, pointing out our Lord's dying outside Jerusalem on wonderful Calvary. By these glorious deeds of our most gracious Redeemer, all the awful guilt of the whole church's sins, past, present, and to come, were for ever purged away, and shall never more come into remembrance before God again.

"Thus Christ, the heavenly Lamb, takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name, and richer blood than they.
My soul looks back to see, the burdens thou didst bare,
When hanging on the accursed tree, and hopes her guilt was there."

Thus He sanctified His people by the offering of His body *once*—that is, He done it so completely, that He will never need to repeat it, as the great atonements were under the law. All those whom the Father *set apart* from the common mass of mankind, Christ cleansed from them the whole mass of their guilt and filth, and placed them before His Father's face in love, without blame or stain.

III. It remains for us to notice the precious body of our dear Lord, in which He thus did the *will of His Father* to the sanctifying of His people. It was a body like our own, prepared in God's decrees in eternity, and taken, in time, of Mary, the virgin, of the seed of Abraham and David, made of woman under the law, because the same nature that sinned must obey, suffer, and die. "Forasmuch as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, He likewise took part of the same, that, through death, He might destroy death, and him that had the power of death—that is, the devil, and deliver them, who all their lifetime were subject to bondage through fear of death." Abstract deity like His glorious Godhead, could not become a man of sorrows; be tempted, bear the awful load of sin, and then the tremendous curse of God's holy law. Therefore this blessed body was taken into wonderful union with His great Godhead, that this man might have somewhat to offer in sacrifice to purge our sins by blood, which, though of the human body, was in union with Godhead; therefore the blood of God had Godlike efficacy to purge our stains away.

"Divinity's indwelling rays,
Sustained Him till nature was dead;
Divinity back to His frame,
The life He had yielded restored.
And Jesus entombed was the same,
As Jesus in glory adored.
No nearer we venture than this,
To gaze on a deep so profound;
But tread, while we taste of the bliss,
With reverence the hallowed ground."

Thus His great Godhead was the altar to uphold, and His dead body was the victoria, or vicarious sacrifice for our awful sins.

"*Thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine,*
And bathed in its own blood,
Whilst all exposed to wrath Divine,
The glorious sufferer stood.
Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree."

Thus the Father *willed in the book of the covenant* that the *eternal Word* should take this precious body, and take our sins *upon it*, bare our curse *in it*, purge them away *by it*, on the great day of shedding atoning blood, for the errors of the people of His love and eternal choice. "By the which *will* we are sanctified by the offering of the body of Christ once," or by His doing all His Father *willed* Him to do.

IV. I conclude with a few remarks upon the persons for whom He did this sanctifying will of God. They are called "*the church*," "the children given to Him," "His brethren," "the many sons," &c., by which is certainly intended the vast body of the millions of God's elect—a number which no man can number of every nation and people under heaven—all whom the Father gave to Him to redeem, of whom He says, "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me." "All mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them." God had His own specific measure of sanctification in the Levitical covenant; to say He has not, in this volume of the book of the covenant of grace, is atheism. But how shall we know ourselves to be personally interested

in these glorious things? By our loving them, feeling our need of them, going to God in solemn prayer for them, never resting until we feel our stains washed away, by loving and adoring the Father for *willing such things*, by praising and blessing Jesus for doing such blessed things, by constantly looking to the Holy Ghost to reveal these things, by making these things the only ground of our peace with God now, and the rock of our hopes for future glory. In self-abasement, self-loathing, and self-renouncing, I do rejoice in the assurance of the Holy Ghost, that—

“He washed my stains away,
He made me clean and fair,
He brought me to my home in peace,
The long lost wanderer.”

The Lord add His blessing.

[Notes, by Mr. D. Allen, and other letters, &c., in future numbers. There appears strong, sound, and pure Divinity in all Mr. Allen writes or speaks.—ED.]

FREDERICK WHEELER

READING, PRAYING, AND PREACHING IN THE CONDEMNED CELL AT NEWGATE.

CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST SEAL TO THE MINISTRY IN THE PARK.

THIS taught me two lessons:—First, That a God-sent, and a God-qualified minister, has nothing to boast of, or nothing to be proud of: he cannot convey life, he cannot arrest the sinner, he cannot apply the Word, neither can he give sight to any dark soul; but when a man's first seal dies on the gallows for murder, 'tis wonderfully humiliating, and made me feel, “'Tis not of him that willeth, or of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy.”

THE NARRATIVE.

This account brings us back to the period when the Bow-street runners were in existence, and there was no police; and I was not known as well as I am now, being about twenty-three years old. In the year 1839, as I was walking in St. James's Park, a man hit me on the back and said, “You are wanted at Newgate.” This gave me a great shock, and I turned round and said, “What!” and I know I turned quite pale, for he said, “Don't be alarmed, your name is Wheeler, is it not?” I said, “Yes, yes.” The Bow-street officer said, “I am a Bow-street officer, and I have been searching for you all over London, for a young man under sentence of death wants to see you.” We got into a hackney coach, and drove to Newgate; and my soul all this time wrestling with dear Jesus, and asking the question, “What can the young man want with me?”

Arrived at Newgate, the cold, dreary walls, the sombre corridor, the jailor, and the locking and unlocking of the doors, sent a cold chill through me, and filled my soul with horror. The condemned cell being reached, we entered. The chaplain was with the prisoner: and, oh! what a sight—a fellow-creature in chains, surrounded by stone walls, a victim of Satan and of sin. The moment we entered, he rose and

exclaimed, "Dying is nothing; damning is all." These words, he told me, he heard me say when a boy, preaching in St. James's Park, and since that time he had tried to drown them in drink, but do what he would, they kept sounding in his mind, "Dying is nothing; damning is all." He "could never stifle them," he said. "My life since has been one career of crime. I have set too, and swore oath after oath to keep away the obnoxious words, 'Dying is nothing, damning is all,' but failed; yet I went on and on in sin, until I am here, as you see me, condemned for murder, and I know I must die, but, oh! 'Dying is nothing, damning is all.' This now presses with double force on my mind. I do not fear death, as death; but I know now I am a sinner, and deserve to be damned. Can you tell me anything about another world?—is there any hope for a sinner like me?" I then said, "There are two things which must be understood before we commence: the first is, do you fear the punishment, and only desire to escape it? Second, do you hate the sin which is the cause, the just cause, of the punishment? Now, answer me, as in the sight of God, and remember God is everywhere, beholding the evil and the good alike." The poor man answered with tears in his eyes, "Oh, my sins! my sins! they are hateful to me, for 'tis to them I owe all my sorrows, pains, and grief. But how am I to get rid of them, of their burden, and of their grief? Oh, God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

F. Wheeler—"I will now read you God's own word on sin, on the law, and on judgment. The first I will read you will find in the 3rd of Genesis, the next is in the 4th of Genesis, and the next is in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy."

And, oh! when I read the curses against sin, his countenance shewed the agony of his mind, and he cried out, "God has cursed me like that."

I then read the law, 20th, 21st, and 22nd chapter of Exodus, the 5th of Matt., from the 17th verse to the end. I now took a text which I believe the dear Lord gave me, it was the 1st chapter Rom., 29th verse. "Being filled with all unrighteousness," &c. "Filled and full" were the words which I spoke from, proving to the poor dear man, from these words, that every man was so full of these things, that there was no room for any good at all while these things abounded in us; and every one, I proved from Scripture, who died in these things, where God was they could not come. The first Scripture quoted was 25th Matthew, 41st verse; the second Luke 6th, 49th verse; and at this moment the poor man got up and said, "I feel all this now. I am condemned, body and soul, and justly too; pray tell me is there any hope? I do repent and grieve on account of my sins." I then took another text, viz., 1st chapter Luke, 52nd and 53rd verses. I then attempted to shew him that it was the Lord's work to put down the mighty from their seat, and to do this he took various methods, used very simple, and, apparently, very unlikely instruments, that the power might be of God, and the glory entirely his own; and sometimes the dear Lord was pleased to bring his own elect to the last extremity, as in the case of the thief on the cross. There he found mercy; he could not die until mercy was extended to him. Manasseh, who deluged Jerusalem with blood; Saul, of Tarsus, must go very near Damascus, but not in until mercy was extended to him; and Mary Magdalene, possessed with

seven devils, full, completely a sinner, but all the devils together could not retain possession of her after the hour, the appointed hour, of mercy arrived; out they must go, at once and for ever, because she was a vessel of mercy at this time.

The poor man said, "If the thief on the cross was saved, surely I may be saved," with which he dropped on his knees, and said, "O Lord, pray save me."

I then went to prayer with him, and for him; earnestly did I beseech the dear Lord, if he was a vessel of mercy, now to pluck him as a brand from the burning—now to make it manifest by enlightening his mind, and to give me words to speak to him, suited words, powerful words, and clothe them with Divine power to his soul. I then had a little conversation with the chaplain, to whom I related my call by grace at twelve years old, and thus concluded my first visit at two in the morning.

(To be continued.)

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE

OWNED AND ADORED IN THE LIFE AND EXPERIENCE OF J. J. KIDDLE.

CHAPTER X.

ONWARD seems to be the order of the day in *everything*. It is so in these chapters. But it will be necessary (to exalt the work of God in Christ, and the work of the Holy Ghost through Christ) to retrograde a little, to bring up a few reminiscences in the rear.

The child of grace born in my soul had now lived twenty-eight years. During the whole of the time there was testimony of birth and sonship; but, how often did this child err in judgment by listening to carnal reasoning; fall into many grievous mistakes, and become disobedient to his beneficent Father. Every wandering step, every unrighteous act, every uncharitable word, every yielding to indulgence and lukewarmness was visited by a Father's rod. *He has many rods*, and knows which to use to humble the rebellious child and bring him into deeper light, and make him more deeply sensible of his dependence. Let no one think these chapters are intended to represent a life of purity; but, on the contrary, a life in which no act can be found that is not stained with sin, and many (if God cast away for disobedience those he called to the enjoyment of spiritual life) that would have sent me to hell. Paul (Rom. viii. 30,) has given God's answer: "Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called them he also justified, and whom he justified them he also glorified." It was my sins that made the providence and grace of God *special displays* of the sovereign wisdom and goodness of God. It was my sins that brought the rod so many times, and in so many ways, on me. Many times when writhing with pain, groaning with anguish, and weeping with grief, have I cried: "Father, forgive!" God knew it was not the cry of the slave, but *the child, the son*, and in no instance has he left me in poverty, sickness, persecution or temptation without deliverance, or grace to endure. He saw nothing in my nature, but the deadliest poison of sin. No nature so poisoned with sin as mine; no creature so absolutely destitute of wisdom or strength. It was

sovereign grace that picked me up when down ; that washed off the mire ; that set my feet on the *Rock*.

The following entries are made in my diary at this time :—

January 1, 1852.—The Lord has sometimes set me among princes. Again, he has brought me down to the beggar. "I know both how to be abased, and how to abound ; everywhere and in all things I am instructed, both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." I am now almost destitute, and in debt ; but have confidence in God. I now see I ought to have left nearly two years ago. Was at Brinmaur last two Sundays, and wish to remain a third ; but have an invitation into Hampshire. Am preparing to start to-morrow to preach at Frome, Basingstoke, and Cadnam. Great darkness. What will God do by me? Know not. Like Abraham, know not whither I go. "Doth God take care for oxen? Doth God clothe the grass of the field, and feed the ravens when they cry?" Will he feed and clothe my dear children?

Again. February 16.—After visiting the places referred to before, I was invited to preach at Alresford. It was said, "The pastor has just left, and the cause is almost dead." I felt a voice within: "That is the place for me." After preaching the first Sunday, was invited to take the services appointed for the week, and preach the following Sunday ; and then, I was invited to do the same again. During this time I lodged in the house of one Freemantle, Christians of no mean standing. Miss Freemantle was devotedly attached to Mr. Wells. She was, like myself, convinced of the propriety of Believers' baptism. We talked, and prayed, and wept together over the matter, and became one soul in Christ. Returned to my family at Pontypool, after preaching fifteen sermons at Alresford, six at Cadnam, and six at other places ; still, not knowing what the purpose of God was. After paying expenses, I brought home £5. Praise God! While it is stormy out and at home, it is peace within.

Another. February 20.—Received unanimous invitation to accept pastorate at Alresford. Have now to consider. How are my debts to be paid? How am I to remove my family 180 miles? How am I positively to say to those who have waded with me through thick and thin, and with whom I have held the sweetest fellowship, the time of my departure is come? I must go, if only for a short time. I did not seek it. God says, Go. My call seems to be to the poor, almost broken down, and to new churches. I know I suffer pecuniarily ; but, to these my mind is drawn. When my work is done there, there will be another.

Further. March 16.—Alresford. The Jehovah-Jireh, in whom I trust, has led me by providence and sustained me by grace, and here I am. Sold all my furniture, but beds, linen, &c., and paid all. To my great astonishment, when I arrived here, the people had taken a house and partly furnished it with surplus furniture from their own houses. I felt much grieved to leave more than fifty persons gathered to the fold of Jesus through my instrumentality ; but, here I see God's special care. Am sorry now, to find one old deacon here opposed to what the others do. It must be the pre-eminence or opposition. Am told he will try to get me on his side, and if he fail, I must expect opposition. The congregation about forty. Strong church influence in the place.

April 19.—Preached in Winchester yesterday for Mr. Thorn. My preaching is too spicy for his philosophical hearers, no doubt. My determination was to present truth, and to exalt the covenant grace of God. Our congregation is largely increased, but I fear we have some very bad persons in the church professedly. Some of the ladies are ornaments to grace: they are my unfailing friends. Four enquirers came to me last night in the vestry: one of them said, "I am sorely tempted to commit suicide."

May 3.—Much grieved last week. The two senior deacons disagreed, and charged each other with duplicity. I had to say, "If you determine in this way to pull down, it is no use my trying to build up." Oh, God, what a curse is a lordly deacon, especially if he have a little more money than others. Last Sunday one poor fellow cried out, "Pray for me!" Six were received into the church. The work seems to be of God in truth. The Lord turned the captivity of Zion: there is power in the ram's horn when God says *blow*.

HONOURABLE DISMISSION.

[THE following letter of Dismission is the one referred to in Mr. Baldwin's Memoir, recently published in *The Earthen Vessel*. It is a beautiful pattern-letter: honourable alike to the parties who composed it, and to those on whose behalf it was sent. Nearly thirty years have passed over the head of the venerable pastor, whose signature stands first: and still he continues in the work of the Lord. For sixty long years has the honoured JOHN FOREMAN carried the seed-basket, and scattered the seed of the kingdom, in nearly all parts of England. Will not he find many who will increase his joy "In the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?" 1 Thess. ii. 19.—ED.]

*The Particular Baptist Church of Christ, meeting for the worship of God, in Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square, London.
To the Church of Christ of the same Faith and Order, meeting for the Worship of God in the Parish of Elsworth, in the County of Cambridgeshire.*

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS—We have received and duly attended to your letter of application for the dismission of our truly and very dearly beloved Brother and Sister, John Baldwin, and Hannah, his wife. And we do hereby grant them a most affectionate, and most honorable, and united dismission, of membership from ourselves to you as a Church, as there is no cause of any kind or form why we should not do so.

They were baptized together by our Pastor, in Mount Zion Chapel, and united to us in full communion as members in the year 1827. They were the first that ever were baptized in Mount Zion Chapel; and when our number of members was but about *thirty-six*; and our number, (which they have most honorably lived among us to see rise), is now about *three hundred*.

And during the progress of this increase, through the period of *fifteen years*, we have seen some changes. Some have had to be separated; some improved; and some have caused us trouble, through a restless, unhumiliated, and designing spirit; but through the whole, our very dearly beloved brother and sister Baldwin, have lived and acted with Christian honour and unspotted character, both in the church and

in the world, up to the day they removed from London to reside in Elsworth, for our brother to speak to you *the word of eternal life*.

And now, dear brethren, in dismissing our dear brother and sister, John and Hannah Baldwin from us to you, we commend them to God in our prayers, and to your well-deserved Christian reception, friendship, and love always, inasmuch as they are not dismissed from our heart's sincere Christian love, although they be locally so from our communion. And we pray that they may always live as worthy of your Christian love, friendship, and prayers, as they have lived worthy of ours, and have yours as they still have ours.

And wishing our brother success in the name of the Lord, and great usefulness in the faith of the gospel; and you, as a church, all spiritual peace, health, and prosperity, by the blessing of God, through his public labours and private conversation.

We are, beloved brethren, in the faith and love of Christ, yours truly and very affectionately,

J. FOREMAN, Pastor.

Signed in behalf of the Church, as agreed and directed at our regular church-meeting, held Monday even., May 30, 1842.	}	JOHN SEARS, THOS. KING, GEORGE READ, FRANCIS BIRT,	}	Deacons.
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MR. VOYSEY AND HIS VAGARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

SIR,—These are not times for trifling in the ministry of God; nor may those who “watch for souls as they that must give account,” be as “dumb dogs that cannot bark.” With an exceedingly low state of religion in all directions, and with a stronger tendency than ever, to an indulgence in destructive error by the preachers of the day; it must be obvious to all, that the call to the watchmen in Zion to “lift up their voice like a trumpet” in warning the churches of the all-surrounding danger; is far louder than the present century has known before. If, at such a time of peril, any man calling himself a minister of the gospel, dares to “settle upon his lees;” he is, practically, a traitor to the cause of his Divine Master; and, as far as possible, acts the part of Judas Iscariot over again.

Of this I was never more convinced than by reading a report of certain proceedings in London, on Lord's-day last. A pseudo-clergyman of the name of Voysey, whom the Church of England has, very properly, cast out of her communion, commenced, what he calls worship for himself and his erratic followers at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, where he announced his purpose to preach something widely at variance with “the unsearchable riches of Christ.” His antecedents, whether as vicar of Haelaugh, or as lecturer in Manchester and other places, supply no proof whatever that he understands those riches, or even cares to understand them, in the lowest possible degree. What particle of concern can such a man and his pretentious party, have about One “who was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him?” He is evidently bent on the manufacture of a system that shall harmonize his own modicum of

divinity with "pure Theism," and shall make Christianity itself palatable even to an Infidel. The great fathers of our princely British theology, count for nothing in his esteem. What are John Howe, Dr. John Owen, John Bunyan, and Bishops Hopkins, Hall, Taylor, Hooker, and a host of other men of profound thought, and *mighty prayer*; what are these giants, to such a reformer as Mr. Voysey? What does it signify to him that the "dogmas" he denounces, were some of the points contended for by Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Zuinglius, and other brilliant lights of the Reformation from Popery? What does it matter to him and his Arian and Socinian admirers, that for the very doctrines on which he pours contempt, noble men—men of peerless excellence, and unsurpassed scholarship—died at the stake or in prison, rather than surrender truths which they knew to be essential to human salvation? According to the notions of Mr. Voysey, these martyrs to conscience ought never to have been martyrs at all, but to have twisted the truth as "free-thinkers," and thus have saved their lives, and their liberty. Let Mr. Voysey be consoled by the assurance that his system will never produce nobles such as these. That system allows of too many loop-holes to expediency, ever to require their "free-thoughts" to "suffer for conscience sake."

In his opening address, (for "sermon" it could not be called), he very emphatically repudiated the doctrines of "the fall, original guilt, eternal punishment, the atonement, and imputed righteousness, as derogatory to, and unworthy of, greatness, majesty, and love of an eternal, and infinite God." Now, I ask any plain reader of the Bible to take these sacred doctrines out of that holy book, and then tell me what is left there but a bare morality? And with such men as Mr. Voysey, I would further ask—having rejected the greatest of all gospel truths, what can you now teach more than a Plato or a Socrates could have taught in their uninspired times? On such loose principles it is plain that Jesus Christ might as well never have appeared at all, and that Peter, Paul, and other apostles wrote, lived, and died in vain. Such is the system of this renegade clergyman, who, to be thoroughly honest, had better declare himself an Infidel at once.

I say not a word as to his scholarship, but to remark that within the circuit of a mile from Langham Place, there could be found twenty men or more of sounder learning and far better read in biblical divinity, than this new light in our clouded atmosphere. His attainments are pretty well known, and he excites neither jealousy nor fear among those who know him best.

As these fatal errors are rapidly spreading, and this on the *sole ground* of their congeniality with the pride and ambition of the "natural man;" what is the plain duty of Strict Baptists above all other men, but to preach, enforce, and *spread* the precious truths of God, with a renewed earnestness proportionate to the danger of the age. Especially should the BIBLE CLASSES in our Sunday Schools be instructed and grounded in the knowledge of these great gospel principles, that the young may go forth hereafter in "panoply complete," to "war a good warfare, and to fight a good fight." These are not times to soften down, or omit, *any* part of God's Truth. "The Sword of the Spirit" may never be broken, and he who makes the attempt can only

expose his own folly. Let the doctrines of grace be preached firmly, fully, but *judiciously*,—without temper or contention—and the Spirit of grace will infallibly accompany His own Truth. And let the great public be familiarized with an imputed righteousness,—“The righteousness of God by faith,”—let the people know that nothing short of this perfect righteousness can justify a sinful man before an all-perfect God,—let this cardinal gospel truth permeate society, and the errors of the day will gradually die out. The true check to error is to be beforehand with the truth; and where the ground is thus pre-occupied with sound gospel principles, there the fantasies of a *Voysey*, and all other such vain men, will vanish into thin and empty air.

Manchester.

Your's very truly,

Oct. 7, 1871.

WILLIAM STOKES.

GOWER STREET: MR. AIKMAN:
AND A PLEA FOR THE WHOLE TRUTH.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Many of us country-folks would be enveloped in total ignorance with regard to much that transpires in the London and suburban Churches, were it not for the information which we receive from *The Earthen Vessel*; which information—apart from the devotional aspect of the serial—is honestly worth more than the money charged for the whole paper. As a minister of Christ—well known to yourself—I crave the indulgence of a space, in order that the opinion and judgment of the country may be placed side by side with that of the London friends, upon the all-important question that has (blessed be God) found a little daylight in Gower Street Chapel; viz.—the subject of **HOLINESS** in the Christian's life. Now I do not personally know Mr. Aikman, but I think he is to be highly commended for his independency of thought upon the subject; together with his bold and unflinching declaration of such an important element of the Christian's life. He has, as with the hand of Iconoclast, boldly cast the hammer of *all* truth at some of the Images under the skirts of Gower street. Would that it were done, not only in Gower street, but in every other street where the practical out-working of Christian holiness in the Christian's life is either not preached at all, or if preached, only in a very partial manner.

Now, Sir, it seems monstrous that in these days of boasted civil and religious-freedom, that any servant of Christ should find so much intolerance and popery in the circles where liberty is professedly in its greatest exuberance. Why, the people who oftenest cry, “The whole truth, and nothing but the whole truth,” appear to use their utmost endeavour to prevent the whole truth from being spoken; or does this crack phrase “The whole truth,” mean my truth (?) or my doxey; if so, we would reply in the name of all dear brother ministers and Christians, Not man's truth but God's: that holy truth whose area is as wide as Genesis to Revelation. The moment a man strides outside the covers of the Bible, he is in error; the moment a man shrinks from going from cover to cover of that incomparable standard, he is in error. If he does it ignorantly, he is yet a brother; for who of us dare boast that we know all the truth. Nay, we grieve as servants of our dear

Master, that we know so little, and more so, that we know so little of HIM. But, brethren, we know the worth of prayer, and know enough at least of him who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not, to make use of the throne, that we may be more fully taught. But of him that wilfully keeps back a part of the price, he is not our brother, whatever part that may be; and he is still in the gall of bitterness, and the bonds of iniquity. Our brother Aikman has, through grace, escaped this category, as happily many more have done, for there are not a few both in town and country, who, like Mr. Aikman, are not only not afraid, but who have not shrank these several years from giving a certain, clear, and *full* sound to the *whole* word of God; and, further, there are happily many churches that will not tolerate a mangled gospel in their midst. I do not believe that even Gower Street Chapel, or that part of the people that meet in it, are a type of their own section of the Baptists, and I am quite certain they are not a type of our section of the Baptists. In making this statement, we only justify ourselves in the estimation of the holy and right thinking part of the community.

The Strict Baptists have ever—as a body—distinguished themselves for their bold contention for the *whole* truth of the Bible, but now a small section are trying to make themselves odious by contending for only a *part* of it. It is well for the church as for the country, to find out its weak and indefensive places, to beware of them, and if possible to remedy the evil, as a stitch in time saves nine. Upon this principle, let us inspect ourselves, our charges, and so stand in defence of the word, and the Church of the word. As the Secretary of an Association of Strict Baptist Ministers in the Counties of Cambridge-shire and Huntingdonshire, I can say, on my part, and theirs, we will in the name of Christ, yet abide fast by those glorious things that helped our fathers and our mothers to burn, which have been and still are the solace of the hearts of thousands and thousands in this our happy fatherland. O, Mr. Banks, when we find a church that strives to shut out any part of God's truth, our whole Christian chivalry is aroused to indignation, the great doctrines, the unerring precepts, the noble examples, the sparkling promises, the faithful and awful warnings, are all of them too valuable to be dispensed with either in whole or in part, and the strength of Christendom lies in the fact that there is still a noble band prepared by the grace of God to endure anything, rather than compromise the Bible or relinquish one part of the truth it contains. And the fact, that so few of the churches fulminate against the holiness which the Bible enunciate as the great constituent of Christianity proves that they are yet strong in the Lord, and the power of his might, which strength can easily be made manifest, for I believe there are thousands of true saints in this country alone, who would rise up *en masse* in support of the whole circle of God's most sacred truth.

Your's truly,
Cottenham.

GEORGE PUNG.

MR. W. R. AIKMAN.

SIR,—I am one that loves peace; but cannot endure such words as I am a witness to and heard from Mr. Aikman on Sunday morning, Sep. 17th, at Gower-street. He said,—“I am willing to defer to

Peter, and Paul, and John, and James; but I cast aside Huntington and William Gadsby, and Warburton, and Vinall behind my back, and I reject their one-sided interpretation of God's Word." What! say of a man of God as W. Huntington "one-sided interpretation?" Surely Satan must have been at his elbow when he uttered such an expression! The name of Huntington is precious to thousands of God's dear people. Again, Mr. A. said, "There is only one original man of the four: it is the *old man* Huntington." If Mr. A. was taught as Mr. H. was, he would not use such an expression as "*old man*." He said, "Gadsby, Warburton, and Vinall are too mean masters to defer to the matter." When I heard him go on in such language, I took my hat and left the chapel; so likewise did several others: two ladies from Kew, and one old lady from Brixton. May the Lord Jesus open the eyes of Mr. Aikman as he did those five men of God he has so evil spoken against.

Your's in love,

FRANCIS BERRINGTON.

29, Peace Cottages, Brunswick Street,
St. Pancras. W.C.

[We perfectly agree with Mr. Berrington, that thus to speak of God's blessed servants was irreverent and grievous. We too highly venerate the memory of Messrs. W. Huntington, W. Gadsby, John Warburton, and others, ever to hear them lightly spoken of; but, Mr. Aikman's spirit was deeply wounded when he was defending his position, and sometimes the passion of the heart overflows the brain, and drowns the judgment for the moment.—ED.]

A SOLEMN TESTIMONY RESPECTING MR. AIKMAN'S MINISTRY.

[The following is from Mr. Champion, of Wickford. We hope from sacred and holy witnesses to prove that Mr. Aikman is a faithful servant of Christ: although, in some things, he may not speak as some truth-loving people may desire. Let us patiently investigate this question.—ED.]

DEAR SIR,—Seeing in the *Vessel* for this month the question asked, "Who is Mr. Aikman?" I have had it much on my mind to tell you what he has been made to my soul.

I had been for eight years a member of an Independent church, and I think I can truly say that among the strictest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee, when, in the good providence of God, Mr. Aikman was invited to preach in our chapel. I soon found that his sermons were beyond my depth: he made such a distinct separation between the professor and possessor that troubled and disturbed my mind; until, one day, he preached from these words, "One thing thou lackest." I was at once made to see that my whole-hearted profession was only an insult to the Majesty of Heaven, and for many months my state was this: "He brought down their heart with labour, and they fell down, and there was none to help."

Mr. Aikman visited our little dark village for about two years, without pay, in all weathers, with delicate health; during which time, under his ministry, I had to learn what it was to have a hard, rebellious heart. I was well nigh driven to despair, had not the Lord in mercy helped me from time to time with a little help. This, I think, is about eighteen years ago.

While Mr. Aikman was here, I invited my brother to hear him, who also was a member of an Independent church. The Lord blessed Mr. Aikman's message to the pulling down of his empty profession also; and he used to walk six miles every Sunday to hear the precious word of salvation by grace; and before Mr. Aikman left us, my brother's soul was set at happy liberty in Jesus. I could mention others (some of whom are now in glory) who have reason to praise the Lord for sending him here.

May his God spare him for many years, and continue to make him an honoured instrument in his hands to the pulling down of the strong-holds of Satan. I am, Sir, yours faithfully, A BRAND.

PRODUCTIONS OF THE PRESS.

Scenes from John Hampton's Home, &c., with preface by Rev. R. Maguire. John Hampton's home is represented by six large pictures, and several large pages of terrible history; we fear this is the history of thousands of homes of misery, in this land where intoxicating habits destroy every good thing. But God had mercy on this John Hampton. Grace recovered the man. His happy home, his peaceful death, are all strikingly presented, for one penny. Published by Partridge and Co. We do pray that like John Hampton, millions might be turned from the horrors of sin to the holiness of salvation.

Surrey Tabernacle Total Abstiners' Association. A Sermon by T. J. Messer, &c. London: Robert Banks, 30, Ludgate Hill. As soon as we read this discourse we determined to give "Good old King George and the Gipsy Girl" in our *Cheering Words*. Such instances and illustrations of practical Christianity come forth beautifully from the lips of our friend, Mr. Messer, whose whole life has been one continued demonstrative answer to the text he took for this sermon, "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves?" The Parable of "the Good Samaritan" is delineated in this sermon by Mr. Messer in touching, telling, truthful terms. Read it; get it read it everywhere. It will oil somebodys rusty wheels, and cause them to run in the right direction, and they will move others. We almost wished the proud priests of the bigots could read and melt under this.

The late J. C. Philpot.—We hope to be able to give our readers a full, fair, and impartial review of the life and letters of the above deceased minister. Concessions are already made; but, however, much the author might alter,

the seeds sown, are still springing up; and, the sore divisions made; the hard prejudices implanted; the severe spirits engendered, still exist. Well might Brooks, and many more, desire almost to dwell alone with God. We have much solemn and heavy work upon our hands. We ask for the prayers of all who sympathize with us.

Almanachs—C. H. Spurgeon, beyond all doubt, is a first-class business man. His eyes, his hands, and his heart, must be perpetually in his work. His *Illustrated Almanack*, for 1872, furnishes a pretty view of the Stockwell Orphanage, and thirty-two pages of pretty, pithy, pleasing, and profitable matter. *Johns Ploughman's Sheet Almanack* for 1872, is a new feature in Mr. Spurgeon's "Literary World," and is sure to be favourably received by thousands. "John" says he has put this sheet of nice pictures and of rustic reading together, to help the Stockwell Orphanage. It is a good hit: every benevolent Christian in the world, will gladly exhibit this handsome sheet in their dwellings; and if every boy and girl in the kingdom would make an effort to sell these sheets in their neighbourhoods, on purpose to help the Stockwell Orphanage, a large revenue might be realized. All "John Ploughman's" brothers and sisters in every part of the country, will be proud enough of the Almanack.

The Sufficiency of Grace, is the title of a sermon by Henry Bellinger, a noble American minister of Christ's Gospel, who is over eighty years of age; a sort of *United States John Foreman*. For very many years has Mr. Bellinger travelled and preached the Royal Free-Grace Gospel in different parts of that great country. We little know how many faithful witnesses our Lord has in the world.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SURREY TABERNACLE.

MR. EDITOR.—I think we have been highly favoured during this month of October; we have been supplied by some good and gracious men; we have celebrated the 41st anniversary of the Church; we have had church meeting at which signs of growth in our midst have been graciously given; we have had some reviving and cheering intelligence from our pastor; our attendance is fully sustained; our financial matters are quite satisfactory; peace and concord reign in our midst; we, therefore, have good reason again to say "Ebenezer." These notes of our progress are not intended so much for "home consumption" as for country, foreign, and colonial friends—who look anxiously month after month to these pages to learn the state of our pastor's health, and our position as a church in our afflicted state. My friend Lee, of New York, in a note to the writer, after expressing the anxiety with which they anticipate the arrival of the *Vessel* out there, says, they "received the number last month, nine days after its issue in London, the quickest voyage it ever made." Friends in New Zealand, South Africa, Fiji Islands, and all parts of Australia, are also looking after our welfare.

During the month, we have had a solemn proof of the truth of the words, "In the midst of life, we are in death." A Christian lady, a member of the church, attended the church meeting on the Monday evening, in her apparent usual health, and before one o'clock on the Tuesday morning, her spirit had fled to see her Master's face, "without a veil between." So that in the space of a few hours her change came—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." While this Christian lady was lying in her coffin at the rear of the chapel, we had a service of another character in the Tabernacle. The youngest son of our much respected deacon, Mr. J. Beach, was married. It was a pleasing and interesting service, conducted by Mr. Wale, of Blackheath; and out of respect to the "young folk," many came to witness the ceremony; and among them your correspondent, who wishes Mr. Joseph Beach and his young bride every blessing.

"That young man reads;" observation one. "There was power and savour;" observation two. "Grace and ability, with clearness and decision;" observation three. These were remarks I caught as we left the Tabernacle the first Sunday morning in October. The preacher that morning was a young man recently from the West of England. I don't know that there was anything externally very prepossessing in his favour: he is slightly built, thin if you please; almost beardless; I should think about thirty years of age, with an anxious and somewhat sor-

rowful cast of countenance; added to which he has a peculiarity of manner, constantly looking down into the pulpit, as if he had notes on the floor, to which he was referring, to refresh his memory. But these were only outward appearances. When he rose to read, and with a loud clear voice said "The Word of God," and announced his chapter, we felt there was some good thing in that young man. There was a boldness devoid of presumption; a large and experimental knowledge of the Scripture; his subject, both morning and evening was clear, scriptural, experimental, and well arranged; and we felt,

"While he led our spirits up to God in heart-felt, melting prayer;
To grace his action, or his voice, no studied charm was lent;
Pure, fervent, glowing from the heart, so to the heart it went."

But I cannot say more of Mr. Edwin Langford, (late of Newton Abbott), this month, than I think, should the Lord prosper him, he will be a great blessing and a very acceptable minister, in our midst. You may, I think, promise your readers a sermon by this young minister, in your next number.

The second Sabbath, we had Mr. Trotman, of Blackmore, Essex. He is a pleasant, comfortable-looking man, about forty. A steady, solemn, and quiet preacher. His Sunday morning text was, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," &c. The subject was considered under four leading ideas: first, *the Invitor*, "me;" second, *the invited*, "that labour and are heavy laden;" third, *the invitation*, "come unto me;" and fourth, *the promise*, "I will give you rest." Here was a river of Gospel truth to swim in. Your readers can have a sketch of this sermon if you desire it.

The third Sabbath, Mr. Matthew Welland, of Lewis, was the preacher.

On the fourth Lord's-day, our cheerful, joyful, happy, and smiling brother Hethington, came again to see us, and right merrily did he ring the Gospel bells.

On the fifth Sabbath, we expect Mr. Wright, of Needingworth; but as I want to send you some particulars of our forty-first anniversary, I must say no more about the preachers.

THE FORTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY of the formation of this church, was held on Thursday, October 19, 1871. Except a notice from our own platform, no public announcement of the service was given, so that the gathering partook more of a home or social character, still, there were between four and five hundred to tea, and the body of the chapel was quite full at the evening meeting. Mr. Edward Butt presided; after singing, prayer was offered by Mr. Mead; and in opening the proceedings:—

Mr. EDWARD BUTT said, Dear Christian

Friends, This is the first annual gathering we have held without the presence of our pastor. I have thought much of late of the providence of God: of its deep mysteries. When a youth, I read *Flavel on the Providence of God*; and I think it would do our young friends good to read that work. I know it did me good. I have been a creature of Providence; and I have within the past few months been more than ever impressed with its deep mysteries. In this respect, as a church and congregation, our experience of late has been of an exceedingly grave character. If we look at what the Lord enabled the friends here to accomplish—the work they completed; and then the Lord appeared to step in and say, *stay*. This has had a tendency to bring us to a throne of grace; to look back on the way we have come; and more earnestly to seek the Lord's guidance. But I must deal with a few matters in connection with us as a church during the last twelve months. You will all remember October 19, 1870. We then celebrated our fortieth anniversary as a church. Since then we have passed through another twelve months, our minister being absent the whole time, except two or three Lord's-days. How wisely is the future hidden from our view. Could we on that happy occasion have foreseen this long affliction, and have known what was coming upon us, what a gloom it would have cast over us. Our trial has been heavy; but the kindness the deacons have experienced from the friends has much encouraged them. But we will look at some of the Lord's goodness towards us. There has been no standing still; we have had no drawbacks. The word, as delivered by the various ministering brethren, has been blessed: under it the doubting, the sorrowing, and the afflicted, have been cheered, comforted, and established; and also in deepening those convictions which were commenced under the ministry of our pastor; they have come forward, and borne "a good testimony;" we have received them; one who has listened to the Gospel over thirty years has been brought to declare in the gates of Zion what the Lord has done for his soul. There has been no lack of attendance; the Lord's Supper has been as well attended to; the finances are in no way less; and we are proud to say, our dear pastor has been supplied the same as though he had been with us: and the poor have been supplied perhaps rather more bountifully. For Benevolent purposes we have gathered: Ladies Society, £50 13s.; Ordinance Fund, £129 10s.; Sick Fund, £47 13s. 4d.; our Poor's Fund, distributed not only to our own members, but to necessitous cases £178; to the Aged Pilgrim £165; making a total of £570. Death has removed some we little expected. Our weddings have gone on as usual. I asked some, if they would not postpone it till our pastor returned; but my advice was not taken. Thus, there has been no drawback. But our greatest anxiety, and that which pressed sorely on us, was the pulpit: the filling it with truthful men. We have corresponded with ministers in all parts

of the country; and from all parts we have had men come who have declared the whole truth to us. Sometimes we have thought, where shall we go next? Still our eyes have been up unto the Lord; and, we, a company of sinners saved by grace, have been upheld; and we can say, we have had no drawback from the pulpit. Are we scattered? No! Is there any root of bitterness amongst us? No! Thus we have no drawback in this sense. What have we not to praise the Lord for? May our gratitude arise to him. Mr. Butt, at the conclusion of his remarks, read the following

LETTER FROM MR. WELLS.

To the Church and Congregation at the Surrey Tabernacle.

EVER DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I was glad when I heard that on this forty-first anniversary of the formation of the Church of the Surrey Tabernacle, that you intended to meet to recount the mercies of the Lord, as well as to look at the promises of the future. I congratulate you on this meeting. Our times are indeed in the Lord's hands; so it is best to leave it, though I never had more reason to hope during my affliction than I have at this time, that I shall ere long be in my place; and your kindness to me unto this day, assures me of all that indulgence and forbearance from you which my weakness at the first might require. The moment my medical attendant announces it safe for me to come to London and sit in the chapel during one service, I shall lose no time in being with you; but of course in this as well as in other things, "Wisdom is profitable to direct," and the matter after all lies with the Lord; and your salvation and present and eternal welfare are independent of me, and every other minister; so that while we esteem our ministers highly for their work's sake, yet they have no dominion over our faith, but are helpers together of our joy, and he giveth them, or taketh them away, as seemeth good in his sight. "Your fathers, where are they?" The answer is, that they are numbered with the dead. "And the Prophets, do they live for ever?" Yes, in the Lord, and in heaven, but not in this world. We are, therefore, to run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus, he it is who is the author and finisher of our faith. We like our faithful watchmen to be about us, and we do not like our teachers hidden or taken from us (especially as the grace and gifts of one man are sometimes a blessing to thousands of souls); but let the Lord deal with us how he may, still, it is our highest privilege to seek first the kingdom of God

and his righteousness, and the promise shall be fulfilled, all needful things shall be added. I trust you all feel a good degree of responsibility for that part of the Lord's vineyard into which, by his grace and providence, your lot is cast. You have had some good ministers to speak unto you the words of eternal life; and their labours have not been in vain. Nor is your faith vain: I feel in my soul those burning desires for the service of God and the salvation of precious souls, that should I be restored to you, the love of Christ will indeed constrain me to serve the Lord in all humility and with many tears. O, how I weep to see my harp still out of my reach. Let us not make light of any of the Lord's afflictive dispensations towards us, they all have a solemn meaning, and if they make us mourn, then "Blessed are they that do mourn for they shall be comforted," and this mourning will be turned into dancing.

Now, nearly a long and dreary twelve months have I been away from you, and the greater part of that time, so low, and weak, and tremulous that I have not been able to read a chapter in the Bible, nor listen while one was being read, without being thrown into the most intense agonies. Numbers of letters of friends that have been sent, I have not been able either to read or to listen to their being read; and the letters I have sent to you have been dictated by me a little at a time as I could bear it; and, even now, if a long letter comes, the sight of it is enough; I dare not even attempt to read or to listen to it. Yet I am thankful to say that I can now with ease and pleasure read a chapter in the Bible, but no other reading has any attraction for me. I have just read aloud at the tea table that beautiful chapter, the eighth of the Hebrews: "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." This, with other parts of the chapter, so reminded me of old times that my spirit was up, and I could hardly persuade myself that I could not roll forth the glories of the Lord testimonially, as I have been heretofore enabled to do; and whatever I have lost, I have not lost my heart for God and truth, nor my love to the habitation of his house, to his children, or to his holy name. Oh, I do deeply feel the truth of the words that,

There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

May it be a happy and a profitable meeting to you all, and that you may be strengthened to go on to honour the Lord more than ever and to lift the dear

Saviour's name on high, even higher and higher, till we all reach the heights of heaven; but our work on earth is not finished. I can from the low dungeon of my affliction, as it were, see your happy faces, and the happy faces of your loved and respected deacons; and why should you not be happy, seeing there is no separation from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, for he will yet bless you more and more; "The Lord shall bless you out of Zion, as one whom his mother comforteth," so the Lord will yet comfort us all; he hides his face, but he does not change his mind. Oh, how earnestly do I pray that the Surrey Tabernacle may greatly prosper to the good of thousands, when we who were present when the foundation and the topstone were laid shall be silent in the dust, and our souls where everlasting spring abides.

I fear I have trespassed too much upon your time, but my heart is full of God and godliness towards you. And now for great grace, that we may all wait to see what the will of the Lord is. Yours in undying affection in the Lord,

JAMES WELLS.

Addresses of a congratulatory and hopeful character were given by Mr. Jones, Mr. Wale, Mr. Parsons, and Mr. Stringer; and it was felt to be a time of refreshing; but I must say no more. R.

WALKERN, HERTS.—MR. EDITOR,—We had a meeting on Thursday, October 5, to return thanks for the harvest. Mr. Z. Turner (from Poplar) preached to us a good sermon from the text, "Let them both grow together until the harvest." We had a good time, the place filled with precious souls, and listened with rapt attention to the gracious words which came from his lips. There were many eyes dim with tears, and although Mr. Turner is now advanced in years, he preaches with as much vigour as when thirty. Surely he is a good old soldier of the cross, lifting high the royal banner of the cross of Christ; maintaining and propagating the grand old-fashioned truths of the glorious Gospel of our blessed God. Surely the people that require a well-seasoned and tried ministry should do well in giving him a call. Yours very truly,
J. PEARCE.

SPALDING.—Strict Baptist chapel, Love lane, repairing fund. Mr. J. S. H. Wilkinson, of Rose cottage, Spalding, has received from Thomas Pickworth, Esq., £5 toward the repairing fund. The builders have commenced the thorough renovation of this large, ancient, frechold, house of God. Donations earnestly solicited.

GEORGE COLES, Deacon & Secretary.
J. S. H. WILKINSON, Treasurer.

LAYING MEMORIAL STONE OF
NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
AT BETHNAL GREEN.

The ceremony of laying the memorial stone of new schools in connection with Hope chapel, Norton street, Twig Folly, Bethnal Green, took place on Monday, September 25. At the time for the proceedings to commence, the rain came down in torrents, so that the managers very wisely curtailed the programme, so far as the afternoon service was concerned.

Mr. Anderson having read a hymn, which was sung cheerfully, prayer was offered by Mr. Temple. Mr. Griffith, the minister, then introduced to the company G. T. Congreve esq., who delivered a short but interesting address upon the benefits derived from Sunday school instruction. The stone was then declared duly and properly laid in the name of the Holy Trinity. It bore the following inscription: "The stone was laid by George Thomas Congreve, esq., September 25, 1871." The new schools are to accommodate 250 children. The ceremony having been brought to a conclusion, the company retired to Sydney street chapel school-rooms, where tea was served.

At half-past six the meeting commenced in Hope chapel. Mr. Congreve occupied the chair, and was supported by the pastor, the venerable C. Box, Messrs. J. S. Anderson, H. Myerson, Temple, G. Webb, and others. After singing, and prayer, by Mr. Myerson, the ven. Charles Box expressed the pleasure he felt at being present, and especially so to see a minister of another section of the Christian church present. The time had come when they should speak the truth in love. So far as their friend was concerned, it was only a little water that separated them, and it might be that their friend Temple would become a Baptist; at least, he would sooner see that than some things.

The Chairman, after referring to the good work which they had commenced three years ago (so far as subscriptions were concerned), and the practical portion of which had been inaugurated that day, took occasion to say that he should endeavour to interest the younger members of the assembly; he, for one, felt that the young, at meetings such as this should be suitably addressed. For himself, and he thought others present would agree with him, they needed no other books in the Sunday school, than the good Old Book, and a hymn book; and, of all hymn books, "*Gems of Song*" was the best; not because it was his, but because all the profits were given to Sunday schools. Already, £50 had been given to Rye lane schools; £20 from "*Gems of Song Music*" to a large school in Bermondsey; and a further sum of £20 would shortly be given to a school not far off. Amongst other interesting matters, the chairman gave his eleventh Acrostic on the Bible.

The Secretary read the report. The cost of schools will be £320; they had in hand £167, so that there was a sum of £153 to make up. He would just say he had re-

ceived the sum of £6 from C. W. Banks (through his son), money which had been collected while Mr. Banks officiated at Bow.

Mr. Temple felt grateful for the way in which he had been referred to by the first speaker. As a neighbour, he felt particular pleasure in being present. He also felt a pleasure at again meeting their excellent chairman; for both he and Mr. Congreve were at home in Sunday school work. The speaker then addressed himself, for a few moments, to Sunday school teachers.

THE CAUSE OF THE WEAKNESS IN
STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

Mr. Anderson (of Deptford) was the next speaker. He was glad to see matters in so prosperous a state at Hope chapel, and pleased to see so large a number of young people present. He could remember very distinctly, that soon after he commenced his public ministrations, God was pleased to gather a goodly number of young persons under his ministry. But there was one old deacon, who whenever any additions to the church were made, composed of young persons, used to grunt, "Filling the church with boys and girls." But he wanted to know how the church was to be kept up, if, when old members were taken home, young ones did not fill their places: where would be the crafty old cats to catch the mice, if there were no kittens? They had heard that evening from the masterly address of the chairman that the Bible was a Book of Wonders. It was such. It was a book of figures, it was a book of pictures; still, it was not all flowers, nor was it all pictures. In connection with the ceremony which they had attended to that day, he had thought of the church compared to a building, a temple, composed of such little Temples as the one who had just gone out. (Mr. Temple had just left the meeting). They had heard of a great Temple at Exeter, but he had much rather be associated with the Temple they had heard that evening; yea, he would much rather have one of such Temples, than a dozen like the one at Exeter. And, when he said little Temples, he only meant to speak of the unit, as so many ones make up the building of the church of Christ. The church was said to be builded together for an habitation of the Spirit. They needed to work, and not to be indolent. He would say that one of the causes of the weakness of the Strict Baptist churches was the indolence of the people, and a love of stereotyped phraseology. If a minister preached the truth never so soundly, yet if he did not use certain stereotyped phrases, "Oh, he is not a man of truth." They were very jealous of the truth, which was very proper; and they were very particular who entered their pulpits, which was very right; but, surely, there was no need to say the truth in a certain set phraseology. He saw this illustrated in his first pastorate. On one occasion, he preached from the same text as his predecessor had done not long before; and, when he had done, because he had not used the same stereotyped phrases, somebody said,

"Ah, you should have heard Mr. Newborn." As much as to say, "you have made a pretty mess of it." Sir, our churches have not been working churches. I believe in divine sovereignty, and glory in it; but, I also believe in an industrious people. And, I believe Dr. Watts was perfectly correct, when he said,

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Sir, the church should be like a hive of bees. They are wonderful little creatures. I was in my garden the other day, picking some beans, some of you call them scarlet runners. Well, in the middle of one of the flowers was a little bee, extracting all that was necessary for her work. She did not like my disturbance, and I got my knuckles stung. Now, I do not want you to be like the bees in this particular respect, but I do in other respects. They all go out and work hard, with the exception of the drones and the queen—the latter stopping at home, attending to domestic duties, and seeing that the others do their work. The little things gather on, on, on, till the winter comes, then, when they can gather no more, they rest. Many a lesson may be learned from this. When the winter comes the drones try to get into the hives; but, no, the bees fly at them, get them down, and kill them. They seem to say, you will not work, so you shall not eat. Neither have I a wish that you should follow the bees in this respect; I do not wish you to serve the drones in the churches in this way. As I have said, I thoroughly believe in divine sovereignty and absolute certainty as much so as any man; but, I also believe in using means; therefore, I am glad to see you have set yourselves to work here. God will bless the means used.

A blind boy, ten years of age, having recited an "appeal" for funds, other speeches were made, and the proceedings terminated in the usual way.

Mr. Congreve writes us:—"I was glad to see the minister of a neighbouring congregational church and others of his congregation there, and to witness the love and cordiality that prevailed. Several of the speakers united with me in condemning that exclusiveness which once so greatly characterised all the proceedings of our Strict Baptist brethren, and still clings to a few, and which has doubtless been one reason for lack of prosperity in our churches. There are some ministers and deacons now who dare not, if they would, invite a chairman or a speaker to one of their anniversary gatherings or Sunday school meetings, however earnest, godly, and useful man he may be, who is not eye to eye in every point with themselves, lest it should offend some crotchety members who pride themselves on being 'champions for the Truth' and 'faithful alone among the faithless found.'" I rejoice to believe this exclusiveness and bigotry is dying away. Mr. Editor,—while holding fast every iota of Truth, let us love as brethren. We need sacrifice no principle by uniting with all

who love the Lord Jesus Christ in every good work for the advancement of His kingdom—especially for the establishment or advancement of Sunday Schools."

RECOGNITION OF MR. R. A. HUXHAM.

On Tuesday, September 5th, special services were held in Bethesda chapel, Lever street, London, to recognize Mr. R. A. Huxham as pastor of the church meeting there. A more gratifying, encouraging, God-exalting, and spiritual service we have never had the pleasure of attending. The ministerial brethren rallied round our brother in goodly numbers, considering he was to some of them almost a stranger, viz., Messrs. Palmer, Dickerson, Alderson, Flack, Griffith, Wilkins, Briscoe, Meeres, Bennett, G. Webb, Deersley, G. Cook, Masterson, and Griffin. And amongst others we noticed Mr. David Stevens; Mr. B. Allen, from Irthingboro'; Mr. Snowden, of Uxbridge; and Mr. F. S. Turner, of Saines.

Mr. Meeres gave out a hymn; Mr. Griffith read Ephesians iv., and offered the recognition prayer with much earnestness and sweetness, for the church in their choice and for the pastor that he might be upheld in his work by the God of all Grace. Mr. Wilkins asked for the usual information from the Church. Mr. Newby, one of the deacons, gave a most satisfactory statement of the cautious way they had acted, with regard to Mr. Huxham, as a church, and the unmistakable leadings of Providence in the way and manner they had thus been brought together. Mr. Wilkins then asked Mr. Huxham to give them an account of his call by grace, which he did with much feeling. Then his call to the ministry, which appeared to be unsought, unexpected, but subsequently attended by the Holy Spirit's influence in calling souls out of nature's darkness to the sunshine of God's truth, and making of them "fishers of men," and presently pastors of churches. Mr. Wilkins next requested Mr. Huxham to state the leadings of Providence in bringing him to the church at Bethesda, which seemed to be like the God of Jacob going before and ordering all things after the command of his own will. Mr. Wilkins then asked our brother for a confession of his faith, to which he replied in a clear and concise manner, embracing the doctrines of grace, experimental acquaintance of the work of salvation, and practical living godliness as the result of grace in the soul, baptism belonging exclusively to believers, which they were commanded to obey; and none other than baptized believers to be admitted to the Lord's Supper. Mr. Wilkins expressed satisfaction on behalf of those present, and the several pastors present gave him the right hand of fellowship, Mr. Pearce, of Reading, being the first. Mr. Palmer, of Homerton, gave the pastoral charge, founded upon Ephesians iv. 12, setting forth the nature, dignity, design, and end of the Gospel ministry, which was listened to with great attention by all

present, occupying one hour and a quarter in the delivery; then followed a prayer, and the afternoon service closed.

An excellent tea was provided, of which a goodly number partook. After which, the evening service commenced with such a platform of speakers that it looked like a supply for a week. Mr. Dickerson in the chair, and Messrs. Meeres, Pearce, Briscoe, Alderson, and Masterson taking part. The addresses were good, and much to the purpose, and we thought if we were enabled to carry out what we heard, heaven would indeed be begun on earth. A part of that delightful hymn

"All hail the power of Jesus's name,"

and prayer brought this meeting to a conclusion. We are pleased to add that not one jarring note occurred.

We wish that one hymn book was adopted for all our Strict Baptist churches, say "Denham's;" it does appear strange that we cannot unite together in selecting one hymn book for our people, and at the lowest price, that the poorest member may have a copy. We have been to places where they use Denham's, Watts's, and Rippon's; this looks very much like *confusion*, our God being a God of order.

CORRESPONDENT.

THE DEATH OF THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Since I last wrote you, my soul has been melted because of trouble: I sometimes stagger like a drunken man, and am at my wit's end. I have been down in the depths of the sea of tribulation, and had to do business in great waters. Nevertheless, I have seen the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep: therefore, I will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing. For the Lord liveth and reigneth, and blessed be the Rock of my salvation, who hath graciously sustained me in this my seven-fold trial: so, that by the grace of the almighty and adorable Spirit, I can say, with the dear old patriarch (Job xiii. 15), "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Alas, my brother, how mysterious doth the Lord work, both in providence and grace. He removes every earthly prop, and dries every earthly stream, to compel his children to draw all their supplies from *himself*, the great and inexhaustible fountain of all blessedness and bliss.

You are already aware the dear Lord has removed from me within the last six months two of my dear children, and on September 12, my grief reached its climax, by witnessing the clammy sweat standing on the brow of my dear dying wife, who after twelve years' painful illness (meekly borne), fell asleep in Jesus, resting calmly and peacefully on the finished work of him who is the Rock, and whose work is perfect.

My dear wife was, I trust, one of the weaklings of the flock; although, at times, she had great conflicts, and feared she was

not interested in the Saviour's great love, because she had not the full assurance of faith. But it is written, "The path of the just is as the shining light, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." And, as the dear Lord knew, she was like poor doubting Thomas, so he comforted her by an application of the self-same scripture which he spake unto Thomas: "Reach hither thy finger, behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing." And to confirm my faith in her acceptance in the Beloved, my gracious and ever faithful Lord spake the following Scriptures, with such sweetness, power, and unction, that I durst not doubt her precious soul has entered into that rest which remains for the people of God: "At evening time it shall be light." (Zech. xiv. 7.) "I will ransom them from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from death. O, death, I will be thy plagues; O, grave, I will be thy destruction." (Hosea xiii. 14.)

And now, what is my desire? That the Lord may enrich me with the grace of submission, to enable me to acquiesce in all his righteous acts, that I may say in this, my extreme affliction, "Not my will, but thine be done." Oh, how blessed to know "all our times are in the Lord's hands," and that "he does all things well." Therefore, even this, my fiery trial, is not to consume me; but for the trial of my faith, that it may be found more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire; might be found unto praise and honour and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

The very day my beloved wife took her departure, was our thanksgiving day. So, that while it was a day of sorrow and mourning to myself, it was a day of thanksgiving indeed unto her, being permitted to "enter into the joy of the Lord." Of course, I was deprived of being present with my old friends on this, my fourteenth anniversary; but I realized the fulfilment of that promise, "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be;" and through grace Divine, I can truly say, I never felt such little excitement with regards to the result of a thanksgiving day before, being enabled to trust it all in the hands of a covenant and faithful God.

Much praise to my numerous friends, who worked with a hearty good will, for the provision of the flesh, so that there was no lack of bread, either natural or spiritual. Our highly esteemed friend and brother Vaughan was helped of God to set a rich supply of Gospel bread and Gospel wine upon the table, by which many of the spiritually poor were fed, and abundantly satisfied. The saints also shouted for joy, and rejoiced according to the joy in harvest as men when they divide the spoil. We were, as usual, favoured with a very large gathering, good collections, and about 200 sat down to partake of the social cup.

And now, in conclusion, I beg, through the medium of this letter, to return my grateful and most sincere thanks to those

friends who that day, in the time of my distress and deep sorrow, like Job's friends, came to comfort me.

And now, my dear brother, knowing you have been called to wade through similar trials, my prayer is, that you may be graciously supported and sustained; that you may still continue to witness for God, as a faithful ambassador, and watchman on the walls of Zion, until the Master is come, and calleth for thee.

I remain, my dear brother, ever yours, in the bonds of Gospel love, although in deep waters,

P. F. HORTON.

Summer hill, Ford.

September 19, 1871.

OUTLINE OF FAREWELL ADDRESS BY MR. J. MORLING,

TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS
OF THE
OLD BAPTIST CHAPEL, GLEMSFORD.

Sabbath school labour! This is a work in which I feel a great interest. I have been a Sabbath school teacher, and can say I loved the work. Since I have been amongst you, my young friends, I have felt an anxious concern for your welfare; and what I could do towards the promotion of your happiness, has been freely and heartily done. To be a useful Sabbath school teacher there are many things needed. I will name a few of them:

1st, *Prayer*. This is necessary. You, who know the Lord, do not forget this. Never come before your class without first bringing your class before the Lord. Pray for the souls of the young under your care; and ask for God's Spirit to help you to teach them aright; that the teacher and the taught may receive a blessing.

The next thing I would name is *Perseverance*. There are many difficulties to encounter, and many discouragements to meet with; and you, my dear friends, must not look for sunshine without clouds. You will meet with much to cast you down, but you must not give up; go on: you have a good Master; and never will you have to regret having done too much in his service. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again," &c., &c.

Something else is needed. Be not only persevering, but *Patient*. You will find you have very different temperaments to deal with; as varied as the faces in your class, so will the dispositions of the children be; each equally trying to bear with: but exercise patience; the most stubborn may be conquered by love and forbearance.

Punctuality. Now, this is one thing every teacher should be careful to observe; an irregular teacher makes an irregular class. Do not leave your class oftener than is really necessary, and when you do, see that you find a suitable substitute.

Affection, also, is essential; if you would have the confidence of the children under your care, let them see that you love them;

that you really take an interest in their welfare, and can enter into their minor troubles and difficulties; above all, that you have the good of their immortal souls at heart; and you will be encouraged by a return of affection from them; for love begets love.

Once more, *Example*. Though last, it is by no means least. For what use is it for teachers to point out what is right and consistent to their scholars, and not act up to what they teach? Take care always to set a good example to your class; for there always is a tendency in young minds to imitate those with whom they associate, or for whom they have any respect.

"That the soul be without knowledge it is not good." (Prov. xix. 2) These words have been forcibly impressed on my mind since I have thought of giving you this address; and we will notice six things that it is not good to be without the knowledge of:

1st. Of the lost and ruined state of mankind, both by nature and practice too.

2nd. Of the necessity of a free and complete redemption by the active and passive obedience of Christ in his life, sufferings, and death.

3rd. The necessity of regeneration by the irresistible and effectual operations of the Holy Spirit.

4th. The necessity of a full, free pardon of all sins past, present, and to come.

5th. The necessity of justification by the imputed righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, which he wove in the womb of the law.

6th. The necessity of sanctification: "Without holiness shall no man see the Lord." Not what is sometimes called progressive sanctification of the flesh, but that which is the work of the Spirit in the hearts of all the elect.

These things I would have you think of yourselves, and never be afraid to bring them before the notice of those under your care; and may the dear Lord ever be with you to guide, counsel, and bless you, for his great name sake. Amen.

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

DEVONSHIRE.—DEAR BROTHER: BANKS,—I hastily scratch a note. I preached at brother Horton's September 14th three times; crowded attendances. Our deeply afflicted brother Horton was called to part with his dear wife between morning and afternoon services: her end was peace. Two grown-up daughters and a dear wife in less than six months gone from him: truly, he can say, sorrow upon sorrow, but the Lord graciously supports him. This solemn circumstance toned down the otherwise jubilant spirit manifest; the Word was attended with power, and the people were like the birds, hardly knew when they had sung enough. Next day I moved on to Loddiswell; large and interested congregations; between services they had the largest tea meeting they ever had there. Our aged brother Yallaud, the pastor, said his heart was glad; truly his

face did shine. Preached at my own Mount Zion, on Lord's-day twice; in afternoon, at our Mutton Cove Bethel; on Tuesday, again at own place; on Wednesday, proceeded to Aveton Giffard; preached for brother Sandover; the place crammed. The Lord's presence and blessing were realized. Next day went on to Morley, near Totnes; large gathering; tea meeting in large malt house twice filled; fitted up for the purpose; beautified by the ladies with flowers; in evening we had a house full indeed, and the power of the Lord was there. Before starting, I asked the Lord to grant me four things: first, journeying mercies; second, warm receptions; third, fine weather, that the people might assemble; and last, and by far the greatest of all, that power might attend the word spoken; souls blessed; Christ exalted; the Spirit honoured; and God in all things glorified; blessed be his name all these have been granted. Next Wednesday we hold two services at North Hursh. On Thursday, at dear Mr. Babbs'; collection for Poor Saints' Fund. Wednesday, October 4th, two services at Trinity chapel, Kingsbridge; brother Edgecumbe's. The day following, two services at Harbeton Ford; brother Hoppins. Well, what is the conclusion? That there are numbers who love the Truth still left. My heart was refreshed with testimonies of my labours being blessed to many precious souls extending over a period of nearly twelve years. To God be all the glory.

J. VAUGHAN.

OUR BEAUTIFUL HOUSE; AND THE MEN WHO HELPED TO BUILD IT.

[Too much contempt is cast upon the blessed men who once laboured (amidst hot persecutions) to lift up poor Zion from the dust. Brethren! let us now and then behold the grace of God as it shone in the sacrificing lives of our fathers: and when we see their zeal and devotion to the true CHRIST, and his Gospel, let us ask, Have we the same measure of grace? Or, have we the more personal pride, and less divine power? Here, is one little picture of a very good man.]

Mr. Thomas Watson, ejected from St. Stephen's, Walbrook, was educated at Emmanuel college, Cambridge, where he was noted for being a hard student. He was so well known in the city of London for his piety and usefulness, that though he was singled out by the Friendly Debate, he carried a general respect from all sober persons along with him to his grave. He was a man of considerable learning, a popular but judicious preacher, and eminent in the gift of prayer. Of this, the following story is sufficient proof. Once, on a certain day before the act of uniformity, the learned Bishop Richardson came to hear him, and was so much pleased with his sermon, and especially with the prayer after it, that he followed him home to give him thanks, and earnestly desired a copy of it. "Alas!" said Mr. Watson, "that is what I cannot

give; for I do not use to pen my prayers. It was no studied thing, but uttered as God enabled me, from the abundance of my heart and affections." On this, the good bishop went away, wondering that any man could pray in that manner extempore. After his ejection, Watson continued the exercise of his ministry in the city, as Providence gave him opportunity, for many years. At last, his strength wearing away, he retired into Essex, and there died suddenly in his closet at prayer.

[How many of God's excellent servants are caught up as in a moment from their knees in prayer, to the praise of heaven! Will it be thus with us?]

HACKNEY ROAD—Tenth anniversary of Mr. Henry Myerson's Pastorate at Shalom Chapel, in the Oval, Hackney road, was commemorated by special services on Sunday, September 24; and Tuesday, 26, 1871. A cheerful company met on the Tuesday, to take tea together. For the public meeting, P. Dickerson, Masterson, Alderson, Anderson, (four good gospel sons), were announced to address the public meeting; but only one of the four (Mr. Anderson) appeared. Besides these four sons, the bills said Messrs. Dearsley, Griffiths, Langford, Steed, C. W. Banks, and Sankey, would also be expected. Messrs. Steed and Sankey did not appear. Friends frequently attend these public meetings to see and hear their own favourite minister. If he is absent, it proves a disappointment. On this occasion, the chapel was filled in every part. The choir, (consisting of a large number of excellent, and well-trained voices), threw in some beautiful hymns and pieces between the speeches; and a handsome collection was presented to the happy pastor, by his faithful, affectionate, and devoted flock. It was one of the sweetest gatherings we have attended lately. We have known, and truly loved Mr. Myerson for several years. He has the spirit of Christ in him; he seeks most earnestly to feed the flock; and to win souls to his Master. Grace has preserved him; the gospel has been a blessing to many through him; and no man in the Truth stands in a happier position in the North Eastern parts of the Metropolis, than does our brother Henry Myerson. His deacons and school-conductors are industrious, and useful. May the Lord increase and prosper them for many years! Mr. Myerson kindly announced that "the cream of the speeches that evening would be inserted in *The Earthen Vessel*; and we have notes enough to fill many pages: but, the fact is, there was so much good gospel speaking, that it is impossible to give a quarter of it. We require an *Earthen Vessel* every week, in order to record a tithe of the interesting movements of our churches in London; much less, to report the progress of our causes all through this thickly-populated kingdom. We may add, Mr. Myerson presided; and told us of the mercy of the Lord toward himself and his people during the past year. Mr. Griffith, of Hope Chapel, believed

a more genial spirit was possessing Strict Baptist churches. Mr. Anderson looked forward to a glorious future for Zion; the putty and paint of the present empty profession will ultimately succumb to the glorious triumph of God's Truth. Mr. W. Webb's testimony was for heart-work. Mr. R. A. Lawrence shewed Christ was, and must be, all in all. C. W. Banks began to shew salvation was connected with divine relationship—with pure worship—with spiritual qualification—and with a new covenant authority—but time was flying, and with an unfinished address he sat down. Mr. Dearsley was kind, and soft as the dew, on the promise God will bless Zion's provision, and satisfy her poor with bread. Mr. Edwin Langford congratulated his brother Myerson upon having obtained help of the Lord. Mr. Marshall, late of Romford, implored the Lord's blessing. The pastor closed a peaceful and useful meeting, by returning thanks. The Church, the schools, and the congregations at Shalom, all appear healthy and hopeful.

A LOVING LETTER FROM T. J. MESSER.

NARROW ESCAPE OF HIS LIFE.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND AND BROTHER,—“Grace be with you from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.” I am just returned from the western isles of this beautiful land.

Before I left for Roseneath, a place situated on the banks of the Clyde, one of your members called to see us. I left her with my afflicted partner, who enjoyed her company much.

The night I lectured at Roseneath, I had a narrow escape. When I had got through three-fourths of my lecture, I was startled by a noise which appeared to resemble the report of two or three rifles. Some cowardly miscreant hurled at my head, through the window of the Parish school-house, in which I was speaking, a stone weighing at least a quarter of a pound! Fortunately, I happened to bend my head forward, just as it came through the window, or it must have struck me on the temple. It passed over my right shoulder, striking, in its passage, a friend who was sitting on the other side of the room. How thankful I felt for the sake of my afflicted wife, that I escaped the intended blow. “Aye,” said she, when I told her of what had happened, “The Lord knew you could not be spared yet.” How true, my dear brother, is the utterance of one of our poets—

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

We are *immortal* until the work *appointed* for us is done.

After I left Roseneath, I opened a paper placed in my hand by a lady friend at parting, and read the following lines, composed by her after my escape the former morning. Perhaps you will find a corner for it in *Cheering Words*.

“Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.”—1 Cor. xv. 38.

Friend of Jesus, onward go!

Fight the fight, and face the foe:

Through glory divine you'll gain the prize—

A crown of grace in the skies.

Friend of Jesus, onward go!

The seeds of truth around you sow;

Whate'er it seems in other's eyes

Press onward to the promised prize.

Friend of Jesus, onward go!

Satan's kingdom overthrow;

The sun of righteousness will rise

With cheering beams before your eyes.

Friend of Jesus, onward go!

Till rivers through the desert flow;

And barren lands in beauty rise

In glory towering to the skies.

Friend of Jesus, onward go!

All needful strength He will bestow;

Draw hourly from Him rich supplies

Until you meet him in the skies.

Meditating upon this sweet little song on leaving Roseneath, I went on to Strathcuthy, Appin and Ballachulish, at each of which places I lectured. Whilst at Ballachulish, I wandered up Glencoe, where the clan MacDonald were brutally massacred in the days of William III. The scenery here is savagely sublime. In one of the deep openings or fissures in this remarkable glen tradition fixes the cave of Ossian. In some parts of the glen, the lofty mountains at most exclude the light of day. It is a fine *locale* in which to hold communion with the King of kings.

I visited in my journey, Oban, (a most interesting place), both going and returning from the distant places I have named.

I spent two or three days at Inverary, where the Duke of Argyll has a splendid castle situated on the banks of Loch Fine.

On Sabbath day, the 24th inst., I preached in the spacious Parish church at Inverary at 12 at noon, and had among my hearers, his grace the Duke of Argyll, several members of his family, and the venerable Earl Russell. My subject was the security of God's eternally beloved people. On the same day I preached from the parable of the “Prodigal Son,” to the prisoners in the jail; and in the evening, I delivered a sermon from Deut. xiv. 26, in the same church I preached at in the morning, for the Inverary Temperance Society. So you see, though some of your Strict Baptist chapels are refused, Scottish parish churches are thrown open to your old friend, with Dukes and Earls as listeners.

After lecturing the next evening in the same church, I travelled all day towards home last Tuesday, *via* Loch Finch, Loch Gulphhead, and the Clyde. I landed from the Clyde at Greenock, and took the train here for Glasgow. On arriving at home, I found Mrs. M. better in health than she has been for many months past, for which I felt grateful to our covenant God and Father. I brought home with me a bad cold, caught through passing from Ballachulish to the landing place, for the steamer's passengers, four miles through a regular downpour of rain. To be overtaken by a heavy rain in a mountainous district, is, as one of my good

colleagues would say, "fearful." I enclose you a rough sketch of the locality where I colleagues would say, "fearful." I enclose was pelted by the shower. Dear brother—you and I have, after all, much to be thankful for. You are in "labours more abundant," and I'm not altogether idle. During the last twenty-nine days, besides travelling hundreds of miles by land and sea, I have preached seven times, and lectured seventeen times; and seven of the seventeen lectures were delivered in the open air. Tolerable work that for an old stager like me.

Let us still labour on at God's command, and offer all our work to Him, and by and by we shall realize a long and glorious rest

"In the golden city,
Beyond the bridgeless river."

Five minutes there will more than compensate us for all our cares, and toils, and troubles here. May God uphold you to the end—so prays, your's affectionately in Christ,

T. J. MESSER.

S. Hilton Terrace, Albert Road, Glasgow.
Sept. 28, 1871.

WEST MIDLAND JOURNIES.

Kemble Junction, G. W. Rail. I walked this morning from Pastor Lamb's residence to this pretty Junction—one of the most rural walks in Wilts. Here I am waiting for train to take me home. This Kemble Junction is for Cirencester; the busy town where the late Mr. Tanner preached the experience of the tried Christian for several years. His "Life and Letters," I have noticed as a choice volume of Leart-truth. Martin, of Malmesbury; Mortimer, of Chippenham; Tanner, of Cirencester; Beard of Hankerton; John Wigmore, once of Crudwell, and other ministers who were once of these parts, have all gone into that kingdom, where cruelty among professed Christians will never exist. No rich old lady will ever threaten to fly out if a certain minister should enter the pulpit where she had come to hear her case described. Oh, ye pulpit-holders, how can ye truckle to such feminine flattery—to such poisonous prejudices—to such party persecutions: enough. For seven days successively have I now been travelling and preaching; and although afflicted in my family, and sad in myself, I have thus far been carried through. I have desired, in the spirit of the 103rd Psalm, to cry out, "Bless the Lord, O, my soul!"

On Saturday, May 27, 1871, I left home once more for Whitestone. The rain poured down, the thunder rolled in the heavens; desolation seemed everywhere. Our train reached Worcester in safety, although very late. There I waited on the cold, bleak, and bustling platform a long time: late in evening we left; passed Malvern mountains, Ledbury, and Stoke Edith, and once more on the Withington Station, I found my friends Plaipe and Godwin; and in the blessed quietness of Fern Cottage, both body and mind were refreshed.

Whitstone Chapel is now a modern and comfortable place of worship. There, on

Whit Sunday, Brother Plaipe conducted the devotional part of the service; and I preached twice. In the evening, went up into Fownhope woods, to visit my afflicted, esteemed, and highly-honoured Christian brother, Mr. Richard Tyler. We talked, and read, and prayed, and rested; and many serious thoughts flew through my mind: these are reserved:—

"Keep silence all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
Mysoul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God."

Whit Monday, a little company of us set out from Wessington, to go to anniversary meeting at Whitestone. For people, for ministers, and for a kind unanimity, that was the happiest anniversary I ever saw at Whitestone. The company came in four-wheelers, in traps, gigs, and on foot; over 200 sat down to tea; tables were spread in chapel, and in the garden; and so excellent was the arrangement that not one unhappy face could be seen. Deacon Lewis was president of the gate. Friend W. H. Godwin was general Superintendent: the pastor welcomed most gratefully the visitors: that embodiment of Christian meekness and reverence, brother Godsell, of Weston Corner, conducted the people to their seats; Miss Alice Tyler presided at the harmonium. The pastor's wife, assisted by her sisters Lewis, Annie Tyler, the Mrs. Godwins, the Misses Godsells, and other true friends, waited at the tables; all in excellent style; the large party soon retired until the public meeting commenced; then, both inside and outside, the crowded assemblies listened to the speeches delivered on the occasion. I had, in my mind an opening address with seven branches; but when I saw the Baptist Bishop of Hereford; that quaint puritan Mudge, of Fownhope; the Ross revealer of divine truth; and a body of laymen, all desirous to give us words of exhortation. I resolved to fill the Chairman's office, without intruding upon the time of such a noble phalanx of orators. The meeting was quite of a preceptive and praising character. Mr. Foster reviewed the French War, and the English Church privileges; and many good words were spoken.

The next morning, Tuesday, May 30, 1871, I travelled through Hereford, on to the ancient town of Shrewsbury, where in John's Hill Chapel I spoke in the evening. Mr. James Manning is now the minister: his predecessors were William Hawkins, Timothy Baugh, George Wyard and others. Out of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants in Shrewsbury, I do not think much over one hundred honoured me with their ears; but I am a stranger in Shropshire; one thing at the close of the meeting I must record another time. Mr. and Mrs. Williams kindly sheltered me for the night; and very early next morning I was on the line again, following the steam for hours, until I reached Cheltenham; where on that day, brother Flory was to be publicly recognized as minister of Bethel Chapel. In preaching in afternoon, in speaking in the evening, and in listening to those addresses

they delivered, I realized some spiritual freedom; but of those blessed services, I have Mr. Flory's promise to record them: so, after a little rest in the hospitable mansion of Mr. John Broom, the builder and undertaker, I again set off early on Thursday morning for Crudwell. My ticket was given up at Kemble Junction before nine o'clock that morning; down the Cirencester and Crudwell roads I walked, "all-by-alone" for four miles; a silent shady walk; reaching the post-office in Crudwell before noon. What I thought on my journey that day, and how the services were enjoyed, I must leave for separate papers. I have written these few lines while riding from Kemble to Paddington; where now we are safely entering. During the last seven days, I have been carried through Berkshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Oxfordshire, Herefordshire, Shropshire, &c., and have great cause to thank God and take courage.—C. W. B.

MR. JOHN BLOOMFIELD AT SOHO CHAPEL.

This chapel has recently been cleansed and renovated and now looks very neat and clean, to effect which certain expences have been incurred, which the people at Soho are now anxious to clear off.

To aid in this purpose, the services of Mr. John Bloomfield, of Gloucester, were sought; and in consequence he preached two sermons at the above place, on Sunday, October 15. To visit a people within so short a distance of the spot where he laboured for fifteen years save one month, affords room for comment. The question was asked, Why don't Mr. Bloomfield visit his old people? We cannot answer that question, but we can say, many of his old people visited him at Soho, and warm and mutual were the congratulations. How can it be otherwise, a man to labour fifteen years among the same people, most assuredly will leave behind him many warm-hearted friends, though he may also leave some cold-hearted enemies, on whom time and separation are alike powerless to soften.

Time seems to be dealing gently with Mr. Bloomfield, he looks very jolly and robust; the same happy-looking minister of the Gospel, only more of him in bulk.

In the morning he made a touching and significant allusion in his prayer to Salem, prayed that God would bless the people and their minister, and that all the followers of Jesus would show more of the spirit of forgiveness, as they hope to be forgiven by their heavenly Father.

The text was Gen. v. 24, "And Enoch walked with God." We cannot give his sermon, more than a few of his opening remarks. He said, It is interesting and profitable very frequently to study the lives of the great and the good, who have long since passed away from this world. In the study of their lives, their doings and sayings, we learn the spirit of that religion which favoured them, the triumph they came through and which marks the termination of

their earthly existence. He had been very gravely impressed, and somewhat overcome, since he had been in that place of worship. He had known that place for upwards of twenty years, and what a vast number had passed away from that congregation. Many to higher and nobler forms of existence. They "walked with God" on earth, though they met with many trials, agitated often with many sorrows, many hard battles to fight, but the victory was won, the reward was received, they were now glorified and crowned for ever. Yes, there was a reality in religion, and if we could speak to the thousands and tens of thousands who had passed away into the heavenly world, they would bear their united testimony, that there was no wealth so rich, no treasure so precious, no life so lovely, no power so great or enduring, as that which true and undefiled religion yields.

Mr. Bloomfield then proceeded to show the import or meaning of the beautiful expression, "walking with God." Then some arguments why this should be pressed on us; then some of the means by which this life can be strengthened.

In conclusion he said he had in days past been an universal curate, specially of a Sunday afternoon. He was always treated well at Soho, and he did not now come from Gloucester to hear or speak one unkind word, and he was satisfied that many who were present, came not only to hear him, but to express sympathy with the friends at Soho. He hoped therefore there would be a good collection. He never yet turned beggar for himself, although he might say he was getting up a fund (£2,000) to enlarge his chapel at Gloucester. He recently wrote to a gentleman in London, who sent him ten guineas; a judge sent him the same sum, also a banker remitted another ten guineas. He hoped the same liberality would be shown on behalf of the friends at Soho.

LONDON ITINERANT BAPTIST MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION.

Thursday, September 7, annual tea and public meeting was held in Little Alie street chapel, Mr. Dickerson in the chair. Prayer was offered by Mr. Samuel Jones: the chairman introduced the business of the evening by an appropriate speech; the honorary secretary read the report, which told of the favourable progress and useful character of the association.

Reference was made to the appointment of brother J. Battson as minister at South Green, Essex. Honourable mention was made of the new cause at Forest Gate; a Strict Baptist church was formed there last November; a Sunday school established; and a stated minister settled over the church and congregation (Mr. Gray, of Homerton), who is encouraged in his labours.

The report told of the labours of the brethren in the localities of Harrow Weald and Windsor, Orpington and Tadworth.

The brethren have engaged Bethel chapel,

East Wickham, Kent, about four miles from Woolwich. The chapel has been closed for some time; but it is hoped that by good Gospel preaching, a congregation may be gathered, and by the divine blessing, good may be done in that neighbourhood.

Brother Bracher moved, and brother Dearsley seconded the adoption of the report.

I.—Moved by brother Hudson; seconded by brother Masterson. That this meeting sympathises with the object of this association, and wish it God speed.

II.—Moved by brother Myerson, seconded by brother Chipchase. That this meeting fully recognize the absolute necessity of the power of the Holy Ghost in connection with preaching the Gospel, and would earnestly invoke the divine blessing to attend the labours of those engaged in the work of the Lord.

Brother J. Hall moved, and brother Southan seconded, a cordial vote of thanks for the use of the chapel; also, to the chairman and ministers, for their services on the occasion.

The secretary announced the adoption of a new rule, to the following effect: "That no candidate be admitted as a member of this association, but those who have been engaged in preaching the Gospel for twelve months; and can produce testimonials of preaching ability from those who have heard him."

Churches needing supplies to address, Thomas Austin, 77, Wells street, Hackney, E. (Hon. sec.)

SAMUEL FOSTER.

[We thank brother Minton for this note; and with much prayer for its success, do we insert it. We have appeals from so many deserving objects, that it is impossible to aid all we desire; but we will, by God's help, do all we can to help his poor dear saints, and such is our long-afflicted Samuel Foster.—ED.]

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Being in the neighbourhood of Canterbury a few weeks since, I called upon our long tried, and deeply afflicted brother Foster, of Sturry; and spent a very profitable time with him, although my visit was short. He is still in the furnace, although a little relieved to what he at times experiences. The pathway he has had to travel has indeed been a most mysterious one, and still is exceedingly trying; but the Lord has proved faithful to his promise, though passing through fire and water, that precious "I am with thee" has supported and sustained our beloved brother. You have at times kindly suggested in the *Vessel* that it would well repay any of the Lord's people that could give him a friendly call. I am quite sure they would not regret it. I do hope the Lord may still incline the hearts of many of his dear people to send a little aid to help to smooth the thorny road our friend is passing through. With thanks to you for kindly advocating his cause from

time to time, I am, dear brother, yours in tribulation's path,

R. MINTON.

St. John's street road,
September, 1871.

N.B. Our friend Foster referred to the last number issued by you of the late Mr. Newborn's Life. It is indeed very interesting, I have profited more by reading some of the articles in it than all the rest together.

GLEMSFORD.—Providence Chapel. Special services were held, Sep. 24th, the object being to clear the debt off the chapel. It is a little over eleven years since this chapel was erected; vestry and gallery have also been added. The church and congregation (the majority of whom are of the poorer class) have worked well, but were not satisfied until the last £30 was paid. In the morning, the pastor, Mr. Samuel Keupp, preached; and afternoon and evening, Mr. Whorlow, of Ipswich. Notwithstanding the very unfavourable weather there were large congregations each time, and good collections realized.

On the following day (Monday) over 120 sat down to tea. In the evening, a public meeting was held, Mr. Beach, of Chelmsford, presiding. The service commenced by singing "How good and how pleasant." Mr. R. Page, the much esteemed deacon of the Clare church) engaged in prayer in a very solemn, earnest, and fervent manner, to which, we think, every grace-taught soul could add their hearty amen. The chairman, after expressing his gratitude for being sufficiently restored to meet with them again, said, that this was to be a thanksgiving meeting, seeing the debt was paid, and they had a free chapel to worship in. Mr. Merrington, one of the deacons, gave a brief outline of their rise and progress, and how their difficulties had been overcome by the kind interposition of Providence: hence thought they had great cause for thankfulness and praise. Mr. Langport addressed the meeting concerning prayer and work: Mr. Ridley was very interesting on the death (of the debt) being better than the birth, they had now come to celebrate the funeral. Mr. Morling then spoke on that soul-absorbing theme, the Substitutionary work of the Lord Jesus Christ, with sweet liberty. Mr. Debnam, of Sudbury, upon "Thankfulness," the finished work of Christ, and the operations of the Holy Spirit being the things that the child of God was more particularly thankful for. Mr. Whorlow showed there was no real thankfulness without a practical sacrifice; referring to the wave sheaf, under the Mosaic dispensation. Mr. Kemp, the pastor cordially thanked the people for their practical friendship. "All hail the power of Jesu's name" was sung, and the chairman offered a very appropriate prayer, and the meeting closed. And our prayer is that the rich blessings of the New Covenant may rest upon both pastor and people, that the cause may grow, and increase, and become a multitude.

MR. GEORGE REYNOLDS THREATENED BY THE PAPISTS.

The present minister of Cave Adullam chapel, Stepney, Mr. George Reynolds, is extensively known in this country as a gifted and useful Protestant advocate, a man of high moral bearing, and an earnest defender of the good old faith. Recently, in his own chapel at Stepney, he delivered lectures, and even had discussions with one of the Pope's *protéges*, in order, if possible, to remove darkness, superstition, and indifference, from the minds of both Romish and Protestant people. So powerful have been the arguments of Mr. Reynolds, that the hottest ire of the Romanists has been exhibited against him. In fact, *The Press and St. James's Chronicle* of September 30, 1871, tells us that at the close of a meeting, holden August 22, 1871, a man rose up, and addressing Mr. Reynolds in the presence of all the people, and shaking his fist toward him, said, "If you persist in lecturing and maligning the Catholics, you will do so at the risk of your life. If you lecture on Tuesday next, I will fill the place with Irish, and WE WILL SERVE YOU THE SAME AS WE SERVED MURPHY AT WHITEHAVEN." Other malicious expressions and gestures were put forth.

For over twenty years we have worked from press and platform, endeavouring to awaken Protestant united effort to expose and resist the awfully dangerous advances of the Mother of Harlots in this country. What have we received for all our sacrifices and labours? The cold contempt, the sneers, the reproaches, the scandal, the false representations, and malicious, secret insinuations of proud, jealous, ignorant, and high-minded would-be Protestants. We confess, we can see little difference between the Romanists and the British professors of Protestantism. To our mind, the man who told Mr. Reynolds publicly and plainly that the Irish should come and try and murder him, as they tried to murder Mr. Murphy, was a more honest man than are those *gentlemen* (?) who travel through the country as itinerant preachers, but whose private system of cursing and crushing other men in the dark, is a thousand times more wicked than all the open persecutions the Papists have ever yet been guilty of.

A spirit of deep slumber, of lukewarm indifference has come over this country. From the highest statesman near our royal throne, down to the humblest peasant, there is no lively, no practical zeal for the defence of the grand old principles of that Gospel which was revealed to the ancient patriarchs and prophets; which was preached by our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and all his apostles; for which the martyrs suffered in the flames; but which is now termed, "the cruel theology of the dark ages."

Wherever opportunity is given us, the Lord helping, we shall still cry aloud concerning England's idolatry and wickedness, although old women run off lest their heads

are disturbed, and sleepy, indolent Protestants beg of us to be quiet.

We pray the Lord to preserve our friend, Mr. Reynolds; and we trust in preaching the glorious Gospel, he will be extensively useful. Alas! we know most bitterly, that the Gospel preached by the heavenly Master, and his immediate successors, the apostles, can nowhere find much acceptance now.

STOKE NEWINGTON. — The public recognition of Mr. James Hunt, as pastor of the baptized church meeting in Mount Zion chapel, Matthias road, took place on Tuesday, October 3, 1871. Service in afternoon, commenced by brother Weight reading a suitable hymn; brother R. G. Edwards read Isaiah's prophecy, and prayed. Brother C. L. Kemp asked the usual questions; the answers as given by the pastor-elect, will be given in future numbers; also, a corrected edition of the address delivered to the pastor by C. W. Banks; which, being divided between the afternoon and evening services, and being straitened for time, it was imperfectly delivered; perhaps, a digest of it may be useful, being founded upon Col. iv. 17. "And say to Archippus, Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received, in the Lord to fulfil it." A large company met for tea; and the beautifully lighted chapel was nearly full in evening. Mr. R. Howard made some remarks on believers having nothing to do with the law: as creatures in the flesh, and in the world, the law has to do with us; as believers in Jesus, as accepted in the Beloved, we are delivered from the curse, from guilt, from the second death, and from everlasting woe. Mr. R. G. Edwards delivered a Scriptural address on *Sincerity* in the service of God: he quoted many texts to illustrate and enforce this one essential fruit of grace; simplicity, sincerity, with love for and decision in the Truth, have ever dwelt in Mount Zion. This was followed by an appeal from Mr. Weight for help to carry on the worship of God. Mr. Caunt sent forth some earnest expressions against the abounding errors of the day; and in defence of pure Gospel truth and practice. Brother Caunt (as preacher and pastor,) has passed through much which fires his soul with zeal; and contention for things which accompany salvation. Brother Wheeler, late of Sible Hedingham, spoke feelingly of the two pastorates in which he had stood, and of some blessed fruits resulting from his ministry. Mr. Wheeler is now serving many destitute churches, much to their spiritual advantage. Brother J. Hunt closed these solemn services with "All hail," and prayer.

THE FOUR SINGULAR STUDENTS.

And while he pressed to seats of bliss
He sang no other song, but this,
A sinner saved by grace.

To a minister, Huntington once wrote this sentence, "You make yourself too cheap to bring any honour to your office!" That is a folly and a failing I can see we are all liable to fall into. I have been much too ready to

help men who desired to be ministers; and a terrible reward I have often received. A plain, homely young countryman said to a minister the other day—"If I had the *gab* and the *brass* you have—I would give up all I have in the world, to be a preacher of the Gospel."

Those two words, "*the gab*" and "*the brass*"—are vulgar terms, but I fear they are the principal qualifications of many who now run with tidings. Who sent them, or what they do, I must not decide; but if I write out the history of four students I have bitterly known, I shall shew plain enough that the fruit brought forth by many who study for the ministry, and rush into it, too, never can be believed to prove that their mission was from the Throne of God; and if the Spirit of the Lord does not qualify a man, all other gifts and attainments are delusive, destructive, and distressing to the churches of JESUS CHRIST.

"*The Four Singular Students*," whose outset I will try and sketch out, may be a caution to some: it may lead churches to be careful.

CLEAVING TO THE SAVIOUR.

No more, my soul, the creature love,
But fix thy thoughts on him above,
Who suffered all thy pain:
He wept, and bled, and died for thee,
He bore thy sins upon the tree,
To give thee life again.

All mortal lore for him forsake,
And cheerfully his burden take,
Thy best, thy constant friend:
He knows thy fears, he feels thy grief,
And will impart a full relief,
Till all thy sorrows end.

Go then, my soul, approach his cross,
And count as lasting gain, the loss,
That brings thee humbly there:
O, seek within his open arms,
A shelter from the world's alarms,
A refuge from despair.

For thee he wears a brother's heart,
For thee fulfils a brother's part,
And makes thy cause his own.
Go then to him, his mercy plead,
For such he lives to intercede,
Though King upon his throne.

See yonder happy blood-bought throng,
Hark! how they pour the notes along,
And praise the crucified,
Archangels strike the golden lyre,
And with his love each breast inspire,
Who left his throne, and died.

Go then, my soul, go seek his love,
And let the praise of saints above,
On earth, by thee be given.
To his dear cross with ardour cling,
And with enraptured sweetness sing,
"NO OTHER WAY TO HEAVEN."

WILLIAM STOKES.

Manchester.

POPLAR.—Bethel. Eighteenth anniversary of Pastor, Mr. T. Davies, was celebrated 17th of September, 1871. Two sermons were preached by Mr. R. Bowles; in evening, chapel quite full. Mr. Bowles was happy in his work; people heard well. On Tuesday, 19th, Mr. Langford read the Word, and prayed in a solemn, fervent manner; Mr. T. Jones then gave us a good Gospel sermon on, "Be ready to give a reason of the hope that is in you with fear and trembling." At tea all was cheerful and happy: ministers united together telling each other what the Lord had brought them through; and how they had been sustained in troubles and bereavements. Our beloved pastor, Mr. Davis was glad to see such warm feeling among his brethren. At public meeting the chapel was filled; Mr. C. L. Kemp prayed: Pastor presided: he rose with a full heart of thanks and gratitude to his Lord and Master for the support and help they had all been recipients of: peace was in the church, and love to the pastor the twelve months past. Success led him to believe the Lord was working in their midst. Mr. T. Jones addressed the meeting cheerfully: Mr. George Webb was full of good news to encourage believers in the Lord, and his brethren in the ministry, congratulating brother Davies on his eighteen years pastorate; Mr. Bowles was rich on the precious stores of the kingdom. It was a happy and united meeting, closed with hearty praise. May our churches prosper, and live in harmony one with another. So prays, A HOPEFUL ONE.

WOKINGHAM, BERKS.—I must tell you we have began a cause of truth here. Our brother, and servant of God, Mr. Pearce, of Reading, has been over; his message on Tuesday night was, "Abide with me." Ah! how beautifully he traced the difference between the disciple of Jesus Christ, and the worldling. He set the Master in the right place, in the front. Then, when did the Christian desire CHRIST to remain with him? Always. My heart replied, *Always, LORD!* I wish I could tell you the precious things he said when he came to the last part. Only the Christian desired CHRIST. What would the ungodly, and the infidel, give for him? We have not had such a feast for years. I have passed through much trouble. The Lord only knows what is before us; but, I do pray, "Abide with me," then no matter; come tempest; come calm; come life; come death; if thou abide with me, all is well. I tell you what I think, that some of you giants, preach better in the rooms, than you do in the chapels. It is as if the Lord had the handfuls on purpose for the little ones. May the Lord abide with you; and me; is my earnest prayer.

[We do rejoice in hope that a church of Christ's own planting will be found in Wokingham before long.—ED.]

SIBLE HEDINGHAM.—Our seventh anniversary of opening was held Sep. 26th, when we had a good time. Brother Kemp,

“NEITHER KNOW WE WHAT TO DO.”

WHEN the preacher read these words for his text, his wife said to herself, “Whatever are you going to make of that?” But without wasting time or breath, he simply said, These words express the fearful feeling of many a poor quickened sinner when he lays between the law and the Gospel: he is frequently then so condemned and confounded, he knoweth not what to do: if he could stifle and destroy the uprisings of a spiritual life within, he would, because he knoweth not whence it cometh or whither it goeth”: all that he knoweth is, that his heart is broken, his spirit is gone, his conscience screams and condemns, his sins witness against him, fears fill his soul: he cannot go back into the world: he has no power to go forward in the Gospel: and between these tremendous powers,—“the law of the Spirit of Life”—and “the law of sin and death”—he travails with groanings which cannot be uttered: he says, “We have no might against this great company that cometh against us: NEITHER KNOW WE WHAT TO DO.”

After deliverance from the law is experienced, and saved ones come round the gates of Zion; not having any clear revelation of Divine things, not a few of these grace-called ones are in great perplexity about three different branches of what may be termed the religion of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST: the doctrines of the Gospel, the essential experience of the saved soul, and the practical obedience of faith, are things which dreadfully perplex many who are asking the way to Zion. “Is Salvation,” says one, “entirely and alone the work of the Three Glorious Persons in the Trinity?” Yes, it is; and a more glorious work God never accomplished (said the preacher) in all the regions of space—nor in all the worlds or planets he may have created. “His glory is great in this salvation.” Perhaps it is not too much to say, that in the heaven of heavens there will never be seen a greater glory than that will be, when Christ shall present the Church unto Himself, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.” But, *now*, the questions arise, “Does my faith embrace right principles? Does my soul experience God-creating powers? Does my practice harmonize with the precepts and commands of my Lord and Saviour?” Owing to the contradictory teachings of the times we live in, many of God’s own children are in bonds and fears, and their souls oft sink within them. “A great company cometh against us; NEITHER KNOW WE WHAT TO DO.”

Faithful ministers of Christ are often in a perplexity of this kind, too. Their deacons, it may be—some of their people—not a few empty pews—domestic and financial difficulties; all these combined, form a great company which they can see is coming against them; and if they enunciated their fears and feelings plainly, their language would be, “NEITHER KNOW WE WHAT TO DO.”

Rising, popular, and powerful men may laugh at these poor sons of the ancient Jehosaphat. Some men have so much strength—such stores

of wisdom—such abundance of means—faith so mighty, and prayer so prevalent—that, “*Onward to victory!*” is their watchword for ever: “Conquering and to conquer” is their banner; they know no fear: it may be there are “no bands in their death.” But they are not everybody. A world of all *such* heroes has never *yet* been seen. Gideon’s little army is even now striving to pass over many a stormy Jordan; and on their trembling banner, the inscription still is seen, “FAINT, YET, PURSUING.”

Our Statesmen, our political and national governors, and the rulers of the continents around us, with their monarchs and prime ministers, are in no better condition than the one referred to. Dr. John Cumming has written another book, bearing the significant title, “*The Cities of the Nations fell;*” (which we may review, if we live, in 1872, the crisis period, as many think.) “*A Wayside Observer*” sends us his book, *The Years before the Battle: The Last Vials: The Signs of the Times:* and a variety of other predictors of coming events: all indicate the approach of a climax, when both the rulers and the rebellious ruled ones will see, yea, even now they see, “A great company coming against them:” and the hidden language of their thoughts reaches a climax in that deep-toned sentence, “NEITHER KNOW WE WHAT TO DO.”

Mr. Alfred Peet sends us a letter headed, “Is Mr. Gadsby to blame for warning the churches with a preacher’s own words?” And then follow five large questions of much meaning; everyone of which requires definite and truthful replies. Not from the devout Alfred Peet only; but from brethren in Australia, America, and different counties in our own favoured land, papers and letters have come, and are coming; and as we reflect upon this great company which cometh against us, we are in constant anxiety of spirit; in solemn meditations of mind; and how to deal with all the questions pressed upon us, is not so easy to decide: “NEITHER KNOW WE WHAT TO DO.”

“*Is Mr. Gadsby to blame?*” This question we should never urge. For many years, Mr. John Gadsby has been an honourable, benevolent, industrious, and exceedingly useful Christian; a successful enterprising philanthropist; a traveller; a national benefactor; and a citizen of good repute. We should be the last to blame him: but, because, about eight-and-twenty years ago, we were led to commence the issue of *The Earthen Vessel*, we have been marked and spoken of as inimical to Mr. Gadsby’s monthly, called, *The Gospel Standard*: and, by somebody, *who*, we know not, the unhappy distinctive terms of “*Standard men,*” and “*Vessel men,*” have been employed: very much to our grief: and much, too, to the dividing of churches; the hinderance of the Gospel; and the discomfort of not a few of the Lord’s own precious saints.

Now, as Mr. Peet a highly respected minister of the Gospel at Sharnbrook, has earnestly entreated us to insert his letter in justification of all that has lately appeared against Mr. Aikman; let us, in the fear of the Lord, speak our mind as briefly as possible: and deliberately we affirm:—

First, We consider Mr. John Gadsby, as the originator, printer, and publisher of *The Gospel Standard* for so many years has been the Lord’s instrument in conferring unmeasured spiritual comfort on hundreds of thousands of the afflicted, distressed, and weary sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. *The Gospel Standard* has been the pioneer

for introducing to the churches of truth those richly anointed preachers of an experimental Gospel, the venerated Wm. Gadsby, John Kershaw, John Warburton, and a host of their co-workers, and companions in the Gospel. From its earliest existence, we purchased, perused, and at one time contributed to *The Gospel Standard*; we have seldom, if ever, failed to read it; in its faith and experience we sympathize: and if the epithet must be patent, then, in every sense of the word, we claim to be of the *Standard* class; save, and except, we never enter their pulpits; nor did we ever desire to do so, without, we confess, that on one occasion, when passing Old Zoar, in Great Alie Street, we paused to reflect upon the solemn seasons we experienced within those walls, when, in the days of dreadful distress we frequently stood in its aisles, and heard with fear and trembling such men as William Gadsby, John Kershaw, Daniel Smart, Septimus Sears, and others who are gone home; and as on the occasion referred to, we thought upon the mercy of the Lord, we could not refrain from secretly asking the Lord some day to let us stand in that hallowed place, and tell of his grace and power, in delivering our soul from death, our eyes from tears, and our feet from final falling. But, with reference to that desire, as of many other things, we would say, "Not my will, but thine be done."

And now, secondly, whatever may be said for the *Standard*, or against the *Vessel*, it is quite clear to every common-sense and unprejudiced mind, that both these monthlies have a large circulation, and unto tens of thousands of believers both are useful. Not to the same extent, certainly; but it must be remembered the *Standard* is ten years older than the *Vessel*; the *Standard* has had the patronage of some of the most powerful and useful men the Churches of Christ ever had. The *Standard* has been conducted with talent far beyond our reach; and its savoury communications have opened for it channels in every direction. It has had no impediment. While, on the other hand, the *Vessel* has been assailed by storms and trials indescribable. Our pathway has been one of the most afflicting character. For fifty years, such trials, losses, crushing sorrows, and reproaches have been mixed in our cup, that surely we have said, if there is a band in the heavenly world of whom it is distinctively said, "these are they that *have* COME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION; and have washed *their robes*, and made them WHITE IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB;" if such a peculiar company will be there found, then in some of the hidden ranks of that section, surely we shall be seen.

With all the opposition and prejudice hurled against it; in the face of multitudes of new publications rising around it, we are now closing our Twenty-Seventh Volume; and our Publishers can testify that our circulation increases and grows steadily; and in the hope that the LORD GOD OF ISRAEL may spare us a few years longer to conduct it with all the wisdom He may give unto us, we ask our readers and friends to pray for us; to promote our interests; and at the same time to pardon us when we are compelled to defer the insertion of many of their most valued communications, because the inflowing of them is many times like "a great company which seems coming against us, NEITHER KNOW WE (every month, with them all) WHAT TO DO."

In closing this our paper for 1871, may we refer our readers to the historical record with which our oft-repeated text stands connected in

1 Kings xxi. and onwards, and 2 Chronicles xx.? Does not this ancient history in type represent our present state as a Christian Church and as a sinful nation?

Were we to write a comment upon that history (and which we hope to do next year) we should head it, "A TRINITY OF EVILS. DELUSION! RETRIBUTION!! and CHASTISEMENT!!!"

Four hundred false prophets go forth with a lying spirit. Is there nothing answering to that spirit now?

AHAB, seduced by false prophets. Ahab, the avaricious and wicked King of Israel; Ahab, the crafty and designing warrior, slain, when he thought himself secure. Is there not sufficient Biblical testimony to prove that the modern Anti-Christian Ahab shall certainly perish?

JEHOSHAPHAT, the God-fearing, but easily-beguiled King of Judah, comes under heavy trials. As the seer said to King Jehoshaphat, so might not some truthful seer say to our Sovereign, to our Senators; to our Romanizing and Ritualistic clergy; to our truth-denying and modern compromizing Nonconformists; to all who are now saying a confederacy, might not we say, "Shouldst thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord: nevertheless there are good things found in thee." Did not chastisement fall even upon Jehoshaphat? Did not Moab, and Ammon, and others, come against Jehoshaphat to battle? And was it not, when he was thus tried, that he cried out, "O, our God, wilt thou not judge them! for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us: NEITHER KNOW WE WHAT TO DO: *but our eyes are upon thee?*"

Now, instead of our eyes being envious eyes, or jealous eyes, or slanderer's eyes, or Church and saint-dividing eyes; let our eyes be looking to the Lord, in faith, in prayer, in hope, in sympathy with all who love the truth, for the day will soon declare whose we are, and whom we serve.

Christian friends, forgive, and pray for your willing servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

56, Queen's Road, Royal Crescent, Notting Hill.

THE EARLY EXPERIENCE OF THE LATE DR. BELL.

DEAR SIR,—A part of the following is from the diary of the late Dr. Bell, who fell asleep September 10, 1871. Age 59. "November, 1832.—The last twelve months have been to me—as they have been to many others—very eventful; though plagues and sickness have been daily sweeping multitudes into eternity; and I, myself, have had much sickness and sorrow, I thank God, I can look back upon them with more pleasure than any preceding period of my life; truly, it *has been good for me* that I have been afflicted. A retrospect of my life since this time last year presents a series of trials and mercies, by which an ever-merciful God has drawn me to himself; O, that the review may inspire me with more *thankfulness* for the mercies I have received, more love to Christ for his inseparable love in the gift of himself, more simple *confidence* in him for the future; assured that he who has begun a good work in me will carry it on until the perfect day.

“The month of October, 1831, was spent at Rothburg, in Northumberland, as all my previous life had been spent, in a vain and worldly manner, without a thought of God—a wish for his favour—or a fear of his wrath. On the 28th of that month I returned to Newcastle. I remained in the same careless state for some time, ‘Without God, and without hope in the world.’”

“The means which God in his mercy used to rouse me to some sense of my danger was the alarming visitation of cholera, which made its first appearance on the 8th of November. I more than once felt some alarm at its near approach, but always relapsed into my careless state. God’s *full time* had not yet come, the remainder of the year passed away in the same manner; and though the cholera had now reached Newcastle, my hard heart felt little. From about my birthday, the 25th of December, to the 6th of January, this year, I was more or less unwell, for many days was confined to the house; still no right feeling of my danger, no care for my immortal soul. I continued in a weak and ailing condition until Sunday, the 8th of April. I had an attack of cholera, though it was severe, it was soon over, and I was soon out of danger. I now became dreadfully alarmed, and had a constant fear of death; but though I saw my danger in all its horror, I knew nothing of Him who alone can save from the wrath to come. I never sought the Lamb of God who alone can wash away the sins of the world. God, in his wisdom, still saw fit to allow me to continue in darkness. During my illness many were my resolutions of amendment; but as I recovered they were all forgot. I was confined about three weeks: and now the happy time approaches, which, if I fall not from the faith, I shall have cause to remember with joy and thankfulness through eternal ages. And here would I seek, and earnestly pray for, the all-preventing grace of God. I know that of myself I cannot stand a moment. O, may God, then, so strengthen me by his Holy Spirit, that I may hold fast that which I have obtained, that I may stand fast in the faith.

“On the fifth of August, I was again taken unwell, and continued so during the whole of that month. On the 22nd, I went to Middleton, I went suffering, as I had done for some time past, from extreme nervousness; so much so, that I hardly durst close my eyes in bed, fearing I might never wake again. The time of God’s mercy had, however, —blessed be his name,—now come. The great feeling of danger I had so long experienced, at last led me to throw myself at the foot of the cross: it did not lead me as it had so often done to make resolutions of amendment in my own strength; made only to be broken, as they had often been: but to warmest prayer for God’s assistance, and he did assist me; he heard my prayers, and answered them. I had long felt a terror for the consequences of sin; I now began to feel dislike to sin itself, and was led, I doubt not, by God’s Spirit, to humble myself in the dust and ashes; I began to feel some faith, though but weak, in the all-sufficient sacrifice of God’s own Son. At Middleton, I met with a very excellent clergyman, a Mr. Pope, from Whitby. This gentleman took a room at the Inn, and had services there twice on each Sunday during his stay. From his excellent discourses, through the blessing of God, I derived much good. I had now, also, set about the diligent study of the Scriptures, and such other religious books as I could procure; Mr. Pope leaving nearly a fortnight before us, I wrote

to Mr. Gibbs, a dissenting minister at Darlington, and procured him to come down and have service on the last Sunday before we left. On the 19th of December, I returned home; and with thankfulness would I record that I came back with very different feelings to those with which I went to Middleton."

A few extracts from his last report, published in July, will give an idea of his last few years.

"My first open-air meeting was held in the market place of Barnstaple, North Devon, June 1857. I could not have had the least idea that the work thus commenced would, by the gracious help of the Lord, grow to that which it has now become. This work commenced fourteen years ago. When I thus devoted myself to evangelizing, I was a member of the Established Church; but I saw at once that from that time I must labour only as a Christian, and free to co-operate with all true Christians, wherever my Master gave me opportunity. I have preached in many parts of the kingdom. Thus, in one place, I preached in the parish church; in another, I preached alternately in the Baptist, Congregational, Methodist, and Bible Christian chapels, and also in the Brethren's room. From August 1870 to June 1871, about 680 meetings have been held and 215,000 tracts and papers circulated." House to house visitation, &c. And now he is not; the Lord has taken him. His death and funeral have already appeared in your pages. He has left a widow and three children totally unprovided for, for which a fund has been opened to receive means to help support them. We trust the sympathy of Christians may be shown in responding, so that the need of those left behind may be met. Yours faithfully in the Lord,

W. T. RUSSELL.

Samuel Hanson, Esq., 24, Greville Place, Kilburn, N.W., has kindly consented to act as Treasurer; and Mr. W. T. Russell, 33, Titchborne street, Edgware road, W., Hon. Secretary who will gladly accept any Contributions.

FREDERICK WHEELER PREACHING IN THE CONDEMNED CELL AT NEWGATE.

CHAPTER III.—MY SECOND VISIT TO NEWGATE.

THIS evening I paid my second visit to Newgate, but as I was on my way there, I thought every man and woman on earth is a condemned criminal, but all do not know it. What a mercy to know and feel it, and be led to cry out under the feeling sense of the same to God, even the God of salvation, for succour, for pardon, and peace. O, I felt, What has made me to differ? I am no better than others. My heart was softened, and I wept like a child at the feeling sense of the goodness of God. Now, as I drew near to the prison, I cried mightily to the Lord, wrestling with all my soul for a word, and for my loved one's presence to go with me. Just as I was passing up Fleet-street, Satan set in upon me, and suggested to my soul I should do more harm than good, and asking audibly, What could I say to the purpose? I knew very little of the Bible, and, said he, You are very

young. I could not understand how to meet the case. Then, said Satan, It is written, "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." Now pride and conceit is iniquity, and if you are proud because you are sent for on such an occasion, God will not hear you. And, God will not hear you, kept sounding in my soul as I went along the street. I prayed and agonized until I was quite in a perspiration. Presently the precious Saviour came to my relief with these words (Zech. ii. 2.): "And the Lord said unto Satan, The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan, even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem, rebuke thee. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" It came with great power, and gave me the desired support, and greatly encouraged my soul; I was as an hind let loose, my sorrow was turned into laughter; and I poured out my soul for the poor man, saying, O Lord is not this as a brand plucked out of the fire?

And, now, having arrived at the prison, the keeper said, "He has been earnestly enquiring for you. When I got to the cell he said, "O, is there no hope for me?" I then opened upon the second chapter of St. Mark, and read down until I came to the fifth verse, which reads thus, "When Jesus saw their faith, He said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." Now first notice, the faith of others for the sick of the palsy; secondly, notice by whom seen, Jesus; thirdly, the word spoken, *forgiveness*. Now, my dear fellow sinner, there is not a word spoken about the faith of the man himself: no, but still it is faith, divine faith, laying hold of, and coming to, a divine person, God the Son, Lord of all the creation, the great Physician, the only Physician that can heal at once, body and soul; no matter where the faith exists, wherever it is, it never makes any mistake, it always comes to the right person, and it always triumphs; and this faith I have for you. Secondly, notice by whom seen, Jesus: now, dear Jesus always looks on, and admires that which is his own creation, and his own gift, for "Faith is the gift of God;" and Jesus Christ, being God, watches with a jealous eye the fruit of the Spirit in every poor sinner's soul; whether that faith lays hold of Him, or comes to Jesus for himself or another: this faith is really undying in its nature, resplendant in its character, and mighty in its hold of Jesus; all other faith is dying faith, and always goes to the wrong person, and deceives the possessors: but this faith comes direct to Jesus, and draws virtue from Him alone, who is the Almighty. Jesus admires it, Jesus beholds it, Jesus approves it, Jesus answers its pleas, and Jesus smiles on its importunities. Thirdly, the word spoken, FORGIVENESS: This is the secret of all cure, all spiritual health, all strength to lay hold of God; for this, Jesus died and rose again. And we find by the word spoken, that his malady was caused by his sins, and he only needed *forgiveness* to cure him of the palsy. Thus Jesus spoke this much-needed word to the man sick of the palsy—*forgiveness*. I need forgiveness; you need forgiveness. May you be borne of four to Jesus only: the four bearers are,—purpose, power, love, and mercy; and should you thus be brought to Jesus you will hear him say the sweet word, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." Here, remember, should my Jesus speak this word unto your heart, it will not make you a son, but it will be spoken unto you because you are a son. Why the Chaplain needs forgiveness, and without it he is only a deceiver; for no man can call Jesus Lord, but by

the Holy Ghost: no crowd of sins, no press of outward circumstances, can keep the man who possesses the sense, and feeling need, of this forgiveness. by the leading and teaching of God the Holy Ghost, from JESUS; for come they must, come they shall; clection secures their coming to Jesus; predestination appoints the time, and sanctification separates from the world, and from all that belongs to the flesh; and redemption brings them nigh that were afar off; "Bless the Lord, O my soul: for this is the victory that overcometh the world, *even your faith*;" and this is the faith of God's elect—a victorious and triumphant faith: read, my dear fellow sinner, pray read, the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. All you want for time and eternity is to feel that Jesus has spoken forgiveness into your soul: now you are about to appear before God, and should dear Jesus speak it into your soul (forgiveness) you will find it sound like musick, all your sins will melt before it, you will lose all fear of death, and like brother Paul, you will be ready to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better;" the morning of your execution will be your coronation morning; and death from sin, will be swallowed up of life. you will then company with the forgiven thief, Mary Magdalen, Manasseh, David, Saul of Tarsus, the Jailor, all the prophets, and apostles, and martyrs; and become one of those who "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Prisoner—Oh, my friend, if Jesus would only speak forgiveness into my soul, that I might feel that he forgave me the sin of murder, taking a life, where I could not give it. F. Wheeler—The sin of blood-guiltiness you mean; there was one who prayed to be forgiven this sin, he craved for forgiveness: and may I ask as in the sight of God, is this all you crave this side of the grave; is this boon, this gift, more precious to you than all the world? Are you really in earnest after this gift? Prisoner—Yes! Yes! O Yes! There can be no profit in my deceiving you, or in deceiving myself, when I am to die so soon; I want to feel that I am forgiven by God the Father, forgiven by God the Son, and forgiven by God the Holy Ghost; then you can go when you have prayed for me. F. Wheeler—I will pray for you. O, Lord God Almighty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, keep Satan at a distance, and let us pray; Gracious God, keep all fear down, and let us pray: give us all powerfully in our soul's forgiveness; on this poor fellow-sinner, for the sake of thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, bestow forgiveness, that Satan may be deceived, and all concerned may be undeceived, by seeing Thou can'st save to the uttermost all that come to Thee in the name of Jesus, Thy Son: for whose sake we ask—Amen. I then left at one in the morning.

LINES.

Written on the first Sunday after my Wife's departure, after a long illness.

I saw the dear one fall asleep,
Like child in mother's arms;
The Shepherd gently kept his sheep,
From dreaded death's alarms.
'Twas just before she passed away
To the bright world of bliss,
By grace she was allowed to say—
"My Jesus precious is."
These, the last words she breathed on earth,
Prove grace by Jesus given:
And if she knew while *here* his worth,
What does she feel in heaven?

Her grave is but a downy bed,
Through Jesu's precious blood:
Say not my darling Sarah's dead—
She only rests with God.
With harp, and crown, and victory's palm,
And robe of purest white,
Wrought by her Saviour's righteousness,
She stands a spirit bright!
Chanting the new eternal song
Of Jesus' dying love,
With all the countless chosen throng
Around the throne above.

B. V. SCOTT.

Oxford, October 29, 1871.

THE EVIDENCES OF A DIVINE RELIGION.

BY F. COLLINS, MINISTER OF DEVONSHIRE ROAD CHAPEL, GREENWICH.

AMONG all the questions that arise in the conscience of the regenerated soul, or in the religious world, none can be so important as the question—“*How shall I know that I am the Lord's and that he is mine?*” While the soul is in a state of death, Satan uses all his arts to keep his goods in peace; he diverts the mind with the trifles of time, and thus keeps the soul from the least anxiety or concern for its salvation: if they make a profession of religion, *that* is admitted; and if they rest upon empty doctrines—self-improvement, and self-importance—Satan applauds the feat. Although in pretence they are friends of the truth, no sooner, however, is it that the blessed and Eternal Spirit imparts salvation to the soul; when he puts his laws into the mind, and writes them in the heart; the veil being taken off, and sin seen and felt in its awful and destructive nature, than Satan opposes the work; sharp conflicts are experienced; a furious opposition is felt to rage against the unfoldings of the Holy Spirit's work. Amidst this dreadful strife the poor troubled soul is earnestly anxious to know that he is in the right way for heaven; that he is one of the Lord's redeemed and saved. In this anxious state he could at times give worlds to have the question answered in the affirmative,—“Am I His?” For, says he, it is not for a thousand, or a million years, it is for ETERNITY! and what are the ephemeral possessions of a moment compared to the eternal wealth of the soul's salvation?

“ And those who are on Jesu's side
Pray to be taught by him :
They feel it sweet in him to hide,
Who did their souls redeem.”

And what blessedness can compare with the sweet reflection to the child of God, when assured by the blessed Spirit that it is all made right for him for eternity by our precious Saviour? that though at present in the wilderness, he is called to endure opposition from all sides, “Being troubled on every side, having opposition,” sore opposition, both from within and from without: from avowed foes, and from professed friends: to remember the troubles of the dear Head for him; that the night of affliction will soon have passed; the winds of affliction soon cease to be felt. Says he, “I am the Lord's lov'd-one, for he hath loved me with an everlasting love; I am the Lord's redeemed one, for me Christ shed his precious blood; and soon I shall bid farewell to this vale of tears, and be ushered into the presence of Jesus: and so shall I for ever be with the Lord, there to spend a glorious eternity, and—

“ Eternity seem as a day.”

But, says one, Ah! Would to God I could thus rejoice in the hope of the glory of God. To me the prospect of eternity is most awful; the thought of my guilty soul appearing before God fills me with trembling. I see no ground for me to hope from that I shall be saved; and oh! the awful destiny of one with his eyes open going into eternity, to endure the insufferable pangs of the wrath of God, when thousands of millions of years cannot bring me a moment nearer the end of my tor-

tures! I am a guilty sinner before God! I am condemned and cast out by God's holy law; I am grievously disappointed, since I thought I could do something to deliver myself; but no, I cannot, I cannot. And if to be without any particle of power is to be lost, then I am lost.

Come, poor soul, listen: *Jesus, the Almighty Jesus, came into this world to seek and save the LOST.* "He hath torn, and he will heal; us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up; after two days will he revive us; and we shall live in his sight."

"The blood of Jesus Christ (God's co-equal Son) cleanseth from all sin," and he that hath begun a good work in him will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. And surely this conviction of sin, this self-despair, these longings for salvation, is the blessed work of the blessed Spirit, whose office it is to convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. A faith's view of the finished work of Christ will bring joy: "Believing, we rejoice with joy that is unspeakable, and full of glory."

What, if all the world are wrong—
And delusive errors spread—
If to Jesus I belong!
I shall praise my Living Head.
When into the Church I look,
What distractions there I see!
Ancient paths are quite forsook;
And the saints cannot agree.
Amidst censures, quarrells,—blame,
God's foundation stands the same.

Young disciples are apt to draw comparisons from professing Christians, making others the rule of their faith and experience. But sooner or later God will cure his own people from looking to the creature for help, and Satan will suggest that it is the outside appearance that must be the rule of judgment. So when the feet have slipped, or well nigh slipped, then he endeavours to stagger the confidence of the soul in the glorious Gospel. And if some rotten hypocrite has given them a bite, they are ready to conclude there is no sincerity in anybody.

Nevertheless, the foundation of the Lord standeth sure, having this seal—"The Lord knoweth them that are his." F. C.

[This was written before our brother Collins's late illness: it is the first of a series of papers which we believe will be exceedingly useful to the thousands of our trembling readers: for their sakes we pray the Lord to give Mr. Collins a double portion of his Spirit.—Ed.]

WORDS OF WEIGHTY MEANING FOR FAITHFUL MINISTERS.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I send you a precious unpublished letter of the late H. Dowling, with a desire that you will give it a place in your publication, *The Earthen Vessel*. It was copied from the original by brother Cowell, and I think it will be found very profitable to the ministers and churches. And the Lord bless the reading of it, that it may redound to His own glory.

Yours in Israel's hope,

THOMAS WARREN.

Braintree, Sep. 4, 1871.

Launceston, Jan. 29, 1857.

MY BELOVED BROTHER IN JESUS OUR LORD,—Thanks for your epistle. Your reference to the word which dropt from my lip years gone by, and its adaptation to your case, opens to view a

sacred fact,—that secretly and sacredly the Holy Spirit gives thoughts to communicate, and at the same time opens the mind to receive. How lasting the instruction thus given, and how honoured the instrument God so employs.

It seems passing strange the children of the kingdom should be so dull of hearing as not to perceive what to us appears as clear as the noonday sun, that “flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of God.” Not only so as to a final state of glory, but truly so as to the fleshly mind entering into the glory of our risen state by the grace of the resurrection of our living Head. The state in knowledge and feeling of that part of the Church of Christ he has committed to your oversight has induced your testimony to witness much of the matter of the glorious transactions of Christ, subject to death for the purpose of redemption; His reign for purposes of grace towards His family in their warfare state, and especially that of the free access which the child of God enjoys through the open door of a glorious mediation to God in the heavens.

The people were not led beyond it. It was necessary that you should not be behind them in their experience and testimony of the grace of our covenant God. And sometimes you walked with them as the disciples did with Christ going to Emmaus, and are employed by the Spirit to teach the flock of your charge knowledge and understanding. You went before them, and you have outstepped them in the knowledge of Christ until you are ministerially lost to the vision of some who once were fed by you with *milk*, “and as yet they cannot digest *strong meat*.”

In Paul’s case, as well as yours, he was restrained: “Ye cannot bear them now.” “Our mouth is opened; be ye enlarged.” I suppose God the Spirit has extended your fellowship more extensively in the peculiarities of a glorious Gospel. A living Christ for his church in heaven as a place, and a living Christ by his dwelling in the Church in a glorious state. “Christ in you the hope of glory,” together with the higher branch of sanctification in the mind being elevated to the right hand of God. Dear Paul has it, “Filled with the fullness of God.” Grace shines more conspicuously in our warfare state in subduing sin than it does in a rejoicing in its victories by the triumphs of Immanuel. The seeking has the fruit of spiritual life in looking after Jesus as a Saviour, while the soul, blest with the spirit of adoption, has Christ in possession. Truly such look for his final advent; but they rejoice in that there is a grace as well as a fact in the resurrection of Christ, and Christ coming to us in the Spirit is an earnest of the former. It is evident, my brother, that you are led by the Spirit to dwell less on Zion’s tribulation and corruption than formerly, and consequently to grasp in thought and expression the real blessedness of God’s Zion as one in and one with Christ. No doubt some will follow close upon your heels, while others will lag behind. But you must not go down to them. The standard of Truth is upheld that the eye may rest upon it.

The Spirit guides the ministration of his sent servants skilfully, contracting or expanding, like rays of light falling upon the optic,—milk for babes, meat for strong men. It will be generally found true that “like priest like people;” as the one grows into Christ, so the others

follow. The "gift" in the ministry is for those whom God has provided the testimony. It is always, however, well to guard against partiality in the truth, every part of which has its bearing upon conscience and character. Your views are not new, my brother, but you may have given a greater prominence to the glory of a living Christ over that of a dying and dead one. And you must go on loving the people, however unlovely they may seem to be. Your office is one of forbearance. My affectionate regards to you and yours in bonds of love.

HENRY DOWLING, SEN.

Mr. Thomas Warren, Baptist Minister, Braintree.

"THE COAL-HEAVER" AND HIS SONS.

"They are men wondered at."—ZEC. iii. 8.

A CONSECUTIVE history of the late WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, and of some of the "principal men" which the Lord gave unto him, might be useful, even in these times, to some of the election of grace. Mr. Ebenezer Hooper, of Chelmsford, has issued his volume, which we have not yet been able to examine; no doubt, to many it will furnish striking and interesting details; but, as to the merits of the volume, we say nothing definitely yet. Four things we may just mention as introductory notes.

I. We have been led to believe that those two singular prophecies in Micah v. had some fulfilment in Mr. Huntington, and in some of his Timothyes. Speaking especially of the kingdom of Christ in Gospel times, the Lord says,—

(1.) "The remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord, as the showers upon the grass, that tarrieth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men."

Did not the dew of heaven—did not the unction of the Holy One come down by "The Coal-Heaver's" ministry on thousands of precious souls in his own day of preaching? And does not the dewy power of the Holy Ghost still attend his writings to the living in Jerusalem? Yes; and showers of rain upon the mown grass did oftentimes descend when William in his Master's name and work did stand. Again, the Lord says,—

(2.) "And the remnant of Jacob shall be among the Gentiles in the midst of many people AS A LION among the beasts of the forest, as a young lion among the flocks of sheep: who, if he go through, both treadeth down and teareth in pieces, and none can deliver." Like a lion, a royal noble lion, did William Huntington's ministry pass through the flocks of sheep, the professing churches, and in many souls the three-fold truth was realized: they were trodden down; all their false profession came to nothing; they were torn in pieces; their hearts and souls were rent in twain; now they knew that none (but the Lord) could deliver.

II. In order to form a proper estimate of Mr. Huntington's ministry, you must read—(NOT his own letters, but) the letters sent to him by those who had been brought into real soul-trouble, into terror, and into the prison house of spiritual bondage and despair. There, in those letters, if you have spiritual discernment, you will see,

III. What a delusive thing a pretty pious profession of Christ is.

when the professor has only the name to live ; while dead in soul, and full of enmity against the Sovereign purposes and Almighty powers of the Eternal God ! And, in those letters you may see,—

IV. How many of these distracted and distressed souls fled to, or were led to, Mr. Huntington ; and how he (though he knew nothing of them at the time) did search, probe, wound, and, ultimately, as God's mouth, deliver them from death, and doubt, and dark dismay. These things we hope to prove ; for there is a necessity laid upon us.

TENDERNESS AND GRATITUDE.

THE tender-hearted Christian is he from whom the hard and strong heart (which neither the hammer of judgment could break, nor the oil of mercy soften) is, in some good measure, taken away. His understanding is no more so unteachable, nor his affections so immoveable as formerly. His will has laid aside her obstinacy, and his conscience her insensibility. His heart stands in holy awe of the precepts, and trembles at the threatenings of the Word of God. But, oh ! how melting—how alluring are the great and precious promises ! And all its heavenly doctrines drop as the rain, and distil as the dew ; *not when it falls upon a rock*, but when it descends upon the parched ground, refreshing the thirsty earth, and making it as a watered garden. The tender-hearted Christian is living under the powers of the world to come, influenced by the Spirit of God. He can see when God's hand to lifted up, and turns at his reproof ; while the sinner despises the riches of his goodness, and treasures up unto himself wrath against the day of wrath. He is led by the goodness of God unto repentance, and every sin pains him at heart. The sin of ingratitude he mourns over, sensible of the fact that he does not acknowledge the goodness of God as he ought ; but oftentimes cries with David, “ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.” Our covenant God has given us a bountiful harvest, and again has he visited the earth, making it soft with showers for the reception of the seed. “ O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men.”

O for the grace of gratitude ! to praise and adore the glorious Trinity in Unity—*Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*. No mercy, however little, can be despised by the sincere Christian, whilst he considers the greatness of the giver and the unworthiness of the receiver. He is so far from thinking himself entitled to the great distinguishing favours of Providence, and the sovereign blessings of grace, that he considers himself unworthy of the least of all mercies, as having nothing due but wrath and indignation. He regards God as his principal benefactor—as the fountain of his life, and joy, and comfort, and when refreshed by the kindly visits of His love, he leaps like a hart, and sings praises to the mighty God of Jacob.

The thoughtful Christian does not bury the former loving-kindness of the Lord in the grave of a bad memory, as though the oldness of the date cancelled his obligations, but every renewed mercy he regards as a new indenture. When in prosperity, he rejoices ; for it is God who comforts him. When in adversity, he rejoices ; for it is God who corrects him. Afflictions he considers as blessings in disguise ; as mercies which God vouchsafes him against his will. When punished

or his sins, he is thankful; for God punishes less than iniquity deserves. When chastened for his profit, he is thankful; for it is that he "may not be condemned with the world." To enhance Divine favour the more, he sets a peculiar mark on the endearing circumstances that attend them. To himself he says, "Such a mercy was bestowed when I was going on frowardly, and might have rather expected tribulation and anguish." Such a blessing was conferred when reduced to the greatest extremity, and in the utmost article of danger. For this I solicited the throne of grace, and He heard me out of His holy temple.

Such are the sentiments wherewith his heart is inly touched, for all those good and perfect gifts that come down from above; but chiefly for spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, for being made an heir of God and joint-heir with Christ. Recognising the blessings treasured up in Christ Jesus, his heart is filled with gratitude: it overflows into the tongue, and extends itself unto the life and conversation. He cannot keep silence: his language is,

"Sing I must! A Christ I have!
Oh, what a Christ have I!"

Within the Gates; or, Glimpses of the Glorified Life.—By G. D. Evans, of Grove road chapel, Victoria Park. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster row. This book has surprised us. Any man that can write a work of this character, must have a mind for chaste, clear, original, and fruitful thought, far beyond many ministers in these busy times. He must also have been favoured with a heavenly spirit of pure penetration; and, great patience in searching, and researching, not the Bible only, but the writings of some of our most excellent divines. Should his life be spared, and his elastic and spiritual powers of mind be preserved, we believe Mr. Evans will come as near to Charles Stanford's tender and refined eloquence, as any writer in existence. We wish to give our readers some better idea of this *Within the Gates*, before long.

A Looking-Glass for Spurgeonites.—By John Calvin, jun. We are requested to review this pamphlet; we shall not have time until next year.

The Law of Compensation; or, The Balance of Life, is a quaint, familiar, timely sermon, by a Chaplain to Bishop Claughton, *Charles Gordon Cumming Dunbar*, by name. It is given, with some other truthful discourses, in the November part of *The Penny Pulpit*, published by Mrs. Paul, in Chapter house court, north side of St. Paul's.

Daunting Parsons, &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. This is a curious, and rather sarcastic censure upon the fashionable clergy, who have not "crucified the flesh," nor become

dead to the world. We hope they will all read this treatise, and be so ashamed of their fearful ungodliness, as to fall down at the Lord's feet, confessing and forsaking their sins.

Mr. Ebenezer Hooper's Review of the late William Huntington's Life, Ministry, &c., is now published by J. Gadsby; and can also be had at our office. There never was a good man on the earth, whose writings we have known, toward whom we have felt so much holy attachment as we have, and still do, toward the once powerful, popular, and highly-honoured servant of the Lord Jesus, Mr. William Huntington. From whence this attachment arose, in what way it has been continued, we may state in a review we hope to give of Mr. Hooper's book; but, for the present, we simply announce to our readers the work is ready; and, is so generally interesting, that by all lovers of strange biography it will be read with ease, if not to their spiritual advantage.

Watching at the Gates; A Reply to the Gates Ajar.—London: S. W. Partridge & Co. At first sight, one might think this was only a baby's book; but as we read on, it throws up, here and there, some precious gems of heavenly experiences. We quite decide upon giving a paper on it in *Cheering Words*, which will be in character with that sweet little serial.

Searching Gospel Truths—in Leaflets by B. V. Scott, of Oxford. More truthful than many can appreciate in these free-will times.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

PLEASANT AND PAINFUL NEWS FROM SHREWSBURY.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I doubt not you will be glad to hear that the Master is making it manifest that he sent us here: we have in common with all the Lord's people, trials and discouragements, but we can say, "The Lord of Hosts is with us;" and thankfully add, "The God of Jacob is our refuge." We commenced our labours amongst this people in February last; since that time fifteen have been added to the church, and we have others waiting. We have opened a mission in a needy part of the town; tokens of God's smile have been given us there; and a gentleman connected with the Methodist New Connection, is providing for us a place wherein to preach, &c. Yesterday, one who has recently been brought to the Lord gave us an address at our Mission Station; and as he told the great things the Lord had done for him, and spoke so lovingly of the Saviour, ourselves, with others, wept for joy. I could tell you much of this man and his wife, who, with her husband, has been made to hear the voice of Jesus, through our feeble instrumentality: they are, indeed, brands plucked out of the burning.

We have just held our chapel anniversary; brother Warren, of Bridgnorth, preaching for us; this brother has the right ring about him. The collections were much in advance of last year. We also held a public tea, when between four and five hundred sat down. Thirty-six trays were given. After tea, we gave a lecture on the best thing, in the best place, for the best purpose; a lecture for the times in which we live: the chair was taken by Mr. Councillor Healing, one of our deacons.

On the following Lord's-day, this good and highly-respected brother fell asleep in Jesus as he sat by his fireside: this sad event has caused us to cry, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men." This brother was an old inhabitant of Shrewsbury, highly honoured and respected by all classes. Our chapel was crowded when we preached the funeral sermon: two texts were used by us upon the occasion—Job xvi. 22; Matt. xxv. and latter clause of 10th verse. This good brother was out in the morning, in the evening he was "absent from the body, and (we believe) present with the Lord." May you and I, dear brother, with all the readers of this magazine, be found ready should our souls be thus hurried hence. Oh, to be found *in* Christ, to be found *like* Christ, then presently we shall be *with* Christ.

After we had finished our lecture, pastor Warren gave us an address on Studying to be quiet, and minding our own business; just the sort of thing, and much needed in some places. I am doing my best to increase the

circulation of the *Vessel*; I have obtained several subscribers and hope to get more: as a humble individual, I think it improves every month, and deserves reading; I, for one, shall hail the day with delight when the same spirit is breathed by all Strict Baptists as that shown by Messrs. Anderson and Congreve; pastor Wells and G. Pung in this month's *Vessel*, (November). May God hasten the day is the heartfelt prayer of Yours faithfully in the Coming One,

JAMES MANNING.
Severn Terrace, Port Hill Road,
Shrewsbury. Nov. 6, 1871.

PUBLIC SERVICES AT SHEFFIELD. *To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.*

BELOVED BROTHER,—A short review of the services just brought to a close in this large town of Sbeffield may be profitable to the churches. Permit me to put a few notations of the same. 1st. It was thought by a few friends of Truth that there might be a probability of a Gospel church being formed in Sheffield. Although our numbers here are so small, yet there is evidently a gentle moving in the tops of the trees, the Lord having turned the hearts of a few to receive the whole Gospel, without any perversions either in doctrines or ordinances. In consequence of yourself being known as a fearless advocate of the Truth, and being known personally as one who had previously visited Sheffield, negotiations were entered into with many prayers and anxieties; it was finally resolved that you should come. All arrangements being completed, we gladly welcomed you into our midst. The first lecture being given on Oct. 11th, in a school-room of the Church of England, at which time a number of lovers of the Truth were assembled to hear, and a very kind reception was given to you by the incumbent, who himself is a man of Truth, who also declared his delight to favour and help those who support the same. May I be permitted to notice an amusing incident which occurred on this occasion, when a gentleman in mistake took away your hat, and left you one too large for you.

This gentleman is one of those accommodating Baptist preachers who can fit themselves to all sorts of people, and who would sow our congregations with mingled seed, so broad is his doctrine that even in that church, and at the time of your lecture, he strove to make it appear that Armenianism and Free-grace might shake hands and wear each other's hats. Much excitement was caused at your expense by this awkward blunder: but it turned out that the universal cover of Armenianism would not fit the unique, shining, and hoary head of the Free-grace ordered in all things and sure. Our next meeting was held in the Portmahon Baptist school-room. Blessed indeed were the influences which evidently pervaded a godly

number who were assembled to hear you: it was observable that the Lord was with you, and your speech was with power. Mr. Barrens, the minister of the place, although Armenian, said, "That one thing had been made quite evident by the lecture, and that was, that whatever means, &c., might be resorted to for the saving of the souls of men, no success could be realized without the work of the Holy Spirit." How universalists can hold opinions like the above, and yet preach free-will doctrines, and give general indiscriminate invitations to all sorts of men, I am at a loss to know; but, however, we were very cordially received, and credit is due to the manner and spirit in which the friends of this place acquiesced in our wishes. On Friday 13th, a tea-meeting was held, at which time a solemn, pressing, wise, and able discourse was delivered by you upon the formation of a Gospel church in Sheffield, the principal objection to which was stated to be the connection some of our friends have with the incumbent before referred to, as they are in the habit of sitting under his ministry with pleasure. But although a sacrifice would have to be made, would it not be far more honouring to the Lord to stand by his ordinances, maintain his order, testify to his own truth in his own way, and even with a more humble and less learned ministry, than to neglect his ordinances, and set aside that testimony merely to follow men who while they preach the doctrines of Christ, speak openly against the plain commandment of believer's baptism? While we thus speak, we rejoice that the truth is preached; and nothing would delight us more than to see this man, and every other clergyman of the Church of England, pay as much respect to, and regard with as much reverence one command of Christ as another. Nothing practical was done, and some of us were faint and anxious yet to see a good and tangible result of these services.

The remainder of these services were accomplished in due order, and when at the last moment you expressed yourself as not being satisfied, and when you told us in your last sermon, on Sunday Oct. 23rd, that you would not have come down only upon the hope of a Gospel church being formed, it pleased the Lord to turn the hearts of his people, and a number of our friends consented to remain for the purpose of appointing a committee of six gentlemen to keep open the place in which we were then met for the ensuing quarter, that public services and preaching of the Word might be continued among us. Thus hope for Sheffield sprang up, and all were pleasingly disappointed. May the God of peace, who brought again our Lord Jesus from the dead, plant and watch over us for good, and may his vine here not be found to be a degenerate plant, is the prayer of one who will long remember your conversation in the Lord, your excellent spirit, your good advice, and your incessant labours with joy to his own soul.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN TRIED.

[We have been obliged to condense. Our

own reflections upon the twelve days in last October we laboured in the north have yet to be written. We watch with much concern the causes in Barnsley, Sheffield, and other places in the north.—Ed.]

PREACHERS, PASTORS, AND PEOPLE,

PLEASE TO READ THIS.

[An intelligent Christian, residing in one of the midland counties, sends us the following original review of the causes which weaken our churches. As one who sighs and labours for a true revival of Christian charity, and of the development of truth in the love and light of it, we ask all to read and circulate this paper.—Ed.]

It has been said by some one, that "every man thinks every body wrong but himself." Perhaps it was a heathen or an infidel who said it, for it does not savour much of the spirit of a Christian. Still, sweeping as the remark is, it may probably have a basis of truth in the general one-sidedness which appears to prevail in the opinions of men with regard to themselves and others. Strange to say, this selfish bigotry abounds in the domain of religion as much as in any other department of human interest; indeed to judge from all we see and hear of it, religion rather intensifies than subdues it. Even Christianity, the most charitable and self-abasing of all religions, has not succeeded in reversing this un-Christian peculiarity in the spirit, speech, and behaviour of its teachers and followers, who exhibit it towards each other in about the same manner as they would to other religions. There are exceptions; but those who have sense and religion enough to know that others may be as good and as right as themselves, approach too near to what Christians should be, to be of much account with any party of religionists; who, in general, are so zealous of advancing their own party of personal interests as to look upon whatever is favourable to others, as being adverse to themselves and to the truth. What is here asserted of the various sections of the professing church towards each other, is almost equally as true of the several parts of any one denomination in particular. To be specific, it is so of ours as much as of any other. In fact, being of the same faith and order, seems, with some neighbouring churches and ministers to be an additional reason for each to set up for right, and to condemn the others. It is so in that part of the country in which the writer is situated. The district is dotted with particular Baptist churches within easy and proper distances of each other; which, till latterly, used to consider themselves as being of one body. They are fundamentally the same now as formerly; but, changes of ministry, with other attendant circumstances have arisen, and as ministerial *prestige* is a bauble oftener coveted than deserved, those who claim it for themselves scruple not to support their claim

by setting themselves up, and talking others down.

The foregoing observations have been suggested from a particular case which recently occurred under the writer's own knowledge.

A person not altogether unknown in literary circles, and who had rendered various kinds of service to the Christian church, retired into this part of the country. The parish in which he resides has a church, which he does not attend; and in a distant part of it a Methodist chapel, which seems to have little or no attraction for him. But, as a belt of village Baptist chapels encircle the parish where he lives, he goes out, sometimes to one and then to another, confining himself to none in particular. This non-preference the Lord Bishops and friends of the several little chapels he occasionally visits do not quite approve of, each party seeming to say he ought to have settled down with them; and having tried several fruitless little schemes to induce him to do so, have given him up as one who don't know what he hears, and set him down as nothing.

In a conversation with him on the subject, he frankly acknowledged that the estimate which the parties referred to put upon themselves and each other seemed to justify their remarks concerning him, adding with a smile, "But I trust it is my privilege to disregard all that in the spirit of the apostle, as being with me a very small matter to be judged of man's judgment. We are all more or less prone to judge wrongly: of ourselves with too much favour, and of others with too little justice." On being asked what might be his thoughts of the tendency upon the general interests of religion, of the prevalence among professing Christians of the spirit referred to, his answer was, "It is decidedly injurious. It is the spirit that lusteth to envy, than which nothing is more natural to degenerate man, or casier to manifest. It requires no help from grace to give expression to it; the most evil and malignant natures being more capable of uttering its dictates than others. It was that spirit which procured the condemnation of our Lord, and which instigated every persecution that has ever been inflicted on the church of God. The *policy* of it, to go no further, is, in a religious point of view, entirely suicidal. In illustration of my assertion, take, as an example, any minister that is remarkable for it. For instance, our friend P. yonder: what does it do for him and his people? Well, in the first place, it puts himself and his friends into a false position, on the ground that *they only* are right anywhere hereabouts, than which there is nothing that I know of more calculated to make hypocrites, or to wither up every right and holy feeling.

"Then again, What is the effect of it between himself and other ministers and churches? for, as you are perfectly aware, he puts no bridle on his tongue in speaking his mind about them all. Why, it makes him a thorny briar to them all, ever stretching out beyond his measure to damage them in

some way or other, so that their intercourse with him for ordinary Christian purposes seems hardly to be expected. That he curtails his own usefulness by his injudicious persistency in setting everybody down who does not own his pre-eminence admits of no question; and if any advantage accrues to himself by it, it is the doubtful one of his gaining over here and there a disaffected hearer, to whom nothing is more grateful than speaking against a minister whom he don't like."

This casual deliverance of his sentiments on the subject which originated our conversation, led to an inquiry respecting the probable causes of the low state of many of our churches. He said, "That is a question not easily answered. The *causes* of what you refer to are both internal and external, and are very various, and some of them of an exceedingly complicated character. That the churches around us have much declined from what they were formerly, appears evident from the size of the chapels compared with the thinness with which they are usually attended. But in attempting to account for this altered state of things, we must bear in mind that since these churches were in their early growth, times have changed considerably: the Established Church has rallied its forces, and churches of other denominations have sprung up, absorbing as much of the population as they can, and so, leaving a smaller proportion of the people to flow into those chapels we are speaking of than used formerly to attend them. Now, with the exception of those places which are supported by endowment, which may always be reckoned at *nil*, it may be taken as a rule, that in proportion as a congregation declines in numbers it increases in its complaints of one thing or another, in the sense of its burdens, difficulties and discouragements, which give rise to innumerable expedients for effecting further changes, which, in many instances, instead of mending matters, only serve to make them worse. Such at least seems to be the case with those of whom we are speaking. It is a pity, on many accounts: for with all proper allowance being made for circumstances of disadvantage which cannot be obviated by the parties concerned, things might be better than they are, were those who are engaged in them but more rational in their proceedings. My acquaintance with the professed sentiments of the pastors of these churches leaves me at no loss to guess what those sentiments are. At the same time it often struck me while hearing them that their sermons are so filled with wrangling defences of their own orthodoxy as compared with the views held by others, that they must inevitably fail to shew an uninstructed person what *truth* really is: and as regards a poor distressed, law-condemned sinner, supposing such a character to be present, tremblingly anxious to know *how he can be saved*, I regret being compelled to say, that, during my residence here, no sermon preached in my hearing, nor any part of one, has seemed to me to be in any

way adapted for helping him out of his misery. At least, nothing that I have heard about here would have reached my case when I was in that state. And, since you ask me for it, this, taken altogether, is what appears to me a principal cause of the poor state of these churches, and also my reason for not joining either of them."

HEREFORDSHIRE.—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am waiting for my pupils coming to evening school; the dew from the Lord lays fresh upon my spirit. I am reminded I ought to write a piece for *The Earthen Vessel*, to declare what the Lord hath done for us. The Lord hath graciously come down in the midst of us with blessings. He came in his own time, and in his own appointed way; it is our God who appointed the times and seasons, as, saith the prophet, "In that day thou shalt say, O, Lord, I will praise thee, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away and thou comfortest me." Blessed for ever be his name, he resteth in his love, and hateth putting away. When, at the first, I was brought, in the providence of God, to this place, through your instrumentality, I perceived a small remnant oppressed with sin and Satan, and sighing for deliverance, like as myself. The church, by reason of outward circumstances was greatly bowed down, which, but for the grace of hope, she had entirely given up. (Ah, my brother, God never leaves his saints—no, not in the worst of times.) It pleased our God that I should understand this way of his. Therefore, for many years hath he graciously led me, that I might experimentally learn the end of all flesh, and his supporting hand. He hath led me through fire and water, and taught me to sing of his delivering mercy. Men have risen up against me, since my mouth has been opened to declare his faithfulness; and my rebellious heart has risen up, surpassing all I ever knew, save the wondrous grace manifested towards me, in setting my feet in a large place. Thus did the Lord prepare me for this people, that he had prepared to receive my ministry. Thus, through the power of the Holy Ghost, we are one in heart; and I am mercifully preserved from tampering with the souls of my hearers. It is some few weeks since it was suggested to me that we should hold a prayer meeting each evening for one week. The Lord had prepared my heart for it: therefore, I asked the church; they all responded and fixed the time; and we had the Master's promised presence. The Holy Ghost helped our infirmities, and prayer and praise ascended as holy incense, and our hearts were united as the heart of one man: each night the meetings increased in interest; so much so, that I was requested to give notice of a second week of prayer, which I did with much pleasure, and the meetings were attended by many, beyond all our expectations. Through the prayers of my friends, I have been helped of the Lord in the precious testimony of the Word, and

grace has been given to some to bear a precious testimony before the church. Lord's-day, October 29, I baptized four persons in the name of the sacred Trinity, who were received into the church the same evening, and united with us in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. It was a time of great refreshment; and the Lord's name was praised.

Peace and prosperity attend you: the joy of the Lord be your strength for all the service he calls you to.

"Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord," was the text on Sunday evening. (1 Kings xix. 11.)

M. PLAICE, Pastor.

Whitestone, November 7, 1871.

EXETER.—"A Little One" says the cause at Zoar is still alive: and observes, "We are almost come to the end of another year. We have had our changes; our nights, and our days of sorrow and joy. We have been cast down, but not distressed. Sometimes the work of the ministry is perfect liberty; at other times, all is dark. Our help cometh from the Lord; we only speak for the benefit of the church of Christ, as the Lord is pleased to be our help. We are fast coming towards the end of our days on earth. May we be found living near the Lord; and daily coring up from this wilderness, leaning on the Beloved! Some of our brethren this year have gone to rest; others have been much afflicted, not able to attend to the work of the ministry. Our churches will do well to be much in prayer. It is a sweet place for the saints to be found at the throne of grace. Praying souls are God's jewels; and the minister's best livery. A friend said to his friend, 'Sir, this is our minister.' 'Oh,' said the other, 'you must not expect the parson to do all the work; you must work with him.' 'Praying always with all prayer, and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints; and for me that utterance may be given unto me that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel.' (Eph. vi. 18.)

One day, as I was thinking on 1 Sam. xxii, 23, these lines came into my mind.

"Abiather, in days of old,
Escaped death, as we are told;
He then in haste to David fled,
Who was a type of CHRIST, our head.

So doth the soul in great distress:
It flies to Christ for righteousness;
Fear not, saith Christ, the sinner's friend,
Abide with me, I'll thee defend.

I am thy God, thy life, thy all;
In all thy troubles on me call:
And thou shalt find in me a friend,
And safeguard to thy journey's end.

Yes, when thy earthly house shall fall
In death's cold arms: I'll keep thy soul,
And lift it to my throne above,
And bathe it in my sea of love."

"A LITTLE ONE."

NEW CHAPEL AT BERMONDSEY.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.
 MY DEAR BROTHER,—Some time back you kindly inserted an appeal in the *Earthen Vessel* asking your readers to assist the Bermondsey New Road Church in the erection of their New Chapel. The result of that appeal amounted to somewhere about twenty-five shillings. The smallness of the sum arose, I expect, from everybody's leaving everybody else to respond to the appeal. May I ask you kindly to insert another one from me, in the hope that this time everybody will kindly act independently of everybody else. Knowing approximately your circulation, I feel persuaded that if all your readers were to send me sums, varying according to their abilities, from threepence, sixpence, one shilling, up to five or ten shillings; the result would be that with our present cash in hand, we should have sufficient to make the raising of the rest only a healthy exercise for the Ebenezer folks themselves. Some might smile at this suggestion; but when we can in two years and three months, point to nearly £250, raised, not solely, but mainly, by collecting books, and from subscriptions varying from one penny and upwards, we think this suggestion might be made a mighty power in aiding the erection of our new place.

It is no "chapel building mania" that has moved us to this work, but downright necessity; and I do hope that love to the cause of Christ, (which is certainly not a local cause,) may induce many to help us thus; and if shortly we find it needful to hire a page in the *Vessel* to acknowledge our receipts, we should be only too happy to do so. In conclusion, I have a good strong knocker on my door and a good-natured postman on the district, so friends need not be afraid.—Very sincerely
 Yours in the Gospel,

R. A. LAWRENCE.

P.S. Any friend in a position to send more than stamps, might cross a P. O. O., London and County Bank, Newington Branch. Brother Myerson, and his deacons, have kindly lent me his pulpit for a Sunday afternoon's service; will any brother minister and his deacons oblige by doing the same? We are in earnest, and the success of our cause is with the Lord. Any way, we don't intend (God willing) to saddle our children with a debt incurred by us.

[We shall be ashamed if our *Vessel* readers do not enable brother Lawrence at once to commence his Tabernacle. Seeing our churches so readily gave brother M'Cure such a large sum for Australia, it will be cruel if a good old-established, and hard-working church like the Bermondsey "Ebenezer" is not helped, seeing their present chapel is too small; too much hidden up; and doomed, like us aged servants, soon to be laid down. Let us ouc and all give young brother Lawrence a collection. Aunc.—ED.]

MR. HAZLERIGG AT ZOAR.

Mr. Hazlerigg, so I have been given to understand, is the leading minister of what is termed "The Standard Party." By-the-way, it is not a mere name, for however there may be a desire on the part of some for union, yet the majority of persons who attend chapels known as "Standard chapels" are too well tutored to have any dealings with the Samaritans. Especially so, if it is true that Mr. Hazlerigg is the leader, as my sketch will show. Where is the bold spirit in our denomination who will undertake the task of writing an *Irenicon*? Verily, if he wrote as an angel, his work would be arduous, and would not repay the trouble. I venture to say that the Editor of *The Earthen Vessel* has been a living, walking *Irenicon*, ever studying to soothe the savage breasts, ever trying to bring about the fulfilment of our Lord's prayer: "That they all may be one." But all his good intentions have been snuffed out.

I went to Zoar on Sunday morning, October 8, and my impressions of Mr. Hazlerigg were by no means favourable. I write this without the least reserve. His language is good English; but a strange feeling came over me soon after Mr. Hazlerigg commenced his discourse. Some person coughed: "You must please to suppress your coughing," came from the preacher's lips. It was the austere manner in which it was said that made it so objectionable. Shortly after this, some infant was unorthodox enough to give vent to infant's talk: the preacher stopped. Then an old gentleman, with a thirty years' asthma coughed: he could not possibly help it: but the preacher stopped. It is annoying to a public speaker to be interrupted; but it is nonsensical for him to be horror-stricken at every sound, and so to annoy his hearers that one poor young mother is compelled to go out of the house of God because her baby made three sounds; and a poor old asthmatic had to put half a large handkerchief in his mouth for fear of the great ecclesiastic in the pulpit. These things I saw and heard. Mr. Hazlerigg is a scholar, but his aspiring the H to such an alarming extent is not good. My impression is that Mr. Hazlerigg is a good preacher, with a rather unpleasant voice. His text was Col. i. 26: "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man, in Christ Jesus." Of the sermon, and the preacher, another time.
 A CRITIC.

THE WILDERNESS.—A friend, whose lot is cast in a desert place, says, "How few there are who preach the truth. I feel the loss of it. Was it not for *The Earthen Vessel*, and God's blessed Word, what should I do? *The Vessel* is a blessed messenger. Go on, dear sir, in sending it forth. The Lord bless you, and all the dear people of God, is the prayer of your fellow traveller to the heavenly kingdom,
 E. J."

MR. JOHN BUNYAN McCURE'S
NEW CHAPEL, AT PIMLICO.

It is generally known that the church gathered and formed under Mr. McCure's ministry, since his return to England, has assembled for divine worship in Rehoboth chapel, Princes row, Pimlico: but, as that place was taken only as a temporary chapel, and as it has proved altogether too small for the congregations assembling, preliminary meetings have been holden, with a view to the erection of a more commodious and permanent chapel, wherein, if the Lord will, Mr. McCure and his congregation may settle down, and unitedly co-operate for the furtherance of those great achievements contemplated by the publication of the free-grace gospel, and the observance of all the ordinances and commandments of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We had the pleasure of attending a public meeting convened in Rehoboth chapel, on Thursday evening, October 26, 1871; which was numerously attended; through the whole of which the happiest spirit prevailed; and over which Mr. Edward Butt presided, giving the most matured advice, and expressing himself in a faithful and truly Christian spirit.

A report was read by Ebenezer Carr, Esq., from which we learned that the first meeting was holden September 21, 1871; and at an adjourned meeting on October 5, it was unanimously resolved to build a suitable place of worship; that a committee be formed, and a fund commenced immediately, so that the desirable object might be attained with as little delay as possible. Six gentlemen at once united for a committee: and nearly £100 was subscribed. The report further stated that this enterprize had been entered upon with zeal, and with a determination in the strength of the Lord to go forward. The committee contemplated the erection of a chapel at a cost of about £800; a comparatively small, but substantial building.

Mr. John Bunyan McCure then reviewed the Lord's goodness to him in the past; and confidently anticipated obtaining sufficient funds (by lecturing and preaching) to open his new chapel quite free from all debt.

Mr. Butt, in his opening address, hoped Mr. McCure would be careful not to overwork himself: incessant labour in study, preaching and lecturing, with anxiety, might be injurious to his health.

Mr. Preston Davies spoke at some length upon the probabilities and difficulties of obtaining the land.

C. W. Banks said, his ministerial brother had three things in his favour. First, he had his hand in good practical working order for obtaining funds for chapel building: already Mr. McCure had erected a chapel in Geelong; it was paid for, and the Gospel was there preached: then he had erected a good chapel in Sydney; and as there was a large debt upon that place, which the Australian people could not pay,

Mr. McCure came to England, and asked our churches to enable him to pay off that debt; to which the English churches responded most liberally, so that Mr. McCure returned to Australia, paid off the large sum of £1000, and found himself in his exchequer none the worse for his laborious mission. C. W. Banks said he felt pleasure in assuring the friends that Mr. McCure's successor in Sydney was a thoroughly godly, devoted, able, and useful minister of Jesus Christ. All the sermons, letters, and works of Mr. D. Allen, which had been sent to him (C. W. Banks), proved him to be a most sterling Christian man, a minister of firm decision for every branch of Gospel truth; and intensely pursuing a course of pastoral labour well calculated to enlarge and to establish the church of Christ in Sydney: so that we have everything to be thankful for as regards our churches in Australia. Then, as regards this appeal, it comes not so much from Mr. McCure, as it does from the people who desire to sit under his ministry. Secondly, Mr. McCure had a large number of Christian ladies on his side, and they were a power for victory in any cause which they espoused. Beyond all this, he hoped it was abundantly evident that the Lord was with Mr. McCure: hence, prosperity crowned his every effort.

Mr. Hall, of Clapham, was gratefully surprised to find Mr. McCure's prospects so good. Mr. Hall considered the work as good as done. Mr. Mitson himself would get all the money required; at any rate, seeing Mr. Mitson was now on the committee, and finding the committee consisted of several first class business men, there could be no doubt but that this movement would soon be a most complete success.

Thomas Carr, Esq., delivered an encouraging address: as also did Mr. Boulden (a deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle), Mr. Mitson, and others.

In concluding this brief notice we may mention that prayers were offered by G. Webb, of Camden Town; and by Mr. Butt; subscriptions and collections considerably increased the funds. Votes of thanks were given to the ladies for their gratuitous and abundant supply of the tea; also, to Mr. Butt for presiding: and with hearty singing and the benediction this noble meeting closed.

CLAPHAM. — REHOBOTH CHAPEL. Our dear pastor, Mr. Fothergill, baptized on Friday evening, September 29, seven persons. It was the first opening of our new baptistry; the occasion was specially gratifying to him, inasmuch as several of the candidates were seals to his ministry. In addition to the above, two sisters from other churches were received in to communion with the church on the following Sabbath. This gracious appearance of the Great Head of the church has called forth the gratitude of our people. We have often prayed that the little one might become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

E. BAKER, AND THE DEACONS.

RE-OPENING OF SQUIRRIES STREET CHAPEL,
BETHNAL GREEN ROAD. THE CHURCH'S DANGER, AND
HER DUTY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—After being closed to the Strict Baptist denomination for a few years past, this chapel has again reverted to us, and was opened with three services on Lord's-day, October 15. Mr. Wilkins (of Soho) preached in the morning, Mr. Stringer in the afternoon, and Mr. Carpenter, minister of the place, in the evening. We had large attendance upon each occasion, and heard three glorious Gospel sermons.

On the following Tuesday there was a tea meeting, after which a public meeting was held, which was addressed by brethren Stringer, Wilkins, Griffith, and Webb: Mr. Carpenter in the chair. Congratulatory and gospel addresses were delivered to a joyful and crowded congregation, who seemed pleased that Squirries street chapel was once more opened for the preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus. The singing was led by an harmonium, ably presided at by Miss M. A. Carpenter.

As some of your readers are aware, Mr. Carpenter preached at Squirries street chapel for some time past, on Tuesday evenings. There were attending these meetings a great deal of profit, and such a spirit of hearing, that, as circumstances relating to the taking of the place were favourable, and many of Mr. Carpenter's friends were urgent for him to come, he decided, with God's help, to preach stately in the place. This resolution was put into action last Lord's-day, and the re-opening services might truthfully be termed, re-union services, as many of Mr. Carpenter's old friends were present. We are pleased to state that there seems to be every prospect of solid prosperity to the undertaking. May our covenant God make it a blessing to many. J. T. B.

VAUXHALL.—Baptist chapel, Upper Kennington lane. Special services were held Sunday and Tuesday, November 12 and 14, in commemoration of eighth anniversary of the church. Sermon on Sunday morning by pastor, John A. Griffin; evening by Vernon J. Charlesworth. Tea and public meeting on Tuesday; nearly 200 sat down to tea; at public meeting, chapel comfortably filled. W. McArthur, Esq., M.P., was to take chair, but illness prevented; Rev. Vernon J. Charlesworth supplied his place in most admirable manner. Mr. S. Saunders, the secretary of the church, gave brief but encouraging report of rise, progress, present position of the church and institutions: all in a flourishing condition. Addresses were delivered by brethren C. T. Keen, R. R. Finch, G. Kew, J. Griffin, J. S. Morris, D. Asquith, and G. Hearson. Sunday school children sang pieces, under direction of Mr. J. T. Wybrow. Collections, with gifts, amounted to upwards of £60. These services were the most interesting and successful ever known in the history of the place.

CHRIST'S GOSPEL CRUCIFIED BETWEEN TWO THIEVES, *not one good and one bad, as on Calvary*; but BOTH BASE AND DESTRUCTIVE. From the sixth century until toward the sixteenth century, darkness, in a measure reigned; and, it began principally through the idolatries of the Church: she left the standard of pure truth; and encouraged superstition. Hence, arose two great anti-Christ's: the anti-Christ of the West, the Papacy; and the anti-Christ of the East, Mahomedanism. These two great powers arose about the same time; they laid waste the Lord's heritage; and still they continue. *Ritualism and Rationalism*, are the two great anti-Christ's of our nation, and of our own time. Between these two, God-quickened believers are almost crushed and crucified; but, against them we must lift up the WHOLE GOSPEL OF OUR LORD JESUS; and for England's deliverance out of the hands of these two mighty powers, we should, individually, unitedly, earnestly, and continually, pray and preach; at least, so believes C. W. BANKS.

DEVENPORT.—Ebenezer Chapel, Morice Town. Nov. 14, 1871. DEAR BROTHER,—It is but seldom I "rush into print," but must tell you how we are getting on in our little corner in the far west. First I will try to encourage you in your labours for dear Zion in the *Vessel*: about eight months since, I announced from the pulpit a few words in favour of the *Vessel* and *Cheering Words*; this was followed by a demand, and I am happy to say we get rid of about twenty-four of the former, and twelve of the latter monthly; these we get of dear brother Chambers: I have continued evidence that the Lord blesses the reading of your serial to many souls, as I find an increasing demand. Well, you will also be glad to hear that it was my privilege to baptize seven of the Lord's people last month: our chapel was not built for a Baptist cause, but my Covenant God is bringing about His own purpose gradually: we have no baptistry at present, but I am rejoiced to be able to say we mean to have one; a subscription is set on foot by my wife and friends: hitherto Dr. Stock has kindly lent us his chapel for this purpose. We all regret the small attendance at our prayer meetings here in our neighbourhood; still, we are not without sweet evidences of the presence of the dear Lord, and his anointings.

At Trinity Chapel, (the Old House at Home for Gospel truth,) rich supplies from Godly, earnest, living, warm-hearted servants of Jehovah still continues. Brother Vaughan still holds on his way at Mount Zion. Brother Griffin has been here and preached some savoury things. Praying for a blessing on your own soul, and on the dear old *Vessel*,—Believe me, Yours faithfully,
J. A. KING.

USEFUL HINTS TO PREACHERS.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

MY DEAR SIR,—To ministers of the Gospel, education is of inestimable value; and those whose early education was defective, are often glad to know how their deficiencies may be remedied. On behalf of such, I beg to call your, and your readers', attention to the "Lay Preaching Training Association," which meets on Tuesday evenings, during the winter months, at 18, Buckingham street, Strand, at a quarter to eight o'clock. The classes are conducted, and the lectures delivered, by gentlemen whose character and attainments, place them high in the Christian world; and though, perhaps, we, as thorough Calvinists and Strict Baptists, could not endorse all that is uttered; yet, the institution not being intended covertly to imbue young preachers with unsound teaching, but to supply them with such instruction as all preachers require; the promoters, moreover, being (whatever their doctrinal views) Christian gentlemen of honour and integrity, and the meetings being always conducted with becoming dignity and gravity,—having attended three winter courses of instruction, I speak from experience, when I say, that I am sure that many of our Lay preachers might attend them with peculiar advantage. I would merely add that the association asks no fees of those that attend its meetings, all being entirely free. I believe that the services of the lecturers are also gratuitous.

Mr. Gilbert, the secretary, I have long known as a most loving Christian man; and I am sure that he would kindly welcome any of our number earnestly desirous of availing themselves of the advantages of the institution.

Perhaps I should have said that with the management of the association I have nothing to do; not being known personally to any of the gentlemen that conduct it.

I am, my dear Sir, truly yours,

W. J. STYLES.

27, College street, Islington, N.

NORTH BRIXTON TABERNACLE.—

Special services were held Sunday, November 12, and following Tuesday. The object was to reduce the debt incurred in erection of this chapel. The preachers: brethren Cornwell; J. S. Anderson; and B. B. Wale. On Tuesday, at public meeting, James Mote, Esq., presided. Mr. Warren, of Plumstead, delivered an excellent address from the words, "I am that I am." Mr. Wale discoursed upon the purpose, and the promise, and the precept. Mr. Deacon Wilkins, upon going into ways, and means said, Their original debt was £500; collected since May last, £155: £350 remains unpaid. £70 was now wanted. Mr. J. Mote said he felt glad to hear that this new place was not a split. He certainly was under the impression that it was. He was grateful for what he had heard. Messrs. Lee, Jull, and others, assisted in these services.

CLAPHAM. — COURLAND GROVE. Oct. 24, 1871. The annual social tea and public meeting took place, to commemorate the anniversary of the seventieth birthday of Mr. Ponsford, the beloved pastor. The evening commenced with singing; after which prayer was offered by Mr. Jull, late of Ryarsh. Mr. Long, the much respected senior deacon, warmly congratulated Mr. Ponsford on the occasion; also on the thirty-third year of his highly valued ministry amongst us, to testify which, and our great attachment to our much esteemed pastor, and the rich and glorious gospel which he dispenses to us continually, the members and congregation requested his acceptance of a comparatively trifling (but durable) memorial of their sincere love and respect, consisting of a chaste silver inkstand. In presenting which, Mr. Long's appropriate address was unanimously approved and appreciated. Mr. Ponsford acknowledged and kindly accepted the little offering in the same loving spirit in which it was tendered. After which a hymn was sung. Mr. Steed congratulated the President, and gave some remarks on Psalm 91. i. Mr. Anderson addressed the Pastor and friends in a very pleasing and acceptable manner from the Canticles 2. iii. Mr. Hall and Mr. Brindle gave friendly loving addresses. The meeting was numerously attended: all present appeared pleased and happy. A more united, peaceful, loving, Church and Pastor cannot be found. May his valuable life and services long continue for the glory of our Triune Jehovah, and the comfort, instruction, and edification of the Lord's living family.

TO MR. PONSFORD ON ATTAINING HIS SEVENTIETH YEAR.

JUST threescore years and ten,
You've wandered here below,
New mercies every day attend,
As thro' this vale you go.

From childhood's days till now
The Lord hath watched you o'er;
And at his sovereign feet you bow,
And praise Him more and more.

Saved from the power of death;
From that great monster, Sin,
And while you draw this fleeting breath,
You will be found in Him.

The age of man you've seen,
On you it tells a tale,
And tho' the shivering blast is keen,
You're safe within the wall.

A few more days at most,
And time with you will end;
But you will wait and make your boast
In Christ the Sinner's Friend.

When time with you is done,
And you have run the race,
Then will you shout the victor's won
"I'm safe in Christ's embrace."

SHEERNESS.—The cause at Zion is not flourishing. What has become of the pillars? Is there no young Elihu that can under God, raise up this once prosperous church?

MR. GODSMARK AND BAPTISM.

Persecution, Mr. Godsmark thinks, is sure to befall those who renounce all ordinances in the visible church. We are prepared to prove that no class of Christian men have been more cruelly persecuted than the decided, practical Baptists have been. "From the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence." Yes, even until now. So much have we suffered, that were we not bound by love, faith, conscience, the Word, the command, and the irrevocable authority of JESUS, we should cease to administer ordinances, and only preach the Gospel: but, although the late George Abrahams called us "hypocrites," because we could not adopt open-communion; although, even now, every section of the visible church pours down contempt upon us; and, worse than all, our professed Strict Baptist churches and ministers are becoming lax in their spirit and movements; although all seem inclined to "turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them;" although the most secret and destructive conspiracy exists and works against us, we must, God Almighty permitting, more earnestly than ever, contend for the whole faith once delivered to the saints, and in a good-tempered spirit we shall aim to shew J. Godsmark, that he certainly has made a mistake.

CLAPHAM. — EBENEZER CHAPEL, CLAPHAM.—Died, in the Lord, last month, our old friend and deacon, T. Spiller; a cancer led to a lingering illness, which gave him ample opportunity to testify of his faith and hope in the Lord, an opportunity he did not fail to embrace; for he had a spiritual word for everyone who paid him a visit. Death created no alarm in his soul; he knew too well "whom he had believed." Called by the grace of God in early life in affliction, and brought into the liberty of the Gospel by the revelation of mercy to his soul in the open field, he espoused the cause of God, and through a long life adhered to it through evil and through good report. He was thoroughly a man for peace, industrious and careful, loved by the church, and universally respected in the circle in which he moved. He was always ready to help on the cause of God by advancing money as it was required, and was a constant attendant on the means of grace. He thoroughly enjoyed the Gospel, and was ready to encourage his pastor in its proclamation with, "Good time this morning, sir." In his illness he enjoyed much peace; if he could get his brothers around him, or even his sisters in Christ (for he said the women could pray as well as the men,) to sing and pray, he was in his element. Towards the close of his career, his conflicts were sharp; but the Lord appeared, and he triumphed, exultingly exclaiming, "Where sin hath abounded, grace has much more abounded," and departed. To the pastor he has been from the first most devoted, and he feels that in his departure he has lost a true friend.

E. H.

OUR LONDON WEEK EVENING SERVICES.

One sketch, or more, every month; we hope it will stir up our churches to a more diligent attendance on the week evening devotions. The consciences of multitudes must condemn them for their indifference. Ministers, deacons, members, and all Christians, should awake from their sleepy professions; or, verily, they may be sad at heart ere long.

BATTERSEA. — "A Strict Baptist" sends us report of origin and progress of the services now holding in Mission Hall, near Clapham Junction, Battersea. Some time since, eight or ten brethren (who were members of open-communion church, not feeling at home either with the doctrines preached, or the order of the house) resolved to obtain a place where true free-grace alone should be proclaimed; and they succeeded in obtaining the Mission Hall, not five minutes' walk from Clapham Junction. We were favoured to preach there a few Thursday evenings at the commencement of this movement. Brethren Hall, of Clapham; Carpenter, of Betnal greu; Ballard, the Farnborough pastor; Bennett, of Pimlico; and other ministers have helped them. The friends who support the cause, are all working men with families; they meet on Saturday evenings for prayer; then they contribute: some sixpence, some more or less, according to ability; and a box is at the Hall door, for contributions of visitors: thus all expences are paid; but Battersea has a population of 50,000 souls. Not one Strict Baptist church in it; one should be formed at once, and zealous ministers of the Gospel should visit the little garden; and help, under God, to strengthen it. Services are now holden Sunday mornings and evenings, and Thursday evenings; they ask all Christian friends to remember the Mission Hall, Battersea, near Clapham Junction.

CRANBROOK, KENT.—Francis Cornwall was a famous Baptist preacher here in 1644, and onward. He was once vicar of Marden. Laud persecuted him; he became convinced of believer's baptism, and a good Baptist minister. Since George Stonehouse's best days, the Baptists have not been fairly represented in Cranbrook. Isaac Beeman did not baptize; neither did he form any church, although he was a devout and devoted servant of Christ. Of course, Daniel Smart follows in the same course: so does Thomas Beeman, who is, perhaps, the best son good Isaac had, and who preaches in Cranbrook, we believe, "in his own house." How far these ministers of an experimental religion can be considered practical believers in the New Testament we leave. We cannot resist the conviction that all these blessed men of God, who exclude baptism, take the first step away from that VISIBLE DISTINCTION between real and nominal Christians which baptism by immersion was destined to exhibit.

LETTER FROM MR. H. MYERSON.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You will be doing me, and the cause of God, great service if you insert this. I am sorry to write upon such a subject; I would rather take up the subject of love; indeed, if I did not love the truth, and the people of God, I should let people say what they please: but as I am a minister of Christ, I must defend myself. I know you have suffered much from this, and I am sure you will not condemn me for the step I have taken.

A most dangerous heresy has, of late, infested the professing church, called, "Spiritualism;" it is an alarming fact, that many professed Christians have been beguiled. Dear brother, Does not this, and other spurious delusions now abounding, lead us to the inevitable conclusion, that the night is far spent, and that the day is at hand, the glorious day of Christ our King and God; when he shall subdue all his enemies under his feet; when truth shall triumph; when false prophets, false teachers, and false Christs shall trouble us no more?

Dear brother, you will feel surprised when I inform you that some evil-disposed persons have circulated the falsehood that I am a believer in this system of lies. Let me state why I am *not* a believer in it: 1st, because it is intruding into those things which have not been seen. Let us all remember, revealed things belong to man, but hidden things belong to God. I am convinced that when we go outside the pages of the good old book we must go wrong. Yes, that is our chart to guide us; our lamp to light us; our staff to support us; our friend to comfort, to cheer, and to elevate us. Let me caution every sincere Christian to strenuously avoid what the Apostle calls "*intruding*." Oh, dear brothers, dear sisters in Jesus, cleave close to the Word, and by no means give ear to those who would try to make a speculator of you. Again, we are forbidden to have any dealings with familiar spirits. "Thus saith the Word of God, a man also, or woman, that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death: they shall stone them with stones; their blood shall be upon them." (Lev. xx. 27.) I am quite sure those who hold with the delusion would not admit that they were wizards. My last reason for not believing it is, because they unhesitatingly avow, that Jesus is not God, that he is not a Saviour: and also that our good works will save us. If I did believe these things, what an impostor I should be! but I am thankful I DO NOT. I am a believer in JESUS: yes, and I preach JESUS: ah, and I trust I shall bless and praise Him for ever. And may this be your happy employment, and the employment of all who read this, Amen. From

H. MYERSON,
33, Poole Road, Well Street,
South Hackney.

RUSHDEN.—Mr. Margerum, of Spalding, has preached to Mr. Drawbridge's church and congregation with acceptance.

LONDON BAPTIST CHURCHES.

The late Thomas Atwood's pulpit is to be occupied by Mr. John Griffin, late of Ilford. Mr. Alderson presided at the recognition, and a number of gentlemen of different churches assembled. Mr. John Hayward represented the church. We have notes; but must not use them. We know nothing. Mr. Varley's Notting-hill Tabernacle is to be greatly enlarged: large sums are given; among others we see Mr. Thomas Pickworth gives £500. Brentford church has lost some devoted friends. Mrs. Voysey, Mrs. E. Christmas, and Mr. Robert Bowles, their excellent deacon and singer, all gone home. Our churches are losing their cedars: the few left behind often fear for the future. South Hackney Grove chapel has lost its pastor, Mr. Thomas Phillips, who died Sep. 30, 1871, aged sixty-one. He was a hard-working man, in almost every benevolent and moral sphere. Mr. G. Wyard preached at opening of Common chapel, Romford, Oct. 1. Anniversary services of Mr. Crumpton's chapel, Silverstreet, near Notting Hill Gate, were celebrated at end of October. Thomas Pickworth, Esq., presided, much to the edification of the meeting, and to the real advantage of the cause. Many of the respectable London Baptist ministers delivered important discourses. Mr. John Foreman preached one of the sermons. A large amount was collected; and the meeting understood that efforts to build a new chapel were contemplated.

LEICESTER.—Nov. 2, 1871, a marble statue was unveiled commemorative of the great open-communion advocate, Mr. Robert Hall. We fail to see, being naturally shortsighted, what good end such marble monuments can accomplish. Robert Hall was the son of a Baptist minister at Arnsley, was born in 1764, and from his earliest days evinced unusual powers of eloquence, actually preaching at eleven years of age. Bristol, Cambridge, and Leicester were the chief scenes of his labours which terminated Feb. 21, 1831, at the age of sixty-seven. His latest sentences were those of most departed Christians. He said, "Oh, what should I do *now* without CHRIST? He is my only stay, my hope, and salvation." He actually died breathing the words, "Come, Lord Jesus!" What we call "death" brings all real Christians to about one state—a sincere and simple reliance on the person and work of our blessed Redeemer. Mr. Justice Mellor, a native of Leicester, was invited to be present at the unveiling of the statue to Robert Hall. Being unable to attend, his lordship wrote:—"I still vividly recollect the impression which Mr. Hall's 'sublime and hallowed eloquence' produced upon me, when a very young man at Leicester. I can truly say that I have never, in the pulpit, in the senate, or at the bar, heard anything which has led me to doubt that he was the greatest orator of his time. I think that Leicester has done itself credit in raising such a testimonial to the memory of its most distinguished ornament."

MR. AIKMAN.—Letters from Alfred Peet, from "A Cry from the Walls," &c., we cannot insert this month. The whole question will (D.V.) come out more fully, then, the letters and questions laid before us, will be used. We do not know Mr. Aikman. We have no correspondence with him. We have no personal interest in him: but we supposed he was known to be a good, gracious, Spirit-taught minister of Christ, or, surely, no one would recommend him to Gower street; nor would Gower street deacons invite him, much less, would they invite him a second time, if he had not been commended to their consciences. A mistake has occurred somewhere: the question is, Who has made the mistake? Did not Mr. Hemington recommend the Gower street people to have Mr. Aikman? Did not Mr. Hemington believe he was justified in that act? We certainly feel grieved at the manner in which Mr. A. spoke of departed good men; but, ONE THING appears to us to be wrong: before any public notice had been taken, there should have been a strict following out of our Lord's instructions as given in Matt. xviii. 15—17. A minister's character is a most sacred thing. There has been a fearful practice of secretly slaughtering men; for which an awful account will have to be rendered. We defer any more at present.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—Mount Zion Strict Baptist Chapel, Matthias road. A few particulars of our Church may be interesting to the readers of the *Vessel*. Since our esteemed brother Cornwell left us, we have had uphill work: a few poor people must either see the door closed, or else become responsible for over £50 a year: the rent of chapel alone being £44. I trust the Lord stirred us up to prayer to the Great Head of the Church to help us: blessed be his name, he did enable us to take the chapel quarterly: but we still have a difficulty in meeting our financial demands, as we have to pay the rent in advance. Since brother Cornwell left us, many good men have spoken to us the word of truth: and, through the *Vessel*, desire to thank them. Our widowed state made us cry unto the Lord earnestly that he would send us an under-shepherd. Many times we did not know how to keep the doors open; bless the Lord, he has sent us our esteemed brother, Mr. James Hunt, (now our pastor.) The Lord is blessing his ministry in Mount Zion. From his first coming, power attended the Word: congregations increased: saints were comforted: seekers encouraged: the Church, after three months' invite, gave him an unanimous call to the pastorate: now both church and pastor are looking to the Lord for every spiritual blessing. Mr. J. Hunt baptized three believers, Oct. 29; received them at the Lord's Table, Nov. 5. It was a good time: the chapel quite full: the Lord's presence realized. May the Lord bring many more thus to honour him: and bless his Word to the conversion of precious souls. Praise the Lord.

L. W.

FROME, SOMERSET.—Naishes Street Baptist Chapel; fifty-fourth anniversary was celebrated, Lord's-day, October 9, 1871. A sermon was preached in morning, by pastor, Samuel Littleton; a special prayer meeting was held at one; at 2.30, the ordinance of Believer's Baptism was administered at Welsh Mill; five persons publicly put on the Lord Jesus, in the presence of over 4000 persons: notwithstanding the vast multitude that assembled, perfect order prevailed, and devotion was paid to the address given by pastor W. Burton, of Badoc Lane Chapel. In the evening, the candidates were publicly taken into the church; the chapel crowded in every part. On following day, a public tea was held: addresses by pastors, W. Burton; W. Cloake, of Beckington; H. Evans, of Road, and the Pastor. The chair was taken by Mr. George Cox, of Bath. These services were blessed of God to many. Persons were giving away tracts at the water-side; many gratefully received them; one Roman Catholic refused, saying, his priest had forbidden him to read Protestant books. What slaves some are to their priests!

On Lord's-day, June 11, 1871, five persons were also baptised at the same place, in connection with the above chapel, and six added by letter, making, in all, sixteen additions during this year. The church gratefully acknowledges another token that the great Head of the Church has not forsaken us. One who was baptised in June, died in eight weeks after her baptism: her pastor, Mr. S. Littleton visited her many times; she was first brought to see herself a poor sinner under the ministry of the late Mr. John Kershaw, of Rochdale, thirty years ago: she heard him preach upon the "new birth," at Devizes; he preached the day following at Studley, she walked seven miles to hear him; after twenty years passed away, she was constrained to put on the Lord Jesus, in the presence of many witnesses, only two months before her death. On one occasion, she said to her minister, "How sad I feel, I am afraid I am not right after all. Some persons," said she, "seem to get their religion very easy: but mine is hard work." The Sunday before her death, her hearing having left her, questions had to be asked her by writing on a slate: the last question she answered, was in the following words:—

"My hope is fixed on Christ alone,
And there I fix my trust."

After this she shortly fell asleep in Jesus. The person to whom we refer was Mrs. ELLEN SAWYER, late of Devizes. These solemn occurrences will be long remembered. Our dear departed sister leaves a husband, with six little ones, to mourn the loss of a most devoted wife, kind mother, and sincere Christian. A precious poem, composed by Mrs. Sawyer, will appear next month.

BARNSLEY.—The lovers of Gospel truth will not forget October 15, 16, and 17. On Lord's-day, the 15, brother C. W. Banks was helped to preach two thorough good sermons at the Temperance Hall, Pitt street; the

attendance was good. We are thankful; for Yorkshire is the hot-bed of Arminianism; yet, here and there, a few precious souls are to be found, and also a few men whom grace has made to be faithful, and who dare to preach Christ's Word without mutilating it. Some of these met our brother Banks on the above date, and our souls were refreshed, and praised the Lord. We had a specimen of the so-called universal Christian charity on the Monday evening: the Baptist chapel was lent us for a sermon; and the reception we met with from that sect was of a freasing nature. The Lord was there; and visited our souls through C. W. Banks preaching from "We love him because he first loved us." October 17, our brother gave his lecture on "A Journey from Oxford to Rome, and from Rome to Heaven:" it was a rich display of sovereign grace triumphing over dead formalism, and Ritualistic and Popish error. Barnsley friends unite to praise our dear Lord in sending our brother amongst us; and to him for his kindness in helping to lift up the standard of the cross. The chairman at the lecture spoke very encouragingly on behalf of our cause, stating he had often heard our brother Johnson, and was edified; he hoped the Lord would prosper us: to which our hearts respond a hearty amen. I am thankful to say our congregations have increased ever since; and Mr. Johnson has been blessed with much liberty to speak to the comfort and building up of our poor souls. We hope soon to have our brother Banks down again to form a church on Gospel principles; and we pray the great head of the church to bless him abundantly in his work of preaching and writing for the good of Zion and the glory of his Master.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

STAINES.—On Tuesday, October 31, Mr. A. Baker, of Sutton, gave a most interesting and instructive lecture in the Baptist chapel to a numerous audience. Mr. Snowden, of Uxbridge, was unanimously voted to the chair. After a verse or two of that beautiful hymn, "Kindred in Christ," &c., Mr. Evans, of Hounslow, engaged in prayer. The chairman in introducing the lecturer to the meeting, said, "Your esteemed deacon, and my friend and brother, Mr. L. S. Turner, heard Mr. Baker give his lecture at Poplar, with so much pleasure, that an arrangement was made for him to preach at Staines the preceding Sabbath, and to give his lecture this evening, feeling sure the people would be pleased to hear of the leadings in providence and grace of a soldier of the British army, and now a minister of the gospel. Yielding to the kind way in which he (the chairman) had been proposed and received, he could only say he was ready at all times to "fall in" at their word of command, if he could be of any service to the cause of God. Without further remark he had much pleasure in now introducing Mr. A. Baker, formerly of the 76th Highlanders, to their notice.

The subjects were: 1, Youthful Days; 2,

Entering the Army; 3, Seven Years in Hindoostan, before Called by Grace; 4, Call by Grace; 5, Comments on Fourteen Battles; 6, Leaving the Army and Call to the Ministry. The lecturer spoke with much feeling and earnestness throughout, carrying his audience with him, giving all the praise to the God of all grace for his mercy and goodness as a God of providence and grace. The incidents were exciting, and the successes marvellous. It further appeared that Mr. Baker was actively engaged with his regiment in suppressing the Indian mutiny, when the British possessions in that quarter of the globe appeared to be suspended by a single thread. At Cawnpoor the English army mustered *eleven hundred* against *eleven thousand* of the rebels; but, the mighty God of Jacob gave them the victory, and thus thousands of their fellow country men and women were released from the jaws of death, and, in some cases, from suffering that was infinitely worse.

The chairman thanked the lecturer on behalf of the people, and suggested a voluntary offering towards his expenses, which, we are glad to say, was liberally responded to.

A verse or two of "God moves in a mysterious way," &c., and a few words in prayer, brought this interesting meeting to a close.

CORRESPONDENT.

HACKNEY.—Mr. S. Field's note is received: his former letter contains statements which must be noticed when convenient. Mr. Smith, and others, know that Trinity chapel, Devonshire road, was erected many years since, as a house for the worship of a Triune Jehovah, for the proclamation of Christ's gospel, for the in-gathering of the Lord's scattered sheep, and for the manifest extension of the Great Redeemer's mediatorial kingdom. Is it not lamentable that such a noble structure should, for years, be in sorrow—the pulpit never occupied? and, but seldom any service beyond that of reading and prayer, performed? Sacred and soul-reviving seasons, in prayer, the few saints enjoy when there meeting; but, let them on some Lord's-day, read most carefully the whole of Ezekiel's thirty-fourth chapter; and let them remember that Paul exclaimed, "Woe is me, if I PREACH NOT THE GOSPEL." The church at Trinity are bound to see that this one great commission given by the Master is carried out. We have before us serious questions connected with this subject; but, we shall not enter into their merits this month. Does not Hackney dreadfully need the true gospel? Oh, Trinity people, awake to your Lord's commands.

LONDON.—The venerable Christopher Woollacott recently preached at Henrietta Street Chapel. He is the oldest Baptist minister in the Metropolis, if not the oldest in England. He has during a long life served the churches, with universal esteem. As preacher and author, he has been honoured and blest.

AUSTRALIA.—DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Truly I can exclaim, “The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and grant thee peace.” I send you a sermon preached by our beloved pastor on August 6. The Lord is good to us here at the ends of the earth. Many, yea, very many, under the God-glorifying and soul-humbling ministry of our pastor, W. Bryant, are receiving, as it were, the dew of their youth; are greatly comforted, and built up in their most holy faith. By the power of God the Holy Ghost accompanying the word spoken by him, many are effectually called by grace from darkness to light, and others into Gospel liberty, and so go on their way rejoicing. It does my heart good to see the goings of the Lord, the ever blessed Spirit, in the sanctuary; like as it used to be to my poor distressed heart, while passing through a season of deep sorrow and affliction in the years 1844 and 1845, at which time I was favoured to attend the ministry of that dear man of God, John Foreman, Hill street, Dorset square, the savour of whose testimony is with me to this day. Could you just drop down into our assemblies it would do your heart good. You would go home to the people in England, and tell them that God is with us of a truth, and that you had evidently seen the grace of God in George street chapel, Fitzroy, Melbourne. I could say much about George street as a second Cave Adullam, into which many an old saint, unknown to us before comes forth as out of obscurity; but this must be for another communication. Praise ye the Lord.

From a constant subscriber and reader of *The Earthen Vessel* of over twenty-four years standing. Faithfully yours in Christ Jesus,

J. F. MATTHEWS.

45, Swanston street, Melbourne.

September 9, 1871.

[A previous note from brother Matthews has been inserted. Better news than ever comes monthly from Australia's shores.]

NOTTING HILL.—**SILVER STREET CHAPEL.** Sixth anniversary was held Lord's-day, October 29, and following Tuesday. Messrs. Crumpton, Briscoe, Hazelton, and Foreman, were the preachers. It was pleasing to see Mr. Foreman so much improved in health, and to hear him preach with so much point and power. We hope the Lord will yet spare him to the churches; in such times as these we know not how to give up such *veterans* in Immanuel's army. A large company took tea; a public meeting was held, over which Thomas Pickworth, Esq., kindly presided. Another veteran, Mr. C. Box, earnestly supplicated the Lord's blessing. The pastor then gave a brief statement of facts, respecting the rise and progress of the cause, observing that the first meeting held was attended by fifteen persons; now the church consisted of sixty-two members,

whilst others had been removed by death, dismissal, &c.; and as to pecuniary matters, they had raised for all purposes nearly £200 per year. He also anticipated that they must arise and build, as the chapel was required by the railway directors, to whom it belonged, and was likely to be taken down, so that they would need, and affectionately solicited, the help of the churches, and of all who were willing to assist in the good work. After some kindly and excellent remarks by the chairman, the following ministers spoke: brethren Alderson, Wilkins, Anderson, Kevan, and Dickerson; brother Bennett concluded with prayer. The attendance was very good. We thank God for the sympathy and aid of so many beloved ministers and Christian friends. The chairman kindly presented £5 to the funds, and our highly esteemed friend, Joseph Peters, Esq., sent £5. These amounts, with the collections, and contributions, raised the proceeds of the occasion to £34 15s. 5d. To our God be glory and honour, for ever and ever. Amen.

WOKINGHAM.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—After eighteen years looking, trusting, and waiting upon the Lord in prayer, He has answered, and given us a few hoping ones; a little room to meet in to praise His name as the God of all grace; has consecrated it with His divine presence; and has blessed our souls many times: this emboldens us to ask Him to send us his Gospel. In October, we had, for the first time, the glorious Gospel of the grace of God proclaimed in our little Bethel, by our good brother in Christ, Mr. J. Wheeler; two God-glorifying, Christ-exalting sermons did he preach with power from on high, from John v. 25. Also, Mr. Broad has been helped to preach the Word to the comfort of our people. Our young Timothy in the faith, from Reading, came to us one Lord's-day, he was blessedly helped to unfold that text in John, “I and my Father are one.” May the Lord continue to smile on his little garden here: and bless us with all needful grace to glorify his precious name, is the sincere desire of yours, T. W. GRAY.

CLAPHAM.—**EBENEZER CHAPEL.** On Monday evening, November 13, we held annual tea meeting among the members of the church and congregation, on which occasion the friends presented to the pastor's daughter a handsome Davenport and Canterbury; her husband thanked the friends, as did also our pastor, who alluded very feelingly to the many tokens he and his family had received at their hands, it being only twelve months since his son had a similar present. Our pastor presented each of the deacons with a token of his affectionate regard, after which several of the members delivered short addresses which intermingled with prayer and praise, made the meeting both comfortable and profitable.

GREENWICH.—Devonshire road Baptist chapel. DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—To many kind enquiries after the health of

our dear pastor, Mr. Frances Collins, please state the Lord has restored him his reason, and partially his bodily health, in answer, I am certain, to the many petitions that have been poured out to the Lord on his behalf. Brother Collins was taken while preaching about three months back; for five weeks he lay totally unconscious to all around, entirely baffling all his medical men. The Lord, in his own good time, has partially restored our brother. He was removed near to Bath. Returned home November 16; and, to the joy of the church, he was found at chapel Lord's-day morning, November 19. Our friend, Mr. Myerson, was engaged to preach for the day; but our pastor was like a bottle ready to burst; he wanted publicly to speak of the goodness of the Lord to him in his afflictions; so, after our friend Myerson had read and prayed, Mr. Collins went into the pulpit, and after speaking of the sweet manifestations of a precious Christ to his soul in his late heavy afflictions, declared the Lord had done all things well; and took his text from Psalm xxxvii. 23: "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way." Most sweetly, did he trace out the *good man* as made so by the grace of God: We heard our brother with savour and unction; it was like one risen from the dead. JONAH CRUTCHER.

Our pastor's address is, Mr. Collins, 2, Florence Cottages, Florence rd., New Cross.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—I think I may say, we have been well supplied during the past month. All the ministers appointed have fulfilled their engagements, and the Word spoken has been well received. For twelve months now Mr. Wells has been laid aside, and heavy and painful has been his affliction; still, the letters he has sent to the church during November have been of a more cheerful character, and our hope of his return has certainly been maintained, if not increased. Mr. Wright (of Needingworth) is a quiet, tender, and savoury preacher: his words fell softly and sweetly on the soul; we heard him gladly. Then, on the first day in November, Mr. Stringer administered the ordinance of believer's baptism. Mr. Langford again supplied and expounded the gospel "as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." In the evening, Joseph Warren, of Plumstead, preached from the words, "But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting," &c. He is a bold defender of gospel truth, and salvation by grace. Mr. Harton, of Red-hill, is well received by us; he has been with us on several Wednesday evenings. Then came Mr. Varder, of Yeovil: he is "a preacher of the Word," having a happy method of confirming Scripture by Scripture. It was the first time he ever visited this great city of ours; and when Mr. Butt led him to the pulpit, and for the first time he saw our "great tabernacle," and the many hundred anxious faces, it was enough to make one feel anxious; but the Lord was with him, and all fear was removed: he takes our best

wishes with him. Mr. Vinall, the successor of the late George Abrahams, supplied the third Sunday, and was followed by Mr. Baxter, of Eastbourne, of whom I shall have something to say. — R.

PECKHAM.—RYE LANE SUNDAY SCHOOL. The annual October meeting was held on the last day of that month. Tea was served in the spacious school room, which was prettily decorated with flowers and texts of Scripture. The ladies of the congregation provided the tea gratuitously, of which some 250 partook. At the evening meeting, Joseph Mead, Esq., (of the firm of Peak, Frean, and Co., the great biscuit makers) occupied the chair, and was supported by a number of well-known Sunday School advocates. Mr. Congreve, in a pleasing address, gave a statement of the continued prosperity of the School; during the year, several had been added to the Church from the School; and there was good reason to believe others were "seeking the way." They intended at once to proceed with the erection of an Infants' School Room, to join their other schools at rear of the chapel; also to build new class rooms for which the ground was secured, and funds were being collected for the same. The cost would be about £350. Towards this Mr. Congreve promises £50 out of the profit of *Gems of Song*; £20 out of the profit of *Gems of Song Music*; and £10 himself and family. The Peckham people make this annual meeting a thorough Sunday School meeting, as it ought to be. The speakers, therefore, were earnest, well-known Sunday School advocates: Mr. Tresidder, of the London School Board, strongly advised the necessity of making the school rooms so comfortable and pleasant, that they should be an inducement to the young people to come, and not, as is often the case at present, the very reverse. Mr. Daniel Pratt, of the Sunday School Union, spoke of the necessity of efficient and qualified Christian teachers. The Education Bill would provide all children with a secular education; that bill would see to their reading and writing, but it would be for the Sabbath School teacher to see to their religious training; he therefore conceived that the importance of their work was greatly increased. Dr. Tapper, Mr. George Webb, (of Plumstead,) and Mr. Briscoe, also advocated the cause. During the evening a number of subscriptions were announced, which, with the collection, amounted to £110. The children sang some beautiful pieces; and the meeting was of a thorough practical and cheerful character.

MARRIED.—On November 8, at the Congregational chapel, Camberwell green, by Rev. George Moyle, of Peckham, George Thomas Congreve, of Coombe Lodge, Peckham, to Matilda Morrison, eldest daughter of William John Terry, Esq., of Rye Terrace, Peckham Rye.

September 25, Mr. S. J. Fludger, of Roman road, London, to Martha E. Flory, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Flory, of Cheltenham.

October 24, at St. Mary's, Newington, Surrey, George, youngest son of James Trollope, of Horingsham, Wilts, to Harriet, only daughter of Joseph Winch.