

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

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

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_earthen-vessel_01.php

THE
EARTHEN VESSEL

AND
CHRISTIAN RECORD

FOR
1880.

EDITED BY
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
ROBERT BANKS, RACQUET COURT. FLEET STREET.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Allen's, Mr. Daniel, Second Letter on Preaching to Sinners, ...	175	Jones, Memoir of Mr. Samuel ...	112
Ancient Clergy, The... ..	214	Jubilee of the Grand Old Gospel, The	325
Banner of Salvation Unfolded, The	302	Latest Notes from the Churches ...	277
Beulah	118	Leaven and the Meal, The... ..	75
British Christians! Prize, and Pray the Lord to Preserve Unto You, Your Present Privileges	244	Levinsohn's, Mr. Isaac, Correspondence with his Brother in Russia 21, 48, 149, 267, 301	301
Charity	150	Life of the Itinerant—The Death of the Pastor, The	202
City Light Gone Out, A	274	Light from the Cross	304
Cox, The Late Mr. Samuel... ..	207	"Lodging in the Villages"... ..	210
Covell, The Late Mr. Francis, of Croydon	12	Lord's Messengers, The	264
"Deeper, deeper, deeper still" ...	336	Lord's Way in the Sea, The... ..	44
Divine Sovereignty	369	Mason, The Late Mr. George ...	116
Do You Preach Christ?	335	"Mine Elect in Whom My Soul Delighteth"	79
Eternity of Israel, The	197	Morning of Joys	366
Exercise of the Saviour's Power on Behalf of His Church	328	Notes on Prayer, Regarded in the Light of the New Testament ...	240
Expository Discourse, An	261	Our Thought on the Tay Bridge Calamity	117
Faith and Hope	275	Pulpit Prescriptions... ..	180
Farewell Words	208	Sacred Exposition of an Ancient Type, A	308, 337
Fate of the Apostles... ..	368	Sacred Piece of Biography, A ...	229
Father's Account of the Loss of His Only Son, A	105	Salvation	212
Few Sparks from the Furnace, A ...	213	Salvation from the Deep	40
Few Thoughts From One of the Least of all Saints	272	Seven Mysteries in Two Lines; or, "Out of Weakness Made Strong" ...	81
Formularies of the Church of England in Respect to Baptism, The	114	Seven Streams Flowing from the Pure River of Water of Life ...	372
Fruits of Sunday-school Teaching, The. No. I	273	Short Meditation on Psalm li. 10, A ...	52
God Will Not Fail	358	Six Valleys in the Bible, The ...	133
Godly Man's Experience, The	293	Soul Climbing Up, The	268
Gospel in the Harvest Field The ...	361	Standard of the Grand Old Gospel Lifted Up, The	179
Grand Harvest yet to be Gathered in, The	144	Still Small Voice of the Blessed Spirit, The	83
Grand Old Gospel, The 5, 37, 69, 101, 136	136	Sure Resting Place, The	311
Great Apostacy, The	165	"They Cried to God in the Battle" ...	23
Great Mercy and the Deep Mystery of Prayer Reviewed, The	142	Third Part Tried and Refined, The ...	171
Great War and the Glorious Victory, The	242	Tinker Parson Not an Artist, A ...	341
Heavenly Harness, The	371	Useful Man at Raunds Chapel, The ...	204
Jews—Their Past, Present, and Future, The. By Isaac Levinsohn	206, 305	Vinall, The Late Mr.	167
		Vincent, Death of Mr. John	311
		Vincent, Funeral of Mr. John	339
		Waiting Upon the Lord	170

	PAGE
Weeping Sinner Saved, The	76
What Do You Preach ?	50
“What Leaven Really Is”	51
What is Christianity? What Has it Done ?	272
What is “the” Ransom ?	182
“What is Wanted?”	24
Who are the Godly and Who are the Ungodly Around us?	110

OUR CHURCHES. OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

Asket, Bucks, 132; Australia, 68.

Banbury, 164; Bargoed, 60; Bath, 259; Beccles, 349; Berkhamsted Common, 226; Bermondsey, 97, 159, 383; Bethnal Green, 126; Bexley Heath, 31; Bexley (Old), 31; Bilston, 259; Blakenham, Suffolk, 127, 194; Boro' Green, 224; Boro', 96, 160, 192, 319, 363; Boston, 260, 384; Bournemouth, 291; Bow, 92, 161, 269, 363; Bradford-on-Avon, 130; Braintree, Essex, 260, 290; Brighton, 32, 33, 162, 291; Brixton Tabernacle, 94, 288; Broadstairs, 324; Broughton, 290; Buckhurst Hill, 100, 260.

Camden Town, 377; Canning Town, 191; Canterbury, 33; Carlton Rode, Norfolk, 189; Chatham, 68, 253, 377; Chatteris, 98, 392; Chelmsford, 132; Cheltenham, 122; City Road, 225, 378; Clapham, 382; Clapton, 68; Cobham, 226, 351; Colchester, 291, 356; Cranford, Middlesex, 132; Crowborough, Sussex, 130; Crudwell, 126.

Dacre Park, 194; Dalston, Forest Road, 349.

Eldon Street, 194; Enfield, 162, 288; Erith, 31, 384.

Foot's Cray, 131, 283.

Gamlingay, 131; Glensford, 196, 226; Grays, Essex, 93, 124, 163, 265.

Hackney (South), 93, 195; Halstead, 259; Hampstead, 365; Hayes, Middlesex, 290, 362; Hertford, Ebenezer, 99, 373; Highbury Vale, 163; Hitchin, Herts, 257; Homerton, 323; Hoxton, 157, 162, 226, 322.

Ipswich, 131, 162, 288, 322, 353; Islington Green, 35.

Kentish Town, 193; Keppel Street, 68; Kettering, 290; King's Cross, 64, 164, 317; Knowl Hill, 290.

Laxfield, Sussex, 260; Lee, Kent, 226; Leicester, 195; Leicestershire, 168; Lewisham, 196; Limehouse, 256, 353; Little Kimble, 160; Little Stonham, 168; Lowestoft, 32, 291.

Maidstone, Kent, 289; Maldon, 291; Marchester, 196; Margate, 291, 324; Mendesham Green, 287, 320.

Norbiton, 260; Norfolk, 32, 129, 254; Northamptonshire, 351; Norwich, 96, 226, 287; Nottingham, 126; Notting Hill Gate, 28, 379.

Oxford Street, 162.

Peckham Rye, 82, 126, 223; Plumstead, 31; Prestwood, 160; Prittlewell, 289, 319.

Reading, 67; Rochdale, 123; Ruslden, 31, 195; Ryarsh, Kent, 194.

Sheerness, 253; Shouldham Street, Bryanston Square, 35, 126, 323; Soho, 163; South Green, 289; Southwark, 34, 62; Spalding, 65, 161; Steyne, 166, 380; Stoke Ash, 256; Stonehouse, 30, 383; Stowmarket, 292; Sturry, 321; Sudbourne, Suffolk, 226, 378; Sussex, 223; Sussex Coast, 166; Swavesley, Cambs, 291; Sydenham, Oxon, 347.

Thanet, St. Peters, 291; Tring, 100; Tybridge Wells, 36, 130, 164; Two Waters, 319; Tywardheath, Cornwall, 99.

Walthamstow, 194, 317; Waltham Abbey, 67, 158, 347; Watworth, 35, 131, 162; Wandsworth, 33, 221; Wilderness Row, 381; Willingham, 94; West Brighton, 352; West End, 128, 351, 356; West Ham, 291; Whitechapel, 163; Whitestone, 260; Widsomb, Bath, 316; Wilts, 131; Woburn Green, 60; Woolwich, 31, 65, 132, 257.

	PAGE
Yeovil, 363; Yorkshire, 36.	
All, All of Grace, from First to Last	314
All Dead	124
Annual Meetings of the Suffolk and Norfolk Strict Baptist Association	217
Anniversaries	220, 260
An Editor and a Pastor Gone	186
An Urgent Appeal	29
Another Deliverance from Death in the Pit	356
Another Flower Transplanted	286
Are all the Ministers Dead?	157
Banks', C. W., Thirty-Six Years' Ministry in London	33
Bardens', Mr. R. C., Ninth Pastoral Anniversary at Hayes Tabernacle	222
Bardens, Mrs. R. C., The Late	323
Beautiful Five of Christian Workers at Clapham Junction, A	128
Births	324
Blessed Work, A, Among the Jews	127
Brought Face to Face with Death	67
Champion of the Extreme Calvinistic Cloth Company, The	286
Chivers, Recognition of Mr. Thomas, at Clapham	259
“Cloud of Witnesses Round About Calvary! A”	161
Collins, A Brief Memoir of Ann, the Beloved Wife of Mr. Charles	109
Crowther Mr. William, on Sunday Schools	377
“Day that shall Burn like an Oven, The”	376
Deaths 86, 63, 109, 132, 164, 228, 260, 292, 324, 356, 384	
Defender of the Faith, A	32
Doggett, The Death of Mr.	258
Down the Colne Valley	354
Do We Use Our Ministers Well?	281
Eastern Counties, The	226
Bad of 1870, The	66
Essex Association of Strict Baptist Churches	323
Father's Joy, A	30
Fire at Broadstairs, A	63
Fothergill, Death of Mr.	324
Friendly Note for the Baptists, A	284
God's Goodness to His Aged Poor	378
Going Away From God	35
“Goue House”	352
Gowring, B.A., Death of the Rev. J. W.	320
Grand Restoration of Silver Hill Baptist Chapel	283
Great Crime, A, Are You Guilty?	224
Great Meeting at the Surrey Tabernacle, The	57
Hanks, Resignation of Mr. Henry	320
Happy Cause at Datebett, Near Windsor. The	260
Hazelton's, Mr., Great Sermon at Ebenezer Chapel, Waltham Abbey	30
History of St. Neot's Church	289
History and Appeal of Winchester Strict Baptist Chapel, The	31
Hoddy, Death of Mr. John R.	99
“Holy Ground”	35
Honeward Bound from the North	91
Honest Deacon and Sainted Patriarch of Willenhall	64
“Hope on in Bethnal Green”	354
How are we to Receive Members into our Churches?	124
Hyper-Calvinism and Strict Communionism	350
Jubilee Services at the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansley Street, Walworth Road	345
Kingston's Recognition at Bethel, King's Cross, Mr. John	188
Late Pastor of Bethel, King's Cross, The	34
Life in Cornwall	224
Lighthouse, The	61
Lincolnshire Poet, Our	196
Liugley, A Few Incidents in the Life of the Late James	95
London Strict Baptist Churches, The	190
Lost in Wakefield	63
“Loving Soul Looking up to the Open Fountain, The”	384
Lynn, Mr. John flunt	257

	PAGE		PAGE
Marriage	36, 164, 260, 292,	Strict Baptist Meeting in London, A...	382.
Mighty God of Jacob, The	324	Surrey Tabernacle and its late Pastor, James	375
Mill Hill Country	290	Wells	36.
Morling's, Mr., Farewell to Ipswich	67	Taylor, A Note to Mr. B.	189
Murphy, The Late Mr. M.	159	Taylor, A Cry of Zeal from the Sick Couch	129
My Affliction and Recovery	221	of Benjamin	65
Nearly His Last Word	354	Taylor's, Mr. Benjamin, Testimonial	97
New London Pastors	195	Thoughts on Blackheath	122.
Norfolk Pastor's Visit to London, A... ..	250	Three Bible Men at Rehoboth, The	284
Note from Banbury, A	286	Three Far Western Towns, The	352.
Notes of the Month	36, 132, 227	True Christian Sustained in the Furnace,	163.
Noyes, Noble John, of Laxfield	98	The	187
One of our English Villages and Cathedral	90	Truth in Cornwall, The	322.
Cities	62	Visit to Brosley, and to the Venerable	27
Origin of the Baptist Church at Richmond,	196	Thomas Jones, A	34
The	356	Voice from the North, A	287
"O! the Depths"	258	Warburton, Mr. John, at Hertford	353
Our Cardnognostick	322	What Shall we do for our Sister in the	285
Out of Pure Love to the Cause of Christ	252	Day When She Shall be Spoken For?	189
Outline of a Funeral Sermon Preached by	348	Who and What is John Smith the Win-	34
Mr. B. Taylor	381	chester Preacher?	287
Pencilings in a Rail Car, Three Tables	185	Who and What is it that Saveth a Sinner?	316
Pillar of Praise at Winchester, The	321	Why the Baptists are Baptists	34
Platform of Ministerial Varieties, A New	321	Will Not! Cannot!	287
Poor Old Pulpit, the. Prescriptions for its	93	Winters, Presentation to Mr. W.	316
Cure	355	Young Minister's Cry from Canada, A	27
Practical Godliness	154		
Protestant and Roman Catholic Bible, The	350		
"Prospect of Glory to Come, The"	119, 152, 153, 215, 248, 279, 312, 342,		
Pulpit and the Pew, The	373		
Pulpit, The, the Press, and the Pen 25, 54, 87,	68		
119, 152, 153, 215, 248, 279, 312, 342, 373	256		
Reflections on the Old and New Year	192		
Repentance, Faith, Baptism	379		
Reynold's Recognition as Pastor of Providence,	164		
Islington, Mr. P.	29		
Rough Railway Reminiscence	121		
Sea-Side Resting-Places... ..	34		
Seasonable Sound on Jehovah's Philanthropy	350		
... ..	123		
Seven Sections of the Baptists in the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and the United States	350		
Still the Same	34		
Stranger in England, A	350		
Strict Baptists in London. The	123		

POETRY.

Christianity versus Worldly Splendour	241
Ellis, George R., In Loving Remembrance of	86
Fading Leaf, The	341
"Give Something to Them, Lord"	201
"He Knoweth the Way"	384
Lines Written for a Venerable Relative, The	25
Deacon Wilson, of Lockwood	228
Lonely Meditations	151
Love	118
"One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism"	271
"Only in Prayer"	86
Power of God, The	324
Stanford, Mr., The Late Venerable, of Sheerness	356
Strong Grace	293
"'Tis a Mercy for Me"	293

THE EARTHEN VESSEL

AND

CHRISTIAN RECORD.

“The Grand Old Gospel!”

“The FATHER loveth the SON, and hath given ALL things into His hand. He that believeth on the SON hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.”—John iii.

“The atoning work IS DONE!
The VICTOR'S blood IS SHED!
And JESUS now is gone
His PEOPLE'S cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their GREAT HIGH PRIEST,
And bears *their* names upon His breast.”

THUS, in few words, Henry H. Bourne, in his new volume, “Gleanings,” &c., fully expresses the essential essence of the truth as it is in Jesus; but which truth, as Mr. Bourne has proved, is now almost universally denied, ignored, covered over, and cast out of the pulpits, the platforms, the pen-and-ink productions, and the private communications of the days in which we live. Baldwin Brown, one of the gigantic teachers of a new theory, has set it down in writing, and sent it flying through the world in print, that “the fundamental principle underlying the doctrinal basis of modern professors, and which has wrought such a radical revolution in our English and in our Scotch theology, is this, that the Fatherly nature and character of God is the basis of all His relationships to, and dealings with, the great human world.” This commanding Brixton orator declares positively, that “in Christ God reveals Himself to all men as the Father, and claims from all men the love and the obedience of sons. Yea,” continues this learned speaker, “it is the right of every man to say to God, ‘My FATHER!’ and to believe that a Father’s pity, and a Father’s love, are already there, not only waiting to welcome him, but is ever drawing him in ways that he knows not, unto the rest of the Father’s bosom, to the peace and joy of the Father’s home, where it is the yearning desire of God in Christ that ALL should meet at last, and be blessed. This is

(the theory we call it—Mr. Brown says this is) the truth which has made all things *new* in the theological and ecclesiastical world of our time." That is plain speaking.

Another of the most eminent of the political-pulpit occupiers has enunciated the fact (through one of the Arminian organs) that the last dogma of Calvinism which he had renounced was "*The final perseverance of the saints.*"

Thus, by the inflowing of the free-will and Arminian heresies, the professing Churches of all Christendom are flooded with anti-Christian heresies, and Romanists, Ritualists, Nonconformists, Philanthropists, Atheists, and Deists, as so many increasing armies of the aliens, all consult and concert to cast the glorious Trinity in unity down from their supremely sovereign and eternally secured excellency.

"THEY WILL NEVER DO IT!"

loudly vociferated the village oracle. That is true! But, to every one of the seven Churches in Asia, the proclamation of honour is made, "to him that overcometh!" This proclamation implies a fearful, a continued, a determined, a desperate warfare; for the apostolic injunction to "PUT ON!"—not to look at merely, not to expound in the pulpit simply—as many of Gurnall's copyists have done—but it is to "PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD," that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wicked spirits—not in the super-celestial—but in the aerial heavenlies—that is, the Church of CHRIST and THE TRUTH of His Gospel are opposed by the hosts of fallen spirits, the rulers of the darkness of this world, and the delusive and soul-deceiving angels of wickedness in such high places as St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's in our own city, and all the thousands of temples, tabernacles, and tents, where the false and the fashionable lights of the present era shine forth.

Now, if these new theories have any Divine authority in them, then let the Bible Society collapse and be closed for ever; for from the time that the Lord spake to the serpent in the garden, saying, "I WILL PUT ENMITY BETWEEN THEE AND THE WOMAN, and (mark the additional *and*) BETWEEN THY SEED AND HER SEED; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His heel." From that moment, down to the solemn sentences in the closing chapters of Revelation, there is no warrant, no teaching, from the inspired records out of which these doctrines of the universal Fatherhood of God, and the universal blessedness of the whole race of Adam can be fetched, drawn forth, or implied.

Whence, then, cometh these flesh-pleasing, these nature-exalting, these God-denying fancies, these flourishing electric lights? Whence proceedeth these "Holy Bible" grave-diggers and undertakers? Sirs! they come not directly from God, but, as the venerable and veritable Joseph Caryl says:—

"When the Lord asked of Satan, '*Whence comest thou?*' he answered, 'From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.' Now, what *does* Satan when he walks up and down in the world? Doth he walk like an idle vagrant that hath nothing to do? Doth he walk with his hands in his pockets, as if he had no business to attend

to? Doth he walk merely to take the air, or to take pleasure, or to see and to be seen? No! When Satan walks about the world, his walking is WORKING. He goeth about to tempt, to try, to lay snares and baits, to catch and to captivate the souls of men."

This doctrine was confirmed by our Lord in the parable of the tares. We have had in England, in Scotland, and in other parts, a race of men who sowed good seed; they are fallen asleep. Now the enemy hath arrayed himself in angelic clothing, in university and classical adornments, and he is sowing tares. And never, until the harvest comes, will the full and final separation take place. Meanwhile, it is absolutely necessary that all who know THE TRUTH of the eternal God should witness to it, and contend most earnestly for that faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints.

Readers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD, I am still spared to come forth at the commencement of the thirty-sixth volume of this little monthly messenger to cast into the Gospel treasury my two mites in the defence of that CHRIST- uplifting Gospel which has been the delight of my soul now for more than fifty years.

Blessed be the Lord God, by His providence, by His people, and by His sparing mercy, our circulation has been extensively continued; and if life, faith, and energy in our Churches were as practical and as industrious as are our opponents, we should circulate many thousands more than we do. May the Lord soon call us all to awake, to shake ourselves from the dust, to put on our beautiful garments, and to prove to hundreds of thousands yet that the Great High Priest of our profession has given us this little work to do; that He has been with us to bless His people; and that He may continue so to do for years yet to come, is the prayer of your devoted servant.

As a small sample of what it hath pleased the Lord to reveal in His Word, and to apply to millions of souls by the power of His Spirit, I presume to ask all who are concerned to be safely led to know our Lord as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," to read carefully the following synopsis of our faith and of our fellowship in the unfolding of the true grace of God.

[By reason of continued pressing engagements, the following outline has been hurriedly scribbled. The fillings up of the outline we hope to render more complete.]

"THE FULNESS OF HIM THAT FILLETH ALL IN ALL!"

There had been some unhappy commotion in one of our Churches. The pastor thought to retire; another was invited; but the Church, or a majority, resolved the original pastor should continue. He wrote to me. My conviction was, the trouble had been a test of the people's attachment to their minister; also a test of the minister's devotion to his Master. I wrote that conviction to the afflicted and original pastor, and ventured to advise him by no means to take these grievances up into the pulpit, but so to fill up every corner and crevice of the sermon with Christ as to leave no room for anything else. If Christ fill the preacher's heart, and mouth, and tongue, then neither Satan nor any of his works can come in; and the preaching of Christ in faith, in fellowship, in affection, in truth, in every branch of our holy religion must have the Divine sanction, and the people will be blessed.

The idea of filling all with Christ so clung to me that I felt led to Paul in Ephes. i. 22, 23, where the apostle tells you God hath put all things under Christ's feet, and hath made Him to be

"THE HEAD OVER ALL THINGS TO THE CHURCH WHICH IS HIS BODY, THE FULNESS OF HIM THAT FILLETH ALL IN ALL!"

What rich and full-meaning sentences!

What may we gather from them?

There are some points of interest to the believer which are opened up in this first of the Ephesians with great fulness.

First of all, we may sometimes ask, What was done for us before time began to run its course?

Let us—God helping—consider that in this wonderful chapter the whole of the

"THREE GLORIOUS PERSONS IN THE GODHEAD"

are spoken of, and each of their works in our salvation are fully described.

Do we ask what was done for us before time? The answer is: "Blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Not according to *our* faith or our feeling; not according to our manner, merit, or manhood, but "according as He hath chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world." Chosen for what purpose?

"That we should be holy and without blame before Him in love!"

And, to prevent any failure in this glorious consummation, it is further added, that the eternal Almighty God did predestinate *us*; if we are the living members of His body, then He did predestinate us "unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will, that we should be to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

God, then, had two ends in view in choosing His people in Christ:

First. That they should be holy and without blame before Him in love.

Second. That they should form one perfect heavenly choir, to show forth the glory of His grace to all eternity! Oh! what matchless, boundless love, mercy, wisdom, majesty, and power is here displayed!

But how shall it all be brought about?

By the redemption which we have in Christ Jesus.

By the forgiveness of sins.

By the sealing of the blessed Spirit, and by the conquering power and intercession of our new covenant Head. Hence we see what was done for us before time, what has been done for us in time, and what we shall be when time is left behind for ever!

Stand a moment and consider: these solemn truths are not the invention of Paul's mind merely. Nay! God the Father spake them to the prophets.

God the Son preached them in His ministry when on earth.

God the Holy Ghost hath revealed them in the hearts of all His servants, the apostles and ministers.

And the regenerated family of God have all, more or less, received them, believed them, and rejoiced in them.

Here is, then—

THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL!

It tells us of election in Christ, of predestination, of adoption, of redemption, of forgiveness, of being sealed, of being holy, and of being before the Lord God in love to all eternity! What a plan! What a purpose!! What a provision!!! What a prospect!!! What a possession of glory!!!!

How is it all secured?

By headship! By union! By possession! By Christ's right to His mediatorial crown, which will be to see the whole of His Father's chosen, the whole of His own redeemed, the whole of the truly sanctified by the Holy Ghost, at home, as one happy, holy family in heaven!

Christ is Head over *all* things to the Church.

Here is an *outside* and an *inside* government and defence.

He stands with the sword in His right hand to keep off Zion's foes from destroying her; and His shield in His left hand covers and defends her! CHRIST is the Head, the omnipotent, governing Head over all angels, all powers, all events. To the Church He is the HEAD. He is her wisdom, her strength, her beauty, her glory, her all!

See some shadows of it in Melchisedec, in Abraham, in Joseph, in Moses, in Joshua, in Samuel, in Solomon for a time.

This Head will never turn sick, never become grey, never die out, but it will be a living fountain of life and of nourishment, with flowing streams of health, of happiness, and of holy wisdom for all the ages of an eternity in glory.

With such a Head, how can the Church die out or fail?

Melchisedec shadowed forth the royalty, dignity, and prosperity of this headship. He was King of Salem, king of righteousness, king of peace, and priest of the Most High God. Surely the most exalted type of the Church's Head! Jesus will be crowned King of kings and Lord of lords!

Abraham was a fatherly head. A father of many nations. Here is a type of the largeness and fruitfulness of this headship. Christ's kingdom shall not be small.

Joseph was a provisional head. He saw the famine coming. He provided for his family. He brought them into the land of Goshen, and took good care of them. Christ foresaw what an awful famine the fall would bring on. He foresaw that sin would bring death, and death would sink souls into an endless famine, into a dungeon where there would be no bread, no corn, no fruit, no fields, no garden, no growth of any nourishment for either body or soul. Oh! what a famine in the pit of agony and woe! Christ, for His Church, became a gracious Provider. He is her provisional Head. The bride of Christ shall never starve.

Moses was a mediatorial and delivering head. Joshua and David, and others, were types of the headship out of which the careful parsons may find many a useful sermon. There is a specious headship answering to the type of old King Saul, of whom God said to Samuel, "The people have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me, THAT I SHOULD NOT REIGN OVER THEM!"

This fearful choice, this fatal rejection of God, is always made where the Spirit of Christ is rejected and the spirit of error is chosen; the end thereof is death.

UNION is a source of security also. "Which is His *body*." If we read 1 Cor. xii., we see there is oneness in this body, and great diversity too. By one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, and are made to drink into one Spirit, yet in the body are many members. Some feet, some hands, some eyes, some ears, and so on. God hath set the members in the body, every one of them as it hath pleased Him. Who are the eyes? Who the ears? Who the hands? Who the feet? I cannot define them this month; but they are all joined to Christ and to one another by the secret power of spiritual life and of an embracing faith!

Oh, what a mystery is this! Yet it plainly teaches there must be one Spirit of life and faith uniting to Christ, although, in position, in appearance, in usefulness, there is here much diversity.

Am I in spirit joined to Christ and to some of His saved members? Then, unless the Head can perish, I never shall.

POSSESSION is another source of the Church's security. Christ "filleteth all in all."

Christ filleteth all the grand circles. All the heavenly and angelic circles are under His government. God's Christ "sitteth upon the circle of the earth"—that is, the whole world is under His control.

There is Zion's circle. He has full possession of all the Churches of His saints. I have seen the members of a Church die out, yet others fill up their places. Christ filleteth all in all, as regards each individual member. "Know ye not your own selves, how that Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" Eloquent debaters, argumentative schoolmen, plausible and pious philosophers, may draw up their imaginary theory of the universal Fatherhood of God, so as to please their naturally proud assemblies of rich supporters; but let us look into the characters of thousands who draw nigh unto God with their lips, while their hearts are far from Him. Let us read the world's history, let us survey the condition of the nations now, and we must admit, if their theory could stand true in any sense, our God has a family on the earth most indescribably wretched in every sense.

Can any baser insult be thrown upon the holy, just, and righteous God than is thrown upon "OUR FATHER" by these worldly-wise-men, who are trying to turn the Gospel kingdom upside down? It is enough to make them tremble into the arms of death, if they have any conscience at all, just to read those two sentences: "If God were your Father, ye would love Me," saith Christ. Do men truly love the Son of God? "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His!" Do men manifest the Spirit of Christ? We know they do not.

Finally, the security of the Church lays in the certainty that Christ's mediatorial crown will be given to Him when the Church shall become His fulness.

Christ has a throne, a kingdom, a people. He makes a strong appeal unto His Father on the behalf of His people—"Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory."

Christ asketh for no more than His own, even those the Father had given unto Him. And they are to be the fulness of His kingdom.

I may imagine that Earl Beaconsfield goeth to her Majesty Queen Victoria and telleth her the people of England are all fast going away out of the country to New Zealand, and to those immense colonies as

yet but partially inhabited. Now, if the people fled away, the farmers and the agricultural workers, as the mechanics and the scholars have been fast flying of late; if the few mighty landowners had all their farms flung back into their hands, while the great bulk of the people continued to emigrate to other shores; if the Queen was almost bereft of her people, with only here and there an aristocratic monopolist left, sitting in his desolate inheritance; if the lands began to perish, the banks went on to crash, the houses being emptied, the commerce drying up, the Parliaments ended, the Law Courts closed, desolation everywhere increasing—WHERE WOULD THE FULNESS, the DIGNITY, the VALUE of England's throne then be found? Her Majesty would break her heart; her throne would crumble into dust; "ICHABOD" on England's cities and shores would be written; this proud nation would perish as many have before her.

Shall Christ's fulness thus be lost? Shall His blood-bought Church be wrested out of His own hands—out of His Father's hands? Shall God's monument of mercy fall to the ground?

Methinks the uncertain, the unscriptural, the unsound doctrines now almost everywhere poured forth by the blind guides of the age, are doing all they can do to rob the Redeemer of His crown, of His bride, of His kingdom, of His fulness in glory. "If it were possible, they would deceive the very elect;" but it is not possible: for, "None of the ransomed shall ever be lost." "They shall all pass again under the hand of Him that telleth them:" not one hoof shall ever be left behind. "They shall never perish." Christ has proclaimed the grand truth again and again. "He will raise them up at the last day;" then shall the headstone be brought forth with shoutings, crying, "Grace! Grace unto it!"

As Christ comes and fills His Church with the fulness of His grace here, even so shall the whole body of His elect come home to be Christ's fulness in the eternal glory. Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord! Sirs! True religion is a family compact. The whole family in heaven and earth are named of the Lord. "In Thy book," saith the Son to the Father, "were all My members written, when as yet there were none of them." That book is in good hands. In that book, to be safe, our names must be found; for "there shall in no wise enter into the city of God anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but

"They which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

The great acts of CHRIST, besides that of being a Saviour, are distinctly named. First, He received all His people from the hands of His Father. Secondly, He tells His Father He has kept them: and the third great mediatorial act will be, as Paul puts it, "Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to the Father," that

"GOD MAY BE ALL IN ALL."

I close this brief introductory paper by beseeching my readers to search diligently the Scriptures for themselves; for what Dr. Morley Punshon said the other day of some hardened scoffers, may be applied to all who reject the Divine sovereignty of God in the special gift of eternal life to His chosen people in Christ.

"There are," said Dr. Punshon, "those scoffers in the world, I know,

who dismiss the doctrine of the incarnation as the figment of fancy, or as the dream of fanaticism—some who try everything by the standard of their own perceptions, and invest their own reason—at best of no great tallness, and which prejudice has dwarfed into still smaller stature—with absolute dictatorship over the world of mind. They profess to tell us that they disbelieve the fact of the incarnation, simply—stripped of all the pseudo-philosophic words with which they veil their unbelief—because they do not understand it. Meanwhile they live in a mysterious word. Nature has her thousand secrets which their art has no skill to unravel in the daily concerns of life—in the blessings Providence pours forth ungrudgingly. They take their churlish share in blessings whose wherefore they do not understand. They are themselves a mystery, perhaps greater than all. They cannot understand—any one of them—how that strange and subtle organism which they call “man” comes into being—how that strange and subtle principle which they call “life” floods them every moment with rapture; and yet, with marvellous inconsistency, credulous on matters where no mystery might have been expected to abide, they are sceptical on matters where mystery exists of necessity, and where the absence of it would have been a suspicious sign. ‘Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou discover the Almighty to perfection?’”

Because the modern divines, as they are called, cannot understand the mysteries of godliness, they set up a theoretical system of their own, and treat with silent contempt the foundation God has laid, the superstructure He is building, and the only new and living way to glory which He has opened. Their wish is, doubtless, father to the thought; their thoughts ascend the throne of their intellect, and from thence they pour forth their vain imaginations.

God have mercy on them, and on us, most earnestly prayeth

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

The Elders, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
Dec. 8, 1879.

THE LATE MR. FRANCIS COVELL, OF CROYDON.

“He was a good man in every sense of the word.”

PERSONALLY, we never knew, never heard, never saw Mr. Francis Covell in the whole course of our life, but from his published sermons; from the testimony of many friends; from the secret witness of the Spirit within, we esteemed and honoured his name, and had confidence in his work, because we fully believed he was a minister called, qualified, and successfully employed by that Almighty and Eternal LORD GOD, whose saving and anointing power alone can make a man’s testimony the power of HIMSELF unto the salvation of others. Never before did we (on reading the account of his departure) so feelingly, so weepingly exclaim, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my *last end* be like His”—which was, doubtless, a prophecy, in its most superlative sense, of the “LAST END” of our gracious “PRINCE OF PEACE,” when He shall come “the SECOND TIME without sin unto salvation;” albeit, in the relative mood, it was expressive of

the safe and happy end of all the spiritual seed of that patriarch of whom the eternal God hath said, "JACOB HAVE I LOVED"—that is, the whole family of the election of grace in the great covenant Head, of which the late Francis Covell, of Croydon, was abundantly manifested as being one, even one exceedingly favoured and blessed of his God.

As we stand ourselves on the brink of Jordan—it may be on the edge of the grave—we would not nourish one unhappy feeling, nor write one unkind word against other sects or parties of professed Christian worshippers; for the LORD giveth even unto all of them a being and a place in the earth, and what His will concerning them may be, is not, in all cases, known to us. But unto those who "have the mind of Christ," it must be clear that, from time to time, the Church's great High Priest hath, by His Spirit, raised up MEN—chosen, regenerated, justified, heavenly-minded MEN—who have stood as God's witnesses on the earth. They have been faithful, fruitful, devoted, decided GOSPEL-MEN, whose gracious principles within, and whose holy practice without, shone forth most powerfully, declaring that that prophetic promise of all promises was truly verified in them: "Ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I WILL BE THEIR GOD, and they shall be My people."

Our conviction is that the late Mr. Francis Covell was a strong link in that chain of God-made ministers who were unusually numerous in the middle part of this our nineteenth century.

Our memory carries us backward over the last fifty years. We can go farther back than that, and it is encouraging to observe how—

"As one Elijah dies—true prophet of the Lord—
Doth some Elishas rise to preach the Gospel Word."

Hence it came to pass that before William Huntington died (which was in 1813, and we are not confining ourselves to what are now called "Strict Baptists," although the Church's Register will prove that they—the New Testament Baptists—have wonderfully increased since William Huntington's death, which, as we have said, occurred in August, 1813, in the 70th year of his age. But ere his lamp went out) the Lord had raised up that Enoch-like Puritan, Isaac Beeman, of Cranbrook (who once dressed himself up in a countryman's frock, and went to hear George Abrahams, so the Jew told us in his own study; and we have seen and heard Isaac Beeman preaching the grandeur of God's revelation to at least a thousand people on a Sunday morning in his own chapel); not Isaac Beeman only, but several other mighty men: Chamberlain, of Leicester; Samuel Turner, of Sunderland; John Vinal, of Lewes; Henry Fowler, of Birmingham and of Gower-street: and in 1810—three years before "the coal-heaver" departed—Joseph Irons was set up on Zion's walls with such a burning zeal, in so preaching "SALVATION," as to effect the conversion of many souls. Four years after Huntington's death, Joseph Irons was planted in Camberwell, where, for over thirty years, he exalted and extolled CHRIST as "God over all, blessed for evermore"—sometimes denouncing the Baptists, but on one remarkable occasion being God's mouth to us so preciously, that we thank the Lord for Joseph Irons.

WILLIAM GADSBY—of ever-blessed memory—was, however, the most extraordinary, and, to us, the most powerful successor of the late William Huntington we have ever known. In those days, when, as Mackenzie said:—

“The clouds of providence were dark,
While the skies of grace were clear,
Satan had set us for his mark,
But the Saviour’s name was dear;”

in those days, Gower-street was crowded, and old Zoar, in Alie-street, was crammed, when William Gadsby came up with his two sermons on that fine outburst of the ancient prophet Moses, “O NAPHTALI! *satisfied with favour*, and FULL with the BLESSING of the LORD, possess thou the West and the South.” The good old Manchester bishop took Naphtali (first) into Gethsemane’s garden, and then the whole of the morning was he wrestling, sweating, rolling in blood, and crying, “O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.”

We sat wedged in on a form in the aisle, but how God Almighty (through that richly-anointed man, William Gadsby) did melt our hearts, causing the tears of godly sorrow; the tears of fellowship with Christ in His agony and in His bloody sweat; the tears of compunction and of the bitterest self-abasement; the tears ran down in streams; and when he had done, as we came weeping out, we inly said:—

Well, if He send us down to hell,
The glories of His grace we’ll tell:
His love did draw with mighty power,
It was indeed an awful hour
Of hope and dread suspense!

Aye, sirs, if Francis Covell preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven upon his soul—as blessed William Gadsby often did—we wonder not that crowds flocked to hear him; we marvel not at the fact that when they brought his remains into the densely-packed West-street chapel, Croydon, on that sharp winter’s morning—Tuesday, December 2, 1879—the whole place was a Bochim of heart-breaking wail!

“Francis Covell’s preaching, sir,” saith “A Poor Returning Prodigal,” “was like bringing Jesus into your hearts to talk with ye awhile. Like the wandering, ruined one, who stumbled into a church, not knowing whither he went; and the preacher at the very moment that this ruined wreck of humanity fell on a seat—at that moment the preacher said: ‘I will arise, and go unto my father.’”

“Ah!” said the “Prodigal,” “but father would never look upon me.”

“Hearken!” said the preacher, “the father saw him when he was yet a great way off, and four things the father did:—

“1. ‘He ran, fell upon his neck, and kissed him.’”

“2. He cried, ‘Bring forth the best robe and put it on him.’”

“3. He killed the fatted calf on purpose for him.

“4. He brought him into the best room in the house, and sang out, with tears sparkling in his eyes, ‘This my son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found; and they began to be merry.’”

“O Banks,” says “Poor Prodigal,” “I besought you to hear our Covell, but ye never coom’d.”

“Francis Covell talked and walked with Jesus all the week; then he coom’d and told us what his Saviour to him-said. And—

‘A little talk with Jesus! How it smooths the rugged road!
How it seems to help me onward when I faint beneath my load!
When my heart is crush’d with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim,
There’s nought can yield the comfort like a LITTLE TALK WITH HIM!’”

“All hail!” saith “Prodigal;” “our pastor Covell is dead.”

I say to them, “No! he is not dead; his living soul is gone to be with his living Christ, and to talk with his Jesus for ever.”

To return to the chain of ministerial genealogy. Just at the very time (January 27, 1844) when the Lord was calling William Gadsby home to his rest, the same blessed Lord was calling Francis Covell into the work of the ministry; and in his native town, where Francis was born, brought up, and where everybody knew him, there, for nearly forty years, was he made to be a faithful witness for the God of all his mercies.

WHO SHALL BE HIS SUCCESSOR?

With that we have nothing to do. Mr. Thurston has for many years been a useful and truthful servant of Christ in Croydon, and by him the good old Gospel is still expounded to the joy of not a few. Then “A Croydon Correspondent” says, “The Tamworth-road Church has made a happy choice in the pastorate of Mr. Willis.” But the future is with God alone. There, unto the throne of grace, the “Providence” people will go for direction and for help.

In his memorial poem, Thomas Whittle truly says:—

“And now ye faithful men who heard his voice,
That faithful voice you’ll hear no more;
You have cause to weep, yet greater to rejoice,
For he has safely gained the peaceful shore.

On wings of faith he mounted to the throne,
To join the songs of all the glorified;
To praise his God for sovereign love alone,
That made him one with Christ the crucified.”

Now, as we reflect upon the departure of Wm. Allen, Geo. Abrahams, James Wells, and a host all over the land, what breaks in the ministerial chain have been made!

THE ORIGIN OF MR. COVELL’S MINISTRY.

That Francis Covell made full proof of his ministry, thousands have testified; he stood in no doubtful position. But how was he brought into a work so full of grace and power? We have his own confession, and that, like the whole of his public life, is so marked with the finger of God that we give it entire as it came from his own lips.

On completing his seventieth year, twelve months ago, his Church and congregation presented him with a very substantial expression of their regard, the collection of which they managed to keep an entire secret; and the fact that the names of donors and the amounts of their contributions were studiously kept from him rendered the presentation as a token of affection all the more acceptable to him. In acknowledging the testimonial, the following extract from an address he delivered

refers to a striking incident in his career, as well as illustrates some points of his character :—

“When I trace back, and see how He began to work in my heart, with such a desire to tell of that Jesus who had saved me from a burning pit; how God saves poor sinners, manifesting that love which knows no bound; to tell them there was hope in God; none were too vile for Him to save; none too far off for His arm to reach the heaven He had to take them too, and the hell from which to save. Oh, the working of my mind, the heaving up of desire continually in my heart and soul. Not three hours together, my friends, morning, noon, nor night for seven or eight years, except during the hours of sleep, but these things worked up and down in my poor anxious heart and mind, to tell of that Three-One-God that saves sinners, takes them to His bosom, and makes them eternally happy. But—I stammered! I stuttered! having an impediment in my speech. Oh, how often, while walking the fields, or upon my knees in my room have I cried, ‘O Lord, that I could tell poor sinners!’ When I thought of the hundreds of blind guides, who, as professed preachers, only deceived men and women; when I thought of such as had no real love to the souls of the people, that they should be permitted to inculcate their lies, and scatter the seeds of error, while my soul longed to tell of Him who is boundless in mercy, of what the blood of His Son can do, what the power of His Spirit could effect; O, to think and feel that I was bound, set fast, and hindered! O, that He would loose my tongue! O, what tears I shed, what cries, what entreaties, what supplications I made, that I might be of some use to His quickened, anxious people, and tell sinners the way from hell’s door to heaven, that they might be brought to love His Son Jesus Christ, that His truth might shine, that grace might be magnified, and that hundreds, yea thousands, of sinners might be saved! O, how I longed to tell of these things! But, as I said, my tongue was tied, there was that impediment in my speech. But when it pleased God, in July, 1844, to operate powerfully upon my heart, to move my spirit so as to make me feel that unless I did say something of that mercy, love, and goodness I had found and experienced, He would cut me down as useless; although at the same time I felt a fear and trembling lest I should be presuming and doing wrong, and had much questioning as to how the thing would turn out, yet I was so moved in my spirit as to make the attempt to speak in His name. The Lord having, a year before this, when meditating upon His Word, and being pressed in my spirit to speak to the few friends who met in my house for prayer, I said in secret before Him, ‘Lord, Thou knowest I cannot speak, for I stutter,’ when, in a moment, like a voice from heaven, these words echoed in my heart, ‘Who made man’s mouth?’ and I felt persuaded in my mind that the Lord would cure me, though this I kept secretly to myself. As I said before, I was urged to make the attempt notwithstanding the conflict of feeling, and immediately my tongue was loosed. Lo! the impediment was gone! And from that time to this I am not aware that I either faltered or failed in my speech, and most of you are witnesses of the fact.”

Here is a testimony sufficient to prove that love to Christ, love to sinners’ souls, love to Divine truth, constrained him. It was not a temporary passion, it was not a fleshly excitement, it was not an

ambition to be seen and known of men, it was the long, deep, and unfailling work of the Holy Ghost alone; it led to close wrestlings in prayer, it led to a miraculous deliverance, it resulted in a long life of steady blessedness in dispensing the words of eternal truth, wherewith the living Church of God was fed, strengthened, increased, and meetened for an inheritance with all the saints in light.

No one on earth can estimate the value, the real good flowing from such a man's life and labour.

All the local journals write in high terms of this now deceased minister. The *Croydon Guardian* says:—

“Mr. Covell belonged to an old and respected family of Croydon tradesmen, and was himself to have followed a business occupation. Indeed he did so in his earlier life, but a strong conviction was even then upon him that he was intended to become an instrument for the salvation of souls. He was prompted to teach people openly, but a wretched impediment in his speech rendered the attempt difficult, until one day the call seemed so urgent that he summoned several friends together, and to his own astonishment, as well as to that of his hearers, he was enabled to preach to them with a fluency seldom equalled.

“This little gathering led to other and larger ones, all, however, in a private room, until the apartment became too small to accommodate those who came to hear, and the result was the building of Providence chapel in West-street, nearly forty years ago, with Mr. Covell as the appointed pastor of the congregation connected therewith, under the denomination of ‘Particular Baptists.’ Since the opening of the chapel Mr. Covell has continued his ministrations there, and always with success. His congregation was a mixed one, high and low, rich and poor, thronging his chapel.”

HIS CHARACTER WAS CHRIST-LIKE.

We write not of Francis Covell's character with any impure motive. We were never in his counsel. We never, at any time, sought his favour. Mr. Covell was a chief in a companionship and of a party who stand high in the estimation of their fellows, and who have invariably held themselves at a great distance from all and from any who were not by them considered sound enough, clear enough, high enough, deep enough, or good enough, to be associated with them. We do not, for a moment, blame them for their strictness and seclusion. For forty years, and more than that, we have silently watched their movements. We have read their printed productions, we have seen their illustrious sires rise, and reign, and, lo! they have passed away. When those nobles, the Messrs. Gadsby, Warburton, Kershaw, McKenzie, Tiptaft, Tite, and others, were their leaders, there was much spiritual, much ministerial power in their Churches. But they are gone! Another generation has sprung up of whom, comparatively speaking, we know nothing. Yet we are of the same faith, of the same order, holding forth the same doctrines of distinguishing grace, and observing the same discipline, yet never recognised as of the same family. We have learned

“The furnace of affliction may be fierce, but it refineth thy soul;
The good of one spark of grace shall outweigh years of torment.”

We write not to curry favour with any of the peculiar sect to which Mr. Covell belonged. We are no friends to associations formed by

men. We see they win the allegiance and obedience of many who, in no other way, could creep out of obscurity. We prefer, we covet, we only desire so to walk with God as to glorify His name, and through His grace to be of some use to His bruised, burdened, bleeding children, whose souls have been cast down, trodden down, and almost left to perish.

Mr. Francis Covell was, so far as man is concerned, like ourselves, an *independent*, an unfettered, a free man. He knew, we rejoice to know, that "if THE SON make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Free to the sonship and saintship of a holy God.

Of his character, then, we only write because we feel a pleasure in holding up to view the fruits, the features, the feelings, the strong gushings out of Divine grace. Like the living creatures in the Apocalypse, whenever, wherever we get a clear view of

THE REIGNING OF GOD'S GRACE IN A MAN'S LIFE,

we cry out, "*Come and see.*"

Such characters are so rare that when we meet with one, we rejoice exceedingly; and as the ignorant say that the doctrines of grace lead men to licentiousness, we proclaim such assertions to be false. Experimentally we know the grace of God is holy in root and in all its results.

We pronounce Francis Covell to have been a holy living, a Godly-walking, a Christ-honouring man.

Faith and Works says:—

"In our Lord's own life it is manifest that He did, day by day, a multitude of things for the mere sake of soothing trouble, of calming irritation, of smoothing asperities, of producing amiable feelings. While He instructed men, while He inspired them with noble heroisms and ambitions, His life was also filled up with a thousand small shades of goodness, whose very nature it was to make men contented and happy, and His example is quoted for our imitation. 'For even Christ pleased not Himself.'"

The deceased minister of Providence chapel, Croydon, illustrated the foregoing declaration. His loving heart and his willing hand poured out one constant stream of benevolence. He was ever giving to all and to any wherever real distress was found. "The *life* of the pastor was itself a power for good." We shall leave others presently to confirm this.

HIS LAST DAYS ON EARTH.

Almost to the last Mr. Covell was in his work; but some unexpected internal derangement occurred; an operation was effected, but he rapidly sunk. Previous to his departure, he calmly conversed with his family and friends, and the following from his memorial card expresses sufficient to prove his end was peace:—

"In loving remembrance of Francis Covell, for thirty-one years minister of Providence Baptist chapel, Croydon, who triumphantly entered into his eternal rest on the 26th of November, 1879, in the 71st year of his age."

Thus ended the career on earth of one of the most devoted servants of Christ the Church has been honoured with in these days. C. W. B.

A NOTE FROM MR. WHITTLE.

DEAR BROTHER,—In our late brother, Mr. Covell, I found one of the kindest friends I have met with for the last nine years since I have been in Croydon. I preached for him three times since I have been here. I met him the morning after his son died; he said, "I have lost my poor son. Will you preach for me to-night?" I replied, "I will try." "That'll do, that'll do," he said. As he did not feel fit to preach, he came to hear me, and was most kind. I write this to show he did not shut men of truth out of his pulpit if they did not see eye to eye with him in non-essentials. Two or three times, when I met him, he put a sovereign into my hand. I said, "I do not wish to take it." "Oh, yes," he returned, "it will help pay your printer, as printers cannot work for nothing." He said from the pulpit, "God's people were not hypocrites, but there was a great deal of hypocrisy about them." Another time, "If you are convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit's application of the law, it will lower your topsails." When speaking of Christ, and the glories of heaven, he said, "Don't it make your mouth water? it does mine." He observed to a lady whom he well knew, "I find you have not yet lost all your buckram." He said to me one morning, "If Christians never fell out, there would be nothing for them to forgive." When he received his testimonial, I gave him one of my paintings of fruit. He was pleased with it, and said, "My family will preserve it as an heirloom; and when they see it, they will think of you and me." By the grace of God he was what he was.

Yours sincerely,

THOS. WHITTLE.

5, Devonshire-terrace, London-road,
Croydon, Dec. 16, 1879.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

On Tuesday morning, Dec. 2nd, a large concourse of people assembled at West-street chapel, Croydon, to be present at the funeral services of the late Mr. Francis Covell.

At half-past eleven the chapel was full, every available seat being occupied and the aisles crowded, numbers being unable to gain admission; but, owing to the admirable arrangements, no confusion or disturbance occurred. The chapel presented a mournful appearance, almost every person being dressed in mourning. The sorrow depicted on the countenances of all present evidenced the fact that a great and irreparable loss had been sustained by those who had been favoured to sit under the ministry of so faithful a minister of the Gospel. Many friends from a long distance came to pay their last token of respect to the loved and esteemed pastor of West-street chapel, feeling "There is a great man fallen in Israel." Mr. Rolleston (vicar of Scraptoft), Mr. Willis (of Croydon), Mr. Whittle, Mr. Knill, Mr. Ashdown, and several other ministers were also there.

At twenty minutes past twelve the mournful procession arrived at the chapel, and the mortal remains of the beloved Francis Covell were borne down the aisle and placed in front of the pulpit, which was draped in black. It was then the Church and congregation fully realised their loss, and felt that their beloved minister was no more, and they should never again hear his voice from that pulpit pleading with God in prayer on their behalf, or preaching with earnestness, sincerity, power, and affection the Gospel of the grace of God. It was

then their pent-up grief burst forth, and but few dry eyes were to be seen in that large assembly.

Mr. Hazlerigg, having ascended the pulpit, commenced the service, referring briefly but affectionately to his dear brother, their late minister, in a voice that was broken by emotion, and in words which betokened how deeply he was affected. Whilst speaking of the loss that both the Church and himself had sustained in the removal by death of one so honoured of God, he said their late dear pastor was a man mighty in prayer, favoured with much intercourse and communion with his God, and a faithful preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus. In concluding his address, he expressed his desire that those who were present might be favoured in their last moments even as their late pastor was. Mr. Hazlerigg then read a part of the fifteenth chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians.

Mr. Hull (of Hastings) followed, and with much fervour poured out his soul unto God on behalf of the widowed Church and congregation, praying that God would solemnise this event, and, if it were His will, raise up one to take the place of their highly-favoured and greatly beloved minister.

Mr. Hatton then occupied the pulpit, and addressed the congregation. He spoke of the late Mr. Covell as a "good man," but he was so by the grace of God; and if there he would say, "By the grace of God I am what I am." He also mentioned that Mr. Covell was a very liberal man, for he gave away a pound every day of his life, so that the poor of Croydon had lost a true friend. Mr. Covell was in every way a Christian man; and whatever good he was enabled to do arose from the grace of God that was in him, as he so repeatedly and earnestly declared.

The following hymn, a favourite one of Mr. Covell's, and which was repeated by him on his dying bed, was sung:—

<p>" At length he bow'd his dying head, And guardian angels come; The spirit dropp'd its clay and fled— Fled off triumphant home.</p> <p>An awful, yet a glorious view, To see believers die! They smile and bid the world adieu, And take their flight on high.</p>	<p>No guilty pangs becloud the face, Nor horrors make them weep; Held up and cheer'd by Jesus' grace, They sweetly fall asleep!</p> <p>On death they cast a wishful eye, When Jesus bids them sing, 'O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?'</p>
--	---

Releas'd from sin and sorrow here,
Their conflict now is o'er;
And, feasted well, with heav'nly cheer,
They live to die no more!

The pronouncing of the benediction brought the service in the chapel to a close.

The coffin was then placed in the hearse, and conveyed to Addington church, followed by a large number of broughams and carriages of various kinds, and many hundreds of persons on foot. Here the funeral arrived at half-past two, and was received by Mr. Rolleston and the Rev. E. W. Knollys (the vicar), Mr. Rolleston reading the beautiful words of the Saviour, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," &c., with great expression and feeling.

The church being crowded to excess, many hundreds were compelled to remain in the churchyard till the conclusion of the service, when the

body was taken to the family vault. It was lowered into the grave in "sure and certain hope of resurrection unto eternal life," Mr. Rolleston conducting the service. The coffin bore the following inscription:—"Francis Covell; died Nov. 26, 1879; in his 71st year."

Croydon has lost a bright and shining light; the Church and congregation, amongst whom he laboured for over thirty years, a faithful minister and an affectionate friend.

T. C.

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS BROTHER IN RUSSIA.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY DEAR SIR,—As I am afraid that my correspondence with my brother takes up too much of the valuable space in the EARTHEN VESSEL, I thought it perhaps wise not to publish all letters sent to him by me and those I received; but as my friends in various parts of the country have expressed their pleasure in perusing the letters published, I feel it my duty and privilege to publish some of those letters where we can discern plainly the work of Divine grace. I have in my possession five letters unpublished which I received from my dear brother before the last one. I state this that the readers who here read the letter from Hessel in the EARTHEN VESSEL for November, may not think that according to that letter from him his change of ideas has taken place suddenly; on the contrary, I felt very weary waiting for him to express his thoughts on Christianity so favourably. It is my humble impression that the Spirit of God is working in his heart, and Hessel, who once was an enemy of the Cross, may yet be made an earnest disciple of the once-rejected Jesus the Lord.

From the above we see that my dear brother is still in confusion and in darkness; I therefore ask all my friends in Jesus to remember him at the throne of grace, that the light of Christ may shine upon him, that the darkness in which he is may disappear, and he be brought to the unadulterated truth as it is in Jesus Christ our blessed Master.

I have much pleasure to remain, dear sir,

Very truly yours in Christ Jesus,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

8, Edenbridge-road, South Hackney, London, E.C.

December 12, 1879.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED BROTHER,—I rejoice to have another opportunity to write to you concerning the grand and holy truth as it is in Jesus Christ my Lord, my Saviour, Redeemer, and my All. O, that I could convince you and make you believe in Jesus! But one thing I know, that man may have power to convince you intellectually, but only God through the gentle influence of His Holy Spirit can make you believe in Jesus spiritually, and cause you to rejoice in the salvation of God. May, therefore, the Spirit of the living God illuminate your mind and write upon your heart the holy law, and also teach you that He is all you want.

Dear Hessel, I intended to continue showing to you from the Scriptures that Jesus of Nazareth is the true Messiah, but I must confess that I am not very fond of quoting particular texts to prove my theories; for the doctrine of Jesus, which I rejoice to believe, is not founded on any particular texts—it is through the whole Bible. Only read the Old Testament and compare it with the New, and I am quite sure your endeavours will not be in vain; I am sure you will receive a blessing from on high. I rejoice to inform you that ever since I have been a believer in Jesus, the world has been quite different to me as it was before. My own existence and life has become quite different; for when I was a Jew I felt that I was a slave, but now I am not a slave any longer, but a son, and if a son, then I am sure to be an heir of glory. Oh, that this may be your experience! Many of my English friends earnestly pray to God on your behalf, and we all here feel certain that the prayers will not be in vain. We are praying, watching, and looking forward for great things of the Lord.

With true brotherly love,

I remain, my dear Hessel,

Your ever-loving brother,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

London, August, 1879.

ANSWER TO MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S LETTER TO HIS BROTHER.

MY DEAR ISAAC,—I have received your letters with great pleasure, have carefully read them, and prayerfully considered the contents of them. My dear brother, the time has arrived that I must open to you my heart more than ever I did before. Having for the last few weeks made it a matter of special study to learn which is more likely to be God-like and right—Judaism or Christianity—I have been brought to the conclusion that Judaism, as it is to my understanding, is somehow in confusion. On the other hand, Christianity which seems more likely to be true in several ways, has gone too far, teaching doctrines too mysterious and obscure.

My present feelings are that if on the face of the earth there is a religion according to the will of God, it must be Christianity and Judaism going hand-in-hand. By this I mean it is necessary to uphold some doctrines taught by your Jewish divines, and also uphold some doctrines taught by Jews as well as by Christians. For I believe that, more or less, both are right; and also that both, to a great extent, are wrong. For instance, the Jewish doctrine of the unity of God seems much sounder than the Christian teaching of the doctrine of the Trinity. The Jewish side can be understood, but yours cannot. Has there ever been a Christian divine able to explain such a doctrine? If you can convince me of such, I will gladly accept the doctrine of the Trinity.

You Christians have other doctrines which I must say seem better than ours—namely, teaching much of God's mercy, love, sympathy, and compassion manifested through the sacrifice of Jesus of Nazareth. I like to think of God as a God of love, mercy, &c.

Dear Isaac, I must say that I think it would not be any necessity sending me any more proofs as you so kindly did to convince me of the truth of Christianity; for I do not think anything could convince me

but personal observation of Christianity. I have decided in my mind to come to London and see for myself what your religion is like, and what are the fruits of your religion. The Christianity here is awful. All is idolatry. The fruit of the Christianity here is abomination. I therefore look forward with pleasure to see you some day.

I have lately purchased some volumes of German Protestant theological works, some of Dr. Hoffhaker, and some of Dr. Martin Luther, and some of Dr. Stark's works; I have also a copy of Dr. Stark's Family Prayer. It certainly is beautiful; its spiritual teaching to a man of experience is very soothing and consoling.

In haste, I am, dear brother,
Your ever-loving brother,

HESSEL.

Grodno, September, 1879.

“THEY CRIED TO GOD IN THE BATTLE.”

WHAT better could they do? Yet, beloved brother John, one might ask, “How could they *do it*?” Oh, a living soul in times of distress will send a thousand sighs to God in quick succession; for the DIVINE SPIRIT will help his infirmities.

This is December 9, 1879: I have been reading acknowledgments of help sent on to many poor afflicted lovers of our Lord Jesus, who said, “The poor ye have always with you;” and well I know it. One of the most honourable and useful ministers in the kingdom who for a long number of years has laboured to gather and feed a poor people, says, “As long as you are alive, my father will not be dead.” Another note says, “We tremble every day lest the pennyworth of bread should fail, and no more coal to be had; I am confined in doors with cold on chest and in limbs—sometimes on my knees; sometimes pacing the room.” [Reared a gentleman; but all was lost—a heart-rending case.] One very aged widow and her daughter—a middle-aged widow with child—says, “We had neither bread nor money when your note and kind help came.” My brother, I read on in these notes, some pleading hard for me to prevent their being turned out of their little homes. I felt I must cry unto the Great Giver of all good; but first I took up and opened the Bible, and without turning one leaf or glancing over one page, my eye rested upon these words: “And they were helped against the Hagarites: for they cried to God in the battle: and HE was entreated of them because they put their trust IN HIM.” Oh, what a tower of strength! What a river of sympathy! What a seasonable and valuable friend is God's Bible unto my poor oft-times down-cast soul! Well, the door of mercy appeared opened up to me, and in I went and pleaded with the Lord to fill me with His SPIRIT, to keep me from every feeling, from every thought, from every action which might be displeasing in His sight. For my own soul, for all my family, for our little Church, for a blessing upon the Gospel, for good to issue out of the EARTHEN VESSEL, *Cheering Words*, for friends and for foes I cry unto God. But

WHO ARE THESE HAGARITES?

They are witnesses, on the dark side of humanity, of the invincible and unalterable truth of every word of God.

The late John Ashworth (whose valiant old sister Lucy, at Heywood, I knew and conversed with on the things of God, and of whose writings I have many yet—her brother John) wrote a volume which he sent me : “WALKS IN CANAAN,” and he saw the descendants of these Hagarites, of whom he says :—

“No doubt the thirty thousand Ishmaelites, the wild dwellers in tents, that are spread over Palestine and Syria, from Dan to the banks of the Nile, are a formidable race. An angel told Hagar, the mother of Ishmael, before her son was born, that he would be a wild man, and that his hand would be against every man and every man’s hand against him; but that he would dwell in the presence of all his brethren. It is three thousand years since this prophecy was uttered to the ejected maid of angry Sarah; and *how true it is*, the Pharaohs of Egypt, the kings of Judah, Israel, Syria, and the Sultan of Turkey can all bear witness to their cost. They are generally called Arabs, and all dwell in tents, as in the days of Abraham and Lot. Their wild, unbounded love of liberty, their proud, haughty defiance of kings, laws, or governments, have often brought them in conflict with neighbouring rulers; but no power could ever subdue them or bring them into subjection. They range the vast plains, mountains, or valleys at will, divided for convenience into tribes, each tribe with its chosen chief or judge; but in case of need all combine under the command of one principal sheik. The Bedouins, the most numerous, war-like, restless, and dangerous, possess immense flocks of camels, goats, and sheep, moving from pasture to pasture as they may choose. Their tents are square and black, made of goat skin, divided into compartments for the requirements of their families. Polygamy is not prohibited, but seldom practised. If a Bedouin wishes to be without his wife, he simply says, ‘You are divorced,’ and gives her a camel. She quietly goes back to her father’s tent, without abjection or disgrace. They know nothing of books, few of them can tell a letter; of art or science they are utterly ignorant, and are truly wild men.”

But I must away to my work. Whatever battle we may be called into may we cry unto God in the battle; so earnestly desireth your brother,

C. W. BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney.

“WHAT IS WANTED.”—Let us resolve to make special prayer, morning and night, for a more abundant outpouring of the Holy Ghost. We must never forget that the Holy Spirit alone is the Author of spiritual success and the spring of spiritual life in a Church. He alone can open the eyes of ministers, and raise up new preachers of the Gospel. He alone can bless sermons and make them life-giving to souls. Without Him there can be nothing but dulness, formality, and death. Alas! we often talk as if everything depended upon churches, schools, societies, systems, parochial districts, and the like. We should do well to remember that St. Paul had no helps of this kind, and yet he turned the world upside down. Oh! let us unite in praying for a more abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit.—CANON RYLE in *Day of Days*.

LINES WRITTEN FOR A VENERABLE RELATIVE.

THE LATE DEACON WILSON, OF LOCKWOOD.

I KNEW a pilgrim once,
So honoured and so blest;
His daily path he calmly trod,
Faithful to man, and walked with God,
Enjoying covenant rest.

And when his heart grew faint
In conflict's dreary day,
He waxed valiant in the fight,
And put the accusing foe to flight:
The covenant was his stay.

Years came, and passed, and still
The pilgrim marched along,
And in his home were praise and prayer,
The loved and loving gathered there:
The covenant was their song.

And then I saw him stand
Beside an open grave;
He laid his earthly treasures low,
But, 'mid the weeping and the woe,
The covenant cheer'd the gloom.

Onward the pilgrim goes,
And mellowing ripeness gains;
With faithful love his lot to share,
Patience, infirmities to bear,
The covenant well sustains.

To Zion's earthly courts
His heart so closely clings;
He stands among the youthful throng,
In loving, earnest purpose strong,
And tells of covenant things.

Much has the pilgrim seen
Of change on every hand;
Faces and places, once so dear,
Are gone, but yet he anchors here:
The covenant still shall stand.

Crown'd with the weight of years,
Nearing his home on high,
He waits to enter into rest.
Waits the appointed time so blest:
On covenant love to die.

And now the rest is gained.
The long life-conflicts cease;
The covenant purposes fulfill'd,
His head, and heart, and hands are still'd
In everlasting peace.

Oh, well might David sing,
The "covenant made with me!"
How many have its sweetness known.
How many now before the throne, [own.
Great Covenant Head of all Thine
Are ever praising Thee!

L. E. A. :

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

ALMANACKS.—*The Anglo-Israel Almanack* for 1880 is a new candidate for public favour. The Rev. James Billington is the editor; R. Banks and W. H. Guest the publishers. It contains illustrated, historical, and gardening calendar, and diary page for every month in the year. As a register, a remembrancer, as a book for reference on all public places, and general information, it is well worth threepence. The special articles—like so many electric lights—will shine efficiently on many minds of our class who, on the Identity Question, have long been sitting in darkness, if not in the shadow of death.—*Spurgeon's Illustrated*, and his *John Ploughman's* sheet, are felicitous and funny, grave and gladdening, pictorial and poetical, and theologically prosaic.—These annuals, with *Sword and Trowel* for Dec. (with Master Golden Pike's "History of the Gypsies in England"), are issued by Passmore & Alabaster, in Paternoster-buildings.—*The Congregational Almanack* for 1880 brings before its immense body of readers the very image of the late Dr. Mullens, whose head, face, and fea-

tures at once strike you with the conviction that you are looking at a man who is as full of Evangelical compassion and of sacred devotion as on earth it is possible to meet. His biography, and the annual altogether, is a rare library of every-day intelligence. Published at 5. Racquet-court, 2d., or 4d. interleaved.—"GOD IS ABLE!" stands cheerfully at the head of that immense sheet called *The Fireside Almanack*, which, with pictures and Scriptural calendars, has one poem by the late Francis Ridley Havergal, wherein the breathings of a God-quicken'd soul comes out in precious words like these:—

"Increase our faith, beloved Lord!
For Thou alone canst give
That faith which takes Thee at Thy word—
That faith by which we live."

The Sisters of Harrowdale Rectory. R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. This is expressly "a tale for the young on the Identity of Lost Israel." We asked a critical friend to read it, who, on commencing, was so chained to the narrative that by daylight and by gaslight the book could scarcely be left until the

"finis" was reached. It is a plain, natural, and edifying story, intermingled with Biblical interpretations and scenes in our every-day life. Mrs. Seanson, the authoress, and Mr. Banks, the printer, have laid their heads together to produce a pretty and substantial book.

Juvenile Original Hymns. Mr. C. Cornwell, minister of Brixton Tabernacle, Russell-street, Brixton-road, has been putting the poetic powers of his Strict Baptist brethren to a severe test. He considered there was not in existence a hymn-book which our Strict Baptist Sunday-schools could consistently use, consequently he invited original contributions in verse from the Strict Baptist pastors and others, and this has enabled him to produce a little volume in which are to be found hymns written expressly for the enterprise by T. Stringer, J. S. Anderson, H. Myerson, C. Batson, Josiah Briscoe, C. H. Flint, that sweet rhymist, Mrs. T. Chaplin, C. Cornwell, and many others. We can recommend this little bunch of poems for its primitive simplicity and freedom from all erroneous teaching.

The Sower and The Little Gleaner for the past year. Both these vols. are handsomely bound, are sold (2s. each) by Houlston & Sons, 7, Paternoster-buildings, and by E. Wilmshurst, bookseller, Blackheath, Kent. What the late beloved Septimus Sears commenced in weakness, in these monthly and annual issues, has now advanced to large and benevolent proportions. For your growing children send for *The Little Gleaner* volume; for your cottagers, neighbours, and friends obtain *The Sower*. The editor has worked hard to furnish wholesome food, while the artists, printers, and binders have all done themselves credit.

The Christian's Hope and Glory. Benjamin John Northfield, a grandson of the late Mr. William Tite, of blessed memory, is the author of this twopenny pamphlet, in a neat cover, published by R. Banks, and to be had of Mr. Northfield, in Argyle-street, Ipswich. The writer has evidently ascended high up on Jacob's ladder, and, having been indulged with soul-cheering views of the Christian's hope, home, rest, and glory, he calls upon us all who know the Lord to look upward, onward, and inward to the mansions prepared for, and secured unto, the ransomed hosts of God's elect. At the same time, he faithfully warns the sinner whose ways are only in this world. Mr. W. Winters revised the MS., and, with the Divine blessing on it, this labour of love will bring home a rich reward.

Hand and Heart publishing house is now No. 1, Paternoster-buildings; they are sending forth packets of books, monthlies, &c., all of the most cheerful character. The Rev. Charles Bullock's heart must be a little fountain of love, his mind a constant spring of intellectual ingenuity; his hand can seldom cease from driving the pen and directing his staff of workers in various departments.

The Fireside Christmas Number is like one of our best West-end 'busses, full as it can hold of Christmas character and New Year's cheer.

Hand and Heart is a penny weekly and monthly illustrated journal. Richard Wilton's "Prayer to the Holy Spirit" is so good we would quote it, but "all rights reserved" forbid.

"London Illustrated with Pen and Pencil" is in *The Fireside*.—"Life's Eventide" in *Day of Days*, with *Home Words* all in their best.—A grand picture of the "Neptune Basin in Versailles" is given in December part of *Gardener's Magazine*.

Homilies on Christian Work. By CHARLES STANFORD, D.D., &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row. Dr. Stanford is a pleasing composer of useful, intelligent, and suggestive essays, homilies, sermons, and practical papers. Pastors, Sunday-school teachers, and quiet, thoughtful Christians will find in this small, neat volume, a rich store of first-class matter for thought and for action. One little introductory paragraph, under the head of "Setting Fire to London," will fairly represent some portions of this chaste and comprehensive octavo. Mr. Stanford says:—"I was once shown a brown, tattered filament of a letter, dated Sept. 6, 1666, in which the Baptists are charged with setting London on fire. I only wish the Baptists would do so now. It would be a most desirable consummation, and I really think we might manage it; we can but try. By London, of course, I mean not the London of surfaces, but the deep London of souls; and when I speak of fire I mean real fire—that is, LIFE, the life of that Spirit which we are commanded not to quench, the life that is in JESUS CHRIST before it is in us, and that comes flaming out of Him into us by faith."

"O for the living flame

From heaven's own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our hearts inspire,
And wing to heaven our thoughts!"

Ascribing all power to God, this striking chapter is truthfully expressive of that holy zeal which the apostles had when filled with the Spirit.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

WHO AND WHAT IS IT THAT SAVETH A SINNER?

BY PASTOR DANIEL ALLEN, OF SYDNEY.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."
MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD JESUS,—Love, mercy, and peace to you and to all saints from Him. I promised in my last to still communicate with you relative to who does, and who does not, preach the Gospel to sinners. It is somewhat singular to me that this subject should have fallen to my portion to vindicate more immediately, inasmuch as, about twenty years ago, some friends of mine took a chapel for me to preach in once a week on week evenings, and they headed the bills, posted up in the town for notices of these services, with the words, "Good News for Sinners." From which circumstance the boys at school called my son for years "Good News for Sinners."

I endeavoured to make good use of this mockery to which my child was subjected by declaring to those who felt that they were sinners: "Thus saith the Lord, I will be merciful to their unrighteousnesses, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." Whilst thus engaged I found that there were more mockers besides the boys in the streets and in the schools, even in the pulpits and pews, and at the plain desks of many sects, and no sect—so called by themselves. These said, "The good news was to all alike in its proclamation and application, and that it was saving or damning by the hearers' acceptance or rejection of it, which they had the power to do according to their own determination."

Hence in this city a friend of mine, who applied for an engagement as a city missionary, was asked by the examining committee, the following question, "If two persons attend the same Divine service, or means of grace, and one is saved and the other not, what would be the cause of the salvation of the one and the non-salvation of the other?"

My friend answered, "The sovereign grace of God would be given to the one and not given to the other at that time."

He was then rejected as unfit for a city missionary, being a colonist. But what answer did the divines require to satisfy them? Why this, to be sure, "The Spirit being given to every man to profit withal, the one complied with His overtures and the other did not."

Now we have strained nothing in this position of those who do not preach the Gospel to sinners, we have let them speak their own views fairly. If their dogma was true, then all the difference between the lost and saved is made, not by grace, but by an act of the fallen creature, relative to all to whom the Gospel is proclaimed. This horrible blasphemy, this contradiction of Christ, this insult to the Holy Spirit, is a daring denial of the whole testimony of the Gospel of the ever-blessed Lord, such

as, "Ye are saved by grace;" "Not of works lest any man should boast;" "Who hath chosen us, and called us, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace;" "After that the love and kindness of God our Saviour towards man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but by His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." Volumes of the same kind might be produced to prove that that which makes the difference between the saved and lost in those who hear the Gospel, is the sovereign grace of God, which is given to the saved and withheld from the lost. This is everywhere in the Gospel declared in the double form of expression with which the Holy Ghost has exhibited the cardinal truths of the new covenant—"Not by works, but by grace." I cannot but think a man's heart must be fearfully seared with the hot iron of the doctrines of devils, iron reddened at Rome, before he can contradict this negative and positive form of the witness of the blessed Spirit, "Not by works, but by grace." The man who says that the difference between the saved and unsaved, in those who hear the Gospel, is by the saved accepting the overtures of the Spirit, and the lost not doing so, though he had the power to do so, contradicts both the negative and positive witness of the Holy Ghost. Therefore such a man does not preach the Gospel; but he prophesies lies in the name of the Lord. If such a man is saved, his preaching will be burned when the fire shall try every man's work—of what sort it is.

Those men who do not preach the Gospel to sinners as Jesus, Paul, and we do, seem to deal with the human mind as phrenologists deal with the human head. The latter say if a man has ten degrees of acquisitiveness and twelve degrees of conscientiousness, he will be honest by the two degrees of good over the bad; also that if he has twelve degrees of combativeness and fourteen degrees of benevolence, he will be kind, because of the two degrees above the bad; also, if the degrees of the bad exceed the good, he will be wicked. Arminian divines seem to view the faculties of the soul of man under the sound of their Gospel in the same way. If one of their hearers should have ten degrees of resistance and twelve degrees of compliance with the overtures, then he will be saved; but if the man who sits next to him should have twelve degrees of resistance and only ten degrees of compliance with the general overtures of the Spirit, then he will be lost for the time being. Well, if it be so, how did the man with the two degrees of compliance more than his fellow come to be so favoured? These Roman divines tell us that the saved man had them from free agency. Fuller tells us

that these two degrees more of compliance come from the line of human responsibility. If so, these are their gods and saviours, and they glory in them as such.

I have thus submitted the other Gospel preachers to reason, because they seem to have no regard to the Divine testimony of the Spirit of God in its holy spirituality.

Let us now compare this ridiculous nonsense of the saved having put forth a little more compliance with the overtures of the Spirit than the lost with the Holy Word of God. God Himself (the only Searcher of the hearts of men) says, "The heart of man is evil, only evil, and that continually." Now, when and where is he to get these two degrees of compliance from, so that he may comply with the Spirit and be saved? Is this compliance a good thing? If so, how is it to be got out of evil, only evil, and that continually? If our defamers should say, It is given by the Spirit of God, then we say Amen, "so be it," and we claim the conclusion of my City Mission friend—namely, that that which makes the difference between the saved and unsaved, under the same means of grace, is that the sovereign grace of God is given to the saved and withheld from the unsaved.

This truth is declared by many double testimonies of the Holy Ghost; such as these: "Which are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." "No man can come to Me except the Father who sent Me draw him." "Born not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible seed."

How can any man, with the fear of God in his heart, dare to say that that which makes the difference between the saved and lost, under the sound of the Gospel, is free-agency and human responsibility, in the face of these Holy Scriptures which in this double way denounce this terrible blasphemy?

O Thou most adorable God of all grace and sovereign mercy, we reverently adore Thee in taking Abel into Thy bosom, and leaving Cain to perish in his own sin. We worthily praise Thee for cleansing Noah in the blood of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, whilst Thy just wrath was poured out upon the old world. We thank Thee that Thou didst take Abraham out of Babylon, and left thousands behind him to perish at the altars of Baal in their sins. O God, we poor vile wretches fall down before Thy throne, and adore Thy mercy and justice in taking Isaac and leaving Ishmael; in taking Jacob and leaving Esau; in saving Israel and destroying Egypt; in saving Rahab and slaying seven nations of Canaan; in raising up David and overturning Saul; in saving the woman who was a sinner and leaving Simon in his sin; in taking the poor woman of crime in the temple and leaving her accusers to go unsaved away.

We still more magnify Thee, O Lord, for taking into the arms of Thy eternal mercy 3,000 on the day of Pentecost, and we tremble at Thy justice, which left many thousands to perish in their sins. We extol the love which clasped the persecutor Saul, and we

bow with reverence and godly fear before the justice which left his Christ-hating companions in their blindness and sin. Time would fail me to name the millions of instances of unmerited mercy and just wrath towards fallen men. But O my most merciful Father, dear Redeemer, and blessed Comforter, what shall I say before Thee in view of my own salvation by Thy purpose, purchase, and possession of me in the most blessed bosom of the Shepherd and Bishop of my soul? How shall I thank the mercy which took me when a vile little boy into the kingdom of God? How shall I tremble at the wrath to which my fellows were left in their own sin and shame?

Dear brother, as I have thus turned from the folly of deluded men to the ocean of grace in God, communicated to us by the Holy Ghost, I have had my soul raised up to Him in holy praise, and the language of my heart is—

"Amazing grace—how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see."

I thank you very much for your kindness to me in allowing me all this space in your VESSEL. But for free-grace I should feel bound to pay for my freight, but I must remember your earnest, prayerful desire is to land upon the shores of the human mind stores of heavenly truth. If I have, as a poor labourer, aided you in this your heavenly design, I am sure we shall mutually praise the Lord.

With unfeigned love to you in the Lord for the truth's sake,

I remain, your affectionate brother,
DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

Sydney, October 1, 1879.

NOTTING HILL GATE.—Our public meeting at Bethesda, Kensington-place, on Tuesday, December 2, was well attended. A happy company took tea. Mr. James Mote presided over evening meeting. Brother Burrows, of Camden lecture hall, implored the Divine blessing. The chairman, briefly alluding to the trials the Church had passed through, congratulated them upon having a settled pastor, who, he hoped, by God's blessing, would be the means of building up the Church, and wished them and their pastor God speed. Brethren G. W. Shepherd, C. W. Banks, Masterson, Hall, Osmond, and Adams spoke "On the Saints' Final Meeting Place." The meeting was a profitable and soul-refreshing opportunity. A vote of thanks was unanimously carried to Mrs. Pavey, who had gratuitously provided the tea and refreshments, and to the ladies who had efficiently assisted her. The collections (including a liberal donation by the chairman) exceeded ten pounds, which, with other liberal donations obtained by the committee of ladies formed for the purpose, will be devoted to cleansing and alterations in chapel. We desire to thank the Lord and our friends and take courage.—H. B.

**A SEASONABLE SOUND ON
JEHOVAH'S PHILANTHROPY.
AS DESCRIBED BY THE APOSTLE IN
2 COR. VIII. AND IX.**

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat."—Matt. xxv. 35.

Work for the wealthy has always been plentiful, and still is so, as the poor and needy of God's dear people are truly numerous, especially in these trying times and at this season of the year. Ye that are blest with this world's goods, have now a good opportunity to open your hearts, your hands, and your purses to help and relieve the destitute. Ye are God's stewards, and to him you must give account of your stewardships (consult 1 John iii. 17, 18). You will certainly prove that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Many poor saints, and poor hard-working ministers of Jesus Christ, with a very scanty pittance, look into the cupboard and shed tears at the sight of its emptiness. A few coppers in the pocket; an empty coal cellar; children thinly clad crying for food; parents environed with grief; "Hungry and thirsty, their souls fainteth in them," while sitting round a few dying embers in the grate or on the hearth. The poor godly man, with his godly and heart-aching wife, ask each other what they shall do. They wonder, want, and weep together. They know the Lord can help, but they wonder whether He will. They praise Him for the past, but they are perplexed about the present. Creatures fail, circumstances are distressing, poverty pinches, and purses are empty. They pray, "Lord, help us! Lord, appear for us! Lord, dispose some that have so much to give us a little!" The parents praying, the children crying, the fire out, the cold intense, and the cupboard contains one loaf and a small piece of butter! Oh, it is sharp work! Oh, ye that have (through God's kind providence) your cupboards well stored, your coal cellars well filled, and your pockets well furnished, do pray, do help. Be mindful of your brethren in the cheerless tenements of poverty!

The parents rise from their knees; they sob out to each other, "Now, my dear, we must leave it with the Lord." They retire hungry to rest. Hark! A knock at the door! It is opened. "Does Mr. Needy live here?" "Yes, sir." "A parcel for him from Jehovah's Benevolent Society." "Thank you, sir; very acceptable." It is eagerly opened. "Look here, my dear children. See the goodness of God in answer to prayer! Grocery, flour, meat, apples, and oranges." All weep together for joy. "Oh, mother, how nice!" "Yes, my dears. We may bless God, and thank some kind friend for this New Year's present. I am so glad to hear that our poor worthy minister, Mr. Honest, was surprised and made glad yesterday when a ton of coals was sent to his house." "Who sent them?" he enquired of the carman. "Don't know. They came from Benevolent Wharf, out of that noble ship 'Sympathy'; that is all I know about it."

Just after the coals were housed in the dear old man's empty cellar, the delivery cart stopped at the door. "Does Mr. Honest live here?" "Yes, sir." "Hamper for him." Thumped on the floor; carriage paid. "Where is it from?" said Mr. Honest, with tears in his eyes. "Don't know," was the reply. Parents and children surround it. Wonder beams in every face. The lid is removed. It is stored with a bountiful supply of good provisions. There is a note folded up: "Please accept this as a New Year's present from the Giving Office (James i. 17) of His Majesty KING JESUS."

Prayer, praise, joy, and gladness filled the house. One said to another, "The shops and markets look grand with their abundance. Our gracious God hath not forgotten us. Bless Him, bless Him, for ever and ever!" "Sometimes," said Mr. Honest to his joyful wife and happy family, "the dear Lord sends, through some kind friend or friends, to His poor tried ministers and children, an envelope containing stamps, a P.O.O., or a five pound note, which makes their poor hearts leap for joy. They pray for a thousand blessings on those that give, and sooner or later those blessings are enjoyed by the givers. For those that are wealthy of God's dear people, well know that it is written, 'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty' (Proverbs xi. 24). Look here, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me'" (Matthew xxv. 40). Pray remember the poor, cries
HOSPITALITY.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

MY DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS,—It is widely known that your heart is large and full of sympathy to the poor of God's flock, and, consequent upon which, I beg you will allow me to make the following appeal through the excellent medium of the EARTHEN VESSEL, of which you have so long been the honoured editor. I must, however, say that it is a matter of considerable delicacy on my part to bring before the public names and private circumstances of public men; but the pressing need of help in the following particular case warrants me, by your kind permission, to do so. Our beloved brother Robert Bowles, pastor of the Church of Christ at Hertford, is in great need of pecuniary assistance, owing to his being laid aside by painful bodily affliction during the greater part of the past four months. The Church and friends with whom he has so long and faithfully laboured are, for the most part, poor, and the entire neighbourhood is suffering more than usual from great depression of trade. A tea and public meeting will (D.V.) be held on Thursday, January 29, in Ebenezer chapel, Hertford, when the money collected will be handed over to Mr. Bowles in the form of a New Year's gift. Do, friends, send a trifle; donations, however small, will be highly appreciated, and may be sent to

W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

**MR. HAZELTON'S GREAT SERMON
AT EBENEZER CHAPEL, WALTHAM ABBEY.**

The 26th of November was a high day indeed for the friends at Waltham Abbey. At the early prayer meeting several praying brethren met in our almost new Ebenezer. The pastor, Mr. W. Winters, read Psalms cxxxii. and cxxxiii., and prayers were offered interspersed with hymns composed for the occasion, and a more enjoyable service never was realised by the Church at Waltham Abbey. This blessed meeting will never be erased from our memory, and it nerved us for the day's proceedings, and also filled us with anticipation of future success. At 11 o'clock Mr. John Hazelton preached what might be called the consecration sermon, taking for his text Exod. iii. 5: "And He said, Draw not nigh hither. Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The preacher considered the doctrine of holiness in three connections: 1. Divine holiness. 2. Holiness connected with creatures. 3. Local holiness.

The subject was well thought out, it was grand in the extreme, it deserves larger space than can be allotted to it here. Mr. Hazelton started with some observations on the fact asserted by God Himself, for He took it that it was God who was in the fire which Moses saw. The preacher remarked that the Lord our God was essentially holy. God's holiness appeared to him to be, if He might so speak, the bright, the shining, and glorious garment which Jehovah wore. Was God a God of love? His love was holy. Was He a God of grace and mercy? Mercy and grace were holy. The omnipotence of God was also a holy power; He would be a terrible Deity if holiness did not animate His omnipotent arm. The wisdom of God if it were not holy would be cunning. All the perfections of God were covered and characterised by His holiness.

In the afternoon Mr. John Slate Anderson preached a soul-encouraging discourse from the words: "It is good for me to draw near to God." After a crowded tea meeting the friends were ready for the evening service. The chapel was crammed in every part with attentive hearers. W. Winters presided and made a few remarks on the providential dealings of God towards the Church in that place since its organisation in 1824; then he called Mr. Edward Casey, one of the deacons, to read the report.

The report stated that in consequence of the increasing prosperity with which the Church of Ebenezer at Waltham Abbey had been blessed, and the increasing number of scholars in the Sunday school, it had become an absolute necessity to enlarge the chapel and build schoolrooms, involving an outlay of upwards of £1,300. To meet the great want of accommodation both in chapel and school, it was decided in June last to commence the necessary work. Collecting cards were then issued, the sum realised by them amounted to £60. One thousand pounds have been paid off the building debt, leaving a balance

against the Church of £300, which it is to be hoped will soon be cleared.

The following brethren gave addresses: Messrs. C. W. Banks, C. Cornwell, E. Casey, J. Clark, G. Holland, J. H. Dearsly, J. Kingston, E. Langford, R. A. Lawrence, T. Stringer, and W. Webb; Mr. R. Alfrey prayed. On the first Sunday of the reopening the pastor preached in the morning on the glory of the latter temple (see Haggai ii. 9), and in the evening on the "much water" of *Enon* (John iii. 23), after which three were baptized.

W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

A FATHER'S JOY.

My beloved brother in Christ, C. W. Banks,—I much enjoyed the Lord's presence at your anniversary, and also the happy company of beloved Christians. One thing I feel a pleasure to mention—that is, seeing last night what my soul has long desired, your beloved son, Mr. Robert, not only chairman, but what rejoiced my heart was to believe his soul was made alive to Divine truth, so that instead of the fathers may come up the children; a seed to praise and glorify that ever-blessed God who has done so much for lost sinners. O, I pray God to make your beloved son a noble defender of the true faith! What a consolation it must be to your heart to see your children brought to love God's eternal truth! especially as you are drawing nearer to that eternal rest; leaving behind you those of your offspring who shall, by Divine grace, follow in your footsteps in defending the blessed truth of the Gospel, and of true Church order; may they do so in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* and "*Cheering Words*." My dear brother, let us cheer up and take courage; I thought things looked quite pleasing last night; for I could see that God's Spirit was working in the soul of your son Robert. I saw by his manner that he felt the sweet power of God's eternal truth, and it appeared to me that he knew and felt what he was talking about. O what shall we say to those blessed things? Who knows but what my only poor prodigal son will yet be brought to the footstool of Divine mercy? My heart has often been broken in prayerful tears for him. I received a letter from him last month, he is now going around the world again. O! let us look to Jesus and depend upon Him. God Almighty bless you and yours; so prays your loving brother,

BENJAMIN WOODROW.

[Our four sons were all with us. Praise God.—Ed.]

STONEHOUSE.—Corpus Christi chapel friends convened a large meeting on December 4; nearly 200 showed their faith and fellowship in the Gospel and their desire to encourage their pastor, Mr. W. Trotman, by their cheerful presence at the tea table and public meeting, when brethren Trotman, J. Parnell, Clancy, and Noales delivered short expositions of godliness in its origin, life, and walk.

THE HISTORY AND APPEAL OF WINCHESTER STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH.

On Monday, that kind friend to the poor Churches of our denomination (C. W. Banks) gave us a visit as promised. From an appeal which has appeared in these pages, it will be known to our friends we are wishing to raise an amount to put our chapel into repair. We wrote to our kind brother, the editor, asking his advice and assistance. As he wished to know our case more fully, he accepted the invitation to give us a visit. What he really thinks of our case, he will perhaps tell in the pages of the *VESSEL*.

In the afternoon he preached a sermon from Malachi: "Who shall stand when He appeareth?" This most solemn question was thoughtfully and devoutly considered by the preacher; and we think he rightly divided the word of truth. As he unfolded the mystery, solemn were the questions put, and feelings produced in our inmost souls on this important query. While we could sing, "We love to meet among them now," we, as individuals, could not refrain from putting the question to one's-self, "Shall I stand when He appeareth?" Yet, as faith was given, we felt that we should stand in the power and strength of Him who has redeemed. What a blessed hope! When fear sometimes says, "Shall I?" faith replies, "Complete in Him," thou shalt.

In the evening another service was held, brother Hopkins opening the meeting by giving out that grand old hymn, "Grace, 'tis a charming sound." Our brother Eades then approached the throne of grace, and solemnly and powerfully pleaded the cause of truth, and then for God's blessing on the efforts we are putting forth, if it be the Divine will. The congregation then stood up and sang that good old hymn beginning,—

"Hail, my ever-blessed Jesus,
Only Thee I wish to sing."

C. W. Banks then discoursed in his free and homely manner on the "Triumphs of Grace." Right gloriously did he show by various methods or ways the manner in which grace, free grace, had triumphed. The congregation much enjoyed the speaker's lecture, which they apparently indicated when singing that sublime hymn of Burnham's,—

"O Thou great eternal Jesus,
High and mighty Prince of Peace;"

and our souls swelled with holy delight as we sang,—

"O the grandeur of the Gospel,
How it sounds the cleansing blood!
Shows the bowels of a Saviour,
Shows the tender heart of God."

While present at these services, and as we think of them now, and plead for a blessing on the labours of our brother from the God of all grace, we pray and sing,—

"While travelling, then, to Zion's coast,
That longed-for happy place,
Bo this my song, my only boast,
A sinner saved by grace."

Winchester.

J. SMITH.

[We confidently recommend the cause to the sympathy of all our friends who desire and pray for the prosperity of our Churches. Cathedral cities are not often fruitful gardens for Churches of New Testament order. We have much more to record of this ancient Winchester cause. We are solemnly bound to see the renovation of the chapel completed. We will not rest, if we live, until it can be said, as in 2 Chron. viii. 16: "So the house of the Lord was perfected." Our brethren John Bunyan McCure, I. C. Johnson, Jas. Mote, Esq., and other gracious and able brethren might serve the Lord and His people by going to, and preaching for, these humble, honest, and faithful Winchester Baptists. So believeth C.W.B.]

(To be continued.)

WOOLWICH, PLUMSTEAD, ERITH, BEXLEY HEATH, OLD BEXLEY.—"A Little Colporteur" (Janet Wishful, asks, What does it mean?—"A pedlar of pamphlets"), a sower of seed by the wayside, has sent thoughts on the South-eastern district. "Enon," most respectably reticent? Plumstead tabernacle, heard Mr. Burgess, from Askett. ["Is he descended from that good old Burgess once in these parts?" Tell you another time.] Old Bexley chapel has been renovated. Only "sound men" enter that pulpit. Bexley-heath chapel heard the venerable John Plaw, over fourscore, but his heart is not "enlarged," as some speak; he keeps close to what the Book says. How long the Lord spares some! How soon others are taken away! In Woolwich, a sublime old lady told me, there were no representative men left now! Wondered what she meant; but, passing "Carmel," seeing people pressing in, asked, "Who dares to talk to God and then to the people here?" "A dean" said, "Old Mr. Thomas Stringer is here to-night." Went in, sermon was on "Grace Found, Mercy Magnified, Life Saved" (Gen. xix. 19). The Spirit of truth with lively power came down and caught us all up. Oh, my!

R U S H D E N.—SUCCOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Once more we have to bless our God for His mercy manifested to the Church meeting here. Mr. G. Pung, the beloved pastor of the Church, has again baptized four believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, all of whom had previously borne testimony to the power of the Holy Spirit in blessing the testimony of Divine truth preached by His servant among us. The chapel was crowded. Mr. Pung powerfully defended the ordinance of believers' baptism, basing his remarks on incidents in the history of the apostle Paul and the case of the Ethiopian eunuch. The newly-baptized persons were received into the Church by the pastor, who addressed appropriate remarks to each of them. Eternal honours crown the brow of our loving and beloved Lord for His displays of grace and mercy in our midst. Amen.

PECKHAM RYE.—ZION CHAPEL, HEATON ROAD.—The Church and congregation under the pastorate of our beloved brother James Clark, is steadily progressing. On Lord's-day, Nov. 30th, two sermons were preached by Mr. Clark; on Tuesday special services were held, when Mr. J. Box, of Soho, preached excellent sermon. The friends took tea in the large vestry. I. C. Johnson, Esq., presided in the evening, and opened the meeting with that ever-precious hymn commencing:—

"Kindred in Christ for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive."

Our young brother Hazelton prayed. The chairman made suitable remarks on genuine spiritual increase in the Church; and congratulated our brother, the pastor, on the success that had attended his ministry in that place. The chairman dwelt much on the necessity of Christians being separated from the world. W. Winters spoke on the nature of love as a fruit of the Spirit, and which he treated in a threefold manner; particularly distinguishing between spiritual and natural love. Mr. Shaw discoursed of joy and peace in a very excellent way, speaking much of David's prayer, "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation." Mr. Shaw also spoke of experimental peace—peace in the Church, peace in the domestic circle, and peace in the soul of the individual Christian. Mr. John Box dwelt much on walking in the Spirit and suffering for Christ's sake. Mr. R. A. Lawrence spoke sweetly on the nature of goodness and faith, which tended much to encourage the friends present. We are always right glad to meet with our brother Lawrence; there is something so genial, original, and entertaining about him. Bro. Griffiths, who is always pleasant and kind, spoke powerfully on meekness and temperance, and a few remarks from the beloved pastor, Mr. J. Clark, brought the meeting to a close.

W. WINTERS.

A DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.

DEAR SIR,—I hand you a copy of my tract, "God's Sovereignty and Man's Responsibility." I have received many letters from God's elect giving me their mind that it is a fit and appropriate tract for the times we live in; also a kind letter of approval from his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. I now ask you to review the same in the **EARTHEN VESSEL**. I enclose you a copy reprinted by a godly man—Mr. W. Bright, of Bandon, Cork. I received a kind letter from him, in which he said that he was so delighted with its contents that he was led to reprint some for his own use.

If I can be of any service to any of your Strict Baptist Churches to preach the Gospel, I shall feel a pleasure in so doing for Christ's sake and His flock.

THOS. A. TAYLOR.

36, London-road, Clapton, E.

[Such testimonies require no criticism; only send them abroad. God's holy truth will stand and be His witness for ever.—C. W. B.]

LOWESTOFT. — TONNING - STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL. DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Among the profitable, instructive, encouraging, and truthful cargo of your **VESSEL**, there was found the "very mysterious." I allude to the parcel labelled "Lowestoft," the inference to be drawn from which could not be milder than that that very healthy watering-place was destitute of the precious truths of the Gospel. Hearing that Sunday was to be the anniversary of Tanning-street Baptist chapel, Lowestoft, and that on Monday tea and public meeting would be held, I wended my way thither on Monday, and on entering the chapel found an excellent tea provided, well worthy of imitation in its arrangement, of which about 120 partook. Tea being disposed of, Brother Knights commenced the meeting by giving out a good old-fashioned hymn: "Kindred in Christ for His dear sake." Prayer having been offered by a friend from Yarmouth, the speakers for the evening were then called to the front. Brother Knights (who occupied the chair) said he was not afraid, as he knew the speakers to be lovers of the Gospel of free and sovereign grace. They were Mr. W. E. Palmer, of Norwich; Mr. Brand, of Bungay; and Mr. Gill, of Tunstall. And as I sat and listened to the rich collection of Gospel matter they were enabled to bring forth, I could not help wondering if "Lowestoft" in the **EARTHEN VESSEL** meant the same place I was then in. Sure I am if you had been there, you would have rejoiced in the sure and certain sound of the trumpet there blown. Is Lowestoft, then, a large cause? By no means; a very small, and tried one; but though few and tried, they are earnest contenders for the faith once delivered to the saints. Brother Knights, who has been the means used by Zion's King to keep this corner of His vineyard together, is a faithful minister. Let your readers, who love the truth as it is in Jesus, know they will be privileged to hear the Gospel in Lowestoft under the ministry of Mr. Henry Knights.

Yours in the faith,

A LOWESTOFT VISITOR.

NORFOLK.—"A Poor Wanderer Under the Hills" is informed that the cause of truth at Harleston still lives. The Church was formed nearly thirty years since for poor Mason and his friends by C. W. Banks. Mr. Futter is the minister now; brother B. Taylor sometimes preaches there on Sunday evening. No! truth has not DIED OUT at Harleston, nor has it fallen down, although its friends are not very numerous.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. Boxall has lately baptized an aged disciple who has been a listener, a lover, and a learner of the Lord's grace and salvation for many years. At length, he has been constrained to stand out on the Lord's side in the obedience of faith. Could this venerable saint tell out faithfully what did hinder him so long, it would, doubtless, be a painful confession.

C. W. BANKS' THIRTY SIX-YEARS' MINISTRY IN LONDON.

Two happy days, Nov. 24th and 25th, were spent in Speldhurst-road chapel in celebration of Mr. Banks' thirty-six years' ministerial usefulness in London. The services were varied and interesting, consisting of prayer, praise, and short addresses by warm-hearted ministers. Mr. Thomas Stringer preached on Monday. In evening of first day Mr. Robert Banks presided, and made a very excellent speech before introducing the lecturer of the evening, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn. The lecture was interesting, profitable, and much appreciated by all present. On the second day a good number of friends met in the afternoon. W. Winters read Isaiah xl.; Mr. George Holland prayed and spoke some sweet Gospel truths; an address from W. Winters on "The Way of Life;" Mr. Charles Gordelier also gave a comprehensive address. At tea, we were pleased to see so excellent a gathering. It was cheering also to see C. W. Banks so happy, and surrounded by his beloved wife (who labours much in the noble cause of Christianity in South Hackney) and several of his family, and right glad were we to see once more in the company, the godly, cheerful, and intelligent Mr. John Waters Banks, a clergyman and brother of C. W. Banks, who presided during the evening's meeting, which was opened with prayer by brother W. Stringer. The Rev. John Waters Banks then made some very solid and savoury remarks on thanksgiving to God for His merciful preservation of his esteemed brother during the past thirty-six years of his great usefulness in London. James Mote, E-q., kindly came forward and gave an encouraging address full of good sterling truths, dilating mainly on his long and loving acquaintance of C. W. Banks, and how marvellously the Lord had in so many ways preserved him in journeying to all parts of the country to preach the everlasting Gospel of Christ. We thank our dear brother Mote for his candid and sensible speech, which did our hearts good. We are also very glad to know that our intelligent brother devotes considerable time to the work of the ministry in addition to his arduous labours in the noble science of jurisprudence. Mr. H. Brown, the new pastor of Bethesda chapel, Notting-hill-gate, spoke well on heartfelt thanksgiving to God, and Mr. James Griffiths cheerfully endeavoured to express some good things on the prudent dealings of the Servant of God—Jesus Christ. C. W. Banks wound up the happy meeting with a brief reminiscence of his remarkable life, and the friends separated in peace.

Waltham Abbey. — W. WINTERS.

WANDSWORTH.—A very interesting meeting was recently held at Waterside Baptist chapel on behalf of the building fund for a new chapel. Friends took tea at five, and at seven Mr. Williamson commenced with a hymn of praise. Brother Drone, one of the deacons, supplicated the throne for a blessing. The Chairman stated

the object of meeting; Brother Tomlins gave the history of the Church from its commencement in 1821 to the present time, shewed how the building fund commenced by the ladies; how the ladies made it grow, proving what can be done by willing workers and steady perseverance. He stated the particulars of their new building, and what they had done, which was very encouraging. The financial statement said the sum of £154 17s. 8d. had been gathered, and £959 15s. 3d. had been expended for the whole estate as it now stands, requiring about £300 more to finish it fit for use; £800 has been borrowed, £500 on the building, and £300 on the surplus land, so that they can dispose of the land for building purposes without interfering with the chapel. They propose holding a bazaar about April or May next, in the spacious building. Several friends have promised their help; many more friends are wanted; all kinds of articles would be received with many thanks. After the report Mr. Styles gave us a lecture on the "Lights and Shadows of Home Life." A collection was made which, together with cards brought in and profits of tea, amounted to £39, thus augmenting the fund to £193 17s. 8d.

BRIGHTON.—On Lord's-day, Nov. 30, we were again favoured with the services of Mr. Wm. Hazelton, whose ministry is becoming known and justly appreciated in the Churches. He is deeply exercised in regard to the work of the ministry. We believe he is raised up for great usefulness; from our heart we say, may it be so. His text was Heb. vii. 24, 25. The great High Priest, His intercessory work, now being carried on in the behalf of His people. Salvation by Him alone proclaimed. The evening proved to be a most favoured opportunity. In afternoon a pleasant and interesting service was held in our Sabbath school. This being the birthday of our beloved superintendent, he presented to all the dear children tokens of his love and care for them. He addressed his young friends, testifying to God's great goodness to him for sixty-one years. Mr. Hazelton lovingly addressed us on the word "Birthday," mentioning a few thoughts which each letter suggested. Very happy meeting.—S. T.

CANTERBURY.—After about fifty years in the ministry of the Gospel, that fine, tall, erect piece of humanity—that courteous and respected gentleman, Mr. Henry Cresswell, the Congregational pastor in the city of Canterbury, fell asleep, Dec. 1, 1879, aged seventy-six. Comparatively few men continue in the pastoral office of one Church for forty-eight years successively. Mr. Cresswell appeared to be a happy exception to the ever-changing scenes of the pastors of the present day. Of Mr. Cresswell's spiritual experience, or of the exact character of his ministry, we know but little. He lived a consistent life, enjoyed a smooth path, and finished his course with a peaceful resignation.

WILL NOT! CANNOT!

"Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life."—John v. 40.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I wonder whether I have a wrong notion upon the above text. I opine, that the persons addressed by our Lord belonged to the old Jewish State Church, and that, notwithstanding all their coming and going, and walking up and down in the fields of their inspired writings, they had never come to the main object of those writings, they had never come to the true Messiah, they had missed Him, and had only come to a fanciful Messiah of their own, who was to be a temporal king, and who was to reign over a temporal kingdom. On account of this our Lord once said to them, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of Me."

One of my dear old hearers, not a member, but one who has sat under my ministry, I should think, thirty years and more, reminded me yesterday of the above text, and said he thought I ought not to dwell too much in my preaching upon what the people can't do; but to tell them what they want do. No doubt my dear friend thought he had been happy enough to discover a dead fly in the pot, and, in love to me and others, wished at once to remove it. I told him the Saviour's cannots and would nots both implied the same thing—they both show the corruption of the human will, and the utter depravity of the human heart. I thought some foreign potatoes I bought a short time ago smelt strong of Popery, and I could not forego the thought that this also smelt somewhat of Fuller's earth. Excuse this little bit as you know I mean well, and feel well, towards all my fellow-creatures.

I am, Mr. Editor, faithfully yours,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, Dec. 10, 1879.

SOUTHWARK.—At a committee meeting of the Protestant Blind Pension Society, held on Tuesday, September 30, 1879, the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Minton, seconded by Mr. Hellier, and supported by Mr. Carr:—"That this committee, deeply sensible of the many kind and estimable qualities of the late Mr. Thomas Pocock, desires sincerely and respectfully to tender to his family its personal condolence with them in their bereavement. And as representing the Protestant Blind Pension Society, while thanking God for a life so long spared, to give counsel and support to record the gratitude of the committee to the late Mr. Pocock, his sons and grandsons, for in this case it may be said that in them 'he being dead, yet speaketh.' Encouraged by Mr. Pocock's example, and looking forward to the same reward which he now enjoys, the committee feels that the best way to testify its regard for Mr. Pocock's memory will be to devote itself more earnestly to the work which he so ardently loved and so abundantly cherished." [We know our readers will rejoice with us in knowing such a resolution has been passed.—E.D.]

STILL THE SAME.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—May great grace rest upon you from the great fountain of grace, the Son of the Father in truth and love, the glorious and the glorified Head of His body, the Church, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.

My dear brother, doubtless you wonder what is the reason of my long silence. Well, I will tell you. I have not changed my faith, neither my views of Divine truth, only I want to see them more clearly, and to apprehend them more perfectly, to love them more fervently, to rejoice in them more fully, to defend them more zealously, to walk in them more freely, and stand in them more firmly. The holy truths and doctrines of our God, to me, are like paths of righteousness, in the which I like to walk, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. You know, dear brother, the Lord has led me through fire and through water, but He has brought me out into a wealthy place. He has steeped me in the brine of affliction: I have been torn and lacerated with the briers and thorns of the wilderness; now the Lord has healed my wounds. I am rejoicing aloud in the great salvation. The reason of my long silence is this. I have been very deeply engaged in temporal affairs for some months past; so much, that I have not taken my pen to write but very little; still, as I cannot live a day without prayer, I have oft remembered you at the throne of grace. I thank you for your kind wishes towards us as expressed in the EARTHEN VESSEL. I am now living on the bounties of a wise, and wonderful, and gracious Providence, thanking and praising the God of all grace for delivering my eyes from tears, my soul from death, and my feet from falling. I am happy to hear you have a Sabbath-school established. My love to Mrs. Banks and family.

Yours in truth and love,

G. and A. KELLAWAY.

THE LATE PASTOR OF BETHEL, KING'S CROSS.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Permit me, through the EARTHEN VESSEL, to let my friends know of the Lord's goodness to me in my affliction. You remember that on February 16, 1879, I was suddenly taken from my pastorate at Bethel, by paralysis; in August, being still incompetent to do anything, my situation was filled up. In June I was persuaded to try a celebrated physician at the West. At that time I had that vacant look about the eyes, almost idiotic, which denotes brain softening. After being under his care about two months, my brain became strengthened, so that I am now able to read, which I could not do before; although now I am not able to think or study at all, and am still to a great extent helpless, but no one can tell how much I thank the Lord, and value the use of my intellect once again. In September, while away in Kent, I had another attack; this time in my mouth and right hand—the February one took all my left side. My dear wife came down directly to fetch me home, and sent for the doctor; when he came

my tongue was quite black, and too large to put anything in my mouth; he said to my wife, "There is no hope, Mrs. Haydon; you had better send for his friends." Oh, what a time was that! not able to swallow anything, could not speak, understanding all around me, and internally having the heaviest conflict with the powers of darkness I ever knew, but the Lord was with me. Now, thanks being to God, having come off victorious by His blood, and having had first-rate nursing and attention, I am now downstairs again. During my affliction I have had many love-visits from my dear Redeemer; many messages of mercy has He sent me by His servants; together with that I have had everything I could possibly need. Kind friends have visited me, and few came empty-handed. The friends at Harrow Weald sent me a sovereign, these at Great Stanmore sent another; the friends at Walthamstow have sent me a fowl and three guineas, so that I have been often lost in wonder and amazement at the goodness of the Lord. I think the greatest thing I have to thank Him for is that He has given me such patience and contentment, for sometimes I have had great pain for days together. I am still suffering much; can get very little strength, and it is very hard work to talk. I have full confidence that the Lord's judgments are right, and that He hath afflicted me in faithfulness; therefore He will stand by me and help me in every time of need.

Yours in the Lord Jesus,

W. M. HAYDON.

19, Dunford-road, Holloway, N.

WALWORTH.—York-road Band of Hope. In Mr. Chislett's chapel, in Nov., we had another stimulating sight and sound of the Band of Hope children, under the generalship of those extraordinary brethren, Messrs. Searle and Isaac Dobson. To witness such a group of well-dressed, properly-behaved, and talented youngsters; to listen to their delightful, melodious, and intelligent recitations, is enough to lift one's heart in true gratitude to the great Giver and Almighty Mover in all things, who only could constrain such able men to give their time, their means, their hearts to a work so certain of working well for the coming generation. We are persuaded the hand of God is in such laudable, such loveable, such benevolent enterprises for the future well-being of the hundreds of children who will be the men and women of those times when we are gone away for ever.

ISLINGTON GREEN.—An interesting service took place at Providence chapel on Wednesday evening, November 19, when Mr. J. Whitteridge read Acts ii., and preached from the words, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved" (Mark xvii. 16). Mr. W. then had the privilege of baptizing his two eldest daughters and a young man who is engaged to the younger daughter, all three being brought to know themselves and the Lord under Mr. W.'s ministry.—W. B.

GOING AWAY FROM GOD.

Cain went into a far country and never returned to his father's house. He went out from the presence of the Lord and dwelt in the land of Nod. Nod signifies a vagabond, denoting that he was a vagabond in the very depths of his being. Those who were carried into Babylon were said to be cast out of God's presence. Then to go out from the presence of the Lord is to go away from the institutions of religion; probably it was through the sacrificial worship in his father Adam's house that God reasoned with Cain's turbulent spirit.

The child of the bond-woman—Ishmael—went into a far country and lived under the shadow of the mount of blackness and darkness. He chose for his inheritance the place where that law was given by which there is no inheritance. "For if the inheritance be of the law, it is no more of promise" (Gal. iii. 18, iv. 20, &c.). Ishmael persecuted the child of promise, and God put him far away from the Land of Promise.

Esau sold his birthright and went away from his father's house into a far country and formed an alliance with Ishmael. And the wilderness and Edom, in which the children of Israel were strangers and pilgrims, became the homes of those outcasts. Aye, and men make to themselves homes in a world that Christians regard only as a place of travel to the home in glory.

S. C.

SHOULDHAM STREET, BRYANSTONE SQUARE.—A correspondent says: Mr. Carpenter has been baptizing, and on the first Lord's-day in December several substantial and devoted disciples of our Lord were added to the Church. Mr. Carpenter's pastorate here is honoured of the Lord and is a blessing to the people. These are cheerful tidings. We gladly record them.

"HOLY GROUND."

THE place where'er the Saviour comes
To shed His blessings round,
Be it a mansion or a cot,
This is His holy ground,

Are two or three in covenant bonds
Lifting their souls on high?
Methinks that Jesus lingers near,
Yea, more, is quite close by.

But in the closet, lovely spot,
Alone with Christ my Lord;
This is the holiest ground on earth,
Doth sweetest joys afford.

'Tis here no worldling interrupts
My calm and steady frame;
No foes but Satan and my sins,
These quail before the Lamb.

One precious visit from my God
Will sanctify the place;
Make it a Bethel to my soul,
Of sweet communing grace.

Here draw me often, loving Lord,
And bid each fear depart;
Reveal Thy covenant to mine eyes,
Love, joy, and peace impart.

L. H. C.

YORKSHIRE.—We have long railway pencillings of journeys to and from Morley, but no room this month. No kinder people can be found than the Yorkshire lovers of Christ's Gospel. The brethren Brooksbank, Hazelwood, Foster, Beacher, and others, all shewed the tenderest sympathy, charity, and kindness to "The Village Preacher." The weather was severe, the times are trying, but as we reflect upon the services, as no other can do, we try to hope God's mercy was with us. The Zoar chapel friends in Morley deserve the esteem, the encouraging aid of all who know and abide by the revelation God has made of Himself in His Son by the Eternal Spirit. There are many other places in Morley, but Zoar alone stands out for a Gospel of holy truth and New Testament order.

A NOTE TO MR. B. TAYLOR.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Doubtless you have heard of the death of that dear servant of God, Mr. Covell, of Croydon. How the Lord is calling His servants home! As soon as I heard of his death, these words arrested my mind, "How are the mighty fallen!" and they still abide upon my mind. I could not help repeating the lines of the poet, where he says,

"What solemn tidings reach our ears,
How awful and how grand!
A brother landed safe from fears,
On Canaan's happy land."

O dear friend, I do feel we are living in solemn times; for when our country calls home her ambassadors, we expect it is a solemn time at hand; and if so literally, is it not so spiritually, and don't we feel that there is a great suspension of the Spirit's power in the Churches? Not only in the Churches of God—but let us look nearer home, and don't we feel the lack of it? What deathliness! what barrenness! what coldness! what little separation from the world! what little union and communion with the dear people of God! and a host of other things. Really it does appear that the world is in the Church, and in our own hearts. Such, indeed, is too often my case. I hope it may be otherwise with you, and that you are favoured with more of your dear Master's presence, walking more in the light of His countenance. Happy soul, if in such a state, though trying and painful as your path is, but—bitbert to the Lord has helped you, and as your day, so your strength has been, although you may often have been like Israel of old, where it says, "The people were discouraged by reason of the way." Ah, dear friend, the way does appear a rough one at times, but in our right minds we would not like to be out of it. That the Lord will spare your life and bless you, and your dear afflicted partner, is the sincere desire of

Your unworthy friend,

— ELIJAH COE.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—A stranger looking about some weeks since, found Mr. Glaskin, of Brighton, preaching in the Town

hall. The services are said to have been attended with joyful results. Has not "A Stranger" found out Mr. Thomas Edwards, nor Hanover, nor Rebooth? The truth in its various aspects is proclaimed in that delightful health resort. We could not direct "A Stranger" where to find "a home." The heart has many a lodging-place, but only once a home. Besides brother Edwards, we do not know another. But we are nobody.

Notes of the Month.

THE ven. Mr. Gooch died in Norwich, Nov. 24, 1879, at eighty-three. For about sixty years he had preached in Norfolk and Suffolk. Dec. 7, 1879, the City-road Wesleyan Cathedral was nearly destroyed by fire. How mysterious are many of our London fires! Our brother Joseph Flory has been detained at home in Cheltenham, his beloved wife having been dangerously ill. We are thankful brother R. Bowles has been permitted once more to speak to his people at Hertford. Brother Crowther is not sufficiently recovered to go forth fully in his work at Lockwood, but we hope the Spring will see him stronger. Brother John Inward, at Homerton, has partially recovered. We have seen and heard of many in affliction, and have gone to the grave with some. We are all marching to the end of this frail life. Here and there an old veteran blossoms in the winter, and seems to commence life anew. It is beautiful to see them still bringing forth fruit in old age.

MR. COVELL'S FUNERAL DISCOURSE, as described and quoted by the local papers, is given in "Cheering Words." On account of the space occupied this month in giving a review of Mr. Covell's life and death, many things are deferred. Of a man so highly favoured we feel constrained to endeavour to glorify the grace of God which was in and with him.

Marriage.

On Dec. 11, 1879, at the Registry Office, Brixton-road, Mr. Samuel Ponsford, of Clapham, to Martha Stockwell, of Aylesbury.

Deaths.

Dec. 16, 1879, Mrs. Marriott, the widow of the late Mr. Marriott, of Camberwell, both of whom were the honoured and beloved members of the once happy and prosperous Church in Crosby-row.

On Nov. 11, 1879, at 4, Bengeworth-road, Cold Harbour-lane, Mary Venimore, aged 68, widow of the late Vincent Caroy Venimore, of Wallingford. Many years a member of the Surrey Tabernacle. Interred at Nunhead Cemetery.

On Dec. 14, Mr. Henry Walker, in his eightieth year, an old preacher in the *Standard* connection. His wife was buried only the previous Monday.

“The Grand Old Gospel!”

THE MINISTRY AND THE CHURCH.

“Blessed is that servant who, when his Lord cometh, He shall find so DOING.”

“IT is high time,” saith Elimelech the elder, “that some measures be taken to prevent our Churches being split and scattered by the self-will of crafty and conceited novices.”

A lamentable case that in the East! And so long as Churches allow any upstart to be thrust upon them by nobody-knows-who, such calamities will follow one upon another, until we shall be all but drowned in a sea of confusion.

Like the awful break over “the Tay,” the Church referred to allows itself to be plunged into a sea of trouble by one whose principles we proved to be weak, if not worthless, ere he determined to thrust himself upon the first body of weak and silly people he could obtain an entrance into. We know the lad too well; and we are distressed to find others are “buying” the same experience.

What a bundle of chapters we could write! But the country is gone mad with the idea that the college is a guarantee of success and prosperity!

As we have travelled about these many years, we have found that the popular idea of “the college” is not always confirmed. Success in spiritual prosperity is not realised. Great excitement is produced on the advent of the collegian; but ere long, in many cases, a permanent progression is not reached. Nothing against colleges or schools will we write. The tide has set in against us! The boys and the blustering brave men (as Mr. Hugh Stowell Brown told the Shoreditch people the other evening—the fellows), who can boast and bluster away, these men can convert (or pervert) a thousand to their theory, while unto the living God we cannot convert one soul.

Dr. Raleigh has lately admitted there is a great change coming over

“THE EVANGELICAL FAITH.”

He admitted that they did believe in God, in Christ, and in the work of Christ; but, of the HOLY GHOST, the Doctor never said one word, if the report is correctly given. *The Fountain*, in referring to the Doctor’s paper, makes a *confession* which, we suppose, is Dr. Joseph Parker’s comment upon the paper Dr. Raleigh read, and to which we have referred. We were surprised to find such a statement. *The Fountain* says:—

“There has been some talk recently about the ‘changed aspect of the Evangelical faith.’ Dr. Raleigh has spoken upon the subject with his usual wisdom and grace very much to our satisfaction; but even his noble paper merely touches a few points in an almost immeasurable circumference. How has the ‘change’ come about? Not violently, but by a very subtle gradualness. Who preaches now upon the effectual calling? Divine sovereignty? The power of grace? Adoption? Assurance? God’s arrows broken in Zion? Mr. Spurgeon preaches upon these

subjects, and Mr. Spurgeon is the chief Evangelical preacher in the world. We have nearly all turned away from those savoury topics, and have set up as preachers on the nine small ha'pennies of our own cleverness. We are ingenious in milking dry cows. We are splendidly gifted in the art of text-splitting. We preach on 'Unknowableness,' 'The beautiful,' 'Innate ideas,' 'Philosophic exceptions,' 'Absolute and infinite,' and Paganisms, many and bewildering. We are all too clever. Old-fashioned breadth and massiveness of teaching is forgotten, or deliberately abandoned. Let us return, and set forth the sweet Word in all its wealth of truth and tenderness, and the world's sad heart will answer us with all its love. We have not so much fear of pulpit-infidels as we have of pulpit-trimmers, and of the infinitely grand rubbish that is talked about preaching to the day, and keeping abreast of the time."

AS A WARNING AGAINST FALSE AND FASHIONABLE PREACHERS,

we consider the confession of *The Fountain* ought to be circulated through all the Churches of the land. Just separately weigh the different sentences, for they are full of terrible meanings.

First, it is admitted that there has gradually come in a change in the evangelical faith.

Who first dared to change the commandment given to Adam by the Almighty? It was the Satanic serpent, of whom the HOLY GHOST speaketh so deliberately, so distinctly, so sternly:—"Now the serpent was more *subtle* than any beast of the field which the LORD GOD had made."

"*More subtle!*" How does Dr. Nuttall expound that word "*subtle*?" He says it means "*thin, nice, delicate, sly, cunning, insinuating, DECEITFUL (Oh, dreadful!), refined, acute.*" It was not the lion coming roaring, nor the elephant coming trampling down the commandment. No! It was the sly, the sleek, the deceitful, the false, yet, the refined, the nice, the fascinating serpent which contradicted the Word of God.

And who is it now that dares to "*change* the Evangelical faith?" Who is it? Did Calvin change it? Did Luther attempt to alter it? Did Romaine or Hawker? Did Whitefield or Huntington? Philpot once called James Wells by a very unhappy name; but he never changed the Evangelical faith. James Wells "*contended most earnestly for the faith once for all delivered unto the saints.*" Our late lamented brother was faithful unto death; and he has received the crown of life.

Who in the present day dares attempt to change the Evangelical faith? Does Arthur Baker, "*the soldier preacher,*" as they call him? Not he! Does that immense boatswain at Margate, John Wise, of Mount Ephraim? No! Does Thomas Stringer, of Trinity chapel, in the Borough; or Thomas Steed, of Stepney; or R. A. Lawrence, of Bermondsey; or C. Cornwell, of Brixton? Does Henry Myerson, or William Webb, or a host more of our plain, truthful men? Will John Bennett, the Boanerges of Wilderness-row, or Henry Hanks, of Woolwich? Shall we some day hear that Daniel Allen, of Sydney, has "*gone over?*" No fear. Like Chrysostom, they would stand ready to be sawn in sunder first.

Of the sleek and the smooth, who once professed to be with us, but have gradually waned away, we say nothing: each one to his own master standeth or falleth. But is it not a fulfilment of New Testament prophecy, written by Paul, when the clever editor of *The Fountain* says: "We have nearly all turned away from those savoury topics" (the distinguishing doctrines of grace). "We are too clever. Old-

fashioned breadth and massiveness of teaching is forgotten, or deliberately abandoned?" Is not this the filling-up of that prediction: "In the last days perilous times shall come. A *form* of godliness, but denying the power; ever learning, yet never able to come to the knowledge of the truth?"

As on our watch-tower we stand, and look through the ranks of our Churches; as we read the discourses and debates of the men whose leader declares that "the last dogma of Calvinism" which he discarded was "the final perseverance of the saints;" as we grieve over the wounds and wretched barrenness in our own section, we burn with zealous desires to "cry out and shout" beseechingly our unchangeable GOD, through the mediation of His Son JESUS CHRIST, who is "THE SAME yesterday, to-day, for ever," by the power of the Holy Ghost, to fill His servants' hearts with a burning love to Himself, to His Gospel, to His Church, and to the souls of their fellow-men, that it may be seen even in the present time there is a remnant (of devoted men) "according to the election of grace."

We have lately solemnly considered the true character of the ministry, and its relative connection with the household of God, the household of Christ, and its sacred design as respects the ingathering of the redeemed. We wish, if it be God's holy pleasure to permit us, to lay out the different features, branches, and departments of

"THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL."

But it can only come forth in small sections. Meanwhile, let each man who standeth as between the living and the dead, see to it, that his credentials are from heaven, that his conscience is clear, that his conduct, his conversation, his character, and his commission are all of such a nature as will bear the searching of His eye, who has caused it to be written, that "the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is." God have mercy upon us! Cause His face to shine upon us, that we shall be saved!

In connection with the foregoing extract from *The Fountain*, there is a strong piece of sarcasm, which is applicable to many of the so-called

"PULPIT TRIMMERS."

After writing down his verdict upon the "*gradualness which has come over the Evangelical faith*," the editor adds the following:—

"The fact is, we think we are driven to the husks of our own cleverness because we must be original or nothing. What will the deacons say if we are not sparkling? How will Mr. Villikins take it if we do not startle his clayey soul with some new confectioner's cracker, and give him the sweetmeat for Gospel and the motto for doctrine? O, Mr. Villikins, Mr. Villikins, would God the money you are insured for were paid and a receipt given by your heirs. The minister fears you. Villikins makes him tremble. Villikins goes into the vestry and gives his profound opinion of every sermon, and hints broadly whether his 'soul' has been 'fed'—O, Villikins, be thankful that manslaughter is forbidden! The minister always thinks of Villikins. When Villikins is pleased, the minister makes a hearty supper; when Villikins is doubtful, the minister looks wistfully towards his razor-case. Thus we must be original, or Villikins will leave; and when Villikins leaves, the Church will be poor indeed. A plague on Villikins! May a bicycle nearly run over him every day, and a chained mastiff be the terror of his life. To our ministerial readers we would say—Live above Villikins, and trust to the call which summoned you to your glorious toil."

There! ye pastors who tremble in your shoes lest some rich old gentleman or lady should not be pleased with your vivacity and sparkling genius; there, men and brethren, let us more than ever study to shew ourselves approved unto God, WORKMEN who need never to be ashamed, RIGHTLY DIVIDING THE WORD OF TRUTH.

And may we watch for souls (and not only for the sovereign) as those that must give an account. Even so prayeth your friend,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

The Elders, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
January 20th, 1880.

SALVATION FROM THE DEEP.

BY SAMUEL COZENS.

“When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.”
—Psa. lxi. 2.

“True religion’s more than notion,
Something must be known and felt.”

“A form of words, tho’ e’er so sound,
Can never save the soul.”

AND the more one reads the Scriptures, and the more one is exercised unto godliness, the more one pities those poor deluded creatures who on their own works rely. Pharisees may say their long stereotyped prayers, and put the flattering unction to their souls that they have performed a very pious service. Listen to them from January to December, they go over the same ground, and use the same words.

I once relieved a person who represented that he had had a loss. I repaired that loss. A short time after I called at a friend’s, and the said beggar was at the door. I saw the lady’s face was full of pity and that her sympathies were aroused, and I asked, “What tale is he telling you?” and I found that he had made the same statement of loss of money that he had made to me. Months passed away, and in another guise, in rags and tatters, he came to my door with the same story. I said, “You were here sometime ago with the same tale.” “No, sir.” I knew his face and voice too well to be deceived. But he still held out his hand; and deceiver that he was, I could not but pity his wretchedness, and gave him relief.

Now Pharisees are something like that beggar—they have but one tale to tell, and they always tell the same tale, or say the same prayers. These are the vain repetitions that our Lord would not allow His disciples to use. Ritualists rush over their lessons and litanies, their creeds and collects, their psalms and prayers, and think they have done God service. But God is no more served by the reading of Divinity in which we have no faith, than in saying prayers in which we have no heart. David’s prayers were the prayers of his heart, and those prayers were dictated by the troubles of his heart: “When my heart is overwhelmed.” “These people draw near to Me with the mouth, but their heart is far from Me.” Let me speak to you—

Firstly.—Of prayer as a cry: “Hear my cry, O God.” The first thing in real religion is a cry. The child of God, like the child of man,

comes into life with a cry. The new-born babe comes crying into a sinful world, and the new-born soul comes into the spiritual world with the cry of distress, arising from the deep convictions of sin; the cries and tears of penitent souls are cries of anguish and tears of deepest sorrow. Many new-born souls can say, "My tears have been my meat day and night." The sorrows of the soul for sin are sorrows indeed. There are no sorrows like them. The cry of the conscience, wounded by the arrows of the Almighty, is the cry of agony. And when upon these wounds come the wounds of many a fiery dart, the soul is filled with moral anguish. Oh, to have the law of God thundering in one ear and the temptations of the wicked one thundering in the other ear. When the arrows of the Almighty, and the fiery darts of the devil are coming thick and fast into the soul, it is a time of crying. When God quickens into life, Satan tries to put out that life. When the arrows of the Almighty were drinking up Job's spirit (Job vi. 4), Satan was tempting him to put an end to his miserable existence. Satan aimed at his life, but he could not reach it. David says: "Thine arrows stick fast in me." Ay, and he was sore broken in the place of dragons. It is sorry work in the soul when God and the devil seem to be against us. But God is only correcting us, to deliver us from our adversary the devil, and he doesn't like to give us up.

"Hear my cry, O God!" He will hear the cry of the destitute. David was in terrible earnest, because he was in terrible trouble, terribly tossed with the tempest in the sea of great tribulation. "Hear my cry"—it is the cry of one buffeted by the waves. It is a terrible sensation when battling with the waves against a strong current, to feel your strength failing, and to see the world receding from you. The soul becomes a soul then, when we feel at the very entrance of eternity. I know something of this. Oh, what a cry went up to heaven then, and what a redoubling of effort.

Secondly.—Notice the state, "When my heart is overwhelmed." "Overwhelmed." Sometimes the dark waves of adversity come dashing in upon a man without a moment's warning, and sweep away everything before it. How suddenly were the victims of the Glasgow bank failure involved in utter ruin! Rich yesterday, in deepest penury today. How suddenly and unexpectedly did the waves of trouble come upon the patriarch Job! In those days of overwhelming trouble, he sought and found the Rock, and with an iron pen he inscribed the record of his salvation. Breast the wave, Christian! Look to the Rock. Invoke the hand Divine; and though a thousand waves of trouble dash over thee, thou shalt be saved. Remember that if He takes away with one hand, He can give with another. If this be the time of trouble, let it be the time of trust. For He who hath prepared for you a kingdom will provide for the journey by the way.

"If God is mine, then present things
And things to come are mine."

I say If, because some in the affairs of this life are carried away as with a flood. We have seen some suddenly overthrown in their affairs and never redeemed from their calamities as Job was. He, like the Psalmist, and like Jonah, sought the Lord in his trouble, and He delivered him out of his distresses, as He has ever done all those who make Him their Refuge and Strength. The reason why so many are

in trouble is because they try without God's help to deliver themselves. When God gives trouble, who then can give peace? It is by terrible things in righteousness that some are taught their dependence on God. If God is not our Counsellor and Hope, the counsels of our own heart will lead us to acts of ruinable folly. God will be acknowledged in the affairs of men, and when He is not, nothing but disaster and distress will come to us. Sometimes the billows of temptation roll in upon the child of God like an impetuous flood, and carries him away from the rock of his steadfastness into deep waters, where there is no standing. And the great leviathan sucks him into a very belly of hell. So Jonah, so David. But Jonah looked up to the Rock of his salvation and was delivered. And so was David (Psa. xl.). God brought his tempted soul out of the pit, and put his feet upon a Rock, and established his goings. The heart is a sea of iniquity; and when the wind of temptation beats upon it, and raises a tempest of passion, what raging waves roll over the soul! And then the inner life, the better life, invokes the safety of the Rock, and cries out for God to calm the surges of the wind and bid the sea "be still." Like voyagers across the seas, we are exposed to sudden squalls. And these come upon us when the sea is most calm and untroubled. "I looked for peace, and behold trouble." "When I looked for good, then evil came unto me" (Job xxx. 26).

"Oh, how the skipper's voice rings thro' the air—
'Keep a sharp look-out there!'"

And when that command is repeated in a loud voice, every eye is on the look-out, for squalls or dangers are nigh at hand. Half the wrecks at sea occur from the neglect of the "look-out;" and half of the human wrecks which have gone down into the deeps of social oblivion, or that have been stranded on the shores of criminal history, have neglected the faithful warning of the great Shipmaster, and the beacon lights that glitter from those points of danger where many a gallant craft has gone to pieces on the breakers. "Rocks ahead!" is a terrible announcement when we are running before the wind; aye, and there are rocks ahead in our most prosperous times. Therefore, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch" (Mark xiii. 37). Watch and pray to be kept watching against danger.

A man's sins sometime in his life come rolling in upon him like a tidal wave, and his past life becomes to him as a troubled sea, upon which he is tossed about like a shipwrecked mariner in a tempest of despair. How the guilty scenes of his life, like angry waves, roll over his shipwrecked soul! How fearful he is that the deep will swallow him up, and shut her mouth upon him! If he rises above one wave, he is struck down by another. "Wave upon wave is severe work for the strongest swimmer."

"The more I strove against sin's power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
'Come hither, soul, I am the Way.'"

Thirdly.—Notice the prayer of the shipwrecked soul: "Lead me to the Rock," &c. The vessel of carnal security, of sinful pleasure, of commercial prosperity, in which he has been sailing, has gone down, or he has been washed overboard by some adverse wave or by some mighty billow of conviction. And there he is struggling in the waves—in the

waves of trouble, in the waves of conviction — for life. There is nothing much more exciting on board ship than the cry, "A man overboard." O how he cries for help! Immediately the life-buoy and ropes are thrown out to him; and when we see a poor creature in the deep waters of tribulation, we throw out the strong rope of God's Word to him, saying, "O man of God, flee these things. . . . lay hold on eternal life" (1 Tim. vi. 12). And that never-failing life-belt: Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He clutches that life-belt, and is saved. I never knew a man overboard stop to ask if he may take hold of the rope or the life-buoy. No! no! no! But the man in the text is one in deep waters, with nothing within the range of his vision but a Rock towering high above the proud waves of the sea. O if he could but reach that Rock! If he could but climb to the top of that Rock! But the waves have well-nigh beaten the breath out of his body and buffeted his life away. His strength is failing, and he despairs of ever reaching it by his own feeble efforts; and then he thinks of the hand Divine, and prays: "Lead me to the Rock." It is a good thing when we are brought to despair of salvation by our own efforts, when we put the hand of weakness into the hand of Omnipotence, saying, "Lead me—lead me to the Rock."

This leads me in the last place to speak of the Rock. The great thought that comforts me is this:—The Rock that is higher than I is deeper than I. Yes, blessed be His name for ever, He is deeper than the depths that overwhelm me. The Rock that lifts its head high above the waves hath its base beneath the sea. He is higher than I in His glorious Divinity—He is deeper than I in His suffering humanity. We have only been tossed about on the waves, but Christ could say—and He only could say—"All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over Me" (Psalm xlii. 7). We have in this Rock the double nature, or the plurality of natures in Christ. The complexity of Christ was a great theme of David's. We find this subject in many of the Psalms, but especially in the 45th and 89th. I cannot quote them now. I will only give you one verse as a sample of many: "Then thou spakest in vision to Thy Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon One that is mighty: I have exalted One chosen out of the people" (Psalm lxxxix. 19). Here you have the two natures of Christ as the mighty God, and as a Man chosen out of the people, and the help that was laid upon Him for us: "I have laid help upon One that is mighty," or I have laid equiponderant help—that is, weight for weight, equality of weight. Christ balanced the law. Weighed in that balance, He was not found wanting. He balanced the scales of justice with His groans, and tears, and sufferings, and sacrifice; and then justice put up his scales and sanctioned the admission of a thief into Paradise. The verb denotes "to equalise," "to make one thing equal to another, as a means to an end." Christ was equal with God, equal with man, equal to the work which the Father gave Him to do, equal to the law, equal to our obligations, and thus He became the Rock of our salvation. Time is gone and I must close. Amen.

AND is Jesus our brother alive indeed? and doth He call us brethren? and doth He talk thus lovingly to us? whose heart would not this overcome?—*Dr. Goodwin.*

THE LORD'S WAY IN THE SEA.

A PAPER WRITTEN BY MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER, OF GOMERSAL, IN
THE TIME OF HIS AFFLICTION.

(Concluded from page 372, Vol. XXXV.)

"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known."—Psalm lxxvii. 19.

WHEN David said, "Thy path is in great waters," it does not appear as if he intended merely to repeat in another form the same thing over again, although such mode of repetition is not uncommon in the Scriptures. But he seems to refer to another form of Christian exercise and trial, in which it is customary for God to meet with, and make Himself and His power known unto, His people. Whilst the "sea" expresses the wide expanse of ocean, the "great waters" may be understood as having reference to rivers, floods, or clouds, where "great waters" may be understood, sometimes as pent up, and at others as rushing with impetuous force. The idea of their being pent up is conveyed to us in God's creation mandate and its results: "And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament." We have the idea of impetuous and rushing waters in the "opening of the windows of heaven and breaking up of the fountains of the great deep," at the Deluge, or in the vision of Ezekiel (chap. xlvi.) of the waters that issued from the house of the Lord and became a great river. Or we may understand the mountain torrent or the inundating and impetuous river to be referred to.

Now there are many senses in which God's people experience the force of great rivers, or waters, and have to bless God that He has a path there too, and has appeared for their support or rescue when otherwise they must have been overwhelmed by the floods. The *course of this world* is a great water along which the whole human family are borne unconsciously and unresistingly until they are quickened into new life and consciousness; carried along by the stream they are being hurried on to perdition, and are in what is called, "the broad road, that leads to destruction." When they truly see their danger, they see at the same time their incapacity to deliver themselves from it, and become alarmed at their apparently inevitable fate, and cry out in every direction for help and rescue. Borne along by the ever-flowing stream, they seem doomed to destruction, till an unseen, and at the time an unknown, power arrests their progress, and enables them to make some stand against the unrelenting flood, the fury and force of which they now feel more than ever as it presses against them as if with renewed determination to carry them with it in its headlong course. As they stand at bay, as if on the point of yielding from inability to hold on, they find themselves compelled to make an effort to move, not with, but against, the stream; and as they make the effort, on the one hand, they despair of success for want of power to withstand such a flood; and on the other, are tempted to give up the attempt, and be content to be as others are, and to go where others go. In this struggle human power fails, and human resolutions break down, so that all must submit to be carried along by the stream, unless Divine power intervene to give strength to the weak, and power to the faint. Every

one who is not borne along by the course of this world ceases to be so simply by the exercise of Divine interference and direction ; and whether they stand still, or move against the force of the stream, they do so only by the effect of imparted strength, and through that twofold agency that gives first the *will*, and then the *power* for a conflict in which "by strength no man shall prevail." The experience of spiritual life includes a perpetual struggle against the stream of the course of the world, from which there can be no respite, for "they are not of the world, even as Christ is not of the world, and therefore the world hates them ;" and the "friendship of the world is enmity with God." God's path in these great waters is against the current, and by His presence, strength, and grace, all His children are enabled to bear up against, to contend with, and to triumph over, the course of this world, and although it is a constant conflict, "they overcome the world by faith," and are not "conformed to it, but transformed from it by the renewing of their mind."

Another "great water," and their experience of, and passage through, it, is thus described by God's Word through Isaiah to Israel : "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee ;" and David seems to allude to the same when he said, "Thou broughtest us into the net ; Thou laidst affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads : we went through fire and through water, but Thou broughtest us into a wealthy place." Here are three kinds of exercise referred to—namely, temptation, or "being brought into the net ;" bodily affliction, or "affliction laid upon the loins ;" and persecution, or "men riding over the head," through all of which, more or less, all God's children pass, and from which they are rescued and delivered by Him whose "path is in the great waters," and of whom they have often to say, with David, "He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters." God Himself speaks comfortingly to His people by reminding them His name is "the Lord, which maketh a way in the sea, and a path in the mighty waters ;" and Christ, among His legacies to His disciples, said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer : I have overcome the world." It is often the case that "the floods of ungodly men make the child of God afraid," but although they fear the power of their persecuting enmity, the preventing mercy of God thwarts the designs of the foe, and causes them to fall into the pits they have digged, whilst His feeble children escape, and are constrained to rejoice that the enemy is not suffered to triumph over them.

"God's path is in every great water" into which His people may be brought, and they are sure to find Him there, and to prove Him to be a compassionate, sustaining, preserving, and delivering God. Whoever has had most experience of difficulties and of great and sore troubles, has also through them had the greatest knowledge of God's readiness to save, and are ever disposed to ascribe all praise to Him and none to themselves. God's path is sometimes WITH the stream for a time—that is, when He uses it for His own praise, for He "turns king's hearts like rivers of water whithersoever He pleases ;" He also "calls the man that executeth His counsel from a far country," and appoints "to carry out His purpose the man who does not know Him ;" prospers his way so long as it pleases Him, then casts him aside as he seeks to

accomplish what is in his own heart. Thus God "makes the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder thereof He restrains;" and as He does this His short-sighted children often think He is making the ungodly to prosper, and stumble at what they do not understand, as if they thought their God was turned to be their enemy. God's path is often *against* the stream, and consists in defeating the plans of men, and in bringing good out of apparent evil, such as the "peaceable fruits of righteousness" out of the "exercise of grievous afflictions." We may say the rule is that God's path is in opposition to the ways, and views, and projects of the world, and as He finds His people in great waters, He gives them strength inconceivable to stand against enemies mightier and stronger than they, that instead of being borne along by the force of the mighty stream, they both stand and make head against it, and they become "as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved," and whilst many watch and expect them to stumble and fall, or to be carried away along the course of the world, they mysteriously continue to show the requisite power to maintain their ground, and seem as immoveable as rocks in the midst of the roaring water.

God's path is sometimes *across* the stream, and thereby shows His faithfulness in "not suffering His people to be tempted above that they are able, but in every temptation makes a way for their escape that they may be able to bear it." If this current seem ready to bear them along in its course, or if they seem almost overwhelmed by its irresistible force, and on the point to perish, He draws them out of the waters, and makes them cross the stream, as Israel crossed Jordan, without further damage or spoil.

David's practical discovery that "God's way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters," was accompanied by a further discovery of a somewhat different kind. The two first were positive, the third was negative. In other words, the two first stated facts that had become to him matters of knowledge, the third was a statement and confession of ignorance—"Thy footsteps are *not* known." There is often as much to unlearn as to learn in the varied things through which we pass. Not only do we come to know things that we previously knew not, but we come to find our ignorance in many things which we supposed we knew. A knowledge of our ignorance is often more valuable than any positive acquirements. It is, as a rule, the case that the more we are conscious of our ignorance, the greater our true knowledge is; and he who does not grow in a sense of his insufficiency, grows not at all in a right way. So, as David learned that "God's way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters," he also was taught that "God's footsteps are *not* known." The great results of God's overruling power are recognised by His people, and yet the *details* of His work are not known. We often know what the end of God's work is to be, when we know nothing of the modes by which it is to be brought about. Peter was told, when he understood not the meaning of the Lord's immediate action towards him: "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter." Like him, we know not the object of God's present acts, or their connection with, or contribution to, the ultimate and well-known ends. We may tell of God's way, and may speak of God's path, but His *footsteps*, or the *details of His movements in providence*, we are incapable of understanding or speaking of correctly. The knowledge of this ignorance is valuable knowledge,

as it prevents our speaking presumptuously of the immediate tendency and object of God's acts, and also restrains us from imputing motives to the Most High, as if He were actuated by human objects, or influenced by fluctuations of love or anger! Many who in their presumption think they can understand and explain God's footsteps, take upon them to say that such and such visitations, national, local, or personal, are in retribution for such and such sins and offences, and thus represent God as if provoked to act under the dictates of a petty vindictiveness, in His ways towards men. They who know most of God are least ready to assume the place of interpreters of His immediate footsteps, and most conscious of their incapacity to do so. Many timorous and ignorant souls cause themselves much needless distress by supposing God is angry if He afflict or thwart them, and that they are to find out the cause, and in some way make an amendment by which He may be induced to withdraw His rod; whereas, it is often the case that what they suppose to be in anger is truly in love, and what they think is vindictive is simply preventive. To attribute motives to God's individual acts is wholly a mistake of which all the Lord's people do well to be aware, for it is both dishonouring to God, and destructive of comfort to ourselves. It at the same time shows a practical ignorance of those principles of Divine action which are disclosed in the Gospel, and arise out of the provisions of that "everlasting covenant which is ordered in all things and sure." Designing men and crafty priests often use this system of imputing motives to the Most High in His immediate acts, as a means of power over the minds and consciences of men, by which they hold them in a species of timid subjection, and more readily bring them under the influence of their superstitious and lying dominion; but such duplicity deserves exposure and contempt as a mere cunning deceit. Wherever such shallow pretences are assumed, it is not to be wondered at if infidelity and rationalism laugh it to scorn, and are encouraged by it to assert their own reliability; and in truth it may be said the rationalist has a more correct idea of the acts of the Great Eternal than such leaders of the blind display. Some of Job's friends were disposed to attribute his great affliction to some "cause" in himself, to some "secret thing with him," but he more properly explained the Divine object when he said: "He performeth the thing that is appointed for me, and many such things are with Him."

In concluding this paper we may say, Whenever God's people are brought into a "sea" of suffering, sorrow, and trouble, they may rely upon it, God will find them, and they will find Him, THERE, for "His way is in the sea," and we learn His way by being brought there. And whenever they are made to feel the force of the swelling river of the course of this world, or other similar impetuous streams, there they will find "God has a path," and *with* the stream, or *against* the stream, or *across* the stream, He will sustain and make a way of escape and safety. But whenever they think to trace His footsteps in His individual acts of providence or attribute motives of love or hatred to those acts, they are meddling with a subject that "is too wonderful for them, so high, that they cannot attain unto it." But this they are told on the highest authority, "All the Lord's ways are mercy and truth to them that fear Him." And, "all things work together for *good* to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose."

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH
HIS BROTHER IN RUSSIA.

(Continued from page 23.)

MY DEAR BROTHER HESSEL,—Yours of last week to hand. It was joy indeed for me to read the expression of your thoughts on the most important subject of "religion." Truly there is nothing which should make us more earnest in life than to know ourselves, and to have a proper conception of the true God. My dear brother, let me also say plainly that you cannot have a proper knowledge of God unless you know the Anointed—even Jesus Christ the Lord; for Jesus Himself said: "Believe in God, believe also in Me." Dear Hessel, although it is nothing new to you if I say you must believe in God, I know that our dear parents have educated us in the faith of Jews, we have learned that the eternal Jehovah is the God of Israel, but the question is, "Does this knowledge of God as a consuming fire administer any consolation to a poor soul?" Do not we learn from the Holy Bible that no man can see the Lord? You remember how dread filled the heart of Manoah when the angel of God, which revealed himself unto him and his wife, ascended; Manoah exclaimed, "We shall surely die, for we have seen the Lord." Dear brother, to believe in God without the Messiah will only give terror, fear, and misery to the soul. The devil believes in God, but still he is a devil, and shall have his portion. Go through the world, and among all nations and tribes, you shall learn that there is not a man who can have perfect peace—although he may believe in God, and his character may be good—unless he knows by experience that God is his Father and Jesus is his Saviour. I have no doubt your personal feelings must correspond with mine: all is misery if we are to stand before the righteous Judge without an atonement. Thanks be unto God! He has provided an atonement, even the Son of His bosom, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and through whom we have peace, joy, comfort, and a hope of glory. Oh, that the efficacy of the atonement may be applied with power on your soul! I can assure you nothing will please me more, nothing would make me more happy, and yet I must fully confess that I thoroughly expect it: I am quite certain that the earnest prayers which I have sent up to God, and the prayers many of my friends have sent up to the eternal Father, cannot be in vain.

My dear Hessel, I would just answer the objection in your last letter. You say that, after prayerful consideration, you believe in Christianity, yet you confess you think that the doctrines of Christianity are too mysterious and obscure. I certainly differ from you in this statement. You are quite right in telling me freely all your thoughts; nothing pleases me more than to read your thoughts candidly; but, at the same time, it is my duty to prove to you your error and point you out the truth.

That Christian doctrines are obscure and mysterious is not true. There is nothing more simple than the doctrines of Christianity. It is obscure to your understanding because your mind is in a state of confusion. Before I understood the truth of Christianity I, like yourself, thought that Christian doctrines were very unsatisfactory and obscure; but since, by the grace of God, and, I trust, by the teaching of

the Holy Spirit, I can fully understand; in fact, every true Christian can fully comprehend them.

You tell me that Christianity is in error in many things. I therefore say that it is not true. As long as Christianity builds her teachings on the Bible—the Holy Word of God—and her hopes on Jesus Christ, she cannot possibly be in the wrong turning. Judaism, it is true, is wrong; for ye, as Jews, build your hopes on traditional teaching. Ye trust in the merits of the patriarchs, but ye forget that God is just and holy, and He cannot pardon transgressions because the patriarchs were good men. The patriarchs were righteous because they felt themselves as sinners in the sight of the Holy One, and trusted in the Messiah in whom they prophesied, whose coming they looked forward to and predicted. Again I say, Christianity is godlike, Judaism is manlike. May God have mercy upon you, and bring you to Him who delights in mercy, and who saves to the uttermost. I rejoice much in the news you send me that you intend coming to England. I can only say, if you once set your foot on English soil, you will never go back to so-called holy Russia. England is indeed a happy and blessed country, and English Christians are indeed the lights of the world. To me one English poor working man is much dearer and beloved than all the noble aristocracy of Russia and Poland. One of old said, "It is better to be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of the wicked." I say, when referring to England and her people, I would rather dwell among the poorest of English people (of course Protestants) than live in Russia, or even in other countries, among the rich and noble. God bless England, God bless English people, God bless England's Sovereign, the Queen, is my earnest prayer; and also, God bring you safely to happy England!

Trusting you are well, and anticipating the pleasure of seeing you soon,

I remain, dear Hessel,

Your ever-loving brother,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

8, Edenbridge-road, South Hackney,
London, E., September, 1879.

HESEL LEVINSOHN'S ANSWER TO ISAAC.

MY LOVING BROTHER ISAAC,—I have much pleasure to acknowledge your letter of September. I thank you for your warm brotherly rebukes and also good wishes. I should be glad to leave Russia at once, but as I am a professor in a Government college I cannot leave until May, 1880. I therefore look forward with pleasure to that month, for it will be delightful to me to see the face of my persecuted and loving brother.

So far as your strong sentences in your last letter are concerned, I must say that I humbly bow to you, and will acknowledge that my mind is in a state of confusion, and will therefore say nothing more in connection with Christianity. I hope I shall see with my eyes, and learn by personal observation. I will certainly say that I feel very miserable. So far as the character of Christ is concerned, I fully see that prophecy is not to be understood unless Jesus of Nazareth be the true Redeemer. But what I cannot understand is this: "He pardons

sins," "heals broken hearts." I am trying to believe in Him, but I cannot possibly realise that my sins are forgiven. If only I could feel myself a pardoned sinner, I would say Amen to all Christian doctrines; but at present I feel that I am a wretched sinner, and, as the wages of sin is death, surely as a sinner I must suffer the penalty due to sinners. My soul is full of fear and terror; I cannot help thinking that if death were to summon me, I should sink into perdition. But I hope that the happy feelings you enjoy may be mine. The burden of sin is heavy on my soul; may God in His mercy open mine eyes, and remove the burden from my soul. So far as my position in Russia is concerned, I am glad to inform you that I have been successful last year to obtain from the University of St. Petersburg the honourable title of "Professor." My income is considerably increased. A few months ago a distinguished Professor in the University College of Grodno was banished through political mischief; he took part in revolutionary movements. I was honoured by having offered to me the position of first professor in that college, Grodno. I only attend a few hours a week. My classes are Russian, German, and Hebrew languages; of course Hebrew among Jewish students only. Although my work is not hard, yet responsibility is great. But one thing is to be said, that we are not at all in quietude, for no one knows what our chief police masters will do in a few hours' time. So many are banished from their homes, and very few people know the reason. But, thank God! I was never interfered with. Whilst others are banished from their loving friends, I am with my few friends, looking forward to be with you.

Trusting you and yours are well,

I am, my dear Isaac,

Your ever-loving brother,

HESSEL LEVINSOHN.

Grodno. November. 1879.

(To be continued.)

WHAT DO YOU PREACH?

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have thought that the controversy about preaching to sinners might be reduced to a very small compass. I think, too, that the ministers of the Gospel are something like lawyers, they have, or seem to have, a love to mystify things, so as to work confusion in the minds of their hearers and readers.

I think the commission given by our Lord Jesus Christ to His apostles, as related in Mark, is as plain as two and two make four—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel (not the law) to every creature." Now does not every creature include saint and sinner? Did the Lord have none but saints to preach to? Did the apostles have none but saints to preach to? Where would the conversions come from if they were already saints? Were not the 3,000 which Peter preached to on the day of Pentecost unbelieving sinners? Then the commission again—"he that believeth." What? Why, THE GOSPEL that they were commanded to preach: "He that believeth shall be saved." Dead sinners are not exhorted to believe; but the Gospel is preached, the Holy

Ghost works faith in the heart of every one who is ordained to eternal life to believe and receive the glad tidings, to the comfort and salvation of their souls: "He that believeth not shall be damned." Surely sinners are included here, and it is the Gospel some hearers will not believe, and the Lord said of those that believed not, that they were in a state of condemnation already. Paul tells us in Acts xxvi. 17, 18, who he was sent to, and what he was sent for. Look at it; especially let the commission, as given by the Lord Himself, be well weighed; look at His practice as well as that of the apostles.

The business of every true minister of Christ is to PREACH THE GOSPEL. Many no doubt profess to preach the Gospel that do not know what the Gospel is; therefore they preach a gospel, and it is a gospel by which they try to frighten sinners into heaven. O that the Lord would inspire His servants in the present day to preach faithfully the Gospel, and neither try to frighten nor yet to drag sinners into heaven. The Lord will see to it that His truth shall not miss of accomplishing that for which He ordained it.

Believe me, yours truly,

R. GRAINGER.

"WHAT LEAVEN REALLY IS."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Your critic, "Cornercott," in the December number of the EARTHEN VESSEL, has not thrown much light upon the subject he has felt himself bound to criticise. I have been a reader of Scripture for some years, and whenever I peruse that sacred volume, I always admire the appropriateness of the figures used by Christ in all His parables. And whenever our Lord explains those parables Himself, He never fails to show that a striking analogy exists between the type and the anti-type. And although the Holy Ghost is silent upon the verse in question, we may be certain that the same analogy exists. This leads us, then, just for the benefit of the uninitiated, to examine for a minute what leaven really is.

No doubt "Cornercott" is fully aware that if a small portion of leaven is subjected to a microscopical examination, a number of small bodies are to be seen floating in a plasma or fluid, and as we watch their movements, we see them budding and giving off other bodies just like themselves. If we subject those little discs to a chemical analysis, we shall find that the protoplasm contained in them, although composed of the same chemical constituents, they are not in the same proportions as in the plasma in which they float and from which they draw their sustenance.

These two facts at once prove that leaven is life, and although it is the lowest form of life with which we are acquainted, yet it is beyond the power of both men and devils to bring one of those little fungi into existence. Now, however the figure leaven may be used in other parts of Scripture, in this verse (Matt. xiii. 33) it is, in my opinion, used to show how the grace of God is deposited in the hearts of His children in the day of regeneration. It is an household figure, it is simple and striking and easy to be understood, and ought not to be strained nor

mystified by comparing it with that vision in Zech. v. with which it has no connection. Leaven, as it occurs in this verse, is in every way fit to set forth the grace of God. The leaven itself is a life that emanated from Christ: "In Him was life."

If we look at the mode of deposit **HID** in the heart, in opposition to the hypocrite's religion, which consists of an outward show; look, too, at the extent of its operation—the *whole* body is to be leavened—whether we make it a personal matter or apply it to the whole Church of God, it is true the *whole* is leavened. The meal is not, and never will be, changed into leaven, but the whole was brought under its influence. And so the grace of God in the hearts of His children does not change the flesh into spirit, but even the flesh is brought under its influence; the elder is made to serve the younger, grace reigns, the flesh is subdued, and must ultimately give up the ghost.

I must confess that I fail to see "corruption" or "wickedness" fit similitudes to set forth the kingdom of God. We nowhere in Scripture read that **SIN** shall reign and *grace shall be subdued*, for where sin is the reigning principle, grace is not to be found. But if the *whole* is to be leavened with "wickedness," ver. 33 is a flat contradiction of ver. 30.

I add no more at present as your space is limited.

HARRIS NUNLEY.

Raunds, Dec. 9, 1879.

[The "leaven" is used in Scripture in a threefold sense. It is worthy of investigation; for, if our ministers could more fully "rightly divide" the Word of truth—even in the parables—their ministry would much more tend to edification. We require more deep searching of God's Holy Word in private, and less of declamatory shouting in public.—ED.]

A SHORT MEDITATION ON PSALM LI. 10.

BY A YOUTHFUL STANDARD-BEARER OF THE OFT-DESPISED YET
EVER-GLORIOUS BLOOD-STAINED BANNER OF THE CROSS.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

"**C**LEANLINESS is next to Godliness." Such is the averment of those who love to couch their utterances in the pleasing and forcible expressions of proverbial sayings. The idea conveyed to the mind of those "spiritually enlightened" upon the perusal of David's penitential prayer is, that the words betoken an undoubted manifestation of a spiritual knowledge, and Divine communion with God, his Creator and Heavenly Father. The first word, "Create," is full of pathos and meaning, unctio and power, indicating that he felt his besetting sin, referred to in the context, to be a mighty barrier between his soul and God, and also an appalling grief to his poor dejected spirit. Methinks he mused thus sadly—God has been good in the past, supremely good, so very kind, so unspeakably precious. I have been assured of my saintship a thousand times, and lifted up when desponding. But this black deed, this unhappy action, now condemns my troubled conscience and downcast soul. But whilst thus sadly ruminating, "the fire burned;" then spake he from the regions of almost complete spiritual despair: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." The first revived gleam of his hitherto well-grounded hope now faintly shines through the darkness by which his soul was

shrouded. He bethinks himself again—God has appeared in every emergency, made crooked things straight, and rough places plain. He solaced me when writhing beneath the almost crushing burden experienced by the loss of Absalom, whom I loved as my own flesh. He preserved me when hunted and pursued by the cruel and deceitful Saul, who would fain have slain me; and even now, when reviewing the extreme dearth and barrenness of my “desperately wicked heart,” I cannot even now refrain from making known “my urgent request to Him who fills the throne of grace in the court of heaven.” And thus actuated by these hopes, he again pours out from his inmost soul the fervent cry—“Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.” The peace and joy resulting from his necessitous plea for pardon proved unmistakably that “God still liveth,” is still “King in Zion,” and still bestows His grace and mercy freely upon His disobedient, yet repentant children. His prayer is heard, for God turned not His face from beholding, and listening to his confession of guilt and misery, and therefore David, as a mighty wrestler like Jacob of old, wrestled and prevailed. Yet his prayer would not have been so poignant in its nature, and of such extreme importunity in its import, had he not in reality felt starvation of soul ensuing from his past miserable sins, and so from sheer necessity he lifts up his voice in supplication, is answered, and thus testifies to the goodness of the Lord by saying: “Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causeth to approach unto Thee.” The Friend that loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother, proved by His compassionate condescension that He ever befriends by deed, and hence is the Friend in need of those who, by the Spirit’s influence, come unto Him by faith. David indeed pleaded powerfully, but not because of inherent holiness and goodness, for, through the mercy of sovereign grace, he had been divested of every shred and vestige of self-righteousness. His earnest entreaty and honest-hearted petitions found acceptance in the “holy of holies” in consequence of his addressing God as the Object of prayer, the Holy Ghost as the Inditer, and Jesus Christ as the new and living Way, whereby we may approach the throne of mercy and grace. But to close this brief reflection upon the prayer of the holy man of God with a short summary of its purport. It seems as if we could have heard him speaking somewhat like this to the accusing voice of his conscience: Sin is, indeed, still beguiling, and equally alluring as in the days of mother Eve and father Adam; Satan, too, is still roaming about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. But though all this be true, I do want, and that feelingly, to have granted me “a token for good,” a proof of my heavenly relationship, so that I may praise the name of my God. Mark, O Christian, I beseech thee, learn well this prayer if experience and circumstances have not ere now constrained you so to do, and may the Comforter Divine draw forth your ardent love and holy fervour of soul whilst you pray, “Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.” May it be ours in the unity of the Spirit collectively, and in the bond of peace individually and experimentally, to have fellowship with the Father of all our mercies, and to testify with gratitude, in the words of the Psalmist, that we love the Lord because He hath heard our voice and our supplications, so that we feel constrained to call upon Him as long as we live.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

THE *Protestant Dissenters' Almanac* for 1880 contains, along with much useful, general, and denominational information, a valuable and deeply interesting paper on "The History of Non-conformity," by Dr. F. Burrow, M.A., in which a "Summary of Events in the History of Protestant Dissent" is very concisely given. We commend the careful perusal of this paper to our readers, and an investment of sixpence in the purchase of the almanac, for the possession of this portion of its contents, will not, we are sure, be regretted. We rise from its perusal with the following questions forcing themselves powerfully on our mind: "Are any such noble-minded, truth-adhering men left in the world in these days of universal accommodation?" "Do we sufficiently appreciate the liberty of conscience now secured to us by the removal of the Conventicle Act, the Five Mile Act, the Test and Corporation Acts, and other obnoxious restrictions on Dissenters?" "Are we, as Dissenters, as zealous for a true faith, and as regardless of human or State patronage as those who suffered and died for the defence of our religious liberty were?" "Is there not some danger that we are wanting in the name of Nonconformists, whilst we have departed from, or lost, its spirit and practice?" "Are we not, in a measure, drifting into a general basis of conformity which will ultimately lead to the suppression of conscientious decision, and to latitudinarian theory and action?" We submit these questions for the consideration of all who wish to be Nonconformists in fact, and not in name only. (London: R. Banks). W. C.

Jehovah Mighty to Save. A sermon by the REV. J. BATTERSBY. Published by Fisher & Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street, London. These plain, yet powerful, discourses are now printed in a clear, large type, and will, at the end of each year, make very substantial volumes. The enemies of Christ! the triumphs of Christ! the mighty power of Christ's salvation! these are the three branches of this glorious and encouraging sermon.

Israel's Hope and Destiny. Such is the significant title of the January number of a new monthly magazine, published by R. Banks, W. H. Guest, and by Catterall, of Liverpool. The title, "the getting up," and the spirit of the work please us well, so far as we understand the writers; but in the Ident-

ity school we are only looking, listening, wondering, and hoping to learn something! The Identity people charge us with being too hyper-spiritual. We do not at present attempt to justify our position.

The Galeed Chapel Pulpit (Brighton). A sermon by MR. HAZLERIGG. London: J. Gadsby; may be had of J. Farncombe & Sons, 3, Duke-street; and Thomas Tourle, 19, Trafalgar-street, Brighton. Mr. Hazlerigg (in this truly experimental discourse) has clearly exhibited the first part of Job's life as being like many even of believers in the Gospel of Christ,—who, though they are not Pharisees—yet there is much of Pharisaism in and about them. There are hosts of these Job-like professors in our Churches now. Some of them may, ere they die, be broken and emptied as Job was. Then such discourses as this of Mr. Hazlerigg's may be useful to them. It contains "the essence of experience," which we wish to notice more fully another time.

Am I Prepared for It? A ponderous question, answered in a tract by our beloved Thomas Edwards, the pastor of Salem, Tunbridge Wells; and other fruits of his fluent pen are welcome.

A venerable pastor says:—"Send off TEN VOLS. of *Cheering Words* without delay. I showed the pretty little vol. yesterday among my friends, and am quite pleased to send for a parcel. I felt quite melted down while looking at the four brothers. I could pick out the clergyman in a moment from the others, because he is thoroughly clerical from top to toe. I can see in him the image of his Master; and when I read what you said—that he is of the same type as Toplady—it almost made me shed tears for joy. I am a very great admirer of Toplady. What a mercy that the four brothers were all cast in the same mould, and all four valiant men in Israel! May God, for the sake of His good cause, keep you all alive for many years to come, and keep you in peace and safety from every foe, and from the strife of tongues. The 'four brothers' will live when all evil speakers, together with Satan Himself, shall be bruised under their feet, as sure as Jehovah-Jesus reigneth."

A Critique on "The Grand Old Gospel," as stated by the Editor in his New Year's Address (see EARTHEN VESSEL for Jan., 1880).—MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—

Allow me just to congratulate you, in God's name, on your excellent leader in the EARTHEN VESSEL for January. I do not speak flatteringly of you, that would answer no good end; but honour to whom honour is due, and in this light I praise you, with grateful feelings that the Lord has kept you so honest in His great work, causing you to bear such noble fruit at your advanced age. The article alluded to is one of the most pointed and trenchant that I ever remember reading as coming from your pen. It is as sound in doctrine as God's Word, and severely scathful to the Rev. Baldwin Brown's hypothetical remarks on "The Universal Fatherhood of God." From so broad a sentiment I can draw no consolation. My highest thoughts of love to God do not arise from the simple fact that He is my Father in a literal and creational order, for I am *not* as He made me originally in Adam; sin in me, as in all mankind, has marred His work, and only in a spiritual sense and order do I stand in a higher position than I did in Adam; I receive no more comfort from the "Universal Fatherhood" theory than I do from the law of Moses. The "Universal Fatherhood" system will not save me; redemption is *general* to all the saints, but *particular* to me, experimentally considered. And thus it is that, by the grace of God, I am what I am, and not simply because God is my Creator. May He help you, in whose cause you so earnestly and cheerfully labour, to write and preach what is precious to every believer and glorifying to God; and may you also be enabled to live down all opposition, and at last take your exit from this sinful world in triumph. Pray excuse this feeble, but honest, critique.—Yours, as ever, W. WINTERS.

Present Troubles in the Church. By CHARLES STRONG. This is another witness of the silken-covered form of anti-Christ now dancing, deceiving, and driving hither and thither the myriads of professing peoples. When Satan comes forth as a roaring lion, we can understand him; but when he transforms himself into an angel of light, when he dresses himself up in the sleek, sly, soft beguilements of sisters of mercy, or of bold, brave-looking priests, and praying men; when he pretends to kill himself that he may save everybody; when he preaches the annihilation of hell that he may overcrowd the kingdom of heaven, then he often staggers us, and from all such plausibilities we turn to

Vol. III. of *Grove Chapel Pulpit*, just now issued, with "Sermons by Thomas Bradbury," a strong, thick, dcmy octavo,

of 630 pages, bringing up the number of Mr. Bradbury's published sermons to 156. The motto over the preface to the vol. we quote is in both sides of our experience, so true:

"Change is our portion here!

Yet, midst our changing lot,

Midst withering flowers and tempests drear,

There is—that changes not!

Unchangeable JEHOVAH'S word:

"I WILL BE WITH THEE!" saith the Lord.

The preacher, in his preface to this vol., breathes a spirit of unshaken CONFIDENCE—confidence in the truth of the eternal God—confidence in the chief aim of his ministry "to comfort and to encourage" the Lord's redeemed people. This third vol. contains sixteen discourses on the different features of Christ's person, as described in the fifth chapter of Solomon's Song. These sermons alone are well worth the cost of the whole book, and they will testify to future generations that Thomas Bradbury was "a workman" that was not ashamed, for he "studied to show himself approved unto God;" and before all the people he did "rightly divide the Word of truth." We no more say a confederacy with the *nice-dear-good-men*, of whom he speaks, than doth our brother Thomas Bradbury; but for fifty years and more we have been—in literary circles—associated with many such; and three features we have often been compelled to witness in them: (1) A stern *fidelity* in all time-things—they never deceived us; (2) the existence of a trembling *faith* in "the most adorably mysterious Trinity;" and (3) a *fear* to express themselves so boldly, so intelligently as some can. Where "THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH" has not laid the deep things of God open in a man's soul, and where an early education has produced a strong prejudice, there is more cause for pity than for censure.

We have just received the issues for January of *The Fireside, Day of Days, Hand and Heart, and Home Words*. The Rev. C. Bullock must be next to killing himself in the production of such amazingly pleasing and instructive serials. Step by step, this laborious divine toils on to lead the mind up to the celestial, the supernatural, and the ETERNAL FOUNTAIN OF "ALL TRUTH!" And the many minds who with him work exhibit a sanctified simplicity in the grace of Christ which all free, holy, happy spirits must admire.

"Who died last year out of our Baptist pulpits?" *The Baptist Almanack for 1880* gives you memorials of nearly forty ministers who were called away. The "General Baptists" have their own

annual, but, for the London and Provincial Churches, and for Sunday-school and general information, there is nothing published that can be compared with *The Baptist Almanack* for 1880, for 2d., or strongly interleaved for 4d., of Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street; of whom also may be had *Cheering Words Annual*, with the frontispiece of "The Four Brothers." We are a little pleased with Mr. W. Winters's highly literary paper on these four ministers, although we do not fancy any one of them think much of themselves—at least, we imagine "The Village Preacher" does not of himself, and he has lived long enough to let others think as they will.

Dr. Young's new *Analytical Concordance to the Bible* is a work of much more value than we can explain in a brief note. One word we may safely give, it is the work every good minister may derive an immense amount of pulpit preparation from.

"All about the bones." No. 1 of *Gospel Tracts for Living Souls*. By J. HAINES, Ross-road, Abbey-lane, Stratford. Full of marrow; but, until the bones are broken, the marrow cannot be found. It gives excruciating pain when the bones are broken; but no man can feed the Church of God if he is unbroken, yet multitudes of the high-and-dry pretend to do it, because now they are well paid, not cast into prison, as in olden time.

We quote the following from a local journal:—"The Pilgrim of Ether Castle is the title of an octavo volume written by Mr. J. W. Stanford, of Minster, and published a short time since. We have read the work and followed the career of the various characters with considerable interest. The scene of the tale is our own county, and illustrates the persecutions endured by adherents of the Protestant faith at the time of the Reformation, even among those who occupied good positions in society. Copies of the work may be obtained of the publisher, Mr. Robert Banks." We believe that the Protestant reading public are becoming alive to the intrinsic value of this work, which is yet destined to circulate extensively. One gentleman has had four-and-twenty volumes for gifts.

What Must I Do to be Saved? A tract by THOMAS EDWARDS, Minister of Salem Chapel, Tunbridge Wells. From Bible teaching the question is answered, and then the writer says:—"Reader, have we already come? or are we now coming in faith, hope, and feeling? or are we among

the despisers of Christ and His Gospel? for He saith, in Luke xix. 27: 'Bring those Mine enemies, that would not that I should reign over them, and slay them before Me!' While, on the other hand: 'He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry (for mercy), and will save them.' However, after all we have written, objections like the following may still arise in some minds: 'Is my repentance of the right kind? Do I come aright to the Lord Jesus Christ? Is my faith a Scriptural one? Is my spot the spot of His people? Are my convictions for sin sufficiently deep to warrant me to expect mercy? Or are my sins of such a scarlet and crimson hue as to exclude me from all hope of mercy?' Our answer to all these questions is: If you can conscientiously pray with David, 'Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people; O, visit me with Thy salvation;' if you are convinced there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby you can be saved, then rest assured that the Lord will overrule all the above objections upon thy part, and in no wise cast thee out." We would scatter tracts of this kind very freely. We now and then meet with broken hearts who are yet asking "what to do!"

New Year's Address, Setting Forth the Doctrines of Grace, for 1880. By REV. ED. WILKINSON, M.A., Ph.D., Rector of Snargate, Kent. London: Shaw & Co. A thoroughly country rectory, like that of Snargate, is rather a severe place of test for a faithful and truthful Gospel minister. This Mr. Wilkinson has had painfully to witness. He says:—"I am convinced that there is no stronger evidence of a reprobate mind, and of being under the bondage of Satan, than is a deep-rooted enmity to the blessed Gospel of the grace of God, and to His faithful ministers. The ungodly take no notice of this sin; but to the enlightened child of God, who lives with the fear of God before his eyes, there can be no greater sin!" It is delightful to learn from this address that Mr. Wilkinson has been favoured to draw together a "little flock" of humble, devout followers of the Lord Jesus. "These," he says, "are the very joy and rejoicing of my heart; and we are closely attached to each other by the bonds of a living faith in a Covenant-Head—even JESUS CHRIST." We gladly recommend all who spiritually hunger and thirst after a plain feast of fat things, to procure this threepenny "New Year's Address," by the Rector of Snargate, Kent.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE GREAT MEETING AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

[The following report is from the able and highly-appreciated pen of Mr. W. Winters, whose kindness towards us has been unbounded. His heart and hand are ever ready to render good service to our Churches. The Lord will reward him.—C. W. B.]

"Nulla dies sine linea."

"No day without its mark."

So reads the graphic motto on the old sundial of Ellerslie, and which is beautifully suggestive of the interesting mark made on the annals of the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey-street, Walworth-road, consequent upon the Strict Baptist demonstration realised within the walls of that sacred and noble edifice on Tuesday, January 13, 1880. The pleasing circumstances of the day will not soon be forgotten by many of the representatives of the Strict Baptist body who took part in the proceedings. The marked features of the occasion pointed with special meaning—like the sun on the *gnomon* of the dial—to one well-known figure on the shady side of life—namely, Charles Waters Banks—and since the renowned and highly-esteemed Mr. Jas. Wells fell asleep in Jesus, it has not been our pleasure to behold so vast an assemblage of persons in the Surrey Tabernacle as was gathered on the 13th ult. to witness the presentation of six hundred pounds to C. W. Banks, the editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* and *Cheering Words*. The origin and progress of the testimonial has been fairly ventilated during the last two years in the pages of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* and other contemporary publications. Nothing respecting the movement has been done in a corner, but all business transactions therewith have, as far as we are aware, been executed in a straightforward and honourable manner, and which does considerable credit to the persevering secretary, Mr. J. Bonney, the trust-worthy treasurer, Mr. F. Jacquery, in conjunction with the following hard-working members of the committee: Messrs. J. E. Eisey, J. J. Fowler, T. King, H. Myerson, and D. Stanton. We look at the six hundred pounds not altogether according to its money value, but we are constrained to look at it as the *heart money* of upwards of 15,000 contributors, which, despite of all prejudice, amazingly testifies of the high esteem in which C. W. Banks is held, as well also as that of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* and the *Cheering Words*, by the Strict Baptists of Great Britain. To talk of the Strict Baptists "dying out" is mere foolish prattle, a threadbare expression of those extraordinary charitable people who would inwardly rejoice to attend the funeral of the last Strict Baptist, and would doubtless return home gloriously satisfied that they had done real service to the country. But that there should be, while the world stands, an

utter extinction of the "sect everywhere spoken against," is morally impossible. Our belief is (and some will be ready to say it is not worth much) that if it were possible for the obsequies to be performed over the remains of the last Strict Baptist hyper-Calvinist, that that moment would witness the termination of time. There is, however, no fear of such a calamity taking place while the Holy Ghost is the great Teacher of inspired truth, and those who are taught are made honest to practise what He teaches, and thus adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. From the vast concourse gathered together on the day in question, and from the unbounded expressions of joy of the same on realising the truth then set forth by each respective speaker, it would appear that the Strict Baptists were far from the regions of the dead, or had the slightest idea of becoming extinct. Such a lively scene must have cheered the heart of C. W. Banks, as also all those ministers and Christian friends in firm association with him.

A great number of ministers honoured the meeting with their presence and help. Noticeable among them were J. Vaughan, T. Bradbury, E. Langford, C. W. Banks, J. W. Banks, M. A., W. Winters, C. Cornwell, J. Mead, J. Griffith, R. A. Lawrence, F. C. Holden, H. Myerson, T. Stringer, W. White, J. Bennett, I. Levinsohn, G. Webb, W. Webb, J. Bonney, J. Norton, J. Eisey, J. Mote, R. Bardens, T. Steed, J. Clark, W. Carpenter, J. H. Dearsly, W. Wheeler, J. Battson, F. Wheeler, E. Beazley, C. Turner, N. Onkey, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Hetherington, J. Whitteridge, J. Howard, W. Hazelton, M. Branch, J. Woodrow, T. Watts, Mr. Shaw, of Gravesend, T. Whittle, C. Mastersou, S. Cozens, and a large number beside.

Other Christian gentlemen, some of whom took part in the meetings: T. M. Whittaker, A. Bouleau, Alderman I. Johnson, T. Carr, J. M. Rundle, W. H. Collingridge, Esq., J. Pells, S. Crownhurst, J. Beach, J. Foster, J. W. Faulkner, J. Wild, and J. W. Banks.

In the afternoon, I. C. Johnson, Esq., occupied the chair, and led the way by an appropriate address on Christian talents, ending with a telling quotation, condensed into nineteen equal lines, from Blum's description of the lost soul, winding up as follows:—

"But the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin."

Mr. W. Carpenter made honourable mention of C. W. Banks in the familiar language of St. Luke vii. 5: "He loveth our nation;" and although he had not built a synagogue, he had helped many destitute

ministers and Churches, and had thereby rendered great service to the cause of Christ.

We were highly glad to see the sturdy, faithful, and much-honoured pastor of Grove chapel, Mr. Thomas Bradbury, on the platform, and it delighted our souls to hear him deliver so noble a testimony in favour of God's eternal truth as he was enabled to do on that auspicious occasion. We believe the Grove friends know a little of the value of their pastor, and how to prize him. Would it were so in all cases of the Christian community.

Mr. Bradbury spoke very respectfully of C. W. Banks, as being a man worthy of the honour about to be bestowed upon him, and avowed his loving attachment to the EARTHEN VESSEL, as that was the first Christian magazine to which he contributed on his settlement in London.

After Mr. Bradbury's excellent speech, the friends sang right earnestly:—

“Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise.”

Mr. Wild, of Hayes, having nearly recovered from his severe bodily affliction, of which he had been the subject for some months past, spoke of his high appreciation of the prayers of the friends in his behalf, and dilated at length on Luke ii. 14 as being applicable to C. W. Banks. The words used were “Goodwill toward men,” the sentiment of which was strictly characteristic of the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

Mr. Steed, with his usual warmth and good humour, treated discursively of Israel's great Leader as portrayed in 1 Chron. xii., and of the free-grace ministry of Christ.

Mr. Vaughan made some well-timed remarks on the usefulness of Mr. Banks' ministry and that of the EARTHEN VESSEL, as many persons in the country were blessed in reading that periodical who could not possibly get to hear a sermon preached.

Mr. Howard (from Birmingham) showed himself a man worthy to bear the pure Gospel tidings into the dark places around where he is now located. He spoke many great and glorious truths warmly and well. We wish him God-speed.

Mr. Bennett spoke with firmness and honesty of C. W. Banks' success, and of his personal knowledge of him during the past forty years; and his convictions were that he (C. W. Banks) preached what he believed. Mr. Bennett's speech was well received by the audience.

Mr. Hetherington prayed, and the grand old doxology closed the afternoon service.

A vast number of friends (estimated at upwards of 800) sat down to tea in the body of the chapel, and the platform was crowded with ministers and lay officials.

EVENING SERVICE.

In the evening at six precisely, service commenced, A. Boulden, Esq., in the chair. Mr. Clark invoked the Divine blessing to rest upon the meeting, after which Mr. J. E. Elsey, one of the executive committee, read the report, which gave great satisfaction to all who heard it. The committee are worthy of the

best thanks of all interested in the laudable movement.

Mr. Boulden expressed his sympathy with the happy circumstance under which they had met, and spoke highly commendatory of C. W. Banks and his life work, although he (the chairman) somewhat regretted that the testimonial should have been so long in hand. This point was, however, subsequently explained by the hon. sec., Mr. Bonney. Mr. Boulden further remarked that C. W. Banks was well-known as a minister of the Gospel and editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, and one particular feature in C. W. Banks' labours was that, through his magazine, hundreds of poor people had received help.

Mr. Myerson was then suddenly introduced as the next speaker, and his speech on prayer and the Lord as our Helper was very refreshing.

T. M. Whittaker, Esq., spoke with great fulness and pathos of the Lord Jesus going about doing good, and that C. W. Banks had followed His example. Mr. Whittaker's genial manner and loving words will not soon be forgotten we are sure.

Mr. J. Griffith, in his mild and colloquial style, cheered our hearts in speaking of the mercy of God and the great good effected by C. W. Banks, the whole of which good will not be fully known in this world.

Jas. Mote, Esq., stated that he had been acquainted with Charles Waters Banks between thirty and forty years, and was still willing to come forward to his honour and address the friends. Mr. Mote spoke highly of the late Mr. Wells, and the kindness evinced by the worthy deacons in allowing the use of the noble edifice for the meeting. Mr. Mote is a gentleman who needs no commendation of ours, as he is well-known throughout the Churches for his firm adherence to the truth which he believes, and the candour and intelligence with which he sets it forth.

Mr. R. C. Bardens testified to the blessing attending the work of C. W. Banks, and of his own love to the Bible, Motes' hymns, and the EARTHEN VESSEL. He spoke earnestly on the words “encourage him.”

Mr. C. Cornwell delivered a short but pleasing address on the subject for which they had met, and closed with some special notices of Psalm xlii. and its dedication.

Mr. Langford gave his thoughts on the purport of the meeting in a very lively manner, at which the audience expressed considerable delight.

Mr. W. Webb, a staunch defender of the good old Gospel of Christ, unburdened his mind respecting his firm belief in undying element of free and sovereign grace; and by this time the audience had become gloriously excited, which necessitated Mr. Webb to put on more lung power.

The friends having sung with great heartiness,

“O God, our Help in ages past,”

Mr. John Bonney then rose and addressed Mr. Banks as “dear father,” and stated in a touching manner the reason of the delay of meeting (which was caused by the illness,

and eventually the death, of Mrs. Bonney). Mr. Bonney then read the memorial which was beautifully written on what appeared to be vellum elaborately illuminated and inserted in an Oxlord and gilt frame, suitable to adorn the walls of a palace, and which we hope will be helpful in spurring up the energies of C. W. Banks, and causing him to take heart when all around looks dark and dreary, and also we hope it will be prized by the Banks's yet unborn, when the remains of C. W. Banks are numbered with the clods of the valley. The following is a copy of the memorial:

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

At a public meeting of the Strict Baptist Churches of England, held at the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey-street, Walworth-road, London, on Tuesday, January 13th, 1880. President Albert Boulden, Esq.,

This memorial was presented to Mr. Charles Waters Banks with the sum of £600, as a testimonial in recognition of 40 years' service as a preacher of the Gospel and 35 years' continuous labour as editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, a monthly magazine devoted to the Strict Baptist Churches, the maintenance of the truths and ordinances of the Gospel, and the declaration of the doctrines of the sovereign and distinguishing grace of God in the salvation of sinners. The testimonial has been raised by the voluntary contributions of Strict Baptist Churches, readers of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* and Christian friends, as an acknowledgment of the long and faithful labours of Mr. Charles Waters Banks, his continued exertions and self-sacrifice to advance the spiritual interests of the Churches of Christ throughout England, in supplying by the *EARTHEN VESSEL* a monthly source of valuable information and spiritual matter, and affording a medium of communication for the Strict Baptists scattered over the whole world.

It was intended to mark by a public acknowledgment and distinctive tribute his fidelity to the truth and faithful adherence to the Word of God, the constant sympathy and aid manifested to the afflicted and necessitous of Christ's flock, his invariable courtesy in aiding the ministers of the Gospel, and the valuable help rendered to the Churches by the free publication of their requirements and services.

This memorial is designed to perpetuate the memory and sacred associations of Mr. C. W. Banks and the Strict Baptist Churches as editor and preacher, and to convey the assurance that his life's labours in the service of Christ for the good of others and the furtherance of the Gospel, are held in grateful esteem by thousands to whom he has ministered from the pulpit and the press.

Mr. Bonney then presented the testimonial to C. W. Banks amidst great applause, and resumed his seat.

C. W. Banks rose to address the meeting, but was prevented for some minutes from speaking by the loud applause of the friends. When that had somewhat subsided, C. W. Banks asked to be allowed to spend a

few minutes in prayer, which added solemnity to the calm. After prayer C. W. Banks said, that he thanked a kind Providence and received the gift as coming from God. During the last half century he had been nearly all over England and Wales preaching the Gospel of Christ. His best London friends had told him that he had gone away from his Church too much, which no doubt was true, but he himself had found it to be his duty to help other Churches in distant parts of the country. We have long seen, in some respects, the force and necessity of such a course of procedure in C. W. Banks visiting other Churches. C. W. Banks is so much appreciated through his writings in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* and "Cheering Words," that many good people are as eager to hear him preach in the far distant parts of the country as they are to read the fruits of his prolific pen. With regard to C. W. Banks' editorial work, the "Freeman" states that "from very early life he (C. W. Banks) had become connected with the press. In 1824 he commenced the 'Weald of Kent Mirror,' later on he was connected with Dr. Molesworth's 'Sunday Reader.' For thirty-six years he had conducted the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, a monthly periodical which enjoyed a large circulation, and he was glad to know that it had been useful in all parts of the world." Several London daily papers spoke well of the meeting and stated that the testimonial was raised by between 16,000 and 17,000 contributors. C. W. Banks concluded his speech by making some remarks on his *Innocence* as to the working of the testimonial, his *Ignorance* as to what the sum would realise, and his *Independence* of man's help, as the Lord had already rewarded him, although he felt grateful for what the friends had done. He observed that some one might say, "What will he do with the money?" Well, he said, were it not that he had a family, he would not hesitate to distribute the whole of it to the Lord's poor. And we believe such to be the truth, and quite compatible with his genial and generous nature. C. W. Banks heartily thanked the deacons for the use of the tabernacle and all the kind friends who had helped the testimonial.

Mr. Thos. Stringer followed with a stirring speech, remarking that he had been personally acquainted with C. W. Banks for forty years and highly regarded him for his work's sake; Mr. Stringer wished that the testimonial had been £6,000 instead of £600, and hoped that success would attend the *EARTHEN VESSEL* and its valiant captain.

Mr. R. A. Lawrence testified to the fact of C. W. Banks' large-heartedness in his usual witty and loveable manner. He also substantiated what had been said respecting the Strict Baptists—that they were not dead yet—for the meeting of the evening gave the lie to the statement so often made by their opponents, that the Strict Baptists were dying out.

Mr. J. Lee spoke a few words on "It is finished," being appropriate to the occasion, and the friends then sang—

"Infinite excellence is Thine,
Thou lovely Prince of peace."

Mr. W. Winters was then allowed three minutes to deliver his mind of a tremendous burden, and mavelous to say he did not exceed the time (!). He treated briefly on the labours of the hero of the evening, and wished him God speed.

Mr. I. Levinsohn followed with some interesting remarks respecting C. W. Banks whom he addressed as "his father," and gave some special notices of useful men in the Church and in the world of whom he had read with pleasure. Mr. Levinsohn made respectful reference to the letters written by the late Mr. Wells, Mr. Philpot, and other good men; and which are preserved in the volumes of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

Before the meeting finally closed, Mr. Dearsly, whom we have long known and loved for Christ's sake, rose and proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman of the meeting, and thanked the deacons of the tabernacle, in the name of the committee of the testimonial fund, for their sympathy with the meeting and for the use of the chapel, for without their kindness so large a number of friends could not have been so excellently accommodated. Mr. George Webb, late of Laxfield, supported the proposition, as did also Mr. W. Carpenter, and the whole of the congregation united by showing a forest of hands.

Mr. Boulden briefly responded, stating how welcome the friends were to the use of the chapel, and hoped many more such happy meetings would in due course be held therein. The people rose and sang with heart and voice—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

And the benediction brought the meeting to a close. W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

The committee take this opportunity to express their obligation and gratitude—

1. To the esteemed deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle, for the use of their noble chapel; to Messrs. Carr and Rundall, for their kind assistance; and to the worthy chairmen, I. C. Johnson, Esq., and Albert Boulden, Esq., who generously consented to preside, and so ably conducted the afternoon and evening meetings.

2. To the numerous ministers and gentlemen who honoured them by their presence and contributed to the pleasure and profit of the meetings by their able and interesting addresses.

3. To the friends who assembled on the occasion from all quarters, to cheer and honour Mr. C. W. Banks, presenting one of the noblest gatherings ever convened in a Strict Baptist Church.

Lastly and inclusively—To the subscribers, from the least, who by their contributions, placed the crown of success upon the movement, desiring fervently that He who is God over all, blessed for ever, may bless both the donors and the recipient.

For the Committee,
JOHN BONNEY, Hon. Sec.

Many are the notices of the meeting which have appeared in the current publications. The following is from the "Christian World:"

Charles Waters Banks is a name universally known among the Strict Baptist Churches of England; and so it should be, for during the best years of a long life he has laboured both by tongue and pen to promote their interests and establish their power. His voice has been heard, we suspect, in the pulpits of the majority of their places of worship; and in the Eastern counties, at all events, there were few of the metropolitan pastors of the sect whose visits were more acceptable to the people. James Wells, John Foreman, and C. W. Banks were looked upon as the common property of the Hyper-Calvinistic Churches of the land. But though an able preacher, C. W. Banks rendered far greater service to his denomination as an Editor. He started, and for more than thirty years, has conducted with singular skill a monthly magazine—THE EARTHEN VESSEL—devoted to the sort of news and literature required by the Strict Baptists. He was also one of the few men who when efforts were being made to remove the paper duty, foresaw that the result would be the starting of penny journals; and anticipating the change, he set on foot the "Christian Cabinet," which, however, after a brief life passed into the hands of the proprietors of the "Christian World." It was to do honour to C. W. Banks for these varied services that his friends mustered in large numbers on Tuesday evening last at the Surrey Tabernacle, the scene of the late Mr. Wells' ministry. Two meetings were held, and many speeches made by ministers and members of the denomination from many parts of the country. A laudatory address was read to C. W. Banks, and Mr. John Bonney, in the name of the subscribers, presented him with a purse of £600. The afternoon meeting was presided over by Mr. Alderman Johnson, of Gravesend; and that in the evening by Mr. A. Boulden, when the spacious building was nearly filled, and the proceedings were of an earnest and lively description. Between the meetings 800 persons assembled at tea. It is a curious fact that C. W. Banks has always been a Conservative in politics, and at the time of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, he actually wrote a pamphlet in defence of "Church and State" which had a large circulation, and naturally obtained for him a wide notoriety.

WOOBURN GREEN.—Sunday morning, Dec. 21, 1879, we were expecting to see and hear a very aged and old-fashioned Gospel preacher, who has, for over two years, come to us in the Lord's name. But he came not, as arranged, on the Sunday before Christmas. We were without anyone in the pulpit. The next day we heard the Master had called him home to rest. We are told he died a happy death. We lost over fifty Baptist ministers in 1879. Some more of the old school are expecting to be called away, but we find there are many young men, sound and strong in the faith, rising up. We would encourage them, and fervently pray for them that the power of the Holy Ghost may render them useful in our Church.—C. W. B.

BARGOED.—Brother John Thomas, after whose welfare some inquire, who was nearly crushed to death in a coal-pit, has again been near death, but he writes most cheerfully of God's mercies. We shall not fail to aid him.

"THE LIGHTHOUSE."

A CONCISE ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE "FOREST FOLD BAPTIST CHURCH," CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX.*

(Written for "The Earthen Vessel.")

THAT which relates to the welfare of Zion is fraught with heart-felt interest to every heaven-born and heaven-bound believer; for it not only proves his regeneration by the Spirit of God, and a love to the brethren, but it also evinces his love to the dear Redeemer in seeking to extend His kingdom among men. This sacred passion to promote the Divine glory in the salvation of sinners we believe was the means of the Gospel being introduced into the neighbourhood of Crowborough, which forty years ago was a dark and benighted place—a moral desert. The introduction of the Gospel was in this wise: Our esteemed brother, Mr. George Doggett, who in the providence of God was led to hire large farm, called "Buckhurst Farm," under Lord De-la-Warr; but before going into particulars respecting the same, our brother's conscientious feelings induced him to say: "I fear your Lordship will not for two reasons accept me as a tenant; first, because I am a Liberal, and secondly, because I am a Nonconformist." To his great surprise his Lordship replied: "I never dictate to my tenants for whom they may please to vote, and God forbid that I should attempt to control their consciences." The nobility of such conduct we must admire. The farm was hired there and then; and he took possession of the same at Michaelmas, 1829.

At first our brother attended Hanover chapel, Tunbridge Wells, under the pastorate of Mr. Kewell. Being a family man he found the distance was too great. He therefore besought the Lord to send the means nearer. After a short time he was led to engage a Scripture Reader to come over from Tunbridge Wells to read, pray, and deliver tracts in the neighbourhood. This continued till the year 1832, when about that time our brother—through a remarkable dream he had—was led to hire an old barn, standing on the very spot were the neat and compact chapel now appears. He dreamt the forest was covered with water, looking like a sea, and saw mariners in distress, making for a lighthouse. What the dream meant he could not understand. On the following morning a good man called at his house; and being very anxious to learn the interpretation of the dream, Mr. Doggett related it to him, and quickly he gave what he believed its true signification. He said: "The lighthouse you saw is in answer to your prayers, of which you have so many times told me, as having been offered for the Gospel to be preached in your neighbourhood."

The good man's explanation of that which appeared to him so inexplicable, made such an impression on his mind that he resolved to start direct for the spot, where the lighthouse

* Drawn up by request, and from information furnished by our esteemed brethren Mr. P. Dickerson and Mr. Doggett.—C. M.

appeared to stand. He found, however, nothing so substantial and illuminating as a lighthouse. But he beheld an old barn, and a few cottages adjacent. Confident the hand of the Lord was in the matter, he determined to find out the owner of the old barn. Having done this, he agreed to hire it for 21 years at £5 per annum. It was then put into repair, and fitted up with a pulpit, a few pews, and seats. After a short time it became necessary to erect a gallery in order to accommodate the people who came to hear the Word. Thus the old barn indeed became a spiritual lighthouse.

Between the years 1832 and 1840 Mr. Betts—Mr. Doggett's brother-in-law—when on a visit, inquired of him how the Crowborough cause was getting on, and expressed a wish to see the place in which they met for worship. His wish being gratified he next said, "I wonder whether the owner will sell it?" They then drove off to his house and had an interview with Mr. Taylor, the owner, who on being asked whether he would sell the entire property, replied "Yes!" "For what sum?" "£200." "The figure's rather high," replied Mr. Betts. "You need not have it," said Mr. Taylor, peremptorily, "But I will," replied Mr. Betts, and there and then drew up an agreement, witnessed by brother Doggett.

It was carried to Somerset House, properly registered, and the property invested in the hands of trustees for the use of the Baptist interest for ever. On Lord's-day, June 23rd, 1844, the Church was formed by our venerable and beloved brother Mr. P. Dickerson. In the afternoon he preached from the words, "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God" (1 Peter iv. 11), after which he baptized in an adjoining meadow ten persons—seven males and three females. It was a most solemn season, the presence of the Lord was realized; and many in a congregation of over five hundred were deeply affected; stalwart men weeping and apparently seriously impressed. In the evening the newly baptized believers were formed into a Church, and brother Mose was called to become their pastor, to which he consented. Mr. Dickerson preached from Acts xiv. 7, "And there they preached the Gospel," addressing the Church and pastor respectively, at the conclusion of which the Lord's supper was administered, several members from other Churches sitting down.

Mr. Mose was succeeded by Mr. Saxby, whom the Lord much blessed, and through his ministry great things were accomplished. It was during his pastorate the chapel was built which, with the minister's house, garden, and burial ground, form a spectacle at once pleasant and unique.

Our brother Saxby died March 10th, 1867, and followed by their present esteemed pastor, Mr. Littleton, whose ministry for upwards of twelve years has been fraught with many blessings to the people of his charge. May our good brother's labours still be blessed, be abundantly owned by God in the conversion of sinners, the building up and comforting of saints.

A commodious schoolroom and stables have been erected and paid for, and other improvements made to the property since the settlement of the present pastor.

Before concluding our imperfect sketch, we are glad to state our two aged brethren are still with us—brother Mr. Doggett, now in his 84th year; he was the means in the hands of God of bringing the Gospel into the neighbourhood of Crowborough, and has been, and still is, a warm supporter of the cause. It must have been gratifying to him, and have excited gratitude in his heart to our gracious God, when the late Lord De-la-Warr, not long before his death, said to him, "You know I am not a Nonconformist, but I am pleased to say I think the little chapel erected at Crowborough has been of great use to the locality." Yes! those around are made to witness, even to admiration, the marvellous effects of the tale of mercy as attended by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost, "Causing the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad for them, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

And our beloved friend and predecessor, Mr. P. Dickerson, now in his 85th year, who had the happiness of forming the little Church, has proved himself to be a firm, fast, and loving friend, by his assiduous labours and tender solicitations, having preached at anniversary services and on other occasions upwards of forty years, supported by the generous sympathies of the friends at Little Alie-street chapel and elsewhere.

The Lord grant that our two aged friends may yet be spared to the Church of Christ, and at the close receive a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away.

It has been the wont of our brother Doggett to compose each year a hymn of praise, and this he has done for many years past, to be sung on anniversary occasions; we shall therefore conclude with the last verse of the hymn sung on Monday, June 2, 1879:

"Now to the Father and the Son,
And to the Spirit Three-in-One,
May equal praise be given:
For 'tis through mercy and rich grace,
That we shall reach that glorious place,
To join the saints in heaven."
"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

CHARLES MASTERSON.

SOUTHWARK.—A sermon of vital weight, of spiritual experience, was holly propounded in Trinity chapel by Mr. William Webb, of Bow, on Tuesday, Jan. 6, it being Mr. Thomas Stringer's pastoral anniversary. After the tea—which the pastor's wife served up with peculiar excellency—the ministers were called up by the chairman, James Lee, Esq., to define the works of the Lord by His voice, as recorded in P-s. xxix. The whole subject was powerfully developed by C. Cornwell; it was also referred to by Messrs. W. H. Lee, W. Carpenter, C. W. Banks, E. Beazley, B. Woodrow, Thomas Stringer, and others. We long and pray for greater prosperity in this part of our Zion.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT RICHMOND.

THE LATE MR. JAMES WILD AND THE DEATH OF MISS WILD.

[Having known the Richmoud Church, and its founder, and his family for many years, we give the following record with many sorrowful reflections.—C. W. B.]

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—In the year 1830 I was led (in the Providence of God) to Brentford, Middlesex. At the Baptist chapel there Mr. J. A. Jones was pastor; but he was then leaving. I went over to Richmond and heard W. Chappell in the little Rehoboth, which Mr. James Wild had built ten months previously. There was no Baptist chapel there before. Some few used to go to the little Bethlehem, and heard Mr. Driver and others; but as they could not sit down at the Lord's table, they felt uncomfortable. So Mr. Wild tried to buy a piece of ground. When they knew for what purpose, they would not sell it him. Then he tried to buy some houses in Kew-road. He had but just got the deeds signed when, they came to forbid his having them—so bitter were they to "the sect everywhere spoken against;" but he prevailed, and soon built Rehoboth at the end of Park-shot. It was opened on a Good Friday, by John Stevens and Collyer. Many pleasant walks to and from Brentford to Richmond I had, and many pleasant thoughts from texts and sermons preached by those dear ministers, Messrs. Combe, Francis, Denham, Gadsby, Foreman, Wells, Nun, Taylor, Kershaw, Stringer, Cousens, C. W. Banks, and others. I have known Mr. Wild give the minister a sovereign to come and preach a sermon on a week-night out of his own pocket, as the Church was so few and poor; and it was his practice at Christmas every year to give each poor member a good piece of meat. After a time it pleased the Lord to send them a pastor in Mr. J. Page, of Horsell, who soon filled the little place. The Church grew; many of them came from seven to eight miles round. Of course, having a pastor, their expenses were more. The Church fell in debt; but Mr. Wild said, "I do not like to see this £46 debt standing so long. If you pay £26, I will sink the other." Mr. C. asked, if the Church paid £20 will you sink the £26? "Yes." So it was done. Many then came and were baptized.

In 1844 the Kingston people built a chapel which they called "Providence." Messrs. Foreman, T. Stringer, and J. Wells opened it. Mr. Page said, "I take this to be the voice of God for me to leave Richmond." He had a call to Tring, where he finished his course; he was made very useful to many souls. Rehoboth was then brought low again; but Mr. Wild was not soon shaken. After a time Mr. Marks came and stayed two years. He then left and went to Cambridge. He had not gone from there long before he was sent for to baptize four; soon after four more—all sent to his ministry. So you see a minister does not know the use the Lord makes of him in this

world. The seed sown in the heart lies bid longer in some than in others. Soon after Mr. Marks added these eight souls to the Church, Mr. Wild had a bad stroke, and his eldest daughter became treasurer. Then came the death of Mr. Wild, whose funeral sermon I heard C. W. Banks preach. It does not seem long ago. Then the Church chose Mr. Winslow, who preached to them nearly seven years. He suddenly changed his views, and some were cut off from the Church, others left, many had to wander about. Miss Wild then opened her house for prayer, it was filled; they soon had preachers to come and speak to them the Word of life. I heard there Mr. John Clark, Mr. Caunt, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Parsons, and others. Mr. E. Jeffs came and took them by the hand into a larger place; there they were formed into a Church by the late John Clark, and were called by the name of "Salem." Mr. Jeffs and wife, and Daniel Honor, were received in with them. They have passed through many changes since then, only three or four of them have died in nineteen years—the last was Miss Wild, who died Dec. 11, 1879, aged 66. She was kind to all she knew to be in need, and a good supporter to the cause. She was, indeed, the mother of it. The Church sprang up in her house, she nursed it, and prayed over it; but she is gone. She told us sometime back that the words ran in her mind, "Thou shalt arise and go into thy land." She knew not what it could mean; but the time came when she said to one, "I shall soon be up there" (pointing to skies). She said, "I have not many fears." A friend said, "At evening time it shall be light." "Bless the Lord," she said; turned over on her other side, and seemed to say with the poet,—

"Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die."

Her remains were interred in the family vault with those of her parents and step-mother on Dec. 17, in hope of eternal life. The Church may say of her as Christ said of the woman, "She hath done what she could." It was her pleasure to see, or hear, of the prosperity of Zion. We must say farewell; but hope to meet again in that bright world above.

"She's gone her Saviour's face to view,
To slug His love and mercy too,
With all the ransomed choir,
In that bless'd place, where grief and pain,
Nor sin, nor sorrow, ere can reign,
We hope to meet her there."

A SOJOURNER.

[Miss Wild was a reader of the EARTHEN VESSEL from its commencement, and used to give it every month to poor members. I wish you a happy new year and God's blessing, which maketh rich and happy. I take you to be one of the greatest preachers the Baptists have. You have all the world for your parish. The EARTHEN VESSEL has spread far and near. I was pleased to see that in some places the Baptists are growing. I wish they were at Richmond. They never

have as yet. The Lord grant they may.—
J. S., Ham, near Kingston, Surrey, Jan. 15, 1880.]

LOST IN WAKEFIELD; OR, RAILWAY PENCILLINGS IN A GREAT NORTHERN.

[Long journeys are made short when of love
Divine we think. The following rustic
lines were pencilled while swinging in an
express from King's-cross to near Leeds.]

For Wakefield and Morley, Yorkshire,
Nov. 29, 1879. My son John is 50 to-
morrow; he was born one year after the
Lord called me. Well, what judgments
and mercies has He made me know since
from the pit He took me!

Now on a Saturday morning, in November,
after near seventy-four years in the toils of
life, rolling in a Great Northern car to
Morley for four public services. Then, if
Divine power preserve me, I return to
Notting-hill for a service there. Since
Sunday morning last I have been in nine
merciful meetings, and this morning it
sprung up in my mind to commence—if in
Morley town to-morrow I do stand up—to
speak the best words I can of Him who
called me out of darkness into His saving
light of truth.

Through Isaiah, God Almighty speaketh
in prophecy unto His Zion, calling her to
awake, to put on her beautiful garments,
which is followed by promises most precious;
after which cometh

A GOSPEL PROCLAMATION,

which has been echoed by apostles, by
evangelists, by preachers and faithful pastors,
more or less, during the last eighteen
centuries. It says, "Behold My Servant!
He shall deal prudently; He shall be exalted
and extolled, and be very high."

Heaven's demand to "behold" comes from
a decree which the Holy Ghost engaged to
work out, which is that of revealing the
Son of God in the hearts of the Redeemer's
family: "He shall take of Mine and show it
unto you." Paul witnessed to the truth of
this when he wrote, "God, who commanded
the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined
in our hearts, to give the light of the know-
ledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus
Christ." God calleth Jesus "My Servant."
That office implies an engagement and a
work, both of which the eternal Father calls
us to look at, to behold with admiration,
and with a loving wonder.

There are six promises in this proclamation,
for the word "prudently" has a three-fold
graduated scale of meaning. Let us quietly
glance at this six-fold prophetic promise of
Christ's character and glory.

1. "He shall deal prudently." As His
prudent type, Joseph, did, with forethought,
making provision for his family against that
day when a famine might bring distress and
want. Jesus came to make an ample provision
for the Church His Father had given to
Him, and this provision Paul calleth "the
unsearchable riches of Christ." In this

winter of time we cannot search them out. It will take an eternity to know them perfectly. All through His humiliation Jesus dealt prudently. He made no mistake. Care, confidence, certainty, completeness, all marked His course through His life here. Oh, take the term "prudently" with you and follow Him close, you will be delighted to see how He justified the promise, "My Servant shall deal prudently." And still He does the same.

2. In the word "prudently" is a rendering like this, "He shall cause them to understand." As soon as ever Jesus came from the grave He began to cause His disciples to understand. Going to Emmaus He expounded unto them the Scriptures. So all through the Gospel He does this by the Holy Ghost in the ministry.

3. "Prudently" may be rendered, "My Servant shall prosper" in His work, in His Gospel, and in His intercession. Prosperity attends all that concerns Him. He is

4. Exalted in the heavens.

5. He is extolled in the praises of the saved people.

6. He will be very high in the judgment day and in eternal glory.

God's Love to Christ.

It was at Doncaster, in Nov., 1879, where I had a little view of this, the highest mystery which we can conceive of, even God the Father's love to His only begotten Son. How soft and solemn came Paul's words to me, "But God commendeth His love to us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for the ungodly."

The river of holy love appeared to flow out, and to flow on, until I became so lost that I let the train pass out of Wakefield station before I knew where I was.

First, I saw it to be a love of Divine relationship. Christ is the Son of the Father in truth and love; and this love is the great leader in all God's movements, the fountain whence floweth out all mercy, and all salvation's mystery. Jesus calls it God's name. He says to His Father, "I have declared unto them Thy name, that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them." Then look at John v. 20: "For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth Him all things that Himself doeth," &c.

[Here I became lost until our train stopped at near Leeds, hence I had to wait on the cold junction; but goodness and mercy took me safe to Morley. There our brother Hazelwood met me. How we went through the services were pencilled down on returning on the Tuesday, which I promise if spared.—C. W. BANKS.]

KING'S CROSS.—CALEDONIAN ROAD.
Joyous meetings in brother W. White's "Ebenezer" were realised on December 26. The pastor is a fine exhibition of Nature's powers, sanctified by reigning grace. Our little text for him appeared visibly true in his happy countenance, "And I will write upon him My new name!" A review of these services must be given.

THE HONEST DEACON & SAINTED PATRIARCH OF WILLENHALL.

Mr. R. Foster was a man so remarkably favoured of God that to let his memory pass away into obscurity would be to cashier from the world a sublime testimony to the triumphs of saving grace. Truly, "he being dead yet speaketh," and a voice so melodiously tuned by grace should receive public attention. If the conversion of a sinner awakens fresh joy among the angelic choirs, surely the fact is worthy of record in the biographical archives of the Church militant.

Mr. Foster had attained to the age of sixty-four years before we entered the world, so we know but little of his early life beyond what we have heard from the lips of those who hold his memory dear. It appears that God called him by grace nearly sixty years ago, and being "born again of an incorruptible seed," he became a new creature in Christ; and from that time he lived a new and devoted life in the cause of God. He was baptized by Mr. Bayliss, and became a member of the Little London Church, in connection with which he held the honourable position of deacon for a great number of years.

As a man, he was philanthropic and kind, and, like the man whom the Psalmist pronounces blessed, he ever "considered the poor and needy." As his dear friend, Mr. S. Cozens, has written a lengthy "obituary" (which will be ready in a few days) of a life so fraught with instruction, we shall simply refer to his last days. Not long before he died I visited him and found him quietly waiting for the chariot of salvation to take him "home." He said, "The blood of Christ is all my hope, all my boast, and all my joy. His precious blood! His precious blood!" I quoted,

"Jesus is precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;

and "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." He replied in a strong voice: "What a condescending act of mercy for the Lord Jesus to come from heaven to earth to save sinners, to save sinners! What a mercy!" I prayed with him, and I shall never forget the loud, hearty "Amen" which he uttered when I had done.

When I wished him good-bye, the firm grip of his hand and his fervent prayer for my success in the ministry, riveted my soul to him in deathless union. During my visit he kindly inquired after Mr. Cozens; and as an evidence of his affection for Mr. C., he said: "I should like to see him occupy the pulpit at Little London again."

His desire to depart became very intense. He, like a little child, was tired of the company of "strangers and foreigners," and wanted to go home to his Father. And like a sailor who had encountered many storms on the sea of life, he longed for the port of rest, and "pulled for the happy shore of the new Jerusalem." He frequently said: "Lord Jesus, come quickly, I am waiting for Thee." At last the "Messenger" came,

and "he fell asleep" in the arms of Jesus, January 8, 1880, in the 88th year of his age.

His mortal remains were placed in the family vault of the Baptist burial ground, Little London, on Tuesday, January 13. And now he has laid down the sword of conflict and seized the crown of victory. He has left the wilderness of a cold and dark world, and gone to inhabit his mansion of glory in the celestial city. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

"So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
Life's labour done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!"

GEO. BANKS.

THOUGHTS ON BLACKHEATH.—

Mr. Usher's pastorate at Dacre-park has come to an end. He goes to Belfast. "A Silent Voice" hopes he will be more successful there than on Blackheath; but deep sympathy is felt for his precious and tender family. How unhappy the Church in Dacre-park has been made by adverse winds! Never, at one time, had a Church a more delightful prospect! And even now, with a robust and *real* "man of God;" with an edifying expounder of God's mysteries in salvation; a pastor with a trinity of eternal powers—i.e., a soul filled with the unctuous life of the Divine "Comforter;" a conscience purged from dead works, devoted to the service of the living and true God; with a new heart, which, like a fountain, flowing forth with love to God in Christ; with a decisive and discriminating love to CHRIST'S GOSPEL; with a love of holy burning passion for the souls of the people—with such a God-made pastor and fully-equipped preacher there is still a grand centre for usefulness in Dacre-park. Take your stand there for one moment. Look at the immense population. Consider the three Strict Baptist Churches there, all without pastors. Recollect the wealth, the wisdom, the zeal, the godly devotion of the members and leaders of these Churches, and then ask, "Is there not in all England, in none of the colonies, in the United States, in no part of Europe, A MAN who, without conceit or blinded prejudice, could be brought to the front, and be mercifully set up on these suburban walls, who might be planted as the Lord's servant to "build up Jerusalem" by "gathering together the outcasts of Israel" (and we know they are many, but no man seems to care for their souls); "healing the broken in heart, and binding up their wounds?" By referring to Isa. lxi., it will be seen that this was the commission which the Almighty FATHER gave to our Lord Jesus Christ, "THE SON." He saith, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon Me: because the Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted: to proclaim liberty to the captives: and the opening of the prison to

those that are bound." This, sirs, is the work—the supernatural work—the ministry—a work which all the revivings, or scientific researches, or soothsayings of undecided men will never touch. God's ministers must know in their own souls what it is to be in the horrible dungeon of death and danger; what it is to be broken in heart, shaken in despair; and, by the revelation of Christ's agonies and blood-shedding on the cross, to be "delivered from so great a death;" then they will never laugh over, nor logically smooth down the people on beds of delusion. No! They will aim to break the unbroken, to bind up the wounded, and to unite to the living Head all who are flying for refuge unto the hope set before them. Destitute and distressed Churches had better shut up their pulpits for a time, fall down in confession and prayer before the Lord, until He raise up and send forth men in whom is the SPIRIT OF GOD.—C. W. B.

SPALDING.—Our brother John Vincent has made a good move in the School Board, as may be seen from the following:—"Notice of Motion, to the Board of Guardians of the Poor of the Spalding Union. It is the opinion of this Board that seeing the depression of the times, it is impossible for the farmers of this district to keep the labouring poor fully employed, except at greatly reduced wages; and believing that the Elementary Education Act, 1870, presses heavily on the poor with large families, and people out of work or not fully occupied, that the time is come when we are called upon to pay the school fees charged for educating the children of the above-named class and condition of people, who are not paupers, and shall not be so considered by us. We are also desirous to be guided by God's special command, that He gave 3,300 years ago, in the 15th chapter of Deut., from the 7th to the 11th verses. And may our beloved Queen, defender of our English Bibles and Protestant faith, defend us from all attacks of the great whore of Rome, for God's name and mercy's sake. J. VINCENT, pastor of the Ebenezer Baptist chapel, Spalding."

WOOLWICH.—ENON SUNDAY SCHOOL. It has been our custom for years to give our Sunday scholars a winter treat. The scholars meet in the schoolrooms in the afternoon, and a good tea is given them; after enjoying themselves they retire into the chapel and interest teachers and friends by reciting portions of Scripture and other carefully selected pieces. On Jan. 8 one of these happy meetings was held. The pastor, Mr. Britain, presided. The recitations and singing were good; the meeting was very interesting; friends were gratified, scholars delighted, and the teachers thanked God and took courage. May He, who alone can bless, bless us, and give us (and all who are engaged in the blessed work of teaching the young) true prosperity. This is our earnest prayer.

THE END OF 1879.

Whatever Christmas may have been to others, we can testify that up to the last thing on Christmas eve, and for several days before that, we have had the deeply consoling pleasure of sending or of taking such helps to a number of the poorest of the Lord's poor as to cause tears of gratitude to flow, and praise to our merciful Benefactor to ascend. After sending and taking donations to about thirty of the aged, afflicted, and down-sunken ministers, widows, and others, we took a journey into one of the miserable suburbs of our monster metropolis, to visit one brother whom we have known over thirty years, and whose work in the Gospel has been honoured in the conversion and consolation of not a few. He is years beyond the four-score, and dependent on a gracious Providence. We communed together. I asked if he really needed more than he realised? He said the Lord's kindness was wonderful; all he felt to want was a little clothing. He is a tall man, or we would have supplied him. If this meets the eye of any who have articles of outer clothing, which they have laid aside, we would gladly give his address; or send to him ourselves. Everybody knows "times are bad," and the past cloudy 1879 came to a close with murderous ravages of war; our fine soldiers are being cut up awfully abroad; and our poor at home are in desperate circumstances. Hard hearts and iron heads may frown them from their doors, but we dare not turn a deaf ear to one of them. We are compelled to sit down and weep with them, and turn, by God's mercy, their bitter tears into the gushing streams of gratitude.

Christmas day was one of fog and gloom in the outer world; but as soon as the post-man could stir through the darkness, he delivered a bundle of thanksgiving notes from different parts, all of whom sent heartfelt acknowledgements of God's mercy through the benevolence of those friends who made us their humble almoner.

A widow, many years a member of the late John Stevens', applies to us to aid her; her husband was one of Mr. Stevens' members over fifty years. Can any of the Meard's-court friends interest themselves in this case? A godly man and his wife, both of whom were called under our brother Thomas Stringer many years since, and who are well known to, and recommended by, our brother Stringer, have been directed (in answer to prayer) to apply to us to raise them a mangle; the good man's trade is one gone out of date; his dear wife is too afflicted for any out-of-home work; but with a mangle between them, a little home might be maintained. We have gone into the case, we must attend to it, if the Lord gives us the honour.

The best sermons we can preach now is practically working out Isaiah lviii. 7. The weeping year of '79 is fled away. Almighty Lord God,

"When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside."

Amén.

WALWORTH.—We had a pleasant evening on Jan. 20, 1880, in Penrose-street School Board Hall, it being the eighth anniversary of the Sunday-school, which has been, and is, successfully conducted by members and friends attending the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey-street, Walworth. It was, to us, a joyful occasion, seeing so many nice-looking boys and girls, all neat, intelligent-looking, so well-behaved, and evidently so attentive to the discourses delivered. A plentiful and comfortable tea was served on tables convenient and easy of access. The superintendent, Mr. John Piggott, presided over the public meeting in a manner confirming the philosophic lines—

"To every man a fitting place,
A proper honourable use!"

"Voluntary manhood" was said to be "the brightest jewel in our Redeemer's crown." He gave Himself to save the sinner, and the godly man who gives his time, his talent, his head, his heart, his hand, to aid in lifting up the young ones out of the dust and dangers of this world, shows a nobility of manhood which commendeth itself to all charitable admirers. Mr. John Green read a faithful report which will be printed. Mr. Albert Boulden, a worthy deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle, gave an address which realised the prudent precept—"Where thou perceivest knowledge, bend the ear of attention and respect." Mr. Thomas Carr (another Surrey Tabernacle deacon) delivered a clear and consecutive history of Job. We thought with such a mind, such an experience, such a voice, such manifest gifts for study and for sound exposition, the pulpit of the Surrey Tabernacle ought never to be filled with strangers of smaller ministerial power. Forgive the honest, well-meant, spontaneous hint. Mr. Joseph Beach aimed kindly, tenderly, purely, to "search out the wisdom of God," believing "there is depth in all the Saviour's doings." Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, was rich, ripe, and cheerful. His tone, his mental effort, said—

"I will rise to nobler themes,
For the soul hath a heritage of glory."

The longest, the most attractive speech was made by Mr. R. A. Lawrence. We heard a whisper: "Man's mind must draw ideas from things around it." He is full of that "invention," that activity of mind, that shrewdness, smartness, and wit, that all appeared pleased to excitement. He made us think of James Wells; yet, he is not James Wells, but he is clever, extremely fluent, and bids fair to be a popular minister in the Strict Baptist connexion, among whom, for some years, he has become quite a favourite. C. W. Banks briefly reviewed the history of Robert Raikes, and Mr. Piggott closed the service with a prayer, which proceeded from a conscience which had said: "Man, regard thy prayers as a purpose of love to thy soul; esteem the providence of God that led thee to cry as an index of God's good-will; so shalt thou pray aright, and thy words shall meet with acceptance. If thou art ready to ask, the Lord is more ready to bestow." May God bless the Penrose-street Sunday-school.

BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I had hoped to have seen you on Tuesday, but am forbidden to be out in the night air. I have been a prisoner with a severe attack of bronchitis. I am thankful to say I am recovering my voice, and hope to be able to take any engagements my blessed Master may send me for February.

Oh, my brother, when brought face to face with death, all outside show departs, and the solemn questions come, "Upon what is my hope fixed? Is it upon Jesus' blood and righteousness alone? Is it mine? Am I a temple of the Holy Ghost? Have I the witness of a good conscience by the blood of Jesus Christ?" To these questions He has enabled me, by the visits of His face, to say "Yes!" and to add, in the language of the glorified Mushett:

"One thought, and only one, have I,
Arising day by day,
To serve the children of Thy Son
As Thou shalt point the way."

Tribulation and persecution meet us on every hand in our pilgrim pathway, but over against this is an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure; over against this is the sympathy of the Man of sorrows, the High Priest that can reasonably bear with our infirmities, knowing how to succour the tempted through the experience of temptation in the days of His flesh when the "If Thou be the Son" was hurled at Him by the devil. Well for His brethren, He stood the fiery test; and we shall stand through Him, and hope one day, when our work here is finished, to see His face without a veil between.

The Lord blesses my testimony mostly to the tried and tempted, and to the out-of-the-ways sinners; five-hundred-pences sinners; those who are brought down in their soul's experience to utter destitution, and must be taken to heaven as the poor thief upon the cross. Oh, what a mercy, both the fifty and the five-hundred-pence debtors were freely forgiven when they had nothing to pay; and God knows we want a deal of furnace work, lesson after lesson, to keep us in that position at the feet of Jesus.

Yours,
To serve in Christ's own Gospel,
79, Waterloo-street, T. BALDWIN.
Camberwell. —

WALTHAM ABBEY. — EDENEZER. On the evening of the last day of the old year, the friends had a very happy social meeting. Mr. Edward Casey presided, and gave a few encouraging words to the pastor and people. Mr. W. Winters delivered an address on "The Regulation of Time;" after which tea and coffee was served in the school-room to a good number of friends. The devotional part of the service continued until midnight. May the motto of each for the New Year be according to the words of Christ in Luke ii. 49: "I must be about My Father's business."

MR. MORLING'S FAREWELL TO IPSWICH.

In Zoar Baptist chapel, David-street, Dec. 28th, 1879, will long be remembered by the friends meeting there for the worship of the Triune God, it being the last day of Mr. Morling's pastorate. Mr. Morling took for his text in the morning, "Seeing we have a great High Priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession" (Heb. iv. 14), from which he was most blessedly enabled to lead us to CHRIST, the great High Priest, Author, and Finisher of our faith, concluding by exhorting his hearers to hold fast the profession of their faith. In the afternoon the Church met around the Lord's table, it being the last Lord's-day in the year and the last of Mr. Morling's pastorate. It carried us back to the time when the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls instituted it on the eve of His dreadful sufferings.

In the evening, Mr. Morling took for his farewell text, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen" (Rev. xxii. 21). He briefly reviewed his labours in Ipswich, which commenced Sept. 21, 1871, preaching from Matt. xi. 28. There have been 68 added to the Church, most of them still living and rejoicing in the Gospel. He has preached 1,360 sermons in Ipswich, and 250 in other places. He rejoiced that, through the grace of God, the Church has been kept in peace and union, and concluded by desiring that the text might be enjoyed in all its fulness by the Church, which, he felt, he was leaving under Divine direction. Our prayer to God on his behalf is, that the Lord may still be with him for good.

While Mr. Morling has been in Ipswich he has, not only in the pulpit stood firm for the grand old doctrines, but with his pen he has laboured hard. G. W. G.

READING.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS, —At Providence chapel, Oxford-road, we thankfully see the Lord has not forsaken us. At our meeting near seven pounds was due to the treasurer; it was paid at once. Our New Year's tea meeting was a happy evening. A good company took tea. Brethren Anderson, Flack, and Hutt spoke to us. The chair was well sustained by our brother Wakelin, of London. Brother Anderson referred to the New Year's meeting of '79. Mr. Thomsett, by the Church and congregation, as a mark of esteem, January 7, 1880." A photograph of the chapel and of many friends is placed in it. In addition to this he had to hand him five golden portraits of Her Majesty the Queen. All expressed a hope for the increase of the Redeemer's kingdom, with peace and prosperity. I have just sustained a heavy trial in the death of my son. Yours in Jesus, A. MARTIN.

A FIRE AT BROADSTAIRS.—Our pastor, Mr. W. A. Carter, celebrated his second anniversary here, in our ancient Baptist chapel, on Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1880. A pleasant company enjoyed a refreshing tea after a sermon by C. W. Banks; and at the evening meeting we had a sterling address from Mr. Bennett, the Congregational minister, on the words, "He that believeth should not make haste." Mr. Carter expounded Psa. ciii., and Mr. Dennis, of Redding-street, described the secret work of preparing for the ministry. When the meeting closed, it was found the chapel was on fire, which, but for a preventing providence, might have been very serious. Mr. Perry, and some of Mr. Wise's Margate friends, came to cheer us; and on the following day we united with Mr. Wise and his friends, at Mount Ephraim, in a New Year's Ebenezer, under the able presidency of pastor Wise, whose autobiography will, we hope, soon appear.

CLAPTON.—CHATSWORTH-ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL. Some special blessings attend Mr. Edwin Langford's ministry to this place. The Church at a recent convocation, heard the testimony of five persons, who were so many seals to the Gospel as preached by their pastor, Mr. Langford; and on Sunday, December 28, he baptized them in the name of the Lord; and, we believe, on the next Sunday, January 4, they were duly received into their Christian fellowship. Mr. Langford and his friends are about to build commodious schoolrooms for their Sunday school; and we trust they will find the necessary funds flowing in, so that no difficulty may impede the tide of prosperity which is enjoyed by the Church and the congregation, and the efforts they are making to be useful to the multitudes of children which are found in that new and extensive district near to Clapton-park.

CHATHAM.—At Enon Baptist chapel New Year's meeting, Isaac Charles Johnson, Esq., as chairman, gave us an opening address on "The Second Advent of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The subject was earnestly pressed upon the minds of the people. The pastor, Mr. Norton, opened up the state of the cause. Good old brother Bloomfield went unto the mercy-seat for blessings. Mr. Shaw, the Gravesend pastor, favoured us with a practical review. C. W. Banks was warm in his address; brother Peplow was quiet; and brother Lawson was gentle, kind, and full of truth. We must soon erect our new Enon, if a merciful God will enable us. We want a larger gathering, the ground on which to build, and the means to carry out all to completion. O Lord, help us!

KEPPEL STREET.—It must be evident to all that our brother Mr. Styles is throwing the full force of all his talents, energies, and persevering genius into the cause of which he has now the oversight. He is wise enough to see he must win the young as well

as labour to feed the more advanced in life; and with the dews of God's blessing, he will, no doubt, reap a large harvest; with Bible truth and the New Testament government for his firm platform he can employ attracting and intelligent auxiliaries, as but few of us unlearned ones can do.

AUSTRALIA.—Confirmatory evidence of the incessant labours and profitable works of pastor D. Allen is given to us in the *Newcastle Morning Herald* of last October, which reports lectures by him at Tighes-hill, Newcastle, and other places, where halls are crowded, gentlemen supporting, and the people applauding this "eloquent and earnest orator."

REFLECTIONS ON THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

"The clock strikes one! we take no note of time."—YOUNG.

THE sorrows of the past are gone,
And with the old year fled
The sickness, pain, want, pale and wan,
Are buried with the dead.

The wars, the crimes, the accidents,
The losses, cares of life,
With all the heart-rending events
Of one year's toil and strife.

All gone; but not forgotten all!
Alas! too many hearts

Their bitter griefs will oft recall,
Their anguished bosom smart.
For loss of lov'd ones 'neath the wave,
Or buried with the bold and brave.

What may be in the future store,
Of good or ill this year,

We erring mortals know no more,
Than as each hour draws near.

God only can unveil to man
What He for man designs!

His hand, unerring, draws the plan
In which His wisdom shines.

Our Father, who in heaven lives,
Forgive and bless us now;

And since another year He gives,
To His behest we bow.

He will provide what shall be best,
In His kind care and love we rest.

It is enough that He fulfils

His word and promise sure;
And midst this life's unnumbered ills,
His covenant doth endure.

For sins forgiven, and faith increased,
And hope's rainbow of light,

We bless His name, for we have ceased
Against our God to fight.

Let sinners scoff, and scorners sneer,
And worldly men offend!

May we unto His throne draw near.
Our rich Almighty Friend.

And come what will of joy or pain,
He lives, and we with Him shall reign.

Margate, Jan., 1880. G. H. M. READ.

Deaths.

On Dec. 9th, at her residence, New Wandsworth, Miss King, formerly of City-road. In loving remembrance of Eliezer Martin (of 174, Cambridge-street, S.W.), who fell asleep in Jesus, at his father's residence in Reading, Dec. 26th, 1879, aged 29 years. Interred in Reading Cemetery.

On Dec. 28th, 1879, Mrs. Elizabeth Crowhurst, of 169, New-cross-road, S.E., in the 82nd year of her age; sweetly falling asleep on the bosom of her dear Redeemer, whom she had known and loved for more than 60 years.

“The Grand Old Gospel!”

[THIRD LEAF.]

“How can they PREACH, except they be sent?”

PEOPLE are writing and talking about preaching as though it was man's business, as though anyone who might have a desire to stand up and talk to people might do so, and out of it make the best market he can.

This is not to be any matter for amazement, because the numerous colleges, schools, and academies, which are now so plentiful, certainly do train men for the sacred office, and from these training institutions hosts of highly-gifted men are every day going forth in quest of some well-paid charge.

It is enough to make one's heart ache—yea, it does make our heart ache frequently—to read in Old Testament writing that Baal had a multitude of prophets who came to a bad end. Also there were some of whom the Lord said, “HE had never sent them; therefore they should not profit His people.” Our Lord Christ Himself told His disciples that many would come in His name saying, “I am Christ!” Yea, He said, “They would deceive many;” but “*go ye not after them.*” As soon as Paul began to be a blessing to the souls of men, as soon as He was Christ's servant in the calling and conversion of sinners, and in the building up of Churches, then immediately there sprang up opponents to his apostleship—false apostles, who sought to draw away the people after them.

And this state of things has continued in all ages. Hence, now, there are many Gospels, many faiths, many creeds, many schools, and each section has its many advocates.

In this wilderness of doctors, pastors, preachers, evangelists, missionaries, itinerants, and gratuitous ministers,

WHERE CAN A MAN TURN? TO WHOM CAN HE LOOK, so as to form any judgment as to who is really sent of God to be His mouth to take forth the precious from the vile, “to feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood,” and thereby to give full proof of their ministry?

“WHERE can he turn? To whom can he look?”

Let him honestly look to three witnesses. First, to himself. Has he the witness within him that the Lord the SPIRIT did *call* him, did constrain him, did send him, has been with him, and made his ministry a blessing to some souls? Let him look inside first at his *motive*, and at the root and fruits of his ministry.

Then let him look upward to the LORD. That is, if he is born of God, if he has a true faith in the Son of God, if he has been led to walk and commune with God, then let him appeal to the Great Judge of all for safe direction in a matter so momentous. And, last of all, let him look to the ever-living, the true and faithful Witness, the HOLY

GHOST *in the Word*. There, in one remarkable testimony in 2 John 9, 10, we have a clear and positive scale in which to weigh every one. "Whosoever," saith the Holy Ghost by John, "transgresseth and abideth not in the DOCTRINE OF CHRIST hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son. If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed."

"THE DOCTRINE OF CHRIST!"

This is the only standard. We must, first, know the doctrine of Christ for ourselves by the power of the Holy Ghost in our own souls. Then, secondly, we shall be qualified in some measure to prove the standing, the character, the mission of others.

Every man called, qualified, and sent forth by the Lord must "preach the preaching He bids him." All the lines he may mark out for himself will fail. He shall seek for his message from the Lord, the Lord will give it to him, and as the Lord gives and enables him, so must he deliver that which the Lord hath given unto him.

I will venture, simply, to illustrate what I mean by one instance in my own experience, and that one instance is a sample of the manner in which I have been led on in the ministry now, from first to last, for nearly fifty years.

On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 1, 1880, I sat down with a mind so dark, and so empty, that, had I not been much accustomed to such seasons, I should have feared it to be impossible for *me* to preach that evening. One Scripture had appeared to be disposed to befriend me. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." But it would not open at all. It flitted about, and then fled away. After some waiting, and looking, and listening, and sighing, the one sentence rolled right into my mind:

"Yet it pleased THE LORD to bruise HIM."

That sentence had often perplexed me during the many years of my work in the Gospel. I never could grasp its full meaning. But now it was given to me, and like one talking to me, and I echoing forth the silent talk, I said, "This is the grand central theme of all prophecy, of all promises, of all revealed truth. This is the crowning doctrine of all doctrines, the atonement. This is the fountain of all the cleansing of Zion's guilt. This is the curative power of all the Church's maladies and miseries." My soul began to be stirred. The sentence was thrown open to me under four heads.

First. *The mystery*—"YET!" The perfectly harmless character, the lovely, the gentle, the inoffensive conduct, and the faithful and truthful ministry of CHRIST is declared: "He had done no violence, neither was any deceit found in His mouth; *yet* it pleased the Lord to bruise Him."

Looking at such an argument in the abstract it suggests a deep mystery. If so perfect and so pure, *why* should HE be bruised? I cannot write out the sermons—merely the slightest outline.

Second. The glorious Majesty of the two Persons—"JEHOVAH" and JESUS CHRIST the Mediator. "THE LORD did bruise HIM." The contemplation of these two glorious Persons might fill volumes, and at the end of those contemplations we must still write, "*Who can by*

searching find out GOD to perfection?" Plato said God had no name; but he called Him *Ens*—that is, "*The Being*," the eternal "I AM." Many names are given unto the Almighty; but our LORD, who brought all the mysteries of eternity down to a sweeter and more familiar apprehension, called God His "FATHER." Jesus loved to talk of His FATHER, and after He rose from the dead He came nearer still, for He said, "I ascend unto My Father, and to your Father; unto My God, and to your God." Thereby He declared and confirmed the union between Himself and His people to be a real, an essential, an eternal fact. A union, a oneness-originality before all worlds, in the loving heart, in the decreative purpose, in the new covenant grace settlements, in the immutable promises of the eternally, mysterious, glorious Sovereign—the Lord God Almighty. Into these seas of Divinity I cannot attempt to plunge with pen, ink, and paper. Nevertheless, were these subjects more intensely studied, did they more constantly permeate the discourses of the pastors of our Churches, they would, doubtless, be more substantially useful than the light, surface, and sometimes harlequin style of pulpit oratory. We are sometimes asked

WHAT IS ELOQUENCE ?

CICERO said "it was a continuous movement of the soul." But WHO and *what* can *so* move the soul as that the soul shall set the tongue on fire—a fire which shall burn into and melt the hearts of all who sit beneath its force? WHO? Paul answereth, it is "the SPIRIT" that "*speaketh expressly*;" and when the Spirit of the living God, the Spirit of the ascended Saviour, when the HOLY GHOST speaketh *expressly*, He speaketh right into the soul, and He expresseth, He declareth, He telleth, He convinceth the soul of its sin, of its dungeon-like condition; He convinceth the soul of its absolute need of righteousness, and of a judgment to come where no sinner, no soul, no creature can ever stand with acceptance unless it be clothed in the righteousness of the eternal Son of God.

In the *Sunday at Home*, Paxton Hood supplies some remarkable instances of eloquence in such men as Chalmers and Robert Hall; and then he adds, "It cannot be too much to say that of *such* eloquence *we* have no living examples!"

"*Such* eloquence!" What kind of eloquence was it that flowed through the souls of such men as St. Bernard, Chalmers, and Robert Hall? Was it "the SPIRIT speaking expressly?" or was it the peculiar gift of passion, of power, and of persuasiveness which those mighty orators exercised at times in their ministry? We dare not attempt to answer definitely a question so awfully freighted with vital issues; but we conscientiously believe they were favoured ministers of CHRIST; hence, instrumentally, they were as God's mouth to many precious souls.

There was eloquence—we have heard and felt it, too—in such men as the late John Warburton; he was a rolling thunderer, a Bounerges, indeed, when his soul was stirred within him. At times—not very often, but at certain seasons—the angel of heavenly power came down and "troubled the waters" of his soul; and then, like a commander at the head of his army, John Warburton was all in a flame, and he rolled in

body, he roared in spirit, he exclaimed in his voice enough to arouse the most hardened and the utterly careless ones.

There was eloquence in William Gadsby, but it was more like the flowing of a clear and swiftly gliding current of a river; there was eloquence in Geo. Abrahams, but it stole into you like the soft breezes of the fresh springing air; there was a deep eloquence at times in James Osbourne, of Baltimore (who visited us, and painfully offended the late J. C. Philpot, and many of his party). James Osbourne's ministry was, at times, heavy, quiet, uninspiring; but there was a massive, a masculine power, at certain seasons, which made some of us believe most assuredly that *through* him "the SPIRIT" did "expressly speak." Yet of all the eloquence that ever we heard, or felt, or captivated our soul, was the late most wonderfully-honoured James Wells. If ever we heard a man who, in his measure, answered to the account given of the first descent of the blessed Paraclete, where it is said, "There came a sound from heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, which filled all the house where they were sitting;" if, we say, any such a miraculous power was realised by us, it was once or twice under the ministry of that modern Naphtali, that "hind let loose," who always gave his people "GOODLY words"—words of Gospel beauty, blessedness, and of consoling and converting power; albeit, some, out of envy and jealousy, had not so much affection for the Surrey Tabernacle pastor as in our souls did, and doth, deeply dwell.

Shall we say, as Paxton Hood doth of his eloquent men, that of such we have no living examples now? We must not go so far. We might ask the faithful men at the helm of the Surrey Tabernacle, "Have ye, out of the scores of preachers you have had since our most valued brother has been called home, any one man or men at all approaching to your late pastor in expository, in experimental, and in preaching power?" Not a few have said to us, "Not one." Nevertheless,

"The righteous shall hold on their way!"

And while here it was delightfully true to see a "Naphtali let loose," and to hear him "giving goodly words," it is equally blessed to lift up our eyes and our souls to the highest heaven, and exclaim, "O Naphtali" (*now thou art*) "satisfied with favour" (*now thou art*) "FULL with the blessing of the Lord, now possessing the *West* of sacred retirement, and the South of unctuous dews from off the ancient mountains, and from the everlasting hills."

"Ah! now he stands before the Father's throne,
The Lamb who once was slain, the spirits seven:
O who can tell the bliss which thrills his tone!
Happy to be within the gates of heaven."

As for us poor boys who are left behind—left as it were at the end of the harvest, left when the fields of Boaz are almost reaped clear, left when GOD'S most holy Gospel is much despised, left when but little of the mighty rushing wind is realised, left much to mourn—what can we say? Only this—

"My times are in Thy hands."

"Just when Thou wilt, O Master, call,
Or at the noon, or evening fall,
Or in the dark, or in the light,
Just when Thou wilt—it must be right."

Not to provoke any of the dear lads who are now

"Toiling all night and taking nothing ;"

not to discourage any one of the least in the Master's vineyard ; but to shew to the present generation that in the ministry of the Gospel there has always been displayed such an exercise of Divine sovereignty as utterly to confound the mere sense and reason of poor fallen man, to illustrate the creature-humbling truth, we purpose to cite a few examples by-and-bye. We are gathering them. Now, as Geo. Abrahams would frequently say, "Let us return."

The third head was the *bruising*—"It pleased the LORD to bruise Him." This is another immensely ponderous mystery which, in these days, our Gospel-divers do not get very deep into, so far as we have opportunity of knowing.

There are two fountain-like sentences in our FATHER'S Book from whence all other lines of truth flow forth. They are these:—

"THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST,
"AND THE GLORY WHICH SHALL FOLLOW."

These two lines contain *all the Gospel* and all the glory of Christ's salvation.

What a bruising did the Son of God receive from the hands of His own beloved Father! "Ah! my soul," I often say, "thy salvation cost Him dear."

I must not presume upon further space than briefly to refer to the last head—namely,

The manner—"It pleased." Can that be correct? Yes! How can such a term, such a feeling, such a passion concert with the pre-eminent character, "GOD IS LOVE?"

The Father and the Son never met in such a manner before. Never again will they meet at such a place, in such darkness, in such an awful conflict.

Behold! the eye, the heart, the being, the blessing of God had been with His Son all through the days of His incarnation.

All that Christ had done, had been well done. Twice, from heaven, the Father had spoken, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." But without this finishing stroke all the preceding work was incomplete.

A change, for the moment, takes place in both Persons. *Now* "the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all." The Son of God is NOT now viewed as the Son of God *only*; but as the scape-goat, as the sin-offering, as the substitutionary victim on which Divine justice finds all the sins of all God's elect laid, Christ is now "*made SIN*." He is now "*made a curse for us*." Christ now hangs on the cross as a disinherited Son. He cries and calls, not to His *Father*, but "*My GOD! My GOD!*" He is delivered up to justice to be smitten, to be wounded, to be bruised, to be cut off.

Who shall the final stroke inflict? "It pleased the LORD to bruise Him."

The Almighty God lays aside His paternal robes, He turns away His loving heart. He clothes Himself with the sternness of justice. His sword awakes and smites "*THE MAN—His Fellow*."

Oh! my soul, this is solemn ground to travel through. How, now, canst thou understand this, that "it PLEASSED the LORD to bruise Him?" The Lord looked back retrospectively, and He looked forward prospectively. Hence He comes not reluctantly; with all His heart and soul He comes to bruise the great anti-typical scape-goat.

He looks on Him, on the middle Man, nailed to the cross. There He seeth all the sins of the chosen seed met in that One who is mighty to save. CHRIST (for sins not His own, only by relative imputation) must be smitten, or He Himself must perish.

CHRIST must be smitten, or all the souls of the chosen seed, then in glory, must be cast out of their blissful habitation.

CHRIST must be smitten, or not one soul can be found in glory.

CHRIST must be smitten, or all the prophecies and promises will fall to the ground.

"I go to smite the Son of God to death," saith Divine justice, because hereby the holiness of God is vindicated. Hereby the mediatorial glory of Christ is secured. Hereby Satan received his mortal wound. Hereby justice is satisfied, the sins of all the elect are cancelled. Hereby the covenant engagements are ratified; the curse, drowned in Immanuel's blood, is for ever removed; and all the heavens shall righteously shout aloud for joy, and the Son of God shall be lifted up far above all heavens.

" This was the price agreed upon
By the eternal THREE ;
Now God the Father asks no more,
The chosen are set free.

The law will have its whole demand,
It wont abate one mite ;
Without GOD'S *Surety* man is lost,
And banish'd from God's sight."

Preach "the sufferings of CHRIST, and the glory that shall follow." There is the cross, let me see what sin is; what sin reduces man to; how sternly God will deal with sin, let Him find it where He may.

Preach CHRIST out of a loving knowledge of His salvation in your own soul. Preach CHRIST to all you can, as the Holy Ghost hath revealed Him, and applied His benefits to your own soul. Warn men of the dangers of being lost. Point them to the only way of escape from the wrath to come, and then you may cease all cavilling about "*Preaching to sinners.*" As a sinner, preach to sinners. Tell them

" The law wont wink at man's defects,
All must be right and well ;
The guilt of sin upon the soul
Will sink the soul to hell."

As a *saved* sinner, preach to sinners, saints, and all. Tell them how "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made you free from the law of sin and death." Then you may joyfully shout out—

" Sure this is precious Gospel news,
To those oppress'd with guilt ;
No soul can ever go to hell
For whom Christ's blood was spilt."

Leave all cavilling, all unholy controversies, all cruel declamations at the foot of the mount, while in Divine power you run with patience

the Gospel race *set before you*, looking off all things unto JESUS, the Author, the Finisher, the Object, the Subject, the bliss and blessedness of all our faith.

May the Lord fill our pulpits, our parsons, our platforms, our people's hearts with the saving knowledge of Christ, prays

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

The Elders, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
Feb. 3. 1880.

THE LEAVEN AND THE MEAL.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I cannot think that "A Watcher" correctly states the question at issue respecting the leaven and meal in the VESSEL for October. Will you allow me to ask "A Watcher" if it can be a more "strange interpretation" to explain a figure according to its well-known and constant meaning in the Scriptures, than it is to give it a meaning to suit one's purpose which obtains nowhere in the Word of God?

If it be a good rule to follow—viz., interpret Scripture by Scripture—it cannot be a strange interpretation to consider leaven as the representative of evil; but, according to "A Watcher," the meal must be the evil and the leaven the good. Leaven is not needful to make meal-flour good, neither is it required to make bread.

Without dwelling upon the meaning of the *unleavened* bread, let us look at three portions of the word of the New Testament: "He began to say unto His disciples, Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy" (Luk. xii. 1). "Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are *unleavened*. . . . The leaven of malice and wickedness" (1 Cor. v. 6—8). "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump" (Gal. v. 9), spoke of the evil and corrupt teaching they had received. Surely "A Watcher" must have read of a woman in the New Testament who is constantly making use of the leaven of hypocrisy, malice, and wickedness.

The mistake of "A Watcher" appears to arise from his taking the kingdom to be like unto only a part of the parable—viz., leaven. Were I to say the Lord said, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman," and then allowing the idea of a sailing vessel to arise in my mind, exclaim, "Surely the Lord did not mean the kingdom of heaven is like a large freighted ship!" what would your readers think of my ability to explain the parable of the merchantman? I read, "The Son of man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity" (Matt. xiii. 41). Is "A Watcher" quite sure that the leaven of hypocrisy, malice, and wickedness, together with the woman who is ever corrupting the truth, cannot be among these offensive things in His kingdom which are to be gathered out?

Will you allow, my dear brother, an attempt at interpretation of the parable, in keeping with the well-known and Scriptural meaning of the leaven and meal? It is not enough to give a meaning, we want *the* meaning.

Yours in the love of the truth,

A WATCHMAN.

THE WEeping SINNER SAVED.

BY HENRY MYERSON,

Of Shalom Chapel, Oval, Hackney.

"And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment."—Luke vii. 37.

WE will read the next verse: "And stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment." The words we have read are full of encouragement for the people of God. God's people in passing through this world often need this. They get discouraged and low-spirited in consequence of their sins (for God's people know their sins, and are discouraged by them). They fear that because they are such great sinners they will not be found at last round the throne of God in heaven to praise Him for ever and ever. Hence we find many words of encouragement for God's own peculiar people in this Book. The Scriptures speak most clearly on this matter. For whom did Jesus Christ die? for whom did He suffer but for sinners? The poet says, "A sinner is a sacred thing;" for as God is sacred, so, through Jesus Christ, is the sinner for whom He intercedes, and for whom He shed His precious blood. There is much quibble over these words, but the sinner is safe—that is, the sinner who knows his sins. It is the Holy Spirit that makes a man feel he is a sinner, and as God, He must carry on the work He begins; therefore the sinner must be saved. Just as the scapegoat had the sins of God's ancient Israel laid on it, and was sent into the wilderness, to a land whence it would never return, so Christ takes all our sins upon Himself; hence the sinner is faultless. Therefore, saith the apostle, "Both Him that sanctifieth and him that is sanctified are one." The words of our text, then, are intended for encouragement to sinners in all ages who feel and know they are sinners.

We shall first treat upon the sinner herself: "And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner." The one thought that strikes my mind here is this: the evidence of life in this woman's heart was shown in seeking out Jesus; and the Scriptures affirm most emphatically that there is none righteous, no, not one; therefore it was not her righteousness which made her seek Jesus, but her sense of sin. We are born in sin, and nothing but Christ's saving power can save us from the depths of sin in which we are sunk. But a man may be born in sin and die in his sins; and as the tree falls, so must it lie. My dear hearers, if there are any here to-night who are going on in their sin, careless and indifferent, thinking of nothing but the pleasures of this life, may God rouse you up and break your stony hearts before you are sent to meet your Maker. May God have mercy on you, and make you sensible of your ruined state. It is not to be supposed that God will have mercy upon the man who has lived in sin, who rolls it under his tongue as a sweet morsel, and who is estranged in his heart from God. Our Saviour says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye must be born again." We must be as little children, and look to, and trust alone on, Jesus. This woman felt her true position. She felt she was a ruined, undone, and

lost sinner. We read the facts related here: "She stood at His feet behind Him weeping." She did not come before Him and go boldly to Him, but she stood behind Him. Her sins were heavy on her mind; the crimes she had committed were before her. She felt unworthy of His notice, unworthy of His grace, unworthy of His mercy. Thus it is with sinners; they feel afraid to approach Jesus, they are such great sinners; there is none so bad as them, and they fear that He may cast them out if they come near; and hence she stood behind Jesus weeping. But she could not stay there; she was compelled to come forward; her love would not let her stand still; and she came up to Him and washed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and anointed them with the ointment which she had brought with her. Thus there is evidence given us that the woman who came to Jesus Christ was a converted and a convicted sinner. She came to Christ, not because she was saved, but because she wanted saving; she felt her need, and came to have that need satisfied. Now, my dear hearer, do you feel your need? "Oh, yes; but I am such a great sinner that I fear I shall be lost!" Why do you conclude that you would be lost? My dear hearer, while Jesus Christ lives, not one sinner that groans beneath his burden can be lost. "Must I be condemned?" If Jesus Christ does not save you you must. Bless His precious name, He will never leave a sinner to die who pleads to Him for mercy.

But looking at the woman, we shall see not only the convicted sinner, but she had living faith. She came and stood at His feet. She sought Jesus out, and found that He was eating meat at the Pharisee's house; and she came to Him and stood behind Him; not that she wanted to eat of the bread that perisheth, but the bread of life. She stood and wept; hence there was repentance. And Jesus Christ Himself has said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke xiii. 3). But as there is natural repentance as well as spiritual repentance, it is necessary to distinguish between the two. We have accounts in the Scriptures of persons who did repent, but not vitally. We look at Pharaoh, and he repented; we look at Saul, he repented; and we look at Judas Iscariot, and he repented; but it was not vital repentance; it was only natural repentance. Pharaoh repented because he was afraid of the plagues which God sent; Saul repented because he was afraid he would lose his throne; and Judas repented, but not a true repentance, because he went and hanged himself afterwards, thereby adding to (if that were possible) his sins. Now where is the distinction between true and false repentance? The Roman Catholic repents, but it is not true repentance. He goes to the priest, and his absolution and blessing are sufficient for him. He puts his trust in man. But this woman had faith in Christ's mercy, and in the merits of His grace. She believed Him to be mighty to save and willing to save. She knew He could save her if He would. You will perceive that this was the kind of repentance that Paul was brought to recognise: "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief." And they that come to Him He will in no wise cast out. Thus we see that where God the Holy Spirit begins the good work, He will carry it on.

Dear friends, is this the case with you? It is well that we should question ourselves, in order that we may be fully confirmed in our interest therein. Now, I daresay Satan has been saying to some poor

sinner here, "Yours is only natural repentance; yours is not true repentance at all." But I think I have shown that where there is true repentance, that sinner will be brought to the feet of Christ along with this poor woman. True repentance brings the soul to Christ, but natural repentance will lead him away from Christ, and make him look to himself, and he will try to be so good; he will try to get better and better from day to day, and every day, instead of getting better, he will get worse. True repentance will lead you to say, "Lord, save me or I perish." "Thou art the Way, the Truth, and the Life." If this is your language, there is no fear of your being lost.

My dear hearer, the Saviour will give no remission to those who do not come lost to be saved, dead to be made alive, wounded to be made whole, trusting only in the precious blood of Christ for salvation. The Holy Spirit strikes the sinner down, but Jesus Christ comes and says, "Thy sins though many are all forgiven thee."

But there is another fact, and that a very important one, in reference to this poor woman. Faith and repentance were two very prominent things in her case. While she was in that room she took no notice of anyone else but Jesus Christ. On Him all her hopes were fixed, and towards Him went forth all her desires. And she must have stood there for some time, for the Pharisees had time to make a great many remarks about her. They, no doubt, thought Jesus Christ did not know she was there, but He knew where she was. She had come seeking mercy, and He whose heart is ever open to relieve the people of His choice, knew she was waiting for a blessing.

My dear friends, can you say, "Give me Christ or else I die?" and if you can say that, then you can say, "Jesus only;" you can say, "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing; Lord, save me or I perish." Are not your eyes up to Him? Your lips quiver when you pray, and the devil says, "There is no hope for you." But if you keep your eyes fixed upon Him, you are a saved sinner. If you have crawled to the throne of grace like a worm, then God will lift you up, and take you to your mansion in His own good time. It may seem a long, weary time, but rest assured, my dear hearers, the time will come at last when He shall receive you into glory to be with Him for ever. It is sinners that Jesus Christ always has and always will receive to Himself; and let me tell you, it is an evidence of life if you are worried by sin. God keeps His people alive to their sin. The foolish virgins slumbered and slept. We all slumber and sleep, and none can wake us out of our sleep but Jesus Christ. But Satan keeps his own asleep. He will satisfy their tastes, so that they may not wake to think of their awful position. He will keep them asleep till the last if Christ Himself does not awaken their souls. May God see fit to awaken any that are in this place to-night. You are black in Adam, born in sin, but you are safe in Jesus Christ. But, my dear hearer, the first step in Divine life is to be brought low at Jesu's feet. Presently this woman ventures to stoop down at Jesu's feet; she sees something wonderfully attracting in that countenance, and she gradually stoops down and kisses the Redeemer's feet. It was her love oozing out that caused her to do it. Thus we have her sense of sin, her faith, and her love. Now, have you this love to the Redeemer? "Well, I do love Him, but I wish I could love Him more," you say. But you didn't love Him once, did you? But you do

now, don't you? "I do love Him, but I don't love Him enough," you say. Why, my dear hearer, what does the poet say about it? and I think he must have felt something of this want of love when he wrote it:—

"Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint,
Yet I love Thee and adore ;
O for grace to love Thee more !"

Well, my dear hearer, it is something to know that you do love Him, and that God is the Author of that love, and although your love is but weak now, yet those of little faith, no matter how little, shall come off more than conquerors. We owe it all to God that we love Him at all. It is my complaint as well as yours that I love Him but little. But the time will come when we shall shuffle off this mortal coil, and then the bud shall blossom into a full-blown flower, to the admiration of angels and the pleasure of God Himself.

Having referred to this poor woman, and, as far as I have been enabled, compared her to ourselves, let us now notice her treatment by Jesus Christ. We don't know how long she had been standing there, but, as I said, it must have been some time. They were under the impression that He knew nothing about it, but He did. But how is it He takes no notice? Well, my dear hearers, I can assign no other reason for it than this: she was in prayer to Him for mercy, and as He is Divine in all things, He knew she was there, and left her to pray. And presently He turned round to her and said, "Woman, thy sins are all forgiven thee." Can you picture yourself there waiting for Christ to be gracious? and then picture to yourself the happiness which that poor woman must have felt when the words dropped from His mouth like oil on the troubled waters: "Woman, thy sins are *all* forgiven thee?" Wait, my dear hearer; soon shall you hear the loving whisper from that Friend of sinners: "Thy sins are all forgiven thee." May God bless the preaching of His Word. Amen.

"MINE ELECT IN WHOM MY SOUL DELIGHTETH."

BELOVED SISTER IN JESUS,—Permit me now, according to promise, to give you part of my discourse on Isa. xlii. 1. I arose yesterday morning with a bad headache, which made me feel very nervous, causing rather a dread of the heavy day's labour before me. However, God be praised, I was so favoured in the pulpit that I quite forgot my malady. Entering upon the second title of Christ—namely, God's Elect—I proposed four things for discussion:—

1. Christ is God's elect Head (Eph. i. 22), "God hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the Church." Then all other heads must be rejected. The Pope is no head of Christ's Church. No Protestant king or queen can be the head of Christ's Church. To say that any earthly king may be the head of the Church of Christ, as well as Christ Himself, is to say the Church has two heads, and this would be to make a monster of her. This would be to contradict and set aside Paul's words, "He is before all things, and by Him all things consist. And He is the head of the body, the

Church : who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead ; that in all things He might have the pre-eminence" (Col. i. 17, 18). To set up any one, or to make any one Christ's rival, is absolute idolatry.

2. *Christ is God's King.* Not a subordinate king, He being in Himself infinite and Divine, but as the man-Mediator, he being invested with all rule and authority, providentially over the world, and spiritually over the Church. Hear what God the Father, the King of this King, says, "I have set My King upon My holy hill of Zion. I will declare the decree : the Lord hath said unto Me, Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee ; ask of Me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for Thy inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." You may now cast your eyes upon Psa. xlv. 1, 2. Compared with Christ, every other king is but a bramble king (Judges ix. 14, 15). If Christ is God's elect King, all other kings are rejected, because, whenever election is mentioned, rejection of the same species is implied. I do not mean that other kings are rejected from ruling under God's government and appointment, because by Him "kings reign and princes decree justice" (Prov. viii. 15, 16), but I mean, no other king can rule over the Church and conscience but Christ : Christ only is King of saints. To say, Henry VIII., king of saints ; George IV., king of saints ; Queen Victoria, queen of saints, would be something not to be endured. But how do we know Christ is not only sole and supreme King, but that He is also our King ? Now, how did Nathaniel know this ? Christ said to him, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile ! Nathaniel said unto Him, Whence knowest Thou me ? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." What experience did these words of Christ beget in Nathaniel ? Hear him, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God ; Thou art the King of Israel" (John i. 47—49 ; Matt. xvi. 17). This, you see, was quite sufficient, for where the word of a king is, there is power, and this is the only way to know Christ as our King experimentally.

3. *Christ is God's elect Prophet.* Then all other prophets must be rejected. I mean, they cannot be prophets in the sense in which Christ is a Prophet. Who among them could read all hearts, know all thoughts, and tell of all things to come ? Who can read all experiences, and tell all exercises of the mind, but Christ ? But how do you know that Christ is God's elect Prophet to you ? We must bring this truth home as well as the foregoing one. Now hear what the woman of Samaria says, "Sir, I perceive that Thou art a Prophet." Then she said again, "Come, see a Man which told me all things that ever I did : is not this the Christ ?" (John iv. 19, 29). What did the man say of Christ whose eyes had been opened ? "He is a Prophet." Thus, then, Christ becomes a prophet to us, telling us things of ourselves, past, present, and future, thoroughly explaining us to ourselves as much as is needful for us to know, and this is how we experimentally know Christ to be the great Prophet of God.

4. *Christ is God's elect Priest.* All other priests then are rejected, but not as typical priests. These offered up other sacrifices, but Christ offered up Himself. Other priests "could not continue by reason of death," but Christ abideth for ever. He is "a Priest for ever after the order of

Melchisedec." The priesthood of all other priests was changeable, but Christ hath an unchangeable priesthood. Mark again, Christ is the great High Priest of our profession. This can never be said of any other priest. Paul said, "We have no dominion over your faith, but are helpers of your joy : for by faith ye stand" (2 Cor. i. 24).

To talk about an earthly monarch being the "Defender of the faith," is high treason against God. To say that any priest, king, or lord, has power over the conscience, is to set up the creature above the Creator. Again, our great High Priest is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin" (Heb. ii. 17, iv. 15). What other priest can understand our infirmities so as to be touched with them? It cannot be said of any one only Christ, "In all their afflictions He was afflicted" (Isa. lxiii. 9). The words of the poet are good :—

"Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same."

To conclude. All God's delight is in His Son, because "it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." God's delight is in Christ's Person, in all the offices that He fills, and in all the works that He does. The Father's delight was in Him in everything that He did, while travelling here below, in fulfilling His commandment. See the truth of this in two places—namely, Matt. iii. 17, and also Matt. xvii. 5.

As I have no room, my sister must not expect anything more at this time upon Luke vii. 11—16. I was much blessed in speaking upon that text in the afternoon ; had a good attendance, though the weather was unfavourable. After the service I walked to Harleston, and preached in Mr. Futter's chapel in the evening ; had more people than I had seen before ; then walked home, completing the day with three long sermons and a walk of six miles. I was too tired to find any sleep till this morning. Finding myself overtaxed, I was constrained to tell the Harleston friends that I could not continue my services among them, my strength not being equal to such an amount of labour. For the present you must content yourself with this. Believe me to remain,

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, February 16th, 1880.

SEVEN MYSTERIES IN TWO LINES; OR, "OUT OF WEAKNESS MADE STRONG."

TO the stewards, students, scribes, and duly-authorized servants in the lower house of the great King Eternal, I humbly submit for your consideration the following facts :—The other Saturday night, having returned home off a wet journey, I retired to bed without any prepared sermon for the following day. Quite unexpectedly I was awoke about one on the Sunday morning with what was thought to be a severe bronchial attack. Oh, how I did bark, and howl, and strain,

and groan! It was considered a serious case. No more preaching for me; no. Well, quite originally and gratuitously, I soliloquised with myself, and without any pulling at the little mind I may have, something inside of me said:—

Is there an angel (under God)
Sent to take care of me?
To wield affliction's gentle rod,
To set my spirit free
From cares, and snares, and gloomy fears,
To wipe away my silent tears,
With thoughts of Christ, my conscience clears,
And leads me safely on?
If it be so, then I'm an heir
Of God's eternal rest,
And with Christ's ransomed I shall share
The mercies of the blest.

My soul was soothed into a calm flow of reflection upon the two lines:—

“FEED THE CHURCH OF GOD
WHICH HE HATH PURCHASED WITH HIS OWN BLOOD.”

I was in bed, in the dark, and coughing all night, but I heard, as it were, a dewy whisper saying, “Those two lines contain the seven great mysteries which constitute the kingdom of grace.”

I began, mentally, to dissect them. I saw—

First.—The mystery of the Deity, the divinity, the eternal Godhead of our Saviour. He is plainly spoken of as God.

Secondly.—There is the mystery of the Church—“THE CHURCH OF GOD.”

Thirdly.—Here is the amazing mystery of redemption: “Which He hath purchased with HIS OWN BLOOD.”

Fourthly.—By way of implication, here is the mystery of the Church's present state of destitution and of dependency:—It is absolutely necessary that the Church of God should be fed.

Fifthly.—Here is the mystery of that comprehensive Evangelical law which God hath ordained, and which hath been so frequently proclaimed: “Feed My sheep.” “*Feed* the Church of God.”

Sixthly.—Here certainly is the mystery of the Church's glorious future. Why was so great a price paid for her redemption? What real and eternal benefits will flow to her therefrom?

Last of all.—The mysterious question will come up, What evidence, what experience, what manifestation of God's grace have I in my own soul that I form part of that Church which “groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord?”

Some of our most intellectually opulent pulpiteers might easily swallow up this leviathan-like text. I declare it swallowed me up. But out of a bed of weakness, through violent cold and coughing, I went forth, and from it, or of it, or near it, spoke a little. Will our Spirit-taught, our sanctified, meditative brethren give their Scriptural thoughts on this sublime charge?

C. W. B.

South Hackney, February 16, 1880.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE OF THE BLESSED SPIRIT.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I have much desired to insert in your EARTHEN VESSEL the last days of a dear brother, to show to its readers the wonderful effects of prayer, and the dear Lord's power to save, to encourage every believer to pray without ceasing. Although the heavens may appear as brass before them, yet the dear Lord is mighty to save in His own good time. And having the pleasure of meeting you at Winchester, there you kindly promised to publish the death of Caleb Johnson, of Curdridge, Hampshire.

I will not dwell on his life, only to say he was the son of pious parents, more especially a godly mother—I may say never a brighter example of female piety. Her children rose up and called her blessed. He was taught the glorious Gospel of Christ, being cradled, it may well be said, in the truths of Divine grace, and the Holy Scriptures explained and opened up to his young mind. Above all, every thought and word was steeped in fervent prayer—that blessed key to the mercy-seat, to the Holy of holies—that the blessed Spirit of the Lord might lead his young mind to that Saviour who is, and ever will prove, mighty to save.

My dear brother at the age of 17 was sent to Cambridge to learn his profession. There he continued for some years, until Divine providence removed him to Hampshire, within a few miles of the place of his birth. He was an excellent moral man, very just and upright in his business transactions. To use plain words, no one could cast a stone or say aught against him; a thorough believer in free-grace, God's electing love, and God's sovereign power to save.

But, alas! he was not a changed character: he was lacking the one thing needful—that great change—"Ye must be born again." In the year 1869 it pleased the Lord to take from him his beloved partner in life. This was a very severe shock. The loss so shattered his poor earthly tabernacle that he was not fit for business. After her death, although he survived her a little over eight years, he could not reconcile himself to his loss. He was at times almost, if not altogether, rebellious. His health suffered very much. The best of advice was procured. His kind Christian brother and sisters, with other friends, tried to condole with him and offer consolation, but to no purpose. At times we feared his mind would suffer, but no, the dear Lord kept him, watched over him, and laid His everlasting arms around him, although he could not see it. He went to reside with a kind-hearted Christian sister, a Mrs. Ball, of Calcott-house, Curdridge; she had taken the charge of his little son.

There he continued for several years in a low desponding way, feeling so downcast and full of melancholy that caused his health to give way, and the strong man was brought into a deep decline in March, 1877. Inflammation with congestion of the lungs set in in its worst form; no hope of his life was given. I was summoned to his bedside, which I never left for five weeks, night or day, only to get a few hours' sleep. Never shall I forget the bitter agony of his poor soul. The longing, thirsting, panting, crying for mercy to a sin-sick soul, all seemed dark; the thick cloud was over him; he felt himself lost for ever,

without one gleam of hope. One day he said to me, "Oh! my dear sister, what shall I do? Pray for me; pray for me; pray for me. Here I am, a black sea before me, and no Christ to cling to. My poor guilty soul seems on a tempest-tossed sea, tossed about on this vast ocean, nothing but death before me, and I feel I am like an empty vessel; no Saviour to pilot me to the harbour of rest." I knelt by his bedside, and we prayed together. Ah, that earnest prayer! I felt I must be like good old Jacob—not let the dear Lord go without the blessing; but no, the Lord's time was not come to reveal Himself to him. Day after day passed, and night after night, in much pain of body; but what was that to be compared to the anxiety of his soul? No sleep to the weary eyelids; no rest, no quiet, nothing but longing and crying for the Lord to show mercy and pardon through the blood of the Lamb. He would speak of his vileness and God's power to save, but he could not realise that power in his own soul. He would ask us to read parts of God's Holy Word most suitable to him. Many choice hymns were repeated, and prayers offered. Sleep seemed to refuse its office; there was no rest for his weary soul. I think I can confidently assert that he never slept one hour, night or day, for the last month of his life. His medical adviser wished to give him reposing medicine, but he would say, "No, I will not take it. What! put me to sleep to forget my Saviour. No, I cannot touch it. Do let me keep awake while I have my reason to pray for pardon through His blood, and trust in His power to save me."

The Rev. G. W. Hills, vicar of Curdridge—an excellent and worthy minister of the Church of England—used to visit and pray with him. On one occasion he said to him, "Cannot you lay hold on these blessed promises held forth in the Gospel and say you believe?" In reply to the minister he said, "I would give ten thousand worlds, were I possessed of them, if I could, but I cannot. I cannot tell you anything but truth. I feel lost." Mr. Hills then said, "I have prayed night after night that the Lord may show me some blessed text of Scripture that may bring you peace through believing." Many blessed portions he read to him, and many prayers offered, but no peace came. Day after day, and night after night, passed in much agony of soul.

He would speak of God's goodness, His boundless love to lost and ruined sinners, but he could not realise it in his own soul. One day he said to me, "Oh! my dear sister, I wish you could know just how I feel. I am a lost, ruined sinner. I am crying for pardon and mercy through Christ. I feel the Lord will reveal Himself to me; that before He takes me out of time into eternity, I shall be able to shout, 'Victory through the blood of the Lamb.'" His suffering was most painful in body as well as soul. Many prayers were offered, and sweet promises of God's Word explained—all he so eagerly listened to and enjoyed. On Sunday, April 23rd, the dear minister read much from St. Paul's epistles, and earnestly and faithfully held up Christ as the sinner's only Friend. He read in a low, clear, and distinct voice Hebrews vi. 17—20. After a short pause he read those blessed truths again. A little silence, and he then said, "There, my brother, that is the Word of God." "Yes," said my dear brother, "and the Word of God is true, then I am safe." After some spiritual conversation and prayer, all seemed calm, and no more was then said that he felt the blessed assur-

ance we all so longed for, although we felt sure we should realise the words of our dear Redeemer:—"Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." The next day he made every necessary arrangement as to the charge of his only child, a son eight years of age, and a few temporal matters relating to his funeral. At three o'clock p.m. he took an affectionate leave of his only surviving brother, knowing it was the last time they would meet in the flesh. About six o'clock in the evening his voice strengthened, and his countenance lit up. With unusual brightness he looked at me and said, "Oh, my dear sister, is not this wonderful?" "Wonderful!" I said; "what is it that is so wonderful, my dear Caleb?" "Why," he added, "that I am not afraid to die." I said, "How came this fear removed?" He said in a clear, full voice, "Oh, I thought the dear Lord would have shown me a vision of angels, or my blessed Saviour bleeding for me on the cross, but no, nothing of that, the still small voice of His blessed Spirit has told me He has redeemed me with His own most precious blood; that though my sins were as scarlet, He has made them white as snow; though they were red like crimson, they are as wool; Oh, they are for ever blotted out, they are remembered against me no more for ever; my blessed Redeemer has paid the ransom for me. Oh, what a mistake have I made all my life! Now the scales are removed from my eyes; I now feel I know the full meaning of a sermon I heard in Cambridge by that dear man of God, the Rev. H. Batterscombe, coming up out of the wilderness, leaning on my Beloved. I have come up out of a wilderness of sin, and can lean on my beloved Saviour's bosom. Now I feel fully the words of the poet:—

" Payment God does not twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

Soon, very soon, shall I be with Him who has done all for me, a poor but saved sinner." Here my pen fails me to give utterance to one-half the blessed things he spoke of: the cloud was taken away, and the glory of the Lord seemed to fill the house. The last week of his life was passed with a full foretaste of glory in his soul.

Satan, that great adversary, seemed to keep from troubling him up till the Saturday night before his death, when all of a sudden his heaven-born countenance changed to that of the greatest agony of soul. I said to him, "Is the enemy of souls harassing you?" He said, "Yes, yes, he tells me I am far too vile to be saved; that I have lived and served him all my life, and God will not accept me now in the last moment of my life." I said, "Do not believe him, my dear brother; he has deceived you all through your life, and do not let him rob you of your peace of mind at the last: remember, the Word of God tells us he was a liar from the beginning." He said with firm confidence, "So he was, and I am safe—safe through all eternity, 'safe in the arms of Jesus,' and all the devils in hell cannot take me from my blessed Saviour that has purchased me with His own most precious blood."

A holy peace again came into his soul and never left him until he was safely landed on the blissful shores of the heavenly Jerusalem. On Sunday, the day before his death, he requested me to read the 23rd Psalm and that beautiful hymn:—

" Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near."

He seemed to enjoy a holy calm, saying, "I shall soon be for ever with my Saviour and those dear ones that have passed on before; but Christ is now my rock and my everlasting refuge." He earnestly wished for all who visited him to look to his precious Saviour that had proved to him so mighty to save. His bodily sufferings continued up to the last, but the holy peace that filled his soul was more than pen can describe. He was leaning his dying head on a precious Saviour's bosom. A few moments before he breathed his last, he was speaking of Christ, his only hope. With his eyes fixed in death, he said, "No other slain Lamb, no other Calvary, no other cross, no other Saviour." The words were silenced in death. The sting of death was taken away, death was swallowed up in victory.

Thus passed away my beloved brother on Monday, April 30th, 1877— a sinner saved by sovereign grace. On May 7th, his mortal remains were taken to their last resting-place in the beautiful little churchyard at Curdridge. The service was most solemnly and impressively read by Rev. G. W. Hills. Over his grave is placed a stone bearing the following inscription:—

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF
CALEB JOHNSON,

Who fell asleep in Jesus, April 30th, 1877.

"Behold I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.

ISABELLA HOLLIS.

Beach View House, Chapel Road, Southampton.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF
GEO. R. ELLIS,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, OCT. 21, 1878,
AGED 22 YEARS.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

HE'S gone! his spirit has taken its happy flight
From earth to that world of pure delight;
Through Jesus' merit, by a Redeemer's grace,
His ransomed soul doth live in Christ's embrace.

On Thy breast, dear Lord, he laid his drooping
head;
In sickness Thy gentle hands hath made his
bed:

Tender Jesus, who wiped from his eye the tear,
Sweet Thy still small voice that banished every
fear.

Jesus kindly, softly whispered, "Come away!
Thy Father calls, thou must here no longer stay;
In heaven's fair mansions thou must fill thy
place,
There shall ye see the glories of thy Saviour's
face."

Untold heights of bliss his spirit now enjoys,
To sing the new, new song every power employs;
Bathed in the sea of a Saviour's love, at rest,
A heaven of fulness makes him for ever blessed.

We must stay, but thou hast only gone before:
And, though thy face on earth we see no more,
We'll wait and watch till our Jesus we shall see,
Where He is, and thou art, we may ever be.
Islington. W. C. KENNETH.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

SOMETIMES, alas! it seems in vain to labour,
And waiting seems in vain:
Yet upward soars our spirits to Thy favour,
From weariness and pain!

Faith that is born of Thy most sacred anguish
For us upon the cross,
Is tempered with a zeal that cannot languish
At any earthly loss.

How wild to worldly wisdom seems our fervour,
How vain our burning love!
But, ah! they see not, with each true believer,
What Stephen saw above.

They worship gold, and empty fame and pleasure
To gain a poor reward;
Love bids us lightly hold each earthly treasure,
Our treasure is our Lord.

Enthusiasm kindles all our nature,
A flame of heaven-born fire;
Brought by a seraph from the sacred altar,
Teaching us to aspire.

Upward, beyond the worldling's best endeavour,
The Christian warriors rise;
Upheld by His kind hand who falleth never,
Whose love all bliss supplies.

So love scarce feeleth pain, or care, or sorrow,
Held by the loved One's hand:
True love from the Beloved all joy can borrow,
All evil can withstand.

Nov. 10, 1879.

ADA.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Dean Stanley's Defence of the Baptists. A minister in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mr. J. M. Stephens, preached a sermon last December, on Dean Stanley's "Concessions and Confessions Respecting the Ordinance of Believers' Baptism." Mr. Stephens' discourse has been published. Mr. Stephens has laid us under most grateful obligations for the service he has rendered in giving to the world a faithful review of Dean Stanley's witness on behalf of that solemn rite which *only* the Churches denominated "Strict Baptists" do loyally and unflinchingly adhere to and practise. We believe it might be well for our Baptist friends to see that this sermon be as widely read as possible. As introductory to further notice, we, this month, only give the following quotation. Mr. Stephens says:—

"There will be generally felt in our community a sense of gratitude and approval towards the manly and genial Dean of Westminster for his candid and masterly discussion of the matter of Christian baptism in the pages of *The Nineteenth Century*. Dean Stanley is one of the greatest public favourites of our time. He has such a breadth of sympathy and such vigour of mind, along with wealth of knowledge and grace of style, that any subject seems to gain by the mere fact of being handled by him. In this case, we have to thank him, not only for bringing the subject into notice, but also for so openly and unreservedly giving the weight of his high authority in support of things which teachers from our ranks have often had to maintain in the teeth of prejudice and bigoted contradiction.

"Such admissions as the following are very acceptable to those who have been smiled at as fools for believing that immersion could be practised in the desert, or that thousands could be so baptized in one day:—

"In that early age the scene of the transaction was either some deep wayside spring or well, as for the Ethiopian; or some rushing river, as the Jordan; or some vast reservoir, as at Jericho or Jerusalem, whither, as in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, the whole population resorted for swimming or washing. The water in those Eastern regions, so doubly significant of all that was pure and refreshing, closed over the heads of the converts, and they rose into the light of heaven new and altered beings."

"Or again:—

"For the first thirteen centuries the almost universal practice of baptism was that of which we read in the New Testament, and which is the very meaning of the word baptize—that those who were baptized were plunged, submerged, immersed into the water. That practice is still continued in Eastern Churches It lasted long into the middle ages The cold climate of Russia has not been found an obstacle to its continuance throughout that vast empire. . . . It had, no doubt, the sanction of the apostles and of their Master. It had the sanction of the venerable Churches of the early ages, and of the sacred countries of the East. Baptism by sprinkling was rejected by the whole ancient Church as no baptism at all (except in the rare cases of death-beds or extreme necessity). . . . It still has the sanction of the powerful religious community which numbers amongst its members such noble characters as John Bunyan, Robert Hall, and Havelock. . . . The change from immersion to sprinkling has set aside the larger part of the apostolic language regarding baptism, and has altered the very meaning of the word."

"We knew these things before Arthur Penrhyn Stanley told us them. Men whom the world has not applauded so freely have testified the same things thousands of times, but their utterance by our brethren has commonly been regarded as unscholarly and sectarian; and our Pledobaptist brethren have flattered their university gowns in our faces, and pedantically told us to read a little more deeply, and our views would be modified and theirs confirmed. Thus we are grateful when an acknowledged leader of thought disdains to raise any of the dust with which too many have obscured this subject by disputing the force of Greek words, or the value of certain figures of speech. Our position is no surer to ourselves for what he has written; but to others who have not taken the stand we have, his concessions may avail to show that it is not upon the lines of scholarship or research that our practice can be successfully assailed."

(To be continued.)

Something about the New Birth. From *Silent Messenger* for January the following sweet string of thoughts will be a comfort to many. The writer says:—

"If you ask the Christian, who by God's grace has drawn nigh, to describe his experience, if you expect a logical account of this supernatural and central change, his answer will be, 'I am most distinctly conscious of the fact of the new birth. I can distinguish between the highest and the purest emotions, the most unselfish and generous acts of my natural state and of my old nature, and the new life by faith in Christ. I know that what is born of the flesh is flesh, and what is born of the Spirit is spirit. Christ dwells in my heart by faith; the Spirit of God is in me. To be spiritual-minded is life and peace. Even the Word of God, which I knew and admired, revered and loved, was formerly outside me, but now it dwells within me. But if you ask *how* and *when* I was born again, I answer, "Jesus Himself says that man cannot tell." "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." Is not the beginning of all life concealed in sacred and mysterious darkness, and can we expect to analyse this most wonderful of all creations? And when this change is compared to a birth, does not this very comparison point to a still more hidden commencement of life known only to the Spirit of God? I may remember the culminating point of decision, the efflorescence of the bud, when the heart says, I will draw nigh! or the first conscious reception of vivifying truth, but I am not anxious even about this, nor does it belong to the 'reason' which I am exhorted to be able to give to all who ask me. The Lord draws nigh to the heart, and creates it anew. It is a miracle of grace, and, like all miracles, we see not the process *itself*, but its effects. Once we were dead, now we live; once we were blind, now we see. Jesus, the crucified Saviour, according to His promise, has drawn us unto Himself." Besides some well-grounded papers on themes of Christian graces, the *Silent Messenger* frequently has a poem quite above the general strain. Mr. Anderson's poetical bump grows more luxurious as it is developed.

The Baptist Hand-Book for 1880 has a collection of statistical, denominational, and biographical matters, rendering it, as a book of reference, of much importance. Some one has furnished a brief memoir of the late William Collyer, of Ivinghoe, styling him "a Calvinistic of the first water;" one "who rather gloried in his exclusiveness;" one "who felt sure, even to the end, that such doctrines only were in harmony with the

Word of God." Mr. Collyer's case is also one which bespeaks (as the writer thinks) the necessity of Churches contributing to the annuity fund. "W. V. Y." is evidently no friend to us, nor to the essential doctrines of grace, which he calls "*Calvinistic*." These genteel sneers at the Gospel are painful when coming to us from such quarters. We personally visited, preached for, and helped Mr. Collyer in his latter years. We raised for him a "testimonial" of £100. It helped to stock his little farm, and it supplied him with comforts down to the end of his life. We went, free of all cost to the Church or family, and buried him; and we have the happiness of knowing our efforts cheered his heart to the close of his earthly career. As far as we knew Mr. Collyer, he was of a kind, loving, liberal spirit toward all who in heart and soul love our Lord Jesus Christ; and the clergymen of the parish, and the country people all around, held him in the highest estimation. Mr. Collyer was a working and industrious man; and, in his day, was greatly honoured of his Lord. But the enmity of some professors is cruel; it is partial. All such men as William Collyer we have done our utmost to keep from the pinchings of poverty. The barn-like appearance of the chapel, which "W. V. G." refers to, arose, we believe, from the want of keeping the pulpit supplied with acceptable and godly preachers. Some will preach, even if it is, to an empty barn. We mourn over such things; but when a chapel is in the hands of men who will have their own way, nothing can be done. Ivinghoe has been a grand Gospel harvest-field in its time; that time has passed away. The people died off. Conversions and additions became scarce. What its future will be we dare not anticipate.

The Closing Days of Christendom as Foreshadowed in Parable and Prophecy. By BURLINGTON B. WALE. London: Partridge & Co., Paternoster-row; Devonport: A. H. Swiss, 112, Fore-street. (6s.) Mr. Burlington B. Wale is now extensively known as the author of several critical studies, "The Book of Hebrew Roots," "Biblical Outlines," &c. This crown-octavo volume, of over 400 pp., is like a basket of fruit gathered up from an enlightened and a Divinely-aided review of those visions and revelations with which the ancient prophets were so highly favoured, and which our Lord in His ministry so often confirmed. We are aware of the patent fact that many learned men have travelled these inspired paths before Mr. Wale, but in this volume

our author has well tested, weighed, and examined the writings of his predecessors in this field of literature; and in twenty-four well-arranged chapters he has distinctly emphasized those momentous subjects to which his mind has been directed. The book will be useful to any serious and anxious Christian, especially to ministers whose libraries are small, whose time is precious, whose means are limited, but whose people wish to be correctly instructed, not only in those doctrines which belong to their soul's everlasting welfare, but also in those portions of the *unfulfilled* Word of God, which so certainly point out the speedy coming and kingdom of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST. For years we have had the heartache over the narrow mill-horse round of preaching with which hosts of pulpits are filled. There is a monotonous sameness, the dry detail of denunciation and repetition, the same thing over and over again. Good as far as they go, but they go not far enough. Hence the inquiring generation of hearers run hither and thither, and our Churches lose them. We do not believe in a perpetual announcement of the nearness of the end of the world, nor of the speedy second advent of our Lord, but such an investigation of the predicted, the predestinated, the promised most awful "judgments of Christendom," and of the glorious FUTURE of the espoused bride of Christ, with their concomitant events, as Mr. Wale here supplies, would suggest to any mind a series of themes calculated, with the Lord's blessing, both to alarm the careless and to comfort the all but comfortless followers of our loving Lord. We purpose, if spared, to look closely into this significant work, and see if it will help us to be more useful. Let others do the same. No shadowy dreams are here, but a discovery of THINGS WHICH MUST COME TO PASS.

Lebanon Leaves: Metrical Soliloquies on Passages of Scripture for Every Day in the Year. Tendrils in Verse. The volume of *Leaves*, and the companion volume of *Tendrils*, are both from the pen of Mr. EBENEZER PALMER. They are well matched, produced, in every way, in solid, pleasing, and excellent style; the composition is chaste, spiritual, orthodox, and of great variety. The printing and binding render them worthy of being laid on the library or drawing-room table; and, the pieces being generally short, the two volumes will make nice birthday or wedding presents. The weary citizen, or the fatigued housewife, catching up one or other at any spare moment, will always find something to

carry the mind up into a healthy and heavenly calm, which, with the Lord's blessing, will much endear the author and his sacred meditations to all who can appreciate evangelical and experimental subjects developed with such ease and simplicity, as these reflections certainly are. The author—Mr. Ebenezer Palmer—has been an exercised seeker after God in Christ as his own Saviour; and he is now an established father in the faith. Cordially we recommend these works, which are published by Mr. Clement Sadler Palmer, 100, Southampton-row. We may quote a piece or two another time.

"This sheep is Mine!" In No. 23 of *Grove Chapel Tracts* we have "the Cleansing, Clothing, and Crowning" of Joshua set out in strong terms. If Thomas Bradbury had only been a Baptist as well as a Calvinist, he would have been a leader in the *Standard* Churches. He is a diver in the depths of soul-trouble. His tract on "The Good Shepherd" has this remarkable verse in it:—

"When the foe desired to have me,
JESUS said, 'THIS SHEEP IS MINE!'
He resigned His life to save me:
JESUS! what a love is Thine!
All victorious in its course,
Nothing can resist its force."

That is a crisis of most awful untellable-ness when both the lion and the bear (Satan and a base, vile nature) have dragged a lamb out of the fold; have carried it out into the black, despairing desert; when the wretched creature has resigned itself up to the threefold power of temptation, a guilty conscience, and the desponding persuasion that it is doomed to be lost. Yet, after being mangled, almost bleeding to death, having given up all for lost, "The Good Shepherd" steps in, rescues the all-but-murdered victim, and carries out the proclamation—

"THIS SHEEP IS MINE!"

Back to *Himself* the Saviour brings His own, although no one can believe such a wretch can be saved. The more we silently reflect upon the depths of Satan, the aboundings of sin, and the much more aboundings of grace, the more we stand amazed. Not more than one in a thousand, it may be, can say anything about it. Nor can we desire that they should. In *Grove Chapel Tracts* series "NOTHING TO PAY!" has been reprinted. Many will be glad to know that. To be had of Mr. B., 4, Love-walk, Camberwell.—Walter Brown's *Infant Salvation* can be had of him at St. John's, Colchester.—"A Portuguese Heroine," in *Old Jonathan* for February, is a touching narrative.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

ONE OF OUR ENGLISH VILLAGES AND CATHEDRAL CITIES.

THERE is situated in the beautiful valley of the Test, about twelve miles from Winchester and four from Andover, a charming village, surrounded by hills, valleys of good and rich pastures, some fine specimens of woodlands, and sparkling streams. The view on entering this village from the Winchester road, especially in the full spring, is one that charms eyes, mind, and heart, and leads the meditative mind to trace back, in the light of the inspired volume, to the time when the great Architect and Creator of the universe spake into being such a glorious world for the abode of man. One is led with admiration to contemplate the wisdom and the power thus displayed on every hand, and then, as we meditate on a world sin-stained, a greater joy arises as we think of that wisdom which has planned and wrought out redemption, and that love that has prepared a more glorious world still, undefiled with either sin, pain, or death, as the abode of His redeemed family.

The village to which reference has been made, is known as Long-parish. This place has its church and a Wesleyan chapel, and situate midway between the two is a clean neat-looking chapel with a very small burying ground, used by that poor, despised, and world-hated sect, known as "Particular Baptists."

In this village it was our privilege, on Sunday, Nov. 17th, 1879, to labour for our loving and best of Masters. I will not say anything of what we said, because we have no desire to appear to sound our own trumpet, as alas! many appear to do. The friends say they had a good time, the speaker at any rate knows what he felt and enjoyed. But, brother Banks, we often feel that this preaching is a solemn, though a pleasurable employment, but more often are we led, with the apostle of old, to say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Now comes something like a pleasant surprise. A good friend, to whom the cause of truth is dear, took of me a card and set about collecting what could be obtained for our own cause at Winchester, and to show appreciation of our humble labours in their midst. For villagers we think they have done nobly. But this is not all; the members of the Church, feeling an interest in our cause because of our labours, have most kindly and liberally given a sum in addition to the other contributions, and at a time when they are spending much for repairs to their own place of worship.

I make mention of this fact here, because it appears worthy of record, and might form a stimulus to some of our other Churches, who may not be very heavily burdened, to see what they can raise amongst themselves in order to render us that assistance which we so much need. To our ministerial brethren and members of our Churches, yea, to all who

love our glorious Head, Christ Jesus, do we most affectionately and earnestly appeal to render us a helping hand.

Now, as briefly as possible, I will make more particular reference to our own Church, known as "Mount Zion," Silver Hill, Winchester.

I can well imagine to myself there was no small stir in this stronghold of the English Church, when in the year 1817 "the first preacher of the Calvinistic Baptist persuasion" stood up in the name of the Triune God to proclaim the glorious doctrines and practices of the New Testament.

The place then, and even since, used as a chapel, had been built about fifty years previously as a dwelling house. It was first used by the Wesleyan Methodists, who held it up to about March, 1817, when they quitted it for the Baptists to enter. I feel disposed to compare notes on the transformation, but forbear.

From this it will be seen the building itself is about 100 years old. About fifty-five years since it was purchased by the Church using it, as a freehold property, and then vested in Trustees for the use of "the Protestant section of Dissenters called Particular Baptists."

About the year 1855, some person or persons of more liberal or charitable (?) views than some others, proposed that the Church should be constituted a Baptist and Pedo-Baptist Church. Thus, as often as happened, under the garb of dealing charitably with the views and practices of other Churches, of disguising the truth in order to make it more palatable to the semi-religious portion, and more attractive to the views of the worldly, a rent was made and a division took place. Those who contended for General Baptist principles separated and met in a distinct building, and in course of time erected a chapel for themselves; since then the Strict Baptist Church has had a time of peace not known before. I do not say that no ruffles have appeared on the surface, or that no keen winds have been felt; but at the time of writing, though we are few and poor, it is not too much to say that God has blessed us with peace among ourselves.

We are very few. A cathedral city is an ungenial place for poor Strict Baptists to have their tabernacle, and so we find it. Many an effort has been made to "put down the uncharitable set," but by the blessing of God we are preserved. About four years ago we started a Sabbath school, made up of those who went nowhere else, but so soon as the rector ("priest" is the new name) found it out, he offered the scholars one half-penny per Sunday to leave us (and many did) and attend his school. This is one instance of many, and perhaps the most kindly!

Some time since, there was at the back of the chapel a building which at one time formed part of the property. The owner,

however (no friend to us), had it pulled down. On instructing a builder to do some repairs to the roof, he told us the back of the chapel was exposed, and on visiting the spot we found to our dismay that the greater portion of the protection at the back was only the lath and plaster which formed the inside face. In a short time this would have fallen away, and the chapel left quite open. This we had temporarily boarded up at the time, and we now desire to have the proper protection of a brick wall. Every year shows us that less favour will be shown, but as the property adjoining is rented by a dissenter we may have permission to erect scaffolding outside, but if delayed it may grow worse, and we may then have to get the work done from the inside, which will be far from desirable. Our floor is very bad, breaking through in many places; the roof requires thorough reparation; the walls inside also need repairing, and if any cash should be left from the sum estimated (£100) our baptistery must be seen to, as we hope, please God, to have to use it again ere long.

We feel our chapel must be retained for the use of our denomination; but as it will require a larger outlay than we can meet, we are compelled to bring it before the notice of the Churches. We feel that did the many who can, render us some small assistance, we should be in a position to put our chapel into decent repair and retain it for the cause of truth.

At the present time, the donations raised by the Church and friends amount to £39 8s. 8d., and we need quite £100 to do repairs absolutely necessary.

Should any friends feel disposed to use a collecting card in our favour, one shall be sent on application.

Our cause is known to the editor of this magazine (Mr. C. W. Banks) who very kindly visited us in August last; also to G. A. Northover, Esq., of 2, Love-lane, Wood-street, E.C., both of whom will be pleased to answer any enquiries that may be made.

It would rejoice our hearts to see the chapel once more in a condition that would make it comfortable, and a credit to our denomination.

It is not ambition or a mere desire to appear decent, but out of pure love to God and His precious truth, that we ask the readers of this magazine to render us such help as they can give, and as speedily as they are able.

Ministers, deacons, and members of our Churches, to you we affectionately appeal and lay before you our case, entreating for a favourable consideration of our need, which is for the maintenance of truth in a large and dark city, but where God has a few loving and faithful followers who are struggling to maintain that which is right, and to glorify His name.

Committing our cause to the care and keeping of our covenant Lord, and for the charitable consideration of our readers,

Yours in the Gospel,

J. SMITH.

61, Eastgate-street, Winchester.

HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE NORTH.

[The North of England is most certainly a densely populated portion of this little island. Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, Bolton, Huddersfield, and many other of the towns, are fountains of industry, of hard work, and of bony, big, business people. I always think they look with a little contempt upon us poor Southern Gentiles. Nevertheless, their kindness is equal to Joseph's, and no lack of charity is ever found there. From the centre of the little city of Morley up to the London station is a long up-hill walk. On the morning of December 2, 1879, brother Hazelwood and myself climbed that Mount Horeb, through snow and blow, with a cloudy atmosphere; but we pressed on until the London express was found; then "Good-bye," and with pencil and paper to work we went. Some good old lady may find in these shock-and-shake-sort of pencillings some little healthy entertainment.]

Yorkshire puddings, as they make them in Yorkshire, are fine feeding in cold, wintry weather. And their fires! Oh! what blazing furnaces when compared with our puny little smoke-and-smother-fumes in the South. Last night (Dec. 1, 1879) we enjoyed the fourth service in Zoar Baptist chapel, Morley, which, perhaps, may be the last time this poor child will speak in that town. Mr. Joseph Hazelwood's villa was my home; and in the company of pastor William Brooksbank, kind Foster, and others, much joy was realised while we spake often one to another of God's goodness and mercy. Three times on Sunday, Nov. 30, and on the Monday, we sung, and prayed, and talked of all

"He's done and said,

And what He's doing for us now."

And soon the seasons rolled away,
Because they were so sweet.

The earth is covered o'er with snow,

The frost is very keen;

But Mercy smiled on us below,
Wherever we have been.

They are a blessed believing family at Zoar Baptist chapel, Morley; and in brother Brooksbank's face, in his converse and ministry, you may read that Scripture: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." My soul sincerely prays that the promise the Lord gave brother B. some time since may be realised: "The little one shall become a thousand; and the small one a strong nation; I the Lord will hasten it in His time."

Morley is approximate to Great Northern centres—Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Huddersfield, and a host of smaller hives of commerce and manufacture. In the town of Morley, with its 13,000 souls, there are two parish churches, three Congregational churches, two Baptist churches, some large Arminian temples, and other schools for the moral and religious well-being of the people. Suppose every man does what he *thinks* best as regards doctrine and discipline, but a ser-

moniser who represents our Lord Jesus Christ as a poor, miserable, low sort of a man, is not so highly appreciated as is Paul's testimony, which tells of the unsearchable riches of His glory, and of the majesty and dignity of Christ in "the brightness of His Father's glory and the express image of His person." A low, negative, grovelling ministry is not either helpful for the Church nor helpful to earnest seekers; but every man "IN HIS OWN ORDER."

At Notting-hill this Tuesday evening, Dec. 2, my lesson is headed

"EXALTATION!"

founded on that illustrious vision John records in Rev. xxi., when he was carried away in the spirit to an exceeding great and high mountain, and saw the city of God, the heavenly Jerusalem, with her light, and high walls, and all the glories of that more blissful state which the bride, the Lamb's wife, shall be found in when the marriage of the Lamb is come.

I have never been carried away in the spirit to the great and high mountain; I have never witnessed the grandeur of the Church's coming glory; I shall not attempt to controvert the Millennial question; but simply utter—if the Lord permit—a thought or two upon

THE CHURCH'S FUTURE EXALTATION.

I look at her *past* as history shows it; at her present as experience realises it; at her future as revelation reveals it.

The Church's past, as history tells us, has been a life of warfare, of woe, but of onward progress. On the past, however, I must not dwell. What is our experience of the Church's PRESENT state? Division in her different societies, declension in some of her ministrations, and a kind of death-like weakness prevails to some extent.

Nevertheless, there are an immense multitude of enterprising efforts put forth aiming to glorify God, and seeking to benefit the people; and I shall not attempt to write "*Ichabod*" upon all the armies of professedly Christian workers, lest I come under the lash of the apostle Jude, who, writing of the ungodly, says, they

"*Speak evil of dignities.*"

And there are a plenty of pulpit declaimers, if not too many, now. I incline to hope that the proclamation God made of His beloved Son, in Isa. lii., is still true: "Behold My Servant shall deal prudently, shall cause His people to understand; He shall prosper; He shall be exalted, extolled, and be very high." And in proportion as our Lord is, by the Holy Ghost, exalted, extolled, and made very high in the Gospel ministry, even so shall His people be drawn up to Him.

The Church's future exaltation is declared in prophecy, in promise, and in the Gospel's comforting assurances: above all, it is secured by a covenant ordered in all things and sure; by a Saviour's mediatorial work; and by the Holy Ghost's witness in our souls.

The Church's future exaltation is a theme

which may profitably be kept before the people. There are many ministers who are like scavengers, always scraping up the mud, and of course such men are to be respected; but if any godly ministers are favoured to get up in to Solomon's chariot, the bottom of which is paved with love; and if from that chariot any favoured servant of Christ can well and faithfully preach up the certain future glory of Christ's Church, I think it will help to strengthen a true believer's faith. He will get up into the higher rooms of the Gospel temple, and, with the telescope of a loving faith, he will look up toward the everlasting hills; and this out-and-up-looking believer will feelingly understand Paul's words: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." It will promote the exercise of patience; and as we can fully lay hold upon that eternally glorious life, we shall more blessedly exclaim, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him!"

[Records of Morley's religious antiquities have been given me by that bright, busy, intelligent, and godly brother, Mr. Hazelwood; and I desire to interest my readers some day by showing them how the Gospel of our most exalted Lord has steadily pursued its predestined course in the face of foes most cruel and strong.—C. W. B.]

BOW.—First anniversary of opening of Baptist chapel in Botolph's-road, Devon's-road, was commemorated on the 25th and 27th of January, 1880. On Tuesday, Mr. W. Carpenter gave us some good thoughts from Solomon's Song: "Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to Thy voice: cause me to hear it." A refreshing tea was provided, after which a public meeting was held. Mr. W. Webb presided, and said in the last year there had been indications of the Lord's presence and blessing. They had worshipped together in peace and unity. There had been a gradual increase in their finances; also in their congregations. During the twelve months, five had been received into the Church by baptism. Mr. Lovelock read the report, showing they received in the March quarter, £36 11s. 9½d.; June quarter, £46 8s. 4½d.; September quarter, £45 10s. 2½d.; December quarter, £57 6s. 9½d. Total, £185 17s. 2d. During the year, £7 had been distributed among the poor, and the expenditure had amounted to £197 10s. 5d., leaving a balance due to treasurer of £11 13s. 3d. Instructive addresses were delivered by Messrs. Cornwell, Lawrence, and Stringer. Mr. James Lee then said he had a cheque of £5 from Mr. Cutmore, and another £5 was promised, which would clear off the debt. He proposed that whatever might be over the debt should be handed to their pastor. Messrs. Holden, Jas. Clarke, and W. Winters then explained some of the types. £5 was handed over to Mr. Webb, for which he returned thanks. Thanks were expressed to the ladies for the excellent tea; also to the ministers and pastor. Brethren Dearsly, Oakey, and other friends aided in the services.—W. B.

PRACTICAL GODLINESS!

"Go, thou, and do likewise."

We always did like work! By God's mercy helping us to work on, under all difficulties, we climbed up from one of the lowest parts of the printing-office until we had the management of three papers and one serial every week. Almost night and day were we reading, reporting, correcting, collecting, "making-up," guiding the publishing, and conducting a large concern. Ah! that was work! Then, on the Lord's-day, off proclaiming the truth as well as we could. They were busy days. We knew nothing of parties, nor jealousies, nor slanders, nor envyings. Strong to labour, free to serve the Lord, poor enough, but rich in faith. Ah! they were good days! The Lord's work we love intensely; but the nearer we get to the end the more we see, and feel, and sigh over the terribly imperfect manner in which all our work is done. Yes! we have seen an end of all perfection.

Leaving all that, we have been reading Mr. J. S. Anderson's *Silent Messenger* for January; and it clearly shows, in a most delightful manner, the causes of the great prosperity which attend "Zion chapel," New Cross-road. In a practical point of view, Mr. Anderson represents a people who challenge the abstract-doctrinarians, as James did when he cried out, "Shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works." Martin Luther did speak unkindly of James, for lack of clearer knowledge; but we are persuaded that a faith which has no fruit to the glory of God, and for the benefit of the Church and the world, is DEAD!

Here is one leaf out of the *Silent Messenger* for January:—

"CHURCH AFFAIRS.

"In 1877 'Zion Chapel Christmas Dinner Fund' was started for the purpose of supplying needy families in the neighbourhood, irrespective of creed, with the means of obtaining a good dinner on Christmas day. About £30 were brought in and distributed in tickets for bread, flour, groceries, meat, and coals. The sum collected then exceeded our expectation, and everyone was agreeably surprised. In 1878 about £40 were raised; but during the last month, 1879, our third year's collection realised the large sum of nearly £80—all collected and distributed, chiefly in tickets as above, within the month. Most of the money has been obtained outside the Church and congregation, so that none of our other institutions have suffered; while we have been enabled to provide some 200 families with food and firing on the day of general festivity, and we most heartily thank the contributors and collectors one and all, and especially the originators of the movement. But more especially still would we praise and adore the great Giver of all good for these favours bestowed upon us as a Church and congregation.

"Thirty-five years ago, January 21, 1845, our 'Poor Christian's Friend Society' was

established for the purpose of helping the aged and very poor members of the Church, by allowing them a small monthly pension. The funds are raised by subscriptions, and the annual collections in December. These collections were made on the 21st ult., and were a little over those of last year. We have nine 'aged pilgrims' receiving from the Society six shillings per month; they are mostly poor widows, and some of them over four-score years of age. On their behalf we should gratefully receive donations or annual subscriptions."

The pastor, J. S. Anderson, and his people have the power, the impulse, and the practice of a GODLINESS which is the most essential and useful blessing in this world. The Lord be praised.

SPELDHURST ROAD, SOUTH HACKNEY.

Monday, February 9, was an exceedingly uncomfortable day as far as the weather was concerned, and proved rather against the meeting. However, a goodly number of friends, and especially ministers, gathered together in the afternoon to hear Mr. John Bennett, who dilated, to the great pleasure of those present, on Divine Constancy. In the evening after tea, the gathering increased, and a meeting of special interest was held. Mr. John Bonney (presiding) called upon Mr. Rayment to offer prayer. Mr. Bonney remarked briefly and to the point the reasons for calling the friends together. One reason was to acknowledge publicly God's goodness in raising up so many friends to cheer the heart and encourage our beloved brother Banks in his declining days, he having attained to his 74th year. Another reason for the evening's meeting was to present tributes of affection to the committee of the Banks' Testimonial Fund, which was completed on January 13, and presented to C. W. Banks at the Surrey Tabernacle.

After a racy and appropriate speech by Mr. Thomas Stringer on Psalm cxix. 65 (a well-chosen text), C. W. Banks made some mellow and solid remarks on Psalm lxxxvi. 17, which were much appreciated. The words were, "Show me a token for good," &c. In the course of his address he (C. W. Banks) thanked most heartily all the committee of the fund just alluded to, and those beloved friends who had so willingly co-operated in the great work, and he (C. W. Banks) did not know how to signalise his gratitude to the said committee better than presenting to each worker respectively a neatly-bound copy of the EARTHEN VESSEL for 1879. Inside of each volume is inserted an illuminated paper with the following inscription upon it:—

"This small volume is presented to [person's name], in thankful remembrance of his kind offices in connection with the Testimonial Fund, by his most grateful servant, CHAS. WATERS BANKS. Speldhurst-road chapel, South Hackney, February 9, 1880."

Albert Boulden, Esq., the amiable deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle, received the first token of esteem at the hands of C. W.

Banks, for which he thanked him in a short but very encouraging speech. Mr. D. Stanton (one of Mr. Banks' firm and loving deacons) received a similar token, as did also Mr. F. Jacquery, Mr. T. King, Mr. J. J. Fowler, Mr. J. E. Elsey, Mr. J. Waters Banks, Mr. H. Myerson, Mr. J. Bonney, and W. Winters received volume iii. of "Grove Chapel Pulpit Sermons. By Thomas Bradbury." The books were presented after a short speech from C. W. Banks to each recipient.

At the close of the presentations, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn gave a stirring address, as did also Mr. Steed and other good brethren.

It is pleasing as one travels about to learn something of the good effected by the EARTHEN VESSEL, and to know that it is becoming an increasing power among the Strict Baptists; and much as some persons speak against it—when it does not answer their purpose to acknowledge it favourably—the people generally belonging to our beloved body will have it, both rich and poor, and the worthy editor is willing they should be gratified on this head. Our opinion is that in some circles much of the obloquy to which this periodical is subject, arises more from the grotesqueness of its title than from anything objectionable contained in the sentiment it disseminates. We wish it success, and hope it will realise the support it is worthy of. Our sympathy is also with all other mediums useful in spreading the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

Waltham Abbey. — W. WINTERS.

WILLINGHAM STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL.

MR. J. B. LAMB'S SETTLEMENT.

MR. EDITOR,—Doubtless you will agree with me that the use of the means is inseparable from the great end of bringing sinners to a saving knowledge of the truth. After much earnest wrestling with God in prayer, and perseverance in seeking the direction of infinite wisdom, the Lord has, to our joy, graciously appeared for us by sending the Rev. J. B. Lamb, late of Tunstall, this way.

On the second Lord's-day in March last, he supplied our vacant pulpit for the first time; shortly afterwards he was invited up to Michaelmas upon probation, with a view to the pastorate. Feeling strikingly convinced that he was the right man in the right place, it came to pass that at our Church meeting, held on the 20th of August, it was agreed, without a dissenting voice, to invite Mr. Lamb to take the pastorate.

At this meeting a circumstance occurred which may be worthy of note. Going out of the chapel into the vestry before the meeting commenced, I saw a woman sitting at the further end, and one of our members standing against her. Upon inquiry as to what was the matter, I found the poor woman was in a distressed state about her soul. Having been brought to see and feel her lost and ruined condition as a sinner in the sight of God, it was such a burden to her that she felt constrained to come and tell the

members what the Lord had done for her. The feelings of those present were quite overcome by her relation of what she had passed through, and that such an incident should happen at the very time we had met to decide respecting Mr. Lamb and the pastorate was to my mind very striking; indeed, it was a time long to be remembered.

After prayerful consideration, Mr. Lamb accepted our invitation, and, on the evening of the Lord's-day, 7th December, a very interesting recognition service was held. Prayer for a blessing upon pastor and people, and upon the relation into which they had entered, was offered up unto Almighty God by our friend J. Smith, and an address delivered based upon Hag. ii. 4.

Letters respecting Mr. Lamb's character, and testimonies expressive of the high esteem in which he was held by the people of Tunstall and neighbourhood, among whom he had been labouring as the pastor of the Baptist Church there for nearly eleven years, were read to the meeting; also the letter of his dismission from the Church at Tunstall to the Church at Willingham, fraught with the warmest sentiments of regard and hearty good wishes.

I had the pleasure further of narrating some evidences of his successful ministry amongst our people, and of the blessing of God upon his labours. Since he has been with us nine souls have been added to the Church, such, we trust, as shall be saved with an everlasting salvation; four have put on Christ by baptism; and others are inquiring the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied."

J. FROTRICK, } Deacons.
W. TIBBIT, }

Jan. 17, 1880.

BRIXTON TABERNACLE. — Services to commemorate the fifth anniversary of the Sunday school were held on January 11 and 14. Sermons were preached by the pastor; Messrs. Stringer and Lawrence; and by J. Hazelton on afternoon of 14th, upon Luke xxiv. 26, in which "the nature, necessity, and reward of Christ's sufferings" were eloquently described. A goodly number of friends sat down to tea, after which came the public meeting, at which Joseph Beach, Esq., presided. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Lawrence, Stringer, W. H. Lee, G. Webb, E. Beazley, and C. Cornwell. The secretary read a report for the past year, noting a steady increase of scholars, and a continued harmony existing between Church and school. The finances were bankrupt, but the collections (with profits on tea) amounted to £11 after all expenses were paid, so that the work for the current year will not be hindered. Our chairman was happy, and was inclined to give of his substance. To him, and to our numerous friends, we tender hearty thanks; and to the God of all our mercies, all praise for help (both spiritual and temporal) so manifestly bestowed.

**A FEW INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE
OF THE LATE JAMES LINGLEY.**
CONTRIBUTED BY HIS BROTHER, MR.

ISAAC LINGLEY,

AND HIS SON JAMES ALBERT LINGLEY.

He was born in the town of Bury-St.-Edmunds, on June 15, 1804, and his parents then belonged to the people called Independents. He was brought up to attend the ministry of the Rev. Charles Dewhirst, then the pastor of that people. He was early brought to a saving acquaintance with the Gospel, and becoming convinced of the Scriptural order of baptism, he united with the then small body of Baptists in that town. As soon as able he commenced working with his father at the trade of shoemaking, but never liking that business, was anxious to be otherwise employed. Having assiduously devoted every spare hour to improving upon the somewhat scanty education he had received, he very early shewed signs of a scholastic turn of mind, far in advance of the ordinary lads of his time; added to which a strong passion for music and poetry, doubtless rendered the confined and sedentary occupation of shoemaking distasteful to him. He left his father's home when quite a young man, to live with a friend of his father's, at Bow, a baker by trade. Here he engaged some time, and was engaged during that time in pursuits more in accordance with his taste, such as copying, keeping accounts, acting as clerk, &c., attending at this period the ministry of Mr. P. Dickerson, Little Alie-street, Whitechapel, for whom he entertained the profoundest feelings of respect all the remaining years of his life. He was married about the year 1830, on Christmas day, at Old Hackney church. Little is known of his life till we find him in 1840, head master of the National school for boys, called St. Mary's, Whitechapel, in the early years of the incumbency of the Rev. W. W. Champneys. Although there some time, the harass of so many scholars was too much strain upon him, and he was forced to give up perhaps the most lucrative situation he ever had, and removed from there to the bracing air of Worthing, on the Sussex coast, where, with health soon improved, he was appointed master of the National school in that town. There, we believe, he passed some of the happiest hours of his life—happy in his occupation, in his domestic life, and in the society of acquaintances congenial to his taste. At this time he had three children living—two daughters and one son. Although so happy, and seemingly successful at this time, through some cause unknown to the writer, he had to leave Worthing, and, we believe, removed from there to Dorking, in Surrey, where, with his family increased, and not being able to obtain a situation such as he had held before, he had to repair to the seat again, and earn a livelihood for himself and family at his original trade of shoemaking, with which, and by keeping an evening school, he managed just to keep the wolf from the door. He came from there to London again in the year 1848, and still had

to keep at his trade; for although the composer of many pieces of music and poetry, he could not turn them to any account, the wants of his family necessitating him to devote every minute, so to speak, to the bench. We believe at this time he attended the ministry of Mr. —, at Cotton-street, Poplar, where he used to lead the singing, &c.; and on one Sunday evening a special sermon having been preached, and Mr. Lingley not being able to find a suitable hymn in the collection used there, he composed one on the various points of the discourse, and read it out as the concluding hymn, which was sung by the congregation. We mention this incident to shew how thoroughly his mind was imbued with that poetical fire, which continued to the day of his death. We find him later on living in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel again, where for some years he was compelled to work at his trade, with his family still further increased, having at this time six children—three sons and three daughters. At this time he joined the Church under the pastorate of the Rev. W. Tyler, Church-street, Waterloo-town, and continued a worshipper at that place for some years. Here he was also precentor for a few years. He again left the bench about this time, having fortunately obtained a situation in the counting house of a fellow-member of the Church; and we are happy to record that his life was brightened by a few years of comparative prosperity through his improved circumstances, and with the assistance of most of his family, who by this time had grown up and able to contribute some share towards the domestic expenses. Later on, about 1863-4, we find the subject of our memoir living in Lambeth, caused by his having obtained another situation, with his partner and one daughter only, the rest of his children having left home in the meantime, some being married and others compelled to live in the vicinity of their employment. Soon after his removal to Lambeth, his only remaining daughter was married, thus leaving Mr. Lingley and his wife alone, and, to all appearances, in comfort. But alas! after the lapse of a few months, he was stricken with rheumatism in one of his arms, which, notwithstanding all the available medical skill, gradually spread over all of his system, rendering him unfit for any employment whatsoever. He was thus sorely stricken in the early part of the year 1866, and from that date he was not able to perform any actual labour. He was an inmate of St. Thomas's hospital for some months, afterwards at the infirmary at Bath, and several other excellent institutions, but all to no purpose, for the disease still spread, leaving him at last a total wreck as far as concerned his limbs; but thanks be to God, his reason never swerved, and more miraculous still, the faculty of writing was still preserved to him, enabling him thereby to think of, and work out, God's praises till the last, as shewn by his works recently published, entitled "Solitary Musings."*

* To be obtained of R. Banks.

While in this crippled state (we had almost forgotten to mention), his eldest daughter emigrated to America with her husband, which was a sad blow to Mr. Lingley and his wife our readers may be sure; but this was as nothing to that which followed. His youngest son Richard (the pride of his declining years, a young man, clever, godly, well-known at Mr. Tyler's Church, beloved by all that came in contact with him, of great promise in the musical world, in truth, all that could be desired as a son or friend) was stricken with that fell disease small-pox, was removed to the hospital at Homerton, and only a few days elapsed ere he was taken to the better land (October 18, 1872), almost unseen (so dangerous was the complaint) by those he loved so well. Oh, what a sad trial that was, when we followed him to his earthly tomb. It seemed impossible that his parents could ever recover from such a stupendous and overwhelming calamity. Poor Mrs. Lingley, she never actually recovered; she had repeatedly been heard to say that it was her death-blow, and so it proved, for her life seemed slowly to leave her, and she was taken from us, to meet her son above, on the following March, 1873. Our poor brother Lingley was now left alone, as it were, in the wide world. What a fearful position! crippled in every limb, no wife to solace him, his children away from home, truly, "his cup was full." But somehow the Lord sustained him, and many friends came forth to help him, with whose assistance, and the help his remaining children regularly sent him, kept him from seeking that at which his nature revolted—viz., parish relief.

Five years later on another son—a young man who had always been a source of anxiety to his father, on account of his ill health, being unmarried, and having no home excepting his father's—came home literally to die. He was taken away in October, 1877; but notwithstanding this additional trial, Mr. Lingley was still enabled to bear up, through the saving mercy of that God whose praises he still delighted to sing.

NORWICH.—ORFORD-HILL. DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. We must tell of the lovingkindness and faithfulness of our covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus. We have just baptized four believers, whom the Lord has called from death to life. Surely the Lord is good. Since last July, twenty-one have been added to the Church at Orford-hill. The wanderers have been brought to return unto the Rest of their souls, sinners have been led by His Holy Spirit to seek and find salvation, and the eternal truth has been made bread to satisfy the hungry. To God be all the glory. There are still some waiting around the walls of Zion.—Yours in Jesus, W. E. PALMER. [Such notes rejoice our heart, confirming the fact the Lord is still carrying on that declaration: "Other sheep I have, not of this fold; them also I MUST BRING." Amen.—ED.]

BOROUGH ROAD.

"An Old Hearer" in the Borough-road Surrey Tabernacle, referring to the death of Mr. Howard, says:—He was for many years the treasurer of the tabernacle; a good deacon, and a true friend to our once-beloved minister the late Mr. James Wells, whose successor in the pulpit has never yet been found. Ah, Mr. Editor, they were days of real spiritual power in the old Surrey tabernacle! Did I not see Mr. John Carr, Mr. John Thwaites, Mr. Edward Butt, and many more drawn in there? And like pillars they stood, the joy of many hundreds of souls.

One Sunday evening I entered that tabernacle, when Mr. Barnes was sentinel at the door; and when that meek and quiet Soho tailor would carefully put the overflow into any empty seat. That night he put me under the pulpit. Every crevice and corner up and down was crammed. I was in awful trouble of soul, in a dungeon of distress. Without and within no one could have been more near to despair. I could see nothing of the preacher; I was under his feet. But after he had read, prayed, and singing had ceased, I heard him say, "I cannot tell what this can mean! I had a text and sermon for this evening, but in the vestry it was all swept off my mind; and a verse in the Psalms came into me." He read the verse, and then he in his discourse came into my soul; he searched out every corner; he described every dreadful feeling, he probed every wound, and then instrumentally he poured in the oil and the wine with such unction and power that I wept out my heart in streams of tears. When the service was over, I felt chained to the place, completely absorbed in tears of indescribable sorrow, mingled with emotions of trembling joy. Some friends asked me to go in and see Mr. Wells in the vestry. No! I could tell my case to no one. I retired. That night, that sermon, that place, all the surroundings of that season never can be forgotten! Oh, what days of Gospel glory, what hosts of living souls then filled the grand old Surrey Tabernacle! The Rahab earthquake never shook my confidence in the soundness of the blessed James Wells's ministry, and the poor fussy folk who ran about to obtain notoriety, &c.

[No, good "Old Hearer," you must not say any more about that in our pages; we never understood the motive of the protectors; we never lost our confidence in the sincerity of the minister; and his Rahab sermon did not distant us. See how all are gone where parsonic jealousies, sermonising disputes, and misunderstandings are absent for ever. Where now is James Wells, whose body I have thought would come tumbling out of the pulpit, he was so earnest? Yet, who could be more awfully solemn than he? And "The heat of an excited intellect radiating to its fellows, doth kindle dry leaves afar off, while the green wood around it is unwarmed." James is happy at home. Satan never tries to wound Balak nor Balaam; only Job, and David,

Peter, and such-like fellows whom the Satanic Prince can see are all afire for the glory of the eternal God! Satan never smites a man who is good for nothing nowhere. Not he! He has more than he can do to smite the men whose hearts are full of love to Christ. Let us not be like Job's pretended friends! Oh, when we survey the armies whom death hath marched off; when all around us we see men are falling, we desire to get as near to God as Enoch, in faith and fellowship, hoping soon our Lord will take us home! The new light we leave with rolls of such undefined brain-power.—Ed.]

BERMONDSEY.—Special services, commemorative of Mr. R. A. Lawrence's settlement as pastor of the Church in Lynton-road, were held on Tuesday, February 3. Our highly-esteemed and hard-working brother Lawrence has laboured right earnestly and successfully with his beloved people for upwards of eleven years, and that is no trifle for a minister to do when we consider the advantages there are open to accommodate the perverted tastes of those who are blessed with a roving commission, and care not to support any one Church. We cannot speak too highly of Mr. Lawrence, and we are sure he has the prayers of his people and the good wishes of all who are favoured to know him. In the afternoon, Mr. John Hazelton gave us a masterly and well-digested sermon on some leading characteristics laid down in the life of Jonah, which was sweetly enjoyed by many present. It seems to us a great pity that all Mr. Hazelton's sermons are not taken down in full, so that when he shall have gone to his rest, posterity may realise (in print) the fruits of his life work. After ten a public meeting was held, when Joseph Beach, Esq., occupied the chair, and, having read a portion of Scripture, called upon Mr. W. Hazelton to offer prayer. Mr. Thomas Stringer delivered an address on the words "to pull down," based upon Jer. i. 10, and was followed by some remarks on the same verse by W. Winters. Mr. James Clark gave some excellent thoughts on the nature of planting. Mr. Nugent spoke many good things on the work of rooting out, and Mr. Jenner calmly yet faithfully treated of what could not be and what should be destroyed. Mr. R. Alfrey made some practical remarks on the labour of building, so that what with rooting, pulling, destroying, throwing, building, and planting, the service was interesting and instructive. Mr. Lawrence spoke with great feeling and tenderness on God's mercies manifest toward him during the eleven years he had laboured as pastor of the Church. The Sabbath school was flourishing under the superintendence of Mr. Joseph Beach, the chairman of the evening, who, with the help of other friends, presented a New Year's gift to the beloved pastor. Mr. W. Stringer spoke a few words, and after the usual vote of thanks, the meeting terminated in a most agreeable manner.—W. WINTERS.

THE THREE BIBLE - MEN AT REHOBOTH.

To Mr. Charles Waters Banks.
BELOVED IN THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,
—Where all His saints in safety dwell, as it is written, "And of Benjamin he said, The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him, and the Lord shall cover him all day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders." The Scriptures elsewhere inform us that Benjamin is the son of the right hand, and we are sure and certain that those who are at the right hand of God are safe. His own words confirm this, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Happy then is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

"With them number'd may I be.
Now, and to eternity."

Last night we had our members' tea meeting; it was my sweet privilege to be there. We have been in the habit of having two meetings in the year—one especially for our own members and minister, the other to extend to friends, such as we believe are among those whose hearts God has touched, among those who we believe love to hear the sterling truth as we have it preached among us, and also among those who give evidence that they love the brethren, for it is an evidence that such have passed from death unto life, and when we see these put in an appearance among us on these occasions, we are glad, and we say in our very hearts, "Come thou with us and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." At last night's meeting we were thankful to see such a number attend of whom we have hope, and for whom we pray that our God may enlarge their hearts, that they may run in the way of His commandments. We had present with us three favoured servants of the Lord—namely, Paul Scholes, from Bradford, which made me think of Paul the aged; also Thomas Butterworth, from Saddleworth, he made me think of Thomas, of whom we have it written, "Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe. Jesus said, Reach hither thy finger," &c., and the effect was "My Lord and my God." I could not help thinking how very applicable this was to him, for all through his testimony to the Church of the living God there is such a certainty of the relationship between the Head—Christ—and the members, that he leaves no room for doubt. The other was Obadiah Dolby, from Slaithwaite. We read that Obadiah had a vision, and it was two-fold—viz., destruction and salvation. Well, we believe the Obadiah we heard address us last night has had this two-fold vision. Destruction by sin; salvation in, through, and by our Lord Jesus Christ, for there is salvation in no other, there is not another name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but our Lord Jesus Christ; and all

who have had this two-fold vision, can sing,

"We seek no other blood or name,
To cleanse our guilt and hide our shame,
But that wrought out by Christ the Son,
Which God imputes and faith puts on."

Our brother Obadiah spake some good things to us from these words, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another," &c., coupling with this Scripture the fact that those that feared the Lord were the called, the chosen, and faithful.

Thomas Butterworth told us to contend earnestly for the faith. What they said found a place in our hearts, causing joy and gladness. Brother Paul Scholes gave us an able discourse on "Happy Homes, and Happiness in the Church." Brethren, I cannot help thinking and saying that we are breathing a pure air; and pure air is very invigorating and refreshing, and, in order to make happy homes and happiness in the Church, there must be cheerfulness; pure air has a tendency to make us cheerful and happy. Alluding to reading God's Word and prayer with and for their families, he said how highly pleased would Obadiah's father have been had he listened to the language of his son that night, who no doubt was a child for whom he had prayed, and I learned something from the lips of our brother Obadiah. He told us that Paul baptized him, that Paul was his spiritual instructor. Paul Scholes referred to our dear aged brother Wilson's removal. The Church, said he, is a garden, in it there were flowers, plants, and trees, and our Lord had a right to come and pluck a flower, or take a plant, or remove a tree, just when He pleased. We felt it, but it was Jehovah's right. Our deacon Dyson was glad of the speakers who contended for the faith, telling us our fathers before us, and mothers too, had contended for the faith when some of us were only children; and it is no small mercy to be able to say that we had their labours handed down to us, for the same faith was still contended for now as was then. He hoped that there would never be another faith than that which was delivered to the saints contended for at Rehoboth; nor another hope for heaven than the one hope which is Christ; nor any other Gospel than that which had for over 47 years been preached there, and my soul said, Amen. After all we had one blank leaf, our worthy minister, Mr. Crowther, was not with us.

I am thankful to say he has recently preached to us from Nehemiah: "Howbeit, our God turned the curse into a blessing." I must say adieu for the present.

JAMES AND MARY FIELDING.

NOBLE JOHN NOYES, OF LAXFIELD.

The *Foot's Cray Baptist Magazine*, edited by that sun-shiny and pleasant pastor, Mr. Robert Edward Sears, gives us the following blessed confirmation of the promise, "When thou passest through the fire I will be with thee." The editor says:—"Laxfield is a village in the county of Suffolk, where the writer was privileged to reach the Gospel for upwards of eighteen

years. At the West end of the street there is a spot we often looked upon as worthy of the epithet, 'consecrated!'—for there, three hundred and twenty-three years ago, the name of John Noyes was added to the long list of the noble army of martyrs. There he was burnt to death! Why? Because he could not, and would not, believe in the Pope! Here is his noble creed: 'Good people, bear witness that I believe to be saved by the merits and passion of Jesus Christ, and not by my own deeds.' Brave man! He could die for Christ, but he could not deny Him. Being asked by his brother-in-law if he did not fear death when the bishop gave judgment upon him, he said, 'No; I thank God I feared not death any more at that time than you or any one else that was at liberty.' He feared God, and therefore had no fear of man. He loved the Gospel and hated Popery. When he was to be burned, the fires in most places of the street were put out; but in one house the sheriff and his man saw the smoke issuing out of the top of the chimney, to which they went, and, breaking open the door, obtained a light, which they brought to the place of execution. When brought to the stake, he kneeled down and repeated the 50th Psalm, with other prayers. Then they bound him to the stake, and he said, 'Fear not them that kill the body, and after that can do no more; but fear Him who, when He hath killed, hath power to cast both soul and body into everlasting fire.' A faggot being set against him by one Nicholas Cademan, he took up the faggot, and, kissing it, said, 'Blessed be God for permitting me to see this day!'

"In these days when Popery is spreading around us, helped on by professed Protestants, it is well to listen to the voices of the noble army of martyrs. John Noyes' being dead yet speaketh. Set your faces against the first signs of Popery! Defend the Protestant faith! Dare to do right! Prize and read the Bible! Thank God for liberty! Never be ashamed of Christ!"

CHATTERIS.—ZION. Interesting meetings in connection with the Sabbath school were held on Feb. 10. In the afternoon Mr. A. B. Hall, of Bilston, delivered an address to the children. Over 200 received rewards. It was a pleasing sight to watch the countenances of the young folks as the books were presented to them. A leading feature in the prizes, which would be well for other schools in our denomination to observe, was the presentation of a goodly number of Bibles and chapel hymn books. After the afternoon service a large company of friends partook of an excellent tea. The managers of the same deserve to be congratulated for their excellent supply. In evening a Sunday school meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Pyne. Addresses to the point were delivered by Mr. A. B. Hall and Mr. Forman, of March. All went away much encouraged and strengthened in the work of the Lord.—A LITTLE ONE IN ZION.

EBENEZER CHAPEL, HERTFORD.

It is with feelings of gratitude that we record the goodness of the Lord in raising up our brother R. Bowles from a bed of sickness to labour in the cause of truth which is so dear to his heart; and, at the same time, we beg to return our hearty and sincere thanks to those kind friends who have so liberally responded to our "appeal" made in the January **EARTHEN VESSEL** on his behalf; and if the kind-hearted editor will allow further space in the columns of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** for the insertion of the respective donations, we shall feel doubly indebted to him.

On January 29, Mr. R. Bowles and his friends held a very social meeting in the schoolroom connected with the chapel. After a comfortable tea, Mr. Bowles (presiding) called upon a good brother to pray. He then gave an interesting statement of his twenty years' work in the ministry at Hertford. His beloved deacon (Mr. Gilbert) presented him with a purse containing £15, which we believe to have been contributed by the Church and friends worshipping at Ebenezer, as an expression of their attachment to their pastor. Signs of prosperity attend the labours of Mr. Bowles, and one great blessing is much appreciated—namely, peace in the Church. That is no small mercy after what our brother and his friends have had to contend with. Very encouraging addresses were delivered by brethren Samplord, Casey, Winters, Gilbert, Huffey, and Salmons. Before giving the list of donations, we would beg to say that if any friend has not yet responded to the appeal on Mr. Bowles' behalf, he can do so if he will, and Mr. Bowles will feel grateful. Donations to Feb. 10 are as follows:—

Per Mr. Bowles: Mrs. Barns, £1; S. Gray, 10s.; Poor Widow, 1s.; Mrs. Bagg, £2; Mr. Catlin, £2; Mr. Tadis, 10s.; Per Mr. Wise, 10s.; Chertsey, 1s. 3d.; Beulah chapel, Watford, £5 5s.; C. W. Banks, 10s.; Mr. Farrington, 12s.; Per W. Winters: A Friend, 10s.; H. T., 5s.; W. E. Macey, 5s.; J. Polly, 10s.; J. Payne, 2s.; E. L., 2s. 6d.; E. Casey, 10s.; Clapham, 2s. 6d.; R. H., 10s.; J. Mote, 10s.; Mr. Deal, 2s.; J. R. B., 1s.; M. B., 6s.; G. F., 2s.; Ebenezer, Waltham Abbey, £1 16s. 8d.; G. Pocock, 5s.; J. W. F., Ipswich, 10s.; Edward Ash, 10s.; Mrs. J. Pegrum, 2s.; J. B. Northfield, 1s.; T. Stringer, 2s. 6d.; Reader of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, 2s.; S. J. Webb, 2s.; H. G., 2s.; J. Wilcocks, Croydon, £1; E. Saunders, 2s. 6d.; W. Warren, Ramsgate, 5s.; R. A., 1s.; F. C. Holden, 5s.; J. L. Meeres, 5s.; H. R., 1s.; S. E., 6s.; A Poor Man, Luton, 2s.; R. Blariden, 2s. 7d.; A. B., 1s.; R. Lovell, 5s.; W. Hawkins, 5s.; Durham, 10s. 6d.; E. Harris, Ipswich, 4s.

Other donations may be forwarded direct to Mr. R. Bowles, Baptist minister, Ebenezer Cottage, Hertford. W. W.

TYWARDREATH, CORNWALL.—In this locality the **EARTHEN VESSEL** is read and much appreciated. A letter from a lover of the good old Gospel of Christ informs me that the "country is full of Arminianism," and that the cause of truth in the neighbourhood of Tywardreath is lovingly united, although not strong. May God interpose in their behalf, and fortify their souls against the most God-dishonouring and soul-deluding system of this fast age, prays—**W. WINTERS.**

STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL, GRAYS, ESSEX.

Interesting services were held at the above newly erected place of worship on Tuesday, Feb. 10. In afternoon Mr. J. S. Anderson preached a quiet, solemn, and instructive sermon on the words, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." It was a really good opportunity. A public meeting was held in the evening, when Mr. I. C. Johnson, of Gravesend, presided. Mr. W. Heymer, jun., read the financial statement, in which it was shown that funds had been wonderfully supplied, and the freehold ground, as well as the building, were in a fair way to be paid for. Mr. Sbow, of Gravesend, gave a suitable address on the "little things of the Bible—little faith, little flock, little city, little strength," &c. Mr. Anderson gave a second short discourse. The chairman then dilated upon the "great things of the Bible" from the words, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." After referring to the great things of a secular nature that the Lord had done for believers in that locality, in giving them a comfortable place of worship which made them thankful and glad, he spoke of the salvation great things, which the Lord had done, under the head—Covenantantly, Executively, and Experimentally. The chairman was quite happy, notwithstanding his indisposition which almost prevented his attending. N. Oakey and W. Beddow closed a very pleasant Christian gathering; resulting in an addition to the funds of upwards of thirty pounds. Mr. Box, of Soho, brought some money promised by friends.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN R. HODDY.

"God moves in a mysterious way," &c.

These lines were applied on hearing of the death of Mr. John Robert Hoddy, which took place Jan. 29 (son of Mr. Thomas Hoddy, Clare, and nephew of Mr. Robert Hoddy, London), and appeared especially applicable under the circumstances. He had of late been quite resigned to the Lord's will, and was waiting for the summons. I am happy to state he was very highly esteemed as a humble and consistent follower of Jesus Christ. One of his intimate friends informed me that he lived his religion at all times—at home and at his employment. On the Sunday previous to his death he spoke of the Lord's faithfulness to him. The evening preceding his death he expressed his thanks for the kind attention shown him by those who had waited upon him during his affliction. He was not confined to his bed; but on retiring as usual was suddenly called up higher; after looking earnestly upon his friends he said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," and thus fell asleep. His remains were interred in Ipswich cemetery, Feb. 5, Mr. Kern officiating. Several attended from Bethesda, he having been a member with us two years. He first joined the Church at Meard's-court, Soho, after Mr. Blomfield left; his (Mr. H.'s) father baptiz-

ing him as he was supplying at that time. Amongst the mourners we noticed Mr. Thomas Hoddy, two of his surviving children, also Mr. Bunting, son-in-law, and Mr. Robert Hoddy, of London.
Ipswich, Feb. 12, 1880.

BUCKHURST HILL. — QUEEN'S-RD.
We had meetings on Wednesday, January 21, to encourage the pastor, Mr. Cousins, in his labour of love. Chapel was well filled. The pastor was moderator, who narrated many pleasing things resulting from his twenty years' labour in Queen's-road. We understood him to say that not a dissenting place of any kind was known in the neighbourhood prior to his mission there, and the ordinance of believers' baptism by immersion was a thing quite unknown at Buckhurst-hill before he baptized there. We were highly gratified also to learn of the firmness of Mr. Cousins's mind in the great truths of God. Mr. Cousins has about him some loving, tender, and persevering Christians. Mr. Cousins has been instrumental in erecting a noble chapel at a cost of £1,200. Prior to the erection of the present chapel, a very small sanctuary was built at the rear of the premises in 1861. Mr. Cousins does not disturb his people much about money matters. His labours are gratuitous. This quiet system, we think, is hardly a wise one. People are more likely to prize the truth if it costs them a little. Mr. Austin, of Hackney, offered prayer. Mr. W. H. Dearsly spoke sweet words on the light and glory of Christ. Mr. Heath shewed us sterling prosperity to be the work of the Lord. W. Winters expressed his belief as to what constituted a good minister. Mr. S. Field declared he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. A true Israelite, Mr. J. A. Alder, expressed love to Christ, and his delight in seeing souls brought to the feet of Jesus. A venerable old Christian gave words of encouragement. Mr. Vivian uttered the final speech. The pastor closed the meeting by prayer.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

**A BRIEF MEMOIR
OF ANN, THE BELOVED WIFE OF MR.
CHARLES COLLINS,
Of Cottenham, Cambs, who left this vale
of tears January 28th, 1880.**

The illness that issued in her death was of a very painful nature, amounting at times to intense agony, which suffering she bore with admirable patience and submission to the will of her heavenly Father. In the early part of her affliction, when she was obliged, through pain and weakness, to take to her bed, her thoughts seemed to oscillate respecting whether she should be again restored to health or ultimately sink beneath its strength-exhausting power. Her mind was deeply impressed with many conflicting thoughts, not so much about her own future welfare, as she had already entered into the peace of those who are by sovereign grace enabled to stay themselves upon a "covenant-keeping God in Christ Jesus." No! Now comes the thought of severance of

earthly ties and relationships. The burdensome cares of business life, which has pressed on four shoulders hitherto, are now apparently about to be placed on two. May He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and fits the back to the burden, or the burden to the back, do so in this case. Then again, having to part with an only child, a much-loved son, a son who loved his mother with an equal love—dutiful and kind to her was he "beyond many;" a sweet reflection to him for many days to come, should his life be spared.

The triumphs of grace and faith are marvellous. It was so in the experience of the subject of this memoir; under their influence, earthly ties and connections had to succumb to those that are heavenly and Divine. Her last days and hours were signally marked by Divine favour, spiritual freedom, accompanied with a holy calm, a quiet submission to the will of God, a readiness to depart and be with Christ the Shepherd and Bishop of her soul. To witness such a scene would excite in any Christian heart the wish, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers."
D. P. C.

TRING.—Mr. Isaac Levinsohn has favoured us with a long note, expressing his knowledge of the happy unity existing between the Strict Baptist Churches in Tring; that the Akeman-street Church has frequently assisted the West-end, and that true Christian sympathy is manifested toward each other. We can only regret that any reference of a different nature has appeared. We have, for more than thirty years, been acquainted with the trials and zealous efforts of the West-end cause. A new generation has arisen, and we are truly thankful to learn from Mr. Levinsohn's note that peace and prosperity attend both the Churches, with harmony and holy zeal for the glory of God. We will further consider Mr. Levinsohn's note.

Deaths.

Died in the Lord, Jan. 14, 1880, Esther (aged 36 years), the beloved wife of George Wyard, of Church-lane, Hendon, Middlesex. Jan. 19, Benjamin Franklin, aged 10 months. Feb. 16, Daniel Webster, aged 11 months, twin sons of the above.

On Feb. 2, at Crawshaw-road, North Brixton, Francis Holmes, the second son of Mr. C. Cornwell, aged 5.

In loving memory of Samuel Jones, of 67. Peckham-grove, Camberwell, who, "by the will of God, fell on sleep," Sunday, Feb. 1, 1880, aged 62 years. "And was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption" at Norwood Cemetery, Feb. 6, 1880.

In loving remembrance of Martha Catherine Avery, fifth daughter of the late John Andrews Jones, who fell asleep in Jesus February 5th, 1880. Interred in Abney-park Cemetery.

On February 11th, our esteemed brother, Mr. William Evans, fell asleep in Jesus. For many years an honourable deacon of the Church of Christ at Providence Chapel, Moat-road, Maidstone. He was sincere in his attachment, decided in conduct, and fervent in prayer. The Lord grant that others like-minded may be raised up to fill his place.—J. C.

“The Grand Old Gospel!”

OR,

The Rod of Christ's Strength in the Smiling and Healing of the Soul, as seen in the Experiences of the Grandmother and the Father of the late Mr. Septimus Sears; and as more continuously and largely developed in the spiritual, the ministerial, and the editorial life of the minister of Clifton Baptist Chapel, in Bedfordshire.

“Lord, search my soul; try every thought,
Tho' my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of Thine eyes.
Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
Oh, turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in THY PERFECT way.”

FOR some days my mind had been gently exercised with the spontaneous uprising of the two last verses of Psalm cxxxix., wherein the writer having expressed his abhorrence of them that hate the Lord, seems to be called inward to himself; and, as if some suspicion of his own internal integrity sprang up in his conscience, he cries out, “*Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*” The words “*wicked way*” are rendered “*any way of pain or grief,*” implying that all wicked ways lead to bitter pain, and to most poignant grief. If not in this world, they must, they will, do so in the world to come. And the Psalmist appeared to be almost afraid lest some deceitful, some hidden, some mischievous serpent might be lurking within; something that he could not of himself fully discover; something he could neither search out nor turn out; a something no man could discern, or deliver him from; therefore (by the deep teaching and drawing of the eternal Spirit), he cries out, “*Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see (discover, bring to light, let me fully know) if there be any way of pain or grief in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*”

This is something like the soul dealing honestly with itself. This is something *deeper*: than the surface of any kind of profession: this direct appeal to the Almighty High Priest in the heavens is very expressive of a soul being dissatisfied with any external ceremony of worship, or with any *knowledge* of the way whereby God saveth the sinner. Holy jealousy has entered into the inner court of hidden life; and lest some latent foe be secreted here, the man of God dares even to appeal to the most penetrating Searcher with, “*Search me, O God, and see,*” &c.

Now, while this Scripture, this finish of Psalm cxxxix., was occasionally floating on my mind, there came into my hands (with other communications) a packet containing a sacred-looking volume, bearing this plain inscription,

"MEMOIR OF SEPTIMUS SEARS."

On opening this volume, I find a first-class engraved likeness and autograph of "Yours sincerely, S. Sears."

I knew Septimus Sears nearly forty years ago, when he stood in Zoar pulpit; his head was bound up with a black silk band; and in affliction of soul, and in weakness of body, Septimus poured out his "*wailings in winter*" with such unctuous feeling as made some of us weep and sigh for ourselves, and for the poor young preacher too. I have never lost sight of Septimus Sears in Zoar pulpit since somewhere about the years of 1841 or 1842.

But here in this engraved likeness of him we behold a gentleman with almost a bald head, a pleasing but gracious countenance, eyes keen, penetrating, thoughtful; a grave (not sorrowful), intellectual spring of holy contemplation is in every feature; a placid countenance, in which I think I discern that Heaven-wrought assurance and certainty which burst forth from the ancient singer, when he said, "O God, my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise even with my glory."

This "Memoir of the Life and Labours of the late Septimus Sears," is now just published by Houlston & Sons, in Paternoster-buildings, and is in every department a thoroughly well-executed work.

For full fifty years I have been accustomed to read works of this description. Somewhere there must be about me a biographical bump, ever thirsting after the published experiences of good and godly men; but of all that I can remember as having come under my notice, I can recollect none so sacredly and clearly tracing out the work of the Spirit of God in the recovery of the soul from the fall, in the regeneration of the soul, in the special correction of the spirit, in the conviction of sin under the law, in the opening-up of the Gospel plan, in the revelation of CHRIST, the co-equal and co-eternal Son of the Father, in the gentle but decided training for the ministry; in short, in the setting up of the kingdom of God in a man's soul; I know of no memoir more pure, more definite, more interesting than is this of the late and much-lamented Mr. Septimus Sears, "who was for thirty-five years minister of the Gospel of Christ at Clifton, Bedfordshire."

Never having met with Mr. Sears above twice in all the forty years of his ministry, I cannot be justly charged with writing of his Memoir under the influence of a strong partial feeling; nor will intelligent critics consider me as unduly commending the work, when I declare it to be my soul's desire, if it were the will of God, that one half of the men who are travelling the country over as preachers, could give a testimony so sound, so savoury, so certainly of God, as this Memoir doth supply.

Francis Covell, of Croydon, and Septimus Sears, of Clifton, were originally members of the same experimental and exclusive section of the Strict Baptist community. Both of them were extraordinary witnesses to the sovereign, the sanctifying, the saving power of grace in the heart. Francis Covell and Septimus Sears were exceedingly useful men as ministers of Christ's Gospel; but how *different* in things not absolutely essential! Francis Covell could answer Christ as Peter did, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." And of Francis Covell it may truly be said he had received, and he fulfilled, Christ's commission to Peter, "Feed My lambs," "Feed My

sheep." And in that most special department of the ministry, Francis Covell continued to the end of his pulpit career.

But while Septimus Sears was equally a strongly affectionate lover of the Person and work of Christ, and did, in his measure, as effectually "feed the Church of God, which He purchased with His own blood," it must be admitted that the Clifton pastor was more of an *evangelist*, much more of a persevering *practical worker* than ever Francis Covell was, or could be. In the ministry of Francis Covell the LORD fulfilled that ancient promise (Exod. xxix. 45), "I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will be their God." The Croydon pastor could justly say, "I dwell among mine own people." There, in the midst of his own people (a people given to him of God), he was honoured, beloved, and of more use to their souls than any tongue in time can tell; but in Septimus Sears there was an enterprising spirit; there was a going forth in the publication of his *Little Gleaner*, his *Sower*, his leaflets, and his gigantic hymn book; in his schools, alms-houses, and all efforts, there was the stretching out of the heart and hand of Gospel charity, to gather in others besides those that were already gathered. Septimus Sears was as much devoted to his people as the Francis of Croydon; but he was *more* than that: he was a self-denying, energetic, never-ceasing toiler in the service of his glorious Lord and Master, Jesus, Immanuel, the CHRIST OF GOD. The enthusiasm, the soul-travail for the salvation of others, which worked like a holy leaven in the inner man of good Septimus, led him, as some thought, beyond the region of a Divine revelation.

The awfully-lamented fact is here: so soon as old king Saul saw that David was likely to come to the kingdom, immediately Saul began to persecute the little son of Jesse, and determined to slay him. But there was

"A SELA-HAMMAHLEKOTH"

("A Rock of Divisions"),

which Rock was a shelter for David, and an hindrance to Saul, so that Saul could not get at David to really hurt him. That "Rock of Divisions" still existeth; it has been our defence, our hiding-place, our shelter, our source of strength and comfort for these forty years, or where had we been?

Under the shadow of this Rock did the departed Septimus find a covert; or—good, pure, untarnished as even he was, he might have been painfully wounded. How cruelly narrow are the minds, the measures, and the motives of some men, when they happen to have a position and a portion wherein and wherewith they can lord it over others! Stephen Charnock, on "the wisdom of God," says, "The whole world is a stage; every creature in it hath a part to act, and a nature suited to that part, and to the end for which it is designed. And all concur in a joint language to publish the glory of Divine wisdom; they all have a voice to proclaim the glory of God." But this sovereignty in Jehovah, this diversity in the creatureship, the mysterious harmony which cometh out of apparently contradictory and confused elements, puny men will not recognise; hence, even those very men who tell us they are more soundly taught than anybody besides; those superlative pulpiteers who are supposed to be more filled with the Spirit of Christ than any other people, these pre-eminently wise men go grumbling and accusing on

until some sensible person declare they will never hear such men again; and before very long all such pitiable narrow-gauge drivers will be left to themselves.

After all, neither Francis Covell nor Septimus Sears, were everybody. They were gifted and gracious men of God, widely differing in their external mechanism, though not so very different in their spiritual privileges. Yes, they were valuable men; and, as in the case of our lamented brother James Wells, the pulpits of neither can be easily filled up. Still I affirm there are other men not exactly of the same type as either James Wells, Francis Covell, or Septimus Sears.

Longfellow gives us a singular piece on "The Sifting of Peter," which, comparatively, few can entirely sympathise with. I know of some who can enter into every line of it; but such poor tried souls are few and far between. They must expect to be shot at, to be stoned, to be scorned, to be shunned, to be killed all the day long; for no man will care for their souls. *Who* will, and who can, read and understand this?

“ In St. Luke's Gospel we are told
 How Peter in the days of old
 Was sifted ;
 And now, though ages intervene,
 Sin is the same, while time and scene
 Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
 As wheat, to sift us, and we all
 Are tempted ;
 Not one, however rich or great,
 Is by his station or estate
 Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
 But he, by some device of his,
 Can enter ;
 No heart hath armour so complete
 But he can pierce with arrows fleet
 Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow
 Who hear the warning voice, but go
 Unheeding,
 Till thrice and more they have denied
 The Man of sorrows, crucified
 And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face
 Will make us feel the deep disgrace
 Of weakness ;
 We shall be sifted till the strength
 Of self-conceit be changed at length
 To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache ;
 The reddening scars remain, and make
 Confession ;
 Lost innocence returns no more ;
 We are not what we were before
 Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
 Rise from disaster and defeat
 The stronger,
 And, conscious still of the Divine
 Within them, lie on earth supine
 No longer.”

How true in some cases every line of the above is felt by some to be!

This brief notice of the Memoir of Septimus Sears is but as the preface to a review of the work. Meanwhile, I am persuaded no lover of good men will be disappointed or dissatisfied with this book. It is a simple, sweet, and wholesome narrative. That the Lord will give it a large circulation, and follow it with a rich blessing, is the conviction of

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney, March 15, 1880.

A FATHER'S ACCOUNT OF THE LOSS OF HIS ONLY SON.

“Should the death-angel knock at thy chamber
In the still watches of the night,
Say, will your spirit be cast into darkness,
Or go to GOD'S HOME OF DELIGHT?”

THE FATAL BLOW WAS STRUCK—PAINFUL ANXIETY FOR THE SOUL—A CLOUD OF SUSPENSE—PECULIAR POWER IN PRAYER—DEATH-BED REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST—PRECIOUS VIEWS OF JESUS—SALVATION COME—CHRIST GLORIFIED—FRIENDS COMFORTED—INTENSE AGONY FOR THE TRIAL OF FAITH—“SAVED AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR”—A QUIET DEPARTURE, ETC.

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—I intended to send a brief memoir of my son some weeks since, but the stroke has been so heavy, and my health so poor, I was obliged to leave it. The language of David expresses my mind, “I was dumb with silence; I held my peace even from good; my sorrow was stirred in me; I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it.” It is a relief to give vent to grief. The Word of God furnishes a sweet antidote to our varied experiences. *This was my only son*, the first-born. All the first-born males in Egypt were slain, as though to show the climax of *human sorrow*. Abraham was to take his son, “thine only son,” and offer him up—the *greatest trial God could lay upon him*. “They shall look on HIM whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him as *one mourneth for his only son*, and shall be in bitterness as one that *is in bitterness for his first-born.*” Thus, this is one of the especial trials referred to in Holy Writ. Nevertheless, there are two features in this memoir which impress my mind: first, it may be a word of encouragement to God-fearing parents to pray for the salvation of the souls of their children, though answers may be long delayed. My desire more especially is to tell about the manifestation of the sovereign love and distinguishing grace of our God. Solomon says, “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart therefrom.” Although the Lord has not entrusted the salvation of the souls of our children in our hands, neither is grace in the new birth hereditary, yet He has given us a throne of grace where we may plead for the Holy Spirit to create anew, and regenerate their precious souls; prayers thus indited by that Spirit are sure to be answered. Many parents have witnessed this in their lifetime, and their children have been brought to embrace and walk in God's truth:

while the prayers of others have not been answered till after the parents' heads have been laid in the dust. Some, like myself, whose prayers, tears, and cries have been poured out for many years, then strikingly answered—the dear one born into the kingdom of grace, the work cut short, and the soul ushered into eternal glory. Our Lord will work in His own way; but both parents and children shall prove “SALVATION IS ALL OF GRACE.”

My dear son was born in the year 1850; his name, Eliezer, was selected with a kindred spirit to Moses—expressive of the especial help of God. The highest principles of moral uprightness and integrity marked his character in childhood and youth, and, while under the parental roof, he duly attended God's sanctuary. Many letters passed between him and his young companions about convictions of conscience, sins, the consequence, and death in eternity. His mother offered many fervent prayers for the salvation of the soul of her dear boy, but was not spared to realise her desire. He was about sixteen when she entered her rest (leaving a blessed testimony behind). My son had a desire to go to London to live. The way was opened; a suitable situation was obtained, which eventually led to one he filled for ten years, until his earthly career was finished. Temptation to sin presented itself to his young mind, but thousands of prayers from the closet, from the family altar, the sanctuary, and beneath the canopy of God's heaven ascended from the parent's heart for preserving mercy, and, above all, for regenerating grace to be given to him. The Sabbath was revered, a place of worship attended, God's Word honoured daily, but no open profession of the truth.

“Anon the time drew near,
Not to propose, but call by grace;”

and this grace was given through the ordeal of affliction and death. The great boon of health had been enjoyed a life long, even five years of the marriage state had passed happily away. But, imperceptibly, cancer was formed in the vitals, and in a few weeks the best medical skill in London pronounced the fatal blow was struck, and advised a change into the country. This brought him (with the companion of his life, who never left him night and day) beneath the parental roof in the latter part of last November. Human help failed, and he had to be informed there was no hope of recovery. My mind was painfully exercised in the prospect of death—no clear manifestation of Divine mercy. One friend asked him if he felt he was at peace with God. He replied, “I cannot feel so.” Mr. Thomsett conversed with him, but my son only said, “I wish I could feel it was for me.” A friend came from Surbiton to see him, with anxiety for his soul. He asked the question, how he felt in the prospect of death. His reply was, “I cannot say I am prepared for death, I feel to need something more than at present is possessed.” O the trial to look upon my first-born, my only son, whose countenance depicted the bitterest sufferings in his body and mind—that buoyant mind and natural strength ebbing away; death every moment nearer, and still prayer unanswered.

The interest of the whole Church with whom I have the honour to be united was stirred up, and just as it was with Peter in prison and the disciples, so it was with us, continual prayer was being offered. December 15th, 1879, a friend said that that evening the minds of each

of the brethren unitedly had been led earnestly to remember our case before the Lord. It was the darkest part of the night when these words came up in my mind :—

“ Without cessation pray,
Your prayers shall not prove vain ;
Our Joseph turns aside to weep,
But cannot long refrain.”

“ The force of their united cries
He cannot long withstand ;
For Jesus helps them from the skies
By His Almighty hand.”

The night of Dec. 17 was one much to be remembered. After leaving his room my dear wife and I again poured out our trouble before the Lord; we felt like Jacob, “ Lord, we cannot let Thee go without an answer; if Thou wilt but touch his heart, he will be constrained to speak out Thy praise; yes, the power in prayer, like streaks of light, began to break through the dark cloud and indicated the morning was coming. We retired to rest; but at an early hour on the 18th we were called up, as there appeared a change for the worst. As we entered his room that death-like countenance portrayed the anguish of mind, and began to break forth in words thus: “ I little thought to be brought to this!

“ ‘ God moves in a mysterious way !’

I have been looking back upon my whole life. How many temptations, snares, and sins! yet kept. How merciful the Lord has been to me in all my ways! Nothing short of His power could have done it.” How sweetly did Jude’s words whisper here!—“ *Preserved in Christ Jesus and called.*” He continued, “ I am encouraged to believe He will come and save me at last.

“ ‘ Safe in the arms of Jesus.
Safe on His gentle breast ;
There by His love o’ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.’ ”

These words came, “ The bruised reed He shall not break, nor quench the smoking flax.” At a later hour in the day my wife inquired how he felt. With a broken heart and a contrite spirit he burst into tears and said, “ You won’t think me a hypocrite, will you? I do not believe in death-bed repentances; but I cannot help speaking. I have been musing upon the character and love of Jesus. How precious He is in His person as God, and yet man! What mercy to poor sinners to die for them! Yes, even for me, poor unworthy me.” Many portions of Scripture flowed from his mouth; out of the abundance of his heart did he speak of pardoning love. To each and to all that came that afternoon he was telling of the good news of salvation he had found. Mr. Thomsett called to see him. He said, “ Tell him to come up.” Again he rehearsed the power of Divine love he had felt. The doubt passed over his mind as to the reality of the work. He said, “ It is not presumption, is it, to talk thus?” Mr. Thomsett spoke words of encouragement to him, expressing confidence the Lord had wrought the work. The Master had indeed come; he now felt the fear of death taken away, and a marvellous change was manifest. Grace had brought all his powers into sweet submission; he could give up all around him; he asked to see his darling and only child of two years old, who with her little fondness clasped him round the neck and kissed him; but his mind calmly resting on Jesus could give the last look and expression of parental affection unmoved. In the evening we were gathered to unite

in our devotion. I said, "You appear exhausted from having talked so freely." He replied, "So I ought while I have power. O what I have felt to-day! I would not exchange the happiness with Queen Victoria, her crown, her honour or wealth. They are all baubles compared to faith in Jesus, possessing a crown of life, the royal robe of Christ's righteousness, and everlasting riches prepared for them that love Him." We all felt that text, "This day is salvation come to this house." We began to be merry.

The following day, Dec. 19, he felt a re-action of mind, and was exceedingly quiet. When I entered his room he looked up and said, "Father, I am suffering intense mental anxiety, doubting the reality of all I have professed, thinking it only a delusion." We said it must be Satan's work: the Saviour passed the same path after the witness of the Spirit from the Father of His Sonship, then He was led of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, and as the High Priest over the house of God being tempted in all points like unto His brethren, He is able to succour those that are tempted. He was encouraged.

On the 20th he asked for Matt. xx. to be read to him. During the day he had dwelt much upon the parable of the householder who went out and hired labourers into his vineyard: "Again he went out *about the eleventh hour* and hired others, and when they came that were hired about the *eleventh hour*, they received every man a penny." At the close of the reading he felt much humbled, and said, "That is my case, saved at the eleventh hour; the first shall be last, and the last first; no difference! all of mercy."

The 21st being Sunday, he dwelt much upon the rest that remaineth for the people of God, with a sweet persuasion it would be his lot. On the 23rd his mind was absorbed in meditation upon the solemn hour of death, and repeated Pope's ode; his faith looked beyond the grave, longing for heaven. As we closed up the day he asked his eldest sister to play the piece "Vital Spark" on the harmonium; his soul drank deep into the spirit of it. He was for the time borne above bodily suffering, and pausing a few minutes said, "Father, read to me out of the Revelation about the song the redeemed sing in heaven." We read latter part of chap. vii. He said, "Come up out of great tribulation; washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb; pure white robes without fault before the throne—the wedding garment, the righteousness of Jesus. How precious!

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed
With joy shall I lift up my head."

Only think, to wake up in the express image of Jesus, and to be like Him and where He is." The text was repeated, "As we have borne the image of the earthy, so shall we bare the image of the heavenly." "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." He said, "Beautiful! I am weak, must leave it now." My soul was overwhelmed under a sense of the Lord's goodness. I sat down by my fireside and felt constrained to exclaim, "Twenty-nine years I have been praying, and have only just received the answer. The Lord has given

me my request this night: Jesus had become his theme." With calmness he could look death in the face, relying wholly upon Jesus.

He said, "If Mr. Thomsett preaches upon my death, I should like him to take Psalm xxiii. 4: '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.'" Thus did he seem to have set his house in order, waiting till his change should come.

On Christmas-day he said, "I am very ill." His bodily sufferings increased. With clasped hands he lifted up his eyes to heaven and uttered that prayer of the dear Redeemer, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." Oh, for patience to bear it." We reminded him of the hymn—

"How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up that sinners might live.
His way was much rougher and darker than mine:
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?"

This was a little solace to him.

In the evening he repeated that hymn,—

"Glory to Thee, my God, this night;"
"Teach me to dread the grave as little as my bed;"
"His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through."

He paused awhile and again repeated—

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He cannot, He will not desert to His foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
He'll never, no never, no never forsake."

We closed the last evening together before the mercy-seat, to which he heartily added, Amen. He had been obliged to sit for more than a fortnight in a leaning position to avoid strain upon the chest: he now bowed his head for the last time. He had been quiet about half-an-hour; when he raised his head, his wife sat by his side, and she said, "You have had some sleep." His answer was, "I have spent such a happy half-hour: my fears are all gone, no more fears for ever." The change had come: immediately we were summoned by his side to see his head rest upon her bosom. He fell asleep in Jesus without a groan or struggle: his happy spirit exchanged earth for heaven at 12.15 on the morning of Dec. 26, 1879, in his thirtieth year. His mortal remains were interred in the Reading cemetery on the last day of the year.

Sunday following, Jan. 4, Mr. Thomsett delivered an excellent sermon upon the words selected by the departed, to a large and attentive audience.

Oh, my brother, how deep are the providences of God! There are those around us who have lived out four-score years, often a burden to themselves, and wonder for why they are spared. Here is another growing into the prime of life—favourable prospects—one on whom others depend, with the dearest relations of life; but in about six short weeks from the time he left his commercial duties he was numbered with the dead. Who dare say, "What doest Thou?" The balm and cordial

to our wounded hearts is, prayers are answered, and in the departed the work of the Holy Spirit in giving a deep sense of need, feeling his own inability, the revelation of Jesus to his soul, pardon felt, peace enjoyed, the conflict with unbelief, the victory by faith, a sweet composure of mind in the prospect of death and a glorious triumph over the last enemy, and entrance into eternal glory.

Dec. 27 was my birthday, the text I had given me was, "I will sing of judgment and of mercy; unto Thee will I sing." Never do I remember having seen it more striking in my life than in the present. It is a heavy trial, but mercy sweetly flows over and above all.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

ABIJAH MARTIN.

Reading, Feb., 1880.

WHO ARE THE GODLY AND WHO ARE THE UNGODLY AROUND US?

A LETTER FROM MR. DANIEL ALLEN.

MR. C. W. BANKS.—MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Love, mercy, and peace to you and to the Lord's poor in your parts. Enclosed is a draft for £10 for them in His name, and from His love to them by the manifestation of its power in the heart of one of His dear children with us here in Sydney. The love of Jesus has thus moved his heart, and his heart has thus moved his hand; so that in this communication of his hand, your poor correspondents who write to you for help, will see in this act of our brother the lovingkindness of their Lord.

As before, I am instructed to request you to distribute this fruit of the Lord's love amongst His tried people who have long loved and much honoured His name in England.

We read with much interest of your service of love in this department of the temporal needs of the Lord's people. Patriarchs, prophets, and apostles were so engaged. The Lord Jesus spent much of His precious life in this labour of love: "He went about doing good." Are they like Him and His ancient people, who can enter into speculations in land, houses, insurance companies, &c., so as to have payments to meet, which incapacitates them to help the members of the Lord's body? I think not. Are they like Him and His, who live in such style and appearance as to absorb all their income (alas! more), so that they are unable to feed, clothe, and nourish the Lord's body? I think not.

I have lately been telling my people that we may be,—

1. Morally excellent in our characters, yet be very ungodly.
2. We may be very correct in our walk in the ordinances of the Gospel, yet still be ungodly.
3. We may be very theologically correct in our intellectual views of the doctrines of grace, yet still very ungodly.

Let no one say we disesteem these three excellent things: we do not, we highly esteem them. Let no one say that these three things are not appendages of a godly life; we affirm they are. We affirm that no man can have vital godliness without the first of these three things, morality. But this we affirm still, that we have known many who have

had all three, yet have been most ungodly in their spirit and conduct, if measured by the new law of the Lord Jesus, as given in Matt. v.—vii.; again in Luke vi.; John xiii.—xvi.; and again in Heb. vi.

Now, my dear brother, let not your readers be offended whilst I entreat them to read these chapters through, and mark well how we are commanded to love one another, help one another, forgive one another, esteem one another, and not to speak or think ill of one another. I say again, Let your readers mark how our Lord, and new Lawgiver, commands us *to be of a loving spirit, and a liberal hand, one to another*, and then ask themselves if they have not seen many persons around them who have been *strictly moral, right in ordinances and doctrines*, yet, *of a malicious spirit and a withholding hand*? If, then, that bitter, malicious spirit and that withholding hand is a violation of these great new commands of Jesus, then such a life must be an ungodly life, because it is a life of rebellion against the Lord Christ, though it be garnished with morality, correct ordinances, and doctrines. I have seen this truth for the last twenty-five years and preached it, and have been hated for it by those who have had the three outwardly good things, but have had the heart of Diotrephes (3 John 9) and the hand of Balaam (2 Pet. ii. 15), therefore are they ungodly persons. Perhaps, dear brother, some of your readers may say, "He means me." "He intends it for me." *Well, be it so*, if their hearts affirm that it is a just accusation.

Reader, if this is your case, repent of this thy wickedness, and break off thy transgressions by showing mercy to the poor; it may be a lengthening of thy tranquility.

Again, reader, remember you must have a new heart, a new spirit, and God the Holy Ghost to dwell in you (Ezek. xxxvi. 26) before you can be safe for eternity. I say to you kindly, "*Ye must be born again*" to be safe. If God in His great mercy give you this new birth, you will lay aside your hatred and malice of heart and you will love the Lord, His people, and His ways. His love will give you also a liberal hand according to the means the Lord has been pleased to give you. Then you will become obedient to the Lord Jesus in a loving heart and a giving hand.

Thus you will not only have right morality, right ordinances, right doctrines, but a right spirit and a liberal, godly hand. Think not ill of me for this investigation, but, believe me, my aim is to lead you to seek for substance, and not to be satisfied with shams.

Reader, remember the members of the body of the Lord Jesus. The Lord bless you. Amen.

Dear brother, pardon me for this usurpation of your editorial chair. Believe me, I only intended to be a fellow-labourer with you in this your service towards the needy members of the body of the Lord Jesus. In fervent and unfeigned love to you and to them,

I remain,

Your affectionate brother in the Lord,

DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

Sydney, Dec. 8, 1879.

[We have more deep thankfulness for this letter and draft than we can express. It has enabled us to visit some of the most tried and afflicted of the Lord's ministers and people, and to cheer their hearts in their

hours of great need. The more we work on in this branch of sympathy, the more we are convinced of the necessity of having a society to be called "MY BROTHER'S HELPER;" for many a brother's heart is being broken down in mental and circumstantial calamity. Characters, as described by Mr. Allen, who are ungodly, are here in England, but they are high in the Churches.—ED.]

MEMOIR OF MR. SAMUEL JONES.

COMPILED BY HIS SON.

AS my father, Mr. Samuel Jones, late of Peckham Grove, Camberwell (a notice of whose death appeared in last month's obituary of the EARTHEN VESSEL), was all his life identified with the Strict Baptist body, a short sketch, drawn up mainly from his own manuscript, may not be uninteresting.

He was born at 23, Budge-row, London, June 21, 1817, of respectable, God-fearing parents. At first his life was despaired of; and he says, writing in 1872: "I was a sickly child for some time, and in the nurse's arms till I was three years of age; yet, through the kindness of my covenant God, I never had a serious illness till I was past fifty, although I have had much hard work, bodily and mental." In his childhood he met with several accidents, but always mercifully spared. His mind was early impressed by serious thoughts, and when still young, living with his sister at Mortlake, Surrey, he could point to many spots where he has received mercies at the Lord's hand. When eight years of age, he was sent to school at Welwyn, Herts, where he says he had religion enough to be laughed at for it. Walking through Panshanger Park, his attention was directed to some ivy clinging to a tree, his mother saying to him, it was like sin to a man's heart, it sticks close. This remark he never forgot. He remained at school five years, and then returned to London to be with his father in business as hot-presser, and he says, boys forty years ago had to do all the drudgery, very different to what it is now. In 1833 he lost his mother, who died of paralysis, aged 55. She was buried in Bunhill Fields, the service being performed by Philip Butcher and J. Andrews Jones, late of Jireh chapel, whose Church my father many years afterwards served as deacon. The death of his mother was a great loss to him at this time, just entering life. He had a great desire to be a railway engineer, and was present at the opening of the Greenwich Railway, the first out of London; but his path in life was ordered otherwise.

From the time he left school in 1830, till 1834, he attended with his parents at Bury-street, and at Mr. Palmer's, Founder's Hall, Lothbury; both these places of worship now cease to exist, in fact, such great changes has time worked in the city of London, that my father could count thirty-five places of worship pulled down in his recollection. What he calls the first link of the chain in reference to his Divine life, was hearing a sermon at Bury-street, one Thursday evening, by Mr. Denham, of Margate, who afterwards settled at Unicorn Yard, Southwark, and there, with his father's consent, my father worshipped

from December, 1834. At this time he took a great interest and delight in Sunday-school work, sometimes crossing London Bridge eight times on a Lord's-day from six in the morning till past nine at night. Referring to this period of his history he says: "I am one of those who cannot put a date to my first serious thought of myself as a sinner before God. I felt such as I never felt before; nothing on earth could pacify me." For some months he experienced much soul-trouble and anxiety, but at last, he says, "I gave my God no rest, and was saying, like Jacob of old, 'I will not let Thee go except thou bless me.' I obtained deliverance July 5, 1835, and I have never doubted the quality of the work from that day, though it has now been sorely tried for almost forty years by the world, by sin, by the devil, and by self." About this time he was present at a baptismal service at Little Alie-street; Mr. Dickerson preaching from the words: "What is that to thee? follow thou Me," and soon after he was himself baptized and admitted a member at Unicorn Yard chapel, on the first Lord's-day in November, 1835.

Referring to his twenty-first birthday, he says, "My coming of age was a solemn day with me; I poured out my soul to the Lord to take care of me, as my father was no longer obliged to do so; that day I shall never forget, I asked my Lord to take charge of me; and He has done so."

In 1841 he married Anne Worley, whose parents had for many years worshipped at the same chapels as his own parents. They celebrated their silver wedding day in 1866, surrounded by many tokens of God's love and goodness. As the fruit of their union, there are four sons and one daughter, who all survive him.

In 1845 he commenced business on his own account as hotpresser and paper glazer, in Bush-lane, Cannon-street. This, he says, was nphill work at first, and for a time he had to work very hard; but he had many kind friends, for whose assistance he was always grateful, and he has recorded many instances of God's great goodness to him in time of need. In the result, industry and perseverance, both sanctified by acknowledging God's hand in all, met with their reward. He moved his business to St. Thomas Apostle, and afterwards to Watling-street, where he continued to prosper, and where he lived known and respected for many years, being called to fill many parochial offices.

During the greater part of this time he was endeavouring to serve his Lord, on the Lord's-days preaching (as opportunity afforded) the Saviour he himself loved and trusted. He was well known in this capacity in Watford, Bushey, King's Langley, and other towns and villages of Hertfordshire and neighbouring counties. He often spoke of the great pleasure he found in this work.

In 1865, his house in Watling-street being required for city improvements, he removed his business to College-hill, and his residence to Brixton, and thence to Camberwell, where he died.

In 1873, being afflicted with asthma, which kept him a prisoner during the winter months, he retired from business, and taking a house at Margate spent the summer months there. Finding a lack of accommodation for those holding the same views of truth as himself, he, with others, hired the Mart, in High-street, for preaching services, and afterwards was mainly instrumental in building the place of worship

known as Mount Ephraim Baptist chapel, Thanet-road, where Mr. Wise is now settled.

Last autumn he returned from Margate apparently in his usual health; but, as I have said, he suffered severely from asthma in the cold weather. For some years past it had been his custom to have all his family with him on New Year's day. This year he wrote saying he did not feel strong enough to entertain us all. Still we did not think him materially worse till Thursday, Jan. 29, when the severe fogs set in. We sent again for the doctor, who pronounced him in a critical state owing to the bad atmosphere. On Friday he was particularly anxious to see all his children; but this wish could not be gratified till the next day, when he saw us all; but we did not think he was so near his end. During the evening he said, "Lord, hold Thou me up and I shall be safe." He afterwards became worse, and at nine the doctor said he would not live through the night, and this proved true, for at two o'clock in the morning of Sunday, Feb. 1, he passed quietly away. He had frequently spoken to us of his willingness to depart, and died trusting in the finished work of Christ his Saviour, and so truly may it be said of him, "Being absent from the body, he is present with the Lord." His body was interred at Norwood cemetery on Feb. 6, Mr. Meeres, of Bermondsey, officiating. My father was the author of some pamphlets, one published some years ago called "The Church Meeting," and more recently "Pliable," and "History of the Strict Baptists in Thanet." He was universally respected as a straightforward and upright man of business. "May we die the death of the righteous; may our last end be like his."

SAMUEL JONES.

THE FORMULARIES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN RESPECT TO BAPTISM.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have read your notice in the *VESSEL* of Mr. J. M. Stephens' discourse with reference to Dean Stanley's paper on baptism; and if renewed men can ever be, legitimately, proud of anything, it is that they have been kept from error in theory and practice; but even this should be more a matter of thankfulness than of pride. Still, it is no wonder that our Baptist brethren should be proud of Dean Stanley's testimony to believers' baptism by immersion as the ancient entrance into the Christian Church.

Dean Stanley, however, is but an individual. His testimony may be pooh-poohed, but the testimony of the Anglican Church cannot be so set aside. And the object of this communication is to shew that the *principle* of the Church of England is in exact accord with the *practice* of Particular Baptists, both as regards immersion and the personal belief of candidates for admission to Church privileges.

I.—AS TO IMMERSION.

1. In the Book of Common Prayer at the Public Baptism of Infants, when the officiating clergyman has said, "Name this child," after naming it himself, it is written, "He shall *dip* it in the water," &c.
2. In the case of private baptism, where the infant shall live to be brought into the Church, if there be uncertainty as to essential parts of

the sacrament, it is said, "Then let the priest baptize in the form before appointed for public baptism of infants, saving that, *at the dipping of the child in the font*, he shall say," &c.

3. At the ministration of baptism to such as are of riper years, and able to answer for themselves, the rubric directs the priest to "*dip him in the water, or pour water upon him, saying,*" &c.

The principle, you see, is to dip or baptize—that is, to immerse; and in some cathedrals and old country churches you find provision for this in their ample "baptistery." I will only instance two in Kent: that noble one in the cathedral at Canterbury, and that suggestive one in Cranbrook church. In the latter there are many steps, so that the candidate might *go down* into the water and there be immersed; or, standing in the water, might have it poured upon him, so that the "larger part of the apostolic language regarding baptism" was observed. See Rom. vi. 3, 4: "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

II.—AS TO BELIEVERS' BAPTISM.

Here again the principle is the same as among Particular Baptists, and the most scrupulous among them can, I conceive, most heartily say, as in the NICENE CREED: "I believe in ONE baptism for the remission of sins." What that ONE baptism is is clearly set forth in the catechism thus:—

"Question.—How many parts are there in a sacrament?

"Answer.—Two; the outward visible sign, and the inward spiritual grace.

"Q.—What is the outward visible sign or form in baptism?

"A.—Water; *wherein* the person is baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

"Q.—What is the inward and spiritual grace?

"A.—A death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness: for being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace."

These two parts of the sacrament named in the catechism constitute the one baptism of the creed, and the "rightly baptized" person receives the visible sign as a "seal of the righteousness of faith which he had, being unbaptized" (Rom. iv. 11); because, by a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness, we are made the children of grace.

This also is seen in the further questions and answers:—

"Q.—What is required of persons to be baptized?

"A.—Repentance, whereby they forsake sin; and faith, whereby they stedfastly believe the promises of God made to them in that sacrament.

"Q.—Why then are infants baptized, when by reason of their tender age they cannot perform them?

"A.—Because they promise them both by their sureties; which promise, when they come to age, themselves are bound to perform."

I write to you with the hope that, as gratitude is accorded for the testimony of one man, by the testimony of an entire Church every word of his may be established. My dear Mr. Editor, yours,

CORNERCOTT.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE MASON.

FOR more than fifty years a Strict Baptist Church has flourished in the favoured village of Prestwood, a short distance from the town of High Wycombe. The once venerable Benjamin Mason, of Knowle Hill, and several of his descendants and relations were faithful friends to the cause of Christ in those parts. Our kind brother in Christ, Mr. William Mason, of Paddington, has desired us to give the following brief sketch of the life and death of his brother George Mason, who was one of the excellent, the honoured, the beloved, and devoted pillars of the Prestwood Baptist Church. Mr. William Mason says :—

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MR. C. W. BANKS.—DEAR SIR,—It is the desire of the relations and friends of my dear brother, George Mason, that a few lines be inserted in the VESSEL respecting his connection with the Strict Baptist cause, at Zion chapel, Prestwood. He had been a member and a deacon of that cause upwards of forty years. It pleased the Lord to call him by His grace in early life, and to show him the truth of those words, "Without Me ye can do nothing." He was led to love the grand and glorious truths of the ever-blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ, in all its doctrinal points. In this sense he never feared frowns nor courted smiles. No! he would often repeat the words of the poet,—

"Then give all the glory to His holy name,
To Him all the glory belongs."

It hath pleased the Lord to call him from the Church militant to join the Church triumphant above. He was apparently in as good health as usual on Sunday, Feb. 1, 1880; and as it was appointed to receive Mr. Lisley and wife into the Church at Prestwood, it fell to his lot to take them by the hand, in the name and with the consent of the Church to do so. It was observed by the friends how pleased and happy he appeared in that loving service, and Mr. Lisley spoke of it when preaching his funeral sermon. My brother, George Mason, returned home after that service, was taken ill, and on Friday, Feb. 6, he fell asleep in Jesus. With all the calmness and serenity possible, the happy spirit took its flight to join the glorified choir around the throne in glory, where he so often longed to be.

The body being left lifeless, the friends from the chapel met at the cottage, conveyed it to the new burying ground at the chapel, and our warm-hearted brethren Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Price, and Mr. Lisley took a very active part in the solemn services; Mr. Lisley read, Mr. Price prayed, and it was considered that everything was done in a good Christian and loving spirit.

We met in the chapel again in the evening when a good congregation assembled, and our friend Mr. Lloyd first addressed the friends, speaking of what the Lord had done for our dear brother, what strong faith the Lord gave him, and of the happy state he now possessed. After that, Mr. Price addressed us from those words: "These are they which came out of great tribulation," &c., and very highly extolled the great and ever-blessed God, at the same time assuring us he believed our dear brother had already joined that happy throng. Mr. Lisley preached on the following Sabbath, when he spoke faithfully to the unprepared, and of the satisfaction he had of my brother being freed from all care and affliction, and had entered into that rest that remaineth

for all that are brought to love and glorify God here below. He was 72 years of age.

Excuse all failings: this comes from one who loves the same God and the same ever-gracious truths you preach.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

WILLIAM MASON.

Paddington.

ONE THOUGHT ON THE TAY BRIDGE CALAMITY.

O gulph of misery! how deep! how dark! how sad!

WE would not say they were all wicked who went down into the waters of death on that fearful night. No! but what an illustration of that terrible Scripture: "The wicked is *driven away* IN HIS *wickedness*." Where is he driven to?

We cannot say more than God has said. Oh, to be preserved! to be called by grace! to be regenerated in the soul by the HOLY GHOST Himself! to have the wondrous CHRIST of GOD revealed in our hearts as "the hope of glory!" to be drawn by the cords of love Divine into the faith and fellowship of the Gospel of JEHOVAH'S free and ever-flowing grace! Oh, these are blessings rich indeed. They demand our thankfulness, praise, and obedience to the God of our mercies for ever and ever.

Dr. D. A. Doudney, in the *Gospel Magazine* for March, has given us a wonderful letter from a poor doubting one, with special, faithful, and truly Scriptural replies. It is to be published separately. It will be a useful tract. From it we quote the following:—

"Remember that a part—and no small part either—of the wonders of heaven will be that its happy occupants were saved from many of the destructive influences whilst here on earth. Yea, in the upper and better world, matters will be completely reversed, when set in contrast with the present time-state. Here, as the Psalmist expresses it in his seventy-third Psalm, we are apt to be 'envious of the foolish, when he saw the prosperity of the wicked,' and, in our short-sightedness and folly, we ask, '*Why should they be better off than we?*' but when, as in Job's case, we 'see the end of the Lord,' but especially when we reach that world where all difficulties are cleared up, and all that is at present dark and mysterious expounded, the question will be asked in a totally different and altogether changed aspect; it will then be the marvel of marvels: '*Why was I saved from such slippery places, and instrumentally by trouble, sorrow, affliction, and care, brought to set my affections upon things above, and in lieu of building a house upon the sandy desert of time, look for and long after this "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, whose Maker and Builder is God."*'

"Ah! yes, dear fellow-sinner, the RESCUE, we repeat, will be among the wonders of heaven! Mark the difference of feeling upon the part of those who were so signally saved from destruction in that hapless calamity of the Tay Bridge, the other day. Vexed indeed was the husband whose loving wife, by stratagem, prevented him from travelling upon so tempestuous a night; and sad was the man who, unavoidably detained in London, could not accompany his brother to see their dying

sister. How changed their feelings, however, when they heard of the awful catastrophe which had befallen the ill-fated passengers! This only sets forth, in the faintest manner and degree, the change of feeling by-and-by in the world to come. Well, indeed, may the poet exclaim—

<p>“ When this passing world is done, When has sunk yon glaring sun, When we stand with Christ in glory, Looking o'er life's finished story; Then, Lord, shall I fully know— Not till then—how much I owe.</p>	<p>When I hear the wicked call On the rocks and hills to fall; When I see them start and shrink, On the fiery deluge brink; Then, Lord, shall I fully know— Not till then—how much I owe.</p>
--	---

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.”

B E U L A H .

THE land where Jesus reigns, where His people reign as kings and priests unto God for ever, where sorrow and sighing are unknown, pain and anguish never felt; where the broad, beautiful river of life rolls down its gold streets, diffusing health and happiness to the blest unnumbered inhabitants, imparting joy unspeakable and eternal, and youthful vigour and heavenly beauty unparalleled, undecaying. Faith expiring in her own flame as our ransomed spirits leave the tenement of clay, we awake from the sleep of death to a glorious sight of Him in whom our souls greatly delight (who is the chiefest and the altogether lovely to our souls now); and not only will faith and hope be swallowed up in the sight of Him—the precious, immortal, invisible, the all-wise, all-merciful, all-glorious One—but to be like Him, to wake up in His likeness, in His own beautiful image, to be spotless as He is spotless, perfect as He is perfect, glorified with Him, partaker of His greatness, and glory, and beauty. Even as a child bears the features of the parent, so shall we bear the impress of Divinity; and Oh! wonder of wonders, be the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, changed in the twinkling of an eye; transformed from this poor, perishing, earthly mortality into the glorious immortality of the exalted at God's right hand.

G. H. M. READ.

“ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM.”

FOR one JEHOVAH we contend;
One Lord, one faith we own:
One baptism, which ne'er shall end,
The Spirit's work alone.

Where'er the Gospel we proclaim,
We pray we may baptize
Believing souls into this name,
Through whom from death we rise.

Each true believer in the Lord
We pray God to immerse
In cleansing water of the Word,
Which heals us of the curse.

Salem, Tunbridge Wells.

When thus baptized in Love's sweet flame,
Wherever CHRIST we view,
Such we receive in Jesu's name,
And love these breth'ren too.

This holy baptism we contend
Is that, and that alone,
Which Christ the saved sinner's Friend
At last will ever own.*

This baptism saves from doubts and fears;
Indeed no other can;
This baptism soul and body cheers,
It cheers both God and man.

THOMAS EDWARDS.

* As essential unto the salvation of the soul.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Alone at Last. We never are really alone, except in a convict's cell, lost in a wood, or sunk in the despair of the second death! Yet Mr. Geo. Reynolds has given us a tract with the title *Alone at Last*, which is deeply searching, yet, to Christ's blessed disciples, it is sweetly solacing. It is pointed, not full of cant or platitudes, but robust in Divine truth. Of G. Reynolds, Shernhall-road, Walthamstow, copies can be had at 4d. per dozen.

Denham's Melody, in very superior binding, can now be had at 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. The difficulties so often complained of are over; a good supply always on hand.

Hand and Heart. Office, 1, Paternoster-buildings. "Old Farmer John," and "Country Scenes," with a little of everything that is morally, evangelically, and historically good, may be found in *Hand and Heart*.

St. Bartholomew-the-Great, West Smithfield. A Brief History and an Urgent Appeal. By THOMAS SANGSTER, Churchwarden. London: To be had of the author, Long-lane, Smithfield. The church, of which this beautifully-printed pamphlet doth speak, "is the oldest in the City of London." That is quite enough to excite our curiosity and to draw forth our sympathy. We must go and see it, that is certain. But this *St. Bartholomew-the-Great* is like unto a very old widow whose husband is dead, whose children are all scattered, whose property is gone to the winds. Consequently nobody cares to know her; and, desolate and alone, the poor old widow sits in grief. So it has been with this church. Mr. Thomas Sangster says:—"When appointed churchwarden, I found the interior of St. Bartholomew in a deplorable condition, totally unfit for the performance of Divine service." What a plight this "oldest City church" must have been in! It has no endowment. No rich income. Poor old child! What is the Bishop of London about that he can thus let this venerable home for the worship of God sink into such dilapidation? This structure has existed nearly 800 years—eight centuries! It may be asked, "Is there no clergyman?" "Oh, yes, a rector, whose revenue is £35 per annum; but he is 90 years of age, and of course cannot do much to renovate and raise up the venerable pile." The church is open daily from ten till four, and a visit by any antiquarian will be a treat. Those who cannot go into

this grand old Bartholomew may send for its history, and an account of its necessity, to Mr. Thomas Sangster, 62, Long-lane, West Smithfield. If permitted to view the old church, we will report, and again refer to the pamphlet now under notice, which is a history of the last seven centuries in brief.

Sermons, &c.—The Tender Heart of Christ, by ARCHIBALD G. BROWN, to be noticed in *Cheering Words*.—"Muckle Kate," No. 24 of *Grove Chapel Tracts*. "This Kate," they said, "was without any beauty in the sight of God or man!" Mr. Lauchlan's plan to catch the wicked Kate "sets before us in the strongest light the intense desire of a devoted minister to save an immortal soul." Oh, boys! many of you are for getting into pulpits; do ye cry night and day to God to be instrumental in saving souls? Donald Fraser told the Canterbury people the other day he did not believe the work of Christ was carried on by these exciting, catchpenny tricks everywhere now so prevalent. We know not what Donald would think of the means whereby Kate, from an old, hardened, wicked sinner, became "the solitary mourner of the moors." Poor old Kate, between 80 and 90, wept herself stone blind; but she was saved—how, the tract tells us. It is so astounding I must have another pull at it some day.—*The Lord's Way in the Sea*—a paper written by Mr. William Crowther in the time of his affliction. Our readers will be glad to know this paper has been issued in one complete pamphlet, and can be had at our office.—*Grove Chapel Pulpit*, Nos. 161 and 162, contain the sermon preached by Mr. Bradbury, in 1874, at the service of his public recognition as minister of the place, entitled, "The Lord's Messenger and Message." A regular solid piece of ministerial theology.—*Christ, a Chosen Stone*, a sermon by Mr. T. Davies, at Bethel Chapel, Poplar. Many years have we known this serene, reticent, thoughtful man of God, but never before saw any of his orations in print. We wish to give some of it in these pages soon.—*The First Five Minutes after Death*, a sermon by Canon Liddon (F. Davies, Chapter House-court). Churchman or Dissenter, or whoever you may be, the silent perusal of this uncommon discourse will do you no harm.—Mr. Anderson's *Silent Messenger* for March is rich in poetry, with serious records of sudden death.

Thomas Guy; his Early Days, his Life among the Gipsies, his Conversion to God,

his *Happy and Sudden Death*. A new and neat edition, to be had of Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. Of the many souls which the Lord was pleased to call under my ministry thirty years ago, Thomas Guy was one of the most solemn, certain, and conspicuous. When we re-read this genuine testimony we weep with tears of joy and sorrow mingled; of joy for the bright and blessed grace manifested in the conversion of my poor brother Thomas Guy; of sorrow, because the host of precious souls gathered in by God's mercy through His power in my poor preaching are all gone, many to their happy home, and numbers in all directions! I meet with, and hear of them, as being found in the colonies, the United States, and in the provinces. God be praised, they were called to know and to abide by the Lord in His truth. I wish all who can would scatter this *Thomas Guy* among the people. It is such a truly sincere witness of saving mercy that I believe, for generations yet, it will be honoured of the Lord. No one can tell the grief I sometimes feel because no such conversions are seen in these days with us. That work appears to be gone to the new race of ministers. To myself I often say, "Be thankful the kingdom of Christ is still advancing, if not by you it is by others." With a desire thus to be thankful, I try to creep to His feet and say,

"May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All!"

The present seems a greater day for doing than I ever saw before; and my eyes have been looking all around for over sixty years. That delicately refined writer, Charles Stanford, says, "The Bishop of Rochester has just cried out, 'Do something! do something! do something! and do it at once!' Yes (says Charles Stanford), but before we can do something, we must be something." There are in this country many who would be glad to be doing something; but the more they strive, the less they seem to do. To all the faithful servants of Christ Mr. Stanford says, "Christ's cause is not going down." As regards numbers, multitudes, and crowds of hearers, we feel reconciled a little to read true conversion is God's work, not ours. George Whitefield did say, "I would rather have a Church with ten men in it right with God, than have a Church with five hundred men in it at whom the world laughs in its sleeve." Amen. But do not forget Thomas Guy.

Corpus Christi Tracts. By WILLIAM TROTMAN. To be had of him, 57, Emma-place, Stonehouse, Devon. This

is No. 2 of the series, and is a kind of album of photographic sketches of scenes which our friend Mr. Trotman has passed through in the course of a long ministerial life. We hope in his new bishopric he will realise those blessings prophesied of Joseph, even that his hands may be made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob. From this No. 2 of *Corpus Christi Tracts* we have given in *Cheering Words* a narrative of the power of grace in the experience of an old man over seventy years of age.

"The Progress of Popery—Its Principles and Fruit." The *Monthly Record* for March (offices, 5, Racquet-court), gives undeniable statistical evidence of the immense growth of Romanism in this land. To every one whose understanding has been enlightened, it must be clearly, it will be sorrowfully seen, that the spirit of idolatry is dreadfully fastening itself upon what was once Protestant England. And, consequently, the Spirit of life, the Spirit of God, the only true soul-quickener and Christ-revealer, is not so powerfully realised as in former times. The Presbyterians have been lamenting the lapsed state of their people; other denominations feel a kind of wordy, windy, withering, lukewarm sleep has fallen upon them. They are all building grand temples; bazaaring is the leading feature for obtaining money; every sensational device is adopted; but do they win souls to Christ? We are all as busy as bees flying about, but the honey of heavenly love is hard to find. Nihilism, Fenianism, Socialism, Romanism—these are Satan's awful workers now. How long, O England, will ye sleep on?

In Memoriam. A Tribute to the Memory of the Late Mr. Richard Foster, Little London, Willenhall. By SAMUEL COZENS. "Live still, and write mine epitaph." Thus wrote one of England's greatest bards. And the just must ever live in our midst, and their memory be blessed while we are favoured with such portraits as the one before us from the facile quill of Mr. Samuel Cozens. We cannot but admire the production of such a worthy scribe; and really it is not a little perplexing to determine, after reading so ably written an obituary, which claims our highest regard, the living writer or the departed friend whose life he has so graphically delineated. Our meaning here is better told by the poet Smith, who said:

"Some thy loved dust in Parian stones enshrine,
Others immortal epitaphs design,
With wit and strength that only yields to
thine."

After these gratuitous expressions, to say more might be deemed superfluous. It will, however, be seen at a glance that the author is master of his work, and which he has perfected in a style peculiar only to himself. All who knew Mr. Foster will surely be grateful to Mr. Cozens for so able and faithful a work.—W. WINTERS.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE SEVEN SECTIONS OF THE BAPTISTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, THE COLONIES, AND THE UNITED STATES.

IN our age, when tabernacles, temples, chapels, halls, and mission-rooms of every kind and colour are lifting up their heads, opening their doors, and when voices of various sounds are issuing forth, calling upon the people to listen to them, to support them, to unite with them, and to enlarge their coast, it is laid with weight upon us to beseech the rapidly-rising races of apparently zealous seekers after truth to hearken for one moment to

THE VOICE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, which, over eighteen centuries since, was distinctly heard by His chosen disciples; and which voice, through the power of the **HOLY GHOST**, is still witnessing to the truth of that *Divine purpose* which the eternal Son of God—"the Messenger of the covenant"—came both to expound and to carry out when, on the shores of these lower valleys and upon our mountain tops, he exclaimed:

"THIS IS THE WILL OF HIM THAT SENT ME!"

The commendatory promise which was (prophetically) made to the Philadelphian Church applies very specially to all those ministers, Churches, and publishers who do persistently, prayerfully, and "*earnestly*" contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints." To them "HE that is holy, HE that is true" saith: "Because thou hast **KEPT THE WORD OF MY PATIENCE**, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." Is not

"THAT HOUR OF TEMPTATION"

fast coming upon us? Is it not a fact that, instead of "**KEEPING** the word of Christ's patience," even those highly educated and richly gifted orators of the day are gradually ignoring the same? And are there not many who boldly and arrogantly tell the people that another kind of preaching and teaching is altogether necessary for the intellectual schoolmen who are multiplying around us in these days of fastness, of presumption, of speculation, of perpetual begging for money, in order (as the brave and saucy pretenders tell us) to save the masses and the millions who (notwithstanding all the efforts which thousands of preachers have made) still flock and flow down the broadways of iniquity and transgression, and, like the recently deceased noted author, pour contempt upon the Book of God, the Gospel of Christ, the worship of the Almighty, and the grace of the Holy Ghost? And can this at all surprise us when we know that the wild rantings and carnal enterprises of the motley group of professors of divinity caused an old disciple of **JESUS** to ask the grave question, "Does the Almighty require

that the kingdom of His Son should be upheld in the world by such an intolerant system of begging, scheming, and imposition?"

In Mr. John Clifford's magazine for Feb., 1880, we find the following singular admission. We should premise that a little brush of contention between an editor and Mr. Clifford had given rise to these remarks which we are about to quote. The editor considered that the Puritan period was the source from whence had proceeded the subsequent "Great Evangelical Revival." Mr. Clifford does not accept this proposition. He says:—

"Is it not clear that 'the characteristic qualities and forces' of the England of 1880 are not of the same type as those of the noble Puritan era? Puritanism was a grand soul-inspiring enthusiasm for *divinity*. Nineteenth century England is sharply marked off from preceding eras by a deep and intense enthusiasm for *humanity*. Puritanism was an open vision of God in His glory, and majesty, and indefeasible authority. It is the lament of many in our day that the Divine authority is obscured by a gospel of 'universal indulgence' and of weak sentimentalism. Then God was a Sovereign King; now He is a 'convenience.' For these severe and self-denying heroes the Bible was all-in-all, the judge that ends every strife, holding within its covers all the wisdom and help men need. Are not we perpetually decrying our age, because it lacks this very confidence, and only believes in the Bible when it is backed by other authorities? The activities of 1580-1660 were intensely religious and theological. 'The whole nation became a Church.' Those of 1760-1880 are predominantly social and humanitarian. In short, it is hardly to be denied that the England of our day has few affinities in *doctrine*, in *spirit*, or in social and individual *impulse* with the Puritan period. If this fruit has grown on the Puritan tree, then either the tree has been radically changed, or a *new* branch has been grafted into it, and has absorbed the whole sap of the aged and honourable Puritan trunk; or, at least, so much of it, that we may fairly speak of the wide-spread and towering graft as 'the modern tree.'

"That such is likely to have been the case will be seen if we consider the state of Puritanism in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century. As far as we can discover, there is every reason for believing that that great movement was defunct as an aggressive and inspiring force. It had spent itself. The signs of vitality were few and scant. It yielded nothing but leaves, and those not of a very attractive sort. 'The age of faith' had given place to an age of

abstract speculation. Christianity was a hard and acrid syllogism instead of a rich and inspiring life; it existed only to be proved and not to live by. Locke's treatise on the 'reasonableness of Christianity' is typical of the altered condition of things; and one of many signs that the Church of Christ had become a school of disputation, that religion was confounded with science, and that man was regarded as though he consisted of nothing but brain. Puritanism was dead in trespasses and sins, and needed to be made a 'new creature' in Christ Jesus by the breath of the Spirit of a Great Evangelical Revival."

These remarks of Mr. John Clifford require sifting, analysing, and clearly expounding, which we stay not to attempt this month. We wish to lay before our readers a faithful contrast between the *oneness* of spirit, of faith, and of worship which prevailed in the days of our forefathers, and the diverse, the varied, the numerous faiths and orders of worship which are increasingly prevalent in what is termed the present Great Evangelical Revival.

Let us, as fast and as far as we can, review the seven sections of the Baptist Churches and communities, and then honestly ask: "How much better, how much holier, how much more devoted, how much more are we like the genuine disciples of our Lord than were our fathers, our grandsires, and the ancient followers of the great Redeemer of Israel?" We have studied

First.—That ancient and original order of New Testament Baptists who went forth with the commission of our most glorious Lord, who said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." In this first branch of the obedient disciples we should incur the displeasure of such noble fellows as Joseph Irons, George Abrahams, and others if they were alive; even our great present-day defenders of every essential truth (baptism excepted) may smile with pity upon us: but while they stand high above us upon the mountains of Israel, we are solemnly bound to follow "the Lamb of God" in Jordan ere we dare ascend the hill where He sat down to bless the gathered little flock. When we have considered the first original band of obedient believers, we would (God willing) notice

Secondly.—"The Union Baptists," even those aristocratic and amalgamated Churches called "The Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland." Master Robert Macnair and others shall not be forgotten.

Thirdly.—We shall come to the "General Baptist Churches," of which Mr. John Clifford is now, we suppose, the chief bishop, and certainly he is one of their most elegant scholars, and a preacher of exquisite taste and edification, albeit in some of the sacred revelations of CHRIST'S ministry, we fear, he is found seriously wanting.

Fourthly.—The Pre-Existerian Baptists form a singularly select, mysterious, but intelligent section.

Fifthly.—The *Standard* Strict Baptist Churches are most exclusively by themselves; and of them we hope to write both truthfully and to some purpose.

Sixthly.—We have now a rapidly rising and spreading section which everywhere are denominated the *Spurgeonic* Baptists.

Last of all, the full, the faithful, the free-grace, the old-fashioned, "*the sound*," the strictly adhering followers (as far as they are taught) of the blessed Lord and Master Himself.

The desire of some, of many, of the tender-hearted enquirers after the good old way renders a kind exposition of

"THE STRAIT GATE, AND THE NARROW WAY"

quite urgently necessary. May the Lord help us! Will not our brethren aid us? If the HOLY SPIRIT will be our Teacher, we shall proceed. Amen.

C. W. BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney,
March 11, 1880.

THE THREE FAR WESTERN TOWNS.

A country traveller "ashore" awhile, has been looking after some of the old veterans who once filled the pulpits, where the Gospel of the Bible was preached to full audiences. He knew David Denham, Arthur Triggs, Joseph Rudman, John Corbitt, Gad, the Mount Zion preachers at Devonport, the once apparently happy King, the savoury Webster, blind Rowland, the steady, the stern, the sacred Bull, Francis Collins, and a host beside. He has been all around, to Mount Zion, to Trinity, and other places. He fell almost ill with heart-ache. We cannot insert such a painful picture. He hopes there will be a revival, then he will write again.

Now this countryman has preached, cannot he help some of the places where weakness, if not woe, is manifestly approaching? Oh, Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport, shall we have no more joyful tidings from you?

"Poor West of England Churches," saith the writer, "look where you will, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Hereford, Exeter, Bristol, Newton Abbott, Torquay, right down to Penzance, the silver trumpet all of a piece, with soul-quickenings, heart-healing, faith-confirming power, it is hard to find." Countryman says he is coming to London to see and hear if the "grand old Gospel" is preached as well as published. Let him come; he will find some of it. We are not all starved here.

CHELTENHAM.—Cambrey chapel has been thinned a little by a swarm going forth to a new hive. A history of the Cheltenham Churches from the time the old Bethel was a barn, where the people worshipped in the cold and wet, down to the present time of dividing and dwindling, would furnish some painful and a few pleasant chapters.

THE STRICT BAPTISTS IN LONDON :

Their Association, their Churches, their Pastors, their Evangelists, their Theology, Church Order, Diverse Gifts, &c.

The Annual Meetings of the Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches called together a large number of friends in Soho chapel, Oxford-street, on March 9, 1880. Mr. J. L. Meeres, the President, delivered a discourse in the afternoon with considerable energy, affection, and edifying power, from Paul's words, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." We hope the sermon will be published and well circulated, it would show forth to unprejudiced minds that ALL who are truly MADE believers in Christ's person, work, and ministry by the ever-blessed and adorable SPIRIT OF GOD cannot, dare not swerve from the Divine order which the Son of God revealed when He came to set up His Gospel kingdom in the earth; neither can such devout disciples depart from the holy commission which our Lord gave with such emphasis and authority when, after He laid down His life for the Church, His Father gave Him; when, after He had arisen triumphant over the grave and over death; when, after He had showed Himself both openly and privately to His own most dearly beloved and sacredly redeemed disciples (*only*); and when He was about to be received up into the highest heavens, then, as His farewell discourse, as His last and decided command, He said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the GOSPEL to every creature. He that believeth and IS BAPTIZED SHALL be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." This commission was confirmed on the day of Pentecost. First of all, the providence of God gathered together the disciples; secondly, there came a sound from heaven, a rushing, mighty wind, which filled all the house, and not the house only, but all were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance; then, thirdly, a multitude came together, some amazed, some doubting, some mocking; but, fourthly, unto the whole of them, "Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice," and proved that what they then saw and heard was but the fulfilment of that which had been spoken of by the prophet Joel (800 years before Christ came in the flesh); then, fifthly, Peter commenced to preach unto all of them the Gospel, the Christ of God, and all His sufferings, and the Holy Ghost worked by the preaching of Peter, so that some were pricked in the heart, and cried out for help and instruction, to which cry Peter attended faithfully. In the sixth place, "they that gladly received the word *were* BAPTIZED." Not sprinkled, not a little water poured on their head. No! the inspired Word of God tells us they were immersed, plunged, baptized. And on the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. Last of all, in the seventh branch of this heavenly pattern of a Gospel Church in the world, it is twice declared they CONTINUED

steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayer.

As surely as Christ came to magnify His Father's law, and to make an end of sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and on the behalf of the sheep which His Father had given Him, so surely did the Holy Ghost come in the appointed time; and He did set up, plant, and give forth the pattern of a Gospel Church, which was, in like manner, to *continue* unto the end of the present dispensation.

Has any angel, messenger, or voice from heaven ever come down to alter, to improve, or to annihilate this pattern? NEVER! By what authority, then, can men dare to alter it? I cannot tell. One thing I know most certainly—and the Lord knoweth I write the truth—that, although brought up (as it is called) in the Church of England, cut down to the very mouth of the pit of perdition by the Wesleyans, set at liberty in the revelation of Christ by the preaching of a minister in the Countess of Huntingdon's connexion, yet, notwithstanding all that diverse kind of instrumentality, when it pleased the Lord to show to me—secretly, from the New Testament—the ordinance, the design, the signification of *baptism* (although then I do not think I had ever seen it administered), from the morning when I saw, in the shining of the Spirit on my mind, unfolding that word, "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it cometh us to fulfil all righteousness," from that morning until now I never could recognise open communion or mixed communion, sprinkling, free-will, or duty-faith; neither could I understand how men can deny, forsake, or abstain from the pattern given them by the Spirit of God, and verified by those grand old masters and martyrs the apostles Paul and Peter, and contended for by thousands of the very best of men that ever God gave unto His Church on the earth. I have lived a Strict Baptist for fifty years, and as a Strict Baptist I believe I shall die, although in some things I am as one by myself and am but little known, only by report, and report is not always correct. If the Strict Baptists were generally more of the spirit and behaviour of their President, it would be more pleasant; but we cannot have all men alike here, we must not expect perfection here. Of the meetings on March 9, which were very excellent, more may be said in a second notice by

C. W. B.

ROCHDALE. — Our late beloved John Kershaw's "Hope" Church is likely again to be without a pastor, as Richard Lovesey is advised to resign. We have witnessed many changes in Rochdale during the last few years; pastors do not hold on for life as they did in our younger days. Nevertheless, our Lord Himself continues to bless us; but we see not the saving fruits of the Almighty Spirit as we once did. How do you find it in London? [We must not answer.—ED.]

HOW ARE WE TO RECEIVE MEMBERS INTO OUR CHURCHES?

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—What is (or what should be) the order of our Strict Baptist Churches in receiving members from the General Baptist Churches? I ask because our new deacons are not so careful as our old fathers were.

AN ENQUIRER.

[We never had any faith in the system of dismissing, or of receiving, members by letter. Each New Testament Church is (or should be) a spiritual family—a community gathered together by the Spirit of Christ, through the Gospel, through the written Word, or by any means the Lord may use—and they should receive none into their fellowship but those who can give a confession of their faith in the glorious Trinity, in the Person and work of the Son of God incarnate, in the personality and grace of the Holy Ghost, in the revealed principles of the new covenant, and in the enjoined privileges, obligations, and responsibilities incumbent upon those who profess to be the grace-called and hopefully converted followers of the good, the great, the adorable Shepherd of the sheep. The existence of such multitudes of Churches, without any efficient God-given pastors, has gradually brought our denomination into weakness, recklessness, and disorder. "Supplies" of every sort and size make societies of critics, instead of holy families of Christian worshippers. Our people like a variety of pulpit talkers, instead of seeking for and supporting pastors who evidently have "the mind of Christ," the unction of the Holy One, the love of the truth, and who have surrendered themselves unto the Lord for His service. Nothing has so much tended to lower the ministry in the estimation of the divinely-sanctified children of God, as the run and rush of zealous boys and ambitious men, now flying in all directions. A thousand times happier is that little Church who has set over them a living, a loving, an earnest, and a wrestling, studying, persevering pastor, than all the irregular causes kept up year after year by the deacons catching at, and sending for, every new racer for the pulpit. Our people must not be offended with us because we tell them the truth. Neither into the pulpit nor into the Church should any one be admitted who are not ready and willing to accede to that safe, that healthy, that grace-confirming precept, which the inspired apostle has given (1 Pet. iii. 15): "If ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of the terrors (of boasters, of false pretenders, of persecutors), neither be ye troubled; but, sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you, a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear," or reverence, as it may be rendered. If our Churches could be constrained to lay these things to heart, to lay them before the Lord, and have special services for the due consideration of the question: "How can we best promote the well-being of the Church of

Christ?" with God's blessing the wilderness would blossom, and be more like a garden of the Lord than is now generally the case. We must not add more now, although we have not done with this subject yet.—Ed.]

ALL DEAD.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Shall we say as Paxton Hood doth of his eloquent men,—

"Yes, you may search the land of gracious men,
Where will you find their like again?"

They are all dead, and gone to their long homes, to their rest.

You have mentioned some names that stirred my mind, among them John Warburton. Having been a hearer for seventy years, out of which for more than fifty I was an attentive one, I have heard a variety in that period, for when young I ran after eloquence, and some of them were like John Warburton, noisy, and in that noise, with the bulk, there was nothing in it, but in John's noise there was the Gospel of the grace of God. You have properly described him.

You mention two other names; Abrahams and Philpot, two proud persons. They both thought, as the North American Indians do, that they had got all the wisdom. Abrahams said he was Huntington's successor. About as much as the Pope is Peter's. They both abused people better than themselves. Philpot said Dr. Hawker's writings were boney and sugary. James Wells came in also for a great share, as well as Osbourne. But they have dropped that vile body that contained these things, and, we hope, are now before the throne.

I thought the best bit of Gospel in the VESSEL this month was Myerson's sermon.

What a fine bird you have caged in Dean Stanley! I hope you will be able to agree to all his doctrines, as well as baptism. I was as pleased as a Baptist could be at the dean's honesty. The dean is right regarding the impossibility of this, that, or the other unlikely thing; the Word of God says it was done, and there doubt ends. A Churchman told a Baptist friend that in argument he could beat him, but with the Word of God it was different.

Yours most respectfully,

ISAAC POLLEY.

Acacia-villa, Daruley-road, Gravesend,
March 5, 1880.

GRAYS, ESSEX.—We had the pleasure of preaching in the beautiful new Baptist chapel, in Grays, on Feb. 26, 1880. There was a cheerful company of young and aged people, and we realised a happy freedom. The Strict Baptists at Grays are a zealous and faithful community. They have done well; about £400 will set them quite clear of debt, and in possession of a most comfortable freehold place of worship, with land enough to enlarge and erect good schools. We are anxious to raise an EARTHEN VESSEL fund to help these devoted Baptists at Grays, because the debt at present presses heavily upon them.

SHOULDHAM STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL, BRYANSTON SQUARE.

First anniversary of re-opening was held Sunday, Feb. 22. Three discourses were delivered by brethren Styles, C. W. Banks, and W. Carpenter.

On following Tuesday afternoon, Mr. J. L. Meeres found us in our natural state, and landed us in heaven. After a good gathering of friends had tea, the public meeting commenced; James Lee, Esq., presided. During the evening, he gave us some items from his own experience. Brother Beazley sought the Lord's blessing. Mr. Harriss, deacon, read the following report:—

Dear Christian friends,—We are very happy to meet you on the present occasion to give you a brief statement of our affairs as a little section of God's chosen and redeemed Church and people, passing on as sojourners in the wilderness. We can truly say we often feel ourselves to be a very feeble folk indeed, but we have to rejoice we have found "the Lord of hosts to be with us and the God of Jacob to be our Refuge." Our motto was at our opening services, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us;" and our present testimony is, "Having obtained help of the Lord" (our ever-gracious God and Saviour), who hath mercifully sustained us, and we continue pressing on with the sweet promise that we shall still "reap if we faint not."

We were highly favoured on Sunday, being our first anniversary, and were greatly encouraged with God's special gifts to us, both in providence and grace, in connection and on the behalf of His cause of truth in this place of worship.

Our highly-esteemed brother Styles gave us a very mellow and unctuous sermon on the words, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," praying we might have much cause to fully realise the blessed sentiment of the text by God's rich grace, and that the gracious Spirit's influences might follow with us, and remain after the services closed. Our good brother particularly stated he brought with him the best feelings of the friends at Keppel-street. We might also notice the friendship of other Churches.

In the afternoon, our esteemed and venerable brother C. W. Banks was quite eloquent on the grand old text, "Who is like unto Thee among the gods?" &c.; and our beloved pastor in the evening gave us a royal dish from Zech. ii. 7, shewing the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed Triune-Jehovah, who, in covenant love, had richly provided for the poor of His flock, which was beautifully set forth by the kingly office of our precious anointed One, Immanuel, God with us, holding forth the golden sceptre with loving heart and hand to His flock of slaughter, and by His stave Beauty to encourage the weak and the timid sheep; and further shewing the good Shepherd's staff was known in the delightful ordinances of God's house by the testimony of Jesus being the Spirit of the text, setting forth His Shepherd's stave united and called "Bands," denoting eternal union.

The collections on the Sunday and Tuesday afternoon amounted to £27 11s. 10d., thus bringing the debt down to £341 7s. 4d. Mr. Bowman then read an account of the Infant and Aged Friends' Society. The Society was formed at Tarlington Hall, for the benefit of poor women in confinement. The bags were but monthly, with the contents gratis; some clothing, grocery, and 10s. to members, 5s. to non-members. The Society has since been enlarged, and now extends to the aged, and has a treasurer, secretary, under-secretary, and committee. A contribution of a penny per week constitutes membership. Already many cases had been relieved. Money had been disposed of as follows:—Clothes purchased, £5 15s. 11d.; cash, £10 6s.; other items, £1 17s.; printing, 12s. 6d.; total, £18 11s. 5d.; balance in hand, £5 0s. 10d.

Mr. Bardens spoke sweetly from Malachi iii. 16; Mr. Steed gave a stirring speech on Psa. xlviii. 14; Mr. Stringer thundered tremendously from three words, "The whole family;" Mr. Lawrence let out a learned oration from Psa. cxi. 2; Mr. Griffiths gave a good address from Acts ix. 31. It was announced that £41 was wanted. Mr. Lee promised £5; another friend gave £5; but with the £10, the collection that evening only amounted to £22 12s. 2d. The chairman offered £2 10s. more if the amount was raised; if the sum was exceeded, the extra could be handed to the pastor. Promises were made, and sums sent up until there was £6 4s. 10d. for Mr. Carpenter.

Mr. W. Webb gave some welcome words on the verse, "He that hath friends must show himself friendly." The doxology was sung, and an excellent evening's entertainment came to a close. Mr. Meeres pronounced the benediction.

After the opening meeting last year, the debt on the chapel stood at £473 7s. 7d. Collections and donations this anniversary, £173 7s. 7d., thus reducing the debt down to £300. Thus it will be seen that a merciful Providence has greatly helped the cause in Shouldham-street; and this their first anniversary was a time for holy praise to the great High Priest of our profession.

The ground-rent on Shouldham-street chapel is £47 per annum. This of itself is a heavy rental, and it causes anxious desires to reduce the repairing debt of £300 as fast as possible. An account has been opened at the London and County Bank, at its Paddington branch, 1, Connaught-street, Edgeware-road, called "The Shouldham-street Baptist Chapel Fund," where donations will be received and acknowledged.

W. B.

PECKHAM RYE.—Special services were held at Zion chapel, Heaton-road, on Tuesday, February 24. In the afternoon our esteemed brother G. W. Shepherd was graciously helped to speak of the great anti-typical Lamb, touching very beautifully on His complexity and eternity. A large gathering of friends took tea. At evening meeting—in the unavoidable absence of

T. M. Whittaker, Esq., through illness—our brother, Mr. Barrett, of Mount Zion, Dorset-square, presided. After some well-chosen remarks, we called brethren C. W. Banks, W. Hazleton, W. Kempstone, and W. Webb to speak on Precious Faith, Precious Promises, Precious Redemption, and a Precious Christ. Our brother Geo. Webb gave an address which was as cheering as his face was bright. May the Lord soon open a door for him. Thus terminated a very happy meeting. Our esteemed brother Clark is preaching with much acceptance and profit to the people. Lovers of the truth should come and hear.—S. W. [Zion chapel, in the Heaton-road, Peckham Rye, is one of the most convenient and comfortable of our modern places of worship. We are thankful to find our brother J. Clark has been baptizing some of the sons and daughters, and even grandchildren, of our old friends who are gone home to glory. Indeed, "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off: even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Bless the Lord! we daily live to see His Word is everywhere true.—Ed.]

BETHNAL GREEN.—A meeting full of sympathy, practical and expressed, was held in Zion, Matilda-street, on Tuesday, March 2, on the occasion of the fourteenth anniversary of the formation of the Church (Mr. Matthew Branch's pastorate), and of the dissolution of the Church. Mr. Gordelier presided, who, after prayer, called upon Mr. Branch to state the reason for dissolving the Church, which was to the effect that, instead of there being an increase, there was a decline in the attendance, and if they held on, they would get into debt. Mr. Dearsly spoke words of consolation to pastor and people. The Editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* gave expression to his sorrow at the unhappy state of the Strict Baptists in Bethnal-green, and wished that there was a fund in existence for the assistance and support of such a cause as this. Mr. J. W. Norton endeavoured to cheer the heart of the pastor. J. W. Banks tried to show how the Gospel for years had been proclaimed by men who had to work for their bread. Mr. Golding, with his usual native sublimity, led the people up to the mansions of bliss, which, with the benediction of the astute chairman, brought the meeting to a close.

CRUDWELL.—Our friends who knew Thomas Taylor will be sorry to hear he is now nearly blind. We should much like to see and converse with the dear old pilgrim once more. Crudwell chapel is not what it was when John Wigmore was its minister; nor is it so well as when Thomas Lamb was the pastor. The dreadfully cruel and higgoted spirit of those who consider themselves the only faithful people has done incalculable mischief. They have had good ministers, they have some now, but their denunciations and decisions work death.

NOTTINGHAM.

While travelling in the train, between *Inquisitive* and *Communicative*, a conference comes up.

Inq.—Is it not C. W. B. ?

Com.—So my mother once told me.

Inq.—You have been speaking in Nottingham ?

Com.—Yes.

Inq.—A silent one told me you gave them a new version of an old text.

Com.—My text was, "Now faith is the substance of THINGS HOPED FOR, and the evidence of things not seen." I simply remarked, "An ancient and celebrated commentator had said, 'In this chapter xi. to Hebrews, in every place where we have the word *faith*, we should read *CHRIST*;' as for instance, 'Now *CHRIST* is the substance of things hoped for, and Christ is the evidence of things not (yet) seen.'"

Inq.—Did any of them raise any objection ?

Com.—None.

Inq.—What did the little bookseller say ?

Com.—He wished me to be in Mansfield-road.

Inq.—What ? In the Christadelphian synagogue ?

Com.—Nay, in Samuel Cox's chapel.

Inq.—Nay, What did you think of the other huge building ?

Com.—All I said, "It belongs to that new line of steamers which I call 'The Ships which Sail on the SEA OF SUCCESS.'"

Inq.—Will they take their different crews safe over ?

Com.—Are not you a little steamship ?

Inq.—If you thus speak of a minister who is sometimes filled with the fire of the Spirit and with the hot water of salvation, then I am one.

Com.—Will you, instrumentally, carry your crew safely over ?

Inq.—I cannot answer that.

Com.—No more can I answer you, as regards these new steamers.

Inq.—Do you know Mr. H. of Nottingham ?

Com.—He has corresponded with me.

Inq.—Was not he once with the new steamers in Nottingham ?

Com.—I believe so.

Inq.—Ah! he was not prepared to go into those dramatic representations.

Com.—Paul rejoiced that *CHRIST* was preached. In Mansfield-road there are diversities. The clerical, the editorial, the Christian, and the large warehouse. In which is the Christ of God really, truly, faithfully preached ?

Inq.—Christ is preached, but each one doth clothe Him differently.

Com.—The living, the saving, the glorious *CHRIST OF GOD* must, by the Almighty Spirit, be preached into the soul, be received lovingly into the heart, be lived upon by an overcoming faith, or we are lost.

Inq.—Did you take a view of Nottingham as a town ?

Com.—You are turning from the subject. Another day I may give you a line upon

Nottingham, where once the Lady Lucy clothed many a poor parson.

Inq.—As you have been for fifty years watching over, walking in the midst of, and working for, the New Testament Baptists, what conclusion can you come to, as regards the uprising and extensive influence of the Churches, who, to my mind, amalgamate much of the letter of TRUTH with the exciting theories of the ancient Arminians?

Com.—The instruction given by our Lord in the parable, "Let both grow together until the harvest," silences me. This is a day for large co-operative and monopolising achievements on a large scale, both in the commercial and religious world. And there is a supply of men fitted by some means for this fast, bold, and comprehensive age. Every man, every sect and denomination, appear to be driven on to do their utmost, as if the end was drawing near. I know my course is nearly finished. What is in the future of the Church's history, the Lord only truly knoweth; but my mind will tell me. We are between "the early and the latter rains." The Church had the early rain on the day of Pentecost; the latter rain is yet to come. And "until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, we shall be like the desert-land." The Lord forbid that I should judge with an unrighteous judgment; but to me the profession of religion is now more mechanical and intellectual than spiritual and vital. Nottinghamshire is rather a small county, not quite 400,000 souls, while the town of Nottingham has in itself and suburbs nearly 200,000. Very popular places. Nottingham has some fifteen Baptist places of worship. Of their ministers and people, nothing now.

[As promised, we shall visit Leicester soon, if a merciful Lord permit.]

BLAKENHAM, SUFFOLK.—In this rural Suffolk village, not far from the residence of the Rev. George Drury, the leading actor in the recent "Akenham Burial Case," is a very neat little sanctuary standing by the side of the high road.

"... Like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face."

This chapel is, we understand, entirely free from debt, rendered so mainly through the assiduous labours and generosity of the pastor, Mr. W. Houghton, a man possessed of much genuine humility and intelligence. It was our happiness to speak to the people in the afternoon of March 14th, and in so doing we enjoyed considerable freedom of spirit: and it did us good to see once more in the body that venerable Suffolk divine, Mr. John Cooper, late of Wattisham. The chapel is generally well attended and a spirit of hearing the pure Gospel is greatly manifest. Mr. Houghton labours hard in the work, and he has much to encourage him. We wish him, with his beloved deacon Mr. Blowers, in union with the Church, much peace and lasting prosperity.

W. WINTERS.

A BLESSED WORK AMONG THE JEWS.

Testimonial to the Rev. H. A. Stern, a Missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.

A highly interesting meeting was held in the large room of the Operative Jewish Converts' Institution, Palestine Place, Cambridge Heath, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28, 1880. The chair was taken by the Rev. W. L. Rosenthal, LL.D., vicar of St. Saviour's, Brockley, S.E.

The attendance, which was very good, was composed mostly of Hebrew Christians and a few Gentile friends.

Dr. Rosenthal, in his interesting opening speech, said he had much pleasure in presiding on the occasion, because the meeting was convened to honour one so well known and so greatly beloved by those who knew his career as a Missionary among the Jews. Mr. Stern, who so faithfully proclaimed the Gospel of Christ in every part of the East, has been the means in the hands of God to bring very many of the House of Israel to the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Many members of the House of Israel, who once despised Christianity, have, through his earnest labour and the influence of the Spirit of God, been made instruments in God's hand to bring others from among the Jews to the cross of the Messiah.

At the conclusion of the chairman's speech, the secretary, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, read a splendidly illuminated address, of which the following is a copy:

"TO THE REV. H. A. STERN.

"We, the undersigned, acting as the representatives of the numerous friends and well-wishers, desire to express to you our sincere congratulations that you have been spared, in the good pleasure of God, to arrive at the thirtieth year of your ministry as priest in the Church of England: a ministry in which we feel results will only be revealed in eternity.

"We cannot but return thanks to Almighty God in that He has raised you up to take so active an interest in all that concerns the spiritual condition of His anointed people, the Jews; for the success which has attended your efforts in that direction, and for the loving interest you still evince in all that is put forward for their benefit.

"We have now the pleasant task of begging your acceptance of the accompanying silver service, "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible," together with a purse of money, as a small token of the high esteem we entertain for you, and our appreciation of the service you have rendered to the cause of Israel.

"J. COHEN, M.A.

"W. L. ROSENTHAL, LL.D.

"ALFRED EDERSHEIM, D.D., Ph.D.

"J. H. BRUHL.

"M. NACHIM.

"S. PRINCE.

"H. EHRLICH.

"J. H. BRUHL, Treasurer.

"ISAAC LEVINSOHN, Hon. Sec."

We rejoice to find that, although the sons

of the patriarchs who have been brought out of the darkness and superstition of Judaism, residing in England and on the Continent, possess so great a love to one another; although Jewish converts make their homes in Churches of different denominations, and in Church politics differ very much, yet brotherly love reigns among them all, as, for instance, in the manifestation of the testimonial. On the occasion of the presentation, ministers and laymen of different denominations were present, and expressed in most affectionate terms the high esteem they entertain for their brother Stern. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, who acted as hon. secretary, informs us that he received letters from France, Germany, Austria, Turkey, Russia, Africa, and Hebrew Christian friends residing in many other parts of the Continent, joining him in their hearty congratulations to Mr. Stern. We rejoice that the Spirit of Christ is so nobly manifested in our Hebrew Christian brothers; and we earnestly pray that they may continue to shine in the world as the lights of the earth, glorifying Jesus Christ our Lord.

[Sacred joy, and holy, silent pleasure filletth my soul in being favoured to give the foregoing witness to the existence, the exercise, and the extension of the knowledge of our most glorious LORD JESUS CHRIST, and of the flowing out of that love to HIM and to His people who have been truly called out of darkness into His marvellous light. It is also intensely gratifying to me to find my dear brother, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, thus practically engaged in the manifestation of that brotherly Christian sympathy which so sweetly accords with the exhortation of the aged apostle, who saith: "My little children, let us not love in word only, neither in tongue; but in deed, and in truth." Blessed be God! Christian charity is not dead.—C. W. B.].

WEST END.—A sorrowful succession of bereaving dispensations have deeply afflicted the families and friends connected with, and related to, Mr. Geo. Donovan, of Oxford-street. The following note reaches almost the climax of grief:—"HE HAS BEEN IN HIS GARDEN AND GATHERED HIS LILLIES." John Alfred Donovan sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, November 15, 1879, aged 15 years, surviving his only brother a few weeks, which was a great trial to him, for they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death were not divided. May their dear parents, with their devoted aunt, under this severe trial, be enabled to say, 'Thy will be done!' feeling assured their loved ones are not lost, but gone before. Let me say to my young readers, the house of God and the Word of God were the dear departed's delight; though young in years, he found the Word to be 'a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path.'

On earth they sought their Saviour's grace;
On earth they loved His name;
And now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

"Yours in the truth, J. B. P."

A BEAUTIFUL HIVE OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS AT CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

Our reports of our Churches in Clapham proper are not perfectly free from anxiety, but we reserve them. At Providence chapel, on March 16, 1880, the fourth anniversary of opening was held, and a rare variety of Evangelical force was exhibited. Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached the sermon from the words, "Things that accompany salvation." The large schoolroom was filled with friends to tea. At the head of the tables we were glad to see that quiet, genuine friend to the cause of Christ, Mrs. Clarke, who was assisted by a number of respectable ladies and gentlemen whose hearts were warm and hands very active in serving up a bounteous flow of those things so useful to the outer man.

After tea there was a ministerial conference, when our devout brother J. H. Dearsly, mooted in the kindest Christian spirit the wholesome propriety of seeking the restoration to Church fellowship of those true believers in Christ who, by reason of some unhappy circumstances, may have been during a season of trial wandering from the fold. We have thought of this sinful neglect of the Church for many years. A minister, a member, or even a regular attendant, is reported to have fallen into some calamity or heavy trial. They are not seen in their places as usual. Perhaps the Church knows very little of the bitter grief, of the soul-agony, of the awful temptations of which the absentee is the subject. No; nobody knows! nobody cares! And really what becomes of these poor sunken children of God none can tell. Ah! Mr. Dearsly little knew what a chord he touched in the heart of one who for four years wandered in the wilderness of darkness, of dependency, of indescribable distress, going from chapel to church, and from one place of worship to another, secretly sighing, "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" And the only answer was (ministerially and ignorantly on their part), "The watchmen that went about (many for years having been going about. What has been their secret course? The Church in the Canticles only speaketh the language of many a bruised, bleeding heart. When she says, the watchmen that went about) the city found me (not only they found, but), they smote me, and wounded me." But, enough, these things are so! Professors of Christianity prosper, become proud, and pass with haughty mien the down-cast and the devil-beaten, who, like Job, appear forsaken.

The conference broke up. The public meeting opened with Mr. John Bonney, the chairman, giving that precious piece of John Kent's poetry:

"On Zion's glorious summit stood
A num'rous host redeemed by blood
They hymn'd their King in strains divine;
I heard the song, and strove to join.
O sweet employ, to sing and trace
The amazing heights and depths of grace!
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity."

Oh! how those words thrilled through my soul! That son of Abraham, Benjamin Woodrow, went up to the mercy-seat for us all. I think he prayed with his heart. Our brother John Bouney conducted the meeting in a cheerful, practical, and intelligent spirit. Mr. Dearsly spoke on the yoke being destroyed by the anointing of the great Anointer. He was very neat in his words, and nice in the matter of his address.

Mr. E. Mitchell, pastor of the Old Baptist chapel in Guildford (a fine-made gentleman and a lucid orator), gave a pleasant address. He has a fountain-like mind—quiet, but dispensing the truth. Between Mr. Mitchell and Mr. W. H. Lee there is a wide difference of manner—the former sedate, the latter full of fire, of zeal, and of a demonstration rarely to be met with. How various are the gifts, the graces, the gestures, ah! and the grimaces, too, of the ministers of the Gospel. Look, for instance, at that grave, pale, erect, sterile-looking Puritan, Thomas Chivers, now the successor of the venerable Samuel Ponsford, who after serving the Church at Larkhall-lane, Clapham, honourably and usefully for almost half a century, has retired, has set him down to rest, to think over his long ministerial career, and to anticipate the crown of glory in those mansions where the Saviour said, "They which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage. Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels, being the children of the resurrection." How sweet those words do sound in my soul! But to be found in the pure and permanent enjoyment of them will be—ah! I cannot say what it will be.

Well, on the platform in the Providence, at Clapham Junction, on March 16, after Mr. Osmond had delightfully discoursed upon the excellency of the Lord's loving-kindness; after that serious, good brother, Mr. Ward, had given us some sweet lines; after Mr. Lee had most earnestly quoted many great Scriptures, then came Mr. Thomas Chivers; and on the Providence of God he edified the people much.

C. W. Banks began to speak of two opposite themes, the frailty of the flesh and the firmness of Christ: "All flesh is as grass." The last time (he said) that I stood on this platform Mr. Wm. Crowther presided; almost ever since he has been unwell. At the same time, that beloved brother Thomas James Messer was here, full of life and overflowing with elocutionary power; he is no more on earth; and some of us can say,

"We are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die."

But the Christian life here is depicted by Peter, where he speaks of his compassionate High Priest, and says of us, "To whom coming as unto a living stone," &c. Time would not allow this speaker to notice what Christ is unto God and unto God's people, as "chosen and precious," so he abruptly concluded.

The secretary's report shewed the chapel had cost over £3,000. They had reduced the debt to £915; and the collection at the anniversary amounted to near £40. Really, we all thought the Clapham Junction people a most magnanimous body of zealous Christians.

May the Lord send them a real pastor
prays
THE EDITOR.

MR. BENJAMIN TAYLOR'S TESTIMONIAL.

BELOVED BROTHER, — I have just looked over the testimonial sent; all is right; no mistake. The cheque came to hand this morning. I have received in all from you £29 7s. 6d., the total sum you and other friends have collected for me. Now why should you be grieved, saying, "It is so little?" A sum like this for a poor country parson, quite unexpectedly coming to him as a present, is something by no means small, and a real benefit not to be expressed by words. What shall I say to you? How am I to express my thanks? All I can say is, God be praised; may my kind friends be blessed, and may the sum of money do me and mine real good, and glorify our Father who is in heaven. I thank Mr. Robert a thousand times, who has been my kind treasurer. I see how you and he backed up all.

Give my kind love to friend Elsey; tell him I shall drop him a line of thanks for his earnest and laborious efforts in my behalf. There are but few friends I personally know, but what comfort it affords me to look over the list of names, and see that God has given me so many friends through your unsolicited instrumentality. I would write more, but for the present I forbear, as I am now off for the day, having to preach this night at Shimpling. Last night I preached at Starston.

Your affectionate brother,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, Feb. 25, 1880.

NORFOLK.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—Many years have passed away since I wrote to you; but though I have been silent I have always felt a union of soul with you. I have ever read your VESSEL with profit and comfort to my own soul; but never more so than the January number for 1880. Your lender quite roused my drooping spirit, and I bless our covenant-keeping God that He still spares you to His Church, and my earnest prayer is that you may be spared many years to preach and publish that blessed and everlasting Gospel which alone can save the lost and ruined sinner. Wandering about from place to place in Norfolk, I find but little truth in this county. It is true there are a few places yet where the truth is proclaimed; but the majority have modified their preaching to suit the world. It seems to me that the nearer the present generation can come to the world, the more it suits their fleshly purposes. On Jan. 11, 1880, I turned into a cottage where some twenty or thirty were

met together in the parish of Bunwell; after singing and reading, and one of that little company had engaged in prayer, another of the number spoke to the people from Solomon's Song v. 10. As he continued to open up this very precious Scripture, I felt a union of soul with him, and although he has not been to college I found him to be a man of practical religion, and one who knew the truth experimentally. I do hope the Lord will bless these people, for they are a few who have come out from the Church at C. through sheer necessity. The oldest deacon, who has been a faithful servant to that Church for near forty years, and his brother deacon, who has led the singing for many years, were compelled to leave the Church, and the most useful members of that Church have withdrawn. I do believe the Lord will avenge His own elect at C., and provide for them yet. They did well under their late pastor who was a faithful servant of Christ, and whose labours were blessed to the salvation of sinners and to the comfort of many souls.—S. B. [We know the cause of all this trouble. Many of the pulpits and platforms are now being filled with such novices. As a warning to other Churches the whole of this temporary disturbance should be explained. The recommenders and the recommended are much to blame; but our Churches are too hasty in receiving these young fellows who have never been to Jericho.]

BRADFORD-ON-AVON.—MR. EDITOR,—Do you know "the man of God" who, with a Divine blessing, might be Heaven's holy helper to build us up? You knew us when William Hawkins held "the living." We were not strong then, but we have been weaker since. It is true we are over 200 years of age; but the promise is in our favour, "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age;" and if the Lord would mercifully send us "a man in whom the Spirit of God" dwelleth sufficiently to kill his own pride, to give him a cheerful spirit, a loving heart, an intelligent mind, to dig into, and to expound unto us the deep mysteries of the Gospel, we hope we might rally again. Your old friend, Isaac Spencer, has been with us many years. He has resigned, and partially retired. Will you think of us?—I am only a Friend to the Cause. [Who should we write to?]

TUNBRIDGE.—An Example. We witnessed "a sad rarity" the other Sunday evening in our Baptist chapel. A sermon to young men was preached to a full house. This extraordinary scene was the result of two ladies going through the district and inviting all young men to attend. Many came. Who will not pray that the ladies may live to see that neither their loving zeal nor their pastor's preaching on that special occasion were in vain? Paul had his helpers. O if the hearts and hands of godly women were moved by the Spirit to help in the work of gathering, might we not hope?

CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX.

TO EDITOR,—I have read with pleasure the interesting account of the origin, formation, and progress of the Forest Fold Baptist Church at Crowborough, Sussex, as reported in your February number.

It has been my privilege to have some connection with this cause of Christ for many years, and have watched the increasing prosperity and usefulness of the Church through the peaceful and loving labours of the members, and the untiring devotedness of the pastors the Lord has sent them, being evidently attended with the Divine presence and blessing.

On my last visit to them in October last, I was much gratified to see the many improvements that had been effected, and the good order of the estate, the whole having been carried out in the best manner for convenience, and at a cost that surprised me as much as to find that these poor but devoted people had, from their slender means, but strong Christian love, provided so largely toward the charges incident to these improvements, the maintenance of the ministry, and the several means of usefulness in connection with the place.

I feel it a pleasure to help those who strive so earnestly to promote the cause of Christ themselves, and are far from obtrusive in seeking help apart from their immediate connections; but I feel assured that they need, and should have, the help as well as the sympathy and prayers of all who desire the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the spread of His truth in this once dark but now favoured portion of our native land.

Will you permit me to add that a debt of some twenty pounds remains, and should any of your readers feel constrained, by the love of Him who bought us with His blood, to aid this good cause, and encourage these devoted servants of our gracious Lord, any contributions may be forwarded to Mr. Geo. Doggett, 35, Gibson-square, London, N., or to the undersigned, and will be thankfully received and faithfully applied.

I am, yours faithfully,
E. E. HINKLEY.

St. Leonard's, Golden-road,
Clapton, E.

[From a printed report of "Forest Fold Baptist Chapel, Crowborough, Sussex," it is quite certain that the pastor (Mr. E. Littleton), the deacons, and the people altogether, are working unitedly, not only to maintain the preaching of the Gospel, and the usefulness of the schools, but also the dissemination of the truth throughout the neighbourhood. The amount of good (accompanied by the Divine sanction) which such an institution is designed to work out, demands and deserves the sympathy and immediate practical help of all who know the value of such instrumentality. We shall be glad to forward the members and deacons some token for good.—C. W. BANKS, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.]

GAMLINGAY.—Last month, Mr. W. F. Edgerton was formally recognised as the pastor of the ancient Church at Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire. It appears a few years only since that devoted man of God, Mr. Crewse, brought W. F. Edgerton to us, assuring us the Lord had called him to the ministry. Believing Mr. Crewse to be a discerning and devout man, we opened up doors for the then very young W. F. Edgerton, and wherever he went he was well received. He has been pastor over Churches in Tring in Chatham, in Reading, in Beccles, and in these places he appeared to be doing a good work. But a very afflicted wife, a rising family, and heavy consequent expenses, rendered it expedient to attain a higher position than our Churches could give him. At Gamlingay "Old Meeting" we hope he will (as the dying Bishop Haven said to Samuel Upham) "Preach a complete Gospel: a whole Christ, a whole heaven, a whole hell, the whole Bible from end to end." His physician, on leaving, said, 'Good-night, bishop,' and he answered 'Good-night; next time it will be "Good-morning."' Then he closed his eyes, and some thought the spirit had fled, but he opened them again, and, looking at Mr. Mallalieu, said, 'I have been looking for the cold river, but *there is no river there*; only a broad plain leading up to the throne.' Soon afterwards his spirit crossed the 'broad plain.'" We are a little pained when young men go from us, as some have done, saying they could do nothing with the Strict Baptists, hence their removal. We trust our Churches will have discernment enough to see (when they get a young minister), if he has the Spirit of Christ and the gifts of grace essentially necessary for the ministry in him, and if these accompany the young man, then may they take good care of him.

IPSWICH.—**ZOAR.** This Church is now, as the old folks would say, "in a state of widowhood." It is not, however, bereft of God and Christian friends. The pulpit is supplied regularly by good brethren from London and the country, and many of the attendants appear much refreshed. Not a few friends will be glad to learn that the late respected pastor of Zoar, Mr. Josiah Morling, has accepted the pastorate of the Church of St. Neot's. We are sure that the people at Zoar still hold Mr. Morling in the highest respect, and are always glad to see him and to hear him preach. Our sympathy is with him, as also with the good deacons with whom he so long lovingly laboured in the Gospel. However, with all due deference to the self-denying and honourable deacons, the Church and trustees of Zoar, we should not be sorry to hear that they had decided to pull down, or let as a school, their present chapel in David-street, and were about to remove *en masse* to the more pleasant locality of George street, where there is a noble chapel standing empty. Why our beloved forefathers should have selected such out-of-the-way spots for the erection of chapels for the truth is not easy to guess, especially as land was much

cheaper a half century ago than at the present day. May the Lord send this truth-loving and praiseworthy Church a pastor after His own heart, one full of the Holy Ghost, and of love to souls, sobered (not soured) by a knowledge of his own heart, a master in theology as well as in economics, and able to maintain a respectable existence on a trifle more than the genial elements of fresh air and sunshine.

W. WINTERS.

FOOT'S CRAY BAPTIST CHAPEL.—Who of us ancient pilgrims can hear of Foot's Cray and not feel a thrill of sacred reflection run through the heart, calling to mind the days when that modern Andronicus, William Henry Colyer, preached, first, in his own hired house, then in the paper mill, finally, in the chapel where now Mr. R. E. Sears ministers to some hundreds of precious souls, and baptizes in the name of a Triune Jehovah? As editor of "Light and Life," and as an industrious pastor, Mr. Sears has the hopeful prospect of many years of ingathering from what is now a flourishing and extensive suburb of our magnificent metropolis. Mr. Sears has been about twenty years in the ministry. God grant his next twenty years may find him surrounded with many more hundreds of souls savingly united to Christ, all of them plants of the Father's right hand planting. William Henry Colyer, of most blessed memory (whose voluminous sermons on the Gospel is one of our favourite books), quietly fell asleep, Sept. 10, 1845, aged 62 years. The "Slim" biographer says, "Mr. Colyer preached his last sermon from Job, in which discourse he said, 'To read the book of Job, and to understand it, you must know much of Job's devil, and much of Job's God.'" How deep and true the meaning of that sentence!

WILTS.—**DEAR C. W. BANKS,**—May the God of all grace, love, mercy, and peace be with you, and bless you with health and strength of body and mind to go in that great work of the Lord which your soul delighteth in. Oh, how I should like to see and hear you in our chapel again, sounding the silver trumpet of the Gospel, though I feel to hear your dear voice every month in the **VESSEL**, which I have read over twenty years. Friends Greenwood and Jones are both dead. Many here, that know you, would like to see and hear you. I was pleased to see that those dear men of God, the committee, were able to fulfil the engagement in getting up the testimonial. I wish it had been more, for you are worthy, as the grace of God has made you so. I close, with kind love to yourself, from your
POOR AFFLICTED COACHMAN.

WALWORTH.—Do not you recollect that ancient advice, "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not?" Well, you and myself are old friends. I shall never forget you in the days of Zion's happy prosperity, when you preached to crowds in Crosby-row; and I wish you to know the

grace of the Gospel is with me still. On February 29, our 87th Sunday school anniversary was celebrated in East-street Baptist chapel. Mr. Wm. Alderson preached the sermons. The annual meeting was on March 2. We have over three hundred scholars. We are free, earnest, truthful, and sowing the good seed in many a little heart. Are not you glad? [Most certainly! May you realise much joy, holy joy, in your work.]

WOOLWICH.—Tuesday evening, March 16, was a happy time with us at Carmel chapel, the occasion being the annual meeting in aid of the Sabbath schools; Albert Boulden, Esq. (of the Surrey Tabernacle), occupied the chair in his usual cheerful manner. The report of last year's proceedings was interesting and satisfactory. Mr. Carpenter's remarks on Divine sympathy, from the words of the dear Redeemer in Mark ix. 4, cheered our hearts; then came that studious servant of the Lord, Mr. C. Cornwell, who gave sound, solid, and soul-stirring thoughts, founded on the blessing of Abraham, which will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Clark, in a very instructive and earnest manner, spoke on the subject of the building of the walls of Jerusalem (Neh. vi. 3). Deep sympathy was expressed by all the speakers at the cause of the absence of the highly esteemed pastor, his health being much affected of late. The singing of various pieces by the children during the evening in a very excellent manner, and closed by the doxology, terminated a very happy and, in all respects we hope, a profitable meeting.

CHELMSFORD.—Mr. R. A. Huxham has been preaching to the Baptist Church here, and is invited to continue for twelve months, with a view to the pastorate. We hope, both for the Church and for our brother, the settlement may answer to Asher's blessing, as pronounced both by Jacob and Moses: "Out of Asher his bread shall be fat, and he shall yield royal dainties; he shall be blessed with children; be acceptable to his brethren; he shall dip his foot in oil, have strong shoes and daily strength." Then he will do.

CRANFORD, MIDDLESEX.—We had cheerful and useful services here March 3, on behalf of the pastor, Mr. Henry Beddow. Some friends came from London, and many from the neighbourhood. A full schoolroom of friends enjoyed an excellent tea. Mr. W. Beddow, C. W. Banks, the pastor, the deacons, and others delivered addresses in afternoon and evening. The late pastor, Mr. Edgar Hewlett, although retired, is able to preach in different places occasionally.

ASKETT, BUCKS.—Special services, to commemorate the fourth anniversary of the pastor's settlement, were held on Feb. 22 and 23. The pastor preached on the Sunday, and Mr. John Box on the Monday. All the services were well attended, and of an encouraging nature. There was a large

gathering to the tea. The collections, which were most liberal, were given to the pastor as a token of the Church's appreciation of his labours in their midst.

Notes of the Month.

"AN ISRAELITE INDEED."—It does one's heart good times to meet unexpectedly with a godly Jew. The other evening at a public meeting a young Hebrew, Mr. J. A. Adler, whose father is a Rabbi of some position in the Jewish world, put into my hand a small pamphlet, desiring me to give it a reading and then present it to some Jew that I might meet with. This tract may be read with profit by both Jew and Gentile; the title it bears is as follows: "Why Accept Christ as a Mediator? or, Some of My Reasons for Trusting in the Work of Redemption Accomplished by Jesus of Nazareth" (Heb. Isa. xxviii. 16). His reasons on this important subject are clearly given, and the quotations he gives from many notable Rabbinical works, shows up the folly of a religion devoid of a precious Saviour. The little work is instructive and amusing. Mr. Adler is very desirous that the tract should reach those of his brethren in the flesh who are ignorant of the finished work of Christ. It was also extremely pleasing the other evening to hear this young Jew testifying his love to Jesus of Nazareth before a public assembly, and I was particularly gratified to hear him speak in such loving terms of his Christian friend, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn. A review of this book might interest some on a future occasion.

W. WINTERS.

PRAYER.—One of the most ancient, and for over fifty years a laborious servant of Christ, says:—"DEAR BROTHER BANKS, —Many thanks for this morning's blessing from your kind hand. I am tossed on troubled waters, I ask an interest in your prayers. 'The Lord abundantly bless you,' is the prayer of one sorrowing in tribulation." [The popular feeling in the Churches now is for young collegiate students. We do not condemn that spirit, but when godly men have, by grace Divine, devoted all their strength instrumentally to build up the Church, to pay off chapel debts, and to publish the Gospel, to find themselves cast off by some cruel opponent in the winter of life, is hard indeed. God permitting, we will not fail to succour them.]

Deaths.

Peckham.—Mr. Crutcher, a deacon at Grove chapel, Camberwell, has recently lost a son, who was rising into the prime of life, and was soon to have been married. A sudden and severe loss.

In affectionate remembrance of the late Gideon White, of Leeds, who died Feb. 28th, 1880, aged 62 years.

In loving memory of William Smart, late of Seymour-street, St. John's, Deptford (formerly of Greenwich), who, by the will of God, fell asleep Friday, Feb. 20th, 1880, aged 69; suddenly called to rest with his fathers. Interred in Brockley Cemetery Feb. 25.

The Six Valleys in the Bible.

THE ONE WE MUST ALL PASS THROUGH.

[We have read the following address by Mr. Benjamin Taylor, of Pulham-St.-Mary, with sacred awe. We ask our readers to give it a prayerful perusal. It was delivered by him in his chapel, Sunday afternoon, April 4, 1880, on the death of Mr. William Kent, and Mr. John Jackson. May the Lord render it a savoury and an edifying blessing to many, prays the EDITOR.]

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."—Psalm xxiii. 4.

HAD not Christ our Lord walked through the valley of the shadow of death on our account, the Psalmist could never have penned such a song of triumph as this. Every sentence of the foregoing Psalm must be interpreted of Christ; and the first verse is sufficient to show that for us He passed through the valley of the shadow of death. Our text imports the idea of trials and troubles, perils and dangers. Directly the Saviour was born into the world, He had to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, for His life was sought by Herod, who deceitfully and maliciously expressed a desire to worship Him, while his purpose was to destroy Him. I shall very briefly notice three valleys through which our Lord passed for us.

First. There is the valley of His temptations in the wilderness. Here He was not only exposed to Satanic and hellish suggestions from the arch enemy, but He was exposed to wild beasts; yet, according to our text, God was with Him; and by God's rod and staff was He supported and comforted, as it is written: "He shall give His angels charge over Thee, to keep Thee in all Thy ways. They shall bear Thee up in their hands, lest Thou dash Thy foot against a stone." Well for us He passed through such a valley of temptations, for having Himself been tempted, He knows how to succour those who are tempted.

Secondly. There is the valley of Christ's passion. The agonies of Gethsemane were as the valley and shadow of death to our adored Lord; for here He felt the dreadful weight of all the sins of a number of persons whom no man could number; and so suffered so many deaths in His own death, on account of which He might well say, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. . . . O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." While grappling with hell, sin, and devils, and bearing such a weight of Divine wrath laid upon those sins which were laid upon the darling Son of God, and so enduring weight upon weight, He under this dreadful burden, "being in an agony, prayed more earnestly; and His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." But while passing through this dismal and painful valley, suffering in our place and stead, He was sustained, according to our text, for "there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven strengthening Him." By the rod of God's Word, and by the staff of Divine Providence, the Man Christ Jesus was borne up, and so comforted under all His afflictions.

Rest assured, then, He will never leave us to want for help in passing through a valley of troubles, or sore and painful afflictions, or when exposed to persecutions, or perils and dangers. Having such a sympathetic feeling towards us, He will not forget His promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," &c.

Thirdly. There is the valley of Christ's sufferings and crucifixion under Pontius Pilate. Here He saw the image of death in His scourging and whipping, and when blood trickled down His body from the crown of thorns platted on His head; and after treading the wine-press of the wrath of God alone, enduring the greatest insults and agonies, He suffered death itself, in all its most horrible and frightful forms. How awfully grand and sublime does the whole scene of Calvary terminate; "Jesus, when He had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost. And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of their graves after His resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many."

Let us now very briefly notice three other valleys.

First. There is the Egyptian valley. The land of Egypt was to God's ancient people as the valley of the shadow of death. Look at their bondage, their afflictions, and the cruelties they had to undergo, and you see the image of death throughout their state of suffering; they "sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God;" and how clear it is that God, according to our text, "heard their groaning," and came down to their succour, when they found His Word and providential interposition in their behalf, to be their solace, comfort, and support. While in Pharaoh's brick-kilns, their tasks were increased, although they were doing their utmost. When a complaint was made of their burdens and slavery, all they could get from their oppressors was, "Ye are idle, ye are idle." Even so, while God's people are in bondage under the law, they are in the valley of the shadow of death. They have fearful apprehensions of God's wrath against sin, they feel that the law works wrath, that it is the ministration of death and condemnation, and that although they labour hard to please Moses, and pacify a guilty conscience, the greater is their bondage, and the further off they feel themselves to be from peace and liberty. There can be no help till God comes to their deliverance. What child of God does not understand the language of the poet?—

"How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress;
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success."

Secondly. There is the valley of dry bones. This, I think, resembles the present state of things, politically and spiritually. First, politically. Let us look around us, and, like the dry bones in the valley, we shall see all things in a state of confusion, the Government all to pieces, the country all to pieces, and disorder prevailing in all places. Looking at such a state of things, we cannot forbear saying, "Can these dry bones live?" We hope the Liberals will live, and that they will rise to

be an exceeding great army, should it be for God's glory, the good of our beloved country, and the welfare of the Redeemer's cause.

Secondly. The valley of dry bones resembles the present state of things spiritually.

O what a dryness throughout all Christendom ! What confusion and disorder in the Churches ! How dry do professors seem to be, and how dry and barren in all religious exercises ! How carnal and worldly ! What an eagerness after novelty, and things of a flesh-pleasing character ! We cannot help saying, "Can these dry bones live ?" Our cry is,

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours."

Thirdly. We come now, in the last place, to speak of the valley of death itself, and which we must all pass through, sooner or later. Ah, my dear friends, how solemn the thought ! Am I fit to die ? Am I in a fit state to appear in the presence of my Judge ? When shall we die ? And how shall we die ? Take God's own measure for the trial of your fleeting days, and that is this : "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am !" Many make use of their own measure, and say, "My progenitors lived to a great age, and I see no reason why I should not attain to the same." Others make this their measure, "I am of a good and robust constitution, and have never abused my constitution like some, and, therefore, I do not see why I should not live to be very old." Ah, my dear friends, you forget the truthful saying, "*In the midst of life we are in death.*" No doubt swarms get disappointed, and are suddenly surprised by the grim monster staring them in the face. You and I have shortly to take a solemn journey. It may take place at any moment ; and we shall go whence we shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death. Yes, death is agoing on a journey from one region to another region, from one world to another world. We go, but never to return. What ! is death an everlasting departure ? Is death one eternal night ? We shall not return to this poor state of things ; but we shall have a joyful return like that of Job's : "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth ; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God ; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me." David says concerning his departed child : "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." We shall go to our dear friends who have left us ; but they shall not return to us. Do not think they are lost to us, for they are not. In leaving, in departing, in going away, let us bear one thing in mind, our God, according to the text, will be with us in the dark valley, and we shall find His rod and staff to be our support and comfort. In conclusion, I would just say a word about our departed friend and brother William Kent. He wished me to read the 22nd and 23rd Psalms on this occasion, and you can see what use I have made of them. For many years, our brother was confined at home, through infirmities and old age (for he died at the age of 91), and so was not able to attend the house of God.

He was staunch in the doctrines of grace, and knew them experimentally and practically, and although he had seasons of darkness, yet there were times when he expressed his fullest confidence of being accepted of God through His beloved Son. He was a man of excellent character and conduct, steadfast and abiding in the truth; and of all such persons we delight to speak; but alas! how few they are! Our brother lived in peace with all men, and so he died, and what more can we say? I baptized him September 17th, 1853, from which you may see he stood a member with us twenty-seven years. Since his decease we have lost another good and valuable friend, Mr. John Jackson, who sat under my ministry more than thirty years, and who was hardly known ever to go away a Lord's-day to hear the Gospel preached in any other place. Like the rest of us, he had his crotchets, and sometimes seemed a little queer in his manner and mode of expression, but he was sound at the bottom, a straightforward man, and thoroughly outspoken. Sometimes, upon some little matters, we did not exactly see eye to eye with each other; and if, as his manner was, he thought he had hurt my feelings, he would in a lamb-like spirit apologize, and say, "I hope, sir, I have not hurt your feelings by what I have said." How could I help loving him? He was firm, and of one mind, in the things of God, never wavering, as is the case with so many, but always maintained the same thing as to doctrine, experience, and practice. His last words were, "I am waiting for the bright light." One of our members, who was in the room with him, prayed most earnestly that the bright light might come; and she had an answer to her prayer that light was already come; and there can be no doubt but our brother went away in God's light from earth to heaven. I will only add, our brother was like Bunyan's Faithful, who, because he had so much of the day before him, did not call at the Porter's Lodge. He ought to have done so; and I cannot help saying with good Christian, I wish he had called at that house; for he would have seen some rarities which might have been of great service to him to the day of his death. I have heard more than one, who, in their last moments, expressed an earnest wish that they had obeyed the Saviour's voice, as touching the commandments left on record, and which are too plain not to be seen. The Lord grant His blessing; I add no more.

ANOTHER LEAF ON "THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL."

NOTES ON PAXTON HOOD, MR. HAZLERIGG, BALDWIN BROWN,
C. H. SPURGEON, ETC.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the HIDDEN MANNA."

"All the words of God have not only a dead letter,
But a living sense in all ages alike."

YES, it is "THE GOSPEL," and it is "the *OLD Gospel*," not a *new* invention of men, not the supposed *amendments* or additions of scholars; it is that same Gospel which our LORD JESUS CHRIST did reveal and proclaim more than 1800 years ago; the SAME GOSPEL which Peter preached on the day of Pentecost; which Paul preached; of which the great apostle of the Gentiles did write to all the Churches,

and which he contended for most nobly, when to the Galatians he affirmed, "Though we"—(should TURN FROM what God hath made known unto us; or, even supposing there should be another spirit of envy and jealousy spring up out of the celestial hosts, and) "an angel from heaven" (should descend, and) "preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be *accursed*." Then, waxing more vehement, and coming more closer to us all, that wonderfully converted "Saul of Tarsus" reiterates himself; comes more boldly to the front; and, with all the zeal of old John Knox, exclaims, "As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received,

"LET HIM BE ACCURSED."

Deeply in holy sympathy with this ancient veteran, I am increasingly concerned to send forth into all the world (so far as the sovereign Providence of Almighty God will permit and enable me) a plain and a positive testimony of THE SAME GOSPEL which Christ declared by the prophet Isaiah, and by His own mouth in the temple, that "the Lord had anointed HIM to preach good tidings unto the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Wherever and by whomsoever these good tidings are preached, and these good works are accomplished, even there shall be found "THE GRAND, the GRACIOUS, and the GLORIOUS OLD GOSPEL;" even that heavenly trumpet, which, instrumentally, is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth—to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

It must be clear to all who can look a little beneath the surface of the letter that in the *prophetic announcement* made by Christ in Isaiah's sixty-first chapter, and also in his personal and ministerial *confirmation* of that prophetic announcement, as recorded in Luke's fourth chapter, that there is the implied, supposed, or presumed existence of a three-fold power *preceding* the coming of CHRIST with the Gospel. Satan has ensnared the soul into the dark pit of sin; the just and holy law of God has taken the guilty sinner under arrest; its curses, denunciations, and threatenings, by the secret quickening and convincing power of the Holy Ghost, have broken the miserable prisoner's heart. There he lays in the dungeon of deep despondency; there he has the sentence of death in himself; there, without one ray of light or one moment's hope of liberty, he expects to be consigned to endless woe. But into that dark dungeon the SPIRIT OF CHRIST comes; He preaches the good tidings of salvation by His substitutionary work. The silver trumpet sounds into the guilty sinner's soul, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that JESUS CHRIST came into the world

"TO SAVE SINNERS."

The ear of the guilty one is opened; he listens most anxiously to the coming in of these good tidings: "Faith cometh by hearing;" faith points him to the Person of JESUS; faith carries him to the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness; hope and help enable him to cry out,

"GOD BE MERCIFUL UNTO ME A SINNER;"

his cry is heard, his prayer is answered, his wounded conscience is

cleansed, his guilt is removed, his broken heart is bound up, his soul is saved, his feet are set upon a rock, his pardon is sealed, a new song is put into his mouth, even praise unto our God; and such a justified believer, such a ransomed soul, will come to Zion with hallelujahs to God and to the Lamb; and as far as grace enables him, he will ever after contend earnestly for that "grand old Gospel" whereby, in the power of the SPIRIT, he was plucked as a brand from the burning; and being delivered from so great a death, he will unite with the spiritual songsters when they sing,

"Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And fresh supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing ON TO GOD."

Now, sirs, in this my simple and old-fashioned way of thinking, I concluded that when a man stands up in a pulpit professedly to preach Christ's Gospel, the SPIRIT of the ETERNAL GOD brings him to know, in measure, NOTHING among men but

"JESUS CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED."

Whatever, then, can my readers conceive must be my feelings, when I see that extraordinary book-worm, Paxton Hood, advertising and preaching political sermons in his Cavendish pulpit in Manchester, which so disturbed his deacons and people that this literary magnate has sent in his resignation, leaving his pastoral office, as though he cared nothing for the flock over which (some thought) the HOLY GHOST had made him overseer. Then, upon the back of this, to the amazement of many, and to the amusement of thousands, that very clever pulpiteer and editor, Dr. Parker, announced himself a candidate to represent the busy City of London, in the newly-constituted House of Commons. If the electors of London's grand city *should* ever send this highly-gifted divine into the House of Commons, thought I, they must demand of him to appear there in a counsellor's wig and in a barrister's robe, and he would thereby strike the Commoners with such a thrill of awe as would be likely for a season to command the attention of all England's representatives; and an astonishing consternation would shake the whole country. That shadow, however, has passed away; Dr. Parker is not to represent the City of London in the Commons House of Parliament.

A quiet soul will ask, "What does all this *mean*?" It is the near *climax* of that amalgamation of the Church of Christ with the world, which has been working on in church and chapel bazaars, concerts, musical and amusing entertainments for years, and which have tended to bring Christianity down to a low and a sorrowful level indeed; and the gentlemen who assume the ministerial office in these latter days have increasingly become so ambitious, so fond of earthly greatness, so opposed to the "GRAND OLD GOSPEL," so intent upon having large tabernacles, large, overflowing congregations, large salaries, large titles, that they have resorted to every scheme, every device, to gather the masses, and then to get their money. All this they have dared to call

"WORKING FOR THE LORD."

"Surely," said I, within myself, "it were better for them to throw off the mask, and come forth in their true colours, either as political

advocates or as pantomimic performers, than thus to play between the world and a profession of God's religion."

While pondering over these perplexing mysteries, three pieces of printed oratory fell into my hands. I read them. The first was Baldwin Brown on

"THE ASCENDENCY OF ENGLAND,"

who, quoting the expressed design of the man who lately sat upon the imperial throne of this country, Baldwin Brown declares that in the Manifesto of our nation's ruler, "there is not a word about England's liberties, England's happiness, England's progress, England's internal harmony and prosperity." It is all for making England great in the councils of Europe, while England herself is *sinking* in every scale; sinking in her agricultural produce, in her commercial affluence, in her Protestant faithfulness, in her unity and concord, and especially is she sinking in her knowledge of, and in her love for,

"THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL!"

The second published appeal which arrested my attention was Mr. Hazlerigg's serious address to the Churches on the present momentous state of our country. He assumes no political dictatorship. He desires that the Churches, the Christian ministers, the God-fearing family altogether, should be constituted and concentrated into one community of spiritual wrestling Jacobs, beseeching God, the Almighty Governor of all the world—beseeching the God-Man, the great High Priest of our profession—beseeching God the Holy Ghost, to avert

ENGLAND'S DANGER,

which is most alarming, inasmuch as Popery, a glaring and a daring priesthood, a flood of infidelity, a scientific materialism, and an atheistical denial of God, like so many Amalekitish armies, are advancing upon the Protestant palaces and people of this country, threatening us with the open denial and temporary destruction of "the grand old Gospel of God."

In the name of the Lord we thank Mr. Hazlerigg for his seasonable, serious, and solemn address; for a long time we have believed that if the Spirit of God be not poured upon us from on high, desolations, deep as the dreadful desert, will overwhelm this once God-honoured country before very long.

The third published document which came into my hands was

C. H. SPURGEON'S LETTER TO THE ELECTORS OF SOUTHWARK.

"*What!*" again within myself I talked; "has Charles Haddon Spurgeon turned a political agitator?" I sunk in soul-feeling low indeed. I never could reconcile vital godliness in the soul with any contention among the potsherd of the earth!

I read Mr. Spurgeon's letter. I had, before this, greatly feared the state of things in the wars and works of our armies in other lands—anxieties filled my heart; but a healing balm was applied to my soul. A heavenly stimulus entered my spirit by the sharp shooting in of those remarkable words of Samuel to Saul, wherein the good old prophet said unto the half-hearted and wavering king—

"THE STRENGTH OF ISRAEL WILL NOT LIE."

I fled and found the Bible. I saw the sentence in 1 Sam. xii. 29: "And also the Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent: for He is not a man, that He should repent." O, my reader, the whole map, history, and perfect constitution of

"THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL"

again was thrown open in my then enlightened spirit, and I resolved, God helping, to call your attention to this fountain-like declaration—that, whatever wars, tumults, disasters in the world there may be; whatever amount of pride, arrogance, ignorance, strifes, persecutions, or dreadful divisions in the Church, or in the Churches, may trouble us, this solid proclamation shall ever be proved to be true in the ultimate issue of all dispensations and of all providential circumstances, this fact, by the faithful, shall be realised:—

"THE STRENGTH OF ISRAEL WILL NOT LIE!"

There are connected with these words circumstances full of terrific details. I beseech you to look them full in the face.

Kimchi and others comment on the three things which the Israelites were commanded to do when they came into the land of Canaan.

First. They were to set a king over them to govern and guard them. This they did of themselves without waiting to know the Lord's mind; hence Saul became their monarch for the time, and much trouble ensued thereupon. To seek to know the LORD'S *will* and to *wait* His *time* is, we know, the only safe course. But poor silly sheep, like myself, have often made hard rods for our backs by running *before* the LORD instead of following after HIM.

Secondly. They were to set up the house of the sanctuary.

Thirdly. They were to blot out the name of Amalek from among them. It was this last act that Saul failed to carry out. Hence Samuel is sent to reprove this *half-obedient* king for his partial, his rebellious, his stubborn resistance of the stern commands of the Almighty.

Beware, ye lofty, ye half-hearted, ye half-obedient disciples and professing followers of the Lord. Beware ye that choose *how much* of the Lord's revealed will ye *will receive*, and how much ye will not receive. See what trouble Saul's semi-rebellion brought out!

If I might dare so to speak, it troubled the Lord Himself; for "the word of the Lord came to Samuel saying, It repenteth Me that I have set up Saul to be king, for he is turned back from following Me; and hath not performed My commandments." How we are to understand the *repenting* of the Lord I wish to make clear to my *friends* before I finish these papers.

Samuel had much trouble too; "it grieved him, and he cried unto the Lord all night."

As for Saul, he told a positive falsehood; for when Samuel came to reprove him, Saul said, "I have performed the commandment of the Lord." By which assertion the wicked king seemed to think he could deceive the Lord and Samuel too. Not only did Saul speak falsely, but he argued out the matter to justify himself in *not* doing, what he declared at first he had done. Samuel let the king know that the Lord had watched him, had seen all his half-fulfilment of the Divine command. Then, as sinners will do, Saul laid the guilt of the omission upon his people; God was not to be mocked. He had rent the kingdom from Saul, and had given it unto another; thus Samuel brings in the

text, as though he said to Saul, "Know this, that the Lord did command thee to carry out a special commission; instead of rendering a faithful obedience unto the Lord, thou hast consulted thine own pleasure and thine own profit; but thou shalt know that

"THE STRENGTH OF ISRAEL WILL NOT LIE."

God will not repent. He will not fail to carry out His word—whether it be a *threatening* or a *promising* word—"for He is not a man that He should repent."

A proclamation of the nature of "the Grand Old Gospel" is found in the sentence, "The Strength of Israel will not lie."

When the ancient pioneer of some of the Yorkshire Baptist Churches was a poor workhouse boy, they called him

"BILLY CRABTREE."

He was then almost a desolate orphan, without education, without parents, or prospects of any bright and blessed kind whatever. The LORD had purposes of grace, of mercy, and of usefulness toward this poor Billy Crabtree; hence, in a marvellous and mysterious manner, he was raised up to be a minister of Christ's grand old Gospel, and a Baptist minister too; yea, what they now call "a strong Calvinist" withal; and in this God-honoured position did

MR. WILLIAM CRABTREE

stand for more than fifty years.

In *Sword and Trowel* for April, C. A. Davies has furnished a neat memoir of this said Yorkshire Baptist pioneer, and from other sources in my anticipated review of the seven sections of the Baptists, I hope to give a little more of this once most honest and earnest William Crabtree. I only refer to him now in order to quote one of his sentences in a letter to a friend, where, speaking of the misery and darkness he often laboured under, he says, "If I get but hold of a text, I labour to spin its bowels as far as ever I can, lest I should never get another."

So with my Scripture, dear readers ("the Strength of Israel will not lie"), I wish to be able, by the help of the Lord, to enter a little into its deep internal, its truly heavenly meaning, whereby you may see some of the essential elements of the grand old Gospel. But I have spun out too much for one month already, and I must conclude this little note by simply affirming that the text is one full of the glorious Trinity, and of the distinct, yet united, works of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in the salvation of the whole election of grace. It is read in three distinct lines:—

1. "The ETERNITY of Israel will not lie."
2. "The VICTORY of Israel will not lie."
3. "The STRENGTH of Israel will not lie."

In those three lines you have all the Persons in the Trinity, all the powers, promises, and achievements of a TRIUNE JEHOVAH in carrying out the engagements entered into in the everlasting covenant. Expect to meet me here on these premises next month if life, strength, light, and mercy be continued unto your little labourer in the fields of truth,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

The Elder Trees in leaf appearing
To us bespeak a spring more cheering
Than fogs and frosts have been.

THE GREAT MERCY AND THE DEEP MYSTERY OF PRAYER REVIEWED.

BY THOMAS BALDWIN, OF CAMBERWELL.

[This exposition, in brief, of that part of worship in which the Heaven-born sinner draws near to God, comes acceptable at the present time, when there is springing up in some of our Churches a holy desire for united supplications unto the Lord for a revival in our midst, a faithful return to the power and practice of the Gospel, and to the great Protestant principles which, under God, have set this nation as a great city on a high hill which cannot be hid. We have fearfully, sorrowfully watched the downward progress of the ministry for years. From a light and hard contention for the essential doctrines, men have *slided* down to free-will, duty-faith, and a loose discipline in Church government; then, from the first step downward, the generality have floated into the flesh-exalting systems of Arminius. The hosts of Arminians, by their temples and attractive services, prepare the people for the Ritualists in the National Church; these traitors are selling us into the hands of the Romanists; and scientific men, secularists, and Atheists, seeing all these divisions, these declensions, and deceptions among the so-called Christian Churches, come forth on the side of Infidelity. Hence, a town-full of Noncons. of various shades, chooses and sends to Parliament an open enemy to our God, to the Gospel of His Son, and to the whole revelation which Heaven has given to our fallen race. What can we do? What should we do?

“*The remedy's before thee—PRAY!*”

At our first Saturday evening prayer meeting in Speldhurst-road, April 3, 1860, evident tokens of the Divine favour were realised. Our sterling, sacred, and Spirit-taught minister, Mr. Benjamin Taylor, says:—“We had a glorious prayer meeting all the forenoon, and a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit upon our friends; we all seemed but one heart. Let God be praised for the feeling that exists among us.” Old Captain Williamson's lines, out of his log-book, are simple but safe. Let us work them out. He says:—

“When we our own poor doings scan,
And see sin clings to all we do,
It makes us cry, ‘O wretched man!
Who will atone for one like you?’

Yet CHRIST, above, hears all our prayers,
Pleads with them at the throne of grace;
He there on our behalf appears—
He knows the frailties of our race.
For He hath born life's care and grief,
And felt the feebleness of man;
Then died to bring us full relief—
And now He pleads love's gracious plan.”

We now give Thomas Baldwin's effort to open the mystery of prayer. We believe Thomas to be a true Jerusalem blade; and we often think the great Lord of the harvest has a work for him to do. Our readers will pardon the prevailing hope of C. W. B. concerning GOOD young men.]

WHAT IS PRAYER?—There is a proverb belonging to the Eastern Church that says, “Prayer is the mighty utterance of a mighty need.”

A national poet has also said:—

“Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.”

But turning from these, let us ask: “What saith the Scripture” concerning prayer? The first word we meet with in the Old Testament,

translated pray is *Phallal*, to set in order, to intercede (Gen. xx. 7), where Abimelech is told to restore Sarah to Abraham, and he was to intercede with God for his life; and perhaps we shall never know till we arrive home how much God has honoured the prayers of His own servants on the behalf of even ungodly men in the lengthening of their days and tranquility. The next place where the word is used is 1 Sam. i. 10, where Hannah in bitterness of soul prays in her heart unto God for offspring, and though at first Eli, the servant of Jehovah, misjudged her, yet the answer afterwards conveyed from his lips encouraged her drooping spirit, and her countenance was no more sad. So with the praying, interceding soul, oftentimes it receives sweet answers of peace, and at other times secret support in directing prayer towards God.

The next word used is *Lachash*, a whisper, a secret speech. See Isaiah xxvi. 16: "In trouble they have visited Thee, they poured out a prayer (margin, secret speech or whisper) when Thy chastening was upon them." Now we know that to hear a whisper we must be very close to the person from whom the speech proceeds, and is it not a fact that in every fire in which the Lord brings His children He is with them, His ear is attentive to their cry, to the faintest whisper of His tried one, as He promises by Isaiah, "When their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them?"

When Moses stood in the extremity of distress upon the shore of the Red Sea, the Lord said, "Why criest thou unto Me. Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." Now he had not uttered a word in the hearing of Israel, and yet in the moment of distress and heart agony he was heard of his God.

Ah! there is a power in the cry of the distressed child that draws forth all the sympathies of a once suffering Jesus, that pierces the ear and the heart of the eternal Father when He by His "Tribulum" saith, "Let Me hear Thy voice, let Me see Thy face;" for it has been the experience of the living soul in all ages that "The flower must be crushed to exude its sweetness and perfume."

The next word is used by Elihu in Job xxxiii. 26, and is *Eatar*, to diffuse incense, and sets forth the end and happy issue of the trial: "He shall pray unto God," or, literally, "diffuse incense unto God." So we find (Rev. v. 8) golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints; and chap. viii. 3, much incense given to the angel to offer with the prayers of the saints; so perfumed with the incense of the Redeemer's atonement, they ascend before the Father's face as a savour of rest, a sweet smell being produced in the experience of the subject by the breath of the Spirit of God upon the Divine nature implanted in regeneration, or rather revealed thereby (see Jeremiah i. 5).

Methinks the loving yearning heart of the Father smelt sweet perfume when Saul of Tarsus turned from darkness to light, bowed the knees of his heart, and the testimony of the Spirit is heard, "Behold he prayeth."

The next Old Testament word is *Shicah*, to meditate, to think deeply or joyously (Gen. xxiv. 63). Isaac went out to meditate (margin, pray) at even-tide. This sets forth more the habitual bent of the renewed Christian mind. David said, "My meditation of Him shall be sweet." So oftentimes in the busy crowd or in the isolated spots the providence of God leads the soul, Jesus manifests Himself to the

longing eyes of the traveller heavenward. Psa. i. 2 : "In the law of the Lord doth he meditate day and night."

Lastly : *Shaul*, to demand, to ask urgently.

This sets forth the earnest wrestling of the soul sometimes, when it will take no denial ; but it also sets forth the prayer offered or urged before God with the high hand of rebellion (Psa. cvi. 15). When Israel murmured for meat, He gave them their "request," but sent leanness into their soul. While scoffers and pietists mock at God's discrimination, many of the pilgrims of Zion have to praise His name that requests urged upon Him in years gone by received no apparent answer at His hands : they have lived to cry :—

"Good when He gives,
Supremely good,
Nor less when He withholds."

Of the numberless instances of petitions presented to God from His children, I will not now speak ; sufficient testimony remains in Holy Writ of the efficacy of both public and individual prayer, as set forth in the Old Testament, and expressive of the same felt needs of our brethren among the Jews of the ancient Church, according to the Spirit's testimony, "To Him give all the prophets witness."

THOMAS BALDWIN.

Camberwell.

THE GRAND HARVEST YET TO BE GATHERED IN.

A SERMON PREACHED BY

MR. J. STEPHENS, CRICKET HILL CHAPEL, YATELEY.

"Is not the Lord in Zion? Is not her King in her? Why have ye provoked Me to anger with your graven images, and with strange vanities? The harvest is past, the summer is gone, and we are not saved!"—Jer. viii. 19, 20.

I HAVE thus connected my text together in order that we may thoroughly understand it from the ideas we had respecting it on the last Lord's-day. We then brought forth a description of Zion to show that she was the "City of the Great God" to us ; and that in the fulness of time she will become the joy of the whole earth, and that she is a people that God the Lord has blessed. Now, then, whether we speak of the Church collectively as the people beloved by her God, or if we speak of her individually, she is in each and in every sense "The City of the Great God." For as I said before, in the fulness of time it shall be proved to man and woman that she has been the people whom the Lord has blessed for ever. None can curse them, for they are the choice objects of love and favour, and therefore it is that God will prove Himself favourable towards her, wherein He shall call her to a knowledge of Himself, in that He is the Lord their God. You will remember on one occasion about Baalim, when he was asked that he should come and curse God's people ; but what did Baalim say? Why, that he could not frustrate God's purposes, and therefore it was that he said, "How can I curse whom God hath not cursed, or how can I bless whom God hath not blessed." Well now Baalim was right here, because he was standing now on that just and holy ground from whence he dare not deviate. And so it is when God is pleased to call His servants,

His ministers, His prophets, to bear witness to His holy name, it is when they stand upon the selfsame holy ground. And therefore they dare not deviate from the mind which God hath made plain to them, and from the covenant of that grace wherein God taketh great delight in the restoration and establishment of the people of His choice. Therefore, it is blessed to have to do with a man of God when he stands upon this holy ground, because he speaks after God's own heart. As I directed your attention on last Lord's-day, this prophet Jeremiah is speaking with the heart of a man ; and, do you know, I love that man or woman who has a heart to feel for another, for they will put themselves in another's position ; they would take another's circumstances and condition in their own standing, and will try and do as if it belonged to them.

Well, this was just such a friend as our Lord Jesus Christ was when He came on the earth ; it was that He should have a heart that could feel for another. How oftentimes our blessed Lord Jesus was found to put Himself in another's place ! Was it not so when He drew near the holy city ? When the Lord Jesus drew near to it, He wept over it. And what did He say ? He spake from His heart the fulness of that sympathy and pity with which He was wont to express Himself in reference to His beloved people. Therefore, He said, "If thou didst but know the things that belong to thy peace." But now, mark the words ! He did not come to destroy the people, but to restore them. And "If"—therefore, "If thou didst but *know* the things that belong to thy peace," for they are the things of God, that He might make known His acts among the children of men. And therefore it is expressly written that all God's works shall praise Him, and His saints shall be brought out to praise Him. Hence, He endeavoured to buoy up the faith of those people by directing them to Himself. And He says, "But now they are hid from thine eyes."

What did we read just now in John xii. ? That the people, the Jewish people, could not believe on Him. Why could not they believe on Him ? Because God was pleased to leave them in their native state and condition in which they were born ; and you know the natural mind is at enmity with God, and cannot understand the things of God, because they are spiritual ; and therefore it was that the Jew could not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Ah ! they could not read in the countenance of the Saviour the fulfilment of the law ; that righteousness which should present them faultless before the throne of God. They could not believe on Him. How shall they believe on Him of whom they have not heard ? They had *hearing*, but the sound of that voice was nothing unto them. Why ? Because the Scripture says the Lord had deafened their ears. God had blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts, "lest they should hear and understand, and be converted, and He should heal them." The Word is very plain here ; it answers for itself. It tells us the very reason why and wherefore they could not believe. Because God had passed them by and left them in that state and nature which is altogether destitute of that light until it is quickened anew. How vain, then, and foolish it is for many who go and tell the people to believe and give their hearts to God ! The Scriptures tell us that man cannot believe because he is the same native character as the Jew was in

Christ's day, and if I know anything about a believer, if I do know anything about the character of a believer, it is a man, or a woman, who has been operated upon by the Spirit of God. It is the Lord the Holy Ghost that makes the believer. If I were to try all the days of my life, and preach the Gospel as truly as ever God would give me power, I could never make a man truly believe. But if God be pleased to bless the word and accompany it with His mighty power, He will carry it home to a man's conscience, and will create that man afresh, a new creature in Christ Jesus. So it was that the Lord Jesus discoursed with Nicodemus. He came and presented himself on very reasonable grounds: "We believe Thou art a Teacher sent from God." Well, that was all very well, a man might say this from his heart, and yet not say so from his own experience as a Christian. And the Saviour says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." To make a man or woman a believer is the work of the Spirit of God; and what the Spirit of God does, neither the world nor the devil can ever undo. It will be the Spirit of God that will do things which will stand to the end of time.

Let us now see that "the King is in Zion," and that He is in her for the express purpose of gathering her together. You know how it was in our own country a little while ago, when it was thought there would be war; all the reserves were called together, in case they might be wanted; so this great King, this glorious King of Zion, has got His reserves ready; and He has provided the glorious Gospel for the special purpose of calling them up whenever they are wanted. You will find that text is very explicit in this respect; Paul is speaking of these reserves in this particular expression. He says, "Ye are dead." That is a truth, for by nature every man is dead. How many are there in this world that have not had to take to arms yet? We know not how soon they may be called. That is a secret with God. Man, we said, is dead by nature. Who will raise him up from the dead? Lazarus was dead; none could raise him from the dead. They might have gone to his grave and mourned his departure, and mourned his non-existence, from daylight to dark, he would have unheeded it all. But the Lord Jesus came. What did they say? "He has gone unto the grave to weep there." He did weep; but presently He groaned in the spirit; He prayed to God. Presently He says, "Lazarus, come forth" ("where the word of a king is there is power;" and with the Lord Jesus Christ there is power to raise man from the dead). "Lazarus came forth, bound hand and foot;" and the Lord said, "Loose him and let him go." Lazarus was a specimen of the power of Jesus Christ. Man is dead by nature; there he will remain till God in His mercy raises him up. "For ye were dead; but your life is hid with Christ in God." Some people don't like us because we sometimes speak of God's hidden ones. Paul speaks about them, and was not ashamed to speak about them; and the Lord Jesus Christ says, "The time cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live." When the Son of God speaks, they must come forth. There was a time when you and I were hid in the wilderness; there we should be unto this day if God had not made us to hear His voice. You remember Adam was there, but presently the voice of God brought him out of his hiding-place. Yes, it did; it brought him out of his

hiding-place, and presently he came to God. So will God bring all His people out of the wilderness; He will place them in Zion; He will give them a place with His people; He will be their Father, their Husband, their Friend. For, mark you what God says—He is speaking by the same prophet—"Turn, O you backsliding people, for I am married unto you." There you see He comes in as their Husband. Oh, yes, He comes there as one demanding her presence. He says, "I am married unto you;" and "I will take you one of a city." God does not do very great exploits all at once, "because that no one should glory in His presence." God works very carefully, therefore, He says, "I will take you one of a city, and two of a family." I will not drive you, nor compel you. In all God's works there is no compulsion. There was no compulsion with the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. When He came from God, He came voluntarily. What for? To take our nature into union with Himself, and then to perform the marriage ceremony with us. And, "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." "And I will give you pastors according to Mine own heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and with understanding." God was so kind to our ruined and lost condition that He says, "I will give you pastors after Mine own heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and with understanding." Thus blessed, it will be such cheer to our hearts, we shall glory concerning our habitation, when we shall be with the disciples ready to say, "It is good for us to be here: let us make three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Oh! when our souls can get into the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, it is a little heaven upon earth. It is the new Jerusalem; it is seen to be coming down from God; and there it is that we desire to remain—"Lord, it is good to be here." Thus, then, said the Lord that He would send them pastors after His own heart, that should lead them and bring them to a knowledge of their own standing and position in Zion's presence. Therefore, "Is not the Lord in Zion? Is not her King in her? Why have they provoked Me to anger with their graven images, and with strange vanities? The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." There are men who make a wrong handling of this expression; they put a wrong construction on it altogether. You may depend upon it, there is a harvest that is not past; it is coming on. We pray God that He would send more labourers into His harvest. For the harvest truly is plenteous, but the *labourers* are few. But, as I said last Lord's-day, that it is respecting the Jews that had once been privileged with a great king that God had sent among them for the express purpose of building them up; and this was in the reign of good Josiah. You will find it in chapter xxii. of the second book of Kings, "And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and turned not aside to the right hand, nor to the left." And it is said of this king that there was never one like him before or after. And you will see in this reign (and God allowed him to reign thirty-one years) the people feasted all those years as in the time of harvest. For, mark you, when this good king commenced the restoration of the temple of God, there was found a book of the law of the Lord. Well, say you, what about that? There was very much excellency in the law of the Lord, making itself known in the book. And, therefore, it was that this man saw it in this law of God. And

Moses spake of this law: "Then was seen all that the Lord had done for His people, the signs and those great miracles which the Lord had done for them in Egypt. And I have led you forty years in the wilderness, your clothes have not waxen old, nor thy shoes worn out, that ye might know that I am the Lord your God." This, I say, shews something of the greatness and the glory revealed in this book of the law which Moses had given unto the people. But they had taken no heed of it. They had worshipped the idols which their own hands had made, and therefore it was many a year since the law of the Lord had been rehearsed in the ears of the people. But now it was that this good king Josiah gathered the people together, and he commanded that the law should be rehearsed in the ears of the people, because he saw such good things in it. And so all through the reign of Josiah there was peace in the land; and after the time of Josiah the people returned unto their old course; hence the expression, "*we are not saved.*" We may positively conclude then from these Scriptures that God did not intend salvation to come from this way and from the old covenant order of things, because He saw in His people that weakness and inability to accomplish that which the law demanded of them; but God had provided salvation in another direction, which was to come in the dying of our Lord Jesus Christ; therefore, the old covenant could never create a man anew. But the new covenant enactment could bring forth a glorious ingathering of precious souls by the fulness of Christ, who giveth righteousness unto every one that believeth; and, beloved, you may depend upon it that the Lord of this harvest will take right good care of His harvest. Oh, yes; not a sheaf will be left behind. You may be sure of it that a good farmer will not leave a part of his harvest out; no, he will gather it all in. Even should there be one little corner of the ground that is not ripened, he may leave it till the rest is gathered, but he will not leave it after all; he will surely send a labourer to gather that corner of corn. He may leave it for the day, but to-morrow he will not forget it; he will surely send a labourer that there may be nothing left.

So, beloved of our glorious Lord Christ, that great and heavenly Husbandman, He is so watchful over His own harvest; He is so careful that nothing be lost; He will give His labourers charge to go into the last corner of His field, to gather all together, that nothing be lost. And so by the bringing forth of God's spiritual Israel from their Egyptian state by nature, not a man shall be left behind, nor a woman, nor child. But the whole harvest will be gathered together into the field of God. "Behold Me, and the children which Thou hast given Me." May God add His blessing for Christ's sake. Amen.

SILENT SIGHS AT THE LORD'S TABLE.—Be merciful unto me, good Jesu, sweet and gracious Lord; and grant me, thy poor needy creature, to feel sometime, at least, in this holy communion, somewhat of Thy tender, cordial affection: that my faith may be more strengthened, my hope in Thy goodness increased; and that my love, once perfectly inflamed, after the tasting of heavenly manna, may never decay.

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH
HIS BROTHER IN RUSSIA.*(Continued from page 50.)*

TO MY DEAR BROTHER, ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

DEAR BROTHER,—I rejoice to inform you I am beginning to make preparations for my journey to London. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you some time in the month of May, or June. I cannot express the delight I have in my heart when I think that I shall soon see my loving brother. Dear Isaac, when I remember the past, when I think of three or four years ago, and recollect how I despised you—through the reports our dear father gave of you, I, indeed, hated you; I thought it was true what I heard—I thank God the evil reports no longer find any sympathy in my heart. I humbly apologise, my dear brother, for my past conduct towards you. You know—I am sure you must know—whatever I did and said about you was because I felt grieved for your sake, but now I can truly repeat after you the words you several times wrote to me:

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

indeed, you are now a wonder unto me. Although I cannot say, as you do, “ that God is my personal friend in Jesus Christ ”—for I have not yet realised the blessing of salvation through the sacrifice of the Messias, and I don't know whether I ever shall realise this—rationally, I believe Christianity to a great extent must be true, if, indeed, all you write to me about it be real.

When I come to London I trust I shall see the Christians of England, and watch their Christian life and practice. If I find that the life of Christianity is what you have represented—*i.e.*, noble, grand, pure, and holy—I shall have no doubt that, if this be the case, such excellent virtues can only come from God, who is holy.

I have not yet heard from our dear parents. Poor father will not write to me ever since he discovered that I corresponded with you; he has entirely cast me off. My wife has lately been ill, and I have written home about it, but they have not taken any notice of it—not excepting even our beloved mother, who has hitherto shown a very affectionate feeling towards my wife. But, my dear brother, although it is painful, yet I am comforted, because I believe I am doing that which I ought to do—I feel, as I always felt, that the call of duty I must obey, and not think of the sacrifice, for sacrifices we must make if we will do right. I earnestly hope that our dear parents may some day consider their error. If they never write to me again I shall not be so sorry as if they never write again to you, for you have indeed suffered much. You have followed the voice of duty, and have acted as a true man should—namely, followed your convictions.

So far as my spiritual condition is concerned, I am sorry to say I still feel unhappy. You have driven me out, by your letters, from the religion I loved; once I felt I could sacrifice my life for Judaism, but you have dashed to pieces the rock on which I took refuge as a Jew. I sometimes, when alone, consider my spiritual condition, and say, “ Would to God you had never written to me the letters you have,” for when I

was a pious Jew I could rest sometimes with the idea that my religion was right; but now I am no longer a Jew, neither am I a Christian, although almost one. I earnestly pray that Almighty God may yet satisfy me by giving me those revelations I stand in need of. Oh, that I might know in whom to trust at all times! Oh, that I might know myself and know God as my Father! Oh, that I might know what the end of my mortal life will be! Dear Isaac, pray for me, pray for me!

I rejoice to hear you are a minister in the Church you have entered. What a strange thing! How marvellous, that you, who received a strict Jewish education, should now be a preacher of the Christian religion! I long to hear you preach. Good-bye, my dear brother, God bless you abundantly. May I enjoy the same happiness as you enjoy in your religion.

From your ever-loving brother, who longs to see you soon, and enjoy the freedom of England. I long to tread England's land of liberty.

HESSEL LEVINSOHN.

Grodno. Jan., 1880.

CHARITY.

MILTON supposes a question put by the Eternal in the council of heaven:—

“Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save:
Dwells in all heaven, CHARITY so dear?”

The letters in the word charity suggest many ideas in elucidation of its origin and nature. Charity is the

C CRYSTAL FLOW FROM THE THRONE OF GOD AND THE LAMB (Rev. xxii. 1).

“The river, the streams whercof make glad the city of God” (Psa. xlv. 4). “He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water springs” (Psa. cvii. 35). And this is that “love of God which is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost” (Rom. v. 5)—the love which worketh no ill to his neighbour, but is the fulfilling of the law (Rom. xiii. 10).

H HEAVEN'S HEALING TREE CAST INTO THE WATERS OF MARAH (Exod. xv. 23).

“Then the bitter is sweet;” it is the root of the matter (Job xix. 28); the stem of Jesse (Isa. xi. 1); and its leaves are for the healing of the nations (Rev. xxii. 2). If the root be holy, so are the branches; and those who are grafted in among them, and with them, partake of the root and fatness of the olive tree, then the graces of charity will spring forth. We shall walk in love as Christ also hath loved us, &c. (Eph. v. 2).

A ALABASTER BOX OF OINTMENT.

“Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into Thy lips: therefore God hath blessed Thee for ever” (Psa. xlv. 2). Here is God manifested in the flesh, yet without sin; holy, harmless, undefiled, &c. The depository of the Holy Ghost (Isa. xi. 2; John i. 33). “For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily” (Col. ii. 9). Hence it is said, “All Thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia out of the ivory palaces.” “Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins” (1 John iv. 10). “It pleased the Lord to bruise HIM” (Isa. liii. 10). But He was wounded, bruised, and chastened for us (verse 5).

“His body bathed in sweat and blood,
Shower'd on the ground a purple flood;
The rich effusion copious ran,
To glad the heart of God and man.”

"Because of the savour of Thy good ointments, Thy name is as ointment poured forth: therefore do the virgins love Thee" (Song of Solomon i. 3). When one broke the emblem of this for the Saviour, He said, "She loved much" (Luke vii. 47). And another, "She hath done what she could." Out of His fulness they received, and out of their full heart they gave, there was oneness of soul (Psa. cxxxiii.). Wherever this exists, it breathes through the house, fills all with its odour, and makes it the abode of love or charity.

R ROUND OF DELIGHTS (1 Cor. xiii. 4—7).

George Herbert writes of "SINS BOUND." The Holy Scriptures describe the round of love. Beneath the sacred throne of God you see it as a river descending to earth. God makes the children of men to drink of the river of His pleasures (Psa. xxxvi.). From a rivulet it increases to a river to swim in—a river that cannot be passed over (Ezek. xlvii. 5). This river bears them through all the storms of life—it bears them on its bosom to the "sea of glass" (Rev. xv. 2; see iv. 6). That is the sea of

- G *Glory* (Rev. iv. 6).
- L *Lucidity* (1 Cor. xiii. 12).
- A *Assimilation* (1 John iii. 2).
- S *Satisfaction* (Psa. xvii. 15).
- S *Shedinah* (Ezek. xlviii. 35).

"And the name of the city from that day shall be Jehovah-Shammah. The Lord is there." Then "follow after charity."

I INDESTRUCTIBILITY.

That is the name of charity. "*Charity never faileth*" (verse 8). Many waters cannot quench it, nor can the floods drown it (Song of Solomon viii. 7). No other change can it sustain, save only to increase in the breadth, length, depth, and height of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge (Eph. iii. 18). No one—no combined power—nothing shall ever be able to separate His chosen from this charity, nor this charity from them (Rom. viii. 38).

T THREEFOLD CORD (Eccles. iv. 12).

Of this nature is the cord by which the elect are bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord their God (1 Sam. xxv. 20). Charity is the bond of the covenant (Ezek. xx. 37), the bond of perfectness (Col. iii. 14), and the end of the commandment (1 Tim. i. 5). This threefold cord is

- The love of the Father (1 John iii. 1).
- The love of the Spirit (Rom. xv. 30).
- The love of Christ (2 Cor. v. 14).

And these three Persons are one God, and the love or charity of God, and in those born of God is one. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us (1 John iv. 12). Charity is the

Y YOKE OF CHRIST (Matt. xi. 29).

It is He who says, "I drew them with the cords of a man, with the bands of love; and I was to them as they that take off the yoke" (Hos. xi. 4). He sets the prisoners free, and breaks the iron fetters from their necks. He takes away the enmity (Rom. viii. 7). Or ever they are aware their soul makes them as the chariots of Amminadib (Song of Solomon vi. 12), according to Psalm cx. 3. Thus we are paired with Christ, and are true yoke-fellows (Colossians ii. 6).

L O V E

- L ightens every labour (Gen. xxix. 20).
- O vercomes all opposition (Song of Solomon viii. 6).
- V erifies our vocation (John xiii. 35).
- E vidences our election (1 John iv. 7).

"Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak."

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

The Gospel Magazine is excellent in its April contents. As the worthy editor advances in life, his vigour of mind becomes more powerful. — WILLIAM CRABTREE, in *Sword and Trowel*, presents a true picture of the Baptist ministers in the olden times.—*Life and Light*, edited by ROBERT EDWARD SEARS, pastor of Baptist Church, Foot's Cray, Kent, is well prepared for general circulation.—*Hand and Heart, Day of Days, Home Words, The Fireside*, all under the literary direction of Rev. C. BULLOCK, are always of that interesting nature that no one can be offended. Here is one of the fill ups, which is a specimen:—

“‘I am more afraid of my own head,’ said Luther, ‘than of the Pope and all his cardinals. I have within me the great pope, self.’

“‘If any man will come after Me,’ said Christ, ‘let him deny himself.’ The axe must be laid to the root of the tree. Self-interest, self-pleasing — in other words, our will—must be renounced and exchanged for Christ-pleasing and Christ’s will. ‘Of all possession,’ writes Mad. Guyon, ‘that of ourselves is the most dangerous.’ Let us commit the keeping of ourselves to Him, as unto a faithful Creator. ‘For He must reign till He hath put all things under Him.’”

Ah! “self” is the citadel where all foes dwell, and “self” is more fond of them than of anything in the world; and until the stronger than the strong man comes in, old self will never bow, nor break, nor budge one inch.

The Dean of Westminster on Baptism. By STEPHANUS. London: Shaw & Co. This pamphlet fully reviews Dean Stanley’s conflicting essay, to which we have referred in previous numbers. We may announce this famous “Stephanus” to be a much greater master in Israel, and a more faithful defender of the whole faith of God’s elect, than even Dean Stanley, with his broad sea of charitable embraces, we fear, ever will become. We would give a fuller notice if time and space admitted. It is worthy of perusal.

“We are in the Saturday night of the world’s history.” So saith EDWARD HINE in his new manifesto, which bears the following line on its title: *The Bible Does Teach How to Vote,* &c. This published proclamation has come too late for the present contest, but as there may be many elections before long, it will be well to test the truth of the title page

by a perusal of its contents. It may be had at 29, Paternoster-row. Mr. Hine is a bold writer; some of his works have gone out by tens of thousands. He says: “The whole of Africa has to come to our Empire, even Morocco.” He says: “God forbid that we should be ever tied to party. . . . Political party feeling is a sure sign of lunacy.” We shall not contradict that statement. We, through grace, have abode at home in the old Gospel-home now for fifty years—and we have never yet been in a lunatic asylum. We praise God for that. We humbly pray God that our mind may be preserved in an equal balance in the Gospel as long as we live, but we often think that revivalists and politicians are fast going off their heads. We are come into exciting times indeed.

“MEET FOR THE MASTER’S USE.”

Whoever can read the *Memoir of Septimus Sears* (recently published by Houlstons), and read it with a pure, unprejudiced mind, will not dispute with us in our expressed conviction, that he was most remarkably “sanctified and meetened for the Master’s use, and very largely did the Lord use him in the Churches and in the world.” As a piece of biography, the work is full of excellent matter. Chatteris, Cambs, was the place where

“Crying into life he came”

in the year 1819, being the seventh son of James Sears, a tradesman of good repute in that large agricultural fen district. This parent of our Septimus died in his son’s home, having reached the age of 88. He lived many years with inward convictions of sin, with a feeble faith, and but few special evidences of his soul’s salvation. When he came to hear his son Septimus preach, he became alarmed, fearing he was not one of that redeemed family, of whom it is said—they “cry day and night unto Him.” About three and twenty years ago, he heard his son preach from “We would see Jesus.” Under that sermon, it is believed that Christ was revealed in his soul; and his subsequent experience, his conversation, his Christian character, and the conclusion of his life, all harmoniously declared he had passed from death unto life, which we hope to prove in another number.

Wayside Notes: Being Unfoldings of the Truth of God, Amidst the Burden and Battle of Life. By GEORGE COWELL. Author of *Old James the Collier, The*

Vanity of Wealth and Victory of Grace, &c. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate-street. 1880. We have here, first, a pleasant portrait of the author, and an elegant autograph inscription. This venerable gentleman, sitting in his editorial chair, at his study table, is a living expression of that precious text (which Mr. Munger told us he heard John Hazelton open up with much distinctive discernment and spiritual power, where the Holy Ghost by the prophet saith): "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." We have not the pleasure of any personal acquaintance with Mr. Geo. Cowell, but we are persuaded this representation of him must be life-like and truthful. In it is nothing of the melancholy, not the least tinge of the Popish, pretentious sanctity; nor will the most sceptical find in this countenance even the smallest indication of ignorant cant, or of intellectual hypocrisy—elements so fearfully rife in almost every circle. In the frontispiece to this solid demy octavo of about 500 pages, you will find no phantom-spies of unbelief; no mere parsonic-produced groans; no propensity for grumbling over fancied evils. "A wise traveller goeth on cheerily, through fair weather or foul." So at least the broad, open, well-formed head and face of our author most comfortably assures us. In fact, we should be prepared to believe this genuine John-Bull-Christian-gentleman had entered fully into that lovely land of holy liberty, which our apostle Paul describes when to the Romans he wrote, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus" (which is a sovereign energy by which guilt is removed from the conscience, the power of sin broken, and its polluting influence removed from the heart; hence it may justly be said, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus) hath made me free from the law of sin and death;" and in the spiritual land of promise, there is "no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who" (although the authorities tell us the following characteristic expression is not in the original Greek, yet we will add that such Heaven-born freemen are the only people on the face of the earth who "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Hence, in the quick, quiet, and penetrating eyes of our author, you can read those lines:—

"Sweet to the pure of heart is summer's smite,
Sweet the wild music of the laughing spring;
But, Oh! my soul, far other scenes beguile,
Where all the ransomed hosts for ever sing."

Not, however, having, as yet, reached

those climes, our sainted penman says (as oft as may be):—

"I'll sit remote from worldly noise and mase;
Till through my soul shall peace her balm
infuse,
And whisper sounds of comfort in mine ear."

This posture is the central point of saving grace in the regenerated Christian. There are extremes from this hallowed centre. On the left there may be the afflicted of God's family, for whose help "the Lamentations of Jeremiah" are recorded; while on the right it is quite probable you will meet with the wild enthusiasm which the *Dundee Advertiser* announces that Chas. Haddon Spurgeon had reached, when, in answer to a Northampton voter's query, he says: "If the devil himself were a Liberal candidate, I should vote for him." C. H. S. will laugh at us, it may be, when we declare that such an answer, if not true, should be corrected; while, if it is true, it will pierce many a Christian heart, as the occasion of the question being asked, and the reckless answer given, did ours.* So prevalent is the imbecility of millions in England now, that such an answer from such a man as C. H. Spurgeon would, surely enough, carry the prince of the power of the air into the Commons House of our country. Indeed, one of his delegates will be there, and, for aught we can tell, there may be many more; but the Church of Christ is in the heart, and the destinies of Great Britain are in the hand, of our God; and there we must, in faith and prayer, leave all the results. If, from the foregoing remarks, our readers suspect that Mr. Geo. Cowell is merely a high-towering theologian, we hasten to assure them that the trials, temptations, cares, conflicts, and crosses which so often shake and try the faith of the saved disciples of Christ—every kind of the fearer's experience is so fully opened up in these "Wayside Notes" that many a poor Job, a Mordecai, a Jonah, and a Peter will herein find himself—with all his darknesses and distresses—set down in the midst of those happy companies who are waiting for the coming of our Lord. We shall dare to give a new title page to this work, and call it "A Christian Layman's Exposition of the Foundation Principles of the New Covenant: And an Experimental Record of the Favours, Fruits, and Flowers Flowing Therefrom." Our careful investigation of the contents, in a future notice, will, we believe, fully justify our new title. To every one of the truth-seeking and God-fearing family, this volume will be a choice addition to their library.

* Mr. Spurgeon has declared this an unfounded statement.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

"THE PROSPECT OF GLORY TO COME."

HAYES, MIDDLESEX.—As the carriages were flying from Southall station to Hayes tabernacle, on Tuesday, April 13, 1880, one bowed-down pilgrim said, "This is to be a high day at the Baptist Tabernacle, it being the eleventh anniversary of the inauguration of this beautiful place of worship into what was then called 'Hillingdon Heath.' Since that period the cause has grown, with its large school of over 200 children, into an institution of extensive moral, benevolent, evangelical, and spiritual blessedness to the surrounding hamlets, villages, and increasing populations. The great day alone," continued the quiet old pilgrim, "will reveal the fruit which has been produced by the seed sown in the pulpit, and in the school, by that sweet preacher and teacher, that pleasant singer and fervent pleader at Mercy's throne, Master Robert Bardens. I, for one, quite loves the good man, but I must be about my business." When we reached the tabernacle, there was a highly respectable audience assembled to hear Mr. J. S. Anderson's discourse on Paul's words, "And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness," which was listened to with keen and careful attention. Mr. Thomas Stringer read out some of our finest hymns, which were sung with the spirit, with the understanding, and with a harmony correct and cheering. It was a service of true devotion to many. Outside we fell in with "a Weeping Wanderer" who said the spontaneous language of his soul was,

"Jesus, I rest my weary head,
My trembling heart would stay
Alone on Thee: Thy name I plead,
O cast me not away."

We walked and talked. "Grand veteran, that Thomas Stringer! Didn't he give us

'My springs are all in Thee'

with a full and feeling tone?" We turned back, climbed up into the spacious school-room, which was full of company. A cup of tea, then sat down to listen to the earnest chairman's introduction. Mr. C. Wilson (the deacon and the treasurer of the Baptist Church for many years known as "John Foreman's," now under the pastorate of Mr. G. W. Shepherd, in Hill-street, Paddington. This Mr. C. Wilson) is a practical, pleasant, Christian man, of enlarged charity towards all the causes of truth, and as a stimulant towards a good collection that evening for Hayes Tabernacle, he expressed the joy he had realised in beholding the flowing in of contributions at Mount Zion towards liquidating the cost of an entirely new modelling and renovating of the said chapel so well known in Hill-street, Dorset-square. The improvements had involved them in a debt of over £1,000, but so freely, from rich and

from poor, had the money flowed in, that over £600 had been cleared off. Toward the remaining £400, no doubt, many of the friends of the late venerable Mr. Foreman and the numerous admirers of the present pastor, Mr. G. W. Shepherd, will gladly send in their contributions in order that the good old free-grace Mount Zion in the West may be free from all monetary incumbrances. We believe Mr. Wilson's appeal proved effectual in Hayes Tabernacle that evening, for Mr. John Wild warmly thanked the friends for their attendance and for their encouraging assistance. Another Mount Zion deacon, Mr. Ebenezer Beazley, was also on the platform; he has laid aside his ram's horn and now comes forth with

A CLEAR SILVER TRUMPET—

so soft and distinct that sharp ears can hear him with meditative pleasure. Ebenezer Beazley, with the solemnity of a judge, combined with the gentleness of a seraph, seems to say,

"Look to thy soul. O man, for none can be
Surety for his brother;
Behold, for heaven, or for hell, thou canst
Not escape from immortality."

Mr. James Griffith, of Bethnal Green "Hope," discoursed upon the "CONSOLATION IN CHRIST." Like the whisper of the delicate zephyr, James Griffith wove out that expostulation, "Let faith, in the presence of her God, promulgate the mighty truth." In strong contrast to these dove-like appeals to the souls of the people came the flaming cherubim, the pastor of the Trinity home in the Borough, Thomas Stringer. When he arose, we felt to fling our hearts open so that his flying streams of truth might flow in to feed our souls. "Ah!" I said, "Often have I known the honest heart flaming with indignant virtue."

Brother Thomas poured out his soul in a rapid development of the transfiguration of the Son of God upon the holy mount, taking his stand in those centre words (Luke ix. 32), "And when they were awake,

"THEY SAW HIS GLORY."

Some are jealous of Thomas; others disapprove of his energetic manner. "I happen to love him," said a poor preacher in the Chalk Valley; so say I. So can many say; for truly he reminds me of the saying of Luke (Acts iv. 13), "When they saw the boldness of Peter and John, they marvelled, and they took knowledge of them that

"THEY HAD BEEN WITH JESUS."

"My doctrine" (most sensitively said the pastor, R. C. Bardens) "shall drop as the rain and distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb," and so it did. Mr. J. S. Anderson was called to the front to review the discourses of the evening. C. W. Banks made some attempt to enter into the words, "And the heavens were opened and

"I SAW VISIONS OF GOD;"

but little proud prejudice cast a sneer upon his sensitiveness; and with a very few introductory words he gave up the ghost of a speech and sat down, as James Grant tells us Benjamin Disraeli did when he essayed to make his maiden speech. Poor Ben, being laughed at, "sat down for four long hours the very picture of a disappointed man." These speaking meetings are difficult to deal with. Before you can get your thoughts to flow out freely with the subject your limited time is gone and you must cease to stammer.

We had been listening for two hours and a half. Our chairman said, "Let us sing 'THE LAST HYMN IN THE BOOK.'"

So we did, and left for London. These are the words:—

"How cheering the prospect of glory to come,
And the bliss of eternity see;
To be with the Lord, and His chosen at home!
Oh! this will be heaven to me.

Complete in the likeness of Christ on His throne,
From sin and all sorrow set free;

And perfectly worship the GREAT THREE-IN-ONE;

Oh! this will be heaven to me.

The great Hallelujah from each shall resound,
When the saints in all things shall agree;
And God in the highest with glory be crown'd;
Oh! this will be heaven to me.

Amen! for ever, Amen.

The winds of mercy blow upon the garden of grace in Hayes Tabernacle, prays
THEIR SERVANT FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

THE STRICT BAPTISTS IN LONDON.

We commenced last month with an anticipated review of the above denomination under seven heads:—1, their Association; 2, their Churches; 3, their Pastors; 4, their Evangelists; 5, their Theology; 6, their Church Order; 7, their Diverse Gifts, &c. To notice all these branches will occupy much time and space; but it may be useful in many ways. Hence, we shall not cease (D.V.) until, briefly and imperfectly we fear, we have completed the series. As we have no immediate connection with any association, as we are not bound up with any of the divisions, as we have closely watched their position and progress for more than forty years, we are free to speak *impartially*, not offensively, but kindly and faithfully to all.

The Strict Baptists of London have never been, until very lately at least, a systematically trained, or collegiate body of people. The different colleges have originated, trained, sent forth, and supported their students. These colleges make their own ministers; they are educated expressly for *that kind of ministry* which the presidents and professors consider likely to be most successful in building up their several Churches; and a city gentleman of extensive literary knowledge assured us the other day, that "Spurgeon would soon swallow us all up!" We did not accept such a statement. We do not believe it will ever be done, so long as the

Gospel dispensation continues. Let us look calmly at facts. At the commencement of this year of 1880, we had in London nearly, if not quite,

ONE HUNDRED STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

Of course we include the suburban districts. About thirty of these Churches have no settled pastors. We have in London and its immediate suburbs

ABOUT SEVENTY STRICT BAPTIST MINISTERS.

We have thoroughly examined each and every one of these ministers. We know their origin, how they came into the ministry, how long each one has been in the pastoral office, what amount of visible or numerical success has attended them; and we believe we are correct in saying, there is not one out of the whole seventy but what may be called a God-made, or by grace Divine, as the world speaketh, "*a self-made man.*" No collegiate prestige, privilege, or school power raised them up; but a merciful Providence mysteriously set before them an open door. There have been many adversaries, and not a few disadvantages, but the door God has opened, no man has been able to shut. We wish to illustrate and confirm this fact as we proceed, but our course will be very slow.

As regards the association which is named "The Metropolitan Strict Baptist Association," we observe, it stands out distinct from the Metropolitan Baptist Association. The latter we should designate "The Modern and Liberal." The former we call

"THE CONSERVATIVE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION,"

because it contends for the same order of Church government as our Lord and His apostles instituted and established. Our Lord Jesus Christ set up the Gospel kingdom between those two ordinances, baptism and the Lord's Supper. Jesus, our Saviour, came into the work of the Gospel kingdom by being baptized in Jordan. He went out of it, to the sacrifice of Himself, by instituting the Supper. In those things, as well as in His Person and redemption, He is

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER.

Our "CONSERVATIVE BAPTIST ASSOCIATION" stands fast for four of the most vital of all principles:—

I.—The proclamation of the doctrines of grace, free from the science and schemes of any man or body of men.

II.—For the individual experience of the sanctifying and soul-saving work of the Holy Ghost, leading to repentance towards God, to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to an honest confession of Him before the Church.

III.—Baptism by immersion previous to being received into the Church. And

IV.—An obedient, faithful, steady, and reflective observance of the Supper of our Divine Master.

Instrumentally, these are the four powers

which, under the blessing of God, hold up the Church of Christ on the earth.

Any departure from these is contrary to the revealed mind of Christ.

Of the association and of the Churches generally there is more to come if life and liberty be given to C. W. BANKS.

SUSSEX COAST.

March 30, 1880.—To my always beloved double brother, SAMUEL JAMES BANKS, of Banbridge, in Ireland,—It is the morning after the review on the Brighton Downs. After I had done the little work I had in West Brighton yesterday, I essayed to return home to London; but the crowds were so tumultuous and tremendous, the probabilities of being trampled under foot, of being blocked up all night in a riotous company of excursionists and volunteers, who were all roughly rushing in mobs beyond control, deterred me. I escaped as well as I could, whirled my way back to West Brighton, and in St. Andrew's House, the residence of Ebenezer Turquand, Esq., I was kindly lodged for the night. I have now had ten days' travelling in four different counties, and have been in ten public services. Now I am off for some more if it please the great merciful Lord God, whose we both desire to be for ever. I am happy to inform you some friends in Brighton wish to be remembered to you, and by you when you go in to the King.

The Cliftonville Baptist Church, in Haddington-street, is still growing; but owing to the great review yesterday, and the general holiday, I had a small audience. The services were not totally lost. You remember that excellent deacon, Mr. Read, of Bond-street? He was a helper yesterday; he is about four-score, his voice is strong and solid, his health and strength are so good that he can preach every Lord's-day, and walk several miles to and from his beloved people, by whom, as the Lord's mouth and messenger, he is strongly beloved. Mr. Carr, another deacon of Bond-street, and that honest Ripley pastor, C. Z. Turner, brother Freeman, some zealous Ebenezerites, Mr. Jas. Mote, and a few more helped to conduct the services.

Of olden times we thought and spake;
Some painful sorrows did awake;
But we did not despair.

The pleasant and persevering deacon, Mr. Ebenezer Turquand, read the report for the past year, which had some cheering notes in it. We all wish they had a chapel of their own; but the little child is not strong enough to build itself a good house yet. It will come in our Lord's time. If all the people who sincerely desire to see the Gospel of the grace of God spreading, would go and help this little Cliftonville cause, it would strengthen the hands of those who have the burden to bear. You know, my affectionate brother, in going forth professedly in the Lord's service it is of vital importance that we have the Lord's authority for going, and a message from the Lord to deliver. Speaking of the many special services now so common everywhere, a gentleman said to me in

Cliftonville yesterday, when he occasionally attended these tea and public meetings that stern investigator appeared to say to him, "WHO HATH REQUIRED THIS AT YOUR HANDS?" We must, at times, question whether the motives, the means, and the methods connected with these special services are always what they should be. Before I went to Brighton this time I did heave out a sigh to the Good Author of all blessings to give me one word to carry to the people, and I may conscientiously say this word came freely unto me: "AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH, SO WILL I COMFORT YOU, AND YE SHALL BE COMFORTED IN JERUSALEM." That is one of the most tender of all the promises. It anticipates all our helplessness, all our sickness, all our necessities, and to meet us in them the Lord would say as a mother nurseth, watcheth over, affectionately feeds, and clothes, and caresses her infant babe, even so will I COMFORT YOU. Surely we all can testify to the enjoyment of this singular promise.

I pray the Lord to bless those Cliftonville believers at West Brighton with a future progressive fulfilment of this promise in their own souls, and in the increase of the Church. They are not a people of a sensational or effervescent element. No fleshly excitement, no mixture of semi-free-willism or self-worship have they. I have been many times with them, and I have proved them to be genuine, sincere, decided, and zealous to maintain the ancient, the Heaven-ordained, the New Testament order of Church government and of Gospel truth.

The Cliftonville suburb of Brighton is becoming an immense territory. The population is growing at express rate. These Turquands, Freemans, and a few others are bound together to plant a Strict Baptist Church in the centre of this new wing of the fashionable sea-side city of Brighton. The Cliftonville 'buses' carry passengers from Castle-square to Old Hore Church for twopence, which is but two or three minutes' walk to Haddington-street, Cliftonville. Mr. John Bunyan McCure will preach to them in May. Mr. William Hazelton and Mr. Levinsohn in July. As the workhouse boy, POOR BILLY CRABTREE, was the pioneer to the flourishing Church in Bradford, so may Ebenezer Turquand be to the future prosperity of Cliftonville, prays
C. W. BANKS.

STEPNEY.—Anniversary of Rehoboth chapel Sunday school, Wellesley-street, was Easter Sunday last, also on Monday. Mr. Steed (the pastor), Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. T. Stringer were the preachers. "Our God is in the heavens; He hath done whatsoever He hath pleased," was our Monday's theme. Mr. Steed presided at the evening meeting. Report showed that for the school they had collected in the year £16 6s. Average attendance of children was twenty in the morning, fifty in afternoon. Brethren Brooks, W. H. Lee, Oskey, Burbridge, W. Webb, and Stringer were the expositors.

ARE ALL THE MINISTERS DEAD?

Who and what, then, are the hosts now coming up on every side?

BY A YOUNG ELIHU.

DEAR BROTHER,—I was pained, yea, grieved, on receiving last month's VESSEL, to read such a contribution as that headed "All Dead," by our friend Polley, of Gravesend. Evidently he has taken too gloomy a view of the situation. Had I been near our good brother, I would have gently tapped him on the shoulder, while writing such a paragraph, and said, mildly, "Dear brother, gently here, and not so rash." His inquiry, "Shall we say as Paxton Hood doth of his eloquent men:

'Yes, you may search the land of gracious men, Where will you find their like again?'"

is followed by the startling conclusion, "They are *all* dead, gone to their long homes, to their rest." Following this comes a reference and comparison of such godly, honoured servants of Christ as John Warburton, Abrahams, Philpot, Huntington, Dr. Hawker, James Wells, and Osborne. Now, any comparison of such ministers, much more criticism, is, I venture to say, very injudicious, and calculated to do no possible good. When I read reflections upon good men of so high standing, I always fear lest the censor should be unduly occupying the critical chair, and wounding God's people.

Now, as James Wells was God's mouth some twelve years since in awakening my soul to a sense of conviction and sore trouble on account of sin, I must ever associate his memory among the blessed of God, whatever be the judgment of men. But I dare most lovingly to say, they are not ALL dead. Men of God are not to be measured by converts, number of Church members, and congregations only, but by this unerring rule: "Are they, as God's mouth, separating the precious from the vile, declaring the *whole* counsel of God?" I will not say men of equal faith joined with exceptional gifts are manifestly to be seen and heard in our midst, although I think I could prove this; for when I remember the brethren Anderson, C. W. Banks, Burgess, Cornwell, Griffiths, Hazlerigg, Hazelton, Hemington, Hatton, Hetherington, Jones, Lawrence, Lambourne, Levinsohn, Mead, Myerson, Parsons, Reynolds, Stringer, Steed, Stevens, Thomsett, Trotman, Taylor, Thurston, Varder, Warburton, and a host of others, I may truly conclude they are not *all* dead yet.

And now, dear brother, asking our old friend Polley to give me credit at least for sincerity in this matter, I would address a word to the ministers, deacons, and brethren of our Churches generally, remembering Paul's wholesome word to "Entreat the fathers," as a brother comparatively young in knowledge and experience. And first I would say, If the memory of the just is blessed, let for ever a critical and partial spirit be banished from our minds, and a holy jealousy for God's glory guard our

language. The ills under which we labour are only intensified by detracting from the many estimable traits of character that signalise the lives of James Wells and others. Great and shining lights were they for a season, till God called them home. Human-like to others, and accompanied by failings, were they, but silently let us lay to heart ere we speak the advice of an ancient sage: "From others' faults wise men correct their own." At best, God's servants are but men of like passions with ourselves, but we gladly adore Him for all the grace manifested in them, and pray, through their instrumentality, the Divine prediction may be accomplished, "They shall come that were ready to perish," &c.

And in conclusion, brother, let us not limit the Holy One of Israel. Mysterious as the lines may appear in a Gospel sense, still is it true, "His way is in the sea, and His footsteps are not known." Heralds of salvation in other denominations are at work to pull down Satan's stronghold. Let us not despise them. Rather may we ask our merciful Father so to lead them into all truth that, wherever and whenever we can agree, we shall thank God and take courage. Yet a little longer, and all human jealousies, all criticisms, all our thoughtless words respecting the departed dead will fall before God's messenger—death. Oh, to live more in the atmosphere of our Father's love, rejoicing in the Redeemer's atonement, glorying in the Spirit's influence, for this this shall bring a man peace at the last.

Yours sincerely in the Gospel,

EDWARD PHILIP BROWN.

HOXTON.—Usual quarterly tea and public meeting of Bethel chapel, Newton-street, Tuesday evening, March 23, was devoutly conducted by Mr. Osmond, the pastor. Mr. Copeland prayed. Mr. Osmond said he had given the speakers subjects concerning "Christ." They owed £160. Mr. Meeres, on the "chiefest among ten thousand," went up steadily in contemplation upon the character and compassionate leadership of "the Good Shepherd." We always love to see and hear our modern *Epaphroditus*—J. L. Meeres. He carries no blunderbus, he assumes no dramatic character, he puts himself into no fluster, he believes, with Everard, that Christ is the substance of all types, of all visions, of all doctrines, of all promises, and that the one business of all true men is to open up (as the Spirit directeth) the mysteries of "Our wondrous Advocate with God." The Bow pastor, W. Webb, spoke thoughtfully on the "Root of David." Mr. Dearsly was profound on Christ as the image of God. Mr. Osmond intimated that a gentleman had promised £10 if fifteen others would do the same, or if thirty others give £5 each, which would clear off the debt. We hope this was done. Mr. Lawrence was interesting on Jesus as the "Shepherd of souls." Mr. Brown, of Kensington, on the "Triumphs of Christ," was sublime. Mr. G. Webb was the pleasing Omega.

WALTHAM ABBEY. — EBENEZER. Fifty-sixth anniversary of foundation of this cause was celebrated on Bank Holiday. The day previous, sermons were preached by the much-respected editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, C. W. Banks, and the pastor, W. Winters, who preached from "The foundations of the righteous." On Monday E. Langford sermonised on "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." The preacher noticed (1) the cause of weariness, (2) the Person of whom the prophet spoke, (3) the distinguished qualifications of the Person (meaning Christ), and (4) for what purpose he spoke. Tea was much enjoyed. In the evening Mr. W. Winters occupied the chair. R. Bowles offered prayer, and the chairman gave a brief statement respecting the purport of the meeting; how the cause had stood firm to the principles it had espoused for upwards of a half a century, and he (the speaker) was glad to say that it was never before in so prosperous a condition as at the present day. He expressed his gratitude that harmony existed in the Church, though it had received some few rather severe shocks of late from outsiders who were jealous of the prosperity attending the efforts put forth in that place. Upon this the speaker did not wish to enlarge, but expressed a sympathy and due regard for all those who differed from him, although he intended by God's help to be true to his convictions and the Bible, leaving all results with the Lord of heaven and earth. Mr. Dearsly, in his placid and genial manner, spoke of the infinite treasures to be found in the Word of God. Mr. R. Alfrey, pastor of Putney-road chapel, Enfield, on the union of Christ and the Church, and treated of the work of the Holy Ghost in the heart of the believer with great earnestness. Mr. Edwd. Casey, one of the deacons of Ebenezer chapel, gave a spirited address on practical Christianity, the necessity of which he endeavoured to lay before all those who professed an attachment to the cause of truth at Ebenezer and everywhere else. Mr. Casey also spoke on the value of the Gospel ministry. Mr. R. Bowles addressed the friends on the words: "Then the Spirit came upon Amasai, who was chief of the captains, and said, Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse: peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers, for thy God helpeth thee." Mr. Bowles treated his subject in a practical manner, illustrating the right working of the pastor, deacons, and members of the Church by the spirit evinced in Amasai (1 Chron. xii. 18). Mr. George Holland, of Borough-green, delivered a discourse on vital and experimental religion. Mr. W. Hazelton (who is likely to be of considerable use to the Church) addressed the friends on two words: "Jesus only." Mr. H. F. Noyes came forward with considerable force on the subject of moral responsibility of the Christian, together with some remarks on the old and new covenants of God, and His Divine perfections. Mr. E. Langford gave

us encouraging words. Mr. T. Austin (of Hackney) spoke on the love and work of Jesus Christ. This successful meeting terminated by singing the doxology. The collections throughout the services were highly satisfactory. May the peace which passeth all [human] understanding be long enjoyed by this and every true Gospel Church, prays—**W. WINTERS.**

LEICESTERSHIRE.—We find Gospel truth is still proclaimed in this county. Billesden has been deserted by her once-intelligent pastors. In our county we have some old causes, but the General Baptists have the majority. At Lutterworth it is said R. De Fraime has been pastor for forty years. No one doubts his safety, die when he may. At Sutton-in-the-Elms, the Church is 240 years of age. In Leicester itself, with her 100,000 souls, we have nearly twenty Baptist chapels. Mr. Hazlerigg, at Zion, Erskine-street, is called, "The prince of all truthful and experimental preachers" in the stocking town. He has a large and healthy cause. There are some learned divines here in the modern schools. Mr. Hedges, in St. Peter's-lane, has been preaching many years. Newark-street, the latest scene of Mr. Garrard's labours, has had Mr. Francis Collins, from Plymouth. Salem, where the famous Joseph Chamberlain was so useful, is still open, but not crowded. Good old Mr. Harrison left Alfred-street well provided for, but he is gone; his sister is gone. The parsons and people there will find a difference, but they are strong enough, standard enough, good enough, rich enough to maintain the best ministers, to take care of their poor, and to keep the truth in their midst. Death worketh many changes, and we know it.

LITTLE STONHAM.—**DEAR C. W. BANKS,**—I know it gladdens your heart to hear of Zion's welfare. I hope I can say the cause at Little Stonham is now rejoicing, seeing the Lord is smiling upon us. He has sent to us an under-shepherd—Mr. Grimwood, late of Charsfield, Suffolk. It is twenty years ago that the Lord first opened his mouth to speak at Stonham. He has since that time ever had a special love to our Bethel. Oh, the ups and downs (in those twenty years) we have witnessed! There is a set time to favour Zion. May this be the time. The Master has weakened our ranks; three members have gone home in the last three months. We hope their places will be filled up again. As you are coming within three miles of us the day before our meeting (May 19), we should be glad to see you with us. We have for fifteen years met on Whit Wednesday, and have had some happy meetings.—Yours truly, A. G. HALL, Stonham Aspall. [We have known Little Stonham for more than thirty years. We knew some of the gifted ministers in Little Stonham Bethel. We have watched her in her severe trials. It will produce in us a song of praise to God, indeed, to know the Gospel of Christ is there preached, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.—Ed.]

THE LATE MR. M. MURPHY.

Mr. Murphy, the highly esteemed and valued secretary to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, departed this life on March 29, aged 68 years. He joined the committee of the Society in 1851, and on the death of Mr. Box in 1862, he was appointed secretary.

He was doubtless well-known to many of our readers, for his high Christian character and unfailing geniality in the discharge of his official duties had endeared him to a wide circle of friends. At the social meetings at the asylums, and at all the public gatherings of the Society, his presence always diffused an air of cheerfulness on all around. In speaking to the aged pensioners in the chapels of the asylums, his Christian sympathy was very much prized by them, and his visits were always greatly valued.

The operations of the Society have been greatly extended during his tenure of office, due, under God's blessing, in a great measure, to the unceasing attention he devoted to its welfare.

He was laid aside from duty in June last, and never re-entered the office. His illness was of a very painful character, and in September it pleased the Lord to call to Himself his dear wife. This was a heavy stroke to our dear friend, but during the whole of his affliction a murmuring word was never heard to escape his lips. By God's grace, he was enabled to feel that it was "his Father's hand," and to say: "Thy will be done." Being of a very active disposition, his friends feared that the long confinement to the house would try his patience sorely, but one of the most remarkable features of his illness was his entire submission to the will of his Father.

His religious impressions dated from very early years, his first being received through Sunday school instruction. When quite young he became a member of the Independent Church, Fetter-lane, then under the care of the Rev. G. Burder, the author of the "Village Sermons." He afterwards removed to Finchley, and joined the Church there, and on his removal to the North of London, in 1863, he became a member of the Church at Harecourt chapel, Canonbury, with which he stood connected till the time of his death. At Fetter-lane he became the superintendent of the Sunday-school, in which he had formerly been a scholar; and at Finchley and Harecourt he was appointed deacon. He always took a deep interest in Sunday school and evangelistic work, and from his early days in the Christian life was in the habit of taking services in various workhouses. He had often remarked that the inmates appeared to receive the Word with more gladness than many who had far more opportunities of hearing it. Till within a few months of his death, he had charge of a mission station (connected with Harecourt chapel), situated in Macclesfield-street, City-road. The chapel connected with it had formerly been the scene of the labours of "Boatswain Smith" amongst the canal population of the district, and others.

The poor people of this district were much

attached to him, and in some cases he was permitted to see the fruits of his labours in sinners being brought to God.

He died in peace, resting for salvation upon the finished work of Christ, and responding to his favourite Scriptures and hymns. He leaves three daughters to mourn his loss.

His mortal remains were interred in Abney-park Cemetery on Saturday, April 3, by his pastor, Mr. Statham. A deputation from the committee of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, and a large number of friends, were present.

May the blessed welcome be given to us as doubtless it has been to our dear friend Mr. Murphy: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

April 22, 1880.

J. E. H.

BERMONDSEY. — LYNTON ROAD. — On Easter Monday, March 29, meetings were held as usual to commemorate the 64th anniversary of the "Society for the Relief of the Poor and Sick." Mr. Chas. Cornwell preached a cheerful sermon in the afternoon; a goodly number took tea in the school-room, the recent improvements in which make it look quite another place from what it was twelve months ago. The evening meeting was presided over by that noble-hearted Christian, Mr. James Lee. Mr. John Knott (the secretary) read the report, from which it appeared that at no period of its history had the society been so prosperous as in the year just gone. Over one pound weekly had been given away to the sick and the poor, and since its commencement the society had distributed over £1700 in aiding the afflicted and helpless. Their financial prosperity the committee attributed mainly to the great kindness of their chairman, who was a subscriber of ten pounds annually; yet they also could not speak too highly of the unbounded liberality of their own people in helping to swell their income. The society was not sectarian; many who had no grace in their hearts very often had the pinchings of want in their homes, and the society helped them, but the committee made no secret of the fact that while they endeavoured "to do good unto all men," they remembered it was added (and they emphasised the words) "*especially to the household of faith.*" They believed the "great day" alone would tell the amount of grief assuaged and joy imparted by the little sums distributed monthly out of the society's purse. The chairman proposed that the collections of the day be made up by an extra effort to £20, promising £5 out of the amount if it could be done. The Sunday school children through their secretary sent in £1 17s. One kind friend to whom the Lynton-road folks owe a great deal for his many kindnesses gave £5 more, and so the proceeds of the day's collections gave the handsome total of £22. The committee were rejoiced, and the eyes of several aged poor ones were seen to glisten when this result was announced. They warmly thank all the friends, and to

God give all the praise. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. Cornwell, Brown, Clark, Webb, and the pastor, Mr. R. A. Lawrence, and thus was spent at Lynton-road a "day to be remembered," and a day laid out in the service of the poor of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

BOROUGH. — TRINITY. — The half-yearly meeting was held in March. Sermons of immense magnitude were given by pastor Stringer, James Clark, and Mr. J. B. McCure. In the evening, Walter Howe, Esq., occupied the chair, and was supported by a good staff of ministers. The chairman having read Psa. cxxxii., called upon brother Woodrow to pray, after which Mr. Howe spoke a few words on the purport of the meeting, the subject for each speaker's consideration being chosen from Phil. ii. 7—11. Mr. C. W. Banks was first called upon to address the meeting, and having spoken on the preceptive part of Christ's teaching, finished with some good remarks on Christ's exaltation. Mr. C. Cornwell speedily followed with comforting thoughts on the humanity and Divinity of Christ, and His equality with the Father. Mr. R. A. Lawrence was profound on the person and work of Christ: — 1. Where He came from; 2. Where He went to, and how He passed by the nature of angels, and was made of no reputation, and after His sufferings of death God highly exalted Him to prove that His claims were just. W. Webb looked at Christ in His official capacity as the suffering Redeemer, and the conqueror over the Church's foes. W. Winters followed with some thoughts of the complex character of Christ as being truly God and truly Man. Mr. Lee of Wellingborough, Mr. Beazley, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Battson assisted in making the meeting a profitable one. It is much to be regretted that our good brother Stringer is not more patronized in Trinity chapel. He is, we are sure, worthy of the sympathy and support of all who love the great truths of God. The chairman read the following memorandum which shows the low state of the funds of the Church, and calls loudly for immediate help. "The receipts for ground rent up to the present date are £7 10s. 3d., which have been collected by Mrs. Jennings and Miss Muggridge from friends contributing fourpence per week. The same has been duly paid. The receipts for the Church are £35 15s. 0½d., and the expenditure £39 8s. leaving a balance of £9 8s. due to the treasurer. For gas and coals now owing £5." We are sure that our brother Stringer works hard, and ought to be speedily relieved of this pecuniary burden. Try and help our brother by pelting him with sovereigns.

W. WINTERS.

PRESTWOOD BAPTIST CHAPEL. — On Good Friday, Mr. B. B. Wale (now of High Wycombe) preached unto us the foundation truths of the divinely-revealed way of salvation for sin-ruined man. It was a Good Friday with us.

LITTLE KIMBLE.

Saturday, March 27, 1880. — After a merciful night's rest in Farmer Towerton's Combe-villa, I left him this morning on the stile; walked over the fields to the church, then down the long white road—passing "the Velvet Lawn"—up to Kimble church, round the curving highway to the station. Here I wait until the six-foot grand old station-master will give me my ticket; then onward once more, please our God.

Yesterday was Good Friday at Chalkshire! I was permitted to finish up another month's VESSEL on Thursday; preached with feelings of inward freedom in the evening. On Friday morning travelled to Aylesbury, and round through Stoke to Chalkshire; two services, excellent gatherings; happy tea-meeting; singing was sublime, although the tunes were not of the modern fashion, but they were full of music, with such blessed little harmonic curves, curls, and choruses as touch your soul to its sweet ascendings, then down to soft unctuous meltings; but I could not preach yesterday at Chalkshire. I strove hard to unfold a little of the Word, but no soul-swimming could I realise. Had sacred fellowship with brother Smith, of Aylesbury, and the Chalkshire bishop, Geo. Lane, walked with me at night to the sick chamber of one of the true mothers of Israel — Mrs. Burch. There I had some going out of soul while kneeling in prayer by her bedside which revived my spirit a little. Tall talkers denounce living upon happy frames and feelings! I only wish to live a life of faith upon the Son of God; yet I dare not speak lightly of blessed heart-meltings and soul-upliftings under a sense of His presence and power, who said: "Lo! I am with you." The Church said her Beloved stood behind the wall; but, with the clear eye of a living faith, I delight to have some glimpses of Him; indeed, as I travelled home this morning—I write it down for truth—that if I do not realise the powers of the whole Trinity in my soul, I am sad. I need the Holy Spirit unfolding the Word, causing the golden oil to run through my soul into the souls of others; also, His promised revealings of the Great Redeemer in some of His holy offices and works; and the love of the Father drawing and constraining me to worship a Triune Jehovah in spirit and in truth. I could not enjoy these mercies at Chalkshire yesterday, therefore nothing could make me truly happy.

The little Church at Chalkshire has in it some precious living souls. They are tried at times, but their honest, hard-working minister—with his home full of children and his heart full of love to the truth—continues steadfast in the faith.

I heard that Waddesdon-hill pastor Meekens was gone home. Aylesbury cause is not very prosperous. Some of her friends have started a large Gospel co-operative store warehouse, and their followers are many. Is the Lord in that movement? How these sensational, so-called religious efforts puzzle an old-fashioned Gospeller like

C. W. B.

"A CLOUD OF WITNESSES ROUND ABOUT CALVARY!"

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Our Church at Bethel Baptist chapel, Trinity-street, Boston, suggested that our beloved pastor should deliver another lecture on the evening of March 26th, being Good Friday. As Mr. Bolton is ever willing to aid us in his best possible manner, he proposed to give a lecture entitled "A Cloud of Witnesses Round about Calvary." This lecture well deserves being called "a poem," and truly this poem (of about 1000 lines) embraced in it the most God-glorifying and soul-edifying themes of the Gospel, gathered up from the testimony and experiences of the inspired writers throughout the Word, and all bearing, more or less, upon the "Sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." I am sure my much valued friend, C. W. B., will be pleased to learn that that evening we were well attended, and the dear kind ladies of the congregation took care that we were well provided for—hence I thank them. The lecture throughout was received with marked attention and approbation, and excited a sensation of wonder in the minds of many who were not previously aware of the poetical ability of our good minister. The Divine presence pervaded the assembly; a satisfactory collection was realised. I believe the lecture left a solemn impression upon many minds, and that glory did redound to the sacred name of Israel's Triune God; and now, without being too tedious (of which thing I am afraid) I cannot close without giving you an illustration of the poem itself. We are not over tenacious to observe certain days, but if we can now and then realise a sanctified use of days or events, it is something to be thankful for, and in this case the subject matter of what Mr. Bolton delivered, and the law of association which connects Good Friday with the crucifixion of our adorable Lord Jesus Christ, seems to make the whole a very hallowed time to poor sinners who know the value of the blood.

[The extracts from the poetic lecture are reserved for want of room.] Our correspondent further adds:—Every point of this glorious theme is touched upon, the whole forming a vivid description of the grand events connected with the life, death, and resurrection of Christ. If the Lord permit, and Mr. Bolton will allow me, I purpose sending you a complete copy of the poem, from which you may make extracts. May the Lord bless you and your work of faith and labour of love; so prays your sincere friend,

J. SHARPE.

19, Frampton-place, Boston.

SPALDING.—LOVE-LANE.—On Good Friday we held our public tea-meeting. Well-spread tables were provided, and a hearty and pleasant gathering of friends met to enjoy the same. After tea, a short meeting for prayer and praise was held, when our elders and pastor (John Vincent) gave addresses.

MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, BOW.

A meeting was convened in the above chapel to commemorate the anniversary of the formation of the Church, now under the pastorate of our brother William Webb, who has occupied that position for the last three years and a half.

In the afternoon of the day, Mr. F. C. Holden preached with fervour and unction on Psa. cxxvi. 3: "The Lord hath done great things for us: whereof we are glad." This discourse was followed by a comfortable tea.

In the evening, the attendance was excellent, which always tends more or less to elevate the feelings of those who have to speak. The pastor, W. Webb, opened the meeting with a hymn, and, as chairman, called upon brother Inward, of Homerton-row, to pray. It gave us considerable pleasure to realise in our midst once again Mr. Inward, who has been laid aside by a severe affliction for upwards of seven long months. We could say to him as was said to Dr. Tait, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, on the loss of several of his family: "God must love you very much," said a friend to the mournful archbishop, a solution of which was requested, when the friend quoted Heb. xii. 6: "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." It is to be hoped that brother Inward, like old Matthew Wilks after two years' affliction, will come forth into the work of the ministry with greater power and usefulness than ever.

After Mr. Inward's prayer, the pastor narrated briefly some pleasing circumstances respecting the foundation of the cause at Bow, which has been in existence now about eleven years, and then called upon Mr. T. Stringer, as the first speaker of the evening, to address the friends on the first man Adam as a type of Christ. Mr. Stringer, as usual, went into his subject right heartily, and with much good sense. The speaker threw out some solid remarks about the much controverted subject, "Infant Salvation." He also spoke ably on the formation and beauty of Adam before the fall in assimilation to the perfection and beauty of Christ. Mr. F. C. Holden treated of the person of Moses as a type of Christ with much sweetness. Mr. Holden made special reference to Israel's great leader and the temporal rest of the Jews in resemblance to Christ the leader of His people and the rest that remaineth, which is eternal. W. Winters spoke on Aaron as a priest and type of Christ, which speech was followed by a sound and able discourse by Mr. R. A. Lawrence on Joshua, and one of no less interest was given by Mr. C. Cornwell on Cyrus, as also a speech by Mr. G. Webb (late of Laxfield) on Joseph, a type of Christ. Brethren Oakley and Beddow also took part in the service, and a few words of thankfulness from the chairman, and a hearty benediction, closed the very social and happy meeting.

— W. WINTERS.

OXFORD STREET.—The forty-first anniversary of Soho chapel Sunday school was celebrated April 11, 1880. Sermons were preached by Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Styles, and Mr. J. Box. On following Tuesday, 28th, was the annual meeting of old scholars and teachers. About 70 took tea. Mr. J. Box presided at social service; Mr. Luther Hinton presented a most appropriate prayer. In his address, the chairman said: A meeting like the present tended to revive old associations. First, the association of teachers; they remembered their disappointments and discouragements as well as their successes, for there would be both; the latter might not be apparent, but it would be hoped for, and faith would bring the success near, "as faith was the substance of things hoped for." Then there was the association of scholars; some of them could but contrast their position with that of others, and here sovereignty was seen. And a third association was that of teachers and scholars. Other kind words were spoken; then Mr. Freeman read the minutes of the previous meeting; Mr. Hinton showed the progress of the school. A few words to the teachers were delivered: six things were essential in their work—namely, prayer, love, perseverance, patience, adaptation, and carefulness. Some words of cheer and counsel were given by Mr. Russell, a present teacher. Mr. Fox, Mr. Edward Faulkner, and Mr. L. Hinton spoke; it was a pleasant and profitable meeting. Mr. Box announced that since the last service of that description, a Pastor's Bible Class had been formed, and held every Thursday evening; about fifteen young men attended, which he hoped would soon be fifty.—W. B.

IPSWICH.—Special services were held in Zoar Baptist chapel, David-street, on Good Friday, when a sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. G. Webb from the words: "It is finished." Tea followed, to which a good number sat down; public meeting was held in the evening, the chair being taken by Mr. Bland; addresses delivered by Mr. Adams, Mr. Leggett, and Mr. Webb. The choir, assisted by some of the choir from Bethesda, sang during the evening. On Easter Sunday Mr. Webb preached three sermons; these services were all well attended. On Wednesday evening, March 31st, Mr. Morling, our late pastor, preached for us, and has done so several times since he resigned the pastorate.—A WELL-WISHER FOR ZOAR.

WALWORTH.—Quarterly tea and public meeting of "Excelsior Band of Hope" was held at York-street, Easter Tuesday; 250 children partook of a first-rate tea through the kindness of Mr. Dobson; looked after at tea time, as several kind friends came to attend to them. In the evening recitations and addresses by Messrs. Palmer, Vickery, Dobson, and Beddow. The place is far too strait. We hope soon to get a larger building.—W. BEDDOW.

HOXTON.—Special services were held at Bethel chapel, Newton-street, on Lord's-day, March 22, in aid of the building fund, when three sermons were preached—in the morning and evening by our pastor, Mr. Osmond; in the afternoon by Mr. Lawrence, of Bermondsey. On the following Tuesday, March 23, a tea and public meeting was held, at which brethren Meeres, G. Webb, W. Webb, Dearsly, Lawrence, and Brown were present, and discoursed very precious on some of the offices and characters of the Lord Jesus Christ. The chair was taken by our pastor, brother Copeland sought the Divine blessing. The pastor, in his address, gave a financial statement of the building fund; although not progressing so favourably as we would desire—owing to a long period of commercial depression—we rejoice that we have been preserved in peace, in unity, and in the bonds of the Spirit. Our brother Meeres addressed us upon the subject of "Christ the Chiefest;" our brother G. Webb upon "The Horn of Salvation;" brother Dearsly on "The Image of God;" brother W. Webb on "The Root of David;" brother Lawrence on "The Shepherd of Souls;" and brother Brown on "The Triumph of Saints." On Thursday, April 1, two sisters were baptized, and on the following Lord's-day were received into the Church. Two more candidates have declared themselves on the Lord's side, and desire to be united with us. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we rejoice and are glad. H. M.

BRIGHTON.—On Tuesday, March 23 (in behalf of the Sabbath school), the scholars, friends, and teachers of the Baptist Mission-hall, Mighell-street, 365 in all, partook of tea; after which the Rev. W. J. Styles, of Bloomsbury, London, gave one of his very instructive and highly amusing lectures to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The lecture being divided into four parts, it was interspersed with singing some pieces adapted to the lecture; the choir being led by my young brother and deacon, Mr. G. Virgo, junior. A very hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer brought one of the most enlivening and interesting services to the young we ever heard to a close, our brother promising to give us another lecture in December next. The meeting concluded with the doxology and benediction.—THOS. BOXELL.

ENFIELD.—PUTNEY-ROAD.—A social and friendly tea-meeting was held in this chapel on April 15 (the tea was the free-will offering of one of the members of the Church). A public service was held in the evening, the pastor, Mr. R. Alfrey, presiding, reading 1 Pet. i., and called upon Mr. Wild to engage in prayer. Mr. Alfrey then made a statement as to the purport of the meeting; after which an address was delivered by Mr. W. Winters on the "Trial of Faith," which was supplemented by some corresponding remarks by the pastor. The very happy little gathering separated in good spirits, praising and blessing God.—W. W.

A VISIT TO BROSELEY, AND TO THE VEN. THOS. JONES.

Leaving a busy town of the Midland Counties, we booked to Coalbrook-dale, the place famous for its extensive ironworks; a beautiful walk to Ironbridge, where we pay one halfpenny, and cross the Severn; ascend the hills, and enter Broseley, noted for its manufacture of clay tiles, china, &c. Our *cicerone* conducts us to the house of a kind friend, who provides a good tea; we feel refreshed after our fatigues in travelling and climbing. We call on our dear and esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Jones, who was in his usual happy mood—in a quiet sitting-room, well furnished, surrounded with every comfort, and enjoying the smiles of his Master's countenance—his cheerful conversation, interspersed with lively anecdotes, did our hearts good. Time admonished us; to the old Baptist chapel we repaired—which is much like an old-fashioned church, with a large burying-ground attached. Here, for many years, after the way in which some call heresy, have the good folk worshipped the God of their fathers. The baptistery, in the middle of the chapel, indicates that this must be first passed before reaching the table further on. We rejoice that these people have not departed from the primitive faith; they contend earnestly for the ordinances.

Mr. Howard (of Birmingham) arrives, who is chairman for the evening; and in a humorous speech, full of goodly counsel and advice to minister and people, introduces our pastor, Mr. B. G. Walker, who for an hour and twenty minutes held the audience spellbound while he dwelt upon the exceeding grace of God manifested in the life of John Bunyan. He traced him through the whole course of his career from his cradle to his grave. It was thoroughly appreciated by all present.

Mr. Walker bids fair to become exceedingly useful in the Lord's vineyard. He is cheerful, gifted in speaking, and remarkably fluent. We found nothing of that dry, barren, stoical style so common with lecturers, for he throws his whole heart and soul into the work. We consider God has a work for him to do here, we hope the cause will increase and grow. We wish him and the people God-speed. Should we visit these parts again, will report us to future progress.

THE WANDERING JEWS.

SOHO BAPTIST CHAPEL.—This retired, well-appointed, and truly comfortable house for Divine worship, is approached by a wide passage at 406, Oxford-street, near Soho-square. The annual statement, with an address by the pastor, Mr. John Box, has recently been issued; it forms a model manual for Churches in general; and, if it will not be intruding, we purpose to analyse this testimony of the Lord's blessing, which is evidently overshadowing and consolidating the souls of many of His people, under the ministrations of a courteous, a studious, and a faithful steward.

HIGHBURY VALE.—We have a note from our Christian brother, Jabez Whitteridge (the minister of Gillespie-road Baptist chapel, a few minutes' walk from Finsbury-park station) who has been for several weeks in great bodily affliction, so extremely dangerous that an eminent surgeon and a physician have been called in to do their best (with God's blessing) for his recovery. His sufferings from terrible physical disorders have been most terrible. We have a persuasion the Lord will mercifully restore him to his Church, to his family, and to those Churches in the country where his services in the Gospel have been acceptable, and of comfort and help to the tried children of God. Although reduced to a low state, he is hopefully reviving. In the deep sorrows and agonies of his affliction the consolations of his God have been indescribably solacing, supporting, and confirming to his own soul, and to those around him. We understand the Gillespie-road is now paved and lighted, and the approaches to our brother Whitteridge's new chapel will be convenient and pleasant. It is a new suburban wing, it will soon be full of people in all directions. In aiming to plant a Strict Baptist Church here brother Whitteridge has done well, and with the Lord's sanction, and the sympathy of all who are faithful, there must be cause for joy and praise.

WHITECHAPEL.—Sixty-third annual meeting of Sick Visiting Society at Little Alie-street, April 8th, 1880, was tinged with sacred feelings over death's deprivations. Mr. Masterson presided; Mr. Higley prayed. Chairman said, as that was the sixty-third anniversary, it was evident the society had reached its maturity, still it retained the dew of youth; the blessing of God had rested upon it. It had suffered from losses by death; Mr. Bear, who was treasurer, and a most beloved and useful member, was gone; his position had been filled by Mr. Edwards. A further loss had been sustained in the case of Mr. Secretary Feredny; Mr. Bootle succeeds him. The report confirmed Mr. Masterson's statement. Mr. Dickerson appeared hale and cheerful; he moved the adoption of the report, making some feeling remarks in relation to Mr. Bear; but "The Gentleness of Jesus" was his theme. Mr. Anderson seconded the adoption; on "Taking Sorrows to Jesus" he wisely expressed good words. Mr. Briscoe showed the society was the representative of Christ, who went about doing good. Mr. Dearnly bore testimony to his knowledge of, and love for, the two departed brethren, one of whom he had known for 48 years. Mr. Webb spoke on getting good and giving good, and, as we receive good freely, we should impart it in the same way.—W. B.

GRAYS.—Our special services at Ebenezer, New-road, on Good Friday, carried us above the shadows into the solemnities of God's salvation. Mr. T. Scott's sermon was not from, but in, and on the words: "Blessed are they which are called unto th

marriage supper of the Lamb." Mr. W. Archer came up with, "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." A well-prepared tea helped us much. Public meeting was led by Mr. Walter Brown, of Tadworth. W. Beddow is always serious and earnest in prayer, and at Grays he is especially favoured. The chairman expressed his decision for truth. W. Archer told us "The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever." T. House said, "Fear not." Mr. Geach prayed, then preached from his heart. W. Beddow on the "Sufferings of Christ" was in season. Mr. Archer brought £4: about £2 were gathered. The friends at Grays much need funds. Can any find it in their hearts to help? They hope to arrange for more meetings either in May or June. Friends, come and help.

SEA-SIDE RESTING PLACES.

Brighton takes the lead in its number of sanctuaries where what we consider to be the original and unalterable object, matter, and mode of worship is decidedly maintained. A correspondent says, "Ebenezer chapel," in Richmond-street, is "the most prosperous of any truthful cause in Brighton." Mr. Israel Atkinson, the pastor, has steadily, studiously, faithfully, and honourably pursued his course for above twenty-five years. He has a Church to watch over of nearly 300 members, and still it grows; its schools and benevolent auxiliaries are usefully sustained, and of the whole enterprize a multitude of voices will testify that "a blessing is in it." That Godly man, Joseph Sedgewick, first visited Brighton in 1822, and was the Lord's instrument to raise up the Richmond-street Church. For thirty years he sowed the seed; Israel Atkinson has reaped the fruits flowing therefrom. "Poor Joe," as Sedgewick called himself when a boy, died March 26, 1853, at the rather early age of 56. Bond-street, Brighton, is a much older cause. From 1829 to 1854 William Savoury preached with vital energy the Gospel of God. The present pastor, J. Glaskin, is a mild, genial, affectionate minister of what he believes to be the revealed will of God to man. Then in Sussex-street we have the almost angelic poetic and sublime extoller of Jesus, W. Poole Balforn. In Queen-square chapel it is said, "We cannot understand the sound." Galeed chapel is faithful to the *Standard* rule; but the Cliftonville Baptists must not be forgotten.

KING'S CROSS.—Our honest, open-hearted brother, William White, labours on as pastor of this model cause at Ebenezer chapel, Caledonian-road, and not without his reward. He has a people as candid and loving as himself: "As pastor so people." The chapel is excellently situated in the main front. On Good Friday it was literally crammed. This is what we like to see. In afternoon, John Bennett preached a Gospel sermon upon "Now are we the sons of God." After tea, chair was occupied by Mr. Parker;

brother Garrod prayed; Mr. Bolton spoke faithfully on the words of Abraham to his son Isaac: "God will provide Himself a lamb." Mr. Brindle, on the grand old-fashioned doctrine of Divine Sovereignty, was quite up to the mark. Mr. Bennett was solid on vital godliness in the soul and the law of necessity working in the believer. Mr. Hand treated solemnly on the position of the Church in the present day. Mr. Taylor and others did as good. All honour to our brother White. May he long hold forth at Ebenezer to the glory of God and the good of souls, prays—W. WINTERS.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—**BROTHER C. W. BANKS,**—It is many years since you came to our meeting, when some of us left Hanover and settled down to worship under the ministry of Thomas Edwards. You know "Rehoboth" was built for us; since then we have had many changes, but the Strict Baptist Churches in the Wells are now reviving. Mr. Wm. Smith is the settled minister at Rehoboth, and many receive his ministry. Hanover chapel is well supplied. At the Town Hall a Baptist cause is forming; and at Salem, under our brother Thomas Edwards, we have a rich Gospel feast; the baptism of believers by immersion is excluded. I have been exercised about this. One day I heard a voice saying, "What ye know not now ye shall know hereafter." I know the Baptists have now existed in the Wells about fifty years; they are growing and doing good.—**YOUR OLDEST FOE IN THE WELLS.**

BANBURY.—Our Sunday school anniversary, at Dashwood-road Baptist chapel, was celebrated on Sunday, March 28, when Mr. Isaac Levinsohn preached to a chapel full of earnest listeners. On the following Monday we enjoyed our annual Easter Sunday school tea meeting, after which our valuable and much-honoured friend, Mr. Alderman Osborn, edified us with a lecture on "The Life of John-de-Wickliffe." We did truly praise God, and feel strengthened to press on, to work on, and to hope on.

Marriages.

On March 29th, at the Lynton-road Baptist chapel, Bermondsey (in the presence of a large number of friends), by Mr. R. A. Lawrance, Arthur, son of Mr. Edwin Stacey, of 400, Old Kent-road, to Ruth Ellza, daughter of Mr. Henry Philcox, of 141 and 142, Bermondsey-street.

On March 30th, at Galeed chapel, Brighton, by Mr. H. Bradford, Albert Sampson Hampton, of Norfolk Lodge, Brighton, to Sarah Symonds, of Sudeley-street, Brighton.

Deaths.

On April 17, after much suffering, Mr. Haydon (late pastor of the King's-cross Baptist chapel), quietly passed away at his residence, Dunford-road, Halloway.

On April 21, at Pulross-road, Peckham, the beloved wife of Mr. James Hand, of Pimlico.

“The Great Apostacy.”

THE *Freeman*, who has looked with much complacency on the Northampton political tragedy, has become alarmed to find a Roman Catholic has been appointed to the Viceroyalty of India, and says: “There must have been *some reason for this* AS YET UNKNOWN.”

Our readers will pardon us for calling their attention to the strong measures and the united actions of Ritualists and Romanists to conquer England, and lay this once glorious country at the foot of

“THE WILY ITALIAN PRIEST-KING.”

Our contemporary wisely declares that “the Romish Church is not simply a religion, it is a policy. It does not aim solely at the conversion of souls, but at universal empire. On the best authority, we all know that it is a resolute and subtle effort, by the agency of a well-ordered priesthood, to bring the nations into subjection to the Vatican.” THAT IS THE TRUTH! Yes! Englishmen! Christian men! professing Protestant people! the “Great Apostacy” has just commissioned her English cardinal to smooth the way for the High Church priesthood to pass over to the Romish region; and then, with a pervert to Rome on the Indian throne, and an English Administration quietly strengthening the hands of the Popish party here, how long will it be ere the chains are fastened upon our present happy liberties?

One more word from the *Freeman*. He assures us that “this country is, and, it might be added, ever has been, Protestant at heart. It is part of our struggle for religious equality and freedom to have NO PEACE WITH ROME. . . . Those who know it not must learn that Nonconformists will not sustain in power any Government that coquettes with the Great Apostacy.”

We have not so much confidence in Nonconformists, especially since they so wickedly worked to send an enemy to our God and to His CHRIST into the nation’s great Legislative Assembly! It is one of the most pitiable sights which England has lately witnessed, to behold the *verificative-representative* of the Inspired Word (“the fool hath said in his heart, There is no God”) sitting down in the seat of power with mental metal enough to turn the brain of many a commoner and make him vote away the religious freedom to gain which many thousands—yea, thousands upon thousands—of our godly forefathers bled, suffered, and died! If our English Nonconformists *were*

“PROTESTANT AT HEART,”

they would arise in one concentrated body and flood the two Houses of Parliament with protests and petitions against putting the millions of our Indian Empire into the hands and under the dominion of one who resigned his Freemason’s presidency “at the mandate of a foreign prince,” whose one aim is to convert Great Britain to the iron sway of the Romish harlot.

Our attention has just been called to Dr. Joseph Wild’s “Future of Israel and Judah” (a volume issued from the press of Robert Banks,

Racquet-court, Fleet-street). While we know next to nothing of the so-called "Identity Question," yet we are bound to acknowledge that Dr. Joseph Wild has been, and is, a keen discerner of the times. He has traversed the Continent with his eyes open. He has witnessed the movement of the immense masses of peoples who are "the enemies of the cross of Christ. He says: "In Paris, a short time ago, as many as 100,000 persons followed one of the revolutionary chiefs to the grave; and in Berlin, when Augustus Heinsch was buried, 10,000 persons were in the procession, and he was buried in a cemetery over whose gate was written 'There is NO HEREAFTER! No meeting again!'"

What is this but the annihilation of Bible, of Gospel, of heaven, of hell, of all that is good, glorious, and of the only hope we have in this world, or in that which is to come? And dare I write such a sentence? Well, I ask a discerning Protestant, Bible-loving people, Has not Northampton said "Amen" to the infidel ignoring of the Almighty God, of the Eternal Son of God, of the blessed Spirit of God, of the Holy Gospel of God, of the living Church of God, a blank denial of eternity and of eternal glories altogether?

Yes, sirs! it is joining hands with Socialists, Nihilists, Communists, and all the other awful "ists" which, like floods of poison, are over-running Europe and the world!

"A STORM IS BREWING," saith Dr. Joseph Wild, "that will burst upon us ere long!" There is no doubt about it. But—

"The Eternity of Israel will not lie!"

The Great Prince which standeth up for His people, will never falsify His promise, nor will He ultimately delegate His power to the nobles of the earth. All we need is grace to enable us to keep Christ's commandments, "to follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness; to fight the good fight of faith, to lay hold upon eternal life; looking for the appearance of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, who, in His time, shall show who is

THE BLESSED AND ONLY POTENTATE,

the King of kings and the Lord of lords; who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto, which no man hath seen, nor can see; to whom be honour and power everlasting." Amen!

"THE ETERNITY OF GOD,"

the immutability of our Royal Shiloh, was to have been considered this month. Our friends will wait for it without anger, seeing it is anniversary time; and, while flying hither and thither, not much quiet time is given at the present to their obedient and grateful servant,

South Hackney, May, 1880.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

THE SOUL'S CRY FOR MERCY. (PSALM CXXX.)

Out of sorrow and of grief,
To Thee, O Lord, I've cried;
Oh! give my waiting soul relief,
Do not Thy mercy hide.
Oh! hear my heart's request,
Oh! heal my broken heart;
I am cast down and sore distress'd,
Some comfort do impart.

North Lon'on.

For Thee, O Lord, I wait,
And shall I wait in vain?
Thou promised never to forsake;
I'll pray yet once again.

I know Thy love is great,
Thy mercy, Oh! how vast;
Oh, teach me, then, dear Lord, to wait,
And trust Thee to the last.

J. S. T.

THE LATE MR. VINALL.

THE COFFIN-PLATE SAID

EBENEZER A. VINALL,

Died May 6, 1880.

AGED 63.

SEPTIMUS SEARS departed! Francis Covell silent! Ebenezer Vinall in the grave! How quickly one after another is called from the Churches where Christ has been preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

“Dust to dust! it mingleth well among the sacred soil.”

After some of the roughest storms that nature can endure, in a succession of horrible fits, the soul of Ebenezer Vinall was called home to his happy rest. The Church in Regent-street, City-road, is again bereft of its pastor.

The following Memoir has been kindly sent us by Mr. Vaughan, of Trinity Chapel, Hackney:—

THE LATE MR. EBENEZER A. VINALL.

“And so He giveth His beloved sleep.”

“OUR friend Lazarus sleepeth,” were the startling yet soothing utterances of our blessed Lord concerning one of His loved ones. There appears a peculiar fitness in the expression relative to our dear brother Vinall, just called from our midst; faithful in the ministry to which the Lord called him; of firm principle, yet quiet, unobtrusive manners. Our departed brother has been removed at a time when, according to our limited views, the Church of Christ could ill spare him, and when, according to years, we might have anticipated a long continuance of useful service; but he is where the Lord hath taken him. The month of April, 1817, was the period of time when our dear friend first entered upon this mortal scene. From a very early period—according to his own statement, at 6 years of age—the Lord began a work of grace in his soul, inducing solemn thoughts relative to eternity and his own condition therein, through hearing Hart’s hymns and Janeway’s token for children. So far as can be gathered, the work was gradual but permanent. Intended for the business of this life, he industriously pursued his calling, till the Lord made it manifest He had other work for him to do. At a similar age to his Lord and Master he entered on the work of the ministry, from the age of 30 till a few months since, when the Lord laid His afflicting hand upon him in the midst of his days and usefulness. Chichester, Lewes, Regent-street chapel, City-road (where he settled November 7th, 1869), and elsewhere, bear testimony that he faithfully fulfilled his course; and now he has entered into rest. His affliction came upon him quite unexpectedly, no premonitory symptoms discovering themselves. In fact, he appeared more than usually strong and happy in his work. A very few days prior to the attack of paralysis of the brain, he had preached at the Surrey Tabernacle. Little did those who drank in the precious truth from his lips imagine it was the last time that he would be permitted to testify

of that Christ who was so precious to his own soul. Only a short time elapsed between his preaching at Trinity, Hackney, when his testimony was unusually well received, for the word was with power. He subsequently remarked, "Brother Vaughan, whenever you want me, I shall always be ready to serve you; I always feel such liberty in your pulpit." Emphasising his remark, "Brother, you have living, praying souls there, and that is a wonderful support to a minister." He was actually engaged in preaching in his own pulpit when his testimony was so mysteriously closed. What can we say? Do we not hear the Divine injunction, "Be still and know that I am God"? Yes, Himself hath done it. A remark made by one who visited him some time since was to the effect, "He is like a happy, contented child." To a dear friend visiting him a few days before his peaceful departure, who had been recently bereaved of his dear partner in life, he observed, after family inquiries, "And you have lost your dear wife. Ah! she is in heaven." Our friend replied, "I trust so." "Trust so!" was our dear brother's rejoinder, "Why I know she is there; I have seen her, for I live in heaven; I only come down occasionally." It has been remarked, "What a happy delusion." Question—Was it a delusion? We think not, it was descriptive of his state. If the apostle of the Gentiles felt uncertain whether he was in or out of the body, one thing he was certain of—he was caught up to the third heavens. Few Christians enter experimentally into the profound and blessed meaning of Eph. ii. 6. It is a great mystery, we readily concede, but no less is it a blessed truth and fact to be experimentally realised by the power of the Holy Ghost, who in sealing us for God, gave us the earnest of our inheritance; thus establishing our claim upon God. Honour to whom honours.

The Society for the Relief of Necessitous Protestant Ministers, their Widows and Orphans, was originated by our departed brother. It first took the form of a harvest thanksgiving collection at Lewes, in the year 1867, the results being distributed among the poorer brethren in the ministry; and though subsequently it assumed its present form, through the Divine blessing it has become a power for good. When an alteration was proposed by our dear departed brother, and unanimously agreed to, that orphans should be recipients of its bounty, our dear brother remarked, "I am thankful for that; now I think my work is done." How little did we think his words were so soon to be verified. There was a singular aptness in the circumstance that our last anniversary was being celebrated in Regent-street chapel, and the only regret felt was the absence of him who had taken such deep interest in its affairs, and when touching and sympathetic reference was made to the departed, little did we think he had entered that sacred presence,—

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Yes, when we were deploring his absence from our meeting, and sympathising with him in his affliction, little did we think that "He was absent from the body, and present with the Lord." "And he was not, for God took him." Yes, he rests from his labours, and his works follow him. The servant may depart, but his work remains. So this Christ-like instruction abides. Its instrumental originator is removed, but the work continues to administer temporal aid and spiritual

sympathy to many a cast down brother in straits and adversity, causing the widow's heart to sing for joy, "which causeth through us thanksgiving to God." The Church of Christ at large has sustained a loss—a faithful preacher of the everlasting Gospel has been taken away. The Church at Regent-street, formerly under the pastoral care of George Abrahams, of blessed memory, is again in a widowed state. Their pastor is taken from them, and they have a special claim upon the sympathy and prayers of the faithful in Christ Jesus, that He would, as Lord and Head of the Church, send them a pastor "after His own heart, to feed them with knowledge and understanding." A fond husband and affectionate parent has been taken, leaving a widow to mourn her loss, and she is bereaved, but not forsaken of her God. Sons and daughters feel, in parting with such a father, their loss is his gain.

Thus our dear brother entered into rest Wednesday, May 5, 1880, aged 63 years. On Tuesday, May 11, all that was mortal was consigned to the silent grave at Abney-park Cemetery, the service being shared by brethren Bradbury, of The Grove, Camberwell; Harbour, of Brighton; Woods, of Chicester; Ashdown and myself delivering an address from Rev. xiv. 13. Many brethren in the ministry, as well as hundreds of believers from various causes of truth, testified, by their attendance and bearing, that a brother highly-esteemed had been taken from our midst.

Our brother's not dead, his life's just begun,
The conflict is o'er, the rest is now won;
His glorified spirit hath enter'd on rest,
And now with His Saviour for aye he is blest.

He is safe in the home of the mansions above,
Enjoying his fill of ineffable love;
He has pass'd through death's portal, and enter'd on life,
To dwell with his Saviour, removed from all strife.

Then dried be all tears, let faith pierce the gloom,
Our brother's now happy, his dust sleeps in the tomb;
Released from all conflict, from sorrow and pain,
While great is our loss, how great is his gain!

The Lord He hath done it, be silent and still,
Till by grace we're enabled to say, 'Tis God's will;
'Tis nature to grieve, and on Him cast the blame,
While faith says, He's taken, and bless'd be His name.

J. VAUGHAN.

Trinity, Hackney.

'Tis a very stony world; but the fire of God can melt stones. What though cold water and hard rock confront God? What though indifference and insensibility oppose Divine love? They cannot conquer it; it can conquer them. The difficulty *is* large; but He who deals with it is mighty, yea, Almighty. "But might we not as well look to a lamp in hope it would begin to burn, as talk to the natural heart in hope it will begin to love divinely?" Our help, our hope, is this—*God has sought us*. The fire of love in Jesus Christ has already "licked up" much of the cold water, and melted much of the hardest rocks. It is to help that Christ came. He brought the love that can kindle love. He gave pledge for the supply of that Spirit whose perfect work He illustrated.

WAITING UPON THE LORD:

“Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him: and He shall bring it to pass.”—Psalm xxxvii. 5.

IT is the highest privilege that a soul can enjoy to be enabled to approach the King of kings and the Lord of lords. Yet how prone we are to neglect the Throne of Grace. The experiences of those who are now in glory are left upon record for our encouragement and comfort. The Psalmist was a man who was deeply tried by trials and adverse circumstances, yet he is the very man whom we hear saying, “The Lord is my Light and my Salvation, whom shall I fear?” His enemies would have rejoiced had his troubles drove him from his God, but instead of this they drove him to his God; and though sometimes drove nearly to his wits’ end, yet not to his faith’s end. His faith was firmly fixed in the Lord, and in His glorious promises, which promises he knew were like God Himself—immutable and unchangeable. And being one that had had trial and sorrow himself, and had also proved the faithfulness and lovingkindness of God amidst them all, and being brought safely through them, he thus spake these words by the Holy Spirit for our encouragement. What can be more consoling to the soul pressed down with the sorrows of the pilgrimage pathway, than to be enabled to commit his way unto the Lord. What can be more encouraging to the Christian that suffers from the malice of a frowning world, and the deceit (it may be) of those in whom they placed confidence as their best friends on earth, than to draw near the Lord who alone is the perfect and unchangeable Friend, to such as are the objects of His everlasting love and choice. Believer, is it not a pleasing duty involved upon you—“Commit thy way unto the Lord”? We must make Him our Guide, and submit ourselves to His Divine guidance, knowing that He is too wise to err and too good to be unkind. Does He bring you into a path of tribulation and sorrow, it is to bring you to His feet. Do earthly friends forsake you, it is that your affections might be drawn out more intensely to Himself, who not only will prove your Friend in the summer of prosperity, but also in the winter of adversity, when all other hopes and expectations shall fail you, and all your earthly comforts be blighted. Fellow-Christian, “commit thy way unto the Lord.” Let us not cumber ourselves with how to overcome our troubles alone, but “cast all our care upon Him, for He careth for us.” Let our care be only in waiting upon Him, and may He grant us more and more grace to serve Him more lovingly and earnestly. He is the inexhaustable fulness; may we receive more of His fulness, and grace for grace.

“Trust also in Him.” We can spread our trouble before the Lord, but how little do we sometimes feel we can trust. We sometimes feel that we cannot leave our troubles with Him, but must overcome them ourselves. This is indeed a sad error into which Christians more or less fall. Our ignorance leads to this, and our unbelief chiefly arises from our ignorance. Thus we mistrust that precious Friend who has promised His children that “as their day so shall their strength be;” and who has said that He will never leave nor forsake His people. Yet in the face of all such glorious truths spoken by Jehovah Himself, how His family doubt his veracity. He that cannot lie hath thus spoken, and His Word shall stand, and not one jot or tittle fail.

“What more can He say than to us He has said?”

The chief fault lies here ; instead of looking to the Lord, we look at our troubles ; and these troubles are oftentimes such great mountains, that the bravest heart would grow timid in itself, but for the Lord ; but the weakest saint with the smallest faith in the Lord shall overcome them (Matthew xvii. 20). Therefore, "commit thy way unto the Lord ; trust also in Him." Take all your troubles, all your trials, all your sorrows, and all your cares to Him ; and trust Him to help you safely through according as He hath promised.

"And He shall bring it to pass." What a glorious promise. How full of encouragement to those who commit their way unto the Lord. He will bring us out of those very troubles we dreaded most, though not in the way we desire, yet in a way that we shall be enabled by grace to acknowledge, notwithstanding all our fears and mistrust, was the right way. What shall He bring to pass ? The honour and glory of His Name and the good of His child. The chastenings of the Lord "yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Let us rejoice in this as an evidence that we belong to the Lord, that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." We must be weaned from earth and the things of time and sense. There is nothing more detrimental to our peace with God than to neglect the Throne of Grace, and to be carnally-minded, which the apostle Paul assures us is death. The Lord grant us all more grace that we may enjoy sweeter and more frequent communion with Himself ; and that we may ever "commit our way unto the Lord ; trust also in Him," knowing that "He shall bring it to pass," whatever He hath purposed concerning us, and will bring us at last to behold Him face to face. Amen.

B. J. NORTHFIELD.

Ipswich.

THE THIRD PART TRIED AND REFINED.

Sermon preached at Charlottes-street Strict Baptist chapel, Birmingham, on Sunday evening, March 28, 1880,

BY OCTAVIUS LLOYD,

touching the death of Matthew Bissell, who had worshipped in that place, and formerly at places of truth in the Black Country—Old Hill and Dudley.

"And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried : they shall call on My name, and I will hear them : I will say, It is My people : and they shall say, The Lord is my God."—Zech. xiii. 9.

I HAVE to speak of the Lord's goodness and mercy to, and dealings with, a departed saint whom He has so recently called away from worshipping here with us to that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Our dear brother was truly a man of God, one whom I have known for many years. We have walked together and talked together of the good things of the kingdom, as well as read the Word together, prayed together, and sung together, both at home and in the sanctuary, as citizens of the better country. Our heart's desire and prayer is to be

so actuated by the good unerring Spirit of God, that we may say none other things than those which may be to the glory of God, to the profit of our souls, and to the mutual well being of those who mourn the loss of the departed. Far be it from us to extol the creature or to put honour upon creature merit or doings, for what had he in common with ourselves that he had not received? "For by the grace of God we are what we are;" wherefore we desire to feel for him and for ourselves what the Psalmist felt when he said, "Not unto us, not unto us; but unto Thy name give glory for Thy mercy and Thy truth's sake."

The words I have selected for my text are those to which he gave utterance shortly before he departed, saying how sweetly they had come to his mind, and when he came to the words, "and will refine them as silver is refined," his wife interrupted him by saying, "Not silver, Matthew, but gold." "No," said he, "silver first, and will try them as gold is tried."

Now, friends, we have God the Holy Ghost here speaking by the prophet, "I will bring the third part through the fire." What are we to understand by the third part? Let us go to verse 7 of the chapter in which the text is found, "Awake, O sword, against My Shepherd, and against the Man that is My Fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered: and I will turn Mine hand upon the little ones." In Matt. xviii., 10th and 14th verses, our Lord Himself speaks of the same little ones, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Hear the words also of the same great Teacher as contained in Luke xii. 32, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Paul speaking (Romans xi. 5), "Even so then at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace." This third part is a remnant left of the bulk of mankind. You all know what a remnant is. Speaking after the manner of men, it is that which is left or remains; so the third part is God's remnant, called "the elect," "the redeemed," "the chosen of God," "His flock," "His jewels," "the excellent of the earth in whom is all His delight."

Our brother, then, we are fully persuaded, formed a part of this blood-bought people whom God hath set apart for Himself and formed for His praise. They are gathered from East, West, North, and South, out of every kindred, tongue, and nation. The Word declares they shall all be taught of the Lord, they are all to be brought back from their wanderings, for it is the will of their Father that they should be called, sought out. The dear Saviour, too, said, "Father, I will that all they whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory, for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world." And I do believe that brother Bissell is with Christ his Lord which is far better.

Speaking of the stature of the deceased, he was by no means a little one, for he was a tall, powerful man; nevertheless, in a spiritual sense, the Lord had been pleased to number him with these little ones which formed the third part spoken of in the text, all of whom have, in a greater or lesser degree, to pass through the fire. But before noticing the fire and the experience of our late dear brother in connection therewith, let us proceed to consider a little what Jehovah saith they

shall do. "They shall call on My name." What is the name of God? Why, it is the embodiment of all that God is, and all that He has to confer on His Church and people. In speaking to Moses God said, "I Am that I Am;" which implies that we have in this name that which is definite, decreed, settled, fixed, and must endure for ever. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." The Psalmist also sets forth the same name as a "Rock," "Fortress," "Deliverer," "Strength," "Buckler," "Horn of my salvation," and "my High Tower," by which we see that this precious name contains all that the Church shall require through all her warfare and conflict down to the end of time. Then again, this name is as ointment poured forth, as when in the ministry it is opened up under the anointings of the Holy Ghost. Its sweet fragrance fills the soul that she sometimes sings,—

<p>"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear; [wounds, It soothes his sorrows, heals his And drives away his fear.</p>	<p>"It makes the wounded spirit whole, It calms the troubled breast: 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest."</p>
--	---

So our dear brother has found it, for he has often gone from this place, to use his own words, "like a giant refreshed with new wine." The same when sitting under the Word in the Black Country, when we have tried to set forth the dear name of Jesus, God has many times greatly refreshed his soul, and I have seen tears run down his face as I have repeated the words—

<p>"There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.</p> <p>"It tells me of the Saviour's love Who died to set me free; It tells me of His precious blood, The sinner's perfect plea.</p>	<p>"This name shall shed its fragrance still Along the thorny road, Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill That leads me up to God.</p> <p>"And there, with all the blood-bought From sin and sorrow free. {through. I'll sing the new eternal song Of Jesus' love to me."</p>
---	--

So this name with its sweet fragrance perfumes our prayers, praises, and thanksgivings, that they ascend to our Father through the morning and evening sacrifice. Thus our dear departed friend knew what it was to wait upon his God, to call on His name, for he used to say, "There is none other name under heaven whereby we must be saved." God hath given to His Son a name which is above every name, "That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and that every tongue should confess that He is the Lord, to the glory of God the Father; and His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save the people from their sins." "They shall call upon My name and I will hear them." God, though He hears, does not always answer the prayers of His people when they could wish. So our friend and brother found, for he cried to the Lord again and again, thinking the answer would speedily come; but he found he had to wait the Lord's time, which he afterwards believed to be the best and the right time, and, brethren, is it not the same with ourselves? "The vision is for an appointed time, at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, for it will surely come to pass, and will not tarry"—that is, beyond the set time of our all-wise God, though it may be beyond the time we had fixed in our own imaginatiou and expectation. Our gracious Lord never comes too late with His interpositions and helps, and is always timely, positive, and punctual in

coming to our rescue. This our friend realised from time to time, and the still small voice was heard in his soul saying, "It is My people or My child," then he could exclaim, "The Lord is my God."

"I will bring the third part through the fire." The three Hebrew children were cast into a literal furnace, in which they lost nothing but their bands; so the Lord's children in the furnace of affliction and trouble lose nothing but their dross in the end; they are refined as silver is refined, it is melted that the dross may be removed. Christ's people are humbled and melted down in the fire that the dross of selfishness, conceit, and pride may be consumed.

What is dross? Why, sin, which manifests itself in so many forms, such as going down into Egypt for help, choosing our own way, murmuring at the way and will of our God, revolting and kicking at His dealings with us, implying thereby, as did the children of Israel, that we know better than our kind, unerring Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, and who leads His people by a right way that they may go to a city of habitation. We should know but little of the promises, the strength of the Divine arm, the deliverances God doth work, and how mighty He is to save, if we were not tried in the fire as gold. Temporal trials are often very painful, a long experience of which our deceased friend and brother had before he departed this life, and in which friends can sometimes help or relieve us. The last time I was with him he said, "I believe all things are working for my good, and that God is teaching me the vanity of everything out of a precious Christ."

"Were I in heaven without my God,
It were no heaven to me;
And while this earth is mine abode,
I long for none but Thee."

The Lord sometimes removes earthly props, dries up human fountains, takes away creature supports, shuts up the bowels of compassion in earthly friends, that His people may learn to trust Him with all their heart, so as not to lean unto their own understanding. Thus our friend was trained in the school of Christ, and when in soul trouble he waited only upon God. Ah! none can help here but the mighty God of Jacob. When the messengers came in thick, one upon another, with intelligence to Job of his many temporal trials and losses, he could say, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord;" but when he was put in the hottest furnace of all, he cried out with bitterness of soul, "Behold, He breaketh down, and it cannot be built again: He shutteth up a man, and there can be no opening" (chap. xii 14). And also in chap. xix. 9, 10:—"He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone; and mine hope hath He removed like a tree." Of this, brother Bissell knew something, though when first brought to God to know himself as a sinner, he had a glorious deliverance, could sing, and praise and bless the Lord, feeling it would be the same all the way, and unless it should not, he cried like Simeon of old, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." However, in after date he got into such a low place as to say with Job, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat: I would order my cause before Him,

and fill my mouth with arguments; but He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

So it was: he went into the fire with the golden grace of God, with the root of the matter in him, with the faith of God's elect, and came out with the same; and so did our deceased brother. He did not pass into the trial as silver and come out brass, nor did he go into the furnace as gold and come out some other metal. Gold is a precious thing, and is not thrown into the streets, nor cast away with the rubbish, but is taken care of, put into the chest and locked safely up. So God's people are very choice. They are His treasure, His jewels. Hence Peter said: "That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold which perisheth, though it be tried by fire, might be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." And our dear brother now realises the fulness of the last line of the verse he so often sang,—

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

As also the words :—

"This world's a vain and empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?"

Oh! that the dispensations might be blessed to the survivors and to those of his family who are still in darkness and in the shadow of death, and that it may be ours to die the death of the righteous, and that our last end may be like his.

"Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before Thy face.
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace."

MR. DANIEL ALLEN'S SECOND LETTER ON PREACHING TO SINNERS.

"JEHOVAH speaks :—*Seek YE MY FACE!*
My soul admires the wondrous grace.
I'll seek Thy Face!—Thy SPIRIT give!
O! let me see Thy Face, and live!"

[WHILE we believe the only *true* preaching is that which the ETERNAL SPIRIT inspires the soul of the minister with, that which the LORD Himself speaketh *through* the man; while we believe every God-sent minister is formed, furnished, fed, and filled by the Divine Anointer, and *must* preach the preaching God bids him; still the subject introduced by our brother Daniel Allen is worthy of serious consideration.—ED.]

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Love, mercy, and peace be unto you and your readers from Him.

In my last I endeavoured to set forth which was, and which was not, the Scriptural way for ministers to preach the Word of God to sinners. By your kind permission, I will in these few pages shew in what light

this subject has been viewed by some of our forefathers in the faith in England. This unholy attempt to bargain with men for Jesus Christ, offering Him to men upon terms, began with the monk-like proceedings of James Van Arminian, soon after the glorious Reformation. As the monks sold out pardon and indulgences upon terms, so these new Arminian preachers came forth, not to proclaim Christ as the apostles did, but to offer Him upon terms as Rome had long done before. These new Protestant monks blasphemously assumed the Divine rights, and prerogatives of the Holy Ghost, pretending to have power to minister Christ, dispose of Christ, upon terms to their hearers. From that day, Rome re-entered England, and by this means she has multiplied her hosts in our land. And until our professedly Protestant monks shall, by God, be made to cease to dispose of Christ upon terms, and shall be constrained to proclaim salvation from the Lord for wretched dying men, Rome will yet increase and fill the land.

Some of our English writers saw this a century ago. The following testimony was collected and reproduced in 1820, by Joseph Brown, at page 11, in his work called "The Marrow of Ancient Divinity."

"THE APOSTLES WITNESS FOR GOD.

"Many preachers have considered themselves a kind of factors, or rather ambassadors, for God, commissioned and empowered by Him to make offers of Christ and all His benefits unto men, upon certain terms, and to assure them of the benefits on their complying with the terms. Accordingly they have not been negligent in setting the dignity of their character in this view, and they have plumed themselves not a little upon the offer they had to make, frequently repeating this their offer with great parade. But any one who reads the New Testament with tolerable attention, may see that there is as little foundation for any such offer as there is for bestowing the title of God's ambassador on any man since the days of the apostles. The apostles were witnesses for God concerning Jesus of Nazareth; they laid before men the infallible proofs, arising from their own knowledge and from the Old Testament, shewing that Jesus is the Christ. The effect of this was, that some believed and consorted with the apostles, and some disbelieved and opposed them. The apostles then proclaimed a truth openly in the hearing of all men. And if it be still pleaded that they made offers, we shall very willingly say that they offered evidence for all that they testified: yea, that they not only offered, but freely produced it, let men make what use of it they would. They were witnesses of God to men, but they never bargained for God with men, however much some Scriptural metaphors have been strained to that purpose. They never taught men to put forth any act, or to make one step of advance towards God, on the prospect that God would condescend and come down the rest of the infinite distance to meet them. This was neither suitable to their office nor to the honour of that God whose character they drew. As to ordinary teachers, or ministers of the Gospel, it is well if they be able to declare the simple truth, as contained in the writings of the apostles, and maintain it in opposition to every lie that men would endeavour to mix with it, in order to undermine it. This will procure honour enough to them in the minds of them who love the truth; and such teachers will be far from assuming an air of importance over others—as if they had anything to offer to them more than the meanest lover of the truth has—who will be ready, as occasion requires, to offer any man an account of the evidence by which he himself is convinced of the truth."

This, then, dear brother, was the way in which wise men of God met the professedly Protestant monks when they first visited England to barter away the Lord Jesus upon certain terms to their hearers. This new method of preaching the Gospel to sinners, as they called it, was far from bearing resemblance to the Apostolic preaching, and it seemed to differ from the pardon-selling of Rome; yet it made its appeal to the same principles in fallen humanity as Rome had done before; therefore it soon flourished and filled the land, and is fast lead-

ing our nation back to the harlot of Babylon. Rome's terms were money. The terms of these preachers are the exercise of human powers, which Luther called "*The Pope in every man's belly.*" The bargaining with God, or for God, is the same, only one gives his money, the other his free-will.

This unscriptural way of addressing sinners came under the consideration of Mr. Thomas Gurney, in 1745, when he was shorthand writer to the House of Lords, and well-known to the religious world as a godly man, with great attainments in Divine knowledge. About this year, 1745, a Church in Warwickshire wrote to the Board of Baptist Ministers in London, requesting their assistance in helping them to a minister. They answered, "*We cannot help you to one these twelve months.*" Mr. Gurney wrote them to tell them that they should have wrote :—" *If it should please God to raise up an able minister, we will let you know of him, and him of you.*" This led him to go and hear one of these man-made and man-sent young ministers, which so disgusted his common sense and grieved his soul, that he went home and wrote a long satire upon the horrible farce now generally called *the Gospel*. He called the young man "Don." "Young Spoiltext, made a very able minister of a *very* new Testament, by the Rev. and learned Dr. Know-little, Dr. Grimace, Dr. Strut, and Dr. Reader, heads of the Academy." He says that he—

"Went to the place where saints assembling meet ;
Before the pulpit soon I took my seat ;
When lo, our Don, with slow and solemn pace,
Advanc'd towards that high—not holy place.

"He read the following as his ground to go on,
' *Now we are ambassadors,*' and so on ;
And laboured hard to prove (if that could be)
Himself included in the pronoun *we* ;

"Whereas I saw and pitied his condition,
He came with tutor's, not with Christ's commission."

Mr. Gurney having left the meeting-house, walked behind an aged man and his wife, whom he calls "*Pious*" and "*Finic*," whose conversation in substance was as follows (*Pious* is continued in us, *Finic* in our opponents) :—

"*PIOUS*.—To speak my mind, I think (now do not grumble)
Never was text so marr'd, nor such a jumble
Of incoherent and romantic stuff,
Delivered to a people—sure enough,
From the beginning down to the conclusion,
The whole was mystery, chaos, and confusion.

"*FINIC*.—Never was text so marr'd, I think you said ;
This I impute to th' weakness of your head ;
And should you clamour till your lungs were hoarse,
I say, it was a heavenly, sweet discourse.
He shew'd, you know, soon after he began,
How God is reconcilable to man :
How He delights to see us all do well,
And fain would save us, *if we would*, from hell.

"*PIOUS*.—You said, ' He shew'd, soon after he began,
How God is reconcilable to man.'
To talk at this rate, sure was very idle ;
That word's not in the text, nor in the Bible.
How dex'trous he, who could, then, in a minute,
Show that from Scripture which was never in it.

God's reconcilable to man's a whim.
 Found only with such novices as him :
 Nor does the apostle say (for that were odd)
 God's reconciled to man—but man to God :
 And in the verse before the text doth shew
 That God in Christ's the Reconciler too.
 Now, do you, can you, really think, my dear,
 Don understood the apostle's meaning here ?

“FIXIC.—Though the word reconcilable is not
 Found in the text or in the Bible, sot.
 What matters that ? in his and my account
 There certainly are others tantamount.
 If so, you might have spared your shrewd remark
 On his dexterity, and show'd some spark
 Of candour—if indeed your captive breast
 Could harbour such an amiable guest.

“PIOUS.—’Twas well you said, ‘*If so,*’ for ’tis not true,
 Nor can this youth, nor his admirer shew
 One sentence tantamount to that vague word
 In all the Scriptures—no, the Spirit's sword
 Held up, although but in a feeble hand,
 Puts Balaam's ass and Balaam to a stand.”

Thus, my dear brother, you and your readers can see that these questions of “*the unscriptural*” and “*the scriptural*” ways of preaching to sinners, were much perplexing great, godly, and wise men a hundred and forty years ago, as well as now.

You can see that man-made, mere boy-ministers, were the advocates of the present general way of addressing sinners from the pulpits of the day ; and that silly women were the pew recipients of such God-dishonouring, Christ-degrading, and Holy Ghost-denying nonsense relative to a poor sinner's salvation. You will see, too, that the wise, noble, and well-instructed of God were disgusted with this unscriptural trash, and entered their unmistakable protest against it. I thank you for repeating the same.

I do most prayerfully hope that this our humble effort to set this subject before our brethren in the ministry in the light of God's most holy Word, will so far have the Lord's approval and approbation, that He may empower us by His Spirit to renounce and denounce all error, and proclaim mercy, pardon, and peace, to those who stand guilty before Him. Let us remember, that to the feelingly guilty the Gospel sounds with an inviting voice. This is its blessed sum and substance :—

“Come, then, repenting sinner, come ;
 Approach with humble faith :
 Owe what thou wilt, the total sum
 Is cancell'd by His death.

“His blood can cleanse the blackest soul,
 And wash our guilt away ;
 He will present us sound and whole
 In that tremendous day.”

Brother, proclaim it—God Himself will bless it. In much affection
 I remain your's in this most blessed truth,

DANIEL ALLEN, *Pastor*.

Sydney. February 10. 1880.

THE STANDARD OF THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL
LIFTED UP.

AFTER four services on May 9, in this year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty, I sat me down in a sorrowful mood, for, during the whole of the four services, I had neither heard the voice, nor realised the presence, of the all-glorious MASTER. It was a day of toil—not left to break down, nor to soul-feeling was I lifted up; hence I retired to rest with a spirit much depressed. There is no pleasure, there is no internal feeling of freedom in preaching, if the Lord is not “*as the dew*” unto my soul. I would not wish to preach if now and then there was not “an anointing with fresh oil:” if the chariots of Amminadab did not, again and again, take me up out of self, and away from all that the earth calls good and great. That Sunday night I could not rest very well, but as I reflected upon what appeared so distressing, those words came again rolling over my soul: “*The STRENGTH of ISRAEL will not lie.*”

In the threefold rendering of that text, I had a glance again of the glorious Trinity in unity in the ever-blessed and ever-adorable GOD-HEAD, and I was favoured with precious thoughts upon the words which were referred to last month. In that Scripture (1 Sam. xv. 29) there is the threefold bond of the covenant, called,

“THE BUNDLE OF LIFE,”

in which the whole Church of Christ is bound up with Himself for ever. The first rendering of that text is expressive of the promises which GOD the FATHER hath spoken concerning His Son; hence it reads: “The ETERNITY of Israel will not lie.” Then the promises which our LORD JESUS CHRIST hath spoken to His people, are referred to in the second rendering, where CHRIST is called

“THE VICTORY OF ISRAEL”—

each and every one of which promises are Yea and Amen in Him. And (lastly) as it is the work of the blessed Spirit to apply those promises unto the Lord’s people, and by His grace to preserve them, the HOLY GHOST is named, “THE STRENGTH OF ISRAEL;” and He will never falsify the promises which the great Redeemer spake of this efficient COMFORTER before He left His disciples on the earth.

Oh! could we express, unfold, and read out all these promises, and, from the experience we have had of some, gather up strong confidence as regards those yet to be verified, surely we should have our loins well girt up for the end of the warfare in which we have been so long engaged.

Of the EXISTENCE of GOD as the ETERNITY of Israel, and of all the revealed attributes concentrated in FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, we wish to bear witness, because “the fool” is still saying, in his heart. “There is no God.” And it is a serious question, if the Churches of Christ in these days are led sufficiently into the prayerful study of the THREE-ONE JEHOVAH. We thirst to have a closer, holier, and more abiding knowledge of

“THE TRUE GOD AND ETERNAL LIFE.”

I know it would be easy to shew that the grand old Gospel principles

which we contend for were the only sources of God-given consolation which thousands of our fathers realised when

“On Jordan’s stormy banks they stood.”

Here is a strong bit of the old Gospel of God’s mercy:—“The judicious Hooker,” says Dr. Charles Bullock in his *Hand and Heart*, “writes:—‘Let it be counted folly, or frenzy, or fury, whatsoever, it is our comfort and our wisdom; we care for no knowledge in the world but this—that man hath sinned and God hath suffered: that God hath made Himself the sin of man, and that men are made the righteousness of God.’ ‘I have taken much pains,’ said the learned Selden, ‘to know everything that was esteemed worth knowing among men; but with all my reading, nothing now remains with me to comfort me at the close of life but this passage of St. Paul: “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” To this I cleave, and herein I rest.’ ‘When I go to appear before God,’ said the distinguished physician and philosopher, Sir James Simpson, ‘I’ll just hold up Christ to Him.’ ‘The atonement of Christ, His perfect righteousness, and salvation through His blood,’ said the devoted pastor, William B. Mackenzie, during his last illness, ‘are the truths which are now my hope, my comfort, my stay. I believe that God’s righteousness is mine, and that Christ’s atonement is my perfect satisfaction for sin; and God’s indwelling Holy Spirit is my support and my life now. In this faith I have lived; and in this faith I die. I have nothing else, and *I want no more*. My faith is firm as a rock. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.’ And one other testimony: ‘The only thing I want,’ said a dying bishop of our Church—Bishop Hamilton, of Salisbury—‘is to place *my whole confidence more and more perfectly in the precious blood!*’”

PULPIT PRESCRIPTIONS.

THE MINISTER’S MISTAKE—FIGHTING OTHERS, NOT HIMSELF.

“**H**OW strange it is! such a bold, eloquent minister has not a Church full of people.” So said a gentleman in an omnibus to his companion. “Not strange at all, sir. He is perpetually railing against other people who never come to hear him; those who do come are weary with the word-wounding of others, and stay away. Tell ye what it is, sir; there is too much condemning others, and not enough of conquering ourselves.” Pretty little Watkinson, of Bolton, said the other day (he was talking about the heavenly flock being all, through Divine grace, *conquerors*—they overcame through the blood of the Lamb, and) he cried out:—

“Ah! my brethren, there is a great deal of sentimentalism talked about going to heaven. Do not mistake, if we are to have a place there we must fight here. Some people now-a-days tell us that heaven will be the home of all men. Some time ago I was in a town where there was a bill announcing that some Solomon or other was coming to that town to prove that heaven would be the final home of all of them.

They told me the audience was made up of about a dozen people. Mind, the common sense of the world is against such folly, and however people might wish to have their sins here and the joy of Paradise hereafter, their common sense does not permit such sophistries. Oh, no! the joy of the future is the joy of conquest. That joy is the overture to the everlasting Psalm. Ah, no! we are not going to get heaven without fighting. Heaven, the home of all men! Why, from the beginning men never expected to get heaven without fighting. The Scandinavians expected Valhalla through battle; the Moslems expect Paradise through the lance and the sword; the Crusader expected the heavenly Jerusalem through capturing the earthly Jerusalem. They were quite right, only they mistook the kind of fighting; they fought other people instead of fighting *themselves*. There is a battle for us all—a battle every day that we live, with the wickedness that is in us and about us. The coward cannot sit down with the conqueror, and if you cannot fight FOR CHRIST to-day, you cannot reign with Christ to-morrow. You all know the story of the battle of Waterloo—the eve of the battle of Waterloo—about that great glittering ball. You remember how the story goes, that the officers were there in fashion and merriment: eyes flashed, brows were decked with blooms, the music pealed, and, as the poet says, ‘All went merry as a marriage bell;’ and then came the signal that the battle was at the door, and one gay soldier after another departed, until, in a short time, the music was hushed, the lights were quenched, and the glittering ball had given place to the bloody battle. Now, what should you have said if, when the trumpet sounded, those soldiers had remained in the ballroom? Another dance, another song! You would have had no titles for them, no stars, no renown. Let me remind you, another trumpet peals—the trumpet of God—calling you to battle with world, and flesh, and devil. What shall be said of you if you decline that battle? Everlasting infamy!”

When we cease, in private and in public, to curse others, and when we set in earnest, by God’s mighty Spirit, to conquer our follies, our jealousies and our enmities, we shall be more likely to win; yes, boys, we shall.

LET me call your attention to this fact, that if you find a sceptic or an infidel that knows nothing about the Bible, he will have no trust whatever in God. Why? Because he is a stranger to God. He don’t know anything about God. But you show me a man or woman that has been trying the promises of God, that has been living with the Lord for fifty years, and you will find a man or woman with great faith in God. Why? Because they have tested Him. They have tried Him in trouble; they have tried Him in affliction; they have tried Him in prosperity; they have tried Him at all times, and they have found Him to be true to His word. [That is true.—ED.]

WHAT IS "THE" RANSOM?

JOB XXXIII. 24.

In this case it is something sufficient to deliver a soul from death, and is exactly parallel to the case mentioned (Psa. cxvi. 3, 8). A ransom is either a price paid to set a captive at liberty (see Matt. xx. 28), where the price is Christ's life, or it is a person who gives himself for others (1 Tim. ii. 6). So Christ is both—the Ransomer and the Ransom. Ransom is synonymous with

R REDEMPTION (Psa. xlix. 7).

"None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him" (and in Isa. xxxv. 9, 10). "The redemption of the soul is precious" (Psa. xlix. 8).

(a) *By price* (1 Pet. i. 18, 19). "*The precious blood of Christ*" (Acts xx. 28). The Church of God purchased by His own blood.

(b) *By power* (Jer. xxxi. 11). "The Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand of him that was stronger than he" (see also Psa. cvii. 2; Isa. xlix. 24).

This marvellously alters the state of a man: "His flesh shall be fresher than a child's." Reader, ponder over this! Has it been said in respect to you: "Deliver him from going down?" &c. Do not lightly esteem this Ransom. Consider Job xxxvi. 18.

A ATONEMENT—"Sin-offering" (Ezek. xlv. 27).

Propitiation for sin (1 John ii. 2, iv. 10). By which offering "sin is covered" (Psa. xxxii. 1). Sin is expiated, or "purged" (Heb. i. 3). And reconciliation effected by intercession (Isa. liii. 12); satisfaction made (Heb. ii. 17); and perfection ensured (John xvii. 22, 23; and so Rom. v. 11). This atonement is the *antitype* of all the rites in Lev. xvi. Compare ver. 15, 16 with Heb. ix. 11, 14; and ver. 27 with Heb. xiii. 10, 12.

N NEAR KINSMAN (Ruth iv. 4, 6).

In the matter of salvation, Jesus is the brother "born for adversity" (Prov. xvii. 17); Jesus has the "right of redemption" (Jer. xxxii. 7); Jesus has an interest in the lapsed inheritance; Jesus is the Goël, or avenging kinsman (Job. xix. 25); Head of the family whose honour He has to maintain; 'Tis His to avenge its cause (Isa. lxiii. 1—7, and lix. 16, 21).

S SUBSTITUTION.

"It pleased the Lord to bruise Him" (Isa. liii.) "God commendeth His love towards" (Rom. v. 8). So St. Paul was ransomed: "He loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). And this ransom as it is ONE so it was.

O ONCE, and only once, paid (Heb. x. 10, 14).

This truth is frequently repeated in this epistle, as if to settle the question for ever, as vii. 27, ix. 12, 26, 28, &c.

M MESSIAH (Psa. lxxxix. 20).

"I have found David My servant; with My holy oil have I anointed him." So He is the

M *Mediator* (Job ix. 33; Heb. xii. 24).

E *Emmanuel* (Matt. i. 23).

S *Son of God* (Luke i. 35).

S *Son of man* (Luke xxii. 48).

I *Incarnate Jehovah* (John i. 14; 1 Tim. iii. 16).

A *Adam*, the last or second (1 Cor. xv. 45, 49; Rom. v. 19).

H *Husband* of His chosen bride, who gave Himself a ransom for her (Eph. v. 25, 27).

"Ever since by faith I saw the stream
Thy bleeding wounds supply,
REDEMPTIVE love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

“BY WHOM WAS CHRIST RAISED FROM THE DEAD?” *Christ is Risen* is the title of a sermon by Rev. J. Battersby, wherein the doctrine of the resurrection is Scripturally, plainly, and experimentally set out. It is the top stone of the building of mercy.

All the bells in heaven will ring,
All the saints of God will sing,

when, from the dust, the saved just shall rise to light for ever. Could we realise the second coming of our Lord more powerfully, could we anticipate our perfected likeness unto Him more believingly, surely we should more cheerfully rejoice in the hope of the glory of God! We could, grace keeping, dilate on this splendid prospect, but we wish to give Mr. Battersby's answer to the question which heads this notice. He says:—

“But by WHOM was Christ raised from the dead? The answer to this question is threefold. ‘Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father.’ Christ raised Himself also by His own Divine energy. Hear His own words: ‘Therefore doth My Father love Me, because I lay down My life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of My Father.’ Jehovah-Jesus was ‘put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.’ I see no reason why we should not understand this of the Divine Spirit as co-operating with the Father and the Son in the resurrection of Jesus. The words of St. Paul are very express upon this point: ‘But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you.’ I know that some interpret this verse as referring to the quickening of the saint by the Spirit from time to time here on earth. I cannot limit it to any such meaning. The body of Jesus was raised from the dead by the Trinity, and the same Trinity will raise the whole body—the Church—in the resurrection morning. We are told that Jesus showed Himself alive after His passion by *many infallible proofs*, being seen of the apostles whom He had chosen forty days, and speaking to them of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. What would you consider an *infallible proof*? Suppose an old friend had been absent from you for some time and he returned to you. Now, if he

were to tell you who he was, if he talked to you about things which had happened in years past and with which you were both well acquainted, if he showed you certain marks upon his body which you knew he had when he went away, and if he gave you every opportunity of examining him as to whether he was the very person he declared himself to be, do you not think that this would amount to an *infallible proof* that your old friend had visited you again? I am sure you would have no doubt about it. Our Lord showed Himself to His disciples after His passion by *many infallible proofs*. He ate and drank with some of them. He talked and walked with others, and made their hearts to burn within them. ‘He was known of them in breaking of bread.’ To those who were terrified and affrighted He said, ‘Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself: handle Me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see Me have. And when He had thus spoken, He showed them His hands and His feet. And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered. He said unto them, Have ye here any meat? And they gave Him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. And He took it, and did eat before them.’ Our Lord showed Himself to His disciples as an old Friend. He told them before His death that He would see them again. ‘And ye now, therefore, have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.’ He kept His word. He is faithful and true to all His promises.” The sermon is published by Fisher & Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street; and by F. Davis, Chapter-house-court. It is a blessed pennyworth.

The Apostles of our Lord. By ALEX. MACLEOD SYMINGTON. LONDON: Hodder & Stoughton. In our contemplated papers on “The Seven Sections of the Baptist Churches,” we may walk a little in the fields of apostolic lore which the devout and tender, the learned and loving, spirit of Mr. Symington has here so delicately mapped out for the edification of all who delight to review the paths in which our most holy Master travelled, the works He did, the companions He chose, and the lessons He taught them. Our author in this volume draws the life-likenesses of fourteen apostles. In these pen-and-ink pictures of apostolic times, we see some of the same features as may be discovered in the Christ-ordained ministers of the past or of the

present times. What are these features? 1. An indescribable diversity of character, of experience, and of action. 2. Imperfectness and weakness in each and all of some kind or other. 3. But one object to be attained, which is expressed in the charge given to them by Jesus Himself, wherein He said, "And as ye go, preach; saying, The kingdom of heaven (in and by the Son of God) is at hand: heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils. Freely ye have received, freely give." The same commission is still in existence and exercise, as we hope to shew.

Life and Light, Mr. R. E. Sears's monthly, is true to its title. Here is the spirit of that cheerful little voice which comes forth from the pastor of the Foots-cray Baptist Church:—

"Consider the lilies of the field."—Matt. vi. 28.
 "Flowers, bright flowers! Oh, this world of ours
 Is passing rich with its wealth of flowers!
 And 'tis sweet to think, if a Father's care
 Makes our place of sojourn here so fair,
 What beauty must rest on everything
 In our lasting home of eternal spring."

The Monthly Record (R. Steele, 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street) is full of fire and flame upon Mr. C. H. Spurgeon and Mr. Gladstone. We are truly alarmed at the boldness of writers and speakers on both sides. But when we review the doings of Oliver Cromwell, and then stand by his side when death was putting an end to his earthly career, we are dumb. *The Friendly Companion* says of the death of Cromwell:—"A wild and terrible storm was beating upon the house in which this great man was breathing out his life. The wind howled, houses had their roofs blown off, chimneys were blown down, and massive trees were uprooted by the violent fury of the storm. But peace reigned in Cromwell's soul. Listen to the dying man: 'I would be willing to live, to be further serviceable to God and His people; but my work is done.' How he longed for the prosperity of the Church of God! 'Lord, though I am a miserable, wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee, through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them good, and to do Thee service. Lord, however Thou dost dispose of me, continue to go on and do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and make the name of Christ glorious in the earth.' So died Cromwell. Dear reader, you also will die." Is there another Cromwell in the nation now? We fear not. To drive back the Popish black flood spread-

ing through our beloved country we require an army of powerful, of praying, of preaching, of persevering Bible Protestants, who, with the shield of faith and the burning love of Christ, headed by a champion of God's ordaining, would dare to face Popes of every size, priests of every shape, false teachers of every class, and fearlessly expose the awful delusions of the day. But the little-truthful people box themselves up in their snug corners, crying, "Peace! peace!" and "Oh, how happy we are!" while hundreds of thousands perish around them; and none (but the Jesuits) are zealously working to warn the people of our danger. See the following from the *Eastern Post*:—

"AND ALL THE PEOPLE SAID 'AMEN!'"

"On Sunday last, by direction of a pastoral from Cardinal Manning, special prayers were offered in the various Roman Catholic churches for the conversion of England to THE TRUE FAITH. To this we say 'Amen,' and so, we imagine, will every intelligent biped, from the great Archbishop of Canterbury down to Mr. Bradlaugh."

Ah! but what Manning means by "THE TRUE FAITH," and what the Bible reveals as "THE TRUE FAITH," are as far asunder as the poles. Let "the Cardinal," as he is called, get England converted to his rule and reign of the true faith, and where will be our civil and religious liberties then? *Where will they be?* They will be taken from us, and no mistake. While our Churches and their ministers are building up their petty walls of small distinctions, and of ignorant and cruel divisions, the enemy is concentrating his forces, concocting his schemes, hoping presently to burst upon us with such explosives as will surely enough arouse us! But it WILL BE TOO LATE. In the sight of our Sovereign Lord and only Potentate, we believe there is no difference seen between Romanism and Arminianism. The three wide-spreading armies now gathering against the Eternal Truth of God are Romanism, Arminianism, and Secularism. Under one of these gigantic anti-Christians nearly the whole nation is enlisted.

WHERE TO FIND THE PALACES AND THE GOSPEL-PROFESSING HOUSES IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS. David tells us that "God is known in His palaces for a Refuge." But the people ask, "WHERE CAN WE FIND THEM?" A new edition of *The A B C Church and Chapel Directory*, for 1880, is just published by R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-st., and for 3d. we know of no publication to equal it.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A NEW PLATFORM OF MINISTERIAL VARIETIES.

Our West-end Strict Baptist Churches have recently been moving on in harmony with the spirit of the age; something more than "the dream of ambition" has been visible. The Hill-street "Mount Zion," under the highly-gifted ministry of Mr. G. W. Shepherd, has been beautifully modernised; the sombre has been enlightened, and the whole scene has become cheerful, comfortable, and complete. Shouldham-street, with Mr. Carpenter, is like Carmel and Bashan, where some hundreds of the happy ones in Christ meet to worship the Lord, and are well satisfied. Here, on May 6, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn delivered a discourse on behalf of the Jews, when a liberal collection was rendered. Gower-street has been elegantly renovated and replenished, and her re-opening services were seasons of joy and thankfulness. "Bethesda" chapel, Kensington-place, near Notting-hill-gate, has thrown off her sack-cloth, and is now robed in substantial newness, shining with stars brightly, revealing the neat work of the clever architect and the honourable artisans' handicraft of every grade. May 9 and 11 were the days when this Kensington Bethesda threw open wide her doors and welcomed the followers of the Lord to come and celebrate His praise. As we entered into this sacred tabernacle we read again, "Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." The old pulpit had made its final bow, and left the scene. Poor dear! Could she only write a review of the many weighty worthies she had entertained, could she furnish a record of the words they had uttered while closeted within the walls of her lofty chamber, what marvels she would surprise us with. As I think of many I have known who ascended her stupendous height, and there loudly spoke of things diverse, I am tempted to memorialise them; but not now. Instead of the grave old pulpit we find a large handsome platform, and on its base is to be seen—on their "Recognition" service—a variety of the brethren who, principally, are the back-bone of the Metropolitan Strict Baptist Association.

The first who had the honour to lead on the opening service was the gentlemanly and the genial secretary, Mr. John Box. We are commanded not to judge of things by their events, neither of character by Providence; but we cannot resist the significant lines of the great poet—

"Favourites of the heavenly King
May speak His praise abroad."

Martin Tupper gives us a drop of comfort when he writes—

"Count not a man more evil
Because he is more unfortunate;
For the blessings of a better covenant
Lie not in the sunshine of prosperity;
But pain and chastisement the rather
Shew the wise Father's love."

But this philosophic doctrine is not heeded nor practised by the self-esteeming and successful sons of men.

The second witness for Christ at the Bethesda re-opening, was the refined and gentle pastor, Mr. H. Brown. Then came the chieftian of the day, Mr. John Slate Anderson, and delivered a four-square exposition of Heaven's decree and declaration in which is mysteriously bound up the wealth and well-being of the Church of God. "I, the LORD, do keep it. I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day."

That truly Christian gentleman, Mr. J. Short, was chairman of the recognition service. Around him sat a crowd of the representatives of "OUR CHURCHES." There was the solid Osmond (the antitype of John Gill), J. S. Anderson, William Carpenter, the perfectly original, the durable, the cheerful, the faithful, and the fruit-bearing, the man in whom, in a sense,

"Everlasting spring abides:
And never-withering flowers."

R. A. Lawrence, at the bidding of the chairman, stepped "to the front," and quite threw the sparks of animation into the audience. "I heard him," saith Squire Helen to me, "last Sunday evening, in the Surrey Tabernacle, where he preached a most consoling sermon. Sir, he is quite a favourite there." "R. A. Lawrence, sir," energetically exclaimed my neighbour, "is a thorough working fellow,

"He never tires, nor stops to rest;
But over all he shines."

How merciful appears the uprising and well-equipped race of young men who exactly meet the wishes of the generation of youthful aspirators, who wish, as Master Longley rather ironically said to me, "to forget the wormwood and the gall." While, however, the babes in Zion are singing and laughing onward there are a few who (having heard the speech of the wicked), in the secret sorrows of their wounded spirits, exclaim,—

"Yet was my soul in darkness,
For the wicked were too hard for me;
Till I turned to my God in prayer,
For I know His hearth alway."

Yes, still is it a fact—

"The salt preserveth the sea.
And the saints uphold the earth: [prop]
Their prayers are the thousand pillars that
The canopy of nature."

No unkind allusion to any man is made; [shade]
Each servant hath his station, and every one his

Behind all, nervously thinking, sat the classical pastor of the Keppel-street Church, W. J. Styles, whose heart heaved with the hope of seeing the Strict Baptist pastors in sweet accord with the rumour which whispers, "Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance."

One of the Cabinet saith, quite in confidence, "The few learned men we have expect the aged and unlettered soon to die out, and then will our Churches more largely flourish." With all due respect, sir, I ventured to affirm that the Churches who hold fast by new covenant promises and predictions never had (in their original state) men more untutored than were William Gadsby, John Warburton, John Kershaw, James Wells, and others; but what crowds of hungry souls would flock to hear them, and God Himself blessed them to thousands. Those of us who never so much as saw the inside of a college, who were born before the gas began to blaze, we piteously ask the Prime Minister not to look too imperiously upon the poor pitmen, for the new translators have not dared to alter that text so terribly mortifying to the "cultured curates:" "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh (this put no negative upon the wise men after the Spirit), not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and (sometimes even then) base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath GOD chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are—

"THAT NO FLESH SHALL GLORY IN HIS PRESENCE."

By the side of the scholar sat John Raymond, who had sought the Lord in prayer; and H. Brown, the pastor, who, after deacon Doncaster had related the circumstances which led the Church to call Mr. H. Brown to the pastorate, then the said thoughtful and true pastor confirmed the same, publicly pledging himself, with the Divine aid, to do his utmost to promote the glory of God, and the good of souls, in his pastoral office. That sweet flower of nature, that happy child of grace, George Webb, the pastor elect of Maidstone, and the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, sat side by side in the Western corner of the platform; but of "the seven crooked things tried to be made straight," and the brief history of the chapel must retire for the present.

The Church in the Bethesda has a heavy debt on it of £800, which they wish to remove. We are interested in chapels with debts amounting to £2,000 and more, and we are waiting to see the hand appear which presently will wipe them clear away.

We heard that P. W. Williamson is removing to the Goldhawk-road, Shepherd's Bush, where he hopes to establish a new cause. There is plenty of room for him there, and we wish he may have the power of THE SPIRIT (if it be God's holy will), so that his movement may be crowned with saving success to some precious souls.

There were some friends inquiring for R. G. Edwards. We appear to have lost him; but hope God's mercy may on him shine.

A KENTISH DWARF.

AN EDITOR AND A PASTOR GONE!

"We take no count of sorry scribes,
Nor waste our thought upon the groundings;
Our eyes are lifted for the multitude,
Groping in the dark with candles."

Of what account is a *religious editor*?
Poor fellow! Yet some of

"The excellent bless him with their prayers,
While the wicked load him with their
curses."

"High is the privilege of authorship;
I'll purify mine office."

"How pleasant is the toil of composition!
Yea, when the volume of the Universe
Was blazoned out in beauty by its Author,
God was glad, and blessed His work,
For it was very good!"

When I read of the rather early death of Edward Leach, my reflections took wings and flew backward over many years of my life, wherein I have toiled on with the pen, at the press, and in the pulpit; and many scenes of a diverse and varied character, like so many "dissolving views," passed before my mental vision. Alas! they make me deeply sigh.

Edward Leach, when he was about twenty years of age, wrote some pieces for the *Gospel Times*, which was the best paper, I think, I ever had; and its growth and prospects were exceedingly encouraging; but the dead loss of over £250, through a manufacturer who went into a lunatic asylum at the time when he should have paid me, and a mountain of difficulties beside, hurled me and my *Gospel Times* into a valley of Achor which at the time had no apparent

"DOOR OF HOPE."

This morning, thinking over the death of Mr. Edward Leach, and of his struggles, poor fellow, with chapels, and his anxieties in connection with the working up of a paper like *The Freeman*, brought me to the conclusion that men never should hold the responsible position of pastor of a Church and editor of a weekly paper at the same time. I have no doubt but that this manifold, agitated, and perpetual driving of the brain, so reduced his nervous and mental powers, that when disease entered his system, he had not sufficient strength to resist it. Hence, he speedily fell asleep. For more than fifty long years have I incessantly laboured to circulate the news of a new covenant salvation through a glorious, revealed Triune JEHOVAH; but the general conviction is, that I had neither brains nor bones sufficient to render my enterprise successful; hence, multitudes fling their reproaches on me, without any true knowledge of the sad, heart-breaking causes of failure. It is to me still a source of grief, that no journal has any existence in this country, which can be considered

A FAITHFUL WITNESS FOR TRUTH.

Young Edward Leach soon discovered that I was an unbending, unswerving "hyper," and, like hosts of young men, he fled off to a more popular institution, where, by dint of immense perseverance, he gained a useful and honourable position; but almost suddenly he has dropped his pen, and his tongue is silent in death.

An eminent physician once said to me, "Sir! we all work our brains too much!" From the premature falling of many excellent men on every hand, I fear the doctor spake too truly. As regards my little career, it is to me quite astonishing that the crushing crosses which for years fell to my lot, did not long since send me to the grave.

Since I was eighteen I have been more or less instrumental either in originating, conducting, editing, printing and publishing the following periodicals and papers:—"The Weald of Kent Mirror," "The Inquirer," "The Rye Gazette," "The Kentish Observer," "The Kentish Times," "The Canterbury Journal," "The Canterbury Magazine," "The Penny Sunday Reader," "The Silent Preacher," "The Evangelical Pulpit," "The Gospel Atlas," "The Anti-Popish Reviewer," "The Christian Cabinet," "The Gospel Times," "The Gospel Guide," "THE EARTHEN VESSEL," "Cheering Words," and a few others I will not refer to. Out of about twenty different issues only four have reached a matured manhood. My editorial table, so full of vessels, has been so often overturned, that all are broken but the brown pot, the little milk jug, and the two strong family dishes in the city of Canterbury, which well support the heirs of the original founder. I cannot despair! I realise a hope, that out of the terrible storms which have again and again dashed my hopes and efforts to the ground, some good, through God's free mercy, has been found here and there. The wealthy classic and the gifted youngsters, who are of a more modern and pleasing style, may contemptuously sneer, but ere long we shall be called to stand before ONE whose knowledge is perfect, whose judgment will be pure, who weigheth minds, motives, and movements; whose sentence shall be holy, just and true. With Paul I cannot say, "I am not ashamed!" but with him I must say, "I KNOW whom I have believed, and am persuaded HE is able to keep that which I have committed unto HIM against that day."

That the late Edward Leach was a grace-made disciple of CHRIST, I cannot but feel quite certain. I will give one note of the starting, and another of the stopping of His Christian life on earth.

His father, once the pastor of the Northampton Baptist Church, says:—"On the 27th of October, 1862, he was baptized by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, and on the following day wrote to his mother, giving particulars of the service, adding, 'I have dedicated myself solely to Christ, for His glory I wish to live, to His honour I desire to work, and in the belief and hope of an everlasting life with Him I wish to die. The Lord is very merciful to me, therefore will I praise Him. Come hands, tire not! Come heart, be right jealous for Him! Come head, exercise thy faculties, and feet run swiftly in His ways! Mine eyes, too, one day shall see Him! My prayer, last night, as I retired to rest, quite happy, was that the Lord would keep me daily in His fear, pure and holy, and that, finally, when He seeth best I may enter into

the rest prepared for the people of God.' His resolve was carried out, and His prayer answered."

This was in the buoyancy and brightness of his first love: for eighteen years he ran swiftly in the work. Now let us listen to his words unto the close. In the brief memoir which his father has furnished, we find the following *finale*:—"During the period of three weeks' illness, he had an unwavering faith in his interest in the atoning work of the Redeemer, and expressed his mind freely as to there being no hope for the sinner apart from that. At another time, speaking of the preciousness of the Gospel, he said with great earnestness: 'I have not acted the part of a stage-player, for I realised in my own soul what I have preached to others. Not long before his death he looked at me as though he felt much pain, and said, 'Father!' I asked him what I could do for him: he answered, 'Nothing.' I then spoke of that endearing title as applied to God, quoting the following verse:—

'My Father, God, how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear,
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.'

With great energy he cried out, 'Father. I can say that; yes, I can say that; tell the people from me that I can say it.' Soon after this he became unconscious, and on Wednesday afternoon, April 21, 1880, he fell asleep."

The whole of his Christian career was full of "calm and charitable spirit." His heavy work is done. Young men! the Lord requires no man to kill himself in His service. Strength for the day has ever been found by

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

A VOICE FROM THE NORTH.

I flatter myself that during the five years that have passed since you paid us that never-to-be-forgotten visit, you have wondered how we poor few scattered sheep have been plodding along. Well, sir, for years after your visit, we scarcely heard the sound of the ever blessed Gospel at all. We did hear a Gospel, but it gave an uncertain sound; and I have been led to cry out in agony of soul, "My leanness, my leanness, woe is me." Many times in my poor feeble way have I asked the Lord if He would be so gracious as to open a way somehow, that we might hear HIS PRECIOUS TRUTH; for He well knew how dear the truths of the Gospel are to us. There appeared no answer to our petitions, until, sir, I am almost ashamed to confess, I got weary of asking His blessed Majesty; and then that passage of Holy Writ came very forcibly into my soul, "And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry unto Him day and night, though He bear long with them? I tell you He will avenge them speedily."

I rejoice to tell you that our best, our only FRIEND, has appeared for us, and opened up a way, so that we have the Gospel preached to us every Sunday afternoon, when we assemble to worship our covenant God: and everlasting praises be unto His glorious

name, we have found it a Bethel to our souls. Many times our hearts have been melted down into love and humility while we have been hearing the truth proclaimed. Mr. Bailey comes from Stockton one Sunday, and Mr. Vernon another.

Now, sir, when you are enabled, *pray* for the few that meet at 24, Parliament-street, Middlebro.

That the blessing of the Lord may more than ever rest upon you, and make your tongue as the pen of a ready writer, is the prayer of your unworthy scribe.

Your VESSEL with "Cheering Words" comes into our abode every month, and I really think they get better; at any rate they are food to my soul.

[We are delighted with the honest witness. We feel we must go and see these precious souls once more ere we die.]

A CRY OF ZEAL FROM THE SICK COUCH OF BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I was at Ipswich last Lord's-day; had three services at Zoar; and here I am, ill in bed, with one of the worst of colds. During my absence from home, I was among the kindest friends, and received the kindest treatment, but got no sleep, neither Saturday night, nor Sunday night, the effects of which I greatly feel. My chest has been bad for some time, and while at Ipswich I felt very feeble, short breathed, had no energy, no liberty, nor one drop of comfort; yet I felt I was among the dear children of God at Zoar, who could, and did sympathise with me. There were good congregations; and who can tell, although I felt so dry and barren, so dark and hard-hearted, and never preached perhaps more scantily and beggarly, yet the Lord might bless His own Word to some.

I am glad we are going to have a Liberal Government; but still there is something which lies heavy upon my mind. Can we really expect prosperity, and that God will dwell among the Churches as He once did, when we, as a professing Protestant people, allow idolatry to reign in our country, clean contrary to our Protestant laws? Do we not encourage Romanism, the erection of the black and nefarious nunneries, brothels of wickedness, even worse than our houses of ill-fame? What may we justly expect, when we see what are called sisters of mercy appearing more than ever at our railway stations? What do these things portend for our nation? Because our Protestant bishops (?) will not wake up and bestir themselves against the deadly foes, shall our Garibaldi's take the work out of their hands, and put them to shame? O Lord, arise, and plead Thy own cause; for, to all appearance, there are but few found who will cry an alarm upon Thy holy mountains. But I know not how to sit up any longer in my bed, and so must forbear.

Yours faithfully,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham, St. Mary, April 13th, 1860.

MR. JOHN KINGSTON'S RECOGNITION AT BETHEL, KING'S CROSS.

At the very time that the late pastor (Mr. W. M. Haydon) was in his coffin, the recognition of his successor, Mr. John Kingston took place. Mr. Haydon died on Saturday, April 17th, 1860, aged 55, after fifteen months' suffering. Mr. John Kingston was publicly recognised in Bethel, Lavina-grove, Wharfedale-road, Caledonian-road, on Tuesday, April 20. The charge to the pastor-elect, and the counsel to the Church were delivered by Mr. E. Langford.

The following brief review of the evening's service is furnished by a correspondent. He says:—

A very unpretending service to recognise Mr. Kingston as pastor of Bethel Baptist chapel, Lavina-grove, was held April 20. There was no ornate display; a significant fact was to be observed, and this was attended to in a simple, sincere and solemn manner. After the friends gathered from various parts had taken tea, the important service commenced. Mr. C. W. Banks (who was instrumental in bringing Mr. Kingston among the people) presided on the occasion. A hymn was sung, and Mr. Willey, of Providence, Islington, offered prayers. The Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL then made some appropriate remarks on the business of the meeting, and called upon Mr. Munday to state the leadings of Providence which induced them to choose Mr. Kingston as their pastor. This having been done, Mr. Banks called upon Mr. Kingston to relate his call by grace and to the ministry, and his inducement to accept the pastorate. Mr. K. immediately complied, and from his statement, I gathered that the first impressions on his mind about the eternal welfare of his soul commenced early in life, which never wholly left him, eventually getting lively, and a sense of sin forgiven, under the ministry of Mr. Tryon.

While Mr. Kingston's mind was exercised, he was often in the habit of walking to and fro from chapel with a minister of the Gospel, but never once did this minister mention a word about Jesus to him. This is a great failing among our Churches at the present day. Let us all take a lesson from this. Do we not allow people to come in and go out of our places of worship without giving them a shake of the hand and speaking a kindly word? We do. Do we come up to the house of God hungering and thirsting after Gospel food, and get that appetite, in a measure, satiated, and have no feeling for our fellow-worshippers? We do. This, surely, is one of the causes of the low state of our Churches. Let us take a lesson from this, and by God's help, never let this any longer be laid to our charge.

As regards Mr. Kingston's call to the ministry, it appeared that neither Oxford or Cambridge assisted in making him a preacher, but one could see very plainly that he had graduated at the "university of hard knocks," where, after a long and very trying curriculum, he took degrees as A.M. The university at which he was educated gives no

material vestment with the diploma, but He who ordained him to salvation of old has prepared for him a robe of righteousness, which will never be taken away, or ever be worn out; he is not to wear it in the pulpit, or out of the pulpit; he is to talk about it, extol it, hold it up to view; he is to boast of it, and when he has left off talking about it here, he is to go up higher and wear it.

As regards a man's "call to the ministry," I could never understand the necessity for giving a long, verbose statement about this. The Scriptural injunction is, "whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all your might," and if a man has got the grace of God in his heart, and the Lord with that grace has given him a prolific mind and a fluent tongue, to such a man the question should be, Why don't you preach the Gospel? Not, Why do you preach? The wonder is how anyone with these gifts and graces can keep quiet.

"If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign,
With just and holy scorn."

Mr. Kingston first began to speak to a few people at a cottage meeting—there being no one else to do it, the lot fell upon him. From that time to the present he has gone on preaching wherever and whenever he could; till, after preaching at Bethel for a few months, he was called to and accepted the pastorate.

Mr. K. having answered all questions, Mr. Banks called upon the members of the Church present, to ratify their choice by standing up and holding up both hands. Mr. C. W. Banks then joined the hands of the newly-chosen pastor and deacon Munday, and in the name of the Holy Trinity united pastor and Church, with some solemn words of advice.

Another hymn was sung, after which, the chairman called upon Mr. Langford to deliver the charge to the pastor. Mr. Langford's text was—"Lift up a standard for a people," and he delivered a plain, common-sense address to pastor and Church, which, with Mr. Langford's West-country, emphatic way of speaking, gave a forcible impetus to his well-ordered charge.

Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Willey, of Islington, and Mr. Jonathan Elsey, spoke suitable and seasonable words, which, with an anthem by the choir, brought the service to a close.

J. W. B.

CARLTON RODE, NORFOLK.—For over sixty years the Baptist cause here has been preserved in the one faith of the Gospel. Since the death of dear Richard Snaith, this good old cause has suffered severely. Some have been obliged to leave; they meet in different places. In March, Mr. W. Tooke, of Mendelsham, came to us and preached four days successively. A farmer kindly lent us a barn for the Sunday; some 300 people gladly heard the Gospel delivered in a loving and truthful spirit. We are looking to the Lord to help and guide us in this our day of great trial.

WHY THE BAPTISTS ARE BAPTISTS.

[The following address was given at Mr. Usher's recent recognition in Belfast, by our very devoutly beloved brother, Mr. Samuel James Banks.—Ed.]

OUR PRINCIPLES.

If we were in England, we might call ourselves "Protestant Dissenters," not as dissenting from Protestantism, but from the service and formal worship of an Established Church. But as we are in the happy North of Ireland, and are free altogether in this country from any Established Church, we cannot be in the same sense "Protestant Dissenters." Still, we are Nonconformists, not being able to conform to much that other of our brethren are able to, without a sting or moment's hesitation. Our difficulty, however, does not end when we withdraw from the so-called Established Church. We are unable to subscribe to the creeds, ordinances, and practices of such as may be called by the name of Nonconformists. I wish to say, therefore, Protestant Conformists is our characteristic title, and one which we at once desire not only to claim, but make ourselves worthy of. For true conformity is conformity to truth. As Baptists we profess much which others profess; but more, on those points which we alike profess, we join hands; while on those important matters which we do not alike follow, we say, Why not follow with us so far as we follow Christ?

We can have no sympathy with the Church of Rome, nor the practices of her followers. We cannot endorse the articles of the Church of England, though by law established. We are by no means at home with the practices of the Episcopal Church of Ireland, though we love many of her sons, and the excellent and sound theology which they, both in England and Ireland, have handed down to us. We cannot subscribe to the Westminster confession of faith as a whole, nor the ordinances practised by those who do. We have no inclination to become Methodists, though we are not ashamed to "call them brethren." Baptistal regeneration we reject, not only as unscriptural, but as the teachings of the great enemy. We ignore infant sprinkling, as being of men and not from heaven, therefore not to be received as a Christian ordinance, or as having anything to do with personal religion. We believe in baptism notwithstanding, as instituted by, and set before us in the life and commands of our blessed Lord, and as we read His parting command to His disciples, we still sing,

"Only Thou our Leader be,
And we'll gladly follow Thee."

I think I can say, and as the language of all our brethren, we would give up our practice of believers' baptism by immersion at once did we not feel it to be of heaven. It is as the teachings of the Word burnt into our hearts, and therefore would we be called Baptists. And while we say they are the teachings of the Word, the commands of Christ, and of His apostles, as well as the

universal practice of the primitive Church, we ask, how could we do otherwise than follow such convictions? Nay, how could we be otherwise than surprised that more are not to be found treading the same steps, in following the same Jesus? We say found following, because we have an inward conviction that there are numbers who do not practice, yet inly say, these Baptists are right in the practice they so persistently adopt. And now we say to all who ask us to give a reason of the practice we follow. It is simply:—

1. Because we regard this to be the teaching of the great Master, and His practice, to add force to His Divine command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And lo. I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen." We believe no such Scripture can be found in favour of infant sprinkling, either by command or practice.

2. Because we believe religion and all its practices to be of a personal nature requiring personal faith in Christ, and obedience according to the dictates of reason and conscience, all of which are set aside in the baptism of infants.

3. Because baptism is set forth by the apostle as a figure of the believer being baptised unto the death of Christ, and of the resurrection of Christ, by being brought up from the watery grave both together, signifying the believer's death unto sin, and life unto righteousness, hence planted together in the likeness of his death, also of His resurrection. In infant sprinkling we find nothing of the same teaching or influence, while the sublime figure of this funeral and resurrection is blotted out.

4. We ask, which of the two practices shall we (with the Word of God in our hand), pronounce to be the teaching of the Spirit? The minister, with the babe in his arms, dropping water on the child, who is unconscious of ought but the annoyance, or the adult who has asked baptism on a profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, who to him has said, "If ye love Me keep My commandments," being immersed—i.e., buried with Christ in and by baptism? Does not the Bible and the thoughtful reader answer, the latter? while we further ask which of the two from the nature and the influence of the ordinance is the more likely to go on his way rejoicing? But we desire another distinctive feature to belong to us as a part of the one Church. Oh, that it were the distinctive characteristic of every Baptist Church, yea, of the entire denomination. It is this: "Continue ye in My love;" and, "I command you that ye love one another;" "See that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." And mark! if we would be great, blessed, happy, and successful in the great work before us in this country, we must see to it that on our banner, which should ever be unfurled before the world, is written, "Faith, hope, charity; these three, but the greatest of these is love."

THE LONDON STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

TWELVE YEARS IN "HOPE."

For future ages we treasure up a few memorials of those Churches, and of those elders and friends who, in their truth-declining days, have firmly defended the foundation principles of the Church's safety in the covenant, in Christ, and in the sanctifying and preserving power of the Holy Ghost.

"Can you tell me where Norton-street is?" said I, to a door-keeper of some mercantile house in Green-street, Bethnal-green.

"A many have inquired for that street to-day," said he, looking inquiringly at me, as though he would like to know what was going on in Norton-street. "It is the next turning," said he.

"Thank you, sir," said I, and off I started for Norton-street; walked clean through the street, but no Hope chapel could I find. Sauntered into another street, asked again, was ordered back into the street which I had just carefully paced, and, behold, in the most reticent and humble posture, there stood "Hope chapel." It is in Norton-street, Green-street, very near the bridge which carries you into that large mechanic's colony now called Old Ford and North Bow.

I had been reading a paper on "Nervous Depression," by an eminent physician. He gives good advice to brain-workers, and offers many hints for the relief, if not for the recovery of "poor nervous people;" but he winds all up by exhorting them to take for their motto,

"HOPE ON! HOPE EVER!"

With this motto somewhere in my mind, I entered "Hope chapel" on the evening of May 4, 1880. The harmonium and the choir were sending forth delightful sounds; and on the platform there was quite a crowd of faces, all beaming with cheerfulness; and the whole atmosphere of the scene verified the faithfulness of one of Isaiah's strongest prophetic poems, wherein he sings, "The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

This Bethnal-green was at one time a wilderness indeed. But a singular man, of a strong elementary mind, they called Mr. Blackshaw, and a fine-made timber-merchant, known as Mr. Webb, a queer-looking, but good fellow, known as "Tommy Patrick," and others of the same sound sort, who found grace in the eyes of the Lord, commenced meetings for prayer and for preaching; and from their honest seed-sowing has arisen several little Gospel places; but "Hope chapel" is now almost the only tabernacle for Bible truth and for New Testament practice in these most densely-populated districts of an Eastern section of our ever-growing metropolitan world.

Mr. James Griffith has been preaching the Gospel in the Hope chapel for twelve long years; and the services on the occasion

referred to were well calculated to cure all kinds of "nervous depression," if any thus afflicted had found their way into that most comfortable assembly on the evening of May 4, 1880.

After some gigantic Christian men had supplicated the Lord for mercies on the pastor and people,

MR. JAMES GRIFFITH

came to the front, and reviewed the twelve years' service which he had rendered to that people in such a pleasing flow of grateful expressions as to cause us all to feel elevated in soul, and fitted to join the good chairman when he summoned us to sing,

"My Jesus hath done all things well!"

Nature has given to James Griffith such a perfect outer-man, with a plump, pleasant, yea, one might say pretty crown and front-piece, that when his gentle river of soft eloquence glides away over your feelings, you must conclude he is the man of whom the philosopher said, "He knoweth his journey must be sped, so he carries his sunshine with him."

James Griffith has told the people oftentimes there be three chief rivers of despondency—sin, sorrow, and fear—but even to the darkest holes in guilt's profoundest river,

Hope can pierce with quickening ray.
And all those depths are lightened.
So long as there is mercy in our God,
Hope is the privilege of seekers:
And so soon as penitence is found in the seekers
Hope is exalted into brightness.

Long may pastor James Griffith live, in health, in a happy labour of Gospel usefulness; and when the angelic chariot shall be sent from the high court of glory to fetch him home, may it be no worse with him than with one of whom we have all heard, that he shouted, "Christ hath abolished death, and left only the shadow for His people to pass through."

There is one thing that our esteemed brother James Griffith can desire in connection with his future years of pastoral labour in Hope chapel, and that is an answer to the prayer which we heard enunciated by that excellent preacher, Ebenezer Turquand, of Brighton, who clearly sung,

"And wakened many sinners around
To come and crowd the place."

In Mr. G. Youdan's address, as the chairman of the meeting, we heard a well-delivered speech of pure, honest, and high-toned gratitude to the Lord for the blessings coming to the Church through the ministry of their brother Griffith. The praise of holy men is a promise of praise from their Master. The chairman looks, acts, and speaks as one that feareth God, as one that pondereth well the path of his feet, as a faithful friend to the minister, and a devoted servant to the Church.

The ministers who had brief discourses to deliver, behaved in accordance with the puritan's desire, which, as C. W. Banks told them, was expressed like this, "Let us have

grace in the spirit, goodness for the substance, and gravity for the style, with the assured prospect of glory for the summing-up of the whole." In brother Meeres there was the grace of God, in brother William Webb there was goodness, in Messrs. Masterson and Langford there was true gravity; what there was in the Editor's address we fail to notice. It was a joyful finish to a sacred sea-when they all sung,

"And crown Him Lord of all."

Our beloved John Hazelton had preached in the afternoon a sermon on "Christ is a Prince and a Saviour," which was as manna from heaven to many. C. W. B.

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CANNING TOWN.

Special services were held on Whit-Sunday and the following day, to commemorate the second anniversary of the opening of the chapel. On the first day, Mr. Jas. Brittain, late of Woolwich, and who is regularly supplying the pulpit here, preached morning and evening, and Mr. Holden, of Limehouse, preached in the afternoon. On the second day, Mr. W. Winters preached, and the friends appeared to hear well, as their faces indicated the gladness of their hearts. After the sermon the friends were ready for tea, and it was highly gratifying to see every available seat occupied, and the friends well provided with excellent tea and cake. In the evening, our brother Symonds took the chair, and called upon a good brother from West Ham to pray, after which Mr. Symonds briefly stated the nature of the meeting, and expatiated on the value of Divine grace in the soul, which speech was followed by one from Mr. Holden on the origin and nature of the Gospel ministry, shewing the purpose and perpetuity of the Divine institution. Mr. T. Steed treated with great warmth of expression the subject of growth in grace, and enlarged on the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, its power and appropriation to poor sinners.

W. Winters endeavoured to dilate on the sufferings and glory of Christ, and Mr. Whitmore gave encouraging words to the Church and minister.

Mr. Brittain gave a very interesting speech on the rise and progress of the cause with which he had recently been brought into association as minister—in the course of which speech Mr. Brittain specially noted the cause in the Barking-road, where W. Palmer used to minister, and which cause has since passed out of the hands of the Strict Baptists. Mr. Brittain also made honourable mention of a kind lady present at the meeting who felt it her duty, some two years ago, to erect a house for the worship of God in Shirley-street, and, like most ladies, she set about the work in real earnest, and speedily accomplished the task. The friends, from that time, have held the chapel at a mere nominal rent-charge. But from some unknown circumstances, the cause, which was weak at first, grew still weaker and weaker, until serious thoughts of an

entire failure were keenly felt. Mr. Brittain came to the rescue, through the providence of God, a few months ago, and has almost re-organised the cause. His ministry continues to be appreciated, and the chapel fills. The system which Mr. Brittain has adopted is likely to prove a success. He has felt it incumbent upon himself to be responsible for the ensuing year's rent, which has swollen to the large, though very reasonable, amount of £15. Mr. Brittain has been the means of gathering around him several good brethren, who are willing to co-operate with him in the proper management of the cause, and, under his ministry, we look for great things at Canning-town. The chapel stands well in a thickly-populated neighbourhood, and a large field of usefulness is open for a man who has strength of body and mind, like our good brother James Brittain, with willingness to use it to the best of purposes. May God bless his every effort prays

W. WINTERS.

TRINITY CHAPEL

LADIES' MATERNAL BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

TRINITY STREET, BOROUGH.

On behalf of this useful institution, Mr. John Slate Anderson preached a sermon in Mr. Thomas Stringer's pulpit, on April 27. Tea and public meetings were convened. Mr. James Lee presided. The report was full of encouragement as regards the good results flowing from the Society's operations; but there was a balance owing to the treasurer. Through the charitable benevolence of Mr. James Lee, the chairman, a collection was guaranteed amounting to £10. So the good ladies of Trinity may go forth with their work for another year, "doing good." The twin-doctrines of "Faith and Work" were discussed by the brethren Wm. Webb, James Clark, Holden, Thomas Stringer, and C. W. Banks. It becometh us to be full of gratitude to God for raising up such benevolent helpers to our causes as Mr. James Lee, and other like-minded godly men. Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.

WINCHESTER. — Mr. John Bunyan McCure preached two sermons in Silver-hill Baptist chapel, on Sunday, April 11. All glory to the Triune-Jehovah for the blessings He has bestowed upon the "flock of His people." On the following Tuesday evening, Mr. J. B. McCure gave us an account, in the Masonic Hall, of his life and labours in Australia. For full two hours the lecturer was engaged in narrating his travels and experiences; the greatest interest was manifested by the audience. Collections amounted to £4 0s. 2d. The repairing estimate amounts to £103 2s.; quite £80 more is required. Will our friends kindly send us as speedily as possible what money they can for our help? We do not want to have to re-open the place with a debt hanging over us.—Yours in the confidence and hope of the Gospel, J. SMITH, 61, Eastgate-street, Winchester.

MR. P. REYNOLDS' RECOGNITION AS PASTOR OF PROVIDENCE, ISLINGTON.

MR. STYLES ON THE CHURCH—MR. ANDERSON'S CHARGE TO THE PASTOR—MR. JOHN BOX'S COUNSEL TO THE PEOPLE.

Providence chapel, Upper-street, Islington, was the scene of interesting services, Wednesday, April 21, 1880, in connection with the recognition of Mr. Phillip Reynolds, late of Guildford, as the pastor of the Church. Services commenced in afternoon by brother Mitchell, of Guildford, giving the hymn, "Jesus, away from earth I fly," which was sung with great spirit by a full congregation. Brother Styles, of Keppel-street, late pastor of Providence, then read Psalm cxxvii., interspersing a few sweet and appropriate remarks; and brother G. Webb besought the Divine blessing to rest upon the people, the pastor, and the services of the day. After hymn 316, brother Styles proceeded to define the "Nature of a Gospel Church," taking the words "The Church," in Acts ii., as a basis. He succeeded in investing the somewhat hackneyed subject with great interest, and in a lucid and able manner displayed the whole structure of a "New Testament Church" from basement to pinnacle. In an introduction of great beauty, in which tender allusion to the speaker's former connection with the Church at Providence was made, and affectionate desires for its welfare under its new pastor expressed, we had the great fact that the Bible was the only rule of Church determination, declaration, and doings, firmly established. And upon this impregnable foundation our brother constructed and raised his edifice. We were led to survey the eternal purposes in relation to the Church, and the evolution of those purposes in time; the security of the Church in her great Head; her redemption by Him; and the grace operations of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of the redeemed. Our brother opened to us: 1. The nature of Church association; 2. The objects for which it is designed; 3. The power the Church possesses; 4. The officers which belong to her; 5. The ordinances she must maintain. The conception, the execution, and the spirit displayed, were alike excellent. Our brother's power of apposite illustration contributed not a little to the interest and efficiency of the discourse.

The usual questions were next put to the newly-chosen pastor, who, in answer thereto, gave first a clear account of his call by grace. Some of the incidents narrated were very affecting, notably so an interview with an only sister upon her dying bed—the dying girl affectionately admonishing him of his condition made a deep impression on his mind. Our brother's testimony was most plain and satisfactory. He alluded in very affectionate terms to the late Cornelius Slim, of Guildford, whose ministry had been much blessed to him in leading him into the truth, and establishing him in the doctrines of grace. Mr. Reynolds then detailed the

Divine conduct in putting him into the ministry, and leading him to Providence. He spoke very gratefully of the kindnesses he had received from ministerial brethren, who had stretched out their hands to assist a struggling young man—brethren Styles and Box, of Soho, were specially mentioned. The leadings of Providence were distinct—the whole statement was eminently satisfactory, and seals of the Divine approval have been granted. Our brother read a statement of the doctrines he holds, and intends, by grace, to maintain. This proved to be a veritable confession of faith. It was an admirable composition, clear, comprehensive, and concise. Every important doctrine was included; and, in the words of our brother Styles, it demonstrated that the new pastor possessed a head as well as a heart; and we may add that his head is well-furnished with clear views of the truth of God.

Brother Willey, deacon at Providence, followed with an account of the way in which the Church had been led to choose their new pastor. He told of much prayer offered to the great Head of the Church to send them a pastor after His own heart. They had many supplies, good men, but yet the right man did not appear. Mr. Reynolds was heard of as a young man preaching at Clapham Junction. Brother Box recommended Mr. R. to them. He first occupied the pulpit at Providence for three Lord's-days. The Word was blessed; at a Church meeting an unanimous invitation to supply the pulpit for three months, with a view to the pastorate, was given. Towards the close of that period the Church met, and gave him an unanimous call. The Word had been with power to the hearts of the people; seven members had been added to the Church; there were others hanging round the portals. The Church rejoiced, and believed the Lord had graciously answered their prayers.

Brother G. Webb joined the hands of the pastor and deacon, and wished them a long, happy, and prosperous union. The Doxology and benediction brought the afternoon service to a close.

Friends were speedily employed in placing a substantial tea before the people; and by 7 p.m. the congregation filled every corner of the chapel, when service commenced by singing. Brother Mitchell read 2 Tim. iv., and engaged in prayer. Another hymn, and brother Anderson, of Deptford, addressed the newly-chosen pastor from "Preach the Word." Disclaiming any authority, and professing simply to tender some fraternal advice and counsel, the speaker laid some weighty thoughts before us, well worthy of the regard of every young minister. We had (1) The matter—the Word, the living Word, the Lord Jesus Christ, His Person, His performances, His exaltation, His authority. The written Word—its variety, comprehensiveness, to be preached exclusively, not philosophy, not politics, not modern thought, but the Word alone was to be the ground of the preacher's discourse. (2) The manner—preach. We were reminded that the Gospel minister had nothing to offer.

The absurdity of offering what we possess not to bestow, was admirably illustrated by the case of a man, known to the speaker, who, sensible of his need, stayed after service to request a minister, who had been offering Christ to sinners in his sermon, to give him what he had been offering. The minister was compelled to confess he had no Christ to bestow. The minister's business was to preach, to proclaim, to unfold, to set forth, not to offer, for he has nothing to give. Our brother next dwelt upon a very necessary qualification for preaching the Word—a man must have it. "He that hath My Word, let him speak My Word." The new pastor was then affectionately admonished to study the Word, not officially merely, but for his own soul's benefit, and to let prayer have a prominent place in his study. Further, he was to preach the Word discriminatively, that all who heard him might know what he believed. Descriptively—the Scriptures were portrait galleries. Distributively—"rightly dividing the Word." Decidedly—no yea and nay. Discreetly—avoiding personalities; devoutly and dependently.

Brother Box, of Soho, followed with an address to the Church, which, we think, they will do well to lay to heart. He professed to have no power to give a charge to the Church, but founding his exhortations upon plain passages in the Word, he spake as one having authority. Our brother evidently does his own thinking, and is full of practical godliness and wisdom, and, therefore, eminently fitted for the part assigned him. Most affectionately and earnestly did he exhort the people. He reminded them of various relations they occupied as a Church. Their relation to the truth (1 Tim. iii. 15). This was to be kept in mind. Their lives were to reflect the excellency of the truth, and to display the character of their pastor's ministry. The new relation into which they had entered (1 Thess. v. 12, 13). They were to know their pastor, to pray for him, to be in their places at every service; the labourer's occupation was gone when the plants were absent from the garden; to esteem him, to be very careful of his character, to receive his admonitions, to provide for his necessities. Their relation to each other (Gal. vi. 2). To sympathise, and bear each others burdens. The aspect of Church towards the world (Eph. iv. 17). At the conclusion of the address, our esteemed brother Hazellou, who, though far from being well, and but just returned from a fatiguing journey into Cambridge-shire, had attended the service to encourage the new pastor by his presence, pronounced the benediction, and brought the services to a close. We think the day will be long remembered at Providence, and trust the union so happily begun will prove lasting and beneficial.

A LOVER OF ZION.

KENTISH TOWN.—CAMDEN LECTURE HALL. Eighth anniversary of Sunday school was celebrated on Sunday, May 9, and Wednesday, May 12. Our

pastor. Mr. J. Dawson, preached an excellent sermon to teachers and scholars on Lord's-day morning, May 9. In the afternoon Mr. Styles, of Keppel-street, preached a special sermon to the scholars, and secured their marked attention for a considerable time. In the evening Mr. Dearsley preached on behalf of the school. On Wednesday evening, May 12, a public meeting was held. Our pastor presided as chairman, and made a few opening remarks. After a hymn had been sung by the scholars, Mr. Oakey engaged in prayer. After which a portion of Scripture was read, followed by the secretary reading the annual report, which showed that under the blessing of God the school was healthy and enjoying prosperity. Next was the treasurer's report. Three speakers delivered addresses—viz., brethren Evans, Foreman, and G. Webb—upon important matters connected with Sunday schools. Mr. Evans moved the adoption of the report, and expressed his hearty approval of all means in operation for spreading the truth of the Gospel in the Sunday school, with an excellent address to the teachers upon the word "Work." Mr. Foreman followed, and seconded the adoption of the report, and delivered an encouraging address upon the word "Watch." The report having been adopted, Mr. G. Webb concluded with an edifying address to scholars and friends upon the word "Wait." It was felt to be a sacred opportunity in listening to these addresses. The services were interspersed with hymns by the scholars. Congregations were good, and the collections, which go to the school fund, were excellent. The benediction was pronounced, which terminated the best anniversary we have had.

DACRE PARK AND ELDON STREET.

—During my visit to the great city I had the pleasure of preaching at Dacre-park chapel, Blackheath. And I rejoice to say the blessing of the Lord seemed to rest upon the work. Judging from the large and intelligent congregation which we saw present last Sabbath we might naturally conclude that it is just the place that would be likely to inspire any intelligent and active minister. May the Lord speedily send such an one into this portion of His vineyard. I have been engaged for four Sundays to preach to our good friends at Eldon-street. They laboured faithfully for the cause of Christ. May the Master vouchsafe His blessing.—JAMES WILLIAMS, 78, Alscot-road, Bermondsey, May 5, 1880.

RYARSH, KENT. — On Wednesday, May 5, anniversary services. C. Masterson preached afternoon and evening. Congregations good; collections liberal. Pastors from Meopham, Boro'-green, and Sutton-at-Home, were present, and took part in the services. We are glad to state the esteemed pastor, brother Wood, is much improved in health, and has now resumed his full pastoral duties. May the Lord perfect mercies begun, and still make our worthy brother an abundant blessing.

WALTHAMSTOW. — MAYNARD-ROAD. Fourth anniversary of opening of Zion chapel was May 4. R. A. Lawrence preached the sermon. The congregation was edified; the deacons' hearts encouraged. Tea preceded evening meeting. James Lee, Esq., presided. P. Plesger asked the Lord to bless the service. E. Smith read report, which showed that a little over four years ago a few friends met in a room, after which a Church was formed of seven members, and a little sanctuary was erected. The Church now numbers twenty-two; the chapel is filled on Lord's-days. The debt of the chapel is paid; the friends anticipate a larger one. They are favoured with a worthy brother likely to become pastor, in the person of Mr. Copeland. It is hoped God will lay tight hold of the hearts of the people by the preaching of His Word, and that they will feel constrained to yield themselves and their possessions a willing sacrifice to the Lord. Mr. Lee introduced the subject for which the friends had met. Mr. Bennett gave wise counsel respecting the steps about to be taken by the Church in settling a preacher over them. Mr. Dearsley spoke sweetly on Christ as the Hiding-place of His people. Mr. Osborne dilated on the many fears which God's people are subject to in this life. Mr. Lawrence gave a precious cluster of comforting words on "the day of small things." W. Winters endeavoured to enlarge on the glory of Christ and to encourage both minister and people. Mr. Gordelier was faithful on the blessings attending the labours of a settled pastor in contradistinction to the frequent results of the "supply system." Mr. Copeland expressed some very warm and encouraging remarks gathered from Psa. xxx. 7, and which were supplemented by a few candid thoughts from Mr. E. Smith, who informed us that a Sunday school in connection with the chapel had been commenced, and consisted of about fifty children. Mr. Lee closed this happy meeting with the benediction. May this little one become a thousaud, and the peace and unity now existing be enjoyed by the Church till Christ shall come again with all His holy angels, prays W. WINTERS.

BLAKENHAM, SUFFOLK.—BAPTIST CHAPEL.

—The annual meeting was held on Whit-Monday, as usual. Afternoon service was opened by singing that favourite hymn, "Descend from heaven, immortal dove," &c. Mr. G. G. Whorlow read Psa. lxxii. and prayed. After singing another hymn, Mr. Charles Hill (of Stoke Ash) preached from John xiv. 2: "I go to prepare a place for you;" after which the friends partook of a bountiful tea, which was served in a very quiet, orderly manner, considering the number present, for, in addition to Blakenham, Somersham Wattisham, and Hadleigh friends, there were 70 from Ipswich. After tea and a short walk during the clearing of the tables, friends again assembled for the evening meeting which was presided over by Mr. W. Houghton (pastor), who, after

giving out a hymn, called upon Mr. Sewell (of Hadleigh) to implore the Lord's help and blessing. Mr. Houghton asked Mr. S. K. Bland to address the meeting, who begged to be excused, as Mr. Blowers (deacon of Blakenham) had something to say. Mr. Blowers then stepped on to the platform, and, in a very warm speech, referred to the kindness of their pastor, not only in assisting very considerably in the erection of the chapel, but also in preaching gratuitously; and (said Mr. B.) the Blakenham friends and myself appreciate his services as a minister far more than we should a legacy. I have, therefore, great pleasure in presenting Mr. Houghton, on behalf of the Church and congregation, a gold pencil-case, pen-holder, and a silver ink-stand, engraved with the following: "Presented by the Church and congregation of the Baptist chapel, Blakenham, to their esteemed friend and pastor, Mr. W. Houghton, as a small token of their love and acknowledgment of his very highly valued gratuitous services, May 17th, 1880." Mr. H. feelingly acknowledged the presentation, and referred to his misgivings as to the position he held, and his oft-expressed desire that supplies should be procured, but his deacon had urged him to continue. Mr. H. also further stated that he had been much blessed of late in ministering to his people; and, although there had been no additions lately, he believed there were some who loved the Lord, although they had not publicly confessed it. Brethren Bland, Whorlow, and Kern then addressed the meeting. Mr. Hill had been announced to speak, but as he was not very well, and there were those present with stentorian voices, he begged to be excused. The hymn, "Come, Christian brethren, ere we part," was sung, Mr. Houghton concluded by prayer, and thus ended a very happy meeting. Collections were made after each service on behalf of the Suffolk Baptist Mission.

SOUTH HACKNEY.—The first annual commemoration of Speldhurst-road Sunday school, was on May 9. The report by Mr. W. A. Tehan was encouraging. Mr. Searle, of Peckham, in giving the beautiful Bibles as rewards, was instructing to the scholars, who sung in excellent order, led on by Mr. Samuel Banks. Mr. John S. Grant sent an address of sterling use to all. Mr. Pardoe, Mr. David Stanton, J. J. Fowler, C. W. Banks, and J. W. Banks, all rendered help to the meeting. A numerous company contributed generously toward the finances. We give the account, as written by Mr. Tehan, in June *Cheering Words*.

RUSHDEN.—On Good Friday a good company sat and heard Isaac Levinsohn preach. We were highly interested. To the tea about 200 sat down. After the evening service, a presentation was made to Master B. Vorley, their secretary, by the teachers and scholars of the Sunday school, which consisted of a writing desk. All went very pleasantly indeed.

LEICESTER.—The Church and congregation worshipping in the Ebenezer Strict Baptist chapel, St. Peter's-lane, Leicester, was compelled to put a new roof on their chapel, as, after competent examination, it was declared quite unsafe; therefore the Church engaged Mr. Harding, of Leicester, to be their architect, and Mr. J. A. Bent, as contractor, to do the necessary work. The whole cost was upwards of £223. The chapel was re-opened on December 18, 1878, by Mr. J. Bunyan McCure, of London, when collections were taken at each service; and by all the various means put forth to raise the amount required, the friends were able to pay to their respected treasurer, on April, 1879, £148; and again in the early part of January, 1880, upwards of £28, thus leaving a balance due of £45. The pastor, Church, and friends, again being desirous of removing the remaining debt, invited Mr. J. Bunyan McCure to come and preach the re-opening anniversary, and he kindly consented to do so, and on Lord's-day, May 2, 1880, Mr. J. Bunyan McCure preached two sermons to very fair congregations. On Monday evening, May 3, 1880, he delivered a very interesting lecture, which was listened to with great attention and pleasure. The chair was taken by Mr. John Bottrill, senior deacon, who is about eighty-five years old, and on his right hand was the pastor, Mr. Jas. Hedges, and Mr. Counsellor Underwood; on the left, Mr. Goulding, junior deacon, and Mr. Henry Norman, and friends from other Churches. A collection was taken at each of the services, and raised, with other means, the sum of £30. There is now a balance due of £18, which the pastor and friends hope soon to be able to clear off, God willing.

A LOVER OF GOSPEL TRUTH.

NEW LONDON PASTORS.—At King's-cross, at Islington, and at Hampstead, our Churches have recently been hopefully supplied with young men, in whom, we trust, the Spirit of God will be found. We admit that open and free-will men have great boldness and collegiate advantages. They can get any amount of money, and multitudes of people. Let us never envy or speak evil of them; but may we, with holy reverence, remember the Almighty Lord God hath said, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." "A man can receive nothing, he can give nothing savingly except it be given him from above." The following note from Hampstead is cheering. Of the New End Baptist pastor, our correspondent says, "Mr. Foreman comes from Mr. Masterson's, Little Alle-street. On the first Sunday in April, he told us all about himself in a simple, honest manner. I do think the Lord has sent Him here. There seems to be a people to be gathered in. He preaches the Gospel faithfully. He is no relation to the late John Foreman. On Sunday evening, May 2, 1880, Mr. Painter, senior deacon, gave him the right hand of fellowship, received him into the Church.

LEWISHAM.—COLLEGE PARK.—The sixth anniversary services commenced Lord's-day, 25th April; two sermons were preached by Mr. Isaac Levenson to large congregations. Tuesday, 27th, Mr. John Hazelton preached; upwards of 70 sat down to tea. At public meeting Mr. Hazelton presided, whose opening remarks, as well as the addresses of brethren Shepherd, Meeres, Beach, Squirrel, and W. Hazelton, were listened to with great attention. Mr. Northover, the treasurer, made a statement, from which it appeared that they had worshipped together nearly nine years; the Church was formed in February, 1873, and the building had been opened for worship six years. The total expenses of building, seats, furniture, &c., was £1,100. At the same time last year there was due to the treasurer £100; since then something like £20 had been raised, including the amount collected on Lord's-day, April 25. On Tuesday following, the 27th, a still further sum, together with £10 from Mr. Wm. Beach, of Chelmsford, and £10 promised by Mr. Crowther, brought the amount up to about £50; a like sum would have to be provided for that evening, and which the treasurer hoped would be raised. A collection followed these remarks, and the result verified the treasurer's hope, so that the chapel is now free from debt, the only charge being an annual payment of £10 10s. for ground-rent. To God be all the praise.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. S. A. Smith, pastor of Temple-street Baptist chapel, in the Higher Ardwick district, has studied for, and ministered unto us now about a quarter of a century, and is still beloved and honoured by all who know him. We witnessed happy scenes recently, when Mr. Smith baptized five young persons, and one elderly gentleman who has come to us from Paxton Hood's chapel. We also saw these newly-baptized, with others, all received into the Church. These additions, to some extent, are the result of the zealous co-operation of Mrs. Coy, who not only labours in our Sunday school, but also as a kind of home missionary, being a lady of the strong faith which worketh by love. When our Lord stirs up the spirits of such ladies as Mrs. Coy, who, from the highest, purest, and best of all motives, goes forth to seek after the wandering sheep, they are blessings beyond all expression.

GLEMSFORD.—Our Sunday school sermons were preached to large congregations in our old Baptist chapel, on Sunday, April 25, by Mr. Samuel Banks, of London. Our teachers had well trained the children, who sang with harmony and hearty feeling; and our numerous friends gave us a good collection. Our pastor (Mr. A. Baker) and the people are favoured with the great blessing of Gospel friendship, and, we hope, fellowship with God. Our ministering brother, Mr. Robert Page, the pastor of the upper meeting, is better, and worshipped with us on the occasion referred to.

OUR LINCOLNSHIRE POET.

When we reflect upon the great grace of God which raised our ministerial brother, Mr. John Bolton, out of the coal-pit, how gradually his poetic powers have been developed, how his usefulness in the ministry of the Gospel has steadily increased; when we receive letters proving him to be decidedly acceptable unto those who are faithful to the truth—let him go wherever he may be called—we, on these considerations, gather up a confidence in the fact that the BLESSED COMFORTER is still giving to the Churches pastors after the Lord's own heart. From a born poet, uneducated by man, we give the following specimen of true, original, non-artificial talent.—C. W. B.

"O! THE DEPTHS."

ROM. XI. 33.

The heights and the depths of the wisdom of God,
Display'd in His ransoming Man,
Ere the pure streams of light from their
fountain had flowed,

What mortal or angel can scan?

O'er His glorious seat a mantle is thrown,
In heaven's fair mansion above;
His footsteps to creatures are ever unknown,
Deep down in the ocean of LOVE!

O'er His wondrous pathway no vulture hath
flown,

Nor Zion its windings hath trod:

But, oh, blessed SPIRIT, to Thee it is known,
Who searcheth the deep things of God.

Ere th' voice of the Lord in th' thunders was
heard,

Or ways for the lightnings were made,
Or even the cherub the Godhead adored,
The scheme of redemption was laid.

The wells of salvation were full to the brim
Ere there was a vessel to fill;

Uniting in one in the bosom of Him
Who worketh all things at HIS WILL!

This, this was the deep, that lay couching
beneath,

Of which the great Lawgiver spake,
Ere call'd to the mountain to yield up His
breath,

In heaven's fair mansion to wake.

In th' great Mediator what riches abound!

Eternal, exhaustless, and free!

With Him all the treasures of wisdom are
found:

The Fountain of Life, too, is He!

A Fountain of Gardens is our glorious LORD,

Whence spices like rivers have flow'd;

A cistern unseal'd with a two-edged sword,

The Wisdom and Justice of GOD!

O, Rock that's been smitten, what rivers of oil,

What showers of heavenly dew,

Issu'd from Thy bowels, the tempter to foil,

When JUSTICE demanded its due!

Pure Fountain of Life, my joy and my theme:

Pure Fountain, life-giving, and free!

As panteth the hart in the chase for the stream,

So panteth my soul after THEE!

My Shepherd, my Priest, my Physiolo, and
Guide,

Whilst I in this wilderness roam;

And when I am call'd o'er death's swelling tide,

Be with me, and land me safe home.

Hallelujah to God, the great Three-in-One!

Who drew the mysterious plan;

Jehovah, the FATHER, the SPIRIT, and SON,

For ever and ever. Amen.

Boston.

J. BOLTON.

"The Eternity of Israel,"

THE SOURCE AND STRENGTH OF THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL.

WHEN Israel Atkinson was in prayer at the Hayes anniversary, on June 9, a fiery dart shot through me like lightning, attended by a sharp voice, which said to me, "Do you believe the Almighty Lord God hears, or knows, or pays any attention to that man's speaking?" Oh, what a cloud it brought! It did not produce atheistical, or deistical, or infidel thoughts, but it did perplex me with reference to that deep mystery which is hidden in that part of worship called "prayer."

Singing, reading the Word, what they call preaching; all those parts of public worship we can easily enough understand. Almost anybody can sing hymns, read chapters, and multitudes can make up sermons; but prayer is a direct speaking to the Lord God Almighty, or it is a lifeless sound, an empty form, yea, it may be, a mockery. I often ponder over the custom adopted at our public meetings. If there be any poor fellow who has crept in amongst the acknowledged divines, that poor thing is asked "to open the meeting with prayer," as though the Almighty might be put off with anything; whereas if there was anyone known to live nearer to God than another he certainly should be sent unto the mercy-seat to plead. Whether such poor fellows really offer prayer or not I must leave; but I am often much exercised in my mind respecting what it is that constitutes true worship, and that definition of it which our Lord Himself gave to the "woman of Samaria," has, for many, many years, occupied my serious meditation; for in that defining discourse Christ spoke of the false worship and of the true; and both are included in that (John iv. 22): "Ye worship ye know not what." There is false, dark, ignorant worship, "ye know not what." "We know what or whom we worship, for salvation is of the Jews." Then His blessed Majesty more fully expounded His meaning. "The hour cometh," He says, "and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the FATHER in Spirit and in truth, for the FATHER seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth." The learned Greek tells us it reads, "They that worship God must do it by the Spirit, in Christ the Truth."

How the mind flutters over and around such a ponderous declaration! "The Father" is the primary object of true worship. Of Him the Saviour says, "God is a Spirit," and He, by the Spirit, seeketh after such to worship Him as are enabled to worship Him in the "Spirit and in Truth."

These terms stand in opposition to mere external forms of worship. There are gorgeous, gaudy, yea, grand forms; shining robes, carefully arranged orders, processions, bowings, kneelings, intonings, chauntings, choral services, and splendid surroundings. If the souls of any of those worshippers are born of God, if, through all those striking

externals their souls look unto the FATHER with the eye of faith, through the Son, being led and taught by the eternal Spirit, then their worship, internally, is in Spirit and in truth. But if all those brilliant robes, processions and ceremonies are attended to merely by the natural and unsanctified power of man, then all that worship goes no further than sound, sense, and solemn appearances. God permitteth these pageantries to exist and to increase in our day, so that millions are carried away captive by them; but what glory to God, or what good to man flows from such performances, we cannot determine. The same may be said of forms of worship where all is plain, and of a primitive style. If it be but borrowed, or man-taught devotion, it is much to be feared it is of no saving benefit.

The key which may help to unlock this great mystery of prayer is in that strong sentence,—

“WE KNOW WHAT WE WORSHIP.”

A saving knowledge of God in the heaven-born soul is the chief qualification for pure worship, whether it be in private or in public. Where God is not known, He cannot be truly, happily, lovingly, successfully worshipped.

With anxious wonderment my soul has again and again asked, “What is God? How can fallen man know God?”

“Thou Uncreate, Unseen, and Undefined,
Source of all life! the Fountain of the mind;
Pervading Spirit, whom no one can trace,
Felt through all time, and working in all space;
Imagination cannot paint that spot,
Around, above, beneath, where Thou art not.”

There are precious little moments when my soul entereth somewhat into those gracious exhortations which we have in Psalm xxxvii., all of which are the fruit of a saving knowledge of the Lord. Such as “Trust in the Lord, and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land: and, verily, thou shalt be fed.” Again, “Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.” “Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.” But the crowning joy of all is this: “Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.”

Certainly, I cannot delight myself in any one, nor in anything of which I have no knowledge. Of God, of His various ways and mediums of coming down to us, and of our soul-ascending up to Him, I would write a few lines if the Holy Comforter may be pleased to instruct, to guide, and strengthen me.

See, this is the very thing the Lord Jesus expressed in the opening of that most incomparably beautiful petition in John xvii., “FATHER,” said the precious Christ of God, “the hour is come, glorify Thy Son that Thy Son also may glorify Thee. As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that

“HE SHOULD GIVE ETERNAL LIFE TO AS MANY AS THOU HAST GIVEN HIM.”

Then comes that exposition of the grandest secret in all the universe; when Jesus added, “And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.”

In the marginal reading of our Bibles, the Father which Jesus Christ prayed unto is called—

“THE ETERNITY OF ISRAEL.”

All the chosen tribes of the true spiritual Israel are the offspring of the eternal God. Eternity is stamped upon, is associated with, is embodied in every department of the great work of Israel's redemption and glorification. The Church's salvation as a body, the Christian's salvation as an individual, flows out from the eternity of JEHOVAH, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Consequently, every purpose, every promise, every prophecy, every item, every article in the manifold immutability of Almighty God must be justified, fulfilled, brought to perfection! With confidence, then, the Churches may sing:—

“Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins,
The work that Wisdom undertakes,
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.”

The world we are passing through is like the troubled sea, it is ever ebbing and flowing, rising and rolling. Such scenes of diversified affliction, of man's fickleness, of death's destructiveness, of the absolute certainty of our speedy departure from off the narrow shores of *time* into the fathomless oceans of *eternity*! the waning of our national greatness, the fluctuation of our political arrangements, the wildness of our evangelical enterprises, all these gloomy, these hollow, these uncertain phases of our world's adventures—would overwhelm us with despair if it were not for the solace and support of that GOD whose nature is immutable, whose mercy flows on from everlasting to everlasting, and who is in every sense of the term “the Eternity of Israel.”

Passing by in this paper some lines on “THE EXISTENCE OF GOD,” I beg to be allowed to review in several brief lines what may be termed

“THE HISTORY OF LOVE DIVINE;”

for when John traced all our mercies up to their original Source, he rather abruptly says, and repeats the same, when he says,—

“GOD IS LOVE!”

It is nowhere said, “MAN is love!” But it is twice, yea, it is frequently said, shewn, proved, and confirmed, that “GOD IS LOVE!” From the many mawkish sermons sent me of late to review, I can see that conceit, fleshly confidence, self-love, much telling out of self, and its ordinary excitements, constitute the most part of the preaching of those men who are almost idolised as the only sound, the only safe, the really experimental guides and teachers of our Churches in this day.

If we, Enoch-like, walked with God; if we, David-like, more habitually realised the saving power and presence of God in our souls, should we not, like Him, break forth in vehement adoration. “I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall continually be in my mouth? My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.”

To the history, or the revelation of Divine love, let us for a moment betake ourselves. Let us follow the course of that RIVER, “the streams whereof make glad the city of God,” and we shall, if the Sun of Righteousness shines upon our souls, clearly see that it is “a pure river

of water of life," that it "proceedeth out of the throne of God and the Lamb."

I.—Its Fountain-Head is the Almighty God Himself—HE IS LOVE, and from Him it has from all eternity proceeded: "Yea, He loved the people." Only now the divisions of love's history. If we can fill them up we trust God will be glorified, and some souls receive good, for it is the river of His pleasures, of which His saints in glory ever drink.

II.—The Incarnate Representative of the love of God is "our Lord Jesus Christ." Nothing can be more emphatic or explicit than is the New Testament upon this: "God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish; but have everlasting life." Our glorious Lord Jesus Christ was, is, ever will be, the Divine Embodiment, the Medium, the Messenger, the Minister, the Perfect Manifestor of the love of a Triune-Jehovah. The Church, of whom the Royal Bridegroom speaks so fluently and affectionately as to call her His sister, His spouse, His love, His dove, His fair one, this—His espoused body—exclaimed, "My Beloved" (and how frequently she thus speaks of Him, as we may more fully shew—"My Beloved), is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand." Paul laboured hard to express, to explain the love of Christ; but he concluded that it passed knowledge.

III.—The sacred and secret Communicator of this love is the ever-blessed Divine Comforter, who by it supporteth the redeemed under all their trials; who, having the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto them, they are not ashamed of their hope, nor do they faint so as to fall away in the darkest sorrows of this life. Of this fact many strong testimonies may be given.

IV.—The publisher, the proclaimer of this love is the unctious, the God-sent minister of the everlasting Gospel; and how royally, richly, piously, and effectually thousands of the chosen vessels of mercy have done this, it will be my pleasure to declare, if all goes well with this willing and truth-loving scribe.

V.—The happy recipient of this love is the *pardoned* BELIEVER. The truly law-condemned, sin-cursed, hell-fearing, soul-despairing, but blood-redeemed, and God-pardoned sinner, having heard and experienced himself that grand proclamation, "Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," will rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. "Oh, for such love!" saith he,—

" — let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

For nearly fifty years have I yearned—daily, hourly, at all seasons—to tell of the unparalleled love of Christ, the love of God, the love of the Spirit, unto my soul. Anywhere, everywhere, at all times, under all circumstances do I travail with the deepest pantings to testify of this sin-forgiving, this sin-conquering, this guilt-removing love. But Satan has striven hard to hinder me. He employs the immaculate Pharisees, the profoundly deep excavators of the underground passages of men's souls, to precede me in all my engagements, and they endeavour to stop the people from hearing my testimony.

Poor dears! They have shut me out of all their well-paid prebends

and canon-stalls. Oh, what pious tongues! what potent pens! what sharp arrows of juniper have been employed! And, yet, while most all of them have fallen asleep, Almighty Mercy keeps me still awake, and everywhere in the tents of Zion's poorest children grace enables me to fulfil, in my small measure, that patented prophecy, "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."

"Therefore with joy do we DRAW water out of the wells of salvation." And, for many years now, the day has come wherein we do say, "Praise the Lord! Call upon His Name! Declare His doings among the people! Make mention that His Name is exalted." And as we have imperfectly, through grace Divine, helped to fulfil these prophetic announcements, not a few of the poor of the flock have said, one to another, "Don't believe he is so black as Pious Prejudice and Yellow Jaundice would make out."

VI.—The fruits of this love will be fairly considered, for twice the Saviour said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Then—

Last of all, the Feast of Love in the home above will enable us to "open and allege" that grandest of all the ancient sayings—"The Eternity of Israel will not lie." Almighty mercy be with thee, dear reader, prays your ancient scribe,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Under the Elders in South Hackney village,
London, June, 1880.

To our little annual meetings, in Speldhurst-road, on Monday and Tuesday, July 5 and 6, I earnestly solicit the company of such as are either friends or enemies to the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

"GIVE SOMETHING TO THEM, LORD,"

LINES written after hearing a sermon preached by Mr. Taylor, from Mal. i. 11, at the Surrey Tabernacle, April 18, 1880. The above words—"Give something to them, Lord"—in his opening prayer, fell from his lips with a sweet savour and earnest longing.

"Give something to them, Lord."
Amen, so let it be:
According to Thy servant's word,
Give something, Lord, to me.

I hunger and I thirst
Before a well-spread board;
O speak the words, "Eat, O My friends!"
And give me something, Lord.

I pine for seasons past,
But if this may not be
Consistent with Thy sovereign will,
Give something, Lord, to me.

One little word to stay
This craving, but a drop
To still mine unbelieving fears,
The lion's mouth to stop.

New Kent-road.

A glimpse of Thy dear face,
The shadow of Thy form;
The smallest token of Thy grace,
My troubled soul to calm.

What do I hear? This cry,
As incense comes to Thee,
Accompanied with an offering pure—
Oh! this is food for me.

Great is His Name, His work;
Boldly approach, my soul,
And gathering up new strength, refreshed,
On Him thy burden roll.

Adoring Lord, I take
This morsel at Thine hand,
Upon Thy servant, deacons, Church,
Thy blessing now command.

ANNIE M.

THE LIFE OF THE ITINERANT—THE DEATH OF THE PASTOR.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LABOURS OF THE LATE W. M. HAYDON, SOMETIME PASTOR OF BETHEL CHAPEL, WHARFDALE ROAD, KING'S CROSS.

MY acquaintance with Mr. Haydon commenced in 1861, when he would be about thirty-six years of age. At that time it was my happy privilege to conduct, in turn with some Christian brethren, a united prayer meeting in Hoxton. One evening, Mr. Haydon came; something about him struck me as to his ability to express himself well. I said if he would try to cultivate the gift of speaking, I thought he would succeed. I invited him to a meeting I was then conducting in a room in Tabernacle-walk. He gave a short address with some acceptance on the following Lord's-day evening. After this, he gave an address at a working-men's meeting at the West-end. I proposed that he should commence an open-air preaching service in Tabernacle-square. This was a successful effort. The Lord blessed the ministry of His Word through him; souls were impressed for good; many gave living and dying testimony to the truth they had received through him to the saving of their souls.

Mr. Haydon joined (for a time) the East-end Committee for Evangelistic work. He was what was then termed—

“A THEATRE SERVICE CONVERT.”

His own account is, that passing through Hoxton one Sunday evening, and seeing the people crowding into the Britannia theatre, these words came into his mind with great force, “If you do not make haste and repent, you will be too late.” He entered and heard an address on the words, “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.”

In 1864, he joined a Congregational Church; then a Baptist Church in Hackney-road. While there, he proposed a Saturday-night prayer meeting, which I believe has been continued ever since. He left Providence and joined the Strict Communion, connecting himself with brother Flack's in Wilton-square. For some time he was pastor of a small Church in a school-room in Evelyn-street, Hoxton; after which, he joined Ebenezer chapel, Hornsey-rise, under the pastorate of Mr. S. Waterer, for whom he had an affectionate regard. He preached as a supply at various churches. At Bethel chapel, Wharfedale-road, he ultimately succeeded brother Thrift as pastor, which charge, through ill-health, he was compelled to resign. We believe our brother was baptized at John-street, Bedford-row, by Baptist Noel, about 1865.

During a considerable portion of the period we have briefly reviewed, he conducted a Bible-class for young persons. In this he searched out and accumulated much Scripture knowledge. He took as much pains in studying for this work, as for preaching; hence, one of the secrets of his usefulness to the souls of those whom he was privileged to instruct in the things of God.

For a time Mr. Haydon preached in a room in the Vinegar-ground, Old-street, with the special leave of Lady Charlotte Sturt. He read “Spurgeon's Sermons” to the people, not being of course aware that he

was well able to preach his own sermons. I have heard him say that he believed the Lord had some of His own children in that ground, and he had found out some of them.

The writer, an open-air speaker, has often wished that he was able to address the people with that clearness and acceptance our departed brother certainly had. When dear Haydon was once convinced of the truth of any special point of doctrine, none could turn him from it, and his listeners were made to feel that at least the preacher believed what he preached. Whatever he took in hand, whether open-air work, conducting a Bible-class, visiting, or preaching generally, there was a remarkable thoroughness and earnestness, and, withal, a persistent diligence in all that he did; whatever his hand found to do, he did it with his might. *He did a long day's work in a short time.* As a friend and counsellor I shall indeed miss him. I have talked and walked and meditated with him on divine things; as it is said, "They that feared the Lord and that thought upon His Name, spoke often one to another." On my once remarking that if it were possible for me to get to the prison of the lost, even then I must still praise God for what *He had already done*, in his usual quick way he replied, "*You will never get there.*" One of his favourite texts was, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." He believed all God's dear children were a tried and afflicted people. He was a firm believer in answers to prayer. One moonlight Lord's-day evening, on my parting with him after a delightful day, I told him of some particular trouble I was then in. He said, "Ask your heavenly Father to help, and expect that *He will.*" A most remarkable answer came in a few days.

Those who knew our brother best know how often he would quote from John vi. Four times (he would say) the Lord declares of His people, "I will raise him up at the last day." He was often at the commencement of his Christian career exercised about the forgiveness of sins. He pondered over those beautiful passages in Isaiah, which so strongly set forth God's promises to forgive and to altogether *forget* the sins and transgressions of His people.

He always insisted upon the work of the Holy Spirit in first convincing the sinner before he could seek, or even know the danger he was in. He often complained of those preachers who did not sufficiently honour the work and person of the Holy Spirit. One of his favourite texts (he used to call his "*crutches*") was, "*All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me,*" and "*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.*"

A day or two before he died, Mr. Waterer, who often visited him, said, "You are going up higher. There will be no change there." "No change there!" he replied. The day before our brother departed he wished a frame to be brought to him, on which was written the dying words of a beloved sister; it said, "Mary Ann said to me, many years ago, when dying, 'I am going to step over the brink; if I am not safe now I never shall be. William, tell this to your children, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;' a pause, and then she said, 'Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call.'" She repeated, 'Not the righteous, I am a sinner.'" On another frame, hung up since 1862, these words were written, "The still small voice."

He wished a hymn to be sung over his grave, and wrote under hymn

987 in "Denham's Selection" before he died, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

W. C. W.

May 7, 1880.

[Our departed brother, the late W. M. Haydon, was a man of God whom we truly loved; yet, although he laid for many months in affliction, we never once saw him. This we painfully regret; but we never can do half that we desire. At a very comparatively early age he has left us. He had one of those choice, sweet, heavenly spirits which our Lord allows to remain here for a short time to let us know what the Spirit of Christ is, and then they are caught up.

"Well! rest thee in that silent grave,
There is no sorrow there!
Our Jesus came thy soul to save,
Then let us not despair.

"Ah! quiet in that deep-made tomb,
Beneath the dewy sod;
Soon Mercy will unshroud the gloom,
And raise thee up to GOD!

"Thy Spirit hath already found
Its place amongst the just;
And 'till for us the trumpet sound,
In JESUS we will trust."

A widow, an afflicted son, and other dependencies are left behind. We increase rapidly in our list of poor ministers and true Christian widows; but we will keep our promise (D.V.) toward the widow of our departed brother, for she proved a sterling help-met to him, and a source of much comfort as he gradually sank down into the valley. God be merciful to us who are following toward the same terminus, prays—C. W. B.]

THE USEFUL MAN AT RAUNDS CHAPEL.

A SMALL TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE THOMAS CLARK.

MR. EDITOR.—DEAR SIR,—I herewith enclose a short account of the honourable life and happy death of our esteemed friend the late Mr. Thomas Clark, of Raunds. I can say but very little about the first part of his life, only that, in common with all the human race, he was born in sin, and consequently followed the dictates of his own carnal mind.

"But thus the eternal counsel ran,
'Almighty grace, arrest *that* man;'
He felt the arrows of distress,
And found *he* had no hiding-place."

He was called by grace, and separated from his worldly associations at the age of twenty-three; and on the second day of May, 1830, he was baptised by Mr. Arnold, then pastor of the old Baptist chapel, Raunds, under whose ministry he had very probably been called by Divine grace. It soon became evident that he was a man of sound judgment in regard to the truth, and also possessed a keen discernment to detect error. These qualifications he possessed in a great degree, coupled with an intense love for the cause of Christ, and a very tender regard for, and fatherly care over, the lambs of the flock. The Church about this time standing in need of a deacon, elected him to that post of honour on the 19th of

July, 1835, which office he well sustained until the closing scene of his life.

Our departed brother was also a staunch supporter of Sabbath-schools, and in 1859, he, and several others, used their influence in favour of that object. He was one of the founders of the Raunds Baptist Sabbath-school, of which institution he at once became the superintendent; to perform which onerous duty he often felt at a loss, for, as he expressed it, he could not "talk;" nevertheless, both the teachers and the taught, held him in very high esteem—the latter always yielding a willing obedience to his word of command. He was also, until the last few years of his life, a very active member of the choir. But he seemed most in his element when at the prayer meeting; many of us can testify to the very savoury gift with which God had endowed him. We have seen him nearly overwhelmed with joy when the vestry has been filled mostly with young people, and when the HOLY GHOST has constrained them to pour out their supplications for the aged in general, and himself pointedly. At the close of such meetings we have seen his countenance lit up with a smile, when he would often say, "The prospect is still *very* cheering."

He also possessed another special mark of a true Christian—he erected a family altar, and never failed to place the morning and evening sacrifice thereon; indeed, in both public and private worship, he was constant and undeviating. For some months before he was quite laid aside, his countenance began to wear an air of melancholy, the result of a very painful cancer in the stomach. God, who is rich in mercy, caused every cloud to pass away, and to a dear friend and fellow member who visited him a short time before his death, he said he had been greatly comforted by the application of that sweet Scripture, "He was made sin for us." "Oh," he exclaimed, "the blessedness of the transfer!" while his whole soul seemed enraptured with the theme.

On Friday, May 28, 1880, we committed his body to the dust in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life. The coffin was taken into the chapel, which was draped in black for the occasion, and in respect to his memory as a member of the choir, Mr. Plupher (organist) very ably played the "Dead March" upon the organ, after which Mr. Margerum conducted a service, reading suitable Scriptures, and offering very solemn and earnest prayers. The corpse was then conveyed to the parish churchyard, the long procession being headed by the minister and deacons, followed by the Sabbath-school teachers, and members, and a great number of the congregation.

On the following Sunday evening Mr. Margerum preached a funeral sermon to an overflowing congregation, taking for his text, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Special hymns were chosen for the occasion, among which was the "dear old hymn" of the deceased,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

Thus lived and thus died our brother departed, a monument of the saving grace of our God, to whom be all the praise.

H. NUNLEY.

Raunds. June 4, 1880.

THE JEWS—THEIR PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

(Continued from page 113, Vol. XXXV.)

THE history of the Jews in the kingdom of Spain, which is full of interest, is very remarkable, as in many other countries. Like in Egypt, when they first settled everything was in a flourishing state, and the sons of the patriarchs enjoyed prosperity; but when a new Pharaoh came, a great change took place, resulting in persecution, &c. In Spain, too, after they resided for some years, and flourished, a change took place in the government of Spain, resulting in the bitter persecution of the children of Israel.

The reign of Ferdinand and Isabella was marked by several very great characteristic features. It gave to the people of Spain for the first time for nearly 800 years a native Spanish government. The queen was indeed in many respects a noble natured lady, possessed with very great gifts, which enabled her to carry on the great work of the empire. Had not Isabella been influenced by the priesthood of Rome, and had she not become a protector of the corruption of the Romish Church, her character would have been one of the grandest in the annals of Spain.

When a girl Isabella was intimately acquainted with Torquemada, who in future years became her first Grand Inquisitor. He earnestly laboured to impress on her mind the necessity of following the religion of Rome, and most especially he impressed on her the solemn duty of destroying all those opposed to the doctrines of the Church of Rome. In consequence of such teaching in her youthful days Torquemada persuaded her to make a solemn promise, that if ever she would be raised to the throne to persecute all those who were heretics. On her accession to the throne the fulfilment of this promise was sought from her. Though at first she was not very willing to fulfil those promises made years ago, yet she was prevailed on by the clergy and her own husband. After considerable entreatment she consented to solicit the Pope for a bull, in order to introduce the "holy office." Sixtus IV., pleased with the queen's request, complied with the queen's wish, and ordered a bull, bearing the date of November 1, 1478, authorising the sovereigns to appoint two or three ecclesiastical inquisitors for the detection and suppression of heresy throughout their dominions.

The Inquisition was particularly directed against the Jews. On January 6, 1481, six wretched Jews were burned. In March 17, more were doomed to be executed; during that year no less than 298 persons were doomed to destruction. A similar persecution went on in other parts of Andulasia, so that within the first year the sufferers were computed at 2,000 persons burned alive, and 1,700 reconciled. By the latter phrase is generally meant the infliction of some terrible penalty of confiscation or imprisonment. The sufferings of the Jews had only just begun in reality. In 1483 Torquemada was elevated to the rank of Inquisitor-general. Full of hatred towards the Jews, he caused thousands of the Jews to confiscate their property, for which they laboured honestly and hard many years, the confiscation of which property was very delightful to the king, for Ferdinand had the benefit of all confiscated property. They drew very large sums of money, which the king received with joy and delight.

Under these circumstances what else could the miserable Jews do but fly from the land of sufferings. De Castro tells us that 3,000 persons quitted Spain by Benareute for Braganza, in Portugal, 30,000 by Zamora for Miranda, 35,000 by Ciudad Rodrigo for El Villar, 15,000 by Alcantara for Marban, 10,000 by Bajados; so that from Castille alone 90,000 Jews fled to Portugal. A similar flight took place in other directions. It is stated that the number who emigrated amounted to 160,000; Zurita augments it to 400,000; Pedro de Abarco describes them as 160,000 families.

One who had access to all the official documents in connection with the Inquisition, says, that during the eighteen years of Torquemada's administration there were no fewer than 10,220 burned, 6,860 condemned and burned in effigy, having fled or died in prison, and 97,320 reconciled by confiscation and imprisonment, making an average of 6,000 persons condemned in each year. The widows and orphans cannot be computed.

Such persecution can only be attributed to the wickedness of the clergy, to whom Isabella submissively listened.

(To be continued next month.)

THE LATE MR. SAMUEL COX,

FOR FORTY YEARS A HEARER AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

WE had the honour of speaking a few words over the remains of that venerable man, Mr. Samuel Cox, when his beloved family laid the mortal part in the grave, just at the rear of dear James Wells's vault in Nunhead cemetery, on Friday, June 18, 1880. We have attended funerals since 1820—sixty years since—we never saw one more respectably or consistently conducted. We refer not to the religious department, but to the decorum, propriety, affection, and honour of the bereaved family. Mr. Wood, the noted Surrey Tabernacle undertaker, had the entire management, which was highly satisfactory. Not “privately for fear of the Jews,” but more for fear of himself, Mr. Samuel Cox had worshipped in what we may call the three Surrey Tabernacles for over forty years, only as a hearer. He was no bold adventurer, but a steady, humble follower of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST; and in conversation with him a few days before his decease, we were truly thankful to find that, although he had passed his ninety-seventh year in the wilderness, his faculties were as clear, his conversation as edifying, his faith in the eternal God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—as sincere and as simple as though he had been in the prime of life, and in the best of health. His one only concern was to *realise* in his soul's freedom and enjoyment the CERTAINTY of being found in Christ, with Christ, and like unto Christ in the higher and happier kingdom. His faith for many years had been sharply tried. When we buried his son, the late Mr. James Cox (the once indefatigable chapel-keeper of the Borough-road Surrey Tabernacle), on that occasion we had free and truthful fellowship with the then extremely aged disciple, and we are persuaded he died in the faith of that true heavenly Gospel he had listened to, had received, and heartily

believed for nearly half a century. We believe he was the oldest surviving friend of the late most intensely-beloved Surrey Tabernacle minister, MR. JAMES WELLS.

As we were thinking over his funeral

THREE VOICES

distinctly sounded through the inner regions of thought.

The first expressed the afflicted godly man's resignation, as found in Job xxx. 23: "I know that THOU wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living." Job believed God would not leave him to bring himself to death. How many poor wretches, if they cannot have just what they desire, hurl themselves to a double destruction. Our friend, Samuel Cox, for ninety-seven years was preserved from such a calamity; he came calmly, gradually, by the gentle hand of God down into the valley, and without groan or complaint he fell asleep in the body, while the spirit returned to God who gave it. As I attempted to follow the soul, over and over, and over again, the words echoed and re-echoed in me—

"Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away."

The second voice which, with a ray of light I never had before, said, "For so He giveth His beloved sleep." There is the child of God put to bed by his heavenly Father in a blessed forgetfulness of all the toil and sorrow of the world. I could not express the meaning of this singularly sweet sentence at the funeral; but I do hope the Lord will permit me to give it in a future number, for it soothed, instructed, and satisfied me greatly.

The third voice was this: "And Moses drew near to the thick darkness where God was." The three veils here referred to, as hanging between man's soul and the throne of glory, must also be reserved for next month, if sparing mercy is lengthened out to

C. W. BANKS.

FAREWELL WORDS

IN BETHESDA BAPTIST CHAPEL, BILSTON, APRIL 25TH, 1880,

BY A. B. HALL.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."—Num. vi. 24—26.

THE old dispensation was a shadow of the new; in a glass we, as it were, see its lessons. The Jews had offerings to God, the atonement for sin, covenants, and spiritual feasts; they were the Lord's people; they were stimulated to zeal, they had consolations, and shakings of hands, meetings, and partings. So in life it is not all joy or sorrow; in our flesh we feel the effects of sin; it is not all a blooming aspect; but those in the Lord have a higher hope. I like to remember it is all one family, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one interest; we all anticipate the time when we shall go to the one home—it is Jerusalem, my happy home. It is this that in sorrow cheers us. It is anticipation; it is that which comforts us in our separations.

Now, our text says first: "The Lord bless thee." In Deut. xxxiii. 27, there are the blessings of the twelve tribes: "The eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Also in Psalm xci. it is said: "With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him My salvation."

1st. "The Lord bless thee with pure water." That the world may see it, may He bless thee with spiritual water. Now, when Caleb's daughter asked a blessing of her father, and he said, "What wilt thou?" she said: "Give me also springs of water, the upper springs, and the nether springs." The upper springs are our spiritual blessings; the nether springs are our earthly comforts; they are also comforts needed. The upper springs are our spiritual blessings, I say, they are the waters of salvation—the pure water of life. It would take a long time to go into them now; but—

2nd. May He bless you when the cloud moves. I see His hand in my removal. I am going among a larger people. It is best, perhaps, for you and for me; may it be so to them.

3rd. Also my text says: "He will keep thee." I visited a dear sister this afternoon; she is sick unto death; she could hardly speak; but she said in answer to my question: "Is it well?" "I am on the Rock." The Lord keep her safe; it is well to be kept in righteousness, to have the hedge about us, to be in the covenant. Our text in the morning was: "God is our Refuge." Paul said: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

Again. May the Lord keep you in knowledge, to comprehend the Word and know the mysteries of redemption, that the preaching here may be in the deep things, sincere milk, pure water, the foundations good. I must be very plain. Pardon me, but have no muddling, no mangling, no mixing law and Gospel; do not be kept in doubt, for God hath begotten us again to a lively hope. Hold fast the doctrines, predestination, election, calling, and a salvation to the end. These are the deep things, the upper springs of pure water.

I must say a few words on the Lord "making His face to shine upon thee." Christ said, "I am the Light of the world;" but He is our Life, He is our Sun; from Him we have our warmth, from Him we have our light, our all. Read Romans vii. May the Lord shine on thee in love. Let us always pray to be kept in love, never to preach in a bitter spirit. We cannot keep ourselves; may we be kept to have clean hands and not ashamed of the Gospel. We shall have our temptations, but shall not be shipwrecked.

During the time I have been with you I have delivered between five and six hundred sermons. I have laboured with some encouragement and many discouragements. I am not going altogether; I shall still remain for some time a member with you; and may come sometimes and speak to you. So in after days may the Lord bless you and keep you, and cause His face to shine upon you, and bless and keep me. Amen.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—These are the outlines of Mr. A. B. Hall's sermon, that I took down as he delivered it. It is said that a man cannot blow his own trumpet; but in justice to our young friend, I would give one blast from the Black Country, that the people may hear and know that our brother Alfred Hall wishes that the Gospel-trumpet be full tone—no uncertain sound, no muddling

sound. I must say he has shewn great courage in many discouragements. I believe many would have been baptized, and a large Church formed: but as a few built it with the public's money, they call it, "our chapel," a "Limited Liability Company," and this has much crippled us.

Bilston, Staffordshire.

JOSEPH ATTWOOD. M.R.C.P.S.

"LODGING IN THE VILLAGES."

TO that venerable and truly godly widow and mother in Israel, Mrs. Sarah Green, treasurer to the fund for training up the poor orphans left by the late lamented Charles Wootton, of Two Waters, Herts,—I promised you, most honourable sister in the faith, I would write you something of the Lord's mercies towards me. I have promised many others in different parts of the kingdom; I have also a large number of letters with questions and appeals of diverse matters; and not being able yet to reply to all, or scarcely any, I presume to insert this note as an apology for craving time before I can send answers, or fulfil promises made to, a multitude of correspondents. My apology must be supported by a brief record of the last month's engagements in different villages where my work has been found, and from hence some faint idea may be formed of the state of our Churches. From May 15 up to June 15 it has been one continued and varied scene of exercise in travelling, and speaking as well as I could in the Lord's name. At Cambridge we had a quiet, pleasant meeting. Both the Strict Baptist Churches here are moving on as usual. At Bury-St.-Edmunds, Rehoboth has had an original and useful workman, which some people believe the Lord Himself had called up out of the dust, and that the SPIRIT of the LORD had qualified him for a good work in sounding out THE GOSPEL of GOD; but the Baptists of Bury principally gather in the late Mr. Elven's chapel. That cause has existed full eighty years, they enrol nearly 600 members; but since Cornelius Elven was called home no minister has stood long. Many ministers of the present generation are like "birds of passage," they fly from Church to Church until they are lost sight of altogether. This is a lamentable feature in our time. And yet it is cheering to find such numbers of young men anxious to be settled in our Churches; although they are not ripe enough, or wise enough, or weight enough to keep a standing in one place long together. A correspondent tells me that the cry of the classics at Suffolk meeting was for more "*brain power.*" Well, POWER from the HOLY GHOST is certainly more essentially useful than all the powers of the universities put together. Brain power every man must have. The questions *are*: Do they know how to *use* it? Is it accompanied with the soul-quickenings, truth-unfolding, Christ-honouring power of the Spirit of God? We have sighed over the sudden snapping of the brain power in many a gifted young man, because he has too incessantly, too anxiously, driven that power, until it broke down; and thus many a hopeful pastor has been lost just as he was climbing up the hill. I walked Bury-St.-Edmunds with a sad heart, for the New Testament Baptists, the firm abiders in the faith, have not much to cheer them there. On Whit-Sunday and Monday I was privileged to preach five sermons to some hundreds of people. The history of that

Church is of considerable interest. I certainly was humbled in my soul with heavings of praise to God for giving me the opportunity of mingling prayers and praises with so many who have seen the grain of mustard seed grow into a large tree, in and under whose branches hundreds of precious souls have found rest and food. I long to give the full history of Bradfield-St.-George's Baptist Church, for it is most remarkable. Brother Dixon, the pastor, is a man beloved of God and the people. On Whit-Tuesday I travelled on to Mendelsham anniversary; found brother W. Tooke and his friends ploughing on in the Gospel with good heart, and some of his family. The Mendelsham pastor sends a note of these anniversaries, which will, no doubt, come into these pages some day. The Mendelsham Church I have known for thirty years. She has been passing through fires, floods, and trials of various sorts. Still she lives, and I was inexpressibly joyed in my soul to find such gatherings of grand old warriors as I fell in with that day. The Harts, the Freemans, the Runneckels, the Dearings, and groups beside. They are not all angels. Perfection in the flesh has never yet been realised either in pulpit or pew in these parts. Nevertheless, we do hope better days are dawning over the Mendelsham people. Mr. Dearing, the devoted Crowfield pastor, kindly united with us in the services. One elderly friend claimed me as spiritual father, and I was inly led to praise the Lord. The sister Church at Little Stonham had their anniversary next day, when that popular Ipswich minister, William Kern, delivered the decrees of the Gospel; but I was carried by Frederick Runneckels to Needham market, and from thence I found my way to Zoar chapel, Ipswich; where to a numerous gathering of Ipswich friends, something was said of "walking by faith and not by sight," which is quite opposite to the desires of many who profess to be going up into the holy city of the eternal God. According to the annual register the longest standing minister, as a pastor over *one* Church in Suffolk, at the present time, is the highly gifted and honourable Mr. Charles Hill, who has presided over the Church at Stoke Ash (with its eight different branches) for full thirty years, and it is hoped he may be the ruling elder of that evangelical part of the country for many years yet to come. Those ancient men, Samuel Collins and John Cooper, still live in Suffolk; but they have retired from pastoral duties. When we shall retire we cannot tell; we have no anxious desire for it. Charles Hill might easily enough retire too; but he loves his work, and he lives in it. He is a bishop, with eight or ten parishes or hamlets under his care. A remarkable position! an extraordinary man! We left Suffolk for Surrey. On Ripley-green and on Horsell-common we had help in preaching. Then down to the Two Waters, in Herts; and on to Buckland-common, in Bucks, where services were rather trying; Jireh anniversary in East-road; and Cricket-hill, in Hampshire; to Hayes, in Middlesex; and from thence to Carlton Rode, in Norfolk, of which minute details may be found some day from the pen of a learned disciple. Now after travelling a thousand miles with thinking, praying, and preaching, I beseech my correspondents to exercise some patience with their serving-worker,

C. W. BANKS.

Under the Elder Tree, in South Hackney village,
Banbury-road, London, June 15. 1880.

SALVATION.

"Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound."

LET us spell the word from which this echo is sounded back. Salvation is,—

S SIMEON'S SIGHT.

"Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation" (Luke ii. 39). "Behold, God is my salvation" (Isa. xii. 2, 3). "They shall look upon Me whom they have pierced" (Zech. xii. 10). "The redeemed are chosen to see that JUST ONE" (Acts xxii. 14). "So it pleased God to reveal His Son in Paul" (Gal. i. 15, 16). "And there is the revelation of the Father" (Matt. xi. 27).

A ABSOLUTION BY THE GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. i. 7). He gives the white stone of justification and says, "ABSOLVETE" (Rev. ii. 17; John viii. 11).

Mos erat antiquus nivels atrisque lapillis
His damnare reos; illis absolvere culpa."
(Ovid *Meta. lib. xv., l. 42*).

And the absolved one gratefully sings, "Thou hast loosed my bonds" (Psa. cxvi. 16).

L LIGHT OF LIFE (John viii. 12; Job xxxiii. 28, 30).

"In Him was life, and the life was the light of men" (John i. 4). "With Thee is the fountain of life; in Thy light shall we see light" (Psa. xxxvi. 9).

The Holy Ghost

L Lights up a soul with this light.

I Illumes the understanding (Eph. i. 18).

G Gives the knowledge of salvation (Luke i. 77).

H Hallows the affections (Col. iii. 2). And

T Teaches us how to live and what to look for (Titus ii. 11).

V VICTORY!

"Stand still and see the *salvation* of the Lord which he will shew you to-day" (Exodus xiv. 13). "The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. xv. 56, 57; 1 John v. 4). He sends forth judgment unto victory (Matt. xii. 20).

A ADOPTION. The constitution of aliens as children.

"I will receive you. And I will be a Father unto you; and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty" (2 Cor. vi. 17, 18). "So Israel as a nation was His Son; His first-born" (Exodus iv. 22). To Israel "pertained the adoption" (Rom. ix. 4). "But they are not *all* Israel who are of Israel; the children of the promise are counted for the *seed*" (ver. 6—8). "These are predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ" (Eph. i. 5). And salvation is realised when we receive "the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father" (Rom. viii. 15).

As creation (Heb. i. 1; Col. i. 16; Job xxvi. 13), so is *salvation*, the work of the

T TRINITY IN UNITY.

(a) Of the Father. "Who hath saved us and called us, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace" (2 Tim. i. 9).

(b) Of the Son. "Though He were a Son yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect He became the Author of eternal *salvation* to all them that obey Him" (Heb. v. 9).

(c) By the Holy Spirit. "Not by might, nor by power; but by My Spirit, saith the Lord" (Zech. iv. 6). "You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1).

Salvation is

I INTENDED FOR THE LOST.

"I am come to seek and to save that which was lost."

INTENDED FOR THE SICK.

"The whole need not the Physician."

INTENDED FOR SINNERS (1 Tim. i. 16).

"Sinners are high in His esteem,
And sinners highly value Him."

Salvation is for

O OVERCOMERS.

The promises are only to them. To him that overcometh is granted all that heaven has good (Rev. ii. 7, 11, 17, 26, iii. 5, 12, 21, xx. 7).

"Though hard the battle seem,
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand through Him."

He leads His followers on to victory with the battle cry, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world" (John xvi. 33). All born of God *are* overcomers (1 John v. 5, 6); more than conquerors (Rom. viii. 37); exceeding and eternal gainers (2 Cor. iv. 17).

Salvation is

N Now.

"Now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

It is a finished work.—**DONE**; (John xix. 30)
ALL things are ready! Come!

NEAR as well as Now!

"Say not in thy heart, Who shall ascend," &c. (Rom. x. 6, 10).

NONE other.

"Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

"Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues."

June, 1860.

CORNERCOTT.

A FEW SPARKS FROM THE FURNACE.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—May great grace rest upon you for the work whereunto you are called. A rather severe prostration having laid me aside for a day or two, it occurred to me that if the tongue was stopped the pen might be used in honour of the God of Israel, and, under His blessing, for the good of His tried children in the pathway of tribulation down here. We under-shepherds, in common with the rest of God's redeemed family, have our own soul's needs and conflicts ever, as the most prominent matters, before us; a personal realisation of Divine things in the savour, sweetness, and power of them by the direct application of the ever blessed Spirit, being the very essence of vital godliness in all the election of grace.

But as ministers of Jesus Christ we have as well, the general prosperity of the Church, and of one portion of that Church in particular, pressing very heavily upon our minds. We may wonder with great amazement (when we think of ourselves) that the Lord should have owned us at all, or have made even that use of us which He has; but I venture to say on behalf of my brethren in the work that we are far from satisfied with Zion's present position and attainment. "Revive

Thy work, O Lord!" is a prayer we often utter, and we must each of us long with groanings unspeakable for more of that mellowness of heart, that fervour of spirit, and that godly union twixt souls, which have in days past been manifested in the ranks of our Churches. The roll-call of standard-bearers in Israel has been wonderfully reduced of late; many aged sires, whose names were (and are still) household words in the Church, have taken off the armour, laid aside their swords of conflict, relinquished their pastoral rods, and are now in the delightful presence of their Master, the Captain of their salvation, and the good, the great, and the chief Shepherd of the sheep. A few such men still "flourish in the courts of our God," and others are being mercifully raised up.

Oh, may He to whom all power belongs, so lay it on the hearts of His children to pray for an outpoured blessing, that we may to our joy prove the truth of the poets words,—

"Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give."

So that while we are daily learning in our warfare and walk—

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown,"

We may still in the house of our pilgrimage have songs in the night, from the soul-melting presence of our loving Lord.

'Tis no time for foolish mutual recrimination twixt pastors and people or people and pastors. May a solemn unity in prayer be given to each. Pastors will then be as *truthful* and decided as ever, as faithful in dealing with men's souls, while more energy, more fervour, more earnestness, and a much richer experience, will characterise their efforts. Showers of blessings falling on the souls of the people will make the garden thrive, and the practical fruits of gratitude be more fully developed than ever. And thus, under the well-nigh crushing trials and heart-rending afflictions of the pilgrim path,—

"We'll sing, as we pass through this valley of tears,
The righteous shall hold on his way."

Yours very sincerely in Him we love,

A LITTLE ONE ON THE WALLS.

THE ANCIENT CLERGY.—Mr. W. Winters has this year produced another work for the Royal Historical Society, under the title of "Annals of the Clergy of Waltham Cross;" which is a kind of twin-sister to his "Ecclesiastical Works of the Middle Ages; or, Historical Notices of Early Manuscripts Formerly Belonging to the Ancient Monastic Library of Waltham Holy Cross." Nuttall would style our literary brother, "The Antiquary of Waltham Cross," whose researches and reproductions prove "the Kentish clodhopper's" quaintism to be correct: "I guesses there were bonny fellows in the days afore our proud-skinned com'd ashore." What seas of thinkers, scribes, and tongues in the nations did abide before people got into such a fuss and flare, Tram, train, and telegram carry us off into such excitements, and make so much dust we can neither see nor consider. 'Spose time is in much hurry every day; end of harvest is busy season; shoals of folk are tugging hard to take all the world to heaven; but every now and then the Tay bridge and Hay bridge break down and there are awful scenes of misery and death.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

One Hundred and Fifty Years of Baptist History in Waltham Abbey. By W. JACKSON, pastor, London, Elliott Stock. We have an antiquarian bump somewhere, which strongly inclines us to roam about old castles, desolate monasteries, ancient churches, books 300 years of age, yea, anything which, like ourselves, was born before express trains did fly, before gas did blaze, before Board schools had a being, when everything went carefully and slow. In the present new age of telegrams and telephones, when everybody is wide-awake, and everyone knows everything, in this fast-going epoch, when people grow so tall, when boldness is the order of the day, we often feel lost, left behind; lay down in some lane, on some green lawn, in some out-of-the-way lodge, and meditate a little on the loveliness of nature, on the light which shines from heaven in that "Word of God which abideth for ever," and there we long for the large and luminous liberty which we shall live in for ever, when time, with all her changing fashions, shall be left behind. Yes, oh, yes, we have a passion in our soul for such terms as "the ANCIENT of days;" "the chief things of the ancient mountains." Oh, how we wish we could climb to their very summits,—

"Beyond, beyond these lower skies,
Up, where eternal ages roll:
Where solid pleasure never dies,
And fruits immortal feast the soul;"

Where no angel speaks ill of another,
where no army of young striplings
spring about to knock the old ones down,
but where, not in a sing-song way, but
in downright joyful earnestness they
chorus out that blissful theme,—

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL."

This poor little book of Mr. Jackson's makes me think of that word in Jeremiah, where the Lord says, "My people have forgotten Me;" and some "have caused them to stumble in their ways from the ANCIENT paths, to walk in paths in a way not cast up." That is true. It is not now, "What saith the Lord?" but what saith So-and-so? "So-and-so" will never fatally alter the "two immutable things," for Jehovah declareth, "I will work; and none shall turn it back." In this compilation of the "Baptist History" Mr. Jackson has exercised much ingenuity, industry, and critical acrimony. We have known the author of this little book for some years as the pastor of different

Churches, and we have no doubt but he is anxious to show unto all the world that his position, his faith, his ministry, the order and discipline of his Church are quite consistent with the Heavenly oracles. But we painfully consider what are called open communion, duty-faith, universal charity, with a mixture of law and Gospel, to be departing from the faith once delivered unto the saints. God knoweth we fear to, we dare not, sanction such stepping on unwarranted premises; and as we are more in spirit with the other Baptist Church in Waltham Abbey, we solicit a careful reading of the following few lines.

The Church at Ebenezer, Waltham Abbey, of which Mr. W. Winters is the pastor, seceded, for the truth and conscience sake, from the General Baptist chapel, Paradise-row, Waltham Abbey, and was organized as a Strict and Particular Baptist Church in 1824. The articles of the Church were based upon the New Testament, and the "Confessions of Faith" drawn up by Dr. Gill. The firmness and fidelity of the Church in these matters has called forth considerable obloquy from persons professing to believe in universal charity, and now it is publicly censured by the Rev. W. Jackson, pastor of the General Baptist Church in the same parish, as being "exceedingly exclusive," "holding extreme sentiments," "forbidding Christians of other denominations to partake of the Lord's Supper," "withholding the invitations of the Gospel from sinners," and "propagating the doctrine of the non-responsibility of all, and the unconditional reprobation of some." Such are the statements made against this people whom God delights to honour. Had the original Church, under the care of Mr. Jackson and his predecessor Mr. Hargreaves, have continued as faithful to God and His truth as when Mr. John Davis presided as pastor over it, and who was recommended and ordained by Dr. Gill, there would probably have been no warrantable reason for separating. It is not difficult, however, to conceive how Mr. Jackson regards the separation "as one of the most unfortunate circumstances in the history of the denomination in the town" [of Waltham Abbey], when it is understood that some of his people came from his cause to Ebenezer several times and declared that the truth was more clearly preached by Mr. Winters than by himself; also three of his members were eventually

added to the cause at Ebenezer. Had this cause of truth been a failure, the Rev. W. Jackson would not have been so splenetic in his remarks, and his book would have been less seasoned with regrets at the peace and prosperity attending the labours of the pastor of Ebenezer Church. The little book is the reproduction of a series of letters published in the *Baptist* early in the present year.

The New Theology. Fireside for June has a paper on "M. Rénan and the New Theology." Our leading journal gave full reports of these cold philosophical anti-Gospel budgets of foolishness. Dr. Charles Bullock may well close up the part of his review by writing, "I am puzzled at the folly of the nineteenth century, which can produce in London an audience ready to listen to such wretched attempts to undermine the theology and moral teaching of the Word of God." Our readers may ask, "What is this new theology?" Here it is in Rénan's own summing up. After philosophising in the dark a long time, the French lecturer said, "After all, we know nothing. Life is a journey between two long nights." He is more frank than many perverters of the Gospel of Christ.

The Bishop of Liverpool. A fine portrait of Canon Ryle, a chapter on his faith in Christ, and his bold defence of the great Protestant principles of the Bible, will be found in the *Fireside* for June. London: *Hand and Heart* office, 1, Paternoster-buildings. The English bench of bishops contain a variety, but even at the present time "there is a remnant according to the election of grace." The new Liverpool Bishop has been an amazing worker with his pen; and in the pulpit, and he has now received a dignified acknowledgment of the services he has rendered to the Church. We know on one or two occasions he freely helped a poor Baptist minister in Suffolk.

Denham's Melody. With the late David Denham's Selection of Hymns, for use in public worship, many thousands of our readers have long been acquainted, and for nearly fifty years it has been the book of praise in very many of our Churches. For the Christian in his private communings, also, it is a precious companion. We have sincere pleasure in announcing that our Mr. Robert Banks, of Racquet-court, in Fleet-street, has just issued a new edition of the said David Denham's Melody in a much more convenient size, and at a considerable reduction in price. With new, clear

type, well printed on substantial and durable paper, in strong binding, we conscientiously recommend it to the notice of the Churches generally. Such a volume, with nearly 1,200 of the choicest hymns, complete for two shillings, is a grand improvement in every way.

The Household Library of Exposition. Those respectable publishers, Macniven and Wallace, of 144, Princes-street, Edinburgh, are issuing some sacred volumes for the "household library." The first is to our hand; it bears the exciting, the edifying title of "The Life of David as Reflected in His Psalms," by ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. This highly gifted author has rendered David's life fairly, and has drawn from it lessons of permanent and of spiritual comfort. It will stand beside Charles Vince's "Review of the Ancient King of Israel" in our libraries as a twin-child of historic beauty.

What do we owe Him? London: *Home Words* office, 1, Paternoster-buildings. This is a pretty little volume, relating the life and labours of Robert Raikes, practically illustrating "The Story of a Grain of Mustard Seed." By Rev. C. BULLOCK, B.D. We would like to give every child in our Sunday-schools one of these volumes, and we believe thousands of the young ones all over the land would be delighted with it.

Memento of the late Henry Creswell. Ah! we knew him near fifty years ago. He came to Canterbury, a fine, handsome, six foot and more—a really handsome man—and a long course of ministerial work he enjoyed. A review of his life as early as possible.

Sermons. We have before us in print Messrs. Hemington, Hull, and Tryon, at re-opening of Gower-street, Mr. Ashdown's funeral sermons for the late E. Vinall, and one by Mr. R. A. Lawrence, preached in Surrey Tabernacle, on "The God of All Grace;" also "The Last Trumpet"—the late William Huntington's funeral sermon for his beloved son, J. Jenkins. (R. Banks.) If, when we have studied these pulpit productions, we can find the fresh flowings forth of the Spirit in penetrating beneath the surface, we will give due notice thereof.

The Baptists everywhere are much indebted to Mr. Charles Williams, for his neat, clear, comprehensive, and plain-spoken essay on "The Principles and Practices of the Baptists," published by the Baptist Tract Society, Castle-street, Holborn. We have not room to notice many papers, books, &c., which have reached us.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK STRICT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

For the first two days in June, the usually quiet little town of Stowmarket was the scene of a considerable amount of pleasurable excitement, owing to the almost sudden influx of people, chiefly representatives of the various Strict Baptist Churches in Suffolk and other contiguous counties, who came in right earnest to participate in the joys and friendly greetings consequent upon the Association gatherings, and realising far more pleasant feelings than those that assembled a few years ago in the streets and lanes of the town to witness the devastation caused by an explosion of gun cotton, the manufacture of which is now carried on by the Government in the same locality. In years gone by we are told that hops were largely cultivated in the neighbourhood of Stowmarket, but only a few patches of land can now be seen from the rail fertile with the bitter climbing plant, and gradually sloping to the verge of one of the tributary streams of the grand old Orwell, made navigable to the town since the latter part of the last century. The town is antiquated and somewhat irregularly constructed, containing here and there some fair specimens of early domestic architecture and a fine old cathedral-like church, situated on an elevation, and known by its style to belong to the decorated period, and of which Dr. Young, the celebrated tutor to the seraphic Milton, was vicar for twenty-five years *temp* Charles I.

There are two Strict Baptist causes in the town, which a stranger would very naturally suppose were hardly distant enough from each other to be agreeable; however, we believe that the greatest possible harmony exists between the ministers and members, which is very Christlike and praiseworthy. The pastors are worthy men of God, for whom our prayers and best wishes shall not be wanting. Only one of the two chapels, however, belong to the Association, the meaning of which appears difficult to determine, except that the Association is not so energetic as it might be in seeking fresh strength by adding to its body corporate other causes which are probably on an equality with itself in spiritual health and soundness of doctrine. The oldest Strict Baptist chapel in the town is almost buried in an out-of-the-way place, and which would greatly puzzle a new comer to find. It was erected in 1815, and enlarged in 1836. This chapel, with its high boxes, will hold from six to seven hundred persons, and is considered amply spacious enough to accommodate the present usual congregation. One of the early pastors was Jabez Browne, who died November 28, 1819, at the advanced age of 84. Mr. Daniel Dickerson is now the highly respected pastor. The other

chapel, which is of modest appearance and of which our venerable and esteemed brother, Mr. G. G. Whorlow, is the pastor, was erected in 1862, and stands in an excellent position in the main street, approached by a neatly trimmed greensward. The inside of the chapel is fitted up with comfortable benches, a platform at the end, and at the back of which is a gallery over the vestry, made in every way comfortable and consistent with the age. This year, from some unknown reason, the Association failed to display any regalia whatever; even the arch of evergreens which had been conspicuous on other occasions, with the friendly motto "Welcome" placed at the entrance to the tent, was considered unnecessary and of course did not appear. In the place of the wanted evergreens were stationed two sturdy "blues," who acted well their part in keeping order. The meeting of Tuesday commenced in the usual way: the venerable William Brown, pastor of the cause at Friston, was chosen moderator, and delivered a powerful address, in the course of which he remarked that he had been connected with the Association from its birth, fifty years ago. When the Association was formed, he said, the cry was generally, What do these feeble Jews? For there were only six or seven ministers and Churches who were connected with it. He referred also to those who had been connected with the Association as deacons and messengers from the various Churches, and expressed his opinion of their position as English citizens, a position which he hoped the Strict Baptists of Suffolk held with credit and honour. The moderator with the real zeal and generosity of a true Liberal, made some gratuitous animadversions on the havoc, the sorrow and the misery which had been caused on the two continents by the late Government, and how glad they were that a great political change had come. Mr. Brown spoke also on the faith and union of the Church; and noted that by many denominations the Strict Baptists might be looked upon as a set of Antinomians, but they held their doctrines in righteousness as they were held by the Piedmontese of old and by the great reformers, Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, and John Knox. These great men, continued Mr. Brown, were Calvinists, holding the same principles as they did to-day. Some of the greatest divines of the Protestant Church had been Calvinists, but they could go further back still, for they held their doctrines as the doctrines of the New Testament. After this excellent speech, Mr. Brown read the articles of the Association.

Mr. S. K. Bland, of Ipswich, then commenced reading the letters from the associated Churches, beginning with the Church at *Wattisham*. The letter from this Church referred to the retirement of their much loved pastor, Mr. Cooper, whom we were right glad to see once more at the meeting.

Our brother J. Wilkins, has succeeded Mr. Cooper as pastor, and, under the blessing of God, is steadily prospering in his work. Mr. Wilkins labours in six villages; present number of members 110, Sunday school scholars 212. *Beccles*: without a pastor; during the year 4 have been added, present n. m. 147, S. s. s. 180. *Halesworth*: peace and prosperity attend the ministry of the Word; added 2, n. m. 56, S. s. s. 51. *Rattlesden*: added 8, restored 1, n. m. 99, S. s. s. 104. *Friston*: two deacons died within a month; n. m. 46, S. s. s. 74. *Grundisburgh*: added 7, n. m. 161, S. s. s. 220. Mr. Dexter, of Grundisburgh, then took up the reading of the letters. *Norton*: added 4, n. m. 48, S. s. s. 25. *Laxfield*: this Church is at present without a pastor. We were highly pleased to see the late pastor, Mr. G. Webb, at the meeting, and to hear of his being happy and useful in the cause at Maidstone, Kent. The Church at Laxfield numbers 204, and 177 S. s. s. *Waldringfield*: added 3, n. m. 87, S. s. s. 78. *Somersham*: peace prevails, but the indifference of some of the members is regretted; notwithstanding, the prayer meetings are well attended, and the congregations very encouraging; S. s. s. the same as last year; the school experiences the want of more teachers. *Cransford*: added 2, n. m. 45, S. s. s. 26, village stations 6. *Occold*: cause not so prosperous as could be wished; added 1, n. m. 45, S. s. s. 40. Mr. Wilkins then took his share in the reading of letters. *Pulham-St. Mary*: peace and love abounds; our beloved brother B. Taylor, the pastor, is far from strong; he, however, still preaches with much acceptance; n. m. 70, S. s. s. 45. *Stoke Ash*: our able and highly respected brother, Mr. Charles Hill, continues his labours here with marked success; added 5, n. m. 191, S. s. s. 100, village stations 8. *Sutton*: added 5, n. m. 52, S. s. s. 39. *Rishangles*: congregation not quite so large as on former occasions; n. m. 117, S. s. s. 73. *Bungay*: brother Brand, the beloved pastor, begins to feel the infirmities of age; added 2, n. m. 74, S. s. s. 44. *Charsfield*: Mr. Field, late of Hadleigh, is encouraged by seeing the fruit of his labour in this cause; added 5, n. m. 65, S. s. s. 56, village stations 5. At this juncture Mr. Dickerson took up the reading of the letters. *Walsham-le-Willows* without a pastor; Mr. Knell is supplying the pulpit; n. m. 72, S. s. s. 69. *Hadleigh*: Mr. Field resigned for another field after seven years' service; added 1, n. m. 59, S. s. s. 48. *Tunstall*. Mr. W. Gill, for many years pastor at Willenhall, Staffordshire, is now settled at Tunstall; added 6, n. m. 116, S. s. s. 93. *Fressingfield*: there are other Churches that can say with this Church, "Some do not attend our prayer meetings, are often absent from the sanctuary on Lord's-day, do not help the Church to bear any of its burdens; they are working not at all." Added 3, n. m. 75, S. s. s. 86. *Hoxne*: the Church here is under trying circumstances; Mr. W. Harris, who has supplied for three years, is about to leave; n. m. 42, S. s. s. 80; teachers

are wanted. *Lowestoft*: Our brother, Mr. H. Knight, is supplying the pulpit of this "little Church in the wilderness." Added 0, lost 0, "so we are as we were." Mr. Suggate read the remaining letters. *Aldringham*: without a settled pastor; Mr. S. K. Bland is supplying the pulpit; added 3, restored 1, n. m. 55, S. s. s. 61. Services are held in the new chapel at Aldeburgh. *Sudbourne*: added 1, n. m. 27, S. s. s. 40. *Bradfield-St.-George*: Two proposed for baptism, added 1, n. m. 60, S. s. s. 60, teachers 7. *Orford Hill, Norwich*: the cause is prospering; added 12, restored 6, n. m. 112, S. s. s. 35. *Stowmarket*: the Church at Bethesda welcomed the Association; added 5, n. m. 55, S. s. s. 30; this cause is not so prosperous as could be desired. One of the worst evils everywhere prevailing is a spirit of cold indifference. May the Lord interpose and stir up His Church to greater diligence. Mr. Brand gave out a hymn and closed this part of the service with prayer.

A great number of friends then moved off with all speed to the provision stores, and, having obtained tickets, were shown into the malting through a low aperture, which, with its "dim religious light" in the distance, appeared at first sight something like a crypt, or subterranean passage leading into some unknown cloister, into which the friends carefully entered, single file, with a stoop, like ducks going under a barn door, and, after a few knocks of the head from the lowness of the ceiling, sat down to a substantial meal. Tea was also served up in the same place.

In the afternoon Mr. C. Wilson read and prayed, and Mr. R. E. Sears, of Foots Cray, preached an interesting sermon, based upon Gen. xxviii. 12, 13. After giving the early history of Jacob, the preacher enlarged on what Jacob beheld; 1st, the ladder; 2nd, the angels; 3rd, the Lord.

Mr. Styles closed the service with singing and prayer.

Collections were made, and Mr. Bland pleaded for contributions for repairing the tent, and the necessary amount was at once subscribed.

Brother Large opened the evening meeting with the well-known hymn, beginning,—

"Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive,"

and Mr. J. L. Meeres, of Bermondsey, read Psalm xxv., and, having offered prayer, pronounced his text for the evening, Psalm cxlii. 2, 3, and preached one of the best sermons we ever heard from his lips. He dwelt with great power and sweetness on the numerous seed of Christ, as also His riches and righteousness.

Mr. Bland gave out the concluding hymn, and the people separated, full of gladness and Christian love.

Mr. Rumsby, pastor of the Church at Cransford, conducted the service of song, and we must say that never before since we have been favoured to attend the Association meetings have we heard such good singing, thanks to Mr. Rumsby and his friends.

There were many ministers present; the following were noticeable on the platform and amongst the congregation:—Messrs. Adams, Bland, Brand, Brown, Broome, Cooper, Cordall, Deeks, Dexter, Deering, Debenham, sen., Debenham, jun., Dickerson, Rev. W. Emery (Ipswich), Field, Grimwood, Harris, Hill, Houghton, Haddock, Hall, Hollingshead, Jackson, Jull, Kern, Knights, Kemp, Lamb, Large, Legget, Rev. T. M. Morris (Ipswich), Meeres, Palmer, Pooke, Rumsby, Sears, Shepherd, Styles, Suggate, Taylor, Took, Webb, Wilkins, Whorlow, Winters, Woodgate, and others.

SECOND DAY.

At six o'clock on Wednesday morning, despite the rain and chilly atmosphere, a large number gathered at the prayer meeting, and at the nine o'clock prayer meeting the tent was well filled. Brethren Rumsby, of Cranford; Large, of Sudbourne; Knights, of Lowestoft; Jull, of Cambridge; Houghton, of Ipswich; Tooke, of Mendlesham; Palmer, of Norwich; and Broome, of Fressingfield, united in the service. The prayers were full of sweetness and fervour. At eleven o'clock the tent was filled to overflowing, and many were obliged to stand outside. Mr. G. W. Shepherd, of London, read 2 Cor. iv. and offered prayer. Mr. Suggate gave out a hymn, and Mr. Charles Hill, of Stoke Ash, preached a grand sermon, full of power and originality, founded upon Mark ix. 5. Mr. Hill introduced his subject with an adapted quotation from the masterly lines of Watts, commencing,—

“Join all the glorious names,
Of wisdom, love, and power.”

The preacher gave forth some leading ideas on Christ, as Master of Himself and of the consciences of men; and in treating of the sovereignty of God with regard to the lost, he remarked that they were evidences of splendid misery. Mr. Hill spoke beautifully on the representative assembly on the mount, and how good it was to be there, (1) for what was realised by the disciples in the *sight*, (2) the *sound*, and (3) the sensation that affected them. Truly, such an eloquent sermon ought to be printed in full. Our notes of it are lengthy, but space forbids us giving them here. Mr. Brown made an urgent appeal for contributions, Mr. Dexter gave out a hymn, and Mr. Brand pronounced the benediction.

In the afternoon Mr. Broome commenced the service with that sweet old hymn beginning,—

“Come let us join our cheerful songs,”

and which was sung right heartily to a well-known tune. Mr. G. G. Whorlow read, in a solemn manner, Eph. ii., and earnestly implored the blessing of God to rest upon the services in connection with the Association. Mr. Wilkins gave out a hymn, and Mr. W. K. Dexter, pastor of the Church at Grundisburgh, preached a most faithful and interesting sermon, based upon Eph. iv. and part of the fourth verse: “Ye are called in one hope of your calling.” The preacher stated very judiciously that many errors had

crept into the Church because of persons taking only parts of Scripture without noticing the surroundings of the same; but the text he had chosen was entire in itself. Mr. Dexter mentioned (1) the calling, and what it implied; (2) the hope of the calling, and what it embraced; (3) the unity of the hope, and what it suggested. The audience appeared to realise the sermon much, and many wished that the preacher had had a little more time at his command.

Mr. Bland then expressed his thanks for the generous spirit which had been manifested throughout the meetings, and gave a hearty welcome to all ministers who were one in the faith of the Gospel; and also stated that a profitable circular-letter had been prepared by Mr. Brand, of Bingsay, on Election, and adopted by the Association. Mr. C. Hill will (D.V.) write the next circular-letter on the subject of Sanctification.

The ministers elected to preach the Association sermons next year were Mr. J. Wilkins and Mr. W. Palmer, and in case of failure in either, Mr. Suggate will preach. The meetings of the Association will (D.V.) be held next year at Bradfield-St.-George, near Bury-St.-Edmunds.

Mr. Daniel Dickerson rose and proposed votes of thanks to those kind friends who had rendered substantial help on the occasion—to Mr. Mills and Mr. Payne, for the use of the meadow; to Mr. F. R. Betts, for the use of the malting; to Rev. W. T. Jefferys and his deacons, for the loan of the tables and stools; and to other kind friends who lodged several of the visitors. Mr. Sears seconded the proposition, and Mr. Brown put it to the meeting, and a forest of hands were exhibited in its favour. The liberality of the visitors was also heartily acknowledged, as was also that of Mr. Newson Garrett, of Aldeburgh, who, in addition to many acts of kindness, had just repaired and painted, at his own expense, the exterior of Tunstall chapel. Mr. Dickerson gave out the concluding hymn, and Mr. Kern, of Ipswich, prayed, and the benediction terminated the meeting.

Several friends tarried behind for tea, and others separated for their respective abodes, showing every indication that they had all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The number of visitors appeared to be quite equal to that of former years, although the unfavourable weather may have prevented some from attending the meetings. Our prayer is for the success of the Suffolk and Norfolk Strict Baptist Association, and for all other New Testament Churches, as well as for individual Christians and Christian periodicals that are honest and sound, whether recognised by the Association or otherwise. W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

GAMLINGAY.—Our new pastor, Mr. Edgerton, led eight confessors of the faith down into our baptistry on April 28. Will you tell your readers we are seeking to have a new baptistry in the chapel, with some other improvements?

ANNIVERSARIES.

Boro'-green old Baptist Church and people were joyful on Whit-Monday, when the venerable, the invulnerable and the veritable Thomas Stringer blew the Gospel trumpet with clearness, and with conviction and comfort to many. Our pastor, George Holland, is doing us excellent service. If his ministry does not, with the Divine blessing, fill our spacious chapel again, and largely increase our Church, we shall be much distressed. "A Friend to the VESSEL" tells us Sharnbrook old Baptist chapel was filled on Thursday, May 20, to listen to anniversary discourse by Mr. Stringer. Mr. Peet continues in the new chapel: but "Bethlehem" is not forsaken. Our two brothers, Frederick Fountain and Joseph Fountain, occasionally occupy our pulpit, and other servants of the Lord come to preach unto us the word of life. "Southill" Church is more than 200 years old, and with her pastor, John Warburton, she continues to flourish and to abide in the faith. I have been to Luton, where, with about 20,000 souls, we have four Baptist Churches. Brother Cooke, in Dumfries-street, has occupied a honourable pastorate for nearly forty years, and is deservedly esteemed. When I walked through Bedford I sighed over the loss of that substantial chapel where that child of Enoch, dear Newborn, finished his work. Dunstable is painfully praying for another pastor like William Carpenter. "An Old Member" says, "We had growing days in the Gospel when the sterling Carpenter, with mechanical skill, and with fluent spiritual energy, went before us in the openings of God's holy mysteries. "Blind Jane" and her guardian declare that they heard C. W. Banks and Thomas Stringer to heart-melting joy at Ripley Spring meeting, and at Horsell-common too. Only a critical lady says, when C. W. Banks reviewed the history of Horsell Church he omitted to mention "our late Bible-plowman, pastor Joy, whose beloved widow and daughter so zealously unite with farmer White, and the elder deacons and members in supporting this ancient Church in the wilderness, where David Denham, J. A. Jones, George Coombe, John Foreman, James Wells, and many others helped to build up the Lord's Zion." C. W. Banks did not forget his friend Joy; but never having been to Horsell-common before he was a little nervous in commencing, especially as he saw some of the senior sires look very hard at him; but in both places, C. Turner's at Ripley, and on Horsell-common, he was much helped of the Lord in bearing testimony unto the faithfulness of a merciful God, and to the fulness of a glorious redeeming righteousness. At Ripley those cheerful workers, Messrs. John Bonney and Mitchell, of Guildford, kindly led on the devotional parts of the services. It is a grievous fact that the Strict Baptist Churches continue in separation. We believe the Great Head of the Church has blest the ministry of C. Z. Turner on Ripley-green for many years. Why should the old

chapel people keep up a determined separation? At Guildford brother Mitchell grows in usefulness, and in the affections of the people: but like the Methodists and Presbyterians the devout *Standard* friends must have a place of their own. We can only pray that they may be instrumental in gathering in some of the redeemed, which the other sections have failed to do. When the Board School has raised up a generation of more enlightened minds, and when we are called away from this world, much of the present prejudice and ignorance will die out. Some of the deeply experimental ministers, as they are considered, are truly godly and earnest men; but as it is impossible to find another James Wells, so no more can the *Standard* Church find another William Gadsby or an original John Warburton. Mayford little Church had a cheerful season in May, when brethren Mitchell and John Bonney proclaimed the praises of the Lord, and friends mustered to encourage the sister Church. Bethesda chapel, Ipswich, on April 25, celebrated its anniversary in its usual multitudinous and magnificent style. J. S. Anderson, a man of strength in every sense, opened up these words, "Because of the savour of Thy good ointments THY NAME is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love Thee." Hundreds of souls were delighted. He also endeavoured to tell us what the Son of God meant when He exclaimed, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto Me." Our pastor, William Kern, came in between with a discursive address on Paul's momentous climax, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of CHRIST JESUS MY LORD: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things; and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ and be found in Him." It was like a school of critics in the chapel-yard to hear the discussion of the fathers and mothers in Israel, after they had listened to that extraordinary declaration of the apostle. "Mr. Anderson and Mr. Kern (saith the approaching octogenarian) are stout men; they may preach from such self-denying exclamations; but I question if either of them have lost much for Christ's sake." "Nay," said sister Senorr, "but they consider all things as worthless when compared with the knowledge of the blessed Redeemer." "True," said Mary, one of Jehoshaphat's grandchildren, "I was here when James Nunn was in his glory, when Thomas Pooek was treading out the corn with carefulness, when John Pells was with us, when John Bloomfield, James Wells, C. W. Banks, and others came to give us the Gospel, and it becometh us to be full of devout thankfulness to God for continuing unto us a race of men, of godly men, like Anderson and Kern, so faithful and so well-equipped. Praise God. Amen," said Mary.

J. Bedford says, at anniversary of Baptist chapel, Whitestone, Hereford, on Whit-Monday, an excellent tea was provided and enjoyed by an overflowing company. In the evening the meeting was favoured with

some good speeches by ministers and friends from Hereford, Ledbury, and Fownhope.

Brother R. Bone writes of Mount Bures Baptist chapel: "At our anniversary on Whit-Sunday, May 16, Mr. C. Cock, of West Mersea, preached morning and afternoon to crowded congregations. In evening Mr. French, of Marks Tey, preached. On following Monday afternoon Mr. Brown, of St. John's-green, Colchester, preached to a full house. About 120 sat down to tea. There was a public meeting, over which our pastor, brother Rayner, presided; and brethren Wheeler, of Sudbury; French, of Marks Tey; Willis and Brown, of Colchester, gave us good advice, and wished the Church and congregation and its pastor much peace and prosperity. Through mercy the Lord has blessed him in his work of love; many have been added to the Church under his ministry, and many more are looking over the wall, almost ready to step in. Bless the Lord, peace is in the midst of us."

WATERSIDE BAPTIST CHAPEL, WANDSWORTH, BUILDING FUND.

On behalf of the "New Chapel Building Fund" a Bazaar was held in May at West-hill. Edmund Howlett, Esq., opened the same; the proceedings commenced with the hymn, "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing." Mr. John Box invoked the Divine blessing. Mr. Howlett congratulated the friends upon what they had already accomplished. A very high compliment was paid to the ladies, who must have laboured incessantly for some time past, to bring about such results. Mr. Howlett said he felt gratified at what he saw, nor could he conceive of anything detrimental to our great principles in a sale of this kind, which was evidently the outcome of a vast amount of labour and self-sacrifice. He now wished for the ladies plenty of buyers, and great success to the undertaking generally. At the close of this opening speech Mr. Box followed with other fitting remarks. Mr. Howlett, having given some practical proof of his sympathy, at once declared the Bazaar properly opened and, together with Mrs. Howlett, paid a visit to the several stalls, and again proved their liberality by becoming purchasers to a considerable amount. The committee feel that their thanks are especially due to this lady and gentleman for their unexpected yet timely aid. Also to Mr. Box for the interest he so kindly took in our welfare on this occasion. It is also very gratifying to state that the Bazaar has proved a financial success, for it is hoped, when expenses are paid, that the total amount realised will be nearly £100. We desire to thank God, and take courage. As a considerable sum is still needed to enable us to carry out the necessary alterations, we shall feel grateful to any kind friends who may be disposed to assist us in so good a cause. Donations received by Mr. Mulliner, Dane-hill, Wandsworth, S.W.; Mr. Cooper, Lebanon-gardens, Wandsworth, S.W.; Mr. Tilly, 42, High-street, Wandsworth, S.W.; Mr. Drane, 1, Middleton-terrace, Southfields, Wandsworth, S.W.

MY AFFLICTION AND RECOVERY.

"Himself hath done it."

Yes, dear brother Banks, "The Lord hath both spoken to me, and Himself hath done it." I was brought low and the Lord helped me. He will bring the third part through the fire and purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer an offering in righteousness. How glad I am to be able to write to you again. Now I can tell you a little about my affliction and recovery. I was laid down prostrate with bronchitis, obliged to keep to my bed for a fortnight, for the first time in my life. When this affliction came upon me my mind was dark, and my flesh shrank from the approach of death. Fear and terror crept through me. I could not see my interest clear to mansions in the skies. I wanted the candles of grace lighted up like pillars of glory or fire to support the soul, and to reflect the brightness of the Saviour's presence there. But I went on weeping, sighing, groaning, and praying, until some blessed words came into me with healing power, saying, "A sacrifice and offering of a sweet smelling savour; this affliction is not unto death!" "I will strengthen weak hands, and confirm feeble knees. Fear not! I am with thee, be not dismayed, I am thy God. I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness!" These blessed words did me much good in my pain and helplessness. They brought light, life, love, joy, and confidence into my heart; and an overwhelming sense of the infinite humiliation, sufferings, and death of Christ. They melted my heart into passive submission to the Divine will. Here I lay, quiet as clay, in the hands of the Potter, with much joy and peace in believing; rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, "ready to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." My wife did her utmost to make me comfortable; her ready hands did me good service, and it is well for me that I was not alone in this affliction.

This blessed deliverance from fear and terror has greatly strengthened my faith and hope in electing love, in redeeming blood, in regenerating power. The God of my soul, and the Lord of my life, has thus established His truth in my heart, and caused me to sing of His mercy and judgment; to rejoice in the counsel of the Most High. The Lord alone can make these seeming contrary things work together for good to them that love Him. I am glad to tell you my health is improving. I thank you for "Cheering Words;" many nice things I find in them which make my heart glad.

I congratulate you upon the completion of your testimonial. Your working committee are worthy of great praise; they worked like bees, and gathered much of the honey 'midst winds and storms; it was begun and ended in troublous times, but was crowned with success, far beyond my expectation. I am glad the Lord enabled me to take a humble part in it. I am bappy to find you are still able to work so well in the Gospel harness, and whilst your head, and hands, and heart are full, you are bearing much fruit in old

age. I think you must look venerable up there in the midst of your young preaching cedars. I call you our British apostle. I hope your Church and congregation, and Sunday school is growing fast, for what with showers of prayers, and showers of sermons, and showers of praises, and the heavenly dew-falls of the blessed Spirit, the shouts of victory, and the great bells of salvation, sounding from the brow of Calvary, it is enough to wake the people up and set them all alive unto the ends of earth, if they heard the sound and understood it. Dear brother, do pray for your poor old friend George; I do for you. Our kind love to Mrs. Banks, your daughter, to brother John and Robert.

Yours affectionately,

G. & A. KELLAWAY.

"A Voice from the Furnace."

— — —
MR. R. C. BARDENS'
NINTH PASTORAL ANNIVERSARY
AT HAYES TABERNACLE.

Many of our London friends have for years enjoyed a pleasant excursion to that interesting centre of evangelical enterprise, on the Uxbridge-road, usually known as Hillingdon-heath, whereon now standeth beautiful villas, cottages, farmsteads, and that useful and happy Gospel-home, "Hayes Tabernacle and Schools;" wherein, on Wednesday, June 9, 1880, three congregations assembled to congratulate the beloved pastor, Mr. R. C. Bardens, on completing his ninth year of zealous effort in that place.

Mr. William Bull, of Wellingborough, delivered the first discourse in the morning, after the Church and congregation had united for some time in earnest supplication for the Lord to shower down upon them the dew and the rain of His Spirit.

In the afternoon, Mr. Israel Atkinson, of Brighton, ministerially carried his hearers up into the heavenlies, and carefully, yet eloquently, defined the position of the saints in glory, copiously expatiating upon and defining those metaphorical terms—"Crown of Righteousness," "Crown of Glory," "Casting their Crowns at His Feet," &c. One or more thought the preacher was approaching Elijah when, in a chariot of fire, he went up into the home of the blest. There was, at least in anticipation, a foretaste of that promise: "Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures." Yea, we are inclined to believe that, in some sense, "the beast of the field did (feelingly) honour the Lord;" even "the dragons" were becalmed, and "the owls" were enlightened, because the preacher did, instrumentally, give waters in the wilderness, and some heavenly drink to God's chosen (Isaiah xliii. 20).

Israel Atkinson has studied for, and spoke in, the ministry of the Gospel about forty years; he has presided over the Church in Richmond-street, Brighton, for the last twenty-six years, during which period he has most intensely laboured to maintain the character of an evangelical counsellor. "opening and alleging that Christ must

needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and that this JESUS whom I preach unto you, is CHRIST." Some one thought that when Israel Atkinson entered upon his ministerial career, he prayerfully wrote down for the motto of his life, "Hear! for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things; for my mouth shall speak truth; and wickedness is an abomination to my soul."

At the close of Mr. Atkinson's afternoon sermon, after the preacher had carried us in faith up into the heavenly glory, our beloved brother, Mr. John Bonney, gave out, and the people sang:—

"Sweet is the thought that I shall know
The MAN who suffered here below

To manifest His love

For me, and those whom I love best,

Or here, or with Himself at rest,

In the bright realms above.

"Not all things else are half so dear

As His delightful presence here,

What MUST IT BE ON HIGH?

His Word, as in the Churches known,

Falls like a shower of blessings down,

And makes them shout for joy.

"But how must His celestial voice

Make our enraptured hearts rejoice,

When from His glorious throne

He calls us to come near His seat,

And we, at His once-pierced feet,

Our diadem cast down!

"Come in, thou blessed, sit by Me,

With My own life I ransomed thee,

The Lord to each will say,

'Thou now shall dwell with Me at home;

Ye blissful mansions make him room

FOR EVER here to stay.'

"When Jesus then invites us in,

How will the heavenly host begin

To shout us welcome home!

'COME IN! come in!' the blissful sound

Will make the crystal walls resound

For joy that we are come."

Mrs. John Wild, the Misses Wild, and other ladies, assisted by the pastor, his wife, and friends, invited a large company to a sumptuous repast in the spacious upper schoolroom. It was a delightful gathering of dear old friends, from whose midst we sorrowfully failed to find our venerable brother, Mr. Stone, who has recently and suddenly passed away from this world.

T. M. Whittaker, Esq., a real friend to the Church of Christ's Gospel, presided over the evening meeting, and gave us some happy and helpful words.

That excellent brother, Mr. Humphreyson, went in good earnest to the mercy-seat. We did all offer devout thanksgiving to the Lord for so far restoring our deacon, precentor, and brother, John Wild, Esq., as to enable him to be with us all the day. Ministerial brethren T. Rush, of Datchet, E. Beazley, E. Langford, James Griffith, Mr. Thomsett, of Reading; Preston Davies, Israel Atkinson, W. Ball, R. C. Bardens, and C. W. Banks were favoured to unite in the closing services of another happy day in the Hayes Tabernacle. We much missed our long-known and beloved brother Wheatley, who has been promoted to the upper house of God; also deacon Wills, whose illness detained him at home.

RYE LANE, PECKHAM.

PRESENTATION TO MR. CONGREVE.

On June 1, a tea and public meeting was held at Rye-lane, in connection with the ministry of Mr. Briscoe. There was a large attendance. After tea, a public meeting was held, at which Mr. Spurgeon presided. He said, "This evening I have one great pleasure, and that is that we shall do honour to our dear friend Mr. Congreve. In Peckham he has fulfilled much work, and has raised the Sunday-school so as to make it a model to other Sunday-schools. All our people should feel that the work of teaching Christ's flock must never lack, for there is a special direction given to them—"Feed My lambs." When the Church forgets the Sunday-school, she will forget one of the greatest blessings of the Church."

After some remarks by the pastor. Mr. Jackman said it was with very great pleasure he had been asked to uncover the bust that had been subscribed for acceptance, and to present it to his friend Mr. Congreve. He read the inscription, as follows: "This bust of George Thomas Congreve was presented to him by the Church, congregation, and schools, at the public meeting held at the chapel on the 1st June, 1880." The speaker stated that the bust had been executed by one of the congregation—Mr. Rixon—who had asked the Church to accept it. The friends had generously subscribed sums amounting to £65, which Mr. Rixon had kindly presented to the enlargement fund. Mr. Jackman then presented the bust, which was beautifully executed in white marble, to Mr. Congreve.

Mr. Congreve, in acknowledging the presentation, said, "I am glad I knew something of this beforehand, for if I had not, it would have so unnerved me that I should have been unable to say anything. I am glad that all the money which has been subscribed to this will go to the chapel fund, for if it had not been so I should hardly feel that I would like to have accepted it, because I do not want for anything; but as it is I do accept it with very grateful feelings, and thank all those dear friends who have subscribed to it at the same time for the expression of attachment, which is more precious than anything." Referring to his work in Peckham, Mr. Congreve said the first great work accomplished after he became deacon was to build the chapel and minister's house. That was paid for. Then the railway took them, and they built a part of the new chapel on the present site, as well as a small school. That was paid for. Then they bought an extra piece of land, and paid for that. And now they had that beautiful enlarged chapel and schoolroom, and strangers would be glad to hear that the seats in the chapel were filled, and that there were nearly 400 members. He had endeavoured to serve the Church faithfully, and by the help of God he had been enabled so to do.

Some further remarks by the chairman of a congratulatory character were made, followed by addresses by Mr. Alderson, Mr.

Briscoe, and others, and the meeting was brought to an end by a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman.

SUSSEX.—BAPTIST MISSION HALL, MIGHELL STREET, BRIGHTON.—The valuable and important work inaugurated in the poorest part of this fashionable watering-place, has now been in operation above two years, with results which must be gratifying to the founders, as well as to their devoted band of fellow labourers. Our second anniversary was Tuesday, May 25, 1880, when about 200 met for tea. It was pleasing to observe that the poor people gratefully appreciate the interest taken in their welfare. In the evening a public meeting was held, Mr. Boxell presided. Prayer having been offered by Mr. R. Martin, of Cuckfield, the report of the past year's operations was read, from which it appeared that all the branches of useful work contemplated by the Mission had been maintained. These comprise Sabbath school and Evening Classes, Penny Bank, Clothing and Coal Clubs, Maternal and Dorcas Society, Blanket Lonn Department; besides these, a prominent feature of the Mission is house to house visitation, which has hitherto been conducted by Mr. J. Fish, but will be in future undertaken on a wider scale, by a district visiting committee. The various operations of the Mission have involved an expenditure of £251 16s. 5½d., which has all been subscribed and paid for. The Church over which Mr. Boxell presides, has also received many signs for encouragement. The report gratefully acknowledges that he has been sustained in the ministry during another year. As a proof of the esteem in which he is held, Mr. Virgo, after the reading of the report, stepped upon the platform, and presented to Mrs. Boxell, in the name of the friends, young and old, a number of beautifully bound books, which had been subscribed for by the children of the schools, the members of the Church and congregation, with amounts varying from a farthing upwards. Mr. Boxell feelingly acknowledged the gift, and expressed the sincere pleasure he felt in devoting himself to his work. He then called upon Mr. T. Read (an octogenarian soldier of the cross, whom he had known and loved upwards of forty years), who delivered a characteristic address, full of kindness of love, and "seasoned with the salt" of true godliness. Mr. G. W. Shepherd followed with a Gospel address, taking up the salient point of the work. Mr. Virgo, senior, added a few remarks, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by Mr. Henry Carr in devout and earnest prayer. On the following evening Mr. Shepherd preached to a goodly gathering an able sermon, full of precious and deep thought; it was indeed (as had been previously and specially prayed for) a time of refreshing that will not be quickly forgotten; many friends from the Baptist causes in Brighton being present as an expression of good will towards the Mission.—FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

A GREAT CRIME — ARE YOU GUILTY?

BY A POLICEMAN.

FRIEND.—The Master tells me that if I have ought against a brother to go and tell him his fault alone. Well, I have heard various reports of you, and some of the things spoken I have seen with my own eyes, therefore it is better that I come direct to you personally than to talk of these things with others.

I.—It is reported that you always come to chapel late. Indeed, brother Love-praise says, you have not heard the first hymn announced for more than three months, and deacon Standfast told me, that our pastor's mind was much hurt, and the people greatly annoyed by this your slighting the praise of God; some think strange things of you on this account, and others say what I hope is not true. Are you guilty in this or not?

II.—Brother Watch-for-good says, he has never seen you at a prayer meeting and but very rarely at the week evening service. He also told me that you were out quite early on the Monday morning following the Sunday on which your cold was so bad that you were really prevented from attending the services at the chapel. When brother Zeal-for-God heard this he said he was very fearful as to whether you was anything but a luke-warm professor or not. He also added that your coldness had a very bad effect upon others, for you, who should be a power for good, set a bad example which discouraged many. Is this true? Are you guilty?

III.—And that which has compelled me to come to you to-night is, I have just heard last Sunday you complained of our minister's preaching, you thought it poor and lifeless, and that you believed he was in a bad spirit. This quite confirmed my previous thoughts, that Satan had got you into a snare, and keeping your eyes away from the net of your iniquities, set before you the faults of others; thus it is you cannot hear to profit. Now, my friend, be honest with your own soul, we stand before a heart-searching God. Do you examine yourself by the Word of God? Do you ask God to bless and feed your soul? Do you pray that the Word preached may be blessed to both saints and sinners? This is God's command; are you guilty of neglecting it?

LIFE IN CORNWALL.

On the South-western extremity of Great Britain, washed principally by the sea, is found the variedly composed county of Cornwall. We only know of one cause—New Quay—where the Strict Baptist doctrine and discipline are maintained; and they have hard work to hold on. The following note from a brother who has ministered unto them, will be interesting to some who, as lay-labourers, know both the exercise and deliverance connected with such honoured missions:—

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I address you on matters that are very precious to the children of God. I am, by grace, enabled to speak of the wonders of His love. I often think I

have preached for the last time, but He who is the hope of His people has permitted me to become empty in order that I might be filled with joy in the Holy Ghost, and go forth in His strength to do the work He has allotted me in His vineyard. I was highly favoured on Sunday evening last in speaking from Revelation xxi. 27. I tried to find some other word that I should have considered more suitable to my capabilities, but all other parts of the Book were sealed, and I had no alternative. Like Jonah, I must take the message, and deliver it as directed. How real nice that heavenly city appears to my mind, with the names of the twelve apostles written in the foundation, and garnished with all manner of precious stones, having the glory of God in its midst. Oh, of what infinite value are we in the estimation of the Father, and of the Son, that He should pay such a tremendous price to obtain us, and then bestow upon us such great favours! How is it possible that one of His shall perish from His remembrance, when all their names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life? Written by the omnipotent hand of our God, in the blood of His only Son, and, all glory be to His Name, He seals it upon our hearts by the power of His Spirit; revealing to us, beyond doubt, that we shall, when permitted to lay aside this vile body, be clothed with that immortal robe that will give us entrance into the presence of the Great King, there to know He hath loved us from all eternity; that when we were in rebellion against Him His love was unchangeable; our mansion cannot be occupied by another; it is only for them for whom it is prepared. The thought of these things sometimes cheers my soul, and in the midst of surrounding stripes I am inclined to say, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest."

May the God of Jacob still prove to you that He alone is your Refuge in the storms of life; and when the billows almost overwhelm your soul, may you hear His voice across the waters, saying, "It is I, be not afraid!"

I am almost alone down here, and feel relieved when I can talk or write to someone who can appreciate these things.

R. DANIELS.

BORO' GREEN. — DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Whit-Sabbath morning I turned into that old highly favoured place, Boro' Green; and O what sweet notes of Gospel truth were sounded out from 2 Tim. ii. 19, a glorious foundation. He spake of God's purpose in election, and of the persons elected; for he said it is that which hath this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are His," you have all sorts of words to make it firm. First, it is called a foundation. "The foundation of God (saith he) standeth sure." There are two foundations, and of the two (if we may make comparisons) this is the greater. Jesus Christ is a foundation, but the eternal love of God is the first foundation. It was the womb of Christ Himself; it is called the foundation of God; it is founded in Him; it is founded upon Him; it is as

firm as Himself; as He is God, He will stand to it, and therefore it must need stand. The preacher showed the effect of election in the soul; we had laid before us cause and effect. It is sealed. Having this seal, saith He, so that it is never to be broken and altered, if the decrees of the Medes and Persians, when they had set their seals to them, were such as were not to be altered, much more God's. His seal is in this respect more than His oath; Him hath the Father sealed. Thus the preacher delivered the Gospel until I could say, "What soul refreshing streams are Thine." O, our brother is a living, soul-satisfying preacher. I think the people must think God hath visited Zion, and blest her. Whit-Monday was the sixty-third anniversary; the house was well filled. That well-known face appeared in the pulpit, Thos. Stringer; he sounded forth the Gospel from the text, 1 Thess. 1-5. Our brother Clark came up when there was a great calm, with the words: "All His saints are in His hand." It makes the children sing.—

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend."

Glad to see the place is well attended. I hope they are at peace. They looked like a family God hath blessed. It was in all, temporally and spiritually, a good day. May the Lord bless Boro' Green.—Yours,
BENJAMIN.

JIREH CHAPEL, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

It was quite cheering to see so large a gathering on Tuesday afternoon, June 1st, 1880, in this place, to hear what the "Village Preacher" had to say. It was an anniversary occasion. Kind-hearted deacon Mr. Linsell read old-fashioned hymns, sung to old-fashioned tunes by an old-fashioned people, who love an old-fashioned Gospel. And they sang as if they meant it. It was quite cheering; I was impressed with the idea that this "Jireh" was erected for the author of "Bunhill Memorials," and I like to think of the late John Andrews Jones as the author of that instructive volume.

On this anniversary occasion the friends had come out for a treat. They were not disappointed. It was about the twenty-second sermon C. W. Banks had preached during the previous fourteen successive days, and one's gratitude to the Lord for preserving and strengthening him through so much labour was expressed in the unbidden and silent tear, for he, the preacher, was as fresh and vigorous, as energetic and zealous, as a quarter of a century ago. Seldom is a man so highly favoured in preaching the Gospel as the Editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* was on this occasion. From the commencement till the close of the sermon, those who were favoured to listen hung with wrapt and breathless attention on his utterances, as the sentences fluently flowed from his heart.

It would be impossible for me to give even a faint outline of the sermon, but one idea might be useful and instructive. Mr. Banks, in speaking of the "Christ Shepherd," referred

to the circumstance of the bear running off with a lamb from the fold under David's care, and David in full speed after it to get back the lost sheep. So Christ came after you and I who were on the road to ruin, and He fetched us back. Very graphically did the—

"Impassioned orator, with lips sublime,"

portray this act. The picture was so vivid and accurately drawn that, as we turned our visionary orbs in the way directed, we could almost see the thing itself—the reality. Moral: the bear is sin; the sheep and lamb God's children, drawn away from the fold. David did not stay to make any inquiries of those who were left as to what were the particular tenets of the lost wanderer. No, not he; it was a lamb, that was enough for him; a lamb decoyed away, and he was after it. "Do we do so?" asked the preacher, "Is this our practice?" No, it is not. A brother or sister wanders, or is enticed away, and in numberless cases we let them go, and say, by our actions, we don't care. I should like to see the sermon printed and circulated in every Church.

A large number took tea, after which a meeting was held. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Henry Lee, of Bow, who, with his usual large-heartedness and liberality sent a cheque for £5, Mr. C. W. Banks was voted to the chair, where he was supported and assisted by Messrs. Pocock, Linsell, Holden, Evans, Whitteridge, Osman, Lodge, P. Reynolds, and others. The chapel was full; the pastor and deacons were exuberant in their expressions of joy at the excellent attendance and general good feeling manifested. Their harp was taken from the willows, and hope for better days was encouraged.

The anniversary commenced on Sunday, when Mr. Holden preached in the morning, Mr. Myerson, afternoon, and Mr. Lodge in the evening.

We are authorised to add to our correspondent's report the following:—At our anniversary meetings, held Lord's-day, May 30, and Tuesday, June 1, 1880, the collections, including the generous donation of £5 from J. Lee, Esq., amounted to £16 8s., leaving the sum of nearly £10 to be provided for. Donations, however small, would be thankfully received by the pastor, Mr. W. Lodge, 34, Brooksby's-walk, Homerton, E., or by the Treasurer, Mr. J. S. Linsell, 42, Elmore-street, Islington, N.

HOXTON.—The Jung prayer meeting at Walter James's was a crowded and comfortable season. Mr. Linsell, the deacon at Jireh, presided, and delivered an excellent address. Eight brethren did plead with God. Walter James is truly thankful for the noble present of six copies of "Denham's Selection," which some generous friend sent him for use in the meetings. We shall be glad to know the Lord has constrained others to help this tried friend to truth, who has for over seven years opened his house for special meetings for prayer, and many have found in them Pentecostal blessings.

COBHAM is a small straggling village in the county of Surrey, "washed by the Mole," about nineteen miles from London, and five miles from Leatherhead and Esher; a "beautiful country" it is, passing through some of the choice scenery of the hills and valleys for which Surrey is so famous. Here the Strict Baptists have a primitive red-brick meeting-house, over the door of which is carved in a very modest-looking piece of masonry, the words, "Ebenezer chapel." The pastor is Mr. J. A. Lewis. It was the seventh anniversary day on June 15. Mr. Hall preached in the morning; and in the afternoon Mr. Stevens occupied the pulpit, and for sixty minutes expounded the word he read, and offered prayer; and for a further sixty minutes gave us a full weight Gospel discourse. In the evening, at the public meeting, Joseph Beach, Esq., with his usual kindness, presided over the proceedings, and spoke of the success of their endeavours to place this freehold building out of danger, and gave to the collection some £7, the gift of three or four Surrey tabernacle friends. Mr. Thomas Carr spoke very warmly of his attachment to the little Church there, and offered some remarks on the building of the temple; Mr. Edward Carr assisted with the service of praise; Mr. Hall, Mr. Hewell, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Stevens, severally in their own style, gave words of gratitude and counsel, so that we had variety in ability, but soundness in sentiment. It was a good day.

THE EASTERN COUNTIES.—We have notes of the clerical and ex-editorial criticisms enunciated by the learned gentleman at the annual festival. But we have our work marked out. No weapon formed against us has prospered. Hard letter-men always will be cruel. They drove the Master out of the city, out of the synagogue, and would have killed Him, but He passed quietly away. Out of several letters from the East we give the following from a successful minister:—"MY DEAR YOUNG BROTHER, —I cannot help admiring your youthful ways, going about from place to place, full of love, fired with zeal, working in earnest, relying on the declaration, 'Lo! I am with you.' This you feel, this you know, this you proclaim. I feel sure you will never die, but fall asleep for a rest; then awake, you will, and live and triumph for evermore. I am glad to heart the blessed Lord upholds you, the Holy Spirit comforts you and teaches and makes you a blessing, and that CHRIST, in His person, in His work, yea, in your soul's experience in every way is extolled."

SUDBOURNE, SUFFOLK.—The anniversary of the Sunday-school was held on Whit-Monday. In the afternoon an address was delivered by Mr. J. R. Debnam, of Horham, to the children, teachers, and parents; after which the children and friends sat down to an excellent tea. In the evening a sermon was preached by Mr. J. R. Debnam, from Rev. i. 5, 6. The chapel was well filled, and many said it was good to be there.

GLEMSFORD.—On Sunday, June 6, at the Old Baptist chapel, myself with many more had the privilege to witness His own instituted ordinance of believers' baptism administered to four believers in the **THREE-ONE-GOD** of all grace. They had all given a good report of the power and work of grace in their souls, and their call by grace into the grace wherein they stand and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God. They have all been brought to hear the Gospel of Christ with ear of life and understanding, while under the sound of the ministry the Lord enabled His unworthy servant to sound out to saint and to sinner,—

"God is faithful," saith the Word,
This my soul doth help afford;
As in JESUS CHRIST I see
Truth maintained and mercy free."

They had all felt the power of God's testimony of His **CHRIST**, and were thus enabled to set to their seal that God is true.

"What Christ has said must be fulfilled,
On this firm Rock believers build;
His Word shall stand, His truth prevail,
And not one jot or tittle fail."

Oh! my brother, may the grace of the eternal God keep us in the love of His truth as it is in Jesus. May we be found with the oil of eternal life in our souls, and sing as did my departed brother G. M. :—

"I'll point to His redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God."

A. BAKER.

LEE, KENT.—Dacre-park chapel anniversary services on Whit-Sunday and Monday were expressive of life, faith, hope, and zeal in the cause. Isaac Levinsohn and J. S. Anderson preached the Gospel. T. M. Whittaker, Esq., as chairman of the public meeting, reviewed the history of the Church, which had reached its twenty-eight birthday on that occasion. Mr. Whittaker believed there was a glorious future yet before them. Divine discourses, and delightful harmony in the Church, choir, congregation, and children, much strengthened the hope of a coming prosperity.

BERKHAMSTED COMMON.—"Quietas" thinks we have forgotten this little hill Mizar; but he is mistaken. We had good seasons there in dear Moore's time, and we thank "Quietas" for notes of Mr. W. H. Lee's sermons on the anniversary day. "Quietas" is not so happy about "the workman's hall." Has brother John Shipton erected a new chapel yet?

NORWICH.—At Orford-hill, Mr. W. E. Palmer is honoured by seeing continued additions to the Church. From himself and the cause here goodness and mercy demand gratitude and praise, the emotions of thankful hearts, and the devotion of sanctified labours are acceptable to the Eternal Author of all blessing.

Notes of the Month.

WHY THESE SAD COMPLAINTS?—

Dear Mr. Banks,—We know that by the foolishness of preaching it hath pleased God to save them that believe. We are to make known His glorious Gospel for the salvation of sinners, until the whole family of His elect are gathered in, and I would not cast a gloom over the minds of His sent servants, or a shadow upon the importance of the work itself; nay, I would encourage it in every way, in accordance with the Word of God; for Christ Himself preached, and commanded His disciples to go everywhere proclaiming the glad tidings; and He promised to be with them. We know what great things God has done by the instrumentality of His ministers. Yet, there arises a cry, "Where are the pastors to feed the flock?" Many answers have been proffered, but none to touch the question. The fault rests with the people. Preaching is a great institution; the preacher is highly honoured of God in being called to the work; yet it is not essentially part of the "worship of God." The service and worship of God is in the prayers unitedly of minister and people; the singing of God's praises; and the reading of His Word. Now, while preaching is designed to "comfort Jerusalem," and to "proclaim glad tidings" everywhere, it should not take the first place in the minds of those who "assemble themselves together;" it is but one of those things which accompany salvation as a means, under God, of proclaiming to sinners and to comfort saints, and so long as the first and paramount question of a Church and congregation is, "What sort of a preacher is Mr.—?" the people of God will not be comforted; Churches and pastors will not hold together; the cry will still arise, "Why is it thus?" Let the people honour God by seeking first to worship and serve Him in spirit and in truth, and God will honour and comfort the Churches by sending pastors after His own heart who shall in every deed "comfort Jerusalem."—E. C., Wimbledon, April 1st, 1880.

CHURCHES have been warned, afflicted, divided, and almost ruined, often enough, one would think, never more to lay hands suddenly on any man; but still they allow themselves to be imposed upon. Until they determine to receive no man without true credentials from Churches he has well served, crushing trials will befall them. We have cases before us now, most appalling. One man, who has never succeeded in a useful career in any place, is invited to supply during the pastor's illness. He succeeds in being the tool of one or two who have "means," and divides the cause. Another place is opened; when the pastor returns and recovers, he finds himself bereaved; his heart is broken, and ruin threatens what has been a prosperous interest for many years. Surely, such movements ought to be exposed, and such dangerous pirates ought to be avoided. But fleshly idolatry has eaten into the vitals of the people, and our denomination is assailed

more from within than it ever could be injured from without. We most painfully fear that many wolves, in what appears to be sheep's clothing, are climbing up by any way but the right. Weakness in the people, and wickedness in their assumed leaders, bring the mildew in many places.

TYNDALE, AND HIS TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.—How sublime was the spirit of the grand old martyr! When he had finished his lovely work of bringing the revelation of the Divine mind up out of the Greek into the English language, he wrote the following sweet expressions:—"I have here translated, brethren and sisters, most dear and tenderly beloved in Christ, the New Testament, for your spiritual edifying, consolation, and solace; exhorting instantly and beseeching those that are better seen in the tongues than I, and that have higher gifts of grace to interpret the sense of the Scripture and the meaning of the Spirit than I, to consider and ponder my labour, and that with the spirit of meekness. And if they perceive in any places that I have not attained the very sense of the tongue, or meaning of the Scriptures, or have not given the right English word, that they put to their hands to amend it, remembering that so is their duty to do, for we have not received the gifts of God for ourselves only, or for to hide them; but for to bestow them unto the honouring of God and Christ, and edifying of the congregation, which is the body of Christ." This Spirit, so precious in Master Tyndale, I covet for myself and for all my brethren. It is so good.—C. W. B.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE IN THE GOSPEL.—My Dear Brother in the Lord,—Allow me to record the restoring and sustaining mercies which have brought me up, and once more into my loved work, so that I am now able to do the work and will of my ever-loving and always gracious Lord and Master, for which great favour I do desire to be truly thankful. I shall only speak of four instances of the Lord keeping me. On Lord's-day, April 11th, I preached in the old cathedral city, Winchester, and on the following day, lectured in the Masonic hall, which was well filled. The collections were for the fund for restoring the old freehold Baptist chapel. They now require about £50 to open it free of debt. Fifty persons sending £1 each would fill their hearts with the joy of freedom from the claims of men. On Friday, 16th, I was very much favoured and honoured in being asked to lecture in the hall of the Aged Pilgrims, Hornsey-rise. There was a good attendance; for over two hours I spoke of the wonders God has wrought for me. Collections on behalf of the Benevolent Fund of the Asylum for aiding the sick and infirm inmates. Lord's-day, May 2nd, preached at Leicester, the anniversary of the re-opening of St. Peter's-lane Baptist chapel, where brother Hedges has for years preached the Gospel. About eighteen months ago, the chapel was re-opened after considerable repairs, which cost about £210. After preaching two sermons and

lecture on the Monday, over £90 was collected and subscribed. Since then the friends reduced the debt to £45. After two sermons on the Lord's-day, and lecture on the Monday, the collections and subscriptions amounted to £30. The congregations were larger than on previous occasions, and the Lord was in our midst. I was very happy in my work, and especially on Monday, when speaking for the first time upon "Forty Years' Ministry in England and the Australian Colonies." Last Lord's-day, I preached at Staines, and in the evening baptized two disciples who were blest under a sermon preached last August, and who gave a satisfactory proof that the Lord had called them by His grace. I was truly thankful in having such seals and tokens that I have not laboured in vain, nor spent my strength for nought. I have given you these few facts of grace reigning and enabling a poor weak one to hold on, and to go on in my Gospel work, serving the best of Masters, with the hope of being acceptable and useful to His dear children for Christ's sake.—Wishing you grace, mercy, and peace, I remain, yours to serve in the Gospel, JOHN BUNYAN McCURE, 1, Sydney Villa, Upper Tollington Park, Highbury Park, May 13th, 1880.

RIPENING FOR GLORY, OR FOR WORK IN THE GOSPEL! WHICH?—Dear Father,—O, how I long for rest; I am so tired. The battle with Satan, sin, and the world is so strong; it seems to take all my strength away. I feel at times like Heman, in Psalm lxxxviii., "My soul is full of troubles." Then I long to lay it all on one side, and wish that I could creep in and be at peace with Jesus. How I seem to love Him! but the thought comes, "Thou hast not on the wedding garment." Then I sink down again, but am led to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." At times Satan tells me that I am like the seed that fell on the rock, but I know he is a liar, and I tell him so; for if I was like that seed I should not be thinking of Jesus. I should not be able to keep up in temptation if His loving arm did not hold me up. It is one continual struggle; cast down almost to death; then a gleam of light comes in, and my heart feels lighted up. I sing of the glories of my Beloved, and long for one look, and feel that I would give everything I possess to see Him, and do so long for Him to come into my soul and set me free. I still hope on, and wait for His coming; for He tells me that He will not leave me, but that in His own time He will come and take me for His own! What a happy time that will be! no sin, no Satan, and no world, but all beautiful and bright with Him for ever. Pray for your loving son,—H. C. T.

AN OLD FRIEND.—Much esteemed Banks,—Many thanks to you. God knows I am a poor needy sinner, not worthy of the least of His mercy. Bless His Name, He deals with us according to His good pleasure. Oh! shall I ever see His face with joy? I am still helped to hang on and trust in CHRIST, for the salvation of my never-dying soul; for if my poor soul is saved, CHRIST must be the Way, and no other. There is

much of Rome about here; what it will come to, God only knows. O may I be kept by the mighty power of God, through faith unto salvation. May the God of all grace be with you and bless you.—J. C.

THE *Wharfedale Advertiser* gave the following notice of "Scenes Taken from Lite; or, the Pilgrim of Ether Castle." By the Rev. J. W. Stanford, author of "Scenes Beyond the Grave," &c., published by Mr. Robert Banks, Fleet-street, London:—"The story is a very thrilling one, has all the charms of a well-told tale, and will well repay careful reading. The prominent character is a 'man of noble birth,' and the sketch given of his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, his conversion from a rigid Romanist to a Protestant, and of his flight into Switzerland is admirable. The book abounds in interesting information of the sufferings and persecutions endured by Protestants at the commencement of the 16th century, and gives a faithful description of the intrigues of several zealous Romanists, and other matters of historical interest are noticed. The general get-up of the book is excellent."

LONELY MEDITATIONS.

Occasioned by the Absence of Expected Letters from Professed Friends.

BY THE LATE J. L.

As day a'fter day
Keeps passing away,
All alone in my chamber I sit;
One day like another,
I can't always smother
Or quell nature's turbulence yet.

If for pity I ask,
It seems a hard task
To some, even that to convey:
Oh, did they but know
In themselves deeper woe,
Sure more Christian love they'd display.

But still there are some,
Who now and then come,
While others I never have seen,
Very kindly do write,
And send me their mite;
God's care for His worm this must mean.

It is now as of old,
As by Paul we are told—
From the rich and the noble not many
Are called to be saints;
Now with all our complaints,
Let us thank the Great God there are *any*.

'Tis an outspoken word,
Not simply inferred.
But an absolute grant, and for ever—
"My word I'll not break,
Who e'er may forsake,
I'LL NEVER FORSAKE THEE—NO—NEVER."

Deaths.

On June 12th, at his residence, Boyson-road, Camberwell, Mr. Samuel Cox, in the 98th year of his age.

On May 27th, aged 67, Mr. Edwin Culver, for 43 years a member of the Church, Trinity chapel, Hackney. Interred at Abney Park, by his pastor, Mr. John Vaughan.

At Walworth, the venerable J. Cox, aged 97, died June 12th, 1880. Interred at Nunhead, by C. W. Banks.

A Sacred Piece of Biography :

THE LIFE OF ONE WHO LONGED AND LABOURED FOR THE SAVING
KNOWLEDGE OF THE LORD.

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS. BURN, OF BERMONDSEY.

BY HER CHILDREN.

“Oh, my soul! she beats her wings, and pants to fly away
Up to immortal things, in the heavenly day;
Yet she stays, sometimes she faints—
Can such be meant for me?
‘Come and see,’ saith the saints, saith Jesus, ‘*Come and see;*’
Saith the saints, ‘His pleasures please us, before God and the Lamb;’
‘Come in My likeness,’ saith our Jesus, ‘*BE WITH ME WHERE I AM.*’”

23. Southwark-bridge-road, S.E.

June 6, 1880.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I send you an account of my mother's life and death. She was well known to many of your readers; it might be acceptable to some. I feel a desire to pay this last tribute to her memory for one especial reason, and that is, that she really travailed in spiritual birth for me, until (I hope) Christ was formed in my heart, the hope of glory. She did indeed, too, minister to me in some of my soul's conflicts, and was a fellow-helper of my joy. I felt a real soul union to my mother that I do not to many. I do believe I know something of the value of my precious soul; but I should not have been afraid (if it had been possible) to put my soul in her soul's stead, so certain did I feel of her safety. She had (with one little intermission) been earnestly seeking the Lord for just over seventy years. If the character of the Lord Jesus Christ was characterised as “A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,” she bore a most striking resemblance to her Lord in that respect. It was indeed to her a pathway of sorrow when He was absent, and she had, as you know, much of this experience, although, at other times, she drank deeply into the realities of eternal love. Yes, she was firmly grounded and settled, notwithstanding all her doubts and fears, and, when at her lowest, would say,—

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm.
On Thy kind arms I fall.”

She well knew this to be a safe place to fall, for she had fallen there many times. Ah! she had indeed proved the strength of His kind and everlasting arms. I used to feel that I could so nicely walk side by side with my mother in spiritual things, we were agreed upon so many things. I did love her in the Lord Jesus Christ; yes, that I did.

My sister, Mrs. Pounds, has written what she could of her life in a letter to me. She says:—

MY DEAR BROTHER,—According to your request, I will try to write, as far as the Lord may see fit to bring to my remembrance (for I feel quite dependent upon Him), the account our beloved mother has given us from time to time of the Lord's work in her heart. Her friends

attended Mr. Fletcher's ministry, of Finsbury, and, at the tender age of six years, the Lord opened her heart to listen to the Word spoken. She attended his Sunday-school at this time, and her own words were: "I felt such a great love to Mr. Fletcher, because he preached so much of the love of Jesus to little children; and as I was a little child, oh, how I did hope He loved me! This caused love to spring up in my heart to Him, but I felt so wicked. Then I tried to pray to Jesus that He would make me like the children I had read of in 'Janeway's Tokens;' and I used to read those parts of Scripture that told of what Jesus did, and how He put His hands on little children and blessed them, and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,' &c. Oh, how I wished I had lived then! and when I read how the Jews crucified Him, that seemed to break my heart; for I felt to love Him so very much. About this time, there was to be 'The Teachers' Examination,' and an address after, by Mr. Fletcher; but the little children were not to go. This troubled me so much that my father said, 'I will take the child; she shall go;' and while I was there, Mr. F.'s attention was drawn to me. He took me on his knee, and asked me several questions, which I answered. Then he heard me repeat some portions of 'The Assembly's Catechism.' He seemed very pleased, and said, 'The Lord Jesus loves little children,' and gave me a 'star' as a reward. This I was much pleased with, and what he said so endeared him to me, that I loved him as much as my father." She went on for a few years in this way, until Mr. Fletcher (considering he had a call to a Church in Scotland) left London for a time. This was a great trial to her. She feared she should hear no more of Jesus and His love to children. Soon after this, her friends left Albion chapel, and these early impressions seemed to wear off (I do not think that either of her parents feared the Lord); but as she so frequently used to say:—

"Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive your hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop."

From the age of nine or ten, to the age of sixteen, she was left to wander somewhat into the pleasures of the world, and got entangled with the company of a young man whom she loved very much. As she had told him she was fond of religious books, he lent her "The History of Susan Gray," and she told me that the Lord blessed the reading of that book to her soul. From this time she left the world, and never returned to it again—I mean, as to its pleasures. She said, "The sovereignty of God was manifested. I was compelled to give up this young man's company, although I dearly loved him; for I had now lost all enjoyment for the world and its pleasures. I felt cut off from it entirely. A blight had come over all; what used to be life to me was now death. Poor fellow! I was called; he was left." She said, "The Lord at this time wrought a deep concern in me for the salvation of my soul, and I began to feel very unhappy. I heartily wished I was like the beasts that perish. I felt, indeed, I was a sinner. I then returned to Mr. Fletcher's (for he had come back again). I read and prayed constantly, still my burden remained. I had such an earnest desire for the salvation of my brother and sister, that I used to take them with

me, and, as well as I could, pray for them. I prevailed on them to go to the Sunday-school, and eventually we became teachers; but I felt I needed teaching myself. I wanted to find happiness, but could not; I wanted to be better in myself, and told some of the young people at chapel how I felt. They persuaded me to join the Church, saying they felt better after doing so. I thought, well, perhaps after sitting down to the Lord's Supper, I should be more holy, for I was greatly troubled at this time with unholy thoughts; but, I thought, suppose all these feelings wear off after this, how awful that would be! Still I hoped to be more holy, so determined in my mind that, if these feelings did not wear off, and my religion would last three months, I would join. I hoped it would last altogether. Well, it appeared to stand the trial, so, at the end of the three months, I went to Mr. Fletcher, and told him my feelings. He asked me a few questions, but, I feared, not enough to the point. However, I was accepted, and so joined the Church. But after partaking of the bread and wine, I felt worse—more unholy than before. I told some of the members this, but they did not seem to understand me at all, excepting one young man in the school, a teacher, and friend of my brother's, and a visitor. He appeared to understand more about my case than any one else. He frequently came to our house to talk upon religion with my brother. This young man eventually became my husband. I became more and more unhappy, so distressed with bad thoughts. I was almost at my wits' end, and one morning I believed I had committed the 'unpardonable sin.' I was in this dreadful state of mind for some weeks, when something within me said, 'You have, and you will be in hell by such a time.' My state of mind now was dreadful indeed. I watched, fully expecting it would be so; but the clock struck the hour, and I was still alive. Oh, what a relief it was to find I was yet spared! Here I gained a little ground, and hoped I had not committed the dreadful sin after all. I remembered we had a Bible with notes. I took this Bible, and searched for the passage, and the 'note' upon it said, 'Those who had committed this sin were in no fear or trouble about it.' I then saw it to be a suggestion of the enemy, and was delivered from it. Still I had not lost my burden, nor could I get what my soul wanted from Mr. F.'s preaching."

Now began a most blessed change in the state of her mind. At this time she was employed as waistcoat-maker at St. Paul's-churchyard, and when she took her work home, frequently the proprietor would keep her waiting for hours, unnecessarily. This used to distress her very much indeed, for she did not then feel able to ask help of the Lord for temporal things (or small things, as she called them), supposing He was too great a God to stoop to such little matters. She was not then aware of the fact that her

————— life's minutest circumstance was governed by His eye."

However, she was waiting for her work, and, as usual, the gentleman said, "Your's is not ready; you must wait," and went on attending to the others. She felt this to be very unkind, but went out to walk about until it was ready. The Lord, however, overruled the circumstance for her good. As she was walking, her eyes were directed to a window where there was a bill, announcing that a Mr. Irons would preach at Jewin-crescent. She said to herself: "I will go and hear him." She went, and found here what she had been longing for. Mr. Irons took

for his text Jer. ii. 13: "For My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken Me, the Fountain of living waters, and have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." "There," she said, "I heard the first Gospel sermon; and it was the most blessed news to me I had ever heard; it was entirely new. Oh, what a treasure I had found! Oh, it was indeed good news! 'Oh,' I said, 'the sweetness and the freeness of this great salvation for ruined, lost, perishing sinners.' I felt almost in a new world. It was indeed the Gospel to me. When I went to Mr. Fletcher's the next Sunday, oh, dear me! what empty things they appeared to what I had just heard. I went again to Jewin-crescent, and heard with just as much pleasure—in fact, I could scarcely wait for the next week to come. The word of the Lord by that dear man was precious to me in those days. I made inquiry, and found that Mr. Irons' own chapel was at Camberwell-grove, so I set out the next Sunday in search of it, and I scarcely felt the ground, although so many miles." The first sermon she heard Mr. Irons preach from at the Grove was from Ezek. xxxiv. 31: "And ye, My flock, the flock of My pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God." She said, "My very soul leaped for joy. Old things had passed away, and all things had become new." She said, "I soon left Mr. Fletcher's, to return no more. I persuaded my brother to go and hear Mr. I. and he persuaded his friend (the young man named before). They heard him very well, but not as I did. I heard him just as well as ever. I was perfectly satisfied with this most blessed Gospel feast. Next, I persuaded my sister (the late Mrs. Field) and poor Kitty to go. They both became in love with it, and my sister was much blessed under Mr. Irons' ministry. The sweetness and power of the Gospel did not at all diminish to me. I used to walk twice each Sunday from Tower-hill to Camberwell-grove; neither distance nor weather prevented. I felt in such haste to be there that my feet seemed to bound over the road, and my heart after the Beloved of my soul. On one occasion, Mr. Irons preached from Ezek. xxxvi. 27: 'Thus saith the Lord God, I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel, but for *Mine holy Name's sake.*' I saw such safety in this salvation wrought out and finished by Himself for poor sinners, that my very soul did indeed rejoice in hope. I said within myself, 'It is for His sake; yes, for His sake.' How sure it is, then! Oh, the Gospel and the promises! 'What rich fare!' What beauty I then saw in Him, the Founder of the feast! and

'Not an *if* to foul the stream,
Or peradventure there.'

The young man of whom I spoke did not at this time hear as I did. The doctrine of election tried him. He said he did not like it called by that name, but would rather it should be called 'everlasting love.' That softened it a little, but it still tried him very much, until it was given him to understand it by feeling he was one of the elect. He was brought to feel what a guilty sinner he was in the sight of God, and his pardon sealed home. He kneeled down in his little room (as was his custom) to beg for the pardon of his sin, and the Lord appeared and sweetly sealed home upon his heart these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' On account of this sweet deliverance, that little room became so sacred that he dreaded to leave it. He now rejoiced in the doctrine of election, feeling how safe it kept

him, and saw it shine like a light all through the Bible. One morning after hearing so sweetly, the savour so rested on my spirit that, as I walked across Peckham-fields, being quite alone, I felt constrained to sing those lines of Dr. Watts:—

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

And now she is there with her beloved Lord, beholding Him without a veil. They all joined Mr. Irons' Church, and for many years found a settled rest. Mother and the young man (as named before) now became so united in spirit that at length they were married. Some years after she found the distance too far to attend constantly, and hearing of a Mr. Francis, of Snow's-fields, she occasionally went there, and, after a time, hearing Mr. F. almost as well as Mr. I., she left the Grove and joined Mr. Francis' Church. The Lord led her to see baptism as a command of her Lord, and as she had received Christ Jesus the Lord, so she was enabled to walk in Him. Here she was nourished by the simple preaching of the Gospel for many years, until, through the infirmities of old age, he ceased preaching. After the death of Mr. Francis, she was led in the providence of God to Crosby-row, where she heard C. W. Banks. Under his ministry, she was led much deeper into the mysteries of her own corrupt nature, and had much deeper views of the Gospel. For the first nine months of hearing Mr. C. W. B., she was greatly feasted and instructed, which so endeared Mr. B. to her soul, in real union, that she would have given anything and everything for him. I have heard her express herself so with regard to Mr. B. many times. She cast in her lot with the Church at Crosby-row. Here her growth in grace was very visible; her one desire was to know more and more of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Feeling very desirous one morning before going to chapel of really feeding upon the Lord Jesus Christ, she begged that she might “eat His flesh and drink His blood.” Mr. B. took for his text Job xi. 17, 18: “And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning. And thou shalt be secure, because there is hope; yea, thou shalt dig about thee, and take thy rest in safety.” Under this sermon the Lord saw fit to try her faith and hope, and she said, “Here I lost my hope, and down I fell, for I felt I had never been under the law; therefore the Gospel would not benefit me; and I feared I had trampled on the blood, and now there remained no more sacrifice for sin. I fell down, and feared there was none to help.” She continued in this deep distress for some months. Now and then she got a little help, but not the deliverance she wanted. She still went to hear Mr. B. at every opportunity of his preaching. One evening she got a little reviving in her bondage. Mr. Banks said, “Has Esther been into the King?” Her answer to herself was, “Yes, that she has.” He then took for his text Ruth iii. 18: “Then said she, Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall, for the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day.” Here she gained a little extra help, but not the deliverance she sought. She said, “While in this state I learned more of my ruined state by nature, and what a sinful heart I had. My enemies are those of my own house. If any one had told me some

years ago that my nature was enmity itself against God as I now feel it, I could not have believed them; but I am now proving it is so. She sank lower and lower in her feelings; almost got into despair. At last the extremity came. After going to bed, and lying some hours in this distracted state, she got up and came into my bed-room in the greatest distress, crying out, "Oh! what shall I do? I am sinking into despair. I feel sinking into hell;" and death seemed stamped upon her face. I shall never forget it. She said, "Oh! do get up and find that hymn that begins with,—

"Encompassed with clouds of distress."

I soon found it, and read it through to her. It was most descriptive of her case. By this hymn as a means, the Lord stretched forth His hand and caught her, and blessed her there, making good His Holy Word to her:—"The eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." She returned to her bed quietly, and had a refreshing sleep. When she awoke, she found her trouble gone, and the Lord sent these words with Divine power into her soul: "Your life is hid with Christ in God." Here she feasted, and took a safe standing upon the Rock of eternal ages. The Lord held most blessed communion with her spirit, and she became familiar with Him, and, by a living faith, made a sweet and blessed use of Him. While He sweetly showed Himself and talked to her, she answered Him and said, "Let my Beloved come into His garden, and eat His own most pleasant fruits." She was filled with joy and peace in believing. This was the deliverance she had been waiting for. She walked here for some time in the light of His countenance, and the sweet enjoyment of many portions of the Word; and such sweet promises were made to her by her precious Lord as especially suited her case. She was, at this time, much alone during the day, so that she could the more be entertained and comforted. She said she wanted no other company than to

"Sit alone from day to day,
And converse with her Lord."

I have not mentioned much about her natural and family trials, although these, as you know, were deep beyond ordinary; but, my dear brother, your own case comes here so to my mind, that you must forgive me for just adverting to it, as both father and mother were so deeply engaged in it. They were constantly taking their children to a throne of grace, that they might (if the Lord will) obtain mercy, and you especially were, at this time, laid with great weight upon father's and mother's minds. He prayed, saying, "Lord, do stop him from pursuing the course of this world, and call him by grace, even though he should be laid upon a bed of affliction." Soon after this the cholera broke out, and well you remember it, don't you? You were seized with it, and we all thought you were dying without hope. Oh, how their poor hearts were wrung with grief! and mother said, "Father, you know what you asked." He answered, "Ah! I do indeed." And they both besieged the throne of mercy, and came off conquerors; and you remember better than I do, when mother kneeled down by your bed-side, and poured out her heart's desires. The Lord heard and answered, "and breathed the breath of life into your soul, and you sent forth your first real cry in these words: "Oh, I wish I were a Christian!" Ah! she

travailed in birth twice for you, and well I know that path. Then you were brought into a sharp conflict, and severe distress of soul, but the Lord delivered you, to the rejoicing of their hearts. They have indeed given us good council. Well, our dear mother walked for a considerable time after this in the sweet enjoyments of Gospel peace, still feeding under Mr. Banks' ministry.

The next trouble was of a different kind. The Lord took her husband home to Himself; but in this she was greatly supported, she was so sure of his salvation, chosen of God and precious. He departed in perfect peace, and now they are both eternally safe and happy. In her widowed state she was obliged from necessity to live upon the Lord for everything. She said, "In former days I could not ask the Lord for temporal things, but now I am obliged, from necessity, to ask for all things; but I can leave all these things quietly for Him to manage. I have engaged Him to be my Husband now." Oh, that the Lord would fill our hearts with gratitude to Himself for giving us such real godly parents. They have prayed for us and brought us up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." Soon after her husband's death the Lord saw fit to bring a very heavy affliction upon her. She was taken with severe pains in her eyes, and in three months totally lost all sight. This, you know, she had to endure for twenty years, and we were witnesses of the sore trial. She begged hard of the Lord to restore to her her sight; but the answer she received from Him was, "I will guide thee with Mine eye;" from that time she feared it would not be restored." She had one little daughter, who has been with her through it all, and Mr. Banks used to say, "Ah! Mrs. Burn, she was born on purpose to be a nurse to you;" and they have sighed and cried together many times, and I hope they will rejoice together in eternity. Although her path for the last twenty years was indeed a very solitary one, yet she had many seasonable helps, both in providence and grace. I dare say you remember how she desired to be enabled to thread her needles herself. She asked the Lord this favour and He granted it, for she could thread the smallest needles with ease, and was able to work well. This circumstance wonderfully strengthened her faith in the Lord for many other things. She much desired, if she could not have her natural sight, that the eyes of her understanding might be illuminated. She said, "Oh, if I could but see His beauty as I have seen it in the sanctuary, I would not mind the loss of my eyes; but ever since I lost them nearly all things are beclouded. Ah! what is the worst part, the cloud is over Him that I cannot see Him. Oh! why does He so conceal Himself when He knows how I want Him." A very dear friend, by the name of Packer, took a great interest in her; he was a deacon and clerk of Mr. Banks' Church, and used constantly to visit her; and, on one occasion, soon after she lost her sight, he asked her if she felt at liberty to kneel down with him and beg of the Lord to restore her sight. She said, "Well, we must submit it to His will for my natural sight; I feel more at liberty to ask for more spiritual sight, and if that is granted I could bear the other better." But Mr. Packer felt constrained to ask for both, so they kneeled down, and the plea was, His own word, "If two of you agree on earth, as touching anything ye shall ask, it shall be done for you of My Father which is in heaven." This rather tried her faith, not receiving such an answer as she desired:

however, Mr. Packer continued a constant friend, read and prayed with her, and he said that oftentimes he had more enjoyment with her than in the Lord's house; he would often call in to tell her how precious the Word had been to him. They both loved the Lord very much, and sometimes they seemed so full that both wanted to talk of Him at once. She said that one morning Mr. Packer came in to see her, and brought these words to her (which did her real good), "And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me." He said, "You are not offended in Him, are you?" She said, "Well, I don't know, Mr. Packer, sometimes I fear I am offended because I can't find Him; but I hope not with Him." "No, no," he said, "would you not be pleased to see Him? bless His precious Name, I know you would. Dost mind the place, the spot of land where Jesus did thee meet?" She said, "Ah! I do indeed;" and he said, "I will see you again and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." These visits greatly refreshed her spirits. A prayer-meeting used to be held at her house, which she often referred to with pleasure. She would quite lay herself out for the Gospel and the Lord's people, frequently beyond her circumstances; but the Lord gave her a disciple's reward. But whatever she was in the best sense, she was only what grace made her. Well, she had to lose her friend, Mr. Packer, which was a great loss to her; the Lord took him home suddenly, he entered heaven by prayer with these words, "Rock of Ages, shelter me." She used to visit us three or four times a year and stay some weeks together, and during these times she used to go with us to hear a good man by the name of Wanstall, who was to her so much like the late Mr. Geo. Francis in his preaching that she longed for the time to come to hear him. While staying with us, one Sunday morning she awoke with the word "little" on her mind, and presently the word came. "A little one shall become a thousand," she said, "it is all little together. I will go to the 'little chapel' (as we used to call it), and as no one else can take me I will trust myself with little Robert" (meaning my little son, who was only six years old). I felt afraid to let them go, but she did not fear, so they went, and Mr. Wanstall took his text from Isa. xi. 6—8: "And a little child shall lead them," &c. He was led to speak nicely to her case. Of the rest, of the little sucking child, &c., which so fitted into her experience that she was quite raised up, on the way home she talked so to my little boy and he to her, that she felt an especial love to the child. And sometimes I hope that the "seed," though buried long in "dust," in due time will spring up. She was very adapted to speak to children, so desirous was she to recommend the Saviour to them, and all who felt a need of Him; yes, and to others who did not, if opportunity offered. Oh, how she tried to comfort our dear Lizzie by telling her, "those feeble desires, those wishes so weak," &c., and I believe she was a good help to her. She heard Mr. Wanstall, too, so well from "He brought me into His banqueting-house, and His banner over me was love." He was led in this sermon so to trace out her experience that she never forgot it. On one occasion she spoke to Mr. W., after hearing him very well, and said, "Oh, Mr. W., the enemy has been trying hard to get me off this 'Rock' for years, and sometimes I am afraid he will." Mr. W. said, "It is the enemy's work to try to get you off; but it is Christ's work to keep you on." More or less at times, after

losing her sight, she suffered from great nervous depression, and would say, "If I don't get light within, it is all darkness, and sometimes I fear my heart frets against the Lord in this great affliction." She spoke of that text in Job, "Thou art become cruel to me." She said she was glad these things did not escape her lips. Her sleep at times would go from her for several nights together, and at these times she feared she should lose her senses; but she was at these times wonderfully supported, and sometimes the Lord sweetly appeared, and she would go off to sleep as calmly as a little child. She would relate to us at times some of the texts that had been applied to her heart; one was, "I will bruise Satan under your feet shortly." At another time, when feeling tried concerning the Father's love, and being afraid she only understood the Son, these words were powerfully applied, "The Father *Himself* loveth you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing all things;" and "Again I will build thee, and thou shalt be built; O virgin daughter of Israel, thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets and go forth in the dances of them that make merry." Then she would at times sink very low and say, "Oh, it was all right before I lost my sight, I had all then; I get but little now; I am so different to the Lord's people generally, for when they are in affliction they are often greatly comforted, but I go mourning without the sun, saying, 'When wilt Thou comfort me; oh, Lord, how long, how long? Wherefore hidest Thou Thyself in times of trouble?'" Oh, when the Lord spoke to Job, how soon he dropped into the right place and abhorred himself in dust and ashes. In these solitary spots the Lord would frequently answer her by Scripture, and say, "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin;" "And though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered;" also, "Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be weary and faint in your minds." She much desired, above all, to have fellowship with Him in His sufferings; and that hymn of Mr. Hart's, called "The Wish," was one of her especial favourites. It begins,—

"If dust and ashes might presume,
Great God, to talk with Thee;"

and

"The single boon I would entreat,
Is to be led by Thee.
To gaze upon Thy bloody sweat
In sad Gethsemane."

Ah! she said,—

"For this *one* favour oft I sought."

A few years back she told me that those words in Matt. xxvi. 29 were spoken to, and impressed upon her mind: "But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I will drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom." She said, "From this I am afraid I shall not have much more real enjoyment here according to these words." I replied, "You may be mistaken;" but she was not, for she never rose so high in enjoyment after. Nevertheless, she was firmly fixed on the Rock of ages. She has often told me she could never have understood the dealings of the Lord to her soul, but for Mr. Newton's hymn, beginning,—

"I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace."

Sometimes she was afraid she had not been convinced deeply enough of sin; but would say, "I desire to be saved with the same salvation as the dying thief." At other times she feared the blood had not been applied, and said, "I wish the word I had given me had been, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;' or 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.'" But she was answered with these words, "Now ye are clean through the word I have spoken unto you." She was with us once at Zoar chapel, hearing Mr. Hull, and this matter was then quite cleared up under the sermon (Heb. xiii. 20): "Now the God of peace that brought again our Lord Jesus from the dead, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant." It seemed explained to her mind, that the virtue of the blood came through the Word with Divine power into her soul, and she had peace with God through faith. He spake so much of that part, "Through the blood of the covenant," and she seemed to understand that which had been a mystery to her for years. She greatly loved the Psalms, saying, "There are so many petitions there," and she so often read them to herself, for the Lord had given her energy to read by M. Moon's system of raised letters. She complained of late that she felt so very ignorant. But she would say, "What a mercy He has promised to give His Holy Spirit to those who ask Him, and that He has promised to guide into all truth. I do like that hymn beginning,—

"Gracious God, Thy children keep,
Jesus, guide Thy silly sheep,"

that just suits me." Once, lately, while reading that portion, "Therefore I say unto you, Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," she had a light shed upon this passage, and would often refer to it, saying, "Whatsoever things ye desire," &c.

She was taken ill of jaundice on April 26, and gradually sunk, after three weeks' prostration. Soon after she was taken ill her daughter Lizzie said, "Do you think you shall get better?" She replied, "I cannot tell, death has followed me for weeks." Her daughter-in-law at this time said to her, "How do you feel in your mind, comfortable?" She said, "No, not very." "Have you any fear of death." "No, no particular fear.

"His love in times past,
Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last,
In trouble to sink."

This she repeated many times. My husband replied to her, "Ah! that's right, mother, hold fast to His girdle; you know He says, and its His own word, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble.'" "Yes," she said, "I can't let that go." I read to her one day during her last illness the heading of a chapter in Solomon's Song, "The Church prayeth to be made fit for His presence." I said, "That is just what we want, don't we?" She raised her hand, and said, "Oh, dear me, yes." Then I read the words, "Let my Beloved come into His garden," &c. "Oh," she said, "well I remember that time (meaning the night before her great deliverance) that time of spiritual labour; no natural ones, bad as they

have been, were ever like that." Soon after she asked me if I could remember the hymn ending,—

"Christ is the treasure I desire."

I repeated the first verse. She said, "I don't think I shall die yet, because the Lord gave me that promise: 'I will extend peace to her like a river,' and I have not had it like a river yet. When that came to me I said, 'When, Lord?' and He said, 'I the Lord will hasten it in His time.'" I replied, "If you do not have it like a river here you will have it above, that's quite certain." "Yes," she said, "'what thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.'" Once she said, after passing through a great deal of pain of body, "Mercy mixed." Soon after she went into a nice sleep, and as I watched her I saw her smile. When she awoke, I asked her if she had had a nice dream; she said, "Yes, I dreamed I was hearing Mr. Irons." She had for many years been in great bondage through fear of death; but it was all removed now. She spoke of Mr. Francis preaching from, "The Lord commanded Moses to make a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole, and every one that was bitten, when he looked upon it, lived." "Ah!" she said, "he did preach the Gospel from that, it was only to look; and he said, 'No doubt there were many a good way off who could not get so full a sight of the serpent as those who were nearer; but if they only looked *towards* it they lived.'" This seemed to encourage her in her dying circumstances, that if the soul only looked towards the Lord Jesus Christ it should be saved.

Mr. Banks, hearing of her illness, called to see her about five or six days before her death. She was indeed glad to hear his voice, and said how she had longed to see him once more. She was quite refreshed by his visit and what he said. He spoke to her upon the words, "The Strength of Israel *will not* lie;" this was so to the purpose that she was quite raised up in her feelings.

She got weaker and weaker each day, and as she drew near the end I said, "Has He come yet?" she shook her head. I said, "Ah, well! you can say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly?'" She said, "Yes, yes." About this time you said, "Well, mother, you still feel very dark in your mind;" she said, "Yes, very;" and you said again, "Well, but you *know* it *must* be all right, He is bound to appear before long;" she said, "Oh, yes, I know that by what He has told me." The sermon you read to her of Mr. Hazelton's, and which you said you hoped would be published—I mean that one, "His Way is in the Sea, His Path is in the Mighty Waters, and His Footsteps are not Known"—was very much good to her. About two days after this she passed away from time into eternity (May 15), firmly resting upon her Lord and *speaking well of His Name* up to the last. The Lord loved her with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness He drew her to Himself from childhood to old age. The Author and Finisher of faith gave her enough faith to hang to the girdle of His faithfulness to the end, and now we are sure,— "She is bathing her soul in seas of heavenly bliss," where "not a wave of trouble rolls across her peaceful breast."

And now unto Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be all the glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

I have done all I could to collect the matter together, and if the

Lord has any purpose to fulfil by the fragment, so that it may get honour to Him, we shall be satisfied; shall we not?

Your affectionate sister,

MARY ANN POUNDS.

[We have read the foregoing memoir with feelings of deep sympathy. We never knew a more devoted, decided, or distressed saint in all our life. We believe this account will be a blessing to many of the Lord's people, and we trust it will be published separately in due time.—C. W. BANKS.]

NOTES ON PRAYER, REGARDED IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

A SEQUEL TO THE OLD TESTAMENT VIEW OF THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE word mostly used in the New Testament is first *Proseuchē*, to petition for good, to deprecate evil. Our blessed Lord, when His disciples asked Him to teach them to pray, gave them a model, after which manner they were to pray, and in that comprehensive petition is summed up all the child of God can need, or the quickened soul desire this side the portals of glory. He commences, "OUR FATHER." Here is union, relationship, care, compassion, education, and guidance.

"*Thy kingdom come.*" So the true disciple of Christ, through the energising of the indwelling Spirit, ardently longs and prays for the ingathering of the fruits of the travail of the soul of Christ. "Lead us not into temptation." Ah, many a tried soul in breathing forth this petition, is in effect saying, "Feed me with food convenient; set me not up on high, lest I be full and deny Thee, and say, "Who is the Lord?" "

But again we find this word in the eighth of Romans, to set forth the intercession of the Holy Ghost in the heart of a living soul (see verses 26, 27): "The Spirit prayeth in us with groanings inexpressible." Here is a sweet evidence of sonship; witness Galatians iv. 6, "Because ye are sons," &c.

Again, Acts ix. 11, we find these words used as an evidence of the translation of Saul of Tarsus, from the authority of Satan to that of God: "For, behold, he prayeth." But we also find this word has its official or public sense (1 Timothy ii. 1). Paul, the aged, is counselling Timothy, the neophyte, as to his order of service in the Church of God. He says, "First of all, supplications, deprecations, intercessions, and giving of thanks for all men—*i.e.*, both Jew and Gentile"—to the end that the Christian may live in peace, according to the Lord's counsel by Jeremiah, "Seek the peace of the city whither ye are carried captive." This word seems to always be Godward.

Secondly—Parokaleō, to beg, beseech. In this word we have the manward aspect of prayer (see Matt. viii. 5). Romans xv. 30, the Apostle Paul beseeches the brethren to bear him before God in their prayers, bringing to light, as it were, the spiritual mechanism by which the sent ones of God are upheld in their arduous position upon the walls of Zion. Peter, in his first epistle, chap. ii. 11, beseeches the elect and scattered strangers to abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul's best interests. It would be well for those who deal in entreaties

and invitation, to notice that this word is formed from *Paracletos*, the special name of the Spirit, and implies the co-operation of the same Divine Person.

Thirdly—Aiteō, to ask, the word used for a request (favourably allowed) from an inferior to a superior. So in Matt. xxi. 22, the promise of the Lord to His disciples is, "All things ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Yes, there are times when the believer asks in the exercise of God-given faith, and finds that truly prayer is appointed to convey the blessings God designed to give. Again, from the necessity of His own creating, they cry unto Him that is able to do abundantly, above all they can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in them.

"And tho' in lonely places,
A fearful child I shrink,
He prays the prayer within me,
I can neither ask nor think.
The deep unspoken language
Known only to that love,
That fathoms the heart's deep mystery,
From His Throne of light above."

Fourthly—Erōtaō. This word, translated pray, is the address of an equal, and is the word ever used by our Lord in His requests to the Father. Never is *Erōtan* used in the New Testament of the prayer of the mere creature of God. He, when on the eve of finishing His great work of redemption, Judas Iscariot being gone out, He opened His heart to His loved ones in the upper room. He says, "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another comforter" (John xvi. 16). "I say not that I will pray the Father for you, for the Father Himself loveth you" (John xvi. 26). Again, John xvii. 19, to the end of the chapter: He there, in the character of Mediator, demands of the Father sanctification, oneness, identity, perfection, and glory, on the ground of the accomplishment of His suretyship, engagements, and substitution; so now, in His exaltation and session at the right hand of the Father,

"With authority He asks,
Enthroned in glory now."

In His ever prevailing intercession, we have liberty to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, and to present those petitions, those words stored up in the everlasting covenant, and made ours in the time of trial, necessity, and sorrow, by the inwrought energy of the eternal Spirit.

THOMAS BALDWIN.

CHRISTIANITY *VERSUS* WORLDLY SPLENDOUR.

LET me in humble cottage dwell,
Communing with Immanuel,
And feasting on the Word;
Rather than midst most gorgeous palaces,
Deluded by religious fallacies,
Oh, keep me near the Lord.

My mansion is not here, but there:
The road to it is faith and prayer,
And Jesus Christ "the Way."
Here I must suffer. There for evermore
In blessedness complete, and never more
Know night, but perfect day.

THE GREAT WAR AND THE GLORIOUS VICTORY.

BY THOMAS STRINGER,

Minister of Trinity Chapel, Borough.

"His truth endureth to all generations."—PSALM C. 5.

"Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand.

When rolling years shall cease to move."—WATTS.

TRUTH and error, like two gigantic generals, have been at war from the days of Cain and Abel; and will continue in the tremendous conflict until time shall be no more. Truth—Gospel truth—is from heaven; error—delusive error—is from beneath; consequently, between heaven and hell the war is perpetuated. Severe fighting is kept up on both sides; sharp blows are given by each party. Satan, the author of error, arms his troops (who are multitudinous) with infernal opposition to truth; the Saviour, the Author of truth, arms His troops (who are comparatively few) with experimental knowledge of Bible realities and Gospel infallibilities. On the battle-field, the Saviour's troops have mounted two fearfully heavy guns—see the first chapter to the Ephesians, and the eighth chapter to the Romans. When Error looks at those indestructible weapons she is, for a time, thrown into strong convulsions, and her brazen face turns pale. She trembles lest she should some day be blown to atoms by them. In the different campaigns Truth has received many stabs and heavy blows from the infernal artillery, but she, being divine and invincible, has never been disabled, harmed, nor injured by the musketry of hell. But when Error gets a stab or a blow (which she does at all times when they meet sword in hand), she is so crippled, maimed, and wounded, that for a time she reels and staggers, and is unable to stand upon her tottering feet. A medical staff of quacks, called "Satan's ministers" (2 Cor. xi. 15), who are in the field, then rush to her assistance, to nurse and comfort her with free-will medicines, mixed with delusion, deception, hatred, and enmity to eternal truth. These revive her spirits, and strengthen her for the next engagement. A large body of Satan's systems closely adhere to her, such as Popery, Puseyism, Priestcraft, Ritualism, Mahomedism, Mormonism, Sabellianism, Pelagianism, Socinianism, Arianism, Rationalism, Unitarianism, Shakerism, Duty-faithism, Mongerelism, Phariseeism, Sadduceeism, National Establishmentism, Arminianism, with bold infidelity, scepticism, Deism, atheism, and a mingled host too numerous to mention; but TRUTH is not the least intimidated at this erroneous army. She shakes her head at them; she laughs them to scorn. Toplady says, "Truth is like our first parents in their primeval state. She can show herself naked (without human trappings) and not be ashamed." Truth has her friends, although they are few. The fishermen of Galilee, with all who are considered the filth and the offscouring of the world, are on her side. She has been pelted furiously from earth and hell in all ages. She still remains war proof and undaunted. Oh, how bold, how blessed, how great, how glorious, is GOD'S ETERNAL TRUTH. Happy are those who know, love, and possess it. In every battle she comes off victorious, and all who are enlisted by her shout aloud, "IN THE NAME OF OUR GOD WE WILL SET UP OUR BANNERS!"

This heavenly shout makes the erroneous hosts shake and tremble. Still, with all the free-will strength they can muster, they pour upon her

a volley of reproach, of bitterness, of enmity, and of infernal revilings. In the face of this deadly thrust, Truth stands her ground uninjured and undismayed. Earth and hell, professors and profane, employ all their infernal craft and cunning, either to capture her finally, or to stab her with an incurable wound. *All is in vain!* She is like her Divine and all-glorious Author, immutable, invulnerable.

Truth is able to defend herself against the sharpest attacks, without summoning the feeble aid of students and collegians, many of which are her greatest opponents.

Presently, the bugle sounds in the erroneous camp for another sharp and fierce engagement with Divine Truth. She also, with her mighty men, are ready and prepared for the great fight. Her living possessors and unflinching advocates (prophets, apostles, regenerated characters, grace-made and God-sent ministers) march into the field; they fearlessly face the foe. Their banners are hoisted, bearing the inscription, "*Fight the good fight of faith.*" The trumpet gives a certain sound; hostilities commence, the battle is fierce; Error, with her free-will guns and duty-faith ammunition, makes a great noise in the field; but Error can no more wound or hurt Truth than shooting at crows with powder only. She keeps up for a time a heavy fire; and with deadly hatred to Eternal Truth, Error pours upon Truth repeated volleys of "ifs," "buts," peradventures, contingencies, conditions, overtures, yeas and nays, offers, proffers, may-be's, probabilities, with duties, deeds, and formal ceremonies (which are her chain-shot). These poor Arminian missiles whiz about during the campaign, making a doleful noise; but Truth, in the heat of the battle, escapes without a scar or a scratch.

The erroneous troops are vexed and chafed in their minds to see that Truth has received no injury during the action; they begin to faint; when, lo and behold, an ally enters the field—viz., "The Salvation Army." But over their popguns and paper pellets Truth smiles. They fire a volley of reproach and calumny at her. They hurl out their slings—"come now," "believe now," "repent now," "be saved now," "turn now," "take the offer now," "give your hearts to Christ now," "be converted now," "now is the accepted time, to-morrow may be too late." Then the chorus:—

"You are all guilty and depraved,
Will you be lost, or will you be saved?"

This smoke insults Truth, but does not sully nor mar her majesty. She has a powerful battery placed on "MOUNT ELECTION," which strikes terror throughout the erroneous camp; her troops now repair to their two great guns spoken of before, and when they are fired the report is so terrific, the balls so invincible, that Error and her comrades shake to their centre, and turn as pale as death. Two weighty sentences dart from the battery—"Thus saith the Lord," "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it"—as a signal for a heavy charge upon erroneous tenets. Error musters her forces, but they quake for fear. Truth, with her intrepidity, gives orders to fire; her soldiers are animated with experimental enjoyment of her preciousness, "and the shout of a King is among them," neither will they allow Error to rob Him of His crown of absolute sovereignty. Now these "valiant men, expert in war," discharge a volley of Bible facts, such as "Not of works, lest any man should boast," "By grace are ye saved," "Salvation is of the Lord,"

“I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy,” “Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord,” “Not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy,” “Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated,” “And so all Israel shall be saved,” “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect?” “Not by works of righteousness which we have done,” “No man can come unto Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him,” “I lay down My life for the sheep,” “And they shall never perish,” “I pray for them, I pray not for the world,” “Ye must be born again,” “I know whom I have chosen,” “My sheep hear My voice,” “The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded,” “I have loved thee with an everlasting love,” “Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power,” “Jesus only,” “Christ is all,” “And ye are complete in Him,” &c., &c.

This heavy charge of inviolable truth fired into the erroneous camp, so alarmed them, that the entire host ran and cried, and fled. Then, to finish the engagement, the soldiers who were set for the defence of the Gospel threw that great Bible-bomb right into the camp—viz., “For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of Him that calleth”—which smote their tent, that it fell and was overturned. Error looked ghastly, her troops were panic-stricken, their “damnable heresies” were dashed to pieces like a potter’s vessel, and they sounded a retreat. Truth looked healthy, intrepid, and bold, and marched off the field with flying colours, banners hoisted, and music playing (Psalm lxxviii. 25—26). The air rang with the shouts of the soldiers as they sounded out, “In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us,” “Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Then, in one full and grand chorus, they sung in lofty strains, “Worthy is the Lamb! blessing and honour, and glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever,” and like the four beasts (or living creatures) I will say, “Amen.”

BRITISH CHRISTIANS! PRIZE, AND PRAY THE LORD TO PRESERVE UNTO YOU, YOUR PRESENT PRIVILEGES!

“Sure there’s a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Tho’ Rome’s loud voice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain!”

WHILE the advocates of the Gospel of the grace of God are comparatively few, and much divided, there are three fast-growing hosts of energetic and enterprising warriors, who are gathering around them multitudes of people, who, in one way or another, are either fearful of, or opposed to, what we have received and declared to be the truth as it is in Jesus Christ our Lord. I mean the truth of His Person, the truth of His covenant engagement, the truth of His mediatorial offices and works, the truth of His Gospel kingdom, the truth of His future advent, and of His eternal glory. Many of those multitudinous, those

bold and enterprising antagonists are engaged in circulating the Bible ; in filling the nations with books, magazines, and tracts ; in missionary efforts ; in charitable and benevolent operations ; in sheltering the orphans, the widows, the outcast, the fallen, the sons and daughters of misery of every shade and condition ; and it surely becometh us to be careful how we slight, or speak evil of such of our fellow men who give their substance, their services, yea, themselves, professedly to alleviate the sorrows of millions of our sinful race. That strong direction which closes up the parable of the good Samaritan is increasingly demanding and obtaining obedience—"GO YE AND DO LIKEWISE!"

The most faithful of men who have (through Divine grace) devoted their lives to, and used up all their given strength in, the cause of Christ; the most laborious and decided ministers and missionaries now in the field, all the past and the present generation of workers, are as yet instrumentally *only*

"PREPARING THE WAY OF THE LORD."

That profoundly marvellous prophecy, echoed by the illustrious Isaiah, and re-echoed by the stern man, called "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," that prediction of the prophet and of the Baptist has not yet attained its entire fulfilment, it has not yet reached the climax. Read, review, consider, reflect, and pray for its ultimate accomplishment. "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth, and all flesh

"SHALL SEE THE SALVATION OF GOD."

This predestinated consummation of the grandeur of JEHOVAH'S covenant has not come forth in open manifestation yet ; neither can we fully declare the diversified forms, or ways, in which "all flesh shall see the salvation of our God;" but while the erection of the temple is being carried up, while so many different branches of the work are advancing, while the imperative call is sounding in our ears, "Be thou faithful unto death," it becometh us to be zealously mindful of our spirit, lest, haply, we be found fighting against God. Our strong consolation flows from the fact that our blessed Saviour's three-fold proclamation is still in progress. "The Strength of Israel, who will not lie," declared,—

"UPON THIS ROCK WILL I BUILD MY CHURCH," *and the gales of hell shall not prevail against it.*"

Hence, with the sublime Celeste we may sing:—

"One Church there is, it has no name,
Whatever warring sects proclaim ;
It knows no special time nor place,
Redeemed by Christ, and saved by Grace.

Loved with the ancient love of God,
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
It boasts an ancient ancestry,
A high, illustrious pedigree.

Built on the one foundation, laid
By HIM, whose blood her ransom paid,
She stands secure in every age,
Defying Rome, and Satan's rage.

All who, by faith, have SEEN THE LORD,
His Truth their buckler, shield, and sword,
Are of CHRIST'S *Church*, without a doubt,
Though Rome may try to shut them out."

Of all these, CHRIST hath said, "Thy shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hands."

Apart from those "who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth," and from the streams of (those who are called) the Evangelicals, the Revivalists, the Free-will armies; besides these, are the disguised Jesuits, the enemies of pure Protestantism, and the defiant Romanists, the determined, the golden-winged anti-Christians, who are bent upon obtaining supremacy in our British Isles, and who are clandestinely aided by those of whom we had hoped better things. Lamentable, also, is the growth of open infidelity, and the highly cultivated schools of science, philosophy, and "modern thought."

While we are consoled by the assurance that when "the judgment shall sit" the dominion of anti-Christ shall be taken from him, that all shall be consumed and destroyed, while we have unbounded confidence in the prophetic decree, that "The kingdom, and the dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to

"THE PEOPLE OF THE SAINTS OF THE MOST HIGH!

"*Whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom; and all dominions*

"SHALL SERVE AND OBEY HIM!"

While we rest unmoved in the certain fulfilment of this final victory, and in the exaltation for ever of the glorious CHRIST OF GOD, still, when we increasingly behold the gates of temporal power being opened for the embracing and lifting up of anti-Christ and atheism, we *think* (laugh at us who may) we feel the sounding of that voice within, "*Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation!*"

Will my readers give their attention to the following FACTS for one moment?—

"Dissenters from the Greek Church in Russia are called Raskolniks—that is, heretics. According to a recent article on the subject in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, the various religious sects comprise some fifteen million members, who, although among the best and most sterling members of the Russian commonwealth, are excluded from all public employment on account of their 'heresy.' Until recently the Raskolniks were prohibited from repairing their meeting-houses, and now they may only do so to a limited extent. The consequence is that a large number requiring extensive repairs can no longer be used. The members of the various religious bodies are indeed under a ban in Russia. They are shut out from Government employment; they are not permitted to manage their own affairs to the same degree as their orthodox countrymen; and their children are not received in the higher educational institutions. Local authorities are permitted to tyrannise over them in the most arbitrary manner, and to decide which sects are too dangerous to be tolerated. They are neither at liberty to print religious books, nor to sell the same in manuscript.

"This record is worthy of English consideration just now. It shows that the Greek Church is, equally with the Church of Rome, and

necessarily, a persecuting Church. It could not be otherwise. Both blasphemously claim to be 'the Body of Christ, out of which there is no salvation,' and this claim—so far as it is *practically* asserted—involves supreme authority over the civil or temporal power. Can we be content to evade the logical conclusion, as it applies to Romanism in England, by arguing that Romanists here are loyal in spite of their creed? So long as Lord Ripon is faithless in his allegiance to the Pope, we admit he may be faithful in his loyalty to the Queen. But—and this is really the point of moment—if Archbishop Manning and Dr. Newman had the *power*, what the Greek Church is now doing in Russia would unquestionably be done in England; and if the Pope had the *power*, Lord Ripon might speedily be relieved of his allegiance to what Rome calls a heretic Queen, and a Bull of deposition once more enter our land. If we are in error here, why does not the Pope honestly say, 'he would *not* do this if he could,' or let Archbishop Manning give his straightforward utterance on the point; or—if we may not look for such authoritative voices—let any Roman Catholic priest tell us what the Church of Rome *would* do in England if she had the *power*."

British Christians! Do not be deluded by the opiate delicacies and delusions of the day! I admire the onward march of moral, of intellectual, of charitable, and of evangelical organizations for the general good of the people; but that the uprising millions are becoming so wise in their own conceit as to pour contempt upon the eternal verities of the grand old Gospel, is awfully painful to your servant in Christ,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

The Elders, Banbury-road, South Hackney, July, 1880.

THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE DAY OF THE LORD.—Nearly seventy years have rolled over our heads since the late William Huntington preached a funeral sermon for the "Welsh ambassador," J. Jenkins, who was a remarkable man in his day, and this sermon by Mr. Huntington on the Great Trumpet is also a most remarkable discourse. A Christian gentleman has caused it to be reprinted. It fills forty-eight demy-octavo pages. No enlightened, unprejudiced mind can read it without deriving therefrom soul-stirring emotions.

The One Church, and the True Fold. A part of the correspondence arising out of "Anti-Christ's Call," by Archbishop Manning. By Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. This volume (published at *Hand and Heart* office, in Paternoster-sq.) is freighted with sufficient Scripture argument to explode the false and fearful assumptions, to silence any priest, and to convert any follower of anti-Christ to the true faith, if the Almighty Quickener of dead souls, and Revealer of truth to beclouded minds, was pleased to work by such an earnest and emphatic testimony, and we are confident Mr. Bullock's strength in the service will not be spent in vain.

READER, if thou art a mere formal preacher thou wilt know nothing about God's presence, and, therefore, thou wilt rest satisfied without it. If thou art a quickened sinner, thou wilt long to enjoy it.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"THE CANDLE OF THE LORD."

PHILIP BROOKS on *The Spirit of Man is the Candle of the Lord* is full of lofty thought. Man is the candle, God is the fire; but there are two distinctions—first, some candles are lighted by God; yet, somehow, the candle or the lamp throws its own shade over the light—the man so mixes himself up with the light that it is more natural than *spiritual*, there is more of the man's mistiness than of God's brightness. Preachers, will you take this hint?—aim to lift up the incarnate God, the risen Saviour, the great High Priest in His clearness: leave yourselves *behind*. Oh, could we do this! Then Philip Brooks declares there are multitudes of candles whose nature is well-made, but their fire is from beneath, not from God at all. Ask, man, from whence cometh thy fire? If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great, how delusive, how fatal must that darkness be!

HORACE BUSHNELL.

This once illustrious American penman and preacher has ended his earthly career. A large volume of his *Life and Letters* sells for 18s., by Sampson, Low. We cannot analyse this heavy book. Two of Bushnell's jottings caught us up hopefully of the man,—as one of the Lord's own. Writing of the sacred divines who were once on the earth, he said, "There are some of all ages—a holy few—whose lives have been preserved to us in writing and tradition, and who thus live among us still as known causes, who are not silent, whose names, and works, and Christian characters are even freshened and made more vigorous by the lapse of time. God has saved *these elect men* to us by means of written language, that we may ever have them with us, and look to them as our lights of love and truth." This Horace Bushnell did not contemplate or prepare himself for the ministry. He was a poor man's boy, but, like the late blessed James Wells, he had a mind for climbing, a soul thirsting for knowledge, hence he actually passed his examination for the bar; and in all that course of study he was a doubter respecting the truth of Christianity. While at college, one of his fellows tells us, there came a power into Bushnell, and it shot him clear beyond all his doubts about the truths of Christianity; he seemed to fly "with a bound into clear sun-light." With a noble, Christian manhood he took his place WITH THE

CHRIST OF GOD, and from that day he rose in evangelical grandeur and development, which continued until it culminated in glory." We have been much solemnized with what is called "The Fragment of Autobiography," found since his death, dimly pencilled on a stray sheet of paper. It refers to the Divine hand upon his life. He called these jottings, "GOD'S WAY WITH A SOUL." In the closing sentences of this remarkable fragment he says, "Oh, that I could trace the subtle art of my Teacher, and show the shifting scenes of the drama which He has kept me acting! What a history of redemption, and more! I will try, as I best can, to show it. Help me, O my God! Refresh my memory. Quicken my insight. Exalt my conceptions of Thy meanings, and give me to see just how Thou hast led me, that I may quicken others to look for Thy mercy, and see that Thou hast also as great and greater things to do for them." We little know in how many precious souls God has His saving way. Let us ever be searching for that eternal life to our own souls, without which,

"Thou nature may her gifts supply,
We must in woe for ever die."

"John Fawcett." By ROBERT SHINDLER. This very beautiful, though brief biography, is given in the *Quiver*. We have so richly enjoyed it, we desire to give our readers an outline; but now only a verse from one of Fawcett's hymns on the Lord Jesus. He says,—

"Millions of happy spirits live
On Thy exhaustless store:
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more."

"Muckle Kate" is the title of *Grove Chapel Tracts*, No. 24, to be had of Miss Bradbury, 4, Love Walk, Camberwell. The narrative confirms and illustrates the doctrine taught by Stephen Charnock in his discourse, "The Chief of Sinners, Objects of the Choicest Mercy." Millions of big, black, and *brilliant* sinners are left; but, here and there, Sovereign Mercy steps down into the dark, the rough, and dirty valley, and plucks, as brands from the burning, one or more of these "Muckle Kates." John Newton believed this, even in his last days. Such narratives as "Muckle Kate" thousands would read, who would not look at a sermon, and the results, "Who can tell?"

"Robert Raikes's Royal Regiment" is given in *Cheering Words*.

Atheism, and the House of Commons, is the title of a sermon by R. W. DALE, of Birmingham, issued by Hodder and Stoughton. Supremely argumentative, eloquent in language, awfully conclusive in facts. The facts proved are (1), That the appearance of a declared atheist claiming a seat in the House of Commons has produced a horror which has been FELT through the whole nation; (2), That between practical and theoretical atheism there is little or no difference; (3), "That the working classes of this country care as little for the dogmas of Christianity as the higher classes care for the PRACTICE of that religion;" which most lamentable fact, expressed by Mr. John Bright, is a reflection of the darkest hue upon the National and the Nonconforming Churches. The truth is, men, with a merely natural vision, neither behold good or benefit by the *contradictory* and truth-perverting dogmas of the diverse pleaders for, and professors of what they call Christianity. Never since the days of Paul, Luther, Knox, Whitefield, Huntington, and other similar "burning and shining lights," has there been such a scathing sentence uttered, as John Bright uttered in the House of Commons, which, like a two-edged sword, so cut its way into the consciences of the members, as to produce vehement cries of "order," and "withdraw!" But these shrieks of the guilty consciences only fired the spirit of John Bright with a tenfold heat, and he replied, "I wish in my heart I could withdraw!" Mr. Dale never uttered a sentence more solemn and weighty than when he said, "Had the apostle been in the House of Commons last week, his indignation would have been fiercer and more terrible than Mr. Bright's." Had we the means we would have John Bright's volcanic sentence printed in bold letters, with a black border, and posted on every wall in the kingdom. It might lead some to think, to inquire, and, under God, to something more. The terrific lucifer-match which has been struck and kindled in the House by the dreadful leather-men of the Midlands will not be extinguished until it has worked some good results. Mr. Dale closes his strictures by asking, "Among men who *confess* the DIVINE EXISTENCE, and these are the immense majority of the nation, is there REAL and LIVING faith in God? and is this faith, however fine to work upon, powerless—lifeless—a corpse, which, unless quickened by the inspiration of God, must soon turn to rotteness and death?" We only add, our Protestant, our Bible-reading, our Sunday-school, our professedly evan-

gelical nation has been disgraced beyond all the powers of language to describe. Atheism has been lifted up into a popular exhibition. Our people appear to be forsaken of the Almighty. For a long time there has been a lack of vitalising power. Intellect progresses, but self-denying, sin-denouncing, soul-saving godliness has been on the decline. God be merciful unto us, we do sincerely pray.

"A Scotchman" says, There were last year 600 Congregational ministers without charges. He asks, How is this? How can it be remedied? The fact is. Such hosts of young men daily spring up as candidates for the ministry that the middle-aged and the elders are pushed out, left behind, cast away. The young students from certain places, even in the Baptist connection, can do anything they like; but, poor fellows! after a few years, where are they? We *know* some who now are common beggars. In a great town, the other day, in Yorkshire, a young student follows one who had been *driven* from his pastorate, because sin was his master. A most painful scene! The young successor goes in as pastor of the Strict Baptist Church. He baptises many young ones from the school; calls a Church meeting; moves the Open Communion question, a large majority support him, Strict Baptist principles are overthrown. But the young minister is not quite happy; he will leave as soon as he can—now the mischief is done. From all we are obliged to hear, in different parts of England, we ask, as in the sight of our Lord Jesus Christ, Does His blessing of genuine sanctification and soul-saving power attend these new enterprising efforts to throw open the gates so wide that multitudes press into the form of godliness who subsequently show the *power* is wanting? We rejoice to see the young called into the vineyard; but the many shipwrecks cause us "old bigots" to weep.

Report of Mr. J. L. Meeres' Preaching in Trinity, Hackney. The sermon was exceedingly useful, and quite moved the people into holy zeal and cheerful hope. Mr. Meeres is preaching in all directions, with the weight of truth, with the unction of the Spirit, and with the solemnity of a godly man who is approaching the end of a long and holy career.

Our Friends, as "The Twelve Apostles" notices, had nothing to do with the riots at Rushden. "The Rushden Historian" would not dare to publish all the truth.

"Have Faith in God," and Mr. Philpott's "Essence of Religion," are strong pieces in Mr. Wilcockson's *Zion's Witness*.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

A NORFOLK PASTOR'S VISIT TO LONDON.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR, OF PULHAM-ST.-MARY.

[The following letter, by that long and laborious labourer in his Master's vineyard, will be read with intelligent interest. Our London populars little think how the studious country brethren weigh them up. Of course we have not given all our brother wrote us, only such portions as we believed might be edifying.—ED.]

A fearful Storm in London—Coachman Killed—The Kew Gardens—Visit to our Afflicted Brother J. W. Gooding—The Good Old "Standard" Preacher—Hears Dr. Parker, C. H. Spurgeon, Mr. Davies, Philip Dickerson, Mr. Masterson, G. W. Shepherd, &c.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have many times felt my disappointment in not being able to reach your residence on the day I was expected. I felt the disappointment as much as you and our esteemed friend Mr. J. E. Eusey. Oh, what a terrible storm it was! the rain pouring down in torrents; and thundering and lightning most fearfully. How great, and glorious, and terrible was our God in that storm. I stood about under shop windows hours, hoping to reach your house, and while there I thought of the almighty power of the great Architect of the heavens, and what He could do to poor feeble worms of the earth in one moment if He so designed. The very next day I was at Kensington, and Chelsea, and while there we had the same kind of terrific storm, in which a poor child was washed away, and a coachman killed by the lightning, close to my daughter's. While I was there one of her lodgers came in and told us he helped to bear the poor man away from the fatal spot. I cannot describe my feelings in hearing what was related concerning the sad event; but oh, how grateful I felt to the good Lord for preserving me as He did. I said, "Why was it not me instead of that man?" I thought of the poet's words,—

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

I ought to say my first week's visit was to Hampton, to see our friend, Mrs. B., and her much afflicted sister, who reminds me greatly of my dear wife's sad and long-protracted case. While here, myself, friend, and brother Gooding's daughter, visited the Kew Gardens. In there I saw the wonderful works of God, far surpassing all imagination; trees, shrubs, and flowers of all kinds, the greater part of which were exotics. I had thought the treasures and beauties of the Crystal and Alexandra palaces were beyond all competition, but let

strangers visit the above gardens, and I think they will feel themselves amply repaid in contemplating the glories of creation, and will be frank to say the like they had never seen before. I thought, while making my perambulations, how can any atheist come here and go away as such? I was overcome in my feelings while viewing the endless fruits of my heavenly Father's skill and wisdom. How great is nature! Still greater is nature's God. Are sinful worms of the earth indulged with such lovely sights, and fascinating gems and beauties, have nature's green, soft carpet to walk upon, and Sol shining in all the glory of his strength? Surely this unspeakable goodness of the Lord is calculated to lead men to repentance.

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

Passing all this by in grateful thoughts of God's unbounded goodness and preserving mercies, I would just say it fell to my lot to visit that dear old faithful and afflicted servant of Christ, Mr. Gooding, of Richmond, who, in his last days, after many years' hard labour in his Master's service, has to depend upon the liberality of Christian friends for his daily maintenance. Mrs. Gooding is not sufficiently capable of waiting upon her afflicted partner, she herself being very feeble, but they have an excellent good and affectionate daughter, who devotes all her time to the comfort of her dear parents. She loves the Lord Jesus as well as her earthly parents, and I am sure the Lord will reward her in the end. I felt great pleasure in contributing my mite according to my ability, and I feel sure that all those whose hearts are inclined towards such cases, can never lose their reward, for Jesus says, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

My first Sunday I spent at Wimbledon with my Hampton friend, at the house of good and truthful brother, who attends among the "Standard" people. We went to the house of God morning and evening, and heard an old gentleman, Mr. H., who preached two searching, experimental, and faithful sermons, upon that sweet verse, "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption." We had the good old Gospel in the good old-fashion style, and from a good old-fashion man. Altogether, my visit to Hampton, and Wimbledon, was attended with the highest gratification and profit. On the above Sunday, you, my dear brother, expected me to officiate in your stead at Speldhurst chapel. I am sorry I could not. I am fully conscious of how much I am indebted to you, and others with you, for past kindness

It was thought necessary that I should have three weeks' entire rest for body and mind. I am sure there is no one more ready than yourself to grant me that privilege. Having embraced it, may God cause it to result in my good and His glory. During the following week I visited Dr. P., placing myself down not far from his splendid pulpit. What a grand and noble place! At what a cost it must have been erected! The Dr. dwelt entirely on the words, "Ask, seek, knock." Being in a large place, and my head being in a buzz, I could not hear half what was said, although Dr. P. has a strong and powerful voice. No doubt Dr. P. is just the kind of man for the position he fills, and for the aristocratic members he harangues from time to time, and has his usefulness in a specific way and manner. On the following Sunday morning I and my son walked to hear Mr. S. What a large place! and what a grand and imposing sight! We just got in at the door, and into the first gallery. We were at one end of the tabernacle and Mr. S. at the other. Mr. S. preaches the Gospel in its own plain and homely dress, and although he has such a musical and powerful voice, I failed in hearing. I could not help bitterly reflecting upon noisy London, which had put my head in so much confusion, for I could gather up scarcely anything. I felt vexed to think my journey was literally lost. My son said he heard every word, and that it was just such a sermon as I should have enjoyed. In the afternoon we visited St. Paul's, to hear Bishop S. Here again, in another large place, the echo was so much, and a cold air playing about my head, could hear but little; but what little I did hear was thoroughly good. I could understand that the bishop was showing the distinction between the two covenants, and also the difference between nature and grace in the real children of God. These sounds much lifted me up, especially as I heard them in such a place as this. I feel thankful to God whenever I hear the truth faithfully proclaimed, let it be by whom it may, and let it be where it may. In the evening we went to hear Mr. Hazelton, in Chadwell-street. Here I felt quite at home, heard the Word to profit and did not lose a single sentence. I believe the people, like myself, were feeling in the green pastures and solacing themselves beside the still waters. The text was Psa. lvi. 1: "Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in Thee; yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge until these calamities be overpast." The text was handled in a systematical and masterly manner, and the sermon contained all three parts, doctrine, practice, and experience. I went home quite gratified and refreshed. On my way home to my son's, we found dear old William Huntington's chapel open, and we stepped in just as they were bringing the service to a close. Church of England people occupy that chapel, I find, and I was pleased to hear they have a man of sterling truth who preaches in it. It afforded me great interest to be once in my

lifetime in the very chapel where Huntington preached the Gospel of Christ. When we came out a friend told me to go and hear a Mr. D., in Bridge-street, a congregational minister. He said, "You will find him one of your sort exactly." I went in the following week and heard that gentleman, and then I greatly enjoyed the Word. I found him to be exactly like Mr. Irons, who I once heard, with one exception, Mr. Irons preached with a gown on, but this gentleman had none. I much enjoyed a little spiritual conversation with him at the close of the service. I went to visit my highly esteemed friend and brother, Masterson, who took me about and studied every way and means to do me good and make me happy. He took me into another of the large places to hear an American and a German speak upon the Sunday school successes. My friend said the subjects for the occasion were very good. With my friend and brother I much enjoyed an hour's conversation with that good old servant of Christ, Mr. Dickerson, who is in good health, though between eighty and ninety years of age. On the following, and last Sunday, I went to hear Mr. S., who in the evening baptized three females. One of these my poor ministry was made a blessing to, some eight years ago, from a sermon I preached in my own chapel. The last that was baptised was only eleven years of age. When I saw her put into the water I was melted into tears, while that sweet passage dropped into my mind, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength because of their enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger." The text brother S. spoke from was, "Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word or our epistle." Mr. S. is an able minister of the New Testament, and delivered a very telling discourse as a defence of believers' baptism by immersion. It was a time solemn and profitable. I thought of dear brother John Foreman, who laboured so long in that place. What a mercy to the friends there, in that they have such a faithful and gifted one to labour among them as the successor of their old and much valued pastor. In the morning of the last Sunday I and my son went to hear Dr. A. This is a grand place, and they have a fine choir. One of the deacons handed me into a pew close by the pulpit, so I might be able to hear. The text was, "Feed My lambs." When given out I prepared myself for hearing, being quite elated with the words. But alas! the doctor did not say who or what the lambs were, nor by whom, nor how, nor with what they were fed. The Saviour was mentioned in the sermon only three times, and we never heard whether there was any Holy Ghost. I left the capacious building astonished, and not a little mortified. I thought of Dr. Watts's words,—

"Lord, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy."

Do not think I speak this through any

prejudice, God forbid. I hope this was not to be taken as a specimen of Dr. A's evangelical preaching. I love to hear my Master exalted, and the sinner abased.

In the course of my walks I found my way to the Zoological Gardens. After seeing and admiring God's wonderful works in the vegetable kingdom, I was brought to meditate upon the wonders of the animal kingdom. Here I saw the huge elephant, the majestic lion, and numerous other creatures, some tame and docile, and others ferocious and hurtful; all reminding me of the white sheet let down from heaven, which Peter saw, and "in which were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air." While looking upon the different animals and upon the crowds of people I was among, I thought there was a striking resemblance between these wild and hurtful creatures and members of the human race, who are wild in sin and hurtful to one another; a proof of which I had before leaving that spot, for in the crowd a lady was robbed of her gold watch. I thought within myself, oh, the low and degraded state sin has sunk us into. We have as much to fear and dread from swarms of our own race as we have from fierce and cruel creatures which are not endowed with sense and reason.

Next I wended my way to the College of Surgeons. Suddenly finding myself among nothing only skeletons, skulls, bones, and all the anatomical parts of the human body, I could think of nothing but death and the house appointed for all living. Here, I thought, is the end of all animal life. Here is nature stripped of all her beauty, and nothing remains but the dry bones of Ezekiel's valley. Here are proofs in abundance that we are fearfully and wonderfully made, sights of which must for ever baffle blind chance, and bitterly confound the poor atheists' empty notions. I could not help asking the question, "Can these dry bones live?" Shall they indeed all come together again, bone to his bone, and be covered with flesh, sinews, and veins, arteries, and nerves, and live, never more to die? Must the grain of wheat perish that it might rise a new body, constituted out of the old one, and exist in a far superior state? And can this house of horrid, ghastly-looking skeletons become transformed into living, lovely, and intelligent beings? Can Almighty Power put bones and particles of dust together again which have been so long separated, and raise them up? Yes, God is able to raise them up, and to subdue all things unto Himself.

Now, my brother, I bring these remarks to a close, and have done as you requested when I visited you at your office. You said, "Write to me when you get home." I promised to do so, but never once thought of writing what I have here written. All was done as fast as my pen could go, and I now leave it in your hands to do with it as you please. I am, my dear brother, faithfully yours in Him,

B. TAYLOR.

OUTLINE OF A FUNERAL SERMON

PREACHED BY
MR. BENJAMIN TAYLOR,
OF PULHAM-ST.-MARY, NORFOLK,
JULY 18, 1880,

On the death of Mr. William Dunn, of the same parish, who departed this life July 10, 1880, and who for many years was the respected and beloved Superintendent of the Sabbath school at the Baptist chapel.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

There are three very precious truths in the history before us upon which I must just touch before I come to the text. The first is, the blessedness of God's people, as noted in the first verse: "This is the blessing wherewith Moses the man of God blessed the children of Israel before his death." Here think of Jesus blessing His people (see Luke xxiv. 50, 51). What is this blessing? It is Christ's peace, as appears by John xiv. 27—"My peace I give unto you." See, also, John xvi. 33. This is called the peace of Christ, because He obtained it in fulfilling the law for us. He gives it to us, and, therefore, it is not a matter of work on our part, but a principle of faith. The twelve tribes here spoken of represent all the Lord's people under the Old Testament dispensation. I believe, also, that the twelve apostles of the New Testament represent all God's family under that dispensation. These, I should think, are the twenty-four elders spoken of in Rev. iv., v. Just think of the song appropriate to them all—"Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof," &c. Also Rev. i. 5, 6. Another sweet truth you have in the third verse: "He loved the people," &c. God did not love them, nor choose them, because they were more than any other people, nor better than other people (Deut. vii. 7, 8), but because His eternal and sovereign love was set upon them in preference to all others (see Psa. cxlvii. 19, 20; Rom. ix. 11-13; Eph. ii. 4, 5; 1 John iv. 19). A third thing I would notice is the precious promise made in ver. 25: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass," &c. It may be read, "Under thy shoes shall be iron." We may call hope and faith our shoes, and the iron under them the new covenant of grace. We are well-clothed and well-shod, as you may see by Luke xv. 22; Eph. vi. 15. Now we come to the comforting words of our text, and shall briefly consider two things.

I.—*A place to hide in.*

11.—*A prop to lean upon.*

I.—*A place to hide in.* "The eternal God is thy refuge." The literal translation is, "A habitation in the eternal God, and beneath are arms, age-during." This refuge is for the poor, guilty sinner who is hotly pursued by the law, and whose sins, his formidable enemies, are at his heels, crying for vengeance upon him. Says the poor thing,

"What shall I do, or whither flee,
To escape the vengeance due to me?"

Says the convinced sinner,

"Indignant Justice stood in view:
To Satan's fiery law I flew,
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding-place."

The terrified sinner looks for a place of safety. There are partitions on the road in which he runs, and at every one of these is the word REFUGE. The poor hunted soul takes no notice of this, and runs in the right way. Every precious promise is headed as a refuge. OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IS A TWO-FOLD REFUGE. First, He is a temporal refuge, as appears by Matt. xxiii. 37-39. Second, He is also a spiritual refuge, as you may see by Phil. iii. 9. Jehovah is our everlasting refuge, a safe and secure hiding-place (see Psa. xc. 1, 2, xlv. 1, 2; Heb. iv. 18-20). Think upon three principal refuges—the death, resurrection, and ascension of Christ.

II.—*The Lord's people have a prop to lean upon.* "Underneath are the everlasting arms." Here consider the sweet passages mentioned—namely, Song of Solomon ii. 6; 1 Pet. i. 5; Jude 24. The arm is that member by which a man sometimes achieves great things. It means power or strength. Christ is one arm (see Psa. cxviii. 1). Job says, "Hast thou an arm like God's arm?" (Job xl. 9). You have no arm to save yourself, but God has an arm to save you (see Isa. li. 9): "Put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord." Christ is God's arm to save you from sin, Satan, the curse, the wrath to come, and also from all our trials, troubles, and afflictions. Another arm is the Gospel, which is the arm of love, as you may see by John iii. 16, 17. Also consider the arm of love, as seen in 1 John i. 7.

I shall now conclude, by naming some two or three of the dying testimonies of our departed brother, William Dunn. My text was a great support to him some little time before he died. He dwelt on the words thus: "I feel I am safe and supported, I cannot fall:

'Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast:
There by His love overshadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.'

I asked our brother about the state of his mind. He said, "I am happy now, but I don't tell you I am always so." He sang the hymn quite through, beginning with the words,—

"O think of the homo over there."

He requested John xiv. to be read to him. Upon hearing this, he said, "Christ is the Way; we go to the Father through Him. I am safe on the Rock; Christ is my shelter and shield." For a short season the enemy was permitted to distress him; and under a dark cloud, our brother said, "I do not seem to have the shadow of a hope; I feel I must be lost." A friend, who was present, said, "That is Satan telling you so; he is a liar, and was so from the beginning. You are one of the lambs, and that is why Satan worries you; he will worry those whom he can't devour." When he heard this, he lifted up his hands, and cried out, "I am happy,

happy, happy! the angels are now come to welcome me home." He prayed twice very earnestly, and said he wanted to fully experience all that sweet hymn, beginning with the words,—

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

Our brother was baptized May 12, 1861, and so has stood an honourable member with us nineteen years. For many years he was superintendent of our Sabbath-school, and his kindness, and usefulness will never be forgotten. Our brother leaves a widow and two children to lament his loss; but their loss is his gain. May our sister look up and remember the promise, that God will be a husband to the widow. May the dear bereaved children be enabled to look up, and remember the promise, that God will be a Father to the fatherless. May God bless them, and bless us all. Amen and Amen.

SHEERNESS.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I often think of you, and of your journeyings on your preaching tours. The great day will, I trust, reveal remarkable success, beyond your utmost expectations, in respect to your ministry. We have sustained a great loss in the death of our dear father; he died on Sunday, June 20. He was remarkably happy, resting on the finished work of the dear Redeemer; he passed away, praying for all his family, retaining his faculties to the last minute. He was in his 73rd year. His sufferings, at times, were great; but he bore them with Christian fortitude and patience. Sending a message to an old friend, just before he died, he said, "Tell him I am on the Rock, and that my salvation was secured at the same time as his, and that was when Christ said, 'It is finished.'" His full assurance and Christian deportment leaves no doubt in our minds about his safe landing in heaven. I thank you for noting the review of the "Pilgrim of Ether Castle" in the VESSEL. I should be pleased to hear that you would have to print another edition of that work soon.—I remain, yours in Christ, J. W. STANFORD. [This friend is the author of "The Pilgrim of Ether Castle," a work much admired by many.—EDITOR.]

CHATHAM.—At the thirty-eighth anniversary of Enon, Lord's-day, June 20, brother Squirrel preached three sermons, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Tea and public meeting was held following day. Our aged brother Oliff presided. Brother Shaw spoke of the precious blood of the Lamb. Brother Squirrel gave experimental address on the words, "Ye know not what ye ask." Brother Lawson, in his genial manner, gave us some good advice as a Church, which it will be our wisdom to take heed unto. We have lately been called to pass through trying and painful scenes; but trust we can say in sincerity, "The Lord of hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our Refuge."—J. C.

PREACHING IN THE BARN,
CARLETON RODE, NORFOLK.

Special services were held at above place Sunday and Monday, June 13 and 14. When the news arrived that Mr. C. W. Banks, the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, was coming to help these people, all were on the alert, preparing, and, best of all, praying that his visit might be successful and blessed.

The barn which has been used to meet in underwent a marvellous change in appearance. Mr. Isaac Stevenson, to whom it belongs, with his family, exerted himself most heartily to make the place comfortable. It was seated out to hold five or six hundred people. A platform was erected for the minister and those who helped to sing. We had evergreens, wreaths, mottoes, and an abundance of flowers. One of the wreaths deserves especial notice—its border was ornamented magnificently with flowers, and across the centre was fixed the word "Truth;" each letter was formed of beautiful little flowers. The maker of this wreath was a little girl, named Anna Brown, on whose heart may it please Almighty God to write in more beautiful characters His truth.

The Sunday morning was beautiful; Nature looked grand. The hearts of many went up in gratitude to a covenant-keeping God. Friends came from long distances; a crowded congregation filled the barn. At half-past ten the services commenced with that blessed hymn,

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and sing."

That it was sweet was strikingly perceptible from the hearty and cheerful manner in which it was sung. Then, for the first time at Carleton Rode, our dear friend and champion C. W. Banks, opened his mouth to us publicly by reading Isaiah xii. This chapter, so full of sweet assurance, confidence, encouragement and praise, he expounded most blessedly. I must not give in detail each part of the services. We had a sweet ascending to the throne in prayer; then a sermon on "I will work, and who shall let it?" or, who shall turn it back? From this portion of Scripture the preacher brought forth (by the Spirit of God) a discourse of such fulness, sweetness, and power, that I can merely give a passing note on the same. First, the great speaker Jehovah was noticed as the proclaimer of this assertion and challenge. His eternity, His infinite power and sovereignty were exalted. The work of Jehovah was proved to be invincible, invulnerable, and unimpeded, by a complete number of witnesses—viz., seven. These were Creation, the New Covenant, Providence, the Incarnation of Christ, His Gospel, His Promises, and the Triumph of Christians in death. This first service, so full of hallowed power and sweetness, was a fitting prelude and beginning to the rest.

The afternoon service began with a barn full of expectant people. Our glorious Immanuel did not absent Himself. His

name was on the walls, and by matchless condescension in the midst of the people. Solemnly and sweetly we sung,

"Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod."

Mr. Poock, son of the late veteran at Ipswich, read and prayed; then came up "The Village Preacher," full of the grand old Gospel. The text chosen was: "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us; God is love," &c. (1 John iv. 16). In the first place God was noticed as the source of all saving knowledge; then the love of God, the construction of the word "love" itself was handled in a masterly manner, each letter explained as a spring, making an ocean of infinite, eternal, and incomprehensible love, which God has for the redeemed. Again, the manifestation of this love was noticed, its flowing from God into the hearts of His people, then back to Him again in prayer and gratitude, and also in loving concern for the eternal salvation of our fellow-sinners.

In the evening a large number met again to listen to eternal verities. The service commenced by singing,

"Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive."

Then came God's aged servant, but so strong in the Lord, and delivered another not dry, theological exposition, but a solemnly sweet collection of wondrous truths, under the Spirit's direction, for this torn and scattered part of the Lord's vineyard. The text was: "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day" (Isa. xxvii. 3). Jehovah was noticed as the speaker, the Church of God, as implied by the pronoun it, by what endearing names the Church is called—His sister, spouse, dove; but here particularly dwelt upon as a vineyard of red wine, signifying the life-blood of the Church and its royalty. Again, that danger, difficulty, and trouble are implied in that Jehovah says: "I the Lord do and will keep it;" and, lastly, His constant care of the Church. After the last hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,"

the people dispersed to talk over by the way home of the things pertaining to eternal life with gratitude and love.

Monday morning broke forth splendidly fine. It seemed the Lord was determined to smile upon these services and bless His people in every way; and in the afternoon a large number assembled to partake of a bountiful tea, even in a barn, provided free of expense to the cause of God, and everything conducive to comfort was actively attended to. Looking round upon the company assembled, and comparing it with the few poor, downcast, dispirited ones who met together not long since in a room, one little thought would creep in, how useless for the enemies of God and His truth to persecute those who dare but cleave to the faith once delivered to the saints. For if God be for

them who can be successfully against them?

After tea people again began to muster strongly, waiting earnestly to hear more concerning Christ and His Gospel. Mr. Hupton, who has been supplying for this part of God's family, commenced the last of these services by giving out,

"Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickning powers."

And He did come, most gently, powerfully, and sweetly, waiting the heart and mind of the preacher through fields of rich covenant provisions. The text was, we thought, a fitting finish: "And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away" (1 Peter v. 4). After the introductory part, in which the preacher faithfully, truthfully, and kindly spoke of those men who fancy themselves under-shepherds, and who dream and wander in and among the Churches, robbing the living family of their lawful food, came the divisions of the text. 1. The work of a true minister to feed the flock of God. 2. Patterns of ministers, or under-shepherds, taken from Holy Writ. 3. The source of spiritual food for the flock. On the first head a solemn remark was made. Try the man who offers himself as a minister as to his call by Grace and to the ministry. Under the second division Moses, as a shepherd, was beautifully and faithfully pictured as a servant of God on behalf of God's people, in his call and preparation for his work. In the same manner David was taken as a second pattern; and lastly, and supremely, the Saviour Himself as the Chief Shepherd of the sheep. The fountains of waters and food for the flock were the Word of God, especially the Psalms, and Christ in the types, shadows and prophecies, into which it was the province of every God-sent minister to enter and bring out the great truths hidden there. Lastly, the encouragement for the faithful under-shepherds, the appearance and reward of the Chief Shepherd, a crown of glory, significant of complete victory, dignity, and beauty.

Almost every one present seemed prepared to sing heartily the last hymn—

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound."

Then, after such sermons, such good collections, and, above all, for such certain manifestations of the presence and blessing of Jehovah-Jesus in our midst, our language was, "Praise God! Hallelujah!"
L. H. COLLS.

[We have left our brother, Mr. Colls, to report this memorable season at some length, because it was a Gospel festival of no ordinary kind. In the face of much opposition, cruel falsehood, and unholy jealousy, a series of supernatural blessings were showered down upon us.—Ed.]

GRAYS, ESSEX.

The truth has been preached, we believe, in the neighbourhood of Grays for many years; but last year a more decided stand was taken by the friends, and a nice little

chapel was erected in "the Grove," and called "Ebenezer," consequent upon the circumstances connected with its origin, and on the 29th of last month the first anniversary was celebrated. The friends anticipated a good day, and we are thankful to say they were not disappointed. Our much honoured and beloved brother, J. L. Meeres, preached a thorough good, sound Gospel sermon, based upon Isaiah xxvii. 2, 3. In the course of which he spoke—(1) on the day appointed; (2) the persons spoken of as a vineyard; (3) the promise of God made to them, and His care over them; (4) the perpetuity of His care in keeping the vineyard. After an excellent tea a public meeting was held, presided over by our valuable friend and Christian brother I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., of Gravesend, who read Psalm cxvi., and called upon brother Griffith to offer prayer. The chairman then read the report, which was a brief one, but which showed that the friends had not been idle during the past year. Mr. Shawe, of Gravesend, gave a short, but very encouraging, address on "the little sister" (Sol. Songs viii. 8). Mr. C. W. Banks followed with some kind remarks relative to helping the cause at Grays, and enlarged on the interesting subject of solitude; after which reference was made by the speaker to the building of the walls of Jerusalem and the plumb-line in the hand of the Lord having five marks on it—i.e., justification, sanctification, union to Christ, preservation, and glorification—the fulness of which cannot be realised on earth.

"Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder dies away."

Mr. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, treated briefly on the higher and lower, inner and outer properties of man—"What is man?" Mr. John Box, of Soho, expressed some very sweet thoughts on the faithfulness and lovingkindness of the Lord, and succeeded in setting forth the beauty and vitality of grace as seen in the life of the active Christian. Mr. Box also, in a very able and genial manner, stated the pressing needs of the cause at Grays, and which elicited help from a few friends in the congregation; but something much more substantial is immediately required. Mr. J. Griffith spoke of the great work of preaching the Gospel, and of his hearty sympathy with the friends at Grays. Mr. Thomas Carr, a deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle, dilated freely on the help of the Lord from the words, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us;" and enlarged on the proper mode of giving to the support of God's cause; taking the method adopted both by Jacob and David as a fair illustration. Mr. Carr then kindly handed to the chairman a list of contributions towards the building fund, which he had collected from his friends at the Surrey Tabernacle, and which is worthy of a niche in the columns of the EARTHEN VESSEL, that others may be incited to go and do likewise. The list is as follows: Mr. Edward Oliver, £1 1s.; Mr. Thomas Green, £1 1s.; Mrs. James Green, 10s. 6d.; Mr. John Mead, 5s.; Mr. Samuel Crowhurst, 5s.; Mr. John Pells, £1 1s.;

Mr. John Beach, £1 1s.; Mr. J. H. Beach, £1 1s.; Miss Gardner, 10s. 6d.; Mr. D. Preston, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Hewes, 10s. 6d.; Mr. Thomas Carr, £1 1s. Total, £8 17s. 6d. By card, per Mr. Meeres, 10s.; Mr. Perrin, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Lovell, 2s. 6d.

It would be a great kindness to this struggling cause if the majority of well-to-do friends of truth, with whom we are happily surrounded, would render practical and immediate help, and thus relieve our beloved brother, Mr. Heymer, of much of the weight of responsibility which now hangs so heavily upon him. Mr. Charles Waters Banks has kindly consented to help in the good work through the excellent medium of this magazine, which he long ago originated, and thus it is to be hoped that with the co-operation of many other kind friends the debt will soon be no more, and remembered only as a mere historic fact of the past, and as cause of heartfelt gratitude to the Lord.

So prays

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

STOKE ASH.—“Our parish is not large, but comparatively populous, and well cared for in a spiritual sense. It is, moreover, pleasant to be able to state that the rector, the Rev. C. C. Bull, invited the Rev. Charles Hill, Baptist minister, to meet him on Thursday evening in the parish school-room, that he (Mr. Hill) might address those who might attend. To the general gratification he did so, speaking to a crowded assembly from the words, “The earth is the Lord’s and the fulness.” In his usual able and touching style, Mr. Hill drew a powerful picture of God’s goodness and mercy, and man’s sinfulness, and after allusions to the trying seasons lately experienced, he sought to show the majesty of the Lord, and how humble we should be in submission to His will. All were much affected by the discourse. The meeting was opened by singing a hymn, and an earnest prayer by the rector, and at the close some others were called on to offer up their petitions.”—*Local Paper*.

LIMEHOUSE.—COVERDALE ROOMS.—Mr. F. C. Holden, the pastor here, has much to encourage him. July 6th was a happy occasion, the pastor and people are united and prosperous. Mr. Holden presided, brother G. Baldwin prayed, Mr. Holden spoke of the unity of the spirit and love in the Church, and the prosperity attending the ministry. W. Webb took us up on to “Mount Carmel.” He gave a sketch of the life of Elijah. C. Cornwell, on “Mount Moriah,” proved the substitutional work of Christ. W. Winters endeavoured to treat on the “Mount of Transfiguration.” Mr. Nugent gave the various incidences surrounding our Saviour’s last days and His wonderful ascent to Glory from “Mount Olivet.” The speeches were much appreciated.

“Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,”

and the benediction, brought the happy meeting to a close.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

REPENTANCE, FAITH, BAPTISM.

With brief Review of our Annual Meetings, Speldhurst Road, South Hackney.

By W. WINTERS, F.R.H.S.

Special meetings for prayer, thanksgiving and praise were held here Monday and Tuesday, July 5th and 6th, to commemorate the thirty-sixth anniversary of the EARTHEN VESSEL. Whatever may be the nature of the special meetings, whether successful or otherwise, we cannot but remark with real gladness of heart that C. W. Banks is still wonderfully blest in his labours of love, both in writing and preaching. The EARTHEN VESSEL has an enormous sale, and is well known in every county in England, and has a large foreign circulation. Mr. Banks must not be surprised if he is called to suffer-persecution in consequence of the same. If the EARTHEN VESSEL was doing no good, Satan would not be so envious in stirring up jealous brethren to speak hard things of its kind-hearted Editor. Mr. Banks can, however, afford to be sneered at; he has the truth on his side, and a large heart always ready to help those who are as equally ready to speak evil of him in return. Mr. Banks is being made great use of in his pastoral office; a blessed work is going on in connection with Speldhurst-road chapel. A Sunday-school is prospering, a Home Mission has lately been organised by the friends associated with Mr. Banks’s Church, besides other institutions for the promotion of God’s honour in the surrounding neighbourhood. The Saturday evening prayer-meeting is well attended; friends living near will be well repaid in attending it. We understand several additions to the Church have been made, others are waiting, fearing they are not good enough yet to pass through that ordinance—which fear is of Satan, to prevent the timid in Zion from honouring God, and easing their own consciences. Friends, do not listen to such fears; they are suggested by the father of lies. Your feeling sense of unfitness is one of the greatest proofs of your actual fitness. It is very pleasing to find ministers and deacons of Churches are beginning to see the full force of the Scripture on the subject of baptism, that people confessing their sins, and believing in the Lord Jesus as the only one able to forgive and save them have not to wait or be set aside for three or six months to see how they wear. Such a system has no support in God’s Word. The standing order of the Great Head of the Church is, “He that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved.” The testimony of Peter is also our guide, i.e., “Repent and be baptised, every one of you.” Again, “Then they that gladly received His Word were baptised, and the SAME DAY there were added unto them about three thousand souls.” Confession was made and baptism immediately followed. We may be charged with being strict and scrupulous regarding the performance of the Divine command, but what are we to do with what disobedient people have to say? Our business is to abide by the Word of God, and to leave all the consequences with Him who

sees the heart, weighs every emotion of the mind, and fully understands the secret desire of every soul regenerated by His blessed Spirit, and this our beloved brother, Charles Waters Banks, and his worthy deacons know and realise full well.

The anniversary of the EARTHEN VESSEL was a quiet one; no effort whatever was made in making it known abroad beyond a few letters of invitation sent by the pastor to his friends. Brethren J. J. Fowler, Branch, Haydon, and Holt, offered prayer on the morning of the first day's meeting. In the afternoon, brother John Bonney presided. Mr. Geo. Wells read Psalm cxxiii., and said some excellent things respecting the truth. Mr. Bonney spoke encouragingly on the words, "Him they saw not." Mr. Holden delivered his mind on Christian friendship, W. Winters enlarged on the fulness and love of Christ, Mr. W. Webb stated very many heart-cheering things on the union of Christ and His Church, Mr. C. Gordelier dilated on the eternal love of God as the foundation of all Christian union, Mr. M. Branch pronounced the benediction. Mr. Bonney was urged to occupy the chair in the evening. Mr. Holt prayed, after which Mr. J. Bennett delivered an excellent address on the past and present state of the Church and its ministers. Mr. C. W. Banks related some pleasing incidents in connection with the origin of the EARTHEN VESSEL, which was commenced in 1844, and which he has edited so successfully ever since. Mr. Noyes bore testimony to the faithfulness of God in a neat little speech, which was followed by a stirring address by our brother F. Green; our brother is well known to us, and we wish him God-speed wherever he goes. Mr. T. Baldwin next addressed the friends on the love of God. Mr. Bedford, late of Whitestone, spoke in his own gentle way, as did also our worthy friend Philip Jones, Esq., whom we have had the honour of recognising as the author of a tractate on the "Ten-toed Kingdom."

On the morning of the second day our beloved brother James Griffith presided; brethren Holt, Noyes, Knight, Pollock, and Winters offered prayer. In the afternoon Mr. Banks presided; W. Winters read the Scriptures, Mr. Griffith preached a short sermon on holding forth the word of life. Mr. Knight spoke encouragingly of the work in connection with Speldhurst-road chapel, and the chairman concluded with prayer.

In the evening of the last day, Mr. J. S. Linsell, deacon of Jirah, East-road, presided in a loving manner; James Mote, Esq., Messrs. B. Woodrow, J. Langford, Thomas Stringer, and other brethren, spoke most blessedly. On both days parties of friends dined and took tea with Christian fellowship and experimental joy. We must believe secret mercies were realised.

Waltham Abbey.

MR. JOHN HUNT LYNN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I would not take up your valuable space with this letter were it not that, as a minister of the glorious Gospel, though a weak and unworthy one,

dishonour is brought on our beloved Master's Name, and misconceptions of a painful nature are impressed on the minds of many saints to whom my feeble testimony has been blessed, by the unfounded rumours that have been spread abroad (why or how I know not) as to my imaginary looseness of sentiment in regard to the great doctrines of covenant grace and truth. If it were simply on behalf of my individual character. I would not notice such misrepresentations in any way. but it surely is a pressing duty that, for the Lord's honour, and for His Church's sake, I should repudiate these things. I have not so learned Christ, and to His praise I rejoice to say that He has never suffered me in any single instance (since early in 1864 he opened my mouth in His truth) to utter a syllable that will bear a free-will or a legal interpretation.

That I have given an absolutely perfect testimony of eternal truth, of course I do not pretend to assume; this would be to arrogate to myself infallibility; but, however faulty, broken, or imperfect it has been. too severely did I learn the absoluteness of the sovereignty of discriminating mercy, and so sweet did it become to me, that nothing in all I hear from others' lips, or that I read, so pains my heart, or is so surely watched against in my own soul, as a legal or a free-will thought.

Oh! that our God would raise up in His Church men filled with the Holy Ghost, who know the deep blessedness of the eternal Spirit's powerful work within them; men in whom the wealth of the fulness of grace in Him, the Crucified, the Church's living Head, our lovely, glorious Lord, is as a flowing fount whose springs pour forth perpetually the deeps of love Divine; men whose minds, whose hearts are stored with, and yet newly-taught, the mighty verities, the rich experience of new covenant purposes made known in blood-bought souls by the electing love of God, our heavenly Father; so, by the realised ministry and demonstration of the Spirit's might, in Him our Surety and our great High Priest, His weary, scattered saints might know more fully the true communings of the household of God.

Your unworthy fellow-worker,

JOHN HUNT LYNN.

5, Osborne-road, Forest-gate, E.

June 11, 1880.

HITCHIN, HERTS.—Thursday, June 17, will be long remembered by the friends of Mount Zion chapel, Hitchin, as a day of joy and gladness. Sermons were preached by Mr. Chivers, full of Christ, and we felt our hearts comforted and strengthened. Mr. R. Bowels, of Hertford, opened the service with reading and prayer. Our dear pastor, Mr. W. Tucker, has laboured with us for many years. We are few, but trust we are cemented together with the love of Christ. May God long spare these His servants that He has sent forth to preach His Word, and may it be life to many poor sinners.—A. W.

THE DEATH OF MR. DOGGETT.

The friends of the Forest Fold Baptist Church were favoured with a good anniversary on Tuesday, June 1. Our venerable brother, Mr. P. Dickerson, preached an excellent and suggestive sermon in the morning; in afternoon Mr. Newton, and in evening Mr. C. Masterson delivered discourses. There was one circumstance reminding us that this is not our rest, tending to steady the mind and temper our joys—we mean the absence of our esteemed brother G. Doggett. Many inquired on our arrival as to how our friend was. We did our best to keep back the mournful news till after the morning service. When the friends were all seated at the dinner tables, we felt impelled, after expressing the pleasure in having our dear old friend, Mr. Dickerson, with us once more, to remove all feelings of suspense, and to announce that our brother Doggett was no more.

On Friday morning, May 28, he was seized by a stroke of paralysis, and lingered till the following Monday morning, when he gently passed away, in his 85th year. The day before he intended to start for Crowborough. This was received with evident emotion by the many present, which cannot be wondered at, knowing how much he was respected, having been the means of bringing the Gospel into the neighbourhood in the year 1830, and having striven assiduously to support the cause. Mr. Dickerson then rose to make a few remarks, but broke completely down in the attempt, his feelings overcoming him. Mr. Horton, of Uckfield, an old friend of the deceased, also spoke in terms of love and appreciation. It is always painful to part with friends; in this case we feel thankful to our heavenly Father that so much mercy was mingled with the event of his removal from this vale of tears to the home of the sanctified, where he now enjoys the fulness of those oft-repeated words,—

“None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good;”

which lines were greatly blessed to his soul under a sermon preached many years ago by Mr. Dickerson, in the old barn at Crowborough, and formed the *nota bene* attached to each hymn composed by himself to be sung on anniversary occasions. We thank God for what our brother was, through matchless mercy, for the grace that upheld him those many years, and now for the abundant entrance given him into the everlasting kingdom. The friends at Forest Fold have lost a kind and generous brother. May brother Littleton, who is still labouring with evident tokens of the Divine blessing, and the Church over which he presides, be enabled to look unto the everlasting hills, and to lean upon the arm of unswerving faithfulness, and in the spirit of the poet,—

“Praise Him for all that’s past,
And trust Him for all that’s to come.”

We sincerely hope dear friends who have contributed annually for the support of the cause there will kindly continue their contributions. I shall be glad to receive any amount for that object, so that our friends

may still be cheered and the cause maintained, which was dear to the heart of our late brother G. Doggett.

C. MASTERTON.

—

“OUT OF PURE LOVE TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.”

[How delightful those words appear! How sweet they sounded when we read them! Oh, that this pure love might constrain many thus to prove their attachment and zeal to the grandest of all institutions in this world! We heartily commend the following to the notices of the whole Church family.—ED.]

REHOBOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL, EARL’S BARTON.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—I have great pleasure in sending you an account of the opening services of our new school, which took place on Monday, June 21, 1880, when two excellent sermons were preached by Mr. Hull and Mr. J. Walker. It was a blessed time; the presence of the Master was greatly felt. The services were well attended, especially in the evening, the chapel being nearly full. After all expenses were paid, we had £4 12s. towards furnishing the school.

The following was read after the sermon in the evening:—

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I have a very pleasing task to perform this evening in laying the statement of our new school before you. First, it is a free gift of one of our members. It has been built out of pure love unto the cause of Christ. It is not because of the abundance of this world’s goods which she doth possess, for she hath not an abundance; but according as the Lord hath given unto her, so has she in like manner returned unto Him in building a house where the children are to be taught His Word. And it is her earnest desire, if it is in accordance with the Lord’s will, that many children may be brought to love and fear Him as she hath done. And it is her earnest desire that some, both of the Church and congregation, would come forward to help the teachers to teach the letter of the Word, and by so doing she will feel well repayed for what she has done. And it is the desire of her and the Church to return our hearty thanks to our friend, Mr. Marsh, for taking such a deep interest in superintending the work for her while building. The cost of the school in building is £64 18s. 3d., which has been entirely paid by our sister, Mrs. Cornish. I have also, on behalf of the Church and trustees of this place, especially to return our sincere and humble thanks to our sister for building the same, praying that the blessing of a Triune Jehovah may rest upon her while life remains, and an abundant entrance into heaven above.

The school is built along the side of the chapel, leaning to the chapel, and is thirty-two feet in length, and ten feet wide, so it makes a very nice room indeed. We have about forty scholars.

RECOGNITION OF MR. THOMAS CHIVERS AT CLAPHAM.

On Tuesday, June 15th, services were held to recognise Mr. Thomas Chivers as pastor of Zion's-hill, Courland-grove, Larkhall-lane, where for nearly forty years Mr. S. Ponsford so assiduously laboured. In the afternoon, Mr. J. S. Anderson preached from Acts xx. 29. About eighty friends sat down to a tea given by the ladies that the proceeds might be handed over to the pastor. In the evening a public meeting was held to "offer congratulatory addresses to the pastor." Mr. Meeres presided; Mr. Browning engaged in prayer. The chairman said he was one of the pastor's oldest colleagues; having been in Bermondsey for thirty-five years, he was perfectly well acquainted with him when he (Mr. C.) laboured there. He prayed that their pastor might be spared many years, and, were it God's will, end his days there, though he hoped that would not occur for a very long time.

Mr. T. Chivers thanked the chairman for his good wishes, and said he was overwhelmed to meet with him again. He felt fully justified in accepting this pastorate from a three-fold cause: first, he saw how the leading and directing hand of God was clearly manifested in the transaction; secondly, he had received a letter from the deacons, saying, it was the unanimous wish of the Church for him to become their pastor; and thirdly, the Lord had blessed and honoured his labours during the short time he had been amongst them, the Church and congregation increasing so much, that there were only one or two sittings to let. Mr. Anderson expressed his good wishes for Mr. Chivers, and then dilated on the Divine origin of the Christian Church. Mr. Fuller (High Wycombe), an old friend of Mr. C.'s, delivered a warm-hearted speech, in which he admitted he felt extremely sorry in losing Mr. Chivers from Wycombe. After some remarks from Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Myerson spoke of a truthful pastor as a cause of gratitude to the Church, and then made a vigorous onslaught on the many hirelings who usurp that position in the present day.

Mr. Joseph Chivers wondered if any of the brethren were ever placed in the same position as he then was, being called upon to congratulate his own brother in the flesh. He could, however, conscientiously do so, and hoped his brother would prosper there.

The pastor thanked the friends for the proceeds of the tea, and his brethren in the ministry for their presence and sympathy, and said he felt grateful and humbled at the great goodness of God to him. R. S.

BILSTON.—ESTEEMED BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS.—I feel bound, as a member of the Church of Christ at Broad-street, Bilston, to reply to a note by Mr. J. Attwood in the VESSEL of last month. He implies he believes many would have been baptized, and a large Church formed during the pastorate of Mr. A. B. Hall, only that it is a limited liability company. I observe no person has been refused baptism who has professed

faith in Christ, no person has been refused membership who has been able to give a reason of the hope within them. We are a limited liability company thus far, that we do not, nor will we, knowingly, admit anyone whose outward life, walk, and conversation is not consistent with the Gospel. If there are many outside the Church who ought to be in that rests between themselves and God. I am sure (whatever may be our faults) the desire of the Church is that the Lord would favour Zion even with many inquiring souls—asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. Brother Hall was, and is, dear to me as a brother in the Gospel, also as a friend. He had discouragements; but he had encouragements. The people of God were fed under him, souls were born again through his instrumentality, and we trust the seed of the kingdom sown by him will spring up to the honour and glory of God. Our prayer is that God will bless him at all times. Mr. Sattesford is engaged for one year, and we are looking to the Lord. Brethren, pray for us.—Yours in Jesus, DAVID SMITH, Kidderminster.

HALSTEAD.—Fortieth anniversary of Providence Baptist chapel was celebrated on June 20. W. Brown, of Colchester, and Mr. Wren, of Bedford, preached. On June 27, tea and public meeting, when Mr. Willis, the minister, presided. W. Beddow prayed; Isaiah Smith spoke on the benefit of confidence in God; Mr. Wren's subject was "Life;" Mr. W. Brown on "The Associations of Life;" W. Beddow on "Forty Years in the Wilderness;" Mr. Rayner brought up the evidences of life; Mr. Willis informed us they had good collections; they were out of debt. At the opening, the choir sang:—

"If we stand for Christ alone,
We shall stand before His throne."

The well-known hymn—

"Kindred in Christ for His dear sake"—

was sung by the congregation in separate verses between the addresses. Mr. Wren closed a profitable meeting in prayer.—W. B.

BOW.—MOUNT ZION.—The second anniversary of the foundation of this chapel occurred on Tuesday, July 13th. Mr. C. Cornwell preached from "Great drops of blood;" and mainly treated of the blood as substitutional, sacrificial, pass-over, atoning, covenant and needful. W. Webb, the pastor, presided in the evening, and spoke of the rise and progress of the work, which appeared encouraging. Peace is maintained in the Church and great liberty realised in the pulpit. Mr. Cornwell, F. C. Holden, W. H. Lee, and W. Winters, all aimed to exhibit the fruit of faith.—W. WINTERS.

BATH.—EBENEZER, WIDCOMBE. The history of this cause is marvellous. We trust the zeal, the devotion, and united efforts of pastor and people will be crowned with still further success. That pastor Huntley's strength may be fully established is the prayer of many souls.

LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK.—Interesting services were held on Thursday, June 10, to commemorate the jubilee of the Sunday school. In the afternoon several pieces were recited by several of the scholars, and anthems were sung. The late pastor, Mr. R. E. Sears, presided, and warmly praised the scholars for the manner in which they had spoken, and the teachers who had so efficiently taught them. He then gave a short address to the children. About 400 friends partook of tea, and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Sears. He, in his opening address, expressed the pleasure it gave him to meet so many of his old friends. He then referred to the jubilee, and also to the centenary of Sunday schools. Practical and earnest addresses were given by Mr. H. Flatman, the superintendent; Mr. Purse, who was present at the formation of the school; Mr. Palmer, of Norwich; Mr. Broome, of Fressingfield; Mr. Cordle, of Occold; Mr. Debnam, of Horham; and Mr. C. Wilson, of London. All considered it to be one of the best school meetings ever held at Laxfield. On the following Lord's-day Mr. Sears preached three sermons to crowded congregations.

THE HAPPY CAUSE AT DATCHETT, NEAR WINDSOR.—On the eighteenth anniversary of Mr. Rush's ministry, R. C. Bardens preached the sermons, and all things went blessedly with us. Sermons sound and sweet; tea refreshing; collections good; friends were edified. Mr. Rush has recently baptized; he preached to a crowded congregation from Romans vi. Some rejoiced at the Scriptural proofs and authorities for the true mode of the immersion of believers. We love our pastor, brother Rush. The Lord does bless him.

BRAINTREE, ESSEX.—The late Mr. Warren's Church still exists. A friend says:—"The Church here is small. I visited a poor woman 89 years of age, who is a member; on Wednesday saw another, who is 79, also unable to attend the means of grace. Sunday afternoons we get the best attendance; it varies from 70 to 100. On the evening of May 2 Mr. Elliston was expected to preach a funeral sermon for Mrs. Peacock, who had been a member for years, but he was absent. Mr. E. P. Brown, from Coggeshall, read and prayed; and William Beddow preached. We pray God to send us a pastor. We must leave it with the Lord to find and send him.

BOSTON.—The anniversary of Strict Baptist Church, under the pastorate of J. Bolton, was celebrated on June 20 and 22. Sermons were preached by Mr. J. Ashworth, of Rochdale. A number of friends took tea, provided and presented by the lady friends, after which Mr. Ashworth gave us a parting sermon. Many much enjoyed his discourse. This has been one of our best anniversaries; congregations and collections unusually good. Praise the Lord for His goodness.

NORBITON.—Special services were conducted in our new, neat, and comfortable house of prayer (Zion Strict Baptist chapel), on Monday, July 19. C. Z. Turner, of Ripley; Benjamin Woodrow, and others encouraged us. Two sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, and collections made on behalf of the fund. This cause has been injured by some who should have been the practical friends of God's holy truth, but it must ultimately prosper. Living, praying, faithful souls are in the Church, and we pray that a heavenly-gifted pastor may be soon sent unto them.

ANNIVERSARIES.—Mr. Thurston's fourth anniversary in Derby-road Baptist chapel, June 22, resulted in a noble collection of nearly £30. Prosperity has attended his ministry in Croydon for a long series of years.—Wellingboro' Corn Exchange was more than crowded to hear Mr. Isaac Levinsohn in June. The people heard well, and helped the cause at Zoar chapel with cheerfulness and courage. We are thankful so many hundreds of people are drawn together to hear the truth so clearly pronounced.

WHITESTONE.—Our lovely scenery was enlivened on July 18 and 19, when our Sunday school annual sermons were preached by that devout evangelist, William Beddow, of London, and the children had their free and happy gathering. Mr. Beddow returns to London in August, and will be open to supply on August 15, 22, and 29.

BUCKHURST HILL.—Tea and public meeting in Queen's-road chapel on June 30. The pastor, Mr. H. Cousins, presided; brethren Masterson, Dearsley, Winters, Heath, and Stringer expounded the truth; Mr. Vivian prayed; the pastor's heart was cheered; the deacons were encouraged. To God be the praise.—W. W.

Marriage.

On July 13, 1880, at Trinity chapel, Trinity-street, Borough, by her father, assisted by Mr. C. Cornwell, Miriam Alice Stringer, to Mr. Frederick Cutmore.

Deaths.

Mr. Richard Burton, for many years an active, devoted, and honourable member of the Church under the care of Mr. John Hazelton, departed, after months of extraordinary suffering, on July 6, 1880. At Finchley cemetery, on July 10, Mr. Hazelton spoke over his grave, and the next day preached a funeral sermon from the words, "A time to be born, and a time to die."

Sunday, June 20, Mrs. King, a member of the Church at Two Waters, entered Salem chapel at 2.30; before 3 o'clock her spirit had fled; her lifeless corpse had to be carried out. Sudden indeed. Solemn and sorrowful, but not without hope.

On July 6, at 13, Roman-road, Barnsbury, Ruth Elizabeth, the beloved and devoted wife of Joseph Mayhew.

An Expository Discourse

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE AFFLICTED MRS. HANNAH COOPER.

BY JOSIAH MOBLING, ST. NEOT'S, HUNTS.

“And Hannah prayed.”—1 Sam. ii. 1.

PROBABLY it is known by most of you that our sister, Mrs. Hannah Cooper, of Staploe, departed this life early in the morning of last Lord's-day. Her mortal remains were interred in their silent resting-place on Friday afternoon in the cemetery on the opposite side of the road. We have been requested to make some reference to her this morning. Our knowledge of the deceased was very limited, having been here so short a time: it will not, therefore, be expected that we should say much about her. Indeed, it has never been our practice. If a few things can be stated to exalt our God and His grace, well and good. If not, the least said the better. While pondering over what text we should take for the occasion, these words dropped into the mind (we thought they would answer all needful purposes). We desire to consider,—

I.—*The name*—“Hannah.”

II.—*What Hannah did*—“prayed.”

I.—The name is significant. It appears evident that there must frequently have been an over-ruling Providence in the giving of names. True, there frequently were manifest reasons why names were given; but our God, who is the God of providence, as also of grace, had, and still has, the ruling and over-ruling of all external circumstances. Who Hannah's parents were has not been revealed. What the Holy Ghost has been pleased to leave upon record is that Elkanah had two wives, and one of them was named Hannah. Consider her name,—

1. As signifying *grace*, or *gracious*. She had not a mean nor a meaningless name. Hannah was a possessor of Divine grace. So, also, our deceased sister was doubtless a subject of the same blessed grace. For more than twenty-four years had she been a member of the Church of Christ in this place. What an unspeakable mercy to be made the possessor of Divine grace! It is inseparably connected with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, such as pardon of sin, justification by the imputed righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, sanctification by the indwelling and sacred operations of the Spirit of grace, fellowship with God and with His Son, and His saints, perseverance through all the battles and storms of life, and then glory for evermore—“He will give grace and glory.” Well might the poet sing,—

“Grace, 'tis a charming sound;”

and well may we sing the same sacred song.

2. *Merciful*. This is also a feature of godliness. Not merely is one made a *subject* of that mercy of which from everlasting they have been the *object*, but through the exercise of *grace* in the heart one becomes merciful to their own soul, to which before they were cruel with a vengeance;

and through the further exercise of the same grace there will be the manifesting a true merciful spirit towards others who need, which is very blessedly set forth in Matt. xxv. 35—40 (see also chap. v. 7, and Prov. xi. 17).

3. Some lexicographers say the name signifies *taking rest*. This certainly supplies us with a very nice thought—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you *rest*." No doubt our sister had been favoured to find that true Gospel rest, that sacred Sabbatism which "remaineth to the people of God," which is secured to all the "election of grace," through the finished work of the dear Redeemer. Not only so, but we believe she now rests with Him in heaven.

4. According to Pick, the name signifies *bestowed*. Bestow—*i.e.*, to give, to give in marriage, &c. Now, Hannah was given in marriage to Elkanah, whose name signifies either zealous for God, or God the zealous, or God has purchased, or God procureth, or God is possessing. Now, just apply these ideas to the Lord Jesus Christ, and it will at once present to you some delightful thoughts. He is the truly zealous One. "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." He was zealous for God—*i.e.*, in His mediatorial character as God's Servant; zealous, as God, being one of the co-equal Persons in the ever-adorable Trinity; covenanting to bring home the Church. Christ, the God-Man, purchased the Church with His precious blood; procures her to Himself by the effectual operation of the blessed Spirit, winning her affections and captivating her heart; and possesseth her as His rightful and everlasting bride, having betrothed her to Himself in righteousness, and that for ever. Therefore, hath He given her grace, so that she becomes a gracious woman in the highest sense of the word—adorned with His mercy, resting in His love, merit, and favour for ever; and He shall possess her in heaven, to make her eternally happy. He possesses the ransomed spirit of our sister now, and the poor body, which for so long has been afflicted with paralysis and a broken bone, the grave holds in trust till the great day of making up the jewels.

II.—"Hannah *prayed*." Prayer is frequently put for that act of Divine worship which includes both *petition* and *praise*. If we look at what follows we shall find it to be a song of thankfulness and praise. It is written in a very nervous style, but there is not a word of petition to be found in it. Notwithstanding, it may be profitable for us to notice this act of praying, both as to *petition* and *praise*.

PETITION.

1. *Graceful souls are praying souls*. Grace and prayer are inseparable. Grace is the cause, prayer the effect. Grace is the great mainspring that sets the machinery of the soul in motion. Graceless souls never yet prayed for spiritual blessings—they never will. You could just as soon have light without the sun, rain without clouds, or heat without fire. Midnight gloom could as soon change itself into noon-tide light and splendour as graceless souls to pray. Some of my hearers never think about praying for pardon, or an interest in a precious Christ, &c., any more than thinking of taking an excursion to the moon to explore its rugged mountains and awful chasms; but others of you, in whose hearts is the grace of God, you can no more do without praying

than you can do without breathing. You have sometimes thought you should have to give it up. Why have you not?

2. *Prayer characterises the life of God in the soul.* It is one of the earliest characteristics of the living soul: "Behold, he prays." God breathes into the soul, and the soul breathes back again to God. Prayer is an evidence and proof of spiritual life; a dead carcase does not breathe, neither does a dead soul pray. If God dwells in the soul there will be prayer; if not, no prayer will ever escape the lip or well up in the heart.

3. *Prayer is the soul's indicator.* Steam-engines have, or should have, an instrument for measuring the power exerted by them. Therefore, those who have the management of them often direct their eye to the indicator, to know what power is being exerted. Does not the servant of the Lord frequently have an eye to the Church's indicator? Yea, more, does not the Lord Himself eye it? "When ye seek Me with *all your heart*: let Me see thy countenance, let Me hear thy voice." Why do we look at the face of a clock? Will it not, if the works are properly regulated, indicate the proper time? Go hand in glove with the world, the wheels will work slowly; for the world will have the same effect upon the soul as dirt and filth upon the delicate mechanism of the watch.

4. *Hannah prayed in the time of her trouble.* There are times when the indicator betokens an unusual amount of pressure. So with the child of God. It was so with Hannah; her heart was full of trouble (i. 10, 11). What was the secret of this trouble? She had no son; on account of this she was sorely persecuted. Is there not something mystical here? Was there not a longing for the Messiah? So we take it. Oh, the bitterness of soul when wrestling with God for a felt interest in a precious Christ! What weepings, sighings, groanings! What does Eli, the Lord's priest, say? Ah! how apt are men—even the best of them—to come at a hasty conclusion, and that a wrong one. Let the Elis be certain before they charge a poor burdened soul with drunkenness! Would to God there were much more of that kind of drunkenness, then there would be more songs of praise heard in Zion. Are there any here who are weeping for an interest in a precious Christ? God give you the desires of your heart. All the Elkanahs in the world, apart from a dear Redeemer, will not be able to satisfy your longing souls.

5. *Note the language by way of distinction.* "Hannah prayed." Not a word anywhere about Peninnah praying. How many thousands there are who never pray. Our departed sister was a praying Hannah. How many praying Hannahs are there here to-day? It is this peculiar *habit* that manifests a conformity to the Lord Jesus Christ. He prayed, and prayed *habitually*, as the Word here signifies. God's true Hannahs pray habitually.

PRAISE.

1. *When did Hannah praise?* Why, just when all the rest of God's tried people do—namely, when God had fulfilled her petitions. God had granted the desires of her heart.

2. Her praise was *victorious*:—"My mouth is enlarged over mine enemies, because I rejoice in Thy salvation." CHRIST is GOD'S salvation. As we before said, it was Christ she wanted. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

3. It was characterised by *devoutness*. No lightness, no levity, no

Ritualistic mimicry, no namby-pamby ; but all the powers of the soul in sacred concord before the Lord Jehovah.

4. It displayed a large amount of pure *gratitude* and joy. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

5. It was truly *prophetical*. In verse 10 the Anointed is mentioned as such for the first time in the Bible.

6. It was beautifully *poetical*, thereby bringing out all the finer feelings of the soul.

7. It was a real *free grace* song.

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

THE LORD'S MESSENGERS.

AN ORIGINAL PAPER, BY A PROVINCIAL PASTOR.

"Seeing we have this ministry."—2 Cor. iv. 1.

BY using the word "*seeing*," the apostle evidently implies that the ministry of the Gospel is something *tangible, manifest, and conspicuous*; and, if we mistake not, as we pursue the train of thought opened up to us in the Word respecting it, we shall find that this is so. Moreover, it is also something POSSESSED—"we have." This brings us to inquire into its source: from whence is a TRUE MINISTRY derived? How is it obtained? Negatively; *not* by the imposition of hands of any earthly bishop, *not* by an university training; *it* cannot be acquired at any Arminian, parson-manufacturing, dissenting college. A right ministry must be received direct from the "Bishop of our souls," and these are "holy orders." The preparation for it is by years (in number more or less) of spiritual trial and exercises, and by the mysterious leadings of Divine providence. Now, we will just note down a few of the Scriptural marks of a heaven-bestowed ministry. It is, then:—

1. A FREE-GRACE MINISTRY. No duty-faith or free-will gospel will do for the *sheep* whom God's servants are sent to feed. Living children want living bread, they cannot feed on the dry husks of a yea-and-nay, half-way gospel. No, verily,—

"Triumphant grace and man's free-will
Must not divide the throne;
For man's a fallen sinner still,
And Christ shall reign alone."

A free-grace ministry is effectual in the calling of dead sinners, as well as in the feeding of living saints.

2. This is a TRUTHFUL MINISTRY. In the second verse of this chapter the apostle calls it "the manifestation of *the truth*;" and in the seventh verse of the succeeding chapter, "the word of truth." Truthful will it be in *doctrine, practice, and experience*. In *doctrine*: the electing love of God the Father, the redeeming love of God the Son, the regenerating, sanctifying love of God the Holy Spirit, will form the burden and the theme of every discourse of a *sent* servant of Christ. In *experience* there will be an opening up and setting forth of the operations of the blessed Spirit in the hearts of the elect, convincing them of sin, leading them to the Lord Jesus, and directing their hearts

to the love of the truth. His sealing, comforting, restoring and reviving grace will be demonstrated and explained. *In practice*, a separation from the world will be insisted on, the precepts and exhortations of the Gospel enforced, and the ordinances of God's house set forth according to the Lord's commission in Matt. xxviii., "Teaching them to observe *all things* whatsoever I have commanded you." It is—

3. A SPIRITUAL MINISTRY. It is called in the eighth verse of the preceding chapter, "the ministration of the Spirit." Any preaching which is *not* in demonstration of the Spirit and in power is NOT OF GOD. Reader! see to it, that you rest satisfied with nothing short of *POWER*. It ALL depends upon the Spirit of God. It is *His* to give the speaker thoughts, it is *His* to enable him to clothe those thoughts with words, and it is *His* to give the "hearing ear" and seal home His own Word to the hearts and consciences of the people. The reader may tell whether any man's ministry is truly "*spiritual*" or not, by trying it by Gal. v. 22, 23. Does it manifest the living precious fruits of the Spirit there described? "If they speak not according to this word," the verdict of Heaven is, "*There is no life in them.*" Then,—

4. "This ministry" is an EFFECTUAL MINISTRY. In Eph. iii. 7, we read of the "effectual working of His power." It is effectual in the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan; and the apostle again declares the children of God receive it "not as the word of man, but as it is in truth, the Word of God, which *effectually worketh* in you that believe." Thus, the preaching of the Gospel will be effectual in the comforting, supporting, establishing and building up of the saints in their most holy faith. Having these effects, it certainly will be—

5. A TRIED MINISTRY. If the writer knows anything about it, IT IS. Turn to 1 Cor. iv. 10, and see there a threefold description of a herald of the Cross. "We are *fools* for Christ's sake . . . we are *weak* . . . we are *despised*." Fools! weak! despised! Ministers! look and wonder! Now, it is not a pleasant process by which a proud, haughty, sinner learns he is a *fool*. All true Christians have to know something of it, but ministers *doubly*. Besides, he not only becomes a fool in his own eyes, but also in the eyes of others, *especially*, perhaps, when he first begins his commission. Oh, the humiliations! the mortifications! the humbling dispensations! the self-loathings! Truly, it causes one no little sorrow and distress to become a *fool* for Christ's sake. Again, "*weak*." Utter helplessness is not a nice feeling for a strong man to possess; yet, how complete and entire is the insufficiency and helplessness Christ's ambassadors have sometimes to experience! Probably, the weaker a man is, and the more foolish he is in himself, the more use the Lord makes of him; for it pleases Him in the exercise of His sovereignty to choose the "foolish things," the "weak things," the "base things and things which are despised," to accomplish His gracious purposes; as it is written in 1 Cor. i. 27, 28. Such a man will certainly be "*despised*" by the professing world and the profane world, and most likely by many of his brethren in the faith, who cannot endure that the Lord should speak to the hearts of His people by such a very foolish thing as *they* take him to be. Oh! it *is* a tried ministry. There are times, however, when the man can rejoice in being a "*fool for Christ's sake*," if he sees his hearers becoming wise. If *they* through his weakness are made strong, he can then rejoice in being *weak*, because

the power of the Lord is more conspicuous, and the glory of God enhanced thereby. If poor sinners are raised to an honourable place amongst the living family through his instrumentality, he can afford to smile at those who despise him. Nothing but a tried ministry will do for the tried and exercised children of God. It *begins* in trial, and *goes on* in trial, but the *end* is everlasting bliss. I repeat, it begins in trial. In proof hereof, read the call of *Moses* (Exod. iii.). Mark the commencement of Jeremiah's ministry, in the first chapter of his prophecy, then turn to Isaiah vi., and again to Ezekiel iv., and tell me if the beginning of it is not in trial! But this ministry has another aspect. It is also—

6. A ministry of LIBERTY. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (1 Cor. iii. 17). In what terrible bondage most of the Lord's people walk now-a-days! How much of it arises from preventible causes? We have an exhortation, "Quench not the Spirit." In how many ways we do grieve the blessed Spirit, thereby causing Him to withdraw His sensible comforts from us. Then darkness and bondage ensue, censoriousness, pride, covetousness, party-spirit, strife, wrath, emulation and contentions, are rampant in the Churches. The Lord grant us to walk no longer in this wretched bondage, but in the "liberty of the Gospel," bringing forth the fruits of *humility, brotherly love, godly sincerity, and decision for the truth*. This brings us to remark that it is

7. A FAITHFUL MINISTRY. In the chapter referred to above (1 Cor. iv.) the second verse reads thus: "It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." A heaven-sent preacher has within him two incentives to faithfulness. 1. The honour of God. 2. Love to the souls of men. Shall he to whom is committed the expounding of the divine oracles, not be deeply anxious whether he has the mind of the Spirit in his expositions of the truth? Shall he not be greatly concerned to maintain that truth inviolate? And, oh! he would not deceive either himself or his hearers; he would not "sew pillows to all arm-holes," any more than he would speak to the discouragement of the least of the Lord's little ones. He desires to be constant, "in season and out of season." "He that hath My Word, saith the Lord, let him speak My Word faithfully." The man of God knows he has to answer to his Master for every word spoken, and he cannot forget that what is spoken in the pulpit is clothed with an authority which does not belong to other utterances. Immortal souls are looking there for instruction in the way of righteousness. O! fearful indeed is the responsibility resting upon the stewards of the "mystery of godliness." Woe! woe! woe! to unfaithful stewards.

8. It is a GLORIOUS MINISTRY. "The ministration of righteousness exceeds in glory the ministration of death, but *both* are glorious." This ministry is so because it glorifies JEHOVAH, exalting and extolling *all* His attributes. Our God is not a God of mercy *at the expense of justice*. Our JEHOVAH is *perfect* in all things. The Gospel that we preach is the *only* Gospel which engages *all* the attributes of the Deity on the sinner's behalf. Then it is glorious because it *just suits those whom it is for*. A full Gospel for empty sinners; a perfect atonement for imperfect wretches; a Saviour for the lost; a refuge for the distressed; a help for the helpless; a light for those who sit in darkness; a shield for warriors; clothing for the naked; a house for the houseless; food

for the hungry ; beauty for the deformed ; joy for the sorrowful ; a haven for shipwrecked souls ; a rest for the weary ; a heaven for hell-deserving men and women. Now is not that a glorious ministry which proclaims such a glorious Gospel ?

9. It is, moreover, an APPROVED MINISTRY. "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God" (vi. 4). If a minister is not approved to the consciences of God's people as a man taught and sent of God, nothing but trouble can come of accepting him as such. On the other hand, if a man is thus approved to their conscience, woe to those who reject him and his testimony. Paul enumerates some of the things by which a man may be known : "Patience, afflictions, knowledge, pureness, long-suffering, kindness, by the Holy Spirit, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, and the power of God," &c. We would ask the reader to earnestly ponder every word of 2 Cor. vi. 4—10. We should like to enlarge here, but must refrain. Lastly, and more particularly,—

10. This ministry EXALTS A PRECIOUS CHRIST. Hereby the sinner is humbled, and Christ lifted high. Human nature is painted in all its hideous depravity, and the holy Lamb of God set forth in the beauty and perfection of His person, offices, and character; the sole object of a divinely-commissioned servant of God, the whole scope of his ministry, is to expose the malady, and exhibit the remedy. These, then, are some of the characteristics of the Gospel ministry.

INSIGNIFICANS.

In the remarks respecting a college education, we do not mean to imply any slight upon learning in itself. *The more ministers possess of it the better.* A ministry, however, derived from no higher source than a college is worse than useless.

MR. LEVINSOHN'S BROTHER.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have much pleasure to inform you of the safe arrival of my dear brother from Russia. He arrived in London on Wednesday, July 28, and he has since then been continually studying the Scriptures. I rejoice, above all, to inform you that in a letter he wrote to me he expresses his full belief in the Lord Jesus Christ as his true Saviour, Messiah and King. My friend, the Rev. H. A. Stern, has very kindly taken him into his own house, where my dear brother, besides daily Christian instruction, has every opportunity of learning much of the truth of the Gospel. I have very much pleasure to thank you and your numerous readers for your kind interest you have shown in my and my dear brother's spiritual welfare. I earnestly hope and trust that the Lord will bless my dear brother with His own blessing, and that he who once rejected the Lord Jesus Christ will in future years rejoice in the salvation of God through Christ. I remain, dear Mr. Editor,

Very truly yours,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

P. S.—My papers on the Jews: their past, present, and future, I hope to re-commence next month. I. L.

2, Penshurst-road, South Hackney, August, 1880.

THE SOUL CLIMBING UP.

“I would be near Thy feet,
Or at Thy bleeding side;
Feel how Thy heart does beat.
And see its purple tide;
Trace all the wonders of Thy death.
And sing Thy love in every breath.”

“**THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL.**” “Yes!” quoth Priscilla Flirt, “it is all very well; but you shut it all up in your own little circle, as though other poor sinners were excluded for ever—without help here, or any HOPE OF HEAVEN hereafter!”

This we deny, Miss Priscilla. It is not for any man, or class of men; it is not for angels, fallen or unfallen, either to open or to shut. The gates of Paradise were shut after Adam and his Eve were driven out, and the flaming sword forbid any return by the way of the old covenant. But when JESUS came down to John, in Patmos, what did He mean, when He said, “I am ALPHA and OMEGA”? The Hebrew says, “I am the OPENER and the SEALER!” By accepting and assuming, by undertaking and accomplishing His mediatorial office, CHRIST opened up and became “THE NEW AND LIVING WAY!” And by HIS SPIRIT, and by His personal introduction of His Church into glory, He will be THE SEALER, the End, the FINISHER of Zion’s salvation. Hence it is written, “He that is our God is the God of Salvation, with whom or from whom are the issues of life and of death!”

So, also, is our Lord Jesus the OPENER of the redeemed sinner’s heart. At least, it was so with me. I will not sit in judgment over others. I cannot cast away the hope I have, that, for years—yes, for fourteen years—the SPIRIT had been working in my conscience by the Law, and by terrors; but of CHRIST, the Saviour, of JESUS, the sinner’s Friend, I knew nothing, until that blessed Sunday morning when He came calling me: “Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and

“CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT.”

Then, as the Church says, “My Beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away.” And up, indeed, I did arise. At His dear feet I fell, and to the joy of my soul I realised the truth of His word: “Lo! the Winter is past, the rain is over and gone,” and I never dreamed that there was then a Winter more miserable before me than I had ever yet known. But the after experience of that Solomon’s Song, in chapter v., was to be passed through; and it was such a Winter as one cannot describe; only as it is set forth in the language of the Church. She had put off her coat! Christ had withdrawn Himself! What then? “I sought Him; but I could not find Him! I called Him; but He gave me no answer!”

Until CHRIST has been revealed to the soul, Jesus is not a precious Person; the soul is not a precious treasure, nor is salvation a precious power. But when the LIFE OF GOD is breathed into the soul, when CHRIST becomes the LIGHT OF TRUTH in the new man, then, of all things in the universe, nothing is of such infinite value as Christ in the heart the hope of glory. This is how the FAITH which the HOLY GHOST produceth is to be known. I wrote the following lines in a railway-car, the other day, when on a journey; and I have a persuasion they are

not erroneous:—"Faith that is genuine produces an answerable fruit, and this faith-producing fruit will ultimately ripen into the fulness of perfection. You may have a faith in an unknown, an unrevealed Deity. Such a faith worketh no happy emotions Godward; but if you have faith in the God of love, and in the love of God, it will create in your souls a deep and holy love to God which nothing can obliterate. Waters, even floods, may roll over it, but it is the springing-up well that nothing can stop. The same is true of God sending His Son; this faith presents Christ to God as the soul's only plea. Faith in God's election produceth a loving choice of God above all things in the soul; faith in justification will justify God in all He has revealed and wrought. Yes! the SPIRIT, through Paul, is most conclusive (Gal. v. 6), "We, through the Spirit, wait for the hope of righteousness by faith. For in Jesus Christ neither circumcision, nor uncircumcision availeth anything. but

"FAITH, WHICH WORKETH BY LOVE."

There is the *test*. This test, this real FAITH, which produceth HOLY LOVE, is a vital element in the grace of God, which I would illustrate and confirm; yet I cannot, for *the rich inheritance into which love carrieth the soul* doth now so much engage my affectionate consideration, that I must not withhold it.

This question flowed in so rapidly, one day, "What will it all end in?" "What are all these things for?" Why all these Bibles? these prayers? these Churches? these services? these awakening of souls? these seekings after something the world cannot give? What is it all designed to accomplish?

"If you'll come and hear our pastor and his son," saith Priscilla, "they'll tell ye all about it."

When our venerated sire ascends the pulpit, he sets before us in the text

A SOLID GOSPEL JOINT,

And he carves it up into so many branches that he really giveth to every one a portion of meat in due season. But our young minister is more like a beautiful artist or landscape painter. He throws open a splendid scene; he fixes your thoughts upon special objects, and, in a pleasing style, he carries you through the varied phases of the country into which he has introduced you.

"Shall I give you a specimen of each?"

Not now. I have a succession of scenes opening up before me. Let me catch a brief view of them first.

When I was at Great Yeldham the other day, our brother Isaiah Smith was reading the welcome hymn, and those two lines caught hold of me again:—

"The path He's marked for us to tread,
AND WHAT HE'S DOING FOR US NOW."

That

"What He's doing for us now,"

lingered about in my soul until Paul's sentence came in, "NOW TO APPEAR IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD FOR US." And that led me gradually through seven most beautiful views of

"OUR FATHER'S HOUSE ON HIGH."

I dare not withhold them; for I was talking to an old woman, 83 years of age, down in the Forest, and a voice said, "*Give us something of the glorious terminus of the Grand Old Gospel.*"

Is it nothing but "*news?*" Our Sussex parson makes the people think that religion is a miserable, a melancholy, a morbid something which no one can explain.

"Why, sir, what with the preaching of wretchedness, and the wretched preaching, some of our people stand out in the court, and they ask, 'What does it all mean?'"

Old woman, said I, "*THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL,*" in its conclusions, means several things most supremely delightful to begin with.

Let me tell you, in few words, what I saw, or considered, arising out of Paul's words, "*What HE'S DOING for us now.*" I cried:—

"Stretch, stretch thy wings, O mighty thought,
Up to celestial orbs on high!
For one faint glimpse of worlds unsought
Range through yon vaults of boundless sky.
Stay not a moment, since to the bright day,
Faith's golden pinions will bear thee away."

There is this difference (is it not John Owen's view?) between the Church militant and the Church triumphant. Down here, poor Zion is in the dust, in the blood, and in the tumult of the battle. Up yonder, she is like the victor at home—all her wounds are healed; all her garments changed; all her friends around her; all her foes and fears are left behind.

GOOD NEWS! For whom? For all who in the Lord believe with the heart unto righteousness. Come, then, poor soul, lift up thy head and heart in faith,

"*'Tis better further on.*"

Art thou, my deeply-tried Willey Turupenny, with a load on thy back—art thou the poor wailing widow often near starvation point? Art thou a poor worm, Jacob? Come with me for a moment. Beyond this lower sky, up where eternal ages roll, there, in full view of her conquering Lord, the Church triumphant flies, and joins the everlasting song to

"*Crown Him Lord of all.*"

As the telescope of faith was put close to the eye of my ever-anxious soul, I saw, in the first scene, that heaven was GOD'S *palace*, which means ROYALTY. Nothing mean, nothing low, nothing out of order, is ever found there. Heaven is God's royal palace; and all the saints are kings and priests unto Him. It is the palace of the great King. Around Him millions of angels wait His sweet behest to do.

The second scene opened up heaven as God's *THRONE*, which indicates SUPREMACY. There sovereignty reigns without a rival. No dispute; no dark atheism; no tempter; no deceptive science.

"There God, the Sun, for ever shines,
And scatters night away."

Clearer still, in the third view, I saw heaven to be GOD'S *TEMPLE*, where JEHOVAH is worshipped PERFECTLY. I often fear we know very little of true worship here. There,

"*'Glad in robes of shining light,*"

beholding the King in His beauty, free from every weight or work of the flesh, they praise their Lord in strains Divine, and not one jarring note.

As the fourth and more extensive phase appeared, I saw heaven to be a glorious city, where is unity, community, and such unfoldings of mercy's business, as our poor language never can explain. Here we are all strangers and pilgrims on the earth; there they are fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of GOD. Oh, what streets and squares! what gardens and fountains! what trees, and fruits, and flowers!

“What must it be to be there?”

To my little pent-up soul, in its efforts to turn everything to rhyme, I often whisper,—

If you'd heard Martin Luther
Tell his little tale of love,
You'd see he wished to stretch his wings,
And fly to his home above.

But we wait till our change shall come.

My view extended, in the fifth scene, to behold heaven as GOD's great CONTINENT, which means LIBERTY. There were regions of lands and kingdoms out of number, without any separating or dividing seas. Once get on this continent, dear soaring souls, what millions of miles you may fly or travel without any boisterous seas to cross!

No shipwrecks, no; no sorrows there;
Seas of joy and tranquility;
But of terror or trouble, not one.

Sixthly, I saw heaven to be a fruitful country with its unsearchable VARIETY, yet, after all, in the seventh glance I had, I saw heaven is no desert, no wilderness, no solitary island, no explosive quarries; no! it is GOD'S HOME for His family—a mansion for each, a blissful home for all.

I make no apology for this declaration of a moment's view of the better country, of which I would say more in confirmation if it be Heaven's royal pleasure to extend a little longer the earthly pilgrimage of

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Under the Spreading Elders, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
August 11, 1880.

“ONLY IN PRAYER.”

BREATHE not a word of another's faults,
Hast thou so small a share?
Speak not aloud of thy brother's sin—
Mention it “only in prayer.”

Seek not for aught to thy brother's blame,
Scan not his sin with care;
Speak of thine own and thy brother's faults—
Humbly, and “only in prayer.”

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY? WHAT HAS IT DONE?

THE answer to the last question would raise up an historical and experimental narrative of unlimited dimensions. Let us first only draw the main lines of "WHAT CHRISTIANITY IS!"

It was in the night time. One came to me demanding an exposition of

"THE SOUL'S LOVE TO CHRIST!"

In silent meditation upon this, I was led to review, briefly, the whole outline of GENUINE CHRISTIANITY. I was not sleepy, although I was in bed, in midnight studies; so I said,—

1. The root of all Christianity is being in Christ. Men cannot make Christians. All true Christians were in Christ; and by grace they grow out of, and from Him, as branches from the vine.

2. The vital, the uniting power of Christianity, is the soul's embracing of Christ for salvation.

3. Christianity has a Divine passion, which is love to Christ. This love to Christ is intelligent; it is an admiring love, it is sin-conquering, soul- uplifting, self-surrendering, Christ-endearing. But let everyone tell his own experience of this "drinking of the streams of that river which is clear as crystal."

"Not for sects or sound of voice,
In CHRIST alone will they rejoice,
Who are complete in Him."

Can we give soul-saved testimonies of what this love is?

A FEW THOUGHTS FROM ONE OF THE LEAST
OF ALL SAINTS.

HOW frequently we are reading and hearing of the closing of some of the sanctuaries of our blessed Lord and Saviour, where the truth, as it is in Jesus, has been preached for years past. Is this to be accounted for in any way whatever? Our Lord said, "What ye sow that ye shall also reap." Is this being fulfilled in this our day and generation? I am afraid there are too many who have somewhat of the spirit which Joshua of old exhibited, when Edad and Medad prophesied in the camp. What a different spirit the prophet Moses here shewed, when he said, "Enviest thou, for my sake." Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them. I find, also, that the disciple John came to our Lord and Master, and said, "We saw one casting out devils, and we forbad him." Jesus said, "Forbid him not; for he that is not against us is on our part." Methinks it would be a blessing if there was a little more of this spirit displayed amongst our denomination, the Strict Baptists. Are there not some of the Lord's people, in many of our Churches, who have had the desire given them to speak in the Lord's Name? Have they been encouraged? Is it not the duty of the shepherd of the flock to take that little one by the hand, and see if he has any gifts for speaking? If so, the love of God which is shed abroad in his heart will make him tell out what the Lord has done for his soul, and make him zealous for the Master's cause. The writer has

met with many rebuffs from the Lord's servants, such as, "Many run before they are sent," &c. There are many who have it in their power to supply some place of truth, for just their bare expenses, which would materially help some of the small causes. I am no advocate for college-made ministers. I love a Christ-taught man. The Lord looks at the heart. His all-discerning eye will perceive the motive of that servant. I believe our dear departed brother, James Wells, was first encouraged to come out and speak in the Lord's Name. There may be many who would be shining lights in the ministry were they to be encouraged. A little more love to the cause and interest of our blessed Lord and Saviour, and less for filthy lucre, would be more acceptable in this present day. I am confident that He which hath began a good work in you will carry it on until the day of Jesus Christ.

T. EMERY.

49, Glenarm-road, Clapton-park.

THE FRUITS OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING.—No. 1.

[What a library of useful experience might be collected, if each of the many who have watched over, and worked in the midst of this great enterprise, would contribute their individual testimony! Here is one.]

I HAVE been pastor of a Church for more than five-and-twenty years. It has been my duty to see a very large number of persons who have come to speak to me about entering the Church, or about their practical or speculative difficulties. Most of them had been in Sunday-schools in different parts of England. They had been in schools of all kinds—large and small—in country villages and in great towns; Methodist schools, Baptist schools, Congregational schools, Church of England schools. In a very large number of cases they had learnt in the school to repent of sin and to rely on the Lord Jesus Christ for the pardon of sin and for the gift of eternal life. The school had been their salvation. The teacher had been their evangelist; he had led them to believe the Gospel. In many instances the teacher had been their pastor, and had rendered them priceless service in their early endeavours to do the will of God. In reply to all who are sceptical about the success of Sunday-schools, I can always point to the Church of which I am minister, in which I believe a majority of the members owe their very life not to the minister, but to the teacher. But, so far as I have observed, the function which is imposed on the teacher by his very title and name, is the function which is most generally neglected or least efficiently discharged. He is an evangelist, a pastor, but hardly a teacher.

About the knowledge of the historical contents of the Bible, which the persons whom I have seen possessed, I can say very little. I have not examined them on that subject. From other sources of information I have reason to believe that a large number of scholars who have attended school for many years, and attended regularly, and who, before they left, became earnestly religious, carry away with them only that vague, desultory, anecdotal knowledge of Biblical history which, as knowledge, is of very little use while it is retained, and which, because

it is not properly arranged, is soon forgotten. About the knowledge of Christian doctrine I can speak confidently. Again and again, in cases innumerable, I have been astonished, confounded, plunged into despair by the blank doctrinal ignorance of persons who had been in Sunday-schools for years. They had found their way to God, but, so far as the intellect was concerned, they had found their way in the dark. They were alive, but knew as little about the conditions and laws of their new life as a child of six months old. A Divine Hand had led them by a way they knew not. Divine Love had answered vague and inarticulate prayers. They must have had some true religious thoughts, but their thoughts were very cloudy, and the relations between their thoughts and their words were uncertain, precarious, varying. They had no clear intellectual conception of the simplest truths. They did not know what it was to believe in Christ, although they believed; just as a horse knows nothing about digestion, and yet digests his feed of corn. They did not know what was meant by being born again. Very many had no firm apprehension of the truth that the death of Christ is the ground of the remission of sins.

R. W. DALE, in *The Congregationalist*.

A CITY LIGHT GONE OUT.

FOR many years in the densely-populated thoroughfares around Fleet-street, Canon EDWARD AURIOL has been a faithful and loving witness for Christ, as the rector of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West; but on August 10, 1880, at the age of 75, he left this land of labour. In the *City Press*, of August 18, a biographical sketch by Charles Burt Banks is recorded. We cannot withhold the dying testimony of the deceased, whose life and death was one of truthfully witnessing for Christ.

"Our readers will be interested in some account of Mr. Cadman's last interview with dear Mr. Auriol. Although he had resigned his living into younger hands, he clung to the hope, during a great part of his illness, that his strength might be renewed to carry on by counsel and influence the work of his beloved Master, in which he had been so long engaged. But on my entering his room on Tuesday last, after some kind inquiries, he said, 'I think it seems to be the will of God to call me. I feel my strength failing.' 'But,' said I, 'how thankful you may be to know that Almighty Strength never fails, that Infinite Wisdom never errs, that Everlasting Love is unchangeable.' 'Yes,' said he, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. My strength is failing, but I feel happy. I am simply waiting.' I quoted the text, 'Wait on the Lord and He shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord.' 'Wait,' he replied; 'but it must be in the true Scriptural sense of the term. Waiting not idly, but as a servant on his Master.'

"On calling for me again after I had left his room, with the apostolic prayer, 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,' &c., I at once knelt down and prayed with him, specially dwelling on a text which I knew he loved, 'Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.' After every petition he added his earnest amen, and I then commended him to the Lord's gracious mercy and protection.

"Then, taking my hand, he said, with uplifted eyes, and in a strain of fervour which I can never forget, 'What we must seek for is more power in the consciousness of Christ's redeeming love, more simple dependence upon His merits for the pardon of *all* our sins, more conformity to Him, that we may be dead with Him, that we may rise with Him, that we may sit with Him in heavenly places, that we may be with Him when He comes again in His glory.' These, I believe, were well-nigh his last conscious utterances. With a full heart I thanked him. He bade me good-bye, and within less than an hour his spirit rose to the call of his heavenly Master, and he departed painlessly and peacefully."

In every branch of the Church the good men are going home.

SCRIPTURAL FAITH AND HOPE DEFINED IN ACROSTICS.

F A I T H.

FAITH supposes a

F (a) FAILURE AND A FULNESS.

"For all men have not faith" (2 Thes. iii. 2). "I had utterly fainted unless I had *believed* to see the goodness of the Lord" (Psa. xxvii. 13). "It pleased the Father that in HIM should all fulness dwell" (Col. i. 19). "And of His fulness have all we received" (John i. 16).

(b) FEELING AND FLEEING.

None but the wounded conscience knows the blessings of a cure. None so well knew the value of the cities of refuge as the man-slayer (Josh. xx. 3). And none *flee* to the hope set before them in the Gospel (Heb. vi. 18) but those who *feel* what help they need. "I flee unto Thee to hide me" (Psa. cxliii. 9), cries David. And the Holy Ghost says, Blessed are all sheltered in Him (Psa. ii. 12).

(c) FALLING AND FOUNDATION. The foundation is laid.

It is a precious corner-stone (Isa. xxviii. 16). It is the head-stone of the corner (Psa. cxviii. 22). "Whosoever shall *fall* on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever," &c. (Matt. xxi. 44; Luke xx. 18). Broken in heart, but built upon the Rock of ages (Psa. cxlvii. 2, 3). Coming, believing, falling on this living stone; lively stones are built up a spiritual house (1 Pet. ii. 4).

Faith is

A (a) ATTRACTION. The attraction of heaven.

"No man can come unto Me except the Father who hath sent Me *draw* him" (John vi. 44). Faith is the electric spark from above (Acts xxii. 6) which quickens the dead to life, motion, and continued being, and thenceforth there is the *attraction* which is seen between fulness and emptiness. God satisfies the longing soul, and fills the empty soul with goodness (Psa. cvii. 9). "Draw me," &c. (Song i. 4).

"Faith is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial race,
And is the gift of God."

(b) ATTRACTION OF THE CROSS.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto Me (John xii. 32; iii. 14, 15).

"A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above."

(c) Antitype of the ancient hyssop as used by Moses (Heb. ix. 19, 22) and so understood by David (Psa. li. 7). "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean," &c.

And so Faith is the

I INSTRUMENT OF PURIFICATION.

"The Holy Ghost in Scripture saith,
Expressly in one part—
Speaking by Peter's mouth—By faith
God purifies the heart."
(Acts. xv. 9).

And this is done by

T TOUCH!

It is Faith which touches Christ for healing (Luke viii. 47). Faith touches the golden sceptre of acceptance (Esther v. 2). Faith takes hold of Christ's righteousness and strength for peace (Isa. xxvii. 5). And it is Faith that lays her hand on the burnt-offerings for sin, whereby atonement and reconciliation is made continually (Levit. i. 4):

"My Faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin."

Faith is

H HOLDING ON.

"Be thou faithful unto death" (Rev. ii. 10). "Hold fast that which thou hast" (iii. 11). "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven" (Luke ix. 62).

"But we are not of them that draw back unto perdition, but of them that believe to the saving of the soul" (Heb. x. 39). "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands," &c. (Job xvii. 9). Faith embraces and ever holds fast the blessed hope of everlasting life. So the patriarchs saw the promises afar off, were persuaded of them and embraced them, and looked for another country—that is, a heavenly (Heb. xi. 13).

"Hold the fort, for I am coming;
Jesus signals still.
Wave the answer back to heaven,
'By Thy grace I WILL.'"

CORNERCOTT.

HOPE IS A

H HOLDFAST TO THE SOUL!

"For we are saved by Hope" (Rom. viii. 24). Hope is to the soul what an anchor is to the ship. It holds it steady and safe in the midst of raging waves and howling storms (Heb. vi. 19).

Hope is the

HEAD-PIECE FOR CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Let us put on for a HELMET the Hope of Salvation (1 Thess. v. 8). Hope is an anchor, because it entereth into *that* within the veil; and a helmet, because the understanding is enlightened to know what is the hope of our calling (Eph. i. 18). That "the Lord is good, a STRONGHOLD in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him" (Nabum i. 7).

But these figures imply that Hope has its

O OPPOSITIONS. OPPOSITIONS OF HOPE!

David found them. He had "a good hope" (2 Thess. ii. 16). "He could give a reason of the hope that was in him" (1 Peter iii. 15). "And he *did* it with meekness and fear" (Psa. cxvi. 1). Yet how he groaned under the oppression of the enemy! How agonisingly he cried, "Why art thou cast down, O My soul?" &c. "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him" (Psa. xlii. 5—11). Hope deferred made his heart sick (Prov. xiii. 12). "But his bow abode in strength" (Gen. xlix. 24). And he was "not ashamed of his hope" (Psa. cxix. 116). So it was with Joseph (Psa. cv. 19; Gen. xlix. 23, 24). "So Abraham AGAINST hope believed in hope" (Rom. iv. 18). Hope was *opposed* by his own personal circumstances; by those of his belongings (verse 19); and by the delayed promise. But he was strong in faith; and so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained (Heb. vi. 15).

And this shews us that Hope is the
OFFSPRING OF FAITH (Heb. xi. 1).

Faith is the mother Grace. It believes the word of promise. Hope is brought forth, and desires the good thing promised, and waits for it. We have access by faith into the grace of justification, and rejoice in hope of the glory (Rom. v. 2). And Hope *abides*, because it has God for its ORIGINAL.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a living hope, by," &c. (1 Peter i. 3). "The inheritance lies beyond. The land is very far off, but the hope of it is an

OASIS IN THE DESERT (Psa. xxiii. 2).

This leads us to the

P "PATIENCE OF HOPE" (1 Thess. i. 3).

"Hope unto the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you." &c. (1 Peter i. 13). This is

PERSEVERANCE.

And this enduring hope comes through tribulation! "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed," &c. (Rom. v. 3—5), for it is

PURIFICATION.

"Believers know that when Christ shall appear they shall be *like* Him. And everyone that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure (1 John iii. 3).

Hence the
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Hope is pleasure in the thought of future good. "Oh, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast *laid up* for them that fear Thee" (Psa. xxxi. 19). "And if we hope for *that we see not*, then do we with patience wait for it" (Rom. viii. 24, 25).

And so Hope is

E EXPECTATION.

Holy Scripture says that, "As honey is sweet to the taste, so shall the knowledge of wisdom be to the soul that finds it; then there shall be a reward, and his expectation shall not be cut off. The reward of Grace is Christ in you the Hope of glory. The earnest *expectation* of the creature *waiteth* for the manifestation of the sons of God" (Rom. viii. 19). "Looking for that blessed hope," &c. (Titus ii. 13). Faith, says Luther, is a doctrine; Hope is an

EXHORTATION. We will close with *one*—

"Let Israel hope in the Lord! For with the Lord there is mercy," &c., &c. (Psa. cxxx. 7).

CORNERCOTT.

August, 1880.

LATEST NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.

At the end of the month, when our pages are filled, we receive reports too numerous and too long to insert. We acknowledge the following:—**CLAPHAM.** Ebenezer anniversary, July 21, was a season of true blessedness. A large audience listened to eloquent expositions from the brethren Styles, Shepherd, Reynolds, Meeres, and others. Friends from Churches around cheered the pastor, Mr. Hall, and the Church assembling in Ebenezer, which, by baptism and by transfer, has been increased, and in faith and prayer look for future prosperity.—At our **KING'S-CROSS** "Ebenezer," the fourth anniversary, on August 1 and 2, sermons were preached by pastors White and Dawson. That cheerful and faithful Christian, E. Harris, Esq., presided over the public meeting, who called some valiant men to unfold the mysteries of grace—Messrs. Onkey, Alfrey, Brindle, E. Beazley, Mulley, and others obeyed. The chapel debt was reduced, and the grateful people honoured their minister. The Lord be praised!—At **MEOPHAM**, in Kent, pastor Squirrel and his flock commemorated the fifty-second anniversary of the

Baptist cause there on July 20. Messrs. Shepherd and Box delivered discourses useful and confirming to the numerous gatherings of preachers and people. "Quite a new generation of pulpit and pew occupiers," says Sarah Joyful, "filled the places of those who were here, but are gone to their rest." The Strict Baptist Churches in Kent are holding fast in the faith, and the fruits of the vine are visible.—At Shirley-street chapel, in CANNING TOWN, near London, Mr. James Brittain is preaching. We had public services August 16. James Mote, Esq., testified to the value of Mr. Brittain's ministry, hoping sterling success would attend his work there, which was followed by friendly words from Messrs. W. Winters, E. Langford, Shaw, and a presentation to Mr. Brittain by Mr. Edwards.—At WOOBURN-GREEN Sunday-school anniversary, discourses were given by Messrs. Hopcroft and Fuller. Children and friends had seasons of joy.

WATFORD, BEULAH.—The twelfth anniversary of our opening was Monday, August 2. A little after 11 our chapel was crowded. Our good brother, Mr. Hazelton, came up under the sacred anointing power of the Holy Ghost, and preached a comprehensive and comforting discourse from the words, "He hath done all things well," opening up the sweet mystery of the mighty acts of our great Lord Jesus in creation, providence, and grace. It was a time of refreshing to both sower and reapers. Brother Anderson preached in afternoon from "I give unto them eternal life," &c., dwelling on the Person, love, and power of the good Shepherd; the great gift, the evidences and fruits of reception by the sheep, and their consequent safety and security. In the evening, brother Anderson preached a very encouraging sermon from the words, "The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them both," noticing variety in the Church, unity in Christ, and with one another, and Divine Sovereignty in their constitution. It was a day of spiritual profit and pleasure, and we hereby take the opportunity of thanking all our dear friends for their presence and help. During the eight years' pastorate of our brother Burrell, the Church has gradually increased from seven or eight members to upwards of an hundred, some of whom have been removed in Providence, and some taken home. Our present congregation averages from 130 to 160, besides which the Sabbath-school has increased to 150. A schoolroom has been erected and paid for, and the debt on the present chapel removed, but it is quite insufficient to meet the present requirements, much less to afford any room for growth. Under these circumstances, a committee has been formed, and steps have been taken towards a larger place. Amongst our own friends money has already been raised, and ground purchased, immediately opposite our present chapel, with a view of building a more commodious place of worship, retaining our present chapel and schoolroom for the use of our growing school. This we hope to do as soon as we can see our way clear to go forward. Hitherto we have made no outward appeal for help, but are now much in need of wisdom, encouragement, and help to go forward. It is desirable that a considerable amount towards the building should be obtained before a step is taken in that direction; and, as our many friends will see, we have done all we could amongst ourselves to help ourselves hitherto. Should any of the Lord's more favoured ones in Providence feel inclined to render us some pecuniary aid by donations or subscriptions, they will be received with gratitude and pleasure, and as a token from the Lord to encourage us to go forward, by the pastor, Mr. George Burrell, or by Mr. C. Goodson, both of Queen's-road, Watford. August 5, 1880.

HAPPY DAY AT EAST STREET, COGGESHALL.—Special services were held in here, Sunday, August 15, the object being to re-union the brethren into a Church. For more than two years this cause has been destitute of an under-shepherd; the privilege attending the Lord's supper has not been enjoyed. During this time the friends have met regularly twice on Sundays and once during the week for prayer and praise: the burden of their petitions being that the Lord would send them a pastor after His own heart. About six months back the Lord brought to reside in our midst brother E. P. Brown, who, after a short time, was led to speak to us in Divine things. The Lord blessed the Word, which caused our hearts to rejoice, and this led to the desire being expressed that a re-union of the Church might take place. Having resolved upon this, our brother, C. W. Banks, was asked to assist in so doing, who, with his usual kindness, consented to come. When this became known, it seemed to put more life and vigour into all of us. At our prayer meeting, on Thursday previous, our brethren were blessed with the spirit of earnest supplication for the Lord's presence and blessing on the coming Sabbath, and truthfully it may be said the Lord granted our request. In the morning our beloved brother Banks led us to the throne of grace most blessedly, after which he was favoured to

speak from the words in Psalm xxii., "Deliver My soul from the sword; My darling from the power of the dog." The characters of Christ formed two precious beads: Christ, the Star of the morning, and Christ, the Hind of the morning. Then he spoke of the sword that pierced the dear Redeemer, drawing some solemn pictures of His sufferings for sinful man, the end of all, that He might deliver His darling, the Church, from Satan's power. In the afternoon, brother E. P. Brown saved the Church's faith and order. Brother Banks gave the right hand of fellowship to twelve brethren and sisters. The ordinance of the Lord's supper concluding the service. In the evening Mr. Banks again preached from Luke iv. 40. Previous to speaking upon the text, he dwelt sweetly upon the 37th verse. "And the fame of Him went out into every place." Notwithstanding the opposition of Satan and the world, Jesus' fame went abroad. The deaf were made to hear, the eyes of the blind were opened, the lame to walk and leap. Crowds followed Him; never man spake like Him. Thus His fame spread abroad. Coming to the text, this clause formed the principal topic: "Now when the sun was setting." It might be truthfully stated that the sun was setting in this, our day, in several ways. First, nationally, England's sun was setting. Secondly, in a Gospel sense, the sun appears to be setting. Solemn thought that, but true; the power of the Gospel is not seen as it once was, amongst Christians; indifference and luke-warmness prevail; lastly, this being the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, it is the last. Therefore the sun is setting; the top stone will soon be taken up with a shout, "Grace, grace unto it." Blessed prospect! man going home, to be with the Lord for ever; never more to go out. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." The services were well attended; collections good; in every sense of the word it was a sacred day. And now may the Lord bless us with unity, peace, and love, and our brother Brown with seals to his ministry, is the earnest prayer of—HOPEFUL.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

John Ploughman's Pictures. More of His Talk. By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore & Alabaster. Very clever. Full of strong common sense. If young people could thoroughly drink in the draughts of moral philosophy here prepared for them, they might be much benefitted. There are some of the potions most excellent, if taken in time; but the painful fact is, man will have his own way, work out his own ruin, and then, who can help him? for there is a truth of immense compass in that text, "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." We cannot criticise or review a book of this fashion; still, of our real "John Ploughman," a man we knew well, and this assumed John Ploughman, who looks more like a miller's waggoner, we may cast in a few words some day.

"Come, and Welcome, to Jesus Christ." A sermon in the *Gospel Magazine* for August. By the Vicar of Derby, Rev. E. HOARE. London: Messrs. Collingridge. This travail of the soul—this, the most vital act of grace which is wrought in the sinner by the Holy Ghost—is traced out in this discourse safely, correctly, and clearly. As it is copied by Dr. Doudney from a local, we feel sure he will not be displeased if we give it in *Cheering Words*, in the different steps in which Mr. Hoare has defined it. What

it really is to "COME TO CHRIST" is of such importance to thousands, that when expressed by one who has been led in the right way, is of more value than all the scientific discoveries which in the world can be made. The death of Rev. C. B. Skepp, of Perry Barr, is announced in the *Gospel Magazine*.

Dying Without Christ. Living without Christ, on this earth, is a vain, vacant life; but to DIE WITHOUT CHRIST! what must it be? Yet, many go off quiet enough. Not so with all. See the following, from C. H. SPURGEON'S sermon,—"Bethink you in what plight you will be when you come to die without Christ. How would you like to die like Queen Elizabeth, of whom history tells us that she would not go to bed, she would have cushions on the floor; for if she went to bed she would die, and she could not bear the thought? This was her frequent cry—'Call time again! Call time again! Call time again! A world of wealth for an inch of time! Call time again!' Her majesty, whom you have seen tricked out with all her ruffs and fardingales, and the like, all haggard and in *disshabille* upon the ground, shrieked out, 'Call time again! A world of wealth for an inch of time!' May God grant that such may never be your lot; for if you so die, there is a something after death

more awful still. I will say but little on that alarming theme, but put it in one verse, as I learned it when a child, and as I believe it after many an anxious thought. Hear the truth, tremble, and turn unto the Lord!

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains."

British Equitable Assurance Company.
Offices: 4, Queen-street-place, E.C.
Twenty-fifth Annual Report. "There is a blameless love of fame springing from desire of justice. When a man hath feathly won and fairly claimed his honours, then fame cometh as encouragement to the inward consciousness of merit." Such "fairly-claimed" honours, all who know the remarkable history, and the steady growth of the British Equitable, will cheerfully accord to that great managing and financial pilot and engineer, William Sutton Gover, Esq. His "great mind, like an altar on a hill," has, almost beyond all precedent, raised and set this Life Assurance Society on such a strongly-productive estate of safety and success as to gather around it the wisest of commercial giants, and the most wealthy of aristocratic merchants and experienced citizens, rendering a strong rock of defence. Hundreds of thousands of young men are "settling" and "starting in life." Let them think of the rainy day; let them obtain this Twenty-fifth Annual Report. Let them provide for those they may be called to leave behind them by insuring in the "British Equitable" while the sun of youthful prosperity shines upon them.

The Nightingale of the Age. We have a copy of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's sermon preached in Scotland. It condemns us for complaining of the intrusions of the Papacy. He says,—“Complaining is but a *dubious remedy* for grief. It is better far if we can sing our griefs away. If we can do so, we shall glorify God in the highest, and we shall give Him the ripest and sweetest fruit of our hearts, for there are no fruits of songs so mellow to God as those which come from His servants when they are most under His afflicting hand. Try the same method, beloved, even if your hearts are sad all the days in which you live. There is *not much cause for sorrow*, for the present days, with all their darkness, are better than any that went before.” Very well! If we cannot sing, we hope to ENDURE, never to give up until called away from time for ever. The preacher admitted that “There may be much to depress, and there will be always much to depress *till Christ comes*; but we are much the

nearer His coming, so that till the day break, and the shadows flee away, the best occupation for His people is not to murmur, but to sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever.” Well, with all our silent sighing over Rome, Ritual, Arminius, and their hosts, we are always singing: “*Our Father's house on high.*”

For well we know, “Our God is a Rock, and His work is perfect. His counsel shall stand, and He will do all His pleasure.” Once more he says, “In the darkest hour our singing is the sweetest—the nightingale sings best at night-time, when all things are dull and dead—for it is in sorrow that faith rejoices in the living God. It is often said that this world is a howling wilderness. So it is if you like to howl, but if you take to singing you will find in another text, that ‘The wilderness and solitary place shall be made glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.’” We believe—as in the case of Job—faith shines brightest in the dark night; and Paul and Silas sang praises to God in the prison. And whatever glories may yet cover England, the happy saints will sing of glory and of God to all eternity. Amen.

“Horrors, like floods, come rolling in.” So we inly spake as we read the *Monthly Record of the Protestant Evangelical Mission, &c.*, published at 5, Raucecourt, Fleet-street. By R. STEELE. The whole of the alarming contents of this, and similar issues, is summed up in one paragraph, which tells us that “Popery and Protestantism are once more in our native land struggling with each other for existence,” for conquest. “England will presently be trampled under foot by the arrogant priesthood.” We have for 50 years written, printed, published, spoken against the inflowing of the many anti-Christians in this land. We have been laughed at, robbed, deceived by those who pretended to aid us, until we have been beaten down almost into silence. Rome, and her flourishing families, the Misses Ritual, who are married to the Messrs. Jesuit, Atheist, Arminius, Free-will, and the Annihilators, like the locusts, are filling the nation, until nearly all the sanctuaries have flung the doors open for the idolatrous and seductive heresies to enter in.

Mr. Barker, Baptist minister, of Hastings, and “Philo-Israel,” have been driving brains and pens one against another on the Identity controversy. Their letters are printed in the monthly numbers of a magazine called *Israel's Hope and Destiny*, which is respectably conducted, and “well got up.”

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

DO WE USE OUR MINISTERS WELL?

"The Kind of Men we Require"—The Itinerant System—The Idiot—Different Shades in the Ministry—Preaching Paul, not Christ—The Far-famed Men of Old, &c.

ROUGH NOTES BY W. WINTERS.

Pastor of Ebenezer, Waltham Abbey.

[We are not responsible for all our brother Winters has advanced in the following paper. There is but one conclusion we can arrive at with respect to the ministry. It is this: If the Lord has a work to be done, He will make the man, He will send the man, He will honour the man. Perhaps thousands of men run without any Divine authority. Such men become disturbers of Churches, dispersers of error of some kind; but they are of no real benefit to the living family of God. We have lived to see every sort of being let into the ministry, and, for a time, the Churches receive them; but in time, after charges innumerable, they fall away. Brains, boldness, and a determined daring will carry a man a long way; but *where* are many such now? And where will many, who are now very high, be presently? This review of the ministry is an awfully solemn subject. Perhaps the less we meddle with it the better. So thinks C. W. BANKS.]

The distance between pulpit and pew in some respectable Churches is all but infinite. There appears no sympathy existing in the pew for the object that constantly adorns the pulpit. The sound from the rostrum is often regarded only as a "trial of faith," and as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness"—the echo merely of the first introductory sermon preached years before, which dies away like the idle winds, unheeded. The treatment toward the pastor is not what it should be. The workman is said to be worthy of his hire; he has the worth of his hire probably, and when he gets it, his better half, who is an expert economist, is puzzled to know what to do with it. If every man, as has been said, gets what he is worth, then in some cases the sooner he stoops to something secular and more lucrative, the better for his character and his family.

The pastor, though of small means, is expected to go respectable, and if he visits, he is required to carry a well-filled purse, ready to help any who may even prefer a florin to a short prayer. He is at the beck and call of everyone; ever on the alert, ready to administer comfort to the sick, bury the dead; be thankful for mothers who "wish to return thanks;" always cheerful, whatever his state of mind or external circumstances may be. He is, moreover, expected to be regular at prayer meetings; also Church meetings and committee meetings; to render help in the choir if of a musical

turn of mind, and in some cases a healer of breaches caused by family jars. In fact, the following note expresses almost all the essential qualifications needed by a Strict Baptist minister to maintain a position in the Church with respect. A member says:—

"Oh! by the way, if you learn of anyone with energy, tearful, interested in the conversion of souls, attractive in preaching, great-hearted, unselfish, merry; in fact, holy, let me know. Paul was much the kind of man we need. We want a man who knows all about the enemy, has some capacity for working miracles, is ready to be stoned, can teach the women, interest the children, make princes tremble, confound the Jews, convert kings, pick up sticks, earn his own living, go through fire and water for the good of others with no expectation that they will interest themselves in him, and, in general, lead a forlorn hope of despousing followers."

If all this is needed to make an efficient minister, it is questionable whether in all the walks of life such an one will ever be found; and if he should turn up, he would require a Church equal to his merits, fully educated to his ministry, with ability to appreciate his talents, and blest with means and largeness of heart to render him the intrinsic value of his services. But there never was a perfect Church on earth, and we are sure there never was but one perfect minister, and that was Jesus Christ; and He did not always please everybody, not even His disciples. Though God makes use of feeble instruments sometimes to do His work in preaching the Gospel, preachers must not in reality be fools. The fishermen and tent-makers of old were not, although the world felt at liberty to dub them as such. The Lord of the harvest requires *labourers*, and not altogether kid-gloved *gentlemen*, such as the world admire. The fashionable Church want men with pre-possessing figure, and splendid *personnel*, capable of performing graceful genuflections before the shrine of their own ignorance. They consider "wink, stunted, wretched, deformed-looking men have no business in the pulpit." In the eyes of the fashionable professor, the minds of preachers are measured according to their well or ill-proportioned bodies. But what care real seekers of truth for mere external accomplishments? Masters of ceremonies, lily-headed "lullabies, and elegant inanities," never turned the world upside down, or did anything worth recording beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping.

A Scotch writer observes that "in England it requires ten men to make a pin; in Scotland it requires only one man to make a minister, and hence it is that, in polish and point, a batch of Scotch parsons is so inferior to a batch of English pious!" most of which, in the present day, have solid heads. Men called to preach should be men of much prayer, possessed of great faith, deep experience, honest practice, and brilliant gifts.

The pew justly complains oftentimes of weariness in the service because of the dullness of the minister, who has probably grown prosy and somewhat unconscious of "his awful charge." He is wanting a tongue of fire, and the people have become like him, heavy and dull; and on Sunday afternoon especially, after he gives out his text, a soft, gentle, soothing kind of soporiferousness steals over the pew; the pulpit is sound, and so is the pew. Nothing can be said against itinerant preachers themselves, for they are self-denying and worthy men; but the itinerant system is in some measure responsible for the low state of many of our Churches; in fact, the system is in many places injurious and ruinous to the health and well-being of the Churches. Frequent changes produce dissatisfaction in some and indifference in others. "What," says one, "a dreary thing is an ordinary sermon of an ordinary minister!" He does not wish to preach it; the audience does not wish to hear it; so he makes a feint of preaching, they a feint of hearing him preach. But he preaches not, they hear not. He is dull as the cushion he beats, they as the cushions they cover. An audience of this kind for a long time injured the feelings of their pastor by their constant habit of sleeping during the sermon. In vain he endeavoured for a long time to impress them with a sense of the impropriety of such conduct, when one day Jamie Fraser, an idiot, was sitting in front of the pulpit, *wide awake!* while many around him were slumbering; and the minister, unable to bear longer with his listless people, shouted out, "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as many of you are doing." Jamie, who appeared rather indignant on being thus spotted out, replied, "An' I hadna' been an idiot I wad ha' been sleeping too."

Some Strict Baptist ministers deal, like French preachers, too much in one theme, and that is fancy, which takes the fancy of the flirty and unstable. Such preachers amuse you with "the rocket-shower of brilliant and many tinted ideas," and when done, nothing remains. Others, like the old Scotch preachers, are skilled in cramming, after the manner of School Boards, endeavouring to press into one sermon as much hard thinking as the "Bramah-pressure of hydrostatic intellects can condense into the iron paragraph," considering fancy, feeling, imagery, and illustration as so much useless lumber. Others, not unlike the Irish preacher, are full of "exuberant enthusiasm," surcharged with so much explosive material that a spontaneous combustion is not unfrequently contemplated. They travel at immense speed, and are liable to leap over the line and smash up. Some preach more of St. Paul than of Christ. This we have heard to our sorrow.

Daniel Webster says, "If our ministers would return to the simplicity of the Gospel, and preach more to individuals and less to the crowd, there would not be so much complaint of the decline of religion." Many foolish persons have thought, and thought

aloud, that only a very few ministers of note now exist under the denominational title of Strict Baptists. They have witnessed the funeral of James Wells, John Forman, Geo. Murrell, and a host of minor prophets, and are anxiously waiting to pay their last tribute of satisfaction over all that is mortal of C. W. Banks, who still lives, and, to all appearance, is likely to live another twenty years.

A minister in City-road chapel was once dealing out a doleful statement of the loss the Church had sustained in the death of so many great ministers, as though all that were worth anything had been taken home, when, at the end of the sombre speech, a fiery brother, who felt himself still "in the body pent," shouted out to the top of his voice, "Hallelujah! glory be to God! that's a lie!" The good and the great in ministerial usefulness connected with our distinctive body are not all defunct. There are many illustrious men living, and we thank God and take courage. A voice from the pew is constantly calling for trained and talented men, but talent is not all that is required. People will run anywhere after sermons and discourses on Shakespeare and the stage. Nothing can be said against much the bard of Avon wrote, and we highly appreciate him as a poet and a genius, but he is not Christ, and his works are not inspired, and, therefore, should not be the all-absorbing theme of the pulpit.

There is a want of sympathy in the pew for the pulpit. Where a man does his very best, and is not proud and boastful of his ignorance, he is, at least, worthy of commendation and kind treatment. The pew unwisely takes up a parable against the pulpit, and says, "What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" Of course the fault is in the pulpit. Many suppose that, having joined the Church, they have performed at once the great active business of life. As far as the Church is concerned, such persons are of great service in the grumbling department, and, on the opposite side, some are exceedingly officious, constantly on the outlook, with a powerful magnifying glass, for doctrinal and experimental slips in the pulpit, and hypocritical innovations in the pew, and are called the bulwarks of the Church. This is little else than glorying in the flesh, and of which Cowper speaks:—

"You told me, I remember, glory, built
On selfish principles is shame and guilt;
The deeds that men admire as half Divine,
Stark nought, because corrupt in their design."

It is vain to compare the ordinary preachers of the present day with the far-famed men of former times. In some cases a pastor's life is a lazy life. Such men are little else than imposters. Others have fancied themselves qualified for the ministry, and have got into Churches, only to seduce them, and have become perfect pests and bores, and have done much to make hearers not only hard, but cruelly severe and pragmatical. Many of the "burning and shining lights" of the past were men of vast powers of mind,

endowed with extraordinary gifts, which were brought, in many cases, under considerable culture; their gifts made room for them, and they had not to work for their bread in secular callings. A man who gives an address in Parliament of three hours' length has, probably, had weeks before him to prepare himself for the occasion, and has had also an exciting audience to speak to. Whereas a minister has to preach twice, and sometimes three times, on Lord's-days, beside week evening preaching and platform speaking, and each time the same audience expects to be charmed by a variety of subjects and grand displays of eloquence. John Foster, of Newcote, who was accustomed to address the *élite* of Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, remarked that his fortnightly lecture cost him, according to his own statement, more labour than he bestowed on four or five sermons. Perhaps, if men were called to preach fewer sermons they would preach better, or at least give more thought to them. Sermons that cost little are generally worth little. If, however, the hearers realised a more prayerful and worshipful spirit, and were less worldly-minded on coming to the house of God, and ministers were more thoughtful, unctuous, and fervent, there would probably be more unity and prosperity in the Church. It is easy to suggest such things, but not so easy to perform them with effect. The Lord alone can do the work, but are we anxious that He should? People of unfixed principles are going over to open communionism; they can get their tastes pampered in that body. Some are broadening their phylacteries, and others are busy in making the entrance into the Church wider and easier of access. This is grievous and often heartrending to the faithful pastor. But the business of God's servants is to go the whole length of the Gospel, and express, and practically carry out what to them is a divine revelation, and leave the result with God.

FOOT'S CRAY.—Mr. R. E. Sears, in "Life and Light," for August, says, "Lord's-day, July 4th, was the third anniversary of our pastorate at Foot's Cray. We have preached, by God's help, the grand old Gospel of sovereign grace, and we have kept the ordinances as they were delivered by the Master. We have seen many changes, faith has been tried, but sinners have been saved, and we are encouraged to press forward. We have served a good Master, and with a grateful heart we erect our Ebenezer to His praise! For the loving sympathy we have had, for the many true friends God has given us, we thank Him. We are looking for greater things—for the conversion of many sinners, for the enlargement of our place of worship, and the greater manifestation of the Saviour's glory. 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' 'Whatever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.' 'Brethren, pray for us.' 'The God of heaven, He will prosper us.'" That is cheering.

GRAND RESTORATION OF SILVER-HILL BAPTIST CHAPEL.

MR. NORTHOVER'S FIRST SERMON IN HIS NATIVE CITY, &c.

We have known the cause at Silver-hill for many years. It is a grateful pleasure to us in being instrumental (with our indefatigable and honourable brother, Mr. J. Smith), in restoring the good old chapel, so as to render it safe and comfortable to worship in. We require £50 immediately to clear off the contractor's charge, as will be seen from the following account rendered by Mr. J. Smith, of 61, Eastgate-street, Winchester:—

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Amidst thoughts of a most multitudinous character, one oftentimes gets bewildered. Though we have seasons when thoughts have come in like floods, at the present time we are in this position—our thoughts are many, but not bewildering, and at the same time they centre on nothing but mercy. We look back over rather more than twelve months, when it was very heavily laid on our heart to repair the house built for God in this city. We had then certain questionings, like most others in a similar case. "Can we do it?" "Is it possible to do the thing as it should be done?" Now, to the many, the reply may appear easy, but to the few, apparently standing alone, the solution is not so apparent. He, however, who laid upon our hearts to do the work, gave us three things: a mind to do it, souls earnest in prayer for its accomplishment, and faith in Jehovah's faithfulness to supply His people's need. As I look back upon the every step we have been led, the way in which we have been helped, and what we have been enabled to do, I cannot but ascribe all praise to Him who has had mercy on His few poor, and has done for them exceedingly and "abundantly above what they asked or thought." Our house of prayer, once so delapidated, is now restored, and, as some friends say, "It looks like a home;" and such we hope to experience it to be. Our hearts are full of gratitude to God that He has done so much. But to hasten on. Our special re-opening services were of an exceptionally interesting character. We had announced that on Sunday, July 25, Mr. H. Hall, of Clapham, would preach two sermons; and on Monday afternoon, that C. W. Banks would preach. We were disappointed, the latter being engaged in the Eastern counties. Our services were arranged as follows, and deeply interesting and soul-comforting they were. Our brother, Mr. G. A. Northover, told the writer some time since, that he had never preached a sermon, nor had he felt called upon to do so. It would naturally be, therefore, a delicate task to undertake. Mr. Northover, however, had not only our cause at heart, but had contributed largely to the fund, and in addition to this, Winchester is his birth-place. Who more fitting to preach the re-opening sermon? Brother Hall was

the author of this idea, and we thank him. Mr. Northover, therefore, preached the Gospel to us in the morning. In the afternoon we had a prayer meeting to implore the Divine blessing. In the evening Mr. Hall preached, as he did also on the following Monday afternoon. On Monday evening, July 26, we had an excellent meeting in the chapel, at which brother Northover took the chair, and addresses were given by brothers Hall, Mower, and the writer. On Sunday, August 1, Mr. J. Bunyan McCure preached two sermons, and in the evening administered the ordinance of the Lord's supper. On Monday evening he gave us a very interesting lecture, on "A Minister's Lights and Shadows." We had excellent congregations, and the collections amounted to £8 12s. 5d., which we consider good. The presence of our gracious Lord was richly realised, and we pray that these may be but the beginning of a glorious future. Our financial position is much as follows: the total cost of the repairs and the working expenses up to date of the meetings amounted to £150 16s. 1d., the donations received, and the collections, amount to £95 19s. 0d., leaving a debt of £54 17s. 0½d. The builder presses for an early settlement, and states his willingness to wait until early in October, when we hope to have another meeting to declare the place free of debt. We lay our case before the Churches, and entreat those whom God has blessed with substance, and all who take an interest in the maintenance of the New Testament order of the Church, to assist us speedily. We have now two months to get in the money, beyond which time we do not, and cannot, expect the builder will wait, and we are too poor to raise the amount amongst ourselves. Brethren and sisters in Christ, come to our help, it is for God's truth and glory that we plead. Praying the labours of our brethren, who so cheerfully laboured in our midst, may be richly blessed, I subscribe myself, the Church's willing servant,

J. SMITH.

61, Eastgate-street, Winchester.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN SUSTAINED IN THE FURNACE.

We cannot exaggerate when we declare a more patient, and grace-sustained child of God in the furnace than the following, we never saw.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—It is with a strange and mingled feeling of heart-felt regret and deep gratitude for favours granted, that I have to inform you of the peaceful death of my father, Richard Burton. Heartfelt regret for the great loss sustained, but deep gratitude for the triumphant and happy release from his poor suffering tabernacle. You kindly called and saw him a short time since (for which he, with those near to him, have ever been grateful), hence I need not repeat particulars; but you saw how he suffered, and how great his pains were, and yet how resigned he was. His greatest fear, during the five long weary months, seemed to be lest in a moment of

human weakness he should be led to say or do something rash, and thereby not only bring condemnation and remorse into his own soul, but also dishonour on the name of his dear Lord and Master, who had kept him, and preserved him, and done so much for him. Methinks I see him now, his lips and his voice quivering with agony, breathing his almost continuous prayer, "O Lord give me patience," "Lord have mercy on my poor foot;" and surely the Lord heard him, for at last He did have mercy, and in His own good time released him from his pains, and took him quickly to Himself. Monday evening, July 5, one of the main arteries of his foot burst, and in a few minutes he lost so much blood, that in his then weakened state it so thoroughly exhausted him that he never rallied. We made every effort, but though we stopped the blood it was of no avail; in five short hours he passed away. Medical skill, the love and affection of his somewhat numerous family, loath as they were to lose so good a husband and father, all availed nothing; the word had gone forth, the prayers were answered, his ransomed spirit heard the word, Thou hast suffered enough, your seat is prepared, and now you shall have the rest you have looked for, and prayed for so long. He well knew he was going, but was unable to either see or speak for some three hours, but he was quite sensible almost to the last moment. Thus died a truly righteous man, who, during his life, only studied the path of duty, and then walked therein; ever at his post, but truly humble, amiable and kind, and, doubtless, you can bear witness with me, having known him longer than I have, that it was only to know him to love him. Oh, may we so live that our last end may be like his. His old friend and dearly beloved pastor, Mr. Hazleton, performed the last service over his body at Finchley cemetery, on Saturday, July 10, and on Sunday, 11, preached a funeral sermon, taking for his text, most appropriate, "A time to be born, and a time to die," and truly a most refreshing season we had, for the Lord our God was there. The widow and family wish to join with me in Christian love to yourself and family, and praying you may yet be spared for many years of usefulness, and that grace, mercy, and peace, may ever be your portion. I beg to remain yours in best bonds,

W. R. OLNEY.

148, St. Mary-street,
Southampton, July 16, 1880.

A FRIENDLY NOTE FOR THE BAPTISTS.

In his biography of John Bunyan, Mr. Froude says: "In the language of the time, he became convinced of sin and joined the Baptists, the most thorough-going and consistent of all the Protestant sects. If the sacrament of baptism is not a magical form, but is a personal act in which the baptised person devotes himself to Christ's service, to baptise children at an age when they cannot understand what they are doing may well seem irrational and even impious."

ANOTHER FLOWER TRANS-
PLANTED;

OR,

The Last Moments of Mary L. Kennard.
BY HER DEAR BROTHER.*For Twenty Years a Member of Ebenezer Baptist
Chapel, Bath.*

My dear sister passed away after nineteen years of pain and suffering, borne without a murmur; but always trusting in her blessed Lord and Master for strength to bear her pain and suffering. She was a weak one in herself, but strong in Christ; sometimes fearing whether she was ever one of God's children. Sometimes hardly able to put two words together in prayer; and then the devil would torment her; but she would tell him to go from her, for Christ was her Friend and Father.

On the Monday before her death, she was asked by a dear friend, "when she had had one hour's ease from pain?" and she said, "Nineteen years ago; but the Lord gave me strength to bear it." For two days and a night before her death she was rejoicing in the Lord, and it was as if I were in heaven with her. She said, "I am over." I said, "Where, dear sister?" and she said, "Over on the other side." She would shout, "Praise the Lord, praise the Lord. Amen and Amen." She seemed to be in heaven all the time. At one time when she was reclining on my arm, she hummed a hymn over; I said, "Where are you now, sister?" She said, "I am in heaven." "Ob, how sweetly they are praising Him." I said, "What are they like, dear sister?" She said, "They are all in white, and crowns on their heads." Then she sang, "Glory, honour, praise, and power," &c., right through, what she never could before, being such a weak one. At another time she would rejoice in the Lord, that it seemed as though she would carry you away with her. There were aged Christians in the room, and they said they never witnessed such a triumphant death before. Just before she died she had another sight of the better land; she said she saw all the angels and said she knew them. Friends that saw her die say they shall never forget her. We read the Word, and some of her favourite hymns, and prayed with her, then she would feel so thankful. Her father came to see her in her last moments, and she took him by the hand, and said, "Father, I am going to heaven, are you coming with me?" She was quite sensible up to the last; she would laugh and say, "Praise the Lord."

Mr. Huntley, jun., called upon her and prayed with her. She said, "I hope the Lord will bless you, and make you a blessing." I could not tell all she said, suffice it to say, she died rejoicing in the finished work of her beloved Lord.

Our dear pastor, Mr. Huntley, preached her funeral sermon on the following Lord's-day from Psalm xxiii., chosen by herself, and hymns likewise. Our pastor was much attached to her, being one of the first seals to his ministry.

Signed on behalf of her brother, through
JAS. ALLEN to WILLIAM PRICE.

"WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR OUR
SISTER IN THE DAY WHEN SHE
SHALL BE SPOKEN FOR?"

CLAPHAM JUNCTION BAPTIST CHAPEL.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I wish you to be more fully acquainted with the dealings of God towards this Church and people. The cause commenced, as you are aware, in 1871, in the little mission-room, Speke-road, and the Church was formed in 1872 with only seven members. Since then we have had sixty-eight on our books. During the first four years the Lord's-day services were conducted by Messrs. Clark, Mitchell, and Stiles, and the Lord greatly blessed the Word preached. Many were baptized, our numbers increased; so much so that we had to look round for land. We built a small chapel, which was opened and well-attended. We had not long settled down before the School Board made an application for our ground, which we were obliged to sell. We then purchased the adjoining piece, with the intention of building a second chapel; very shortly after this the School Board again made application for this also; we were then left without a place to meet in. A kind brother offered us the loan of a large school-room, free of rent, until our present chapel was built. This chapel and freehold land cost £2,550, and we have paid off £1,600, we have now a little over £900 debt. Those that know what chapel building is will quite understand what a trying time it was for a young cause of poor people. The ministers of our denomination have stood by us well, and yourself not the least of them, for which we thank you and them heartily.

SAMUEL STILES.

[This is a most central and extensive field of labour, the masses of immortal beings crowding this wide-reaching suburb, makes my heart to yearn for the power of the Holy Ghost to descend upon this hill of Zion; and as I walk around it I only cry, "Lord, make for them a man after Thine own heart; fill the people's souls with a faith full of life and power, and may they give Thee no rest until Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon them. O Lord, there is such a looking for sleek, slim, and learned Master Toppers, instead of looking for fire from heaven, that the Gospel withers into weakness; the praying and preaching are so neatly mangled out in precise folds, that it does little more than please some delicate ones for a season. O Lord, nearly all our Churches through the land are crying, 'Give us money, give us people.'" Lord, my soul cries, give us Thyself, give us power, give us the revelation of Thy Son by the power of the Divine COMFORTER, then shall

FREEDOM OF SOUL be found in the people.
FIERY FERVENCY OF PRAYER be poured out before the Lord.

FULNESS AND FATNESS shall be found in the Gospel ministry.

FELLOWSHIP WITH JEHOVAH in closet and in ordinances.

FONDNESS OF AFFECTION toward all bruised, bleeding, groaning hearts.

FORGIVING and FORGETTING of offences where repentance is manifested.

FORBASTERS OF HEAVENLY GLORY shall then be the happy lot of the Christian.

All these blessings, Lord, are promised. But—

"Self is so proud, and sin is so strong,
These bring a dark cloud, so hazy, so long,
Men say they are rich and nothing do need,
While truth falleth down to sigh and to bleed."

Nevertheless, a brighter day will dawn in God's time. So believeth the old-fashioned EDITOR.]

A NOTE FROM BANBURY.

DEAR FRIEND.—You need no hint from me to remind you of the rapid flight of time; you feel it as well as myself; but circumstances arise which, as we meet them, tend to recall the truth more vividly to the mind. Three years last 20th of June, you were on the morning of that day (memorable as the opening of our Ebenezer) teaching us humiliation, admiration, and adoration, from Numbers vii. 8; and in a retrospect of this short space, I find much cause in self for humiliation, much reason for admiration and adoration for the Almighty's long-suffering and patience with us, for His goodness, mercy, grace, and favour toward the most unworthy of His creatures.

On Sunday we were favoured with the company of our mutually-esteemed friend, Mr. J. B. McCure, who, in the morning, ministered to us very nicely from that portion of God's truth: "Unto you, therefore, which believe He is precious," describing unmistakably the character you sometimes called "new-born babes," tracing a nice analogy between such who believe with a faith the operation of the Divine Spirit, evidenced by the preciousness of Jesus in all He is and has done to and for such.

This he supplemented in the evening, taking for his text that wonderful verse, Zechariah iii. 9, taking Joshua as a typical character, representing God's people, tried, tempted, annoyed by Satan, yet saved as brands plucked out of the fire, because built upon the Rock Jehovah hath laid as a foundation, whose eyes, the eyes of justice and the eyes of Old and New Testament saints, look for cleansing from iniquity, and for clothing in which they hope for justification. Such testimony does the soul good, friend Banks. Oh, that there were more of it! I trust Jehovah's blessing has attended it among us. The services were concluded by Mr. McCure giving us an interesting review of forty years of his ministry.

As you have taken much interest in our struggling cause, I thought a line to let you know we were still existing would give you pleasure. I wish my reports could be of a more flattering character, but this is to come. I firmly believe the Lord has a work—yea, a great work—to perform in this little sanctuary. God bless you.

Yours faithfully,
JOSEPH OSBORN.

"THE CHAMPION OF THE EXTREME CALVINISTIC CLOTH COMPANY!"

"Yes!" said a very old lady, "that is the title we have given him, and it is one he well deserves; for nature seldom made a finer piece of physical mechanism; neither has Grace ever furnished a vessel of mercy with much more power of contemplation, and of converse, than the man whom God hath delighted to honour, in DEFENDING the fundamental foundation of that Divine grace which bringeth salvation."

The little country minister who had come to London for a few days, was inquiring for "TRINITY CHAPEL IN THE BOROUGH, WHERE ONE MR. THOMAS STRINGER PREACHES."

The old lady, being one of the strictest sect "everywhere spoken against," was cheered up to gladness of heart, to find a small piece of sound Baptist theology anxious to hear the man she so much admired. "I know Thomas Stringer very well," she exclaimed. "Our classical Cornwall often calls Thomas to fill his pulpit, and when such is the case I fail not to be there, if Mercy help me; and I can tell you, Mr.—what's your name? . . . Oh, indeed! Well, I assure you, Thomas fills our pulpit well; his cathedral-organ voice fills the place; and I hope I sin not if I add, the Lord fills our hearts! Well, sir, you are now in a straight line for the spot you wish to reach. Jump into one of those cars after your tea; ask the man in possession to drop you down at Trinity-street; walk up to Trinity chapel, and as this is Thursday evening, I fully expect you will, at seven o'clock, find Thomas Stringer, reading, singing, praying, and preaching with such plainness and power as you will not find in every place of worship into which you may enter in this terrible fast-growing Metropolis!"

"Thank you, kind lady," replied the country curate, and soon he started. What he thought, felt, received, enjoyed; what he told his senior deacon when he reached home; and our review of the whole, comes on in due course; as also some animadversions, or strictures on this ministry.

We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in so long delaying to conclude our notes on his conversion to God, his call to the ministry, and his character as an able advocate of the Truth, as recorded in Paul's eighth chapter of his epistle to the Romans. But it is only known to the OMNISCIENT JUDGE OF ALL how we labour to serve the cause of our Lord, and how miserably we fail.

It is of incalculable importance to remember that the mortgage on Mr. Stringer's chapel must be cleared off in October next. Special services are fixed for Tuesday, September 14. Mr. WILLIAM CROWTHER, of Gomersall, has most generously promised, the Lord permitting, to preach in the afternoon of that day, and to preside over the evening meeting. We earnestly pray all the friends of Holy Truth to put in an appearance on

that occasion; and if each and all will then either take or send their contribution, even from a penny to a pound, the solid and spacious Trinity chapel will be saved, and preserved still to the Strict Baptist denomination. While other sections of professing Christians are giving their hundreds of thousands, and while we have so many wealthy and godly men in our Churches, shall Trinity chapel be lost? No! We believe, on Tuesday, September 14, by our heavenly Father's help, the mortgage debt will be cleared.

NORWICH. — Orford-hill anniversary, July 18 and 19. That benevolent prince of helpers to Zion, who has, for many years, travelled the circuit of the Churches, Mr. Cock, of West Mersey, preached the sermons, and led on the public meeting on the Monday. "The fountain of living waters" was opened up to the view of many souls who listened to his voice, and learned from his testimony something of the fulness, the freeness, the sweetness, and life-giving grace, which from the LORD JESUS CHRIST doth flow. Our Lord gave to Paul, in his day, Eubulus, Pudens, Lois, Claudin, Luke, the gifted and gracious physician; they were generous friends to the apostles and Churches in their Gospel infancy; and now that (as some think) the aged eventide of the Gospel has set in, the same kind Providence raiseth up here and there a wealthy farmer, a rich and leading merchant, like William Beach, and others, to countenance, to comfort, and to carry off the burdens of poor ministers and Churches, to love, to labour for, and to lead on the weak and worthy inhabitants of the blessed hill country. Praise God for them! We shall be glad to hear that Mr. Beach is quite restored to health, for the Eastern counties people declare they cannot spare him. Pastor W. E. Palmer gave a report of the growth of the Church at Orford-hill, which, in every way, proved that there the Lord had commanded His blessing, for twenty-five had been added to the roll of membership during the past year. A friend says, Mr. Muskett was the pleader at God's footstool; a variety of excellent discourse proceeded from the brethren Jackson, Hosken, Horn, and the venerable father Brand, of Bungay, who still brings forth spiritual fruit. In the rear, ready for service, we noticed brethren Dye, Field, Elliott, Muskett, and Howell; but time would not wait. The chairman closed with prayer, and all sung, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." It is nearly forty years since we first preached in Norwich for the ancient B. Flory; then for the departed Mr. Muskett, who had an upper room; for Messrs. Brown, Corbitt, Tooke, and others. What changes and sorrows some Norwich believers have passed through! Still, there is a generation of witnesses for truth, and a people whose faith and hope are in the Lord God for salvation. Poor Henry Pawson, of Claxton, whom we knew when a boy, is said to be near his end. Norwich has six or seven Baptist chapels, but their spiritual temperature is only known to God.

MENDLESHAM-GREEN. — We heartily thank the Lord for sending our brother and faithful minister, C. W. Banks, to us. A good many friends met together, and we rejoiced to hear the cry of a tried believer set forth so plainly and faithfully, and also the abundant goodness of God to the crying souls, in performing all things for them. About 130 sat down to tea; in the evening brother Dearing of Crowfield read and prayed, after which brother Banks took his text from John xiv. 20, and the Lord set the preacher at blessed liberty. We heard well in the afternoon, but we heard better still in the evening. We feel sure our beloved brother C. W. Banks was quite at home in his Master's work; it was a joyful time; the Lord was with us; we were glad to see such a good feeling manifested toward brother Banks, both by the friends at Mendlesham and also by those who came from a distance. We thank the Lord for sending him once more among us; we hope it will not be the last time. The Lord does bless us at Mendlesham; our congregations are good for such an out-of-the-way place, and the preached Word is made meat and drink to the people. We have a good number of young people who attend. I believe the Lord has begun a good work in some of them; may He enable them to come forward and declare what God hath done for their souls. I wish, with all my heart, the people were more anxious to meet together for prayer. W. TOOKE, Pastor.

PRESENTATION TO MR. W. WINTERS.

The pastor's anniversary at Ebenezer Chapel, Waltham Abbey, has just been celebrated. Mr. W. Winters, pastor, preached sermons on Sunday, August 2. Mr. E. Langford preached in the afternoon from "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." A large company of friends took tea. At public meeting Mr. W. Winters presided. He made a few introductory remarks respecting the chief topic of the evening—namely, the exaltation and pre-eminence of Christ, and stated how he became connected with the Particular Baptist denomination in the town, and how he had been supported through a series of years, attended with uncommon pleasure, mingled with hard struggles and difficulties in the maintenance of what he believed to be the truth as it is in Jesus. Mr. Charles Waters Banks gave a suitable address, in the course of which he expressed the feeling of pleasure he realised in being present on so happy an occasion, and warmly urged the people to take care of their pastor, as he was likely to be called away elsewhere, being constantly required to preach in far off places. Mr. Banks also spoke of the antiquity of the denomination with which he was connected, and of the early mode of baptism instituted by Christ and supported in after ages by St. Augustine. He also stated that the present number of Baptists in Great Britain, including all classes of that body, amounted to 300,000. Mr. Matthew Branch, on the uplifting of Christ in the ministry of the

Gospel and in the practical walk of the Christian, was excellent. Mr. James Brittain, of Canning Town, spoke on the priesthood under the old covenant, and the work of the Great High Priest under the new dispensation. Mr. F. C. Holden was on the grand attributes of God, mercy, peace, and love. Mr. H. F. Noyes gave a speech on the name of Jesus. Mr. E. Langford was called upon by the friends to perform a most pleasing part of the evening's service, even to present the pastor with an excellent gentleman's leather bag, well furnished with every requisite for travelling. The inscription engraved on a plate, attached to the bag, is as follows:—"Presented to Mr. Winters, F.R.H.S., August 2nd, 1880, by his best friends." Mr. Winters accepted the present as a token of their appreciation of his labours in their midst. With evident feelings of emotion he expressed his surprise at so unexpected a gift; and with a full heart thanked his friends who had so generously and lovingly contributed towards the testimonial, stating at the same time that though he might occasionally be called to travel from them, the useful present would always remind him of his "best friends" at home. Four years ago the friends presented Mr. Winters with a handsome timepiece, which, he remarked, ever reminded him of the brevity of time, as also of the firm and unchanging love of those who gave it. The friends then sang—

"All hail, the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

The benediction closed the gratifying proceedings.

BRIXTON TABERNACLE.—Ninth anniversary of our opening was celebrated by an all-day-series of services upon Bank Holiday, August 2, 1880. A prayer meeting inaugurated the proceedings of the day, followed by a capital sermon from Mr. T. Stringer upon Judges viii. 5: "Give, I pray you, loaves of bread unto the people, for they be faint." Dinner was provided. Three addresses were delivered in the afternoon by J. Bennett, J. H. Dearsly, and W. Webb. We had an excellent tea, and a chapel full of animated hearers testified to the interest displayed in the spiritual discourses delivered by several ministers during the evening. Mr. James Lee presided, expressed his love for the pastor, and promised a donation to the collection. The amount contributed (including profits upon dinner and tea, the cost of which was generously defrayed by members of the congregation) was £21 10s. After payment of a balance in the Church accounts, &c., about £12 was handed to the pastor to take him with his wife to the seaside for a fortnight. May other Churches "go and do likewise." Joy of heart was experienced by many of the friends during the day, and ministers and people had cause, at the close of the meetings, to say, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."—P. M.

IPSWICH. — SUDDEN DEATH AT BETHESDA CHAPEL.—A solemn proof of the verity of the language, that "In the midst of life we are in death," was witnessed at Bethesda chapel, Fonnereau-rd., Ipswich, on Sunday, August 1, in the death of a gentleman, whose immortal soul was called from time into eternity in the space of a few moments. The deceased was Mr. Barnes, residing at 59, Woodbridge-road, and was 75 years of age. He had just arrived at the chapel, and occupied his seat as usual, when his son observed symptoms of illness, and immediately rendered his aid. Assistance was also rendered by others of the congregation, and deceased was carried into the vestry. Dr. Roche, passing at the time, was called in, but it was found that life was quite extinct. During the morning the body was removed to the mortuary, and an inquest held on the following day, when, from the evidence adduced, a verdict of "Death from heart disease" was returned. Mr. Barnes was formerly a farmer and resident at Ridingfield, Suffolk, and a regular attendant at the Baptist chapel, Horham. He retired from his occupation as farmer about two years since, and came to reside at Ipswich, during which time he has invariably attended Bethesda. Mr. Barnes made no profession of religion, and was a man of very few words, but, according to outward appearance, was a very consistent and humble person, and from what little conversation various persons had with him, it may be hoped that he was among the number "that thought upon His name," and we do trust that he now beholds the face of Jesus with unclouded joy, and has joined in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. He was a widower, and leaves an only son, for whom great sympathy is felt in the loss he has so suddenly been called upon to bear. How solemn such events are, and how loudly they speak to us, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh," and a solemn prayer proceeds from our inmost souls, in the language of the poet,—

"Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before Thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace."

While we know not how true the language of David may be in our own experience, "There is but a step between me and death."—B. J. NORTHFIELD, Argyle-street, Ipswich.

ENFIELD HIGHWAY.—MR. EDITOR, You will be pleased to know that the little cause yourself, Mr. Flack, and others commenced in my house at Enfield-highway has grown; and the 17th anniversary was held on July 27, in their pretty chapel, called Providence. Mr. Alfrey, the minister, was well supported by brethren in the Lord. May he be spared many years to labour among the people in peace and love.

JOHN STRICKETT.

MAIDSTONE, KENT. — Interesting services, in connection with the settlement of Mr. G. Webb, at Providence chapel, were held on Wednesday, July 28. In the afternoon, brother Meeres, of London, preached from James i. 17. Speaking of the Lord as the great Giver of gifts, said one of the good gifts to the Church was a pastor. A pastor was not a perfect gift, but a good one, and the Church should treat him as such. After a refreshing tea had been attended to, a public meeting was held, when friends from Boro-green, Malling, Ryarsh, Sutton-at-home, Meopham, Gravesend, and London, came to testify their Christian regards to the Church and pastor. Brother Dalton, Youdan, Griffith, Squirril, W. Webb, Holland, and Woods, took part in the engagements of the evening. The former pastor, our venerable brother Lingley, gave a pleasing account of his labours for fifteen years at Providence chapel; age and infirmity compelled him to resign; his heart was still with the people, and his prayer was that the Lord would abundantly bless the present pastor and the Church. After a few words from brother Collins, the deacon, expressing the pleasure and gratitude of the Church in the settlement of brother Webb, a pleasurable day was brought to a close.

HISTORY OF ST. NEOT'S CHURCH.

A little more than eighty years ago there existed no Baptist Church in this place. A few of the Lord's people were accustomed to assemble in a private house for worship. Mr. John Stevens came, and commenced a regular ministry with them on Lord's-day, October 13, 1799. In the following year a New Testament Church was organised. After about five years Mr. Stevens left; the Church had increased to seventy-three. After this the late much honoured and revered Mr. George Murrell became the pastor, who, after a pastorate of fifty-eight years, passed away to enjoy his given "crown of righteousness." Mr. Richard Bax followed Mr. Murrell to the pastorate, and after a little more than ten years went to his rest. Lord's-day, June 11, of the present year, Mr. J. Morling commenced a three months' call with a view to the pastorate, which was accepted by him on Lord's-day, March 28, and entered upon his pastoral labours the following Lord's-day. On July 11 and 13, the anniversary and recognition services were held. On the former day Mr. G. G. Whorlow preached three sermons to large and appreciative congregations. On the Tuesday, the services were commenced by singing the well-known hymn of Dr. Watts's,—

"Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings."

Mr. Jull, of Cambridge, read the Scriptures and prayed; Mr. Styles followed with a discourse full of holy doctrine, rich experience, and salutary counsel; based upon the words, "Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me" (2 Tim. iv. 17). Full 200 sat down to the tea, which was generously given by the ladies

of the Church and congregation. The evening meeting was presided over by Mr. Whorlow, and was commenced with,—

"Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake
A hearty welcome here partake."

Mr. Warren, from Little Staughton, led our devotions at the throne of grace. The chairman then presented us with some well-chosen remarks; after which Mr. Morling related some of the Lord's gracious dealings with his soul. Then followed some excellent addresses upon subjects that had been given to the brethren, in the following order: Mr. Whiting, "The necessity and advantages of united prayer." Mr. Jull, "The excellency of the Gospel." Mr. Styles, "The privileges of the Gospel ministry." The last speaker said he should not go formally into the subject, but gave them some pleasing accounts of the effects of the Gospel amongst Sunday scholars, &c. After the doxology had been sung, this pleasing, and, we believe, profitable meeting was brought to a close. Many friends came from the neighbouring Churches. About 40 came from Cambridge. The Lord enable us to do as Paul did, who "thanked God and took courage." To Him be all the praise!

PRITTLEWELL—Anniversary was July 27; W. Winters preached; friends took tea, and public meeting was presided over by Mr. Aaron Miller, who spoke with great tenderness and feeling on Divine mercy as manifested towards the Lord's people; Mr. H. Myerson dwelt on the all-absorbing theme—Divine love. Our brother Myerson has been a great sufferer for some time; we are glad he appears to improve in health. Mr. Burbridge and W. Winters spoke on the eternal light of God in Christ. Our brother Potter, the deacon, was happy. The causes of Truth in this corner of Essex are not in a flourishing condition. Rochford had good gatherings on July 25. The old cause at Thundersley is comfortable. It gladdened us to see a revival of the truth in the Churches round about the hundred of Rochford; there is a want of energy and self-denial in the leaders of many of the causes. Many genuine souls lie in out-of-the-way places that ought to be brought forward by the gentle treatment of pastors or deacons. Much of the low state of the Churches is owing, not so much to the want of real prayer, which is often offered, as to the want of steady watching and untiring energy of friends "who know what Israel ought to do." This is spoken in love by—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

SOUTH-GREEN. — Some well known worthies have often visited the cause here to encourage the friends who desire to maintain truth in its purity. Mr. Gordelier and Mr. Aikman have preached the Word with much acceptance. Also, T. Baldwin, E. P. Brown, Samuel Banks, from whom and others the Word was well received. Friends are hoping and praying to see the work of the Lord in its converting power. Hearts will be gladdened and God's Name magnified.

HAYES, MIDDLESEX.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY.

We have seen many joyful days in the service of the Lord of glory; but our

UNITED SCHOOL GATHERING, in August, in the park, kindly lent by John Wild, Esq., exceeded all we have witnessed here. The schools under Sunday training in Hayes Tabernacle, Hayes Town, Hayes Salem, and Cranford Churches, all united in one grand assembly. About 600 children went in procession, over 500 Christian friends and about 60 teachers gathered together with them. Every provision was made to nourish and amuse the young and rising races. Mr. and Mrs. John Wild, and the Misses Wild, Mr. R. C. Bardens, and a host of friends, conducted the Hayes Centenary Festival with such devotion, energy, and charitable zeal, as will be remembered for years to come. On the following day all the children and teachers belonging to the Hayes Tabernacle, were again collected together on Mr. John Wild's lawn, and enjoyed a bountiful tea. After that, each of the 250 children belonging to the Hayes Tabernacle was presented with a pocket-handkerchief, a card, and a new penny. It was a sight, on both occasions, causing many hearts to unite in celebrating the praises of our Lord God, who had so marvellously manifested His mercies to us in the increasing usefulness of Sunday-schools. God bless all the workers and winners of good. So prays—ONE WHO SAW IT ALL.

KETTERING.—Sunday evening, walking from a crowded chapel, I said inside,—

“Come, come, my soul, can this be true,
What then has Jesus done for you?
He sends to me His heavenly love,
And says He'll see me safe above.”

I have been favoured to preach twice in Providence chapel, Kettering. The place was filled with attentive hearers. The late Mr. Princeps was a man much beloved; but he has gone to his rest, and the sacred building is turned to other uses. There is still a place for Christ's Gospel here, there may be much of His blessed Word read and proclaimed to this noted “Andrew Fuller” and “Toller” town; but all the Strict causes which I have known in this growing Kettering have died out.—SORROWFUL.

BROUGHTON.—A large and populous district between Kettering and Northampton. Its church stands on the hill; its rector has been there many years, but Union chapel has the people. Some hundreds gather together there: their Sunday-school anniversary was July 6, when the venerable Professor Rogers preached some quiet, able sermons. On July 11, C. W. Banks preached morning, afternoon and evening. Between services we commemorated the New Testament Passover, and our large school had an address from our old friend the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL and CHEERING WORDS. We kept him in full work; he came to us, and left us full of joy.—OLD WOMAN.

MILL HILL COUNTRY.

Returning now to Rochdale, then onward to Heywood: seven times this week have spoken in the Name of the Lord in Rochdale, Royton, Charlesworth, and Pemberton. If all continues well with me I will have three sermons in Jireh chapel, Heywood, next Sunday. Then through London to Southend. Now, O Lord, on Thee I wait for next Sunday's message. Oh, speak to me, and through me, make

Thy Holy Word a Blessing.

How it is to be done I cannot tell; but my soul desires to be led by the Divine Spirit into clear and correct views and sanctifying experiences of the three essential branches of Divinity, whereon our right to the Tree of Life is found. These are—

1. The love of God.
2. The person and mediatorial work of the Son of God.
3. The experimental meetness for the kingdom of God, everlasting love, a risen Redeemer's intercession, and the secret, and sacred operating, sanctifying, and often-comforting power of the blessed Paraclete has for many years upheld the poor wanderer in the wilderness.

BRAINTREE.—The cause here is well supplied by those who shun not to declare the whole counsel of God. The Word has been acceptably preached of late by those earnest evangelists in the towns and villages of the Eastern counties, and elsewhere, W. Beddow, E. P. Brown, W. Beach, Esq., and others. Through the liberality of Mr. Beach the pretty chapel is quite free of debt. A youthful brother, Mr. Rose, has been lately added to the Church, and bids fair to be very useful in the denomination. We pray the Lord may teach and guide him; and the Lord's people will kindly encourage him; it is high time that wholesome word of Paul's was remembered, “Let no man despise thy youth.” While the fathers become hoary-headed in valiant and noble service for the Lord, it is a great mercy to find young men coming forth with a “Thus saith the Lord.” These are the hope of the Church, and it is to the honour of the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL that he is ever ready to lend a helping hand to every true labourer in the vineyard. Mr. Rose was recently baptized by Mr. Isaiah Smith at Great Yeldham.

KNOWL-HILL.—The anniversary was in July. The brethren Vize and Varney, with the Knowl-hill friends, assembled and listened to excellent discourses by Mr. Thomsett, of Reading. The cause is low; all who love Zion must plead for a revival from on high. It is matter of regret that the formerly energetic and acceptable supply among the Churches in these parts, our brother Brown, of Reading, has, for some time, been prevented by painful indisposition from all labour in God's cause. The brethren Vize, Varney, Clinoh, and others, still preach here. The Lord will surely send showers of heavenly blessing for the good of precious souls.

BOURNEMOUTH.—BELOVED FRIEND.—Our poor barque is tossed about, shot at by the archers, who sorely grieve us. We are refined in Zion's furnace, and often our poor souls are in the "secret places of the stairs," then the raven locks of our covenanting Jesus, enrobed and bespangled with the oozing blood-drops trickling down His lovely countenance, seem to melt us down before the "place of His feet;" this rivets our poor gazing hearts and eyes deep in His riven side; and, entwined around "the print of the nails," we unite with Thomas, and cry, and sob, and sing, and exclaim, "My LORD and my GOD." So, you observe, He does not leave us altogether. I love to revel in those deep mysteries of God's eternal purpose, treasured up in the heaving, throbbing bosom of Emmanuel, and which gloriously burst forth at Calvary, and spread its rolling tide of pardon, peace, and salvation over the guilty, tried, and distressed family of God's beloved Zion. "What must it be to be there?" To explore His veins, and to behold the unfoldings of His heart for evermore. Our friends greet thee.—**DAVID G. GARNHAM.**

ST. PETER'S.—THANET.—We heard both old Mr. Cramp and his then young son, John; have always felt a loving interest in the Baptist cause at St. Peter's. Sadly, therefore, comes to us an appeal from that place, beseeching visitors and ministers who are resting in that neighbourhood, to look in and give them a cheering word. The appeal declares the Church, congregation, and cause altogether, is very, very low. This is painful. One of the correspondents says: "I went to Mount Ephraim, Margate, Sunday last; it was full of people, and Mr. Wise preached well." When the truth of the Gospel is faithfully proclaimed, with a loving, earnest, seeking to gather, to call, to feed, to build up souls in CHRIST the SON OF GOD, it must prosper.

SWAVESEY, CAMBS.—At our anniversary Mr. John Hazelton preached two sermons to large congregations. Mr. Jull, of Cambridge, engaged with compass and power in prayer in evening. Mr. Hazelton then spoke from "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him." That sermon was full of sound doctrine, experimental, and heavenly consolation. We saw Messrs. King, of Little Gidding; Lamb, of Willingham; Willis, of Whittlesea; Plavel; Haynes, of St. Ives; J. Flory, of Boston. The collections were £14. We have a good chapel. We want a man in pulpit. Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, with deacons and friends, the brethren were made at home.

WESTHAM.—Our beloved pastor, George Elven, received nine persons into Church-fellowship at West Ham-lane on July 4—six were by baptism and three by dismission. The pastor gave a suitable address to each candidate on receiving them at the table. We found it good to be there.—**D. WORTHINGTON, deacon.**

MALDON.—After preaching at Great Yeldham three times on the Sabbath, and twice on the Monday, our esteemed friend, C. W. Banks, came and gave us a full-weight Gospel discourse from the words in St. John's Gospel, "But we believe and are sure that Thou art THAT CHRIST, the Son of the living God." For about an hour the preacher blessedly set forth the assurance of faith and its realisation in the soul. The friends were greatly encouraged by this visit, and trust it will be followed by the Divine blessing. Our brother E. P. Brown, of Coggeshall, and other friends, cheered us by their presence; and with fervent hope and prayer for the prosperity of truth here, this pleasant service was brought to a close.

LOWESTOFT is one of the healthiest seaside resorts in the kingdom; excellent beach and bathing; boating or fishing up the river, with its beautiful broad, lake-like expanses of water, where business men and ministers may refresh jaded minds and strengthen weary brains. If the Lord give his blessing, at Tanning-street chapel they can hear the truth. Brother Knight, a right genuine Englishman, labouring in business during the week, and preaching on Lord's-days, would welcome any friends and lovers of the Gospel, and glad for any brother to take his place in the pulpit—morning or evening, or both. Brother Knight's address is, 3, Parnell-terrace, Mill-road, Lowestoft.

BRIGHTON.—The Anniversary of the Bond-street Chapel Sunday-school was held on Sunday, August 15. Rev. J. Glasken, pastor, preached in the morning, from the words, "And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child"; and Mr. G. T. Congreve, of Peckham, in the evening, from the parable of "the wise and foolish builders." Mr. Congreve also conducted a special service for the young in the afternoon, at which a large gathering of visitors and friends, and several other schools of the town was present; the subject was "Little Candles, Little Jewels and Little Flowers." The utmost order and attention prevailed, and many of the scholars seemed deeply interested and impressed.

COLCHESTER.—That hard-working and indefatigable minister, Mr. Walter Brown, labours at St. John's-green with much acceptance. The chapel is commodious, having been rebuilt at considerable cost. It is encouraging to our brother to be surrounded by such an earnest band of labourers in every good work. The Church prospers; the school is flourishing; and this thriving town is well supplied with good Gospel truth by this highly favoured cause.

MARGATE.—The pastor's anniversary services at Mount Ephraim Baptist chapel were held in June in above chapel. Tuesday, July 20, public tea was provided. At public meeting Mr. Fuminger presided. Addresses were given by Mr. Sharpe, of Ramsgate; Mr. Wise, pastor; Mr. Evans and Mr. Carter, of Broadstairs.

CHATTERIS.—What with a powerful Hindoo clergymen in our Church, Mr. A. B. Hall, and his intellectual brother from the United States of America, at Zion chapel Sunday school anniversary, we have been greatly favoured. Of Zion school sermons it is said upwards of 1,000 persons listened to our energetic Alfred B. Hall, who preached from the words, "Because in Him there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel." About 300 of our children sang precious hymns. Mr. Clarke, the leader, conducted the praise devotions with superior skill. Subsequently the children's festival was celebrated in the Corn Hall and in the park belonging to J. C. Smith, Esq. The Zion friends assure us this has been one of the noblest, the most benevolent, and edifying school anniversaries they have realised for many years. Mr. A. B. Hall is fulfilling a probationary engagement.

STOWMARKET.—Baptist New Chapel.—Two brethren were baptised Lord's-day, August 1; they were both married; their wives were members; it was a pleasing sight to see the wives and their children witness the sacred and solemn ordinance administered. There are others eligible, but they are waiting for a miracle to be wrought (as many more are in other places), but we believe there will be no other miracle than the sweet, soft voice of the Spirit, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

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

G. G. WHORLOW.

"TIS A MERCY FOR ME."

Having owed you a letter, and not knowing where to begin, it seemed so stupid. I did not know what to write about, and it came to my mind that I would try and send you a poetical letter, striking upon the first note of one of the songs of Zion, and having began where the Lord began with my soul more than thirty years ago. Should you strike a much higher note, coupled with mine, we may be able to sing together some of the songs of Zion.

My dear friend and brother, I now think it right to address you as such, and send you a mite; And may it be cheering, it comes to you free, From a sinner, the vilest—this oftentimes I see.

'Tis a mercy for me the Lord ever spoke
With His life-giving voice, by which I awoke;
When sleeping in death, 'tis nature's cold grave,
'Twas Jesus's voice that's mighty to save.

'Tis a mercy for me I e'er heard His voice
When sleeping in death (I'm sure 'twas His
choice);
Election I see, and am pleased thus to find
The Lord in His goodness to me was so kind.

'Tis a mercy for me that ever I saw
My sinnership great by the light of His law—
Its thunders and lightnings it shook me to thrall:
'Have mercy upon me," aloud did I call.

'Tis a mercy for me I thus saw my sad state,
By the light of His Spirit I saw it was great;
A refuge I needed, and for it did cry,
"Oh! save me, dear Lord, or else I must die."

'Tis a mercy for me He faith did impart,
To believe in His Word, with sorrow of heart;
In my heart I did feel it, which oft made me sigh,
To Him then alone for mercy did cry.

'Tis a mercy for me I was made thus to feel
My sins and my guilt—like a drunkard did reel;
No hope in His mercy expected to find,
For a sinner so dark, so ignorant and blind.

'Tis a mercy for me no help could I find,
In works or in strivings I oft came behind.
Till at last I was brought in this to agree:
Perish I must, for no hope could I see.

'Tis a mercy for me that here I did lay,
Killed by the law, and oft-times did say,
"Oh, what shall I do? or where shall I flee,
To escape my deserts that's now due to me?"

'Tis a mercy for me His love was so great,
To look upon me in my sin-fallen state;
No goodness in me, I'm sure He ne'er saw,
For this I could see by the light of His law.

'Tis a mercy for me, for now I can see
The way the Lord takes to set the soul free;
I know it's the way, for in it we trod,
For children, you know, they oft need the rod.

'Tis a mercy for me, oh! why did He show
His mercy and kindness while travelling below?
'Tis past comprehension, more blessed to feel,
This grace it will soften this hard heart of steel.

'Tis a mercy for me that ever I sung
The sweet song of Moses, if ever begun,
I shall sing it in strains in the high courts above,
And sing it more loud with the song of His love.

From yours in love,

SAMUEL CHAPMAN.

14, Silver-street, Trowbridge.

Marriage.

On August 5, at the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansley-street, Walworth, in the presence of a numerous assembly, by Mr. J. Mead, Thomas John, eldest son of Mr. Thos. Anderson, of King's-road, Peckham, to Maria Margaret, only surviving daughter of Edwin Stacey, Esq., of 400, Old Kent-road, S.E.

Deaths.

In loving remembrance of our sweet little Mabel Emma, the infant daughter of Walter and Emma Mary Keast, of Kennington-park-road, who, while staying at Eastbourne, died, August 18, 1880. Aged 11 months and 3 weeks.

The pastor of the Dunham Massy Strict Baptist Church died, aged 69, May 25, 1880.—Mr. Adams, the Calvinistic minister of Limehouse, has recently departed this life.—Canon Miller, the evangelical vicar of Greenwich, died recently, at the age of 66. He had 20 years' successful work at Birmingham, but after a long illness he has put off his harness.—At Shoreness, on June 20, the venerable Mr. Stanford, who is a doacon of Zion, well known and beloved by many. His life and his death were in accordance with the promises of God concerning the righteous man.—Mr. Diminock, of Dacre Park, has passed away, July 13, suddenly.—Mrs. Mayhow, the beloved wife of our ministering brother, Mr. J. Mayhow; a deeply painful stroke. Mr. Joseph Mayhow's address is, 13, Roman-road, Barnsbury, N.—July 7, John Russell, the minister of Trinity chapel, Bradford. He lost his wife in February last, and has quickly followed her.—Fell asleep in Jesus, July 7, 1880, Mary L. Kennard, of Bath, aged 39 years.—On July 29, at 14, Devonshire-terrace, Notting-hill-gate (the residence of his uncle, Mr. C. Atkinson), Harry Herbert, youngest son of the late Mr. John Emery, farmer, Dulisc, St. Neots, aged 20 years.

The Godly Man's Experience,

FLOWING FROM THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL, AND FROM OTHER SOURCES.

MR. SHENSTON, MR. HAZLERIGG, MR. SPURGEON, &C.

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

EARLY in the morning of Sept. 7, 1880, when quietly walking in a far-off-provincial district, these words, “THE LORD TRIETH THE RIGHTEOUS,” came into my soul so quietly, but so certainly, that I could not forget them. All that day, in travelling home by three different trains, the sentence rolled over and over continually with me. I was engaged that evening to speak in the King's Cross Bethel, and I thought to mention this briefly; but there was something in that meeting quite overturned me, and I spoke for a few moments, not at all in a happy mood. The words, with their several branches, still cleave to me; they tell me it is “THE LORD THAT TRIETH THE RIGHTEOUS.” All the godly man's trials are from THE LORD, as Abraham's was, by the Divine express command, “Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.”

If Abraham could have told the people all around him the special command he had received from the Lord, and if they had seen him ascending the mountain to carry out this command, they surely would not have believed that God had thus commanded the ancient patriarch, nor, methinks, would they have permitted him to execute it. But the matter laid only between Abraham and his God.

From this pattern, and from Job, and others, it is clear that it is “the Lord that trieth the righteous.”

England, in her Protestant constitution, in her worship of the God of Israel; England, with her Bibles everywhere, with her churches and chapels, halls and meeting-houses; England, with her thousands of devoted followers of CHRIST, and with her millions of people; England has been a righteous nation. ENGLAND IS NOW ON HER TRIAL. The winds of materialism are blowing on her hills and in all her valleys; the waves of atheism are dashing on her shores; and between the two she is rocking and rolling more seriously than her children generally are aware of. Of this more fully presently. To the true, spiritual, and sanctified godly man, this is a trial. The Almighty is trying the nation, this highly favoured but much deluded country.

There are some righteous ministers; and how severely many of them are tried. Their fathers were tried before them, and the sons have their bitter share.

Righteous deacons are tried. The truly godly deacon runs not from his post because the parson and the people awfully worry his poor soul. Like deacon Peacket (whose experiences our readers may examine

some day), the honest, earnest, single-eyed deacon stands fast by his Master's cause. Let us, by-and-bye, show how fearfully he is tried.

There are righteous members in the Church; not careless, undecided, unfruitful creatures, but truly righteous believers. Let us see how they are tried.

There are righteous seekers after the Lord; silent listeners, quiet, praying, thinking walkers. O! how they are tried. One T. S. Shenston has come forward in a most acceptable manner in one of the weekly papers, in defence of one of John Newton's hymns, which said hymn has been much insulted, despised, and cruelly spoken of, by many of the young evangelists of the present age. This Mr. Shenston says:—

"I have observed that for some few years past a 'bad name' has been given to that beautiful hymn of Newton's—

" 'Tis a point I long to know."

"This 'cry' originated thus:—Some few years since the prominent key-note of several evangelists then in this country, was that it was the positive duty of every Christian to be *positively assured of his salvation*, and if he was not, it was not only his own *fault*, but a *positive sin*, it being a wilful disbelief of God's own Word, etc. This was the main plank in their platform, and they therefore considered themselves in duty bound to denounce

" 'Tis a point I long to know."

"Since then many a young man has put a Bagster's Bible under his arm and imagined himself a full-fledged evangelist, and as such was in duty bound—first, to tell all Christians that 'he' doubted their Christianity 'if they did not positively know and fully realise at all times and seasons that their names were written in the Lamb's book of life,' and secondly, that the hymn that was doing a great deal of harm was—

" 'Tis a point I long to know."

"Up (or down) to the time named I never recollect of having heard this hymn, *when rightly understood*, seriously assailed, but since then it has become epidemic, especially among evangelists.

"When a 'cry' like this has once made the headway that this has, it appears impossible to arrest it, and I suppose we must submit to bear it and to hear soon of this hymn being buried. It is now left out of some of our hymn-books. Before it is entirely covered up allow us to have one more parting look at it:—

" 'Tis a point I long to know,—
 Oft it causes anxious thought,—
 Do I love the Lord, or no?
 Am I His, or am I not?
 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard His name.

 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?
 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
 Thou who art Thy people's sun;

Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.' ”

WHO SHALL DARE TO BURY IT?

This vain spirit that would laugh at, ridicule, and condemn this

“ 'Tis a point I long to know ; ”

is the spirit that lifts up its proud head with scorn, and pours derisive contempt upon the much-exercised, the chastened, and afflicted children of God at the present time; but so long as there are some souls sharply tried, as Heman expresses himself in Psalm lxxxviii.; so long as there is a generation of those righteous ones of whom the Lord God speaketh by Zechariah: “ I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried,” so long the severe, the essential, the useful discipline of the LORD will sing or sigh over that hymn. See, we must have—

1. The knowledge of the reality and eternity of the soul's existence; for until the SPIRIT OF GOD pours life into the soul, and shines with a holy light upon the soul and its surroundings, it knoweth nothing of its existence, of its deserts, or of its danger. What did the ancient Deborah mean when she so exultingly cried out, “ O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength?” She meant the strength of the strong man armed had bound her fast in the bonds of spiritual death, darkness, and delusion; but, by the Spirit and grace of God, she had risen above, and fled out of that awful prison.

2. The claims of the holy law of God upon the soul are also unknown until the soul is brought into the furnace of God's righteous judgment. Then, continued the Almighty, “ They shall CALL ON MY Name; and I will hear them; I will say, It is My people (and *then*): they shall say, The LORD is my GOD.” So long as those three books are in the centre of the Bible—Job, the Psalms, and Solomon's Song—so long will the sanctified and saved children of God fully understand that ponderous Scripture: “ It is through much tribulation ye must enter into the kingdom of God.”

Let us notice more fully Mr. Shenston's criticism. Coming to the conclusion that John Newton's experimental hymn is to be consigned to the dark tomb of oblivion, he says:—

“ To save some trouble in the future, I would suggest that the grave be made large enough to receive the following also:—

“ How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see !
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me.’

“ Also:—

“ Will God for ever cast me off ?
His promise ever fail ?
Has He forgot His tender love ?
Shall anger still prevail ?
I call His mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before :
And will the Lord no more be kind ?
His face appear no more ?’

“ Also:—

“ ‘ Encompass'd with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hope to resign ;
I pant for the light of Thy face,
And fear it will never be mine :
Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
I sink at Thy feet with my load ;
All plaintive I pour out my song,
And stretch forth my hands unto God.’

“ Also:—

“ ‘ Oh, that I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God !
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.’

“ To those who accused the woman of adultery, Jesus said : ‘ He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.’ In like manner I would say, let those Christians—and *only those*—whose religious experience has never harmonised with the sentiment of this hymn, dig the grave and attend the funeral. If this plan should be adopted the grave would not, I think, be finished before the Lord came, and then we should all give a helping hand, and while thus employed might sing together:—

“ ‘ Not a care is hovering o'er me,
Not a shade is on my brow,
For my soul is stayed on Jesus,
And my trust is in Him now.

Yes, sweet Saviour, Thou art with me,
And I revel in Thy love,
For I know, *complete in Thee*, Lord,
I shall dwell *with Thee* above.

Not a care is hovering o'er me,
For I am complete in Thee,
Soon I'll sing the rapturous story
Of Thy matchless love to me.’

“ If the grave is to be dug by the class I name, I do not know where they will be found. David, were he alive to-day, instead of digging, he would be saying, ‘ How long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord? For ever? How long wilt Thou hide Thy face from me?’ ‘ My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?’ ‘ 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?’ David would, evidently, make a poor grave-digger.

“ Suppose we call up Robert Hall and ask him to dig a bit? He would, I think, lean on his spade and say, ‘ I am harassed with such violent temptations, from morning till night, and from night till morning, with scarce a moment's intermission, that I am utterly weary of life and ready to despair. It seems as if I must one day perish by the hand of this accursed Saul.’ To a young friend who could sing nothing else but

“ ‘ 'Tis a point I long to know,’

he says : ‘ Do not cease your struggling, because your struggles *seem* to avail nothing; but continue! Could I but tell you how often I have been brought to my wits' end—how often I should have chosen strangling and death rather than life—I know how wrong it is to feel so, but that does not help me to feel otherwise.’

“Brainard, Cowper, Bunyan, and a host of such men would positively refuse to dig a spadeful.

“ ‘Tis a point I long to know!’

Who would dig such a grave if the above-named qualifications were required of the diggers?

“ ‘But,’ say the evangelists, ‘it is the *privilege* of every Christian to be assured.’ I would say in answer that it was the ‘*privilege*’ of the writer of ‘ ‘Tis a point I long to know,’ etc., to write:—

“ ‘The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there *have I*, as vile as he,
Wash’d all my sins away.’

“ Also:

“ ‘When darkness long has veil’d my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wand’ring heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.’

“ Also:

“ ‘I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev’ry grace;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.’

“ Also:

“ ‘Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
‘Tis mine to obey, ‘tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.’

“ Also:

“ ‘How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer’s ears!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears.’

“ Also:

“ ‘Come, my fellow-sinner, try,
Jesus’ heart is full of love!
O that you, as well as I,
May His wondrous mercy prove.

He has sent me to declare
All is ready, all is free;
Why then should my soul despair,
When he sav’d a wretch like me!’

“ ‘Oh,’ say these defamers, ‘it is only “ ‘Tis a point I long to know” that we wish to blackball. We very much like many of Mr. Newton’s hymns. We do not like this particular one, because it expresses *doubts* in a matter where it is the Christian’s *duty* to have full assurance.’

“ Assuming such reasoners to have this full assurance, I would answer: would you have all the lighthouses pulled down as soon as you have once passed them? Would you have the schoolhouses pulled down as

soon as you have graduated? Should not our poetry as well as our sermons and books deal with every phase of Christian experience? Was not Robinson Crusoe delighted at finding the track of a human foot in the sand? and why?

“Read this short extract from the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress:’ ‘When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, ‘Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear none ill, for Thou art with me!

“‘Then was he glad, and that for these reasons:—

“‘First, because he gathered from thence that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself.

“‘Secondly, for that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state; and why not, thought he, with me? though by reason of the impediment that attends this place I cannot perceive it.

“‘Thirdly, for that he hoped, could he overtake them, to have company by-and-by.

“‘So he went on and called on him that was before; but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by-and-by the day broke; then said Christian:—

“‘He hath turned the shadow of death into morning!’

“If they should succeed in getting this hymn buried, I would suggest that the following epitaph be put on the tombstone:—‘Sacred to the memory of a dear and faithful friend, who, for the last 115 years, personally sympathised with every Christian reader of the English language throughout the world. Death was occasioned by the over-anxiety of certain evangelists to make new and startling announcements whereby they might be distinguished from the ordinary ministers of the Gospel.’”

We make no apology for the space occupied by the above quotations. We prayerfully trust the Lord God will bless the effort we are here led to make in order to “COMFORT” the sorrowing, the seeking, the tempted, the tempest-tossed heirs of eternal glory, who cannot “read their titles clear to mansions in the skies.”

We have recently read a sermon by Mr. Hazlerigg, on

THE LORD’S LEADINGS OF HIS PEOPLE.

Which discourse is worthy of the serious, the prayerful perusal of every one concerned to know that his salvation is secured in the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Towards the end of the discourse

MR. HAZLERIGG SHEWS

Why it is that so many professors of the Gospel are so heady, so high-minded, so censorious, so full of pride, and presumption. On this mysterious and difficult subject Mr. Hazlerigg says, one of the ends to be answered by the Lord’s leadings is to make them know what is in their hearts. “How many professors you will meet with who do not know what is in their hearts! I sometimes meet with persons who seem to know a great deal about the doctrines, and how to set their fellow-creatures right; but when it comes to themselves, I have a shrewd suspicion that they do not know what their own hearts are really made of, and that they have never been let into the depths of the evil of their own hearts by Divine leading. It is not the man who has a few notions

about the evil of the heart in his head who is acquainted with the true nature of that evil. The man who is divinely taught and led is alone conscious of the baseness of his heart. He is made to truly feel what the poet says:—

“ ‘ Lord, what a wretched, wretched heart
I feel from day to day.’ ”

Now, this man knows what is in his heart. We read in Scripture, that those living creatures in Revelation iv. had eyes without. Yes; but they had something more than that—they had eyes *within*. If God is leading and teaching you, He is showing you something of what is within. I often think that some persons would be very, very much more profitable to the Church of God, and very much less troublesome to it, if only they had these eyes within; if they had plenty of home-work to do; if their consciences were but ransacked; if the Spirit of God was but leading them; if they were but shown what is in their hearts. O! friends, those who remember the way God has led them know that His leading humbles them; for among the things done for them by these leadings is, to make them know the things that are in their hearts.”

Although we never heard Mr. Hazlerigg preach, from this discourse we are convinced he is a safe, clear, consistent, and honest minister of the Gospel. We feel it calls for much thankfulness unto the Lord, that while we have lived to see the whole race of faithful ministers called home, even from William Huntington down to James Wells, including William Gadsby, John Warburton, John Kershaw, and very many more, we have also lived to see another generation raised up to occupy those pulpits into which none must enter but those patronised by the *Standard*. We are most happily free from any yellow fever on this account. Nevertheless, the Popish spirit of some, and the sycophantic worshipping of many of them, creates in us a pitiable disdain, because in it all there is the direct opposite of the Spirit, the practice, and the teaching of “the MASTER” whom they profess to follow.

We dearly love TRUTH wherever we find it; hence, while writing this little paper, there comes to us

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON,

which belongs exactly to the subject we have in hand, therefore, we hesitate not to refer to it; although by some we may not be considered quite sound for so doing. As we have no *party* to please, no patron to threaten—as we belong to no one, and no one belongs to us, in the servitude sense—we only seek to be of some use to the poor bruised saints of God, and to help them. We will, God helping, gather up our witnesses to prove that—

“THE LORD TRIETH THE RIGHTEOUS”

from every available source. Well, here is C. H. Spurgeon. He says:—

“SOMETIMES OUR FAITH, LIKE OUR SIGHT, IS NOT QUITE CLEAR.

“You do not always see, I suppose, equally well. There are many things that affect the optic nerve, and we know that in fair weather we can see a longer distance than we can in cloudy weather. I was at Newcastle some time ago, in a friend’s house, and when I went up to the top window and looked out, he said, ‘There’s a fine view, sir, if you

could but see it; we can see Durham Cathedral from here on a Sunday.' 'On a Sunday!' I said, 'how is that?' 'Well, you see all that smoke down there, all those furnaces, and so on; they are all stopped on a Sunday, and then, when the air is clear, we can see Durham Cathedral.'

"In a moment I thought—ah! we can see a great deal on a Sunday, when the smoke of the world is gone for a little time; we can *see all the way to heaven* then; but sometimes, what with the smoke we make in business, and the smoke the devil makes, and the smoke that sin makes, we can scarcely see anything at all. Well, since the natural sight has to undergo variations, both from itself within and from the smoke without, and from the state of the weather, we must not wonder if our faith undergoes variations too. It *ought not* to do so, but sometimes it does.

"There are seasons when we realise that Christ is ours. Glory be to His Name. If all the devils in hell should speak to the contrary, yet we know that our Beloved is ours, and that we are His. We are sure of it. Though all the angels in heaven should come and deny it, we would face them out and say, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.' But there are other times when the same believer sings Newton's hymn (but whenever he does, he ought to sing it alone, for fear anybody should catch the contagion of it)—

" 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not? "

"There are hours when some of us would be glad to creep into a mousehole, or hide ourselves in a nutshell. We feel so little, so insignificant. Our faith is at so miserable an ebb, that we know not what to do. Well, let us not be astonished, as though we were not the children of God, because of this. *Everything that has life has variations.* Life is full of these changes; do not wonder, then, if you experience them."

As to *catching* the contagion of Newton's hymn, it is a fact this sharp exercise springs up in every tempted soul, and it is the smoke from Satan, from sin, and from the world, that so often causeth the troubled child of God to exclaim, "Is His mercy clean gone for evermore?"

My time, my space, my limit is filled. I must adjourn to a future time. Hoping to be useful in taking forth the precious from the vile, I am the poor servant of the poor people,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Elder Trees, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
September 10th, 1880.

God looks not at the oratory of your prayers, how elegant they may be; nor at the geometry of your prayers, how long they may be; nor at the arithmetic of your prayers, how many they may be; nor at the logic of your prayers, how methodical they may be; but the sincerity of them He looks at.

LETTER FROM MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S BROTHER,
HESSEL,IN REFERENCE TO THE STATE OF HIS MIND AND HIS DESIRE TO
STAY IN THIS COUNTRY.*To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."*

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Last month, when I presided at the prayer meeting in the schoolroom of Speldhurst-road, South Hackney, my heart was deeply moved within me, when I heard so many brothers pray for the spiritual welfare of my dear brother, who only arrived in England a few weeks ago. I felt perfectly certain that their prayers would not be in vain. I have much pleasure to forward to you a translation of the last letter which my dear brother addressed to me a few days ago, as it is the most precious news to me. It was for this that thousands of my friends all over the country, and myself, have prayed for. By the accompanying letter you will see what God has done for his soul.

May the good work begun continue to the end. And may He, whom my brother has despised so many years, be most dear and near to him.

O! what shall we render unto God for His great goodness and mercy. Oh, that we may be enabled by His Spirit to praise Him more and serve Him better, and glorify His sacred Name.

I remain, my dear Christian brother,
Ever truly yours in Jesus,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

2, Penshurst-road, South Hackney,
September 18.

TO MY HONOURED AND BELOVED BROTHER, ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,—Honour, joy, and peace with you! It is with inexpressible joy that I humbly endeavour to write to you a few lines. Where to begin, and how to continue to write, I do not know. My mind is so full of thoughts, and my soul is so melted in me that I must exclaim, Who is sufficient for all this? My dear Isaac, since I resided in the establishment of the Rev. H. A. Stern I have become a new creature. To a great extent it was a most painful operation, and yet, in another view, it was a most blessed one. When I first began to take instruction from Mr. Stern, I certainly thought very much of myself. I certainly thought that I was what the Jews in Russia took me to be—namely, a man of great knowledge and wisdom. But Mr. Stern has taken all my pride and conceit out of me; and never in my life have I felt so much my ignorance. I certainly never expected to find a missionary so well versed and thoroughly learned in Jewish literature. I firmly believe there is no Rabbi among the Jews who knows so much of Judaism as Mr. Stern.

Thirty years have I wasted in this world, living a life of foolishness, bigotry, and fanaticism. But, thanks be unto God, that He has at last revealed His mercy unto me. There is, you remember, a Jewish saying, When the burdens of the Israelites become heavier, a Moses is prepared to deliver. So in my case, when my fanaticism and self-righteousness had grown to a climax, I came to England, and, providentially, Mr.

Stern undertook to give me daily instruction, which has, indeed, been to me the means of a great deliverance. If ever Israel felt the Egyptian bondage bitter, I felt it much more bitter to be in my fanaticism. If liberty to Israel was sweet, to me it is much sweeter; the joy of my heart I cannot describe, only God in heaven knows my heart.

My dear brother, I truly believe in that Name which you preached the other evening when I heard you in Oxford-street, Soho (Mr. Box's). I only wish I could be sure that He will pardon me for having spoken so much against that sacred Name. O! what a wonder that Jesus should have condescended to look upon me. My dear brother, I must also inform you that our dear father asked me, in his letter the other day, to return home as soon as possible. But how can I leave England? I am determined to remain here. I will avail myself of the pleasure and privilege of learning more of the doctrines of Christianity, for they are most sweet.

My dear brother, I feel quite determined not to go back to the Jews, for how shall I live, seeing I cannot longer believe in Judaism? If I perish, I perish; but I must remain a Christian, and I will be quite satisfied that whatever the Lord will do to me will be for my best. I now hasten to express my sincere thanks to you for having taken so much interest in my spiritual welfare. May God repay you for all your trouble, dear Isaac. Pray for me. God bless you. Amen.

Your ever-loving brother,

HESSEL LEVINSOHN.

September, 1880.

THE BANNER OF SALVATION UNFOLDED.

BY DANIEL ALLEN.

To MR. C. W. BANKS, *Editor of "The Earthen Vessel."*

MY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Love in the Lord Jesus to you. I wish to write you a line upon salvation and eternal things, if it please the Lord, in the gift of His heavenly love, wisdom and truth.

Jesus is emphatically called Salvation. "Mine eyes have seen Thy Salvation," said the venerable Simeon; and also Jacob, "I have waited for Thy Salvation." "He shall be for Salvation unto the ends of the earth," says God the Father. "His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins," said the angel to Mary. John also declared concerning Him, "All flesh shall see the Salvation of God."

Thus, then, Jesus is Salvation. He is become *our* Salvation. Now, why is He so named? Because in Him is contained all our salvation. By Him it was all accomplished; and in Him it is all seen by all believers.

Are we poor sinners saved from sin in its awful guilt? it is by Him; from devils? it is by Him; from hell? it is by Him; from death? it is by Him; from corruption? it is by Him; from temptation? it is by Him; from tribulation? it is by Him; from grief? it is by Him; from men? it is by Him; from calamity? it is by Him. If we are saved from self, it is by this blessed Saviour; if we are saved when under the curse of the law, it is by Him; if we are saved in the hour of death, it is by Him; if we are saved in the day of judgment, it is by Him. Thus He is our

Salvation. In Him, the Father, from all eternity, was planning salvation. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, in justice and mercy.

Now, of what does this salvation consist?

It consists in an honourable compensation to the justice of God for the crimes we have, do now, and shall commit. This we cannot do by our good works. Therefore, it is done in Jesus, by the imputation of our sins to Him, and by His enduring all the curse due to them by Divine justice—our sins, His sins; our curse, His curse; our death, His death; our judgment, His judgment; our grave, His grave; our hell, His hell; our damnation, His damnation; our sorrow, His sorrow; our shame, His shame; our reproach, His reproach; our burden, His burden. Now, this is how He is salvation.

Then we have the bright side of salvation by Him—namely, His blood, our pardoning blood; His merits, our innocence or holiness; His righteousness, our righteousness; His victory, our victory; His reconciled God and Father, our reconciled God and Father; His heaven of honour, glory, peace, and love, ours. All His ours, all ours His; or rather, all ours was made His—nature, sin, and hell; all His is now made ours—nature, merits, and glory.

“Nothing but sin we Him can give,
Nothing but love will He return.”

Now, this is salvation in Him.

“Salvation, oh, the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.”

Who is this salvation for?

Those who love it, certainly. “Let those who love Thy salvation say continually, Let the Lord be magnified.” The Lord’s dear people love salvation before they can claim salvation and say, “He is become my salvation.” I did, nine years, during which time I used to cry frequently to Him—

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

“Say unto my soul, I am thy Salvation,” must precede, “Thou art Mine; I have redeemed thee;” and these two must go before. “Behold, God is my Salvation.” Solemn supplication to Him, Divine declaration from Him, and holy exclamation before Him.

Now, since this has taken place in my soul, after the foregoing manner, I have loved the Saviour and the saved. His love has melted my bowels of compassion, to feel the sorrow of *them*. Hence enclosed is another draft for £5 for the Lord’s tried ones. A Saved One sends £1 for Mr. James Harrison, “the worn-up minister” named in your May number, and £1 to Mr. Geo. Doggett, 35, Gibson-square, London, N.; £1 to E. E. Hinkley, St. Leonard’s, Golden-road, Clapton, E. Another Saved One sends £2 to Brother Thomas Stringer, who is in need of help. The Lord Jesus bless them, and you also, dear brother. You will please to pardon our naming the saved ones to whom this fruit of Jesus’ love is to be distributed. This is entirely of the Lord; we do not know why—

at least, I do not—only that these have been named to me by the donors. The only thought that pervades my own heart in this strange way of stipulation, is this: these named have cried unto the Lord, and their cries have entered into His ears, and this is His way of answering them in this matter.

But why need I detain you thus, inasmuch as you have made an appeal on their behalf. I trust that those who have been blest to receive salvation from the Lord Jesus will ever in compassion remember the needy members of His body, in the love they bear to His Name.

I have often thought of dear Obadiah's feeding two fifties of the Lord's servants in two caves during the famine in Israel. Dear fellow, he must have spent the whole of his income upon these servants of God. Yea, his life, too, he put in his hand, because of the wrath of the king. It was in this way he proved that he feared the Lord.

The Lord Jesus bless you very much. I remain,
Your very affectionate brother in the Lord,
DANIEL ALLEN, *Pastor.*

Sydney. July 9. 1880.

LIGHT FROM THE CROSS.

THE PROTESTANT PULPIT IN GERMANY.

SERMON literature in Germany is said to be exceedingly rich. The congregations are not, as a rule, large; but sermons are published in considerable numbers. The great Schieirmacher said, minute preparation detracted from the freshness of preaching, which ought to be

“The outgushing of a full soul;”

and this “outgushing” was amazingly realised in

THOLUCK'S PREACHING.

All his thoughts revolved round the Person of CHRIST. Oh! this Tholuck expresses himself as having the heavenly fire of God's love in his soul. His heart burned with a deep, passionate love to the Saviour. He said, “I have but one passion, and it is HE, ONLY HE!” Yes, friends, what the hidden God is, is only revealed to us in Christ; and what the mysterious human heart is, thou only discoverest in His presence. When I behold Him, Son of God and Son of Man, then it flashes upon me that I also am of Divine race; and just so, when I behold Him, floods of tears burst forth, because, alas! God's image in me is shamefully defaced, and that serves in me which should rule. In presence of His obedience I learn my disobedience, in presence of His humility my pride, in presence of His mercy and loveful heart my cold, loveless heart. And as I stood, overwhelmed with shame and confusion, a voice spoke from the throne of glory: Weep not, the Lion of the tribe of Judah has prevailed. Dost thou desire to be made whole? I said: Yea, Lord, Thou knowest how much! Then He said: My son, be of good cheer; thou art made whole. Rise and follow Me! And I followed Him, and lo! I learnt that He did not deceive me when He said: He that believeth in Me hath eternal life.” “Holy Love, I passed Thee by without knowing Thee, as Thou layest concealed under

the veil of nature; I was dimly conscious of Thy presence, and my heart glowed with desire. Since I beheld Thee in the Son of God, who goes after the lost sheep and invites the weary and heavy-laden, I see Thee face to face, bow the knee before Thee, and cry: Eternal love, pass me not by—me, the poorest of Thy children!" "Ah, did I not once sacrifice to the gods of this world, like Thy people Israel, and did not Thy prophets come one after another and invite me to the living God, and in my blindness I despised them, and restraining Thy thunders and lightnings Thou art come to me as to Elijah, in the gentle sighing of the wind! Ah, long-suffering love, by this long-suffering of Thine I have learnt to be patient with the transgressions of my brethren, and to wait weeks, months, years for their repentance, as Thou hast waited." "Once, ere the Son of God had taught me the name of Father, I cried: Infinite One, to whom I pray, without having a name for Thee! My soul trembled at the thought of His infinity, and cried: Thou King of kings and Lord of lords! But my soul shuddered as it thought of the sceptre of righteousness which this King bears. Now I call Him *Father*, and my soul's inmost longing is satisfied by this name."

Indeed, the foregoing is a full development of a living Christ in a Divinely-begotten soul, through the power of the Eternal Spirit.

We hear much talk of the Holy Spirit having partially left us. We have had our fears. There is much of a death-like dryness in the preachers of our times. But the soul that is in union with CHRIST knoweth the HOLY GHOST is not gone. Nevertheless, we have cause to plead for such a renewing baptism as some in Germany and in Italy are experiencing, as we purpose to prove to our readers.

THE JEWS—THEIR PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

(Continued from page 207.)

THE GREAT DAY OF ATONEMENT.

IT may be truly said, that of all the peoples and tribes on the earth, none are so devout, and so solemnly observe the ordinances which are established as the Jews. There is no day in the year which they observe with more reverence and solemnity than the great day of atonement. It is the holiest of holy days, and perhaps there are no Jews so devout to their religion as those in Palestine, Russia, and Poland.

It would be difficult to find throughout Europe, or any country in which the peculiar destinies of the Jewish race appear more distinctly than in Russia and Poland. Although brought in contact daily and hourly with members of the Russian and Latin Churches, they lose not in any degree the slightest portion of their distinctive creed. They observe with the utmost exactness the order of their religious feasts, according to the time and seasons observed elsewhere by their brethren.

Although the profession of their faith often exposed them in the tyrannical country of Russia to persecution, to the sneer and mockery of the Greek and Roman Catholic, yet the more they were persecuted, and the more laughed and sneered at, they were more devout to the law of Judaism.

Alas! to the shame of Christendom, everywhere the innocent, pious, and harmless people were so severely persecuted. Yet, most interesting to observe, that nowhere did they ever endeavour to disguise their name and escape persecution and reproach of their neighbours. They had in their possession the Book of books, given to *them* by *their own* lawgiver. They read this blessed Book in the very language given to them, read the prophecies in the very language in which the prophets spake. Thanks be unto God for that nation and that nation's laws, which has become the great blessing of the Gentiles all over the civilised world.

The Jews, although one united family on the earth, as a religious body are divided into four great sects:—(1) the strictly orthodox; (2) the reformers; (3) the radical reformers; and (4) the Chasidim.

The strictly orthodox Jews are, perhaps, the most faithful adherents to the Talmudical laws and the general ritual.

The reformed Jews are very numerous in Russia, Poland, and also in Germany. They openly defy and denounce the divine origin of Rabbinism. But still biased by its antiquity, they desire their ordinances to be modified, and not abrogated. Nothing but what is burdensome and contrary to the Word of God must be repealed, otherwise, say they, we lose our national character and all marks which stamp us as a distinct people.

The radical reformers attack the very root of Judaism. They altogether denounce the order of Rabbinism, are resolved to exclude themselves from the established Synagogue, and participate in nothing which is based on the oral law; the reason of it is, because the Jewish orthodoxy is so much based on Talmudic absurdities, its doctrines, many of them, entirely senseless.

The Chasidim are the most peculiar of all sects, peculiar to the Jews as the Shakers to Christians. Of them it may be said, they are a sect of sects. Where they are thinly populated their influence is small; but where their numbers are large their influence is large too. They are bitterly opposed to their brethren who differ from them, and are even dangerous. They are the most fanatic, ignorant, and most unbusiness-like people among the civilised countries on the earth; many of them do not attend to any business at all, but spend their time in their synagogues, reading the works of their Rabbis, and are only supported by the congregation, on whose kindness only they live. However much all these aforesaid sects differ; yet whenever the great day of atonement comes, they are united in one spirit of devotion, beg each other pardon for past offences, and endeavour, as much as possible, to go to the synagogue with clear hearts, possessing no malice nor hatred to any of their offended brethren.

On the day before the great day of atonement every one must be immersed, and thereby prepared for the fast. Sacrifices also must be offered unto the Most High. Blood must be shed; for without blood there is no remission of sin.

Every male member purchases a cock, and every woman a hen. Each innocent creature having their legs tied, the pious Jews will then take the cocks and repeat the following cabalistic prayer, composed for the occasion: "The children of men that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and in iron, He broke their bands asunder; if there be for him an angel, an intercessor, one among a thousand, to

show unto men His uprightness, then He is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down into the pit, I have found a ransom." The devout worshipper whirls the cock round his head three times, saying: "This is my atonement, this is my ransom; this cock goeth to death, but may I be gathered and enter into a long and happy life, and into peace." The male, after performing this ceremony, then assists the female members of the family in the performance of a similar rite. Every child performs the same, exactly as the parent. A pregnant woman is commanded to take two hens and one cock and perform the aforesaid ceremony. One hen for herself and the other for the unborn infant; the hen lest it should be a girl, and the cock lest it should be a boy.

The service in the afternoon is attended with great earnestness, after which all return to their homes for the last meal before the great fast. After the meal, all beg each others forgiveness for offences during the past year. This done, they then go again to their synagogues. On entering, every male must take off his shoes from his feet; then prostrating themselves on the ground whilst others in the synagogue, standing with leather thongs, inflict a chastisement of forty stripes on the prostrated worshipper.

As soon as the sun is set, the *yom kippur* is proclaimed. Candles, which are brought by every worshipper, are lighted. Every male must be dressed in white, wearing also his *talet*. No leather shoes or boots must be worn, nor anything made of calf-skin, in sad remembrance of the worship of the golden calf. From that evening until the following sunset, no food must be partaken, no water must be drank; every member of the Jewish congregations must abstain for twenty-four hours from all food and drinks. The following morning, which is *the great feast*, the morning prayers begin at six o'clock, which last for about six hours; then the afternoon service, lasting for about four hours; then the evening prayers, lasting till quite sunset. During some of the prayers of the day, and especially in the evening, the cries and lamentations are most heart-rending.

The following is one of the many prayers: "Our God, and the God of our fathers, may our prayers come before Thee, and conceal not Thyself from our supplications; for we are not so shameless of face and perverse as to declare in Thy presence, O Lord our God, and the God of our fathers, that we are righteous and that we have no sin; for, verily, we have sinned, we have trespassed, and have dealt treacherously. We have robbed; we have spoken slander; we have committed iniquity; we have done wickedness; we have acted presumptuously; we have committed violence; we have framed falsehood; we have devised evil counsels; we have uttered falsities; we have scorned; we have rebelled; we have blasphemed; we have been refractory; we have courted iniquity; we have transgressed; we have oppressed; we have been stiff-necked; we have acted wickedly; we have corrupted; we have committed abominations; we have erred; we have led others astray; and we have departed from Thy commandments, and from Thy good institutions, and which have not profited us. But Thou art just in that which is come upon us; for Thou hast dealt truly, and we have done wickedly." At the end of the service the horn is blown; then the whole congregation cry out aloud, "*Leshanah haboh Bejorashalem*" (next year in Jerusalem).

A SACRED EXPOSITION OF AN ANCIENT TYPE.

[In reading the following, pray do so with your open Bible, turning to, and carefully examining every quoted text. It will well repay you.—Ed.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In the August number of **THE VESSEL** "Questions about the Leaven" are given by "A Watcher," for the consideration of your readers, and for any replies these questions may suggest.

I.—WHY was the unleavened bread used at the Passover called "the bread of affliction?" (Deut. xvi. 3). If this phrase be not used parenthetically, then Moses gives the reason, "For thou camest forth out of the land of Egypt in haste." The Egyptians were urgent upon the people, "and the people took their dough before it was leavened" (Exod. xii. 33). If the phrase be parenthetical, and the question retrospective, then the paschal feast in Egypt might marvellously be designated "the bread of affliction," for they got it at the peril of their lives (Lam. v. 9). They had "sacrificed the abomination of the Egyptians before their eyes" (Exod. viii. 26), and they might reasonably fear their rage. The destroying angel also was passing through the land, and their own consciences might accuse; nevertheless, "through faith they kept the Passover, and the sprinkling of blood, lest He that destroyed the firstborn should touch them" (Heb. xi. 28). But if the command in Deut. xvi. is to be considered prospectively, then there seems no occult meaning in the phrase under discussion. "The bread of affliction" in Holy Scripture is not restricted to unleavened food. It is a proverbial expression for any restraint of the appetite, for any privation which adversity imposes: as (1) "Put this fellow in prison and feed him with the bread of affliction" (1 Kings xxii. 27). "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears" (Psa. lxxx. 5, cii. 9). "To eat the bread of sorrows" (Psa. cxxvii. 2), and so forth. (2) For *that* discipline which is essential to godly fruitfulness" (Heb. xii. 11). "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous," &c. (Isa. xxx. 20, 21). "And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not," &c. (3) To bring our minds into loving subjection to God's will (Lam. iii. 19).

The yearly Passover commemorated the deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage. The unleavened bread and bitter herbs brought to their remembrance the "affliction" they so long had groaned under there (Exod. iii. 7). They who so readily obeyed *then* (Exod. xii. 27), were *now* charged to observe the month Abib, and to keep the Passover, and eat unleavened bread therewith, in the face of any oppression, and of every temptation and inducement to the contrary, until the very paschal Lamb should be offered (Luke xxii. 15).

II.—WHY were the meat-offerings NOT to be baked with leaven? (Levit. vi. 14—17). "And this is the law of the meat-offering. The sons of Aaron shall offer it before the Lord, before the altar" (Christ's God-head). Part of the offering was burnt upon the altar as Christ also gave Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God, FOR A SWEET SMELLING SAVOUR (Eph. v. 2). "And the remainder thereof shall Aaron and his sons eat: with *unleavened bread* shall it be eaten in the holy place." "*It shall not be baked with leaven.*" "I have given it unto them for their portion of my offerings made by fire; IT IS MOST HOLY." That is the answer to the question, Why NOT? IT IS MOST HOLY!

It shall not be baken with leaven. Partly to put them in mind of their deliverance when they were forced, through haste, to take away their meal unleavened, but chiefly to signify what Christ would be, and what they should be, pure and free from all error in the faith and worship of God; and from hypocrisy, malice, and wickedness; all of which are signified by leaven (Matt. xvi. 12; Mark viii. 15; 1 Cor. v. 8; Gal. v. 9).

III.—WHY WAS *leavened* bread to be offered with the peace-offerings? (Levit. vii. 13, 14). As we have just seen under question two, part of the meat-offering was consumed on the altar, part was the priest's portion; but no part fell to the lot of the person who presented it. The peace-offering was different. It was divided between the altar, and the priest, and the offerer (see Levit. iii. 1—17.) See also the law of the peace-offerings (vii. 11—21). In this reference (Levit. vii. 11, 12), and in the reference to the fourth question (xxiii. 17—20), much attention should be given to the distinction between the verses which exclude, and those which concede, the use of leaven.

"If he offer it," his peace-offering, "for a thanksgiving, then he shall offer with the sacrifice of thanksgiving *unleavened* cakes, mingled with oil, and *unleavened* wafers anointed with oil," &c. (verse 12).

"BESIDES THE CAKES"—that is, over and above the offering presented to the Lord—he shall offer for *his* offering leavened bread with the sacrifice of thanksgiving of his peace-offerings. And *of it* he shall offer ONE out of the whole oblation for a heave-offering unto the Lord, and IT shall be the priest's; but the rest of this oblation was *his*, to eat at home with his belongings (verse 15, 16). That really was a provision of the bread of cheerfulness, and the priest could heartily say to the recipient, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for *now* God accepteth thy works" (Eccles. ix. 17).

IV.—WHY was the bread of the *first-fruits* to be baken with leaven? (Lev. xxiii. 17—20, ii. 12).

According to chapter xxiii., the Passover had been observed (verse 8), the wave-sheaf had been accepted (verse 11), fifty days had been numbered (verse 16), Pentecost had fully come, and "a new meat-offering" is to be presented. With the offerings for the whole congregation (verse 18), individuals bring out of their respective habitations wave-loaves, *baken with leaven*. These leavened loaves are not for sacrifice, neither are they joined with the *sacrifices on the altar*, for no leaven is burnt with the offerings made by fire (question 5); neither can the blood be offered with leavened bread (question 6). They are baken with leaven *because they are for human consumption*. They are not indeed, as in the peace-offerings, food for the domestic circle; but *with* the kid and lambs, with which they are waved, they are holy to the Lord FOR THE PRIEST (19, 20). Here, as noticed under the third question, attention must be given to distinctions between verses 18, 19, and 20. Then, *afterwards*, &c., the priest shall *wave* them with the bread, &c. The second reference to Scripture given with this question—viz., Lev. ii. 12—further confirms what I have written. "As for the oblation of the FIRST-FRUITS, ye shall offer them unto the Lord; but they SHALL NOT be burnt on the altar *for a sweet savour*." The experienced believer says, as he feels the flesh lusting against the Spirit,—

“The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne.”

V.—WHY was no leaven, or any honey, to be burnt in the offerings made by fire? (Lev. ii. 11, vi. 17). I have thought it only just to give the questions and their references as they stand in “A Watcher’s Note,” though they involve repetition. I find the latter, however, often supply the answer, especially so here: “No MEAT-OFFERING which ye shall bring unto the Lord shall be made with leaven; for ye shall burn no leaven; nor any honey in any offering of the Lord made by fire” (Lev. ii. 11). “Leaven,” says the commentator, *in loco*, “is the known emblem of pride, malice, and hypocrisy, as honey may be of sensual indulgence; and these are opposite to the believer’s character, and hindrances to his fruitfulness.” The offerings made by fire typified Christ bearing our sins in His own body on the tree, and putting away sins by the sacrifice of Himself. “The bodies of those beasts whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin, are burnt without the camp. Wherefore, Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate” (Heb. xiii. 12). Christ was perfect in humility, truth, and love. There was in Him no pride, no malice, no hypocrisy. He sought not His own, when He, through the Eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God. So no leaven or honey, emblems of such abhorrences, were to be offered in the types of His sufferings.

VI.—WHY was the blood of the sacrifice NOT to be offered with leavened bread? (Exod. xxiii. 18; xxxiv. 25). God says, Thou shalt not offer the blood of My sacrifice with leavened bread. God says it, and not Gabriel asks the reason, WHY? In two instances only, in the “carnal ordinances” (Heb. ix. 10) was the use of leaven conceded; not for a *sweet savour unto God*, but in condescension to human frailty; while the use of leaven was negated by God at the Passover (first query); in the meat-offering (second query); in all offerings made by fire (third query). And are we to find a new answer to this which relates to paschal blood? “My sacrifice,” says the Father. “Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou prepared Me, says the Son” (Heb. x. 5). He offered one sacrifice for sins for ever. Was anything mixed with *that* then? So nothing was to be mixed with the type. In His death and grave He saw no corruption. So in the type of these things there was to be no leaven, which induces corruption. Then, leaven, in these passages of Scripture, symbolises that which

“Blows its poisonous breath,
And bloats the soul with air;
The heart uplifts with God’s own gifts,
And makes even grace a snare.”

Which even “A Watcher” prays to be delivered from, as well as does yours,
CORNERCOTT.

August, 1880.

A STRONGHOLD is a kind of mount or tower erected to protect a besieged people; and to this the besieged flee when all other refuges fail. What a beautiful figure is this to represent Jesus! He is set up to be the “Refuge of the oppressed; their Rock, Fortress, and High Tower; and to Him they are exhorted to flee in every emergency.”

THE SURE RESTING PLACE.

WHEN the illustrious John Selden was dying, he said to Archbishop Usher, "I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, and my study is filled with books and manuscripts (he had 8,000 volumes in his library) on various subjects; but at present I cannot recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul, save this from the sacred Scriptures, 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works' (Tit. ii. 11—14)."

DEATH OF MR. JOHN VINCENT.

FROM the venerable deacon of Love-lane Baptist Church, in the town of Spalding, in Lincolnshire (Mr. George Coles), we have received the following melancholy note:—

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, MR. BANKS,—I am sorry to inform you of Mr. John Vincent's death. He preached twice on last Lord's-day, was taken ill on Monday morning, and died this morning, at three o'clock, September 15, 1880. We have lost our pastor, and the chief supporter of Love-lane Chapel. May the Lord incline some good man to come to feed the people with the true bread of life. I shall be glad to hear from you; I hope you will not forget us. I am getting almost past writing. May the good Lord be with you to your journey's end.

"Your old friend and brother,

"GEORGE COLES.

"Spalding, September 15."

This is a calamity indeed! Every day, nearly, our Churches are falling into trouble, on account of pastors either declining, retiring, or going home. Lincolnshire, with its 500,000 people, has scarcely one flourishing Church of truth in the whole county. Old Love-lane cause is not registered in the "hand-book," but it has been one of the gardens of grace for a very long period. Some years since, a merciful Providence enabled us to help in restoring the chapel, and in obtaining for them Mr. John Vincent as their pastor; and he has been a faithful friend to the cause for about ten years. The Lord only knoweth what now can be done. We may give further particulars presently.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You will be surprised to hear that the well-favoured and hearty-looking John Vincent, of Spalding, has been suddenly called home. He preached a touching sermon last Sunday night from the words of Paul, 2 Cor. xiii. 14, and on Monday was seized with apoplexy, and died at three o'clock on Wednesday morning. I am, God willing, to bury him to-morrow.

"Anniversary services were to have been held in his chapel on Sunday and Monday next, instead of which we are called to mourn the loss of a worthy brother.

"You will, no doubt, be supplied with further particulars. With best wishes,

"I am, dear Mr. Editor,

"Yours in affliction,

"S. COZENS.

"Sutton Ely, September 17."

MR. JOHN VINCENT'S FUNERAL

took place on Saturday, September 18, 1880. Mr. Samuel Cozens officiated both in the chapel and in the cemetery. Of the sudden and solemn event, we shall (D.V.) have more particulars presently.

THERE was a man who sang with a cracked voice near the pulpit of Mr. Rowland Hill. He said to the man, "Hold your tongue;" when he received in reply, "It comes from my heart." "Then," said Rowland Hill, "sing away, brother; do not let me stop you." So to all the preacher said, sing all day and night long, and let their latest breath be expended in the praise of God. Praise was very pleasant, and was not hard work. It was recreation. He was on a railway the other day, when a young man said to him that the Sabbath should be spent in recreation. He replied, "Young man, you have got hold of the truth. I wish everybody would spend the Sabbath in recreation—that is, in being recreated and made anew in Christ Jesus." It was profitable to sing God's praise; it lifted the heart up. His father had a servant who was always singing, whether washing or cooking, and he asked her the reason. She replied, "It gets quit of bad thoughts." So it was a grand thing to sing; but not to break the drums of the people's ears.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Retracings and Renewings; or, Gleanings From a Journal Extending Over Nearly Half a Century, &c. By DAVID ALFRED DOUDNEY, D.D. London: W. Mack. This is the twin-volume corresponding with Mr. Geo. Cowell's *Wayside Notes*, published recently by Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge. We place the two volumes together in our library, and we can sincerely recommend our readers to do the same. The editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, and his brother in Christ, Mr. George Cowell, like a pair of fine horses in the Gospel chariot, have run exceedingly well together now for many years, and in these two thick, substantial, demy octavo volumes, our friends will find sound divinity, savoury experience, a faithful and grateful record of the leading, delivering, and preserving

providences of a most gracious Lord God. These the awakened seeker will find in *Wayside Notes*; while the tried and much-perplexed Christian will see in Dr. Doudney's *Retracings* a multitude of witnesses confirming the twofold testimony of the Psalmist, that "many are the afflictions of the righteous;" yet "out of them all the Lord delivereth him." To the ancient men of Israel, who have walked about Zion with their eyes open for the last fifty years, Dr. Doudney's *Renewings* will afford much pleasure in bringing to mind that large army of Christ's ambassadors who were on the walls at one time, whose names and persons are familiar to us, but who have long since left us in the wilderness almost alone. These twins—David Doudney and Geo. Cowell—are remark-

ably free from a bitter, an arrogant, a proud, or an un-Christ-like spirit. Those monthly witnesses which are considered "sound," are oftentimes so censorious, so "awfully faithful," so superlatively high in heaven's enjoyment, or so moonlight clear, but cold as ice, that poor bruised hearts quite shudder to look into them. Yea, such despondingly ask us, "Is our religion all a sham? Is it nothing but a piece of tragedical hypocrisy?" No. In these twin volumes, the brethren Doudney and Cowell write in accordance with the splendid pictures of their persons given as frontispieces to the volumes. Mr. Cowell's head, face, and person altogether, illustrate Psalm xxiii. In his eyes and on every feature you read the lines: "The Lord is my Shepherd, and I shall not want." "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." Then turning to the splendid photo' of Dr. Doudney, all over the lofty crown of his head is written: "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage." Looking him full in the face, you must think he is saying, "Abundantly satisfied with the fatness of God's house, for He giveth me to drink of

"THE RIVER OF HIS PLEASURES."

If anything ever does pain this most Gabriel-like editor, Dr. Doudney, it is expressed in lines like the following:—

"Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe;
It means Thy praise, however poor,
An angel's song could do no more."

May the Lord spare, employ, honour, and bless both Dr. Doudney and his brother in Christ, Mr. Geo. Cowell, for many years to come.

SERMONS. — Printed and published sermons are much on the increase. One house in London, alone, serves out about 30,000 every week. There are many publishers of sermons besides. In our younger days, printed sermons were few and far between. Now they flow forth in streams. "The Unsearchable Riches of Christ" is the grand text of THOMAS BRADBURY'S *Grove Chapel Pulpit*, Nos. 173 and 174. In this discourse our bold and honoured brother of "the Grove" descends a little to speak of ministers, and truly says, God "sends them to labour in His vineyard and to minister to whom He will. The exact period of their ministry is stated and settled in His eternal counsels, and when the time arrives for their departure to their Master's home, the bereaved people are on the look out for a fit successor. But it is very rarely a fit successor

presents himself. Where was the man to fill the place of Toplady? Has Dr. Gill had a successor worthy of his name? Where will you find one so valiant for God's sovereign truth as William Parks, of Openshaw? In what quarter are you to find James Wells's successor? Has one to succeed Joseph Irons appeared? A sweet, dainty mortal has said, concerning me, 'He is not fit to hold a candle to Joseph Irons.' Poor simpleton! Who on earth has been so silly as to say that I was fit for so great an honour? The gown of Joseph Irons would not sit well on these shoulders. He who has the government of His Church upon His shoulders has irrevocably fixed the place, the time, the work of all His duly qualified servants. One cannot do the work of another, and anyone trying to do his own work after another's order will prove himself a miserable ape. God has graciously given me my work to do in the way of His appointing, and my earnest desire is, that I may be enabled to plod on in the spirit of my Master who pleased not Himself." We have heard many such expressions. Thirty or forty years ago there were immense crowds of people running after a host of men, mighty in the ministry certainly. Those ministers are all gone, and the crowds of hearers are gone as well. We have had crowds in London and elsewhere. We shall never see such crowds on earth again, but we hope to meet an innumerable company in the better country, where grumbling about the parsons, and groanings in the hungry soul, will be known no more.—Behold the Man with the *Ink-horn* is the title of Mr. Battersby's August sermon in Lambeth, and is published by Fisher and Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street. Another of Mr. B.'s expositions of the sacred mysteries in the kingdom of truth—his discourse on "A Ladder set Upon the Earth"—is also full of Gospel instruction. It is sorrowful that people so complain of the lack and littleness of ministers, when, on every hand, our Lord Christ is still holding forth the "stars" in His right hand. The cloudy and windy atmosphere which has come between us and the stars for a long time, will speedily pass away. Even now there are some bright stars twinkling. Let us not despise them, lest haply we be found fighting against God.

"God Hangs Great Weights on Slender Wires." The late Canon Miller once gave a lecture on "The Life of John Angell James," who was the minister of Carr's-lane Chapel from his 19th to his 74th year, being a pastorate of about 55 years. Dr. Miller's lecture is now

appearing in the monthly issues of *The Fireside*, and to the lovers of all good men, it will be a pleasing piece of ministerial biography. John Angell James was born at Blandford Forum in 1785, and died Oct. 1, 1859, just 21 years ago. He was put apprentice to a draper at Poole; but in the good cobbler's home, the Lord worked a saving work in his soul, which ultimately led him into the ministry. He had no collegiate or classical training. The cobbler's room, and Dr. Bogue's vestry at Gosport, were the schools where he was helped a little; but his heart was so on fire for preaching Christ Jesus his Lord, that he could stop for nothing, and in early life he is ordained to that pastorate where he laboured successfully for the long period we have named. Very few ministers, or authors, ever enjoyed such a long-continued stream of prosperity and renown as did J. A. James; but, like thousands, his course came to its end, and he was gathered unto his fathers.

"The Bible." *Grove Chapel Tract*, No. 30, by THOMAS BRADBURY, is a running index to, and brief commentary upon, each of the books which make up the Old and the New Testaments. Mr. Bradbury has accomplished a task of investigation and of interpretation, for which many of the true lovers of THE HOLY BIBLE will highly esteem him.

Canon Farrar, in sending forth his strictures on the pulpit-calamity of "Wresting the Scriptures," the Canon has, no doubt, much reason for condemning the wildness with which many men often dash away with the use of the Word of God. We should be careful how we dare to give the mind of the Spirit as expressed in the Holy Book; but such apparently unsanctified characters now go forth preaching, that we cannot wonder at the following painful specimen of text-taking. Dr. Farrar says:—"The perverse ingenuity, the intolerable ignorance and carelessness, and the utterly false conception of the nature of Scripture authority, which are sometimes complacently displayed in the pulpit, are scarcely caricatured by the old story of the man who took as his text the words, 'Judas went and hanged himself—Go thou and do likewise.' It often happens, too, that in proportion to the dense ignorance or criminal carelessness with which 'the language of Scripture' is thus abused, and made the stalking-horse of folly and impertinence, is the assumption of authority by the preacher." Yes, when a man "assumes" unto himself the office of unfolding the hidden wisdom of God, without God's call and anointing,

that man puts himself in a dangerous position. We will give the history of "the chop-stick carpenter," who once "preached socation sermons," when we have time. Let us pray God to keep us from perverting the sacred sentences wherein the mind, the majesty, and the mercy of heaven are graciously revealed.

"The Great Centre, the One Only, CHRIST." In *The Regions Beyond*, for September, edited by MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, there is a rich essay on the words, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" Without CHRIST the whole universe of God would be a blank, a dark vacuum, a deep valley of death. What is man's soul without Christ? To make him known is the aim of the Congo Mission; and of the Lord's CHRIST Mr. Guinness writes in most excellent terms. To us it is so painful to learn how many of the young missionaries fall a prey to the death-like climate where they attempt to plant the standard of the cross.

The Dominion of Canada as a Field for Settlement. Messrs. Turner & Dunnett, the printers, of Liverpool, have issued a Report of the Tenant Farmers' Delegates, with maps and such reliable information. Young, strong, healthy men, with growing-up children, are encouraged to emigrate. England appears to have more children than she can either employ or keep. Does not the Dominion of Canada say, "Come here and cultivate the land, and plant the Gospel of Christ?"

William Huntington's Funeral Sermon on the Death of His Welsh Ambassador, J. Jenkins, has been re-published, and can be had of R. Banks, Racquet-court. Apart from the life and death of dear Jenkins, this large discourse will be of spiritual advantage to the whole Christian family, in all parts of the civilised world, and zealous defenders of God's holy revelation should seek to have it read in our chapels, and circulated far and wide. IT IS A POWERFUL TESTIMONY.

Protestant Echo, a penny monthly. (Tourle, 19, Trafalgar-street, Brighton; W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie-street, London.) For the uprising generation, this "Echo" will tend to educate them in the knowledge of what Popery is, what she has done, what she is doing, and what her awful end must be. *Protestant Echo*, for September, supplies a thrilling chapter on the cruel, yet most glorious, death of "Jerome of Prague." He sang, as he suffered, the high praises of God.

Our Prayer Meetings, by J. ALDIS, is an exhaustive treatise on a subject of vital importance. It is the circular-letter of the Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

ANNIVERSARY AND BAPTIZING SERVICES AT WIDCOMBE, BATH.

[If the history of this Church and of its pastors could be given, thousands of our readers would feel a deep interest in its continued prosperity. We give the following as a preface.]

The twentieth anniversary of the settlement of Mr. John Huntley, as pastor, was celebrated on September 5, 1880, and the following day.

The services commenced with a prayer meeting at 7.30. The brethren came up in good numbers. A very enjoyable hour was spent in pleading with our Father to pour out upon us in the services of the day a gracious shower of blessings. Our prayer meetings are well attended, both on Monday and Friday evenings, likewise the preaching service on Wednesday. At Sunday morning service, after imploring the aid of the blessed Spirit for the solemn services of the day, we sung that precious hymn,—

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His lovingkindness, O how free!"

Then was read 2 Cor. v., a hymn, a prayer, and Mr. J. R. Huntley, son of the pastor, opened up unto us the Word from 2 Cor. v. 14: "The love of Christ constraineth us." He spoke

1. Of Christ's love to us. It passeth knowledge.

2. This love was fixed upon us from all eternity.

3. It had no beginning, nor will it ever end.

4. It is an avowed love; He declared it on Calvary.

Our love to Him. Once we passed Him by; no beauty in Him; He gave us a heart to fear Him. The effect of this love is obedience. We follow in His footsteps; we gladly take up the cross and follow Him in His despised ordinances. Jesus has said, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." We then sang,—

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days."

The pastor then baptized, in the Name of our Triune God, nine believers, who had testified to have sorrowed for sin, and had "fled for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel." Two of the candidates were, for some time, regular attendants at the Surrey Tabernacle, under the ministry of the much-esteemed Mr. James Wells. Another was from our Sunday school, which gave us great rejoicing. Two others were teachers in our Sunday school. It gladdens our hearts to see these young men putting their hands to the Gospel plough. Our heart's desire is that they may grow valiant in the battles of the Lord, and never cease till they

bear the Master say, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

In the evening we commenced by singing,—

"The holy Eunuch, when baptized,
Went on his way with joy;
And who can tell what rapturous thoughts
Did then his mind employ?"

Prayer was offered for those who had professed the Lord Jesus, and that many more may be pricked in the heart to cry, "What must we do to be saved?" Another hymn, and our pastor, after twenty years' faithful service, led us into Phil. ii. 15: "That ye may be blameless and harmless," &c.

1. The characteristics of the real Christian "sons of God." Sons by election; sons by adopting grace.

2. The peculiar situation of the "sons of God." "In the midst of a crooked and perverse" generation—perverse to all that's good, pure, and holy.

3. The constant aim of the "sons of God"—to be "blameless and harmless." The world must not point the finger of scorn at them. They cannot go where they used to.

4. The every day effort of the "sons of God" shine as lights in the world. Christ is the great luminary; they derive their light from Him.

The pastor then gave the candidates the right hand of fellowship with two others who had come to take up their abode with us. A text of Scripture was given to each, and then we sat around the table of the Lord. How sweet it was to think upon Him who "poured out His soul unto death to make intercession for the transgressors!" We could, indeed, were it possible,

"Sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood."

On the following day, instead of having, as usual, our tea meeting, we had a special service for prayer and thanksgiving. Friends came from the country. The spirit of prayer and supplication was given to the brethren, and we realised one of the happiest times we can remember. The pastor gave a brief history of his settlement among them, noting some of the waves and billows which had rolled over him. He gave us one very pleasing instance of the Lord's mercy towards him, that, during the course of his ministry, two individuals had testified personally to him that through the preached Word they had been saved from committing suicide. Surely, then, we could say, "What hath God wrought?" Therefore, with songs of praise, we can say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Likewise with the Psalmist we can say, "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our Refuge." Many there are who would like to write over the temple doors, "Jehabod;" but thanks be to our covenant-keeping Jehovah, the glory is not departed.

That the Church at Ebenezer may still

live together in each others love and esteem, and continually holding up our pastor's hands, is the earnest prayer and desire of

W. P.

A YOUNG MINISTER'S CRY FROM CANADA.

Mr. Daniel Allen, of Sydney, sends us the following letter; and in his introductory note he says,—“As this dear brother was blest by my letter in the VESSEL, it seems to me to be due to the Editor that this precious letter be sent to him by me.
—DANIEL ALLEN.”

TO MR. DANIEL ALLEN.—MY DEAR BROTHER,—I wish you much sweet prosperity from Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. We are strangers to each other in the flesh, yet for some years you have been known to me in the spirit. My first knowledge of you was in the year 1872. Some little time after, it pleased God to reveal His Son in me by reading in the EARTHEN VESSEL your communication entitled “The Duty-Falseness of the Day.” At that time it greatly helped me to distinguish the false from the true Gospel. And, in particular, my soul was greatly drawn out to you, and for you. When I learned how you were meeting with much persecution for the truth's sake, oftentimes did I feel such a love for you that I was constrained to cry to God in your behalf, that He would sustain you, and give you to feel His own sweet presence. At that time I felt I must pen a few lines to you and tell you of my sympathy towards you, for “the truth's sake, which dwelleth in us, and shall be with us for ever.” And when I read your letter in the January number, 1880, I felt I must pen a few lines to you. For that is the very doctrine that I, by the grace of God, have preached for over six years. I am but a young man, twenty-four years old last month, and since the Lord called me forth and opened my lips to declare His Gospel, I have met with the most bitter enmity and persecution because of my doctrine, and I have felt myself to be alone. Often have I longed to take the wings of a dove and fly away to England or to Sydney, where you are, that I might be in companionship with those who preach the precious, precious truth as it is in Jesus. But the will of the Lord be done. I have no doubt Jehovah has a purpose in bringing me to Canada, and retaining me here. I am now preaching among the Regular Baptists, of which I am a member. And in the Church to whom I am preaching there are some precious souls who love me, and are greatly attached to me, because of the good news of Christ. Oh, my brother, I am tossed about with anxious emotions; I am feeling yet more and more the bondage of my position as a preacher among the Regular Baptists. This denomination is not the pillar and ground of truth, but a confederacy of some truth and many fatal heresies. Therefore, I feel I am not at home. From my first entrance among them I felt this is not a home to me; but here I am suffered to remain to the present time, having endured much contention and bitter

enmity and persecution. How can I welcome any to a home when I painfully feel I have none myself. I know some at the present moment whom I am persuaded have experienced the work of the Holy Spirit, who are drawn toward me through my ministry. Can I say, Come thou with us and we will do thee good? No; for I find but little fellowship in the truth, and find much opposition to the precious truth, the doctrine of Christ. But lately two of the members walked out of the meeting-house in anger (and have since proclaimed open war against me and my doctrine) while I was endeavouring to show that salvation was entirely of Jehovah, that He needeth and asketh no help of a poor helpless sinner. And I showed that that kind of preaching so popular now-a-days, which says, God has done His part, and now you must do your part, is a dreadful delusion, and savours not of “the Gospel of the grace of God.” If, as these preachers say, God has done all that He can, and now you must do “your part, or else you will be damned,” then, upon that basis, not a soul of Adam's race can be saved, for the sinner, the natural man, is dead to all spirituality in trespasses and sin, and discerneth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. And Jesus says to His disciples, “Without Me ye can do nothing.” If they could do nothing, how much can a sinner, dead in trespasses and sins do? And if God's salvation is dependent on the motions of the flesh to perform spiritual acts, this being impossible, then is salvation but a name, and not a reality. As many in these days say, “The sinner must do his part or else God won't save him,” then is the reward (salvation) not reckoned of grace, but of debt; therefore, salvation, according to this, is not of grace, but of debt; and salvation is not the gift of God, but the wages due to the one who performs his part. Oh, how dishonouring to God is such preaching. And such is the substance of nine-tenths of the doctrines preached in this denomination; and because I contend against such delusion, and set forth salvation in its entirety to be of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, without the slightest aid of the creature, I am meeting with reproach and persecution. Here am I, apparently alone in proclaiming the distinguishing grace of God. The Lord has given me some dear children who love me for the precious truth's sake, and at times I am sweetly encouraged; and although I meet with much opposition, I am bold to go forth; and when faith is in exercise, I can say, “None of these things move me.” But to-day I am feeling very dry and unprofitable, though I seek to unburden my heart, and cry to the Lord my God for sustenance, yet I cannot pray but in sighs and groans. I feel that my professed relations to the Regular Baptists is but holding me in bondage, and have felt so for years. To my knowledge, there are no Strict and Particular Baptist Churches in Canada, and what shall I do? It is my desire to withdraw from my present connection, and to be in Church fellowship with the truth.

In the several Regular Baptist Churches that I have preached among, I have found those who knew and loved the truth, but are filled with dissatisfaction because of what they are obliged to hear under the yea and nay ministry. The rankest of Arminianism is openly preached and freely received in nearly all the Churches here; or else an amalgamation of Jehovah's free grace and man's "free will," as they call it. "God has done all that He can, and what more can He do? And now you (the unregenerate) must do your part, must open the door and let Christ in, or else He will cease knocking and go away and never return again. Not one of you need go out of the building unconverted; you may all go home saved if you will." All such preaching is a denial of the omnipotent, gracious, and efficacious work of Jehovah the Spirit. And from the commencement of my ministry to the present I have been a "man of strife."

Oh, my brother in the Lord, I had not intended to write so much about myself when I commenced. I am but a child in many things, and weak in myself as a reed. Oh, my dear Lord, sustain me, keep me at Thy feet, make me bold to proclaim Thy truth in love. Oh! sustain me, for I am a weak worm, but I will hope in Thee, for Thou saidest to me, "Thou shalt go to all that I send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak." Shew me Thy way, and direct my paths, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

I rejoice to know that you are enabled to preach Christ's Gospel in Australia; and my prayer is, that Jehovah will raise up and send forth able ministers of the new covenant. God's ministers are emphatically ministers of the new covenant but the preachers in this country have amalgamated the old and the new. Oh! that there were Churches of truth in this land. Pray for me, dear brother, that the Lord will make my way plain to come out and be separate; and that, if it is His will, Churches of the New Testament may spring up in this land. Some twenty-five, or more, members of this Church—I know—are willing to be formed into a Gospel Church, and I have the sweet persuasion that the hand of the Lord is in the matter, and that He will make all things plain. I wish you, dear brother, much of the sweet companionship of Emmanuel. Was it not for His gracious revelations to me, a poor sinner, I should sink and despair; but I know God is with me, and I am continually favoured with tokens of His approbation attending my ministry. But "by the grace of God I am what I am," therefore to His Name be the glory. May the dear Lord still uphold you to proclaim and contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, is the prayer of one in the sweet yoke of Christ,

FRED. W. KEENE.

Newbury, Ontario, Canada,
April 20, 1880.

KING'S CROSS.—BETHEL, LAVINA GROVE.—Anniversary services, September 5th and 7th. The Church, under the pastorate of Mr. J. Kingston, is gradually progressing.

Some have been removed by death and other causes, yet others have come forward and nobly followed their great Master's example, being baptized in His dear Name. Mr. Anderson preached on Tuesday afternoon; and in the evening, Mr. Kingston occupied the chair, when Mr. Willey addressed the friends on "A minister's important work: preaching the Gospel." Mr. Eley eloquently declared the wonderful "Love of Christ." Mr. Langford proved the truthfulness of the words, "A Man in Christ." Mr. Reynolds set before us some of the mysteries of that spiritual existence of the Christian, and its development. Mr. Allrey contended for the fact that the Holy Spirit had not left the Church, but was still gathering in and comforting the elect of God. Mr. C. W. Banks, bearing the smile of a faithful warrior, and having fought for over fifty years, had proved that the "Lord trieth the righteous," and that it worked ultimately for their good. Mr. Kingston expressed his delight and gratitude to all friends; and seeking the Lord's blessing, concluded a happy evening.—ONE WHO HEARD GLADLY.

WALTHAMSTOW. — ZION CHAPEL, MAYNARD-ROAD.—The sixth anniversary of the formation of the Church was held on Sunday, August 29; sermons were preached and the chapel was well filled. On the following Tuesday a sermon was preached by Mr. Shaw, of Gravesend, from Isaiah xlv. 10: "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure." After tea, a public meeting was held, presided over by J. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P. Mr. Hutchings implored the divine blessing, and addresses were given by Messrs. Densley, Reynolds, Shaw, Hazelton, Green, and Archer. Six years have rolled away since seven of us met and joined hands as a Church; during the past year the Lord has added five and taken one home to glory. As to the past, we can say, "surely goodness and mercy have followed us" all these years. We desire to acknowledge the Lord's goodness to us thus far; to recognise the protection and guidance of His gracious hand; and bow with adoring gratitude before Him, that our privileges are continued, notwithstanding our much ingratitude and unworthiness. We are firmly attached as ever, to the doctrines of distinguishing grace; and increasingly do we feel our need of them; and of strict adherence to Church order as laid down in the New Testament. Till within the last three months we have been without a stated minister; yet, by the Lord's mercy, we have been constantly supplied with the preached Word, and wish to express our thanks to His various servants who have so willingly served us. The Lord has been pleased to send one into our midst, after His own heart (Mr. J. Copeland), who is a bold champion of Divine truth, now supplying for six months, with a view to the pastorate, and under whose faithful ministry the congregation has so increased that we have been compelled to make our chapel as large again.—E. SMITH.

**"ALL, ALL OF GRACE, FROM FIRST
TO LAST."**

*A Sweet Record of the Life and Death
of the late Mr. Burton, one of Mr.
John Hazelton's Peto-openers.*

DEAR MR. BANKS,—In reference to your second inquiry—viz., How the widow is left? I can only say I wish it were different, but seeing that Mr. Burton was but a labouring man all his life, he had nothing to leave his beloved partner but the effects of his many prayers which he felt would in due time receive substantial answers. All these matters he left with his heavenly Father, who is a "Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow."

Some friends have wished for some account of the life and death of our friend and brother, Mr. Burton. What I know I will endeavour to give. Mr. Burton (who was my wife's father) was born at Penny Stratford, North Bucks, in the year 1810. In his youth his parents trained him to respect the Sabbath-day, and to attend the house of God regularly, but it was simply as a matter of form; and though he did not sink into the depths of sin and vice, as not a few have done, yet the whole of his early days up to near the age of thirty, was a season of spiritual darkness. In his case we find one of those mysterious workings of divine sovereignty which often cause doubts and fears in the mind of the individual where the agency of man is entirely dispensed with, where human agency and human boasting is entirely excluded. Nothing great; no sudden call from death unto life; no heart-searching sermon from some great minister; in fact, man and his works were altogether ignored here. It was the Lord, and the Lord only, through the efficacy of His all powerful Spirit, which was but a still small voice of love speaking direct to the heart; silent and still, but none the less powerful. The Lord spoke the word and it was done.

Mr. Burton was not a man to talk about himself, though he fully recognised the importance of the words of the Psalmist, "Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He has done for my soul;" yet he would declare it not so much by words as by his actions. If ever he did refer to this part of his experience, he would say that it was a matter solely between himself and his Father. He did the great work, and although He did it by a slow and secret process within, yet he would say, "I am none the less confident that it was done, and that effectually, for it was grace began the work; it is grace which is carrying it on now; and it will be grace which will finally bring it to a triumphant conclusion. All, all of grace, from first to last. And cannot we, who are left (yourself among the number), say that his confidence was well placed? This happened somewhere about or just after he came to London, in 1838, where he was led to seek employment, which he found at Messrs. Keens, of Garlic-hill, City, in whose employ he remained, much respected, and I might say beloved, by both masters and men up to the very night

he was knocked down by a railway van in St. Paul's Churchyard, I think on the 10th of February last, and received an injury to his leg, which, apparently slight at first, yet it was the means of depriving us of a beloved and valued father and friend, after five weary months of intense suffering, during which time not only his Christian principles, but his faith and his patience were severely put to the test. Five long months, no rest night nor day, almost one continuous racking pain from beginning to end. This was the Lord's way of taking him home. Mysterious providence! who can give the reason WHY? As he himself said while he lay on his bed, more than once or twice, "How strange, I had no actual occasion to go that way, and certainly no reason for crossing the road where I did, and yet here I am; but there, if my present pains and sufferings, or if my death should be the means, in God's hands, of the life of only one of my children, or in fact of any who call to see me, how amply shall I be repaid for it all!"

When he first came to London he attended for a short time under the ministry of the late Mr. Lucombe, after which he was led to Mr. Jones, of St. Luke's, where, after baptism, he enjoyed some years of sweet fellowship and communion. Some dissensions arose, and with thirty others, he felt it his duty to leave, when they banded themselves together. A small company, like the disciples of old, "they met together at each others houses, with one accord, for prayer and supplication, for reading the Scriptures, and for exhortation." After a time they took a small room, then the chapel in Nelson-place, City-road, where they invited different ministers to supply the pulpit, which culminated in Mr. Hazelton accepting the pastorate. The little place now became too small, and they shifted to their present chapel, Mount Zion, Chadwell-street, where, doubtless, many of your readers will recollect our deceased friend in the gallery, where for nearly thirty years he has placed the people in their seats; nor would he allow a small thing to keep him away from his post. At times, when hardly able to crawl, so to speak, yet go he must; his heart was in his work, and as a rule, at such times it did him good, for being a humble servant of Christ, and not able to do a greater thing, he considered this specially his portion of the work, and looked upon this as the best post and place on earth, and like David, would say, "I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God," &c. Yes, he loved his work, and loved to be at his post, and truly, as Mr. Hazelton said at the grave, "We have seen his face beam with delight when he thought he had made all the people comfortable."

Perhaps the greatest feature in his character was his childlike trust in his heavenly Father, and his humble, prayerful spirit. Nothing was too insignificant to be taken to his Father. Nothing too trivial (or what most persons would have considered trivial) to be laid before the throne of Grace. Did he take a journey, however short, his Father had to be consulted as to the route. Did he

have to consult his employer or fellow-workmen, he must breathe a prayer for direction; and should it not be so, though we are so prone to think it unnecessary? I remember a little circumstance which occurred some years ago, which will perhaps better explain this than I could. A friend of mine was absent from his seat in chapel on a very wet Sunday; meeting him the next night at my house, Mr. Burton asked the reason why, and received the answer that it was too wet. "And could the wet keep you, a young man, away from your post? have you no umbrella?" "No, I have never been able to get one." "Then," said Mr. Burton, "it is time you asked the Lord to give you one. I never yet asked Him for a single thing but what, in due time, I had it; and now you go, and I will go too, and we will see if our united prayers will not bring an umbrella." I need not add that the umbrella was soon forthcoming. Such was his usual custom; he did not often say much, but when he did speak it was very plain, pointed, and to the purpose, and at such times it mattered very little who he was addressing. But speaking was not his forte, it was DOING; duty was foremost, and no matter how unpleasant, he never shrank from doing it. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." This seemed to be his watchword. This was his motive power, and his one great endeavour, though in a very humble way, whether it was in the workshop, in the street, in his own home, or in the house of his Master, his Lord, and his Lord's work was always uppermost in his mind. He carried it out to the very hour of his death, nor did he lose his reward, no, not even in this life. "Him that honoureth Me, I will honour," and was it not so with our brother? Why, he said to me only a few hours before he died, "It is really wonderful to see the number of friends who have been to see me from time to time, since I have been laying here; I really cannot understand it. Why I have laid here for five months almost, without any direct income, and yet I have had enough, and I was almost going to say, and to spare. So many friends have helped, and I have thus been enabled thus far to pay my way. I did not know I had so many friends; I cannot understand it." Then, as though he had bethought himself, he said, "Yes, yes, Lord, I can! it is Thy doing, for hast Thou not promised to supply all our needs, and Thou wouldst not have laid me here on this bed of affliction, if Thou hadst not intended to provide for my wants." Then turning to me again, he said, "Yes, and if it should be His will, that I should lay for another five months, I shall want for nothing. Never doubt your Lord and Master; let the road be ever so dark, He will never fail."

Here, sir, if you will allow me, I must, on behalf of the family, and more especially the widow, most heartily thank those many kind and sympathising friends who so ministered to his wants as to make the path through the valley of death comparatively easy. I need not at this time enter into the circumstances

of the painful and protracted illness, as you have the particulars of that in my letter written in July. Sufficient to say, he is gone! Gone from this world of sin and woe to receive the reward prepared for him from the foundation of the world. Having been counted faithful in a few things, he is gone to be ruler over many. We lose a dear, kind friend and relative, the Church loses an active and a valuable member, but he gains an everlasting rest. Oh, towards the last, bow his restless spirit did long to be gone. "Oh," he would say, "How glad I shall be when you will be able to say, 'He is gone:' the chariot wheels are so long coming." Happy Christian, and now happy saint. Lord, may we ever be found as prepared and as willing to depart as he was, for he knew of a truth he was going to be for ever with the Lord.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

W. R. OLNEY.

P.S.—Should this meet the eye of any witness of the accident in St. Paul's Churchyard, they will be conferring a great favour on the widow by communicating the fact to the above address.

[We trust friends will assist the faithful and devoted widow of this once honest, earnest, and deeply-sanctified man of God. For years Mr. Burton was an agent for THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and full well we knew the integrity of his character, and can confirm all his beloved son-in-law has written of the deceased.—ED. E. V.]

PECKHAM — THE BOROUGH — TWO WATERS, &c. — We have been favoured to attend special services at several places during the past few weeks. Sept. 14, at Zion chapel, Heston-road, Peckham Rye, sermons of grace and truth were preached by the pastor, Mr. James Clark, and by Mr. John Box. W. Kennard, Esq., of Croydon, presided over a platform of sterling ministers, including, Messrs. C. Masterson, Osmond, Thomas Chivers, John Box, &c. Mr. Clark and his friends are progressing in peace, hope, and with prayerful energy. Some evening, we witnessed a numerous assembly of the faithful in Trinity chapel, in the Borough. Mr. William Crowther, once more, with benevolence and kindness, preached in the afternoon, and occupied the chair in the evening. We were thankful to find both Mr. Crowther and Mr. Stringer, so far recovered as to be able again to stand forth in defence of the grand old Gospel. Those valiant men, C. Cornwell, W. Webb, W. H. Lee, and others, opened up some of the promises in Hosea xiv. 5-7. At Two Waters harvest meeting we saw many gathered; and at Redburn, John Warburton worked manfully in the good fight of faith. Mr. Howard, the builder, of Berkhamsted, preached at King's Langley. John Shipton still pursues his ministry at Berkhamsted. The Watford pastor is happily settled again. In every sense he can heartily sing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

DEATH OF THE REV. J. W. GOWRING, B.A.

[We quote the following from *The City Press*, of Sept. 4.]

The Rev. John William Gowing, B.A., died at his residence in the Stockwell-road on Tuesday. The late rev. gentleman (who was afflicted with loss of sight) was one of the most faithful ministers of the Church of England of the present century. He was a Cambridge man, and was eleventh wrangler. He was for a long term of years one of the curates of Kennington parish. During the later part of his time he held regular services in the large school-rooms in Bolton-street. In fact, it was a kind of district church. It was here that the late Rev. George Doudney (of Charles chapel, Plymouth), when officiating for Mr. Gowing, said, when speaking some great truths in a humble manner, "You will think me a strange kind of Churchman." It was here too that the same Mr. Doudney "crowded the sanctuary with churchmen and dissenters, where he spoke to them goodly words," while Mr. Gowing, the "blind preacher," was taking duty at Plymouth. While Mr. Gowing was at Bolton-street a gentleman wrote to him, offering, in consideration of his blindness, to read prayers for him, thinking it would be a relief. Mr. Gowing wrote back, "I thank you very much for your kind offer, but I can assure you that reading prayers I count one of the most precious privileges of my life;" and those who knew Mr. Gowing can testify to the very distinct and emphatic way in which he read the beautiful services of the Church of England, and by means of the blessed Bible read the lessons. After leaving Bolton-street Mr. Gowing was elected Sunday afternoon lecturer at St. John's, Horselydown. Here he had good congregations for a considerable time. While preaching Mr. Gowing would take out his watch, and by the slight touch of his finger—an incident that strangers would not notice—he "felt" the time. While Mr. Gowing was at St. John's the pulpit was sometimes occupied in the afternoon by the Rev. Dr. Doudney (vicar of St. Luke's, Bristol, and editor of the *Gospel Magazine*) and the Rev. George Doudney of Plymouth. At this time there was a large congregation of Baptists in the neighbourhood, under the ministrations of Charles Waters Banks, and many of Mr. Banks's people went to St. John's on Sunday afternoons. Mr. Gowing's last appointment was that of Sunday evening lecturer at St. Giles, Cripple-gate. The death of his wife, which occurred some four or five years ago, was such a shock, that after the sad event he scarcely ever again officiated. Mrs. Gowing not only acted as amanuensis to her husband, but he was seldom seen without her. Mr. Gowing edited "The Bible for the Blind," and many years ago was a contributor to the *Gospel Magazine*, a monthly originally edited by the "immortal Augustus Montague Toplady," and a favourite with evangelical churchmen for the last century or more. Mr. Gowing has passed away

amidst the esteem and regret of all who knew him, and the Church of which he was an earnest minister has lost another of the faithful army of Gospel preachers.

RESIGNATION OF MR. HENRY HANKS.

[We have received the following letter from our esteemed brother, Mr. Henry Hanks, of Woolwich.—ED.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—As I have many personal friends among the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, will you, for their information, kindly reprint in the ensuing number the notice of my resignation, from one of our local papers, which I here enclose, adding any remarks you may choose of your own. I told your son when he recently called upon me that I thought it would come to this: "So the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me. I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came" (Job. iii. 25, 26).

Upwards of 40 years have I been employed in telling of the wonders of redeeming love, which I hope to resume before the Lamb in the midst of the throne.

Yours in Jesus,

HENRY HANKS.

Plumstead, S.E., Sept. 18, 1880.

"RESIGNATION OF MR. HANKS.—With deep regret we hear that the Rev. Henry Hanks, minister of Carmel chapel, Anglesea-road, Woolwich, has, after a faithful ministry in Woolwich of upwards of a quarter of a century, been compelled through continued ill-health to relinquish his pastoral connection with the Church and congregation of the above place of worship, his resignation having been read both at morning and evening services on Sunday last; and although waited upon by a deputation of members, inviting him to withdraw his resignation, the rev. gentleman felt it incumbent on him to adhere to his resolution to retire. We need not add that this step has caused great pain to his numerous congregation, by whom he is greatly esteemed, and many other friends deeply regret that such a severe affliction has fallen upon so estimable a man."

MENDLESHAM, SUFFOLK.—Sept. 5, our brother, Mr. W. Tooke, baptized two believers in the Lord; one is 70 years of age, who has long received the truth joyfully, and with a solemn and cheerful faith has followed in the footsteps of practical obedience to her Redeemer. Her last days, we hope, will be her best. The other, a young sister about 20, who has been led by the Lord to take this important step under deep soul-exercise, and has been for a long time, by the consistency of her walk, a pattern to others. To the God of all grace be the praise. Others, we hope, the Lord will bring forward. Brethren, pray that the work of the Lord may abound.—W. TOOKE.

THE POOR OLD PULPIT.
PRESCRIPTIONS FOR ITS CURE.

"Mourn, Salem, mourn,
Low lies thine humble state."

With much mysterious talk the pulpit now is fearfully condemned. Everywhere there is serious discontent. We will not add fuel to the fire this month. Mr. G. Herring forwards us a note on Mr. W. Winters' letter. The following is the substance:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Reading this month's *VESSEL*, I saw brother Winters' "Rough Notes," and thought they partook rather of the nature of a *rasp*. I have been trying to get at the *object* brother Winters has in view, but cannot. I cannot help thinking the valuable space of over two pages in your widely circulating and useful magazine might have been more profitably employed in pointing out the great want of the Church of Christ in the present day, in both "pulpit and pew," and that is, more real warm-hearted spirituality. Why is there so much coldness in both pulpit and pew? I think because there is so little secret living intercourse with Jesus. Paul says, "For our conversation is *in* heaven." Is it so slow? Happily it is so in some cases. I fear in very many it is not. We hear a great many complaints in the present day about people not being able to "hear well." In some cases the minister may be in fault; but I would ask such complainers how often do they go in secret before the Lord, and pour out their souls to God, that He will graciously shed forth His Holy Spirit upon His ministering servant, that He will graciously open to the eyes of his understanding, the sacred word of truth, and that He will give His servant a portion to meet the necessities of their soul as well as the souls of others? That, by the Spirit's power, seals may be given him and souls for his hire; that in his endeavour to feed them with the bread of life which cometh down from heaven, his *own* soul may be fed likewise, and that they may have appetites given them to receive and enjoy the provisions of God's house. This is what we want from the pew, among other things, which seem much to be lost sight of.

One great want in connection with the pulpit is *more earnest wrestling prayer in secret* before God. C. H. Spurgeon said some years ago in addressing his students on the spiritual success of the ministry, "The battle is lost or won instrumentally, not in the pulpit, but on your knees in secret before God." This I have proved again and again. I happen to belong to the itinerant class of preachers, and have to labour all the week for the "bread that perisheth." A large family to support leaves not much time for study, but my experience is that liberty of speech and Divine unction and power accompanying the Word spoken is more closely connected with secret intercourse with God in prayer, than it is with the study of His Word; not that I would for one moment undervalue the latter.

Do we wish to see God's house full? Let us *pray*.

Do we wish souls to be converted unto God? Let us *pray*.

Do we wish God's saints to be comforted, grounded and settled in their most holy faith? Let us *pray*.

Do we wish to feel more power and unction with the Word? Let us *pray*.

Another great want in the ministry of the present day is greater simplicity. Some preachers fly over the heads of their hearers. We are prone to think that certain truths are well understood by our hearers, when a more simple exposition of the same would be a great boon to the hearers. We want more of that *extreme simplicity* which distinguished the *preaching of Christ*.

Another want is faithfulness. There is too much pandering to the peculiar fancies of certain persons in the congregations, instead of that unflinching boldness "to declare the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or forbear," as the apostles did of old. I have been told some of our Churches have not heard a sermon on the subject of believers' baptism for years, unless they have had a baptizing service. It is very certain that it was not so in the days of the apostles, for when they are said to "preach Jesus," they must also have preached the "baptism of Jesus," if not, how did their converts know anything about it? Are our ministers *ashamed* of that blessed ordinance?

Another want is *greater solemnity* in the pulpit. It appears very sad to hear ministers making use of conical expressions in the pulpit, apparently to create a laugh. I cannot help thinking that if such were to feel *fully* the solemn position they occupy, as "ambassadors for Christ," and that Christ has commissioned us as His servants to "occupy till He come," and that He will shortly "come" and require us to render an account of our "stewardship," there would be less frivolity in the pulpit.

May the Lord, whom we delight to serve, shed forth more abundantly upon all His sent servants His Holy Spirit with renewed power and energy, and may very many of the outcasts of Israel be gathered in, to the glory of His great name, prayeth

Yours faithfully in Christ,

G. HERRING.

STURRY, NEAR CANTERBURY.—At Brondstairs we had the information from Mr. Wise, of Mount Ephraim Baptist Church in Margate, that he had recently taken a friend to see our long and painfully-afflicted brother, Mr. Samuel Foster, who, Mr. Wise considers, is now rapidly approaching the end of his long, mysterious, and exceedingly painful affliction, which, for more than twenty-five years, has confined him to his bed, with sufferings defying all medical skill. Because *we* have pleaded his cause, many wicked professors have hinted it was not a really genuine case. Mr. Wise very wisely says, "If any one seriously doubts the genuineness of this calamity, let them go and see for themselves." So saith—CHAS. WATERS BANKS.

MR. JOHN WARBURTON AT HERTFORD.

By W. WINTERS, F.R.H.S.

Hertford friends and others realised a happy season on hearing a sound Gospel sermon from the heart and lips of Mr. John Warburton. For many years the name of Warburton has been venerated by us in association with the worthy lives of Huntington, Gadsby, Kershaw, Philpot, and a host of Manchester preachers, whose autograph epistles we possess and value. An old friend of ours always took a loving glance at the portrait of good old John Warburton before retiring to rest. Such expressions of real love for departed worth are quite understood by those whose souls have been liberated under the ministry of such men. Mr. Warburton, when spoken of in connection with his father, may be called *the younger*, although he is now advanced in years. He read the opening service (Eph. ii.), in a solemn and impressive manner, and prayed fervently, which was most enjoyable. Then he preached from Judges xiii. 19: "And the angel did wondrously; and Manoah and his wife looked on." The sermon was very precious, it seemed to penetrate into our souls, and made us unspeakably glad. The worthy preacher shewed the angel to be the angel of the everlasting covenant, no less a person than the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he worshipped as the eternal God. He spoke of Jesus as the *confirming* angel, the *redeeming* angel, the *conducting* angel, and the *pleading* angel. Mr. Warburton was very pathetic and telling when speaking of God confirming His promise to Gideon before going to war, of Jacob when he wrestled with tears and overcame, which tears exhibit the weakness of man; very encouraging to the deeply tried in Zion. In speaking of unbelief as a sin he considered it to be that the apostle meant when he spoke of "the sin which doth so easily beset us." The savour of the sermon will long be retained in our memory. In evening Mr. Knill preached. We are delighted to learn that our dear brother Robert Bowles, the pastor of the Church at Hertford, is recovered from his illness. God is blessing his labours in Ebenezer. The chapel has undergone a very pleasing change; the high-backed pews have been lowered (without lowering the truth), and made more convenient for hearers; the chapel has been thoroughly repaired. May the blessing of the God of Israel ever rest on the cause. So prays,—
Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

OUT IN THE FOREST.

SPELDHURST-ROAD CHAPEL.—MR. EDITOR,—Allow us to inform those friends who assisted us in the Sunday school, that our first excursion was all that could be desired. About 100 children and friends assembled in the schoolroom, when, after a short service, filled up the conveyances, and drove through a most delightful country to Theydon Bois, near Epping. The Sunday afternoon previous, a prayer meeting was held to ask the Lord's blessing on the day.

This was realised in every way. Not a mishap; not an unkind word; no one above another; all on the one common platform of Christianity, thanking and praising His Name for past and present mercies, and seeking for future blessings; beholding His wonders in creation; viewing His grandeur and glory in the yellow waving crop and in the blade of grass; listening to the feathered songster as it flew from bough to bough, and admiring the Divine majesty in the trees of the forest as they gracefully swayed and bowed before the gentle and refreshing breeze. These grand creative wonders some of us are seldom favoured to behold, for all of which we desire to be thankful and take courage.

Might I just add that we have a small library at our school? It is very limited. We are greatly in want of more books. If any of your readers have any to spare, we could make good use of, and would be gratefully received by

Yours faithfully,

JOHN DUNHAM.

13, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

N. B.—If any of your readers in the neighbourhood of Hackney have an hour to spare on Saturday evenings, we give them a cordial invitation to the prayer meeting in schoolroom, from 8 till 9 o'clock. Many have found it to be a very happy time. We feel much encouraged when our friends and neighbours drop in to join in the service of supplication and praise at the close of the week. In the Name of the Lord we ask you to come and assemble with us. Our pastor presides on the first Saturday in each month, and our young brother, Isaac Levinsohn, has kindly consented to come one Saturday in each month. (See notice on wrapper.) It is gratifying to know that the cottage prayer meetings on Friday evenings have the appearance of more life. Glorious opportunities have been realised.—
J. W. B.

IPSWICH.—BETHESDA CHAPEL.—Thursday, September 9th, 1880. Third Anniversary of recognition of Mr. Kern, as pastor of Bethesda chapel, was held. In afternoon, Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached from Matt. xiv. 35, 36. At the tea a good number was present. In evening, at public meeting, Mr. S. K. Bland presided; Mr. Robins implored the Divine blessing. After introductory remarks by the chairman, Mr. Kern addressed the meeting; he referred to the progress of the Church; we had suitable addresses by Mr. Houghton, Mr. Dexter, and Mr. Last, with anthems by the choir.—
B. J. N.

HOXTON.—Mr. Linsell presided at the meeting for prayer held at Mr. Walter James's in September, a position for which the grace of God has so well adapted him. It was a happy meeting. Several Churches were represented, among others Artillery-street, Bethesda, Notting-hill, Hill-street, Dorset-square, Speldhurst-road, Norton-street, Bethnal-green, Jireh, City-road, and Bethel, Hoxton.

THE LATE MRS. R. C. BARDENS.

We have, in another page, announced the death of the most devoted wife of our esteemed brother, Mr. R. C. Bardens, the minister of Hayes Tabernacle. We may further state, her departure from this world was in the fullest assurance of being carried by the angels into the presence of her God and Saviour, whom she had known, believed in, quietly followed, and served for many years. Her conversation with her bereaved husband, for some time previous to the closing scene, was full of grateful praise to the great Giver of all their mercies. With her affectionate husband she had laboured in the school, in the cause, and in every way in which she could shew forth the praises of Him who had been her Counsellor and Friend all through her life. The Lord certainly did specially manifest Himself unto her. He did truly make all her bed in her sickness. His precious promises were realised in her experience, and to all she could testify of the great grace and supporting power of the God of all her mercies. We hope a memoir and some expressions of her sacred experiences may yet appear in these pages. On Wednesday, Sept. 15, 1880, her remains were laid in the silent grave in Hayes Churchyard.

Her dutiful, affectionate, and much-endearing son, Mr. F. J. Bardens, of Hayes College, in a brief note, says,—“We had a very fine afternoon on Wednesday for the funeral. The corpse was taken into the Tabernacle at two o'clock. Mr. James Griffith read Psalm xc. After prayer, and hymn had been sung, Mr. Langford gave an address. The coffin was then carried out of the chapel, and followed by mourning relatives, friends, members of the Church, and the thirteen girls in her class in the Sunday-school, each of whom wore black silk scarves, and were conveyed to the churchyard. There—thanks to the present Government—we, as Dissenters, are now allowed to bury our dead in the form we choose. Mr. Griffith read I Cor. xv., and gave a short address, and Mr. Langford closed with prayer. In the evening we had a preaching service. Father read Psalm lxxxiv., which was a great favourite with mother, and engaged in prayer, and Mr. Griffith preached a sermon.”

On the following Sunday evening, Sept. 19, a memorial service, or, as we call it, a funeral sermon, was preached by C. W. Banks, of which some notes may be given another time. Mr. John Wild read the appropriate hymns. God be merciful unto us, who are soon to follow, we hope, in the same heavenward course.

SHOULDHAM STREET.—On Lord's-day evening, August 29, our pastor had the pleasure of administering the “ordinance of believers' baptism” to three friends. These, with three others, formerly members of other Churches, our pastor gave the right hand of fellowship on Lord's-day evening, Sept. 5. Thus, as a Church, we are on the increase, and we hope the same is of God, to whom be all the praise. Amen.—H. B.

ESSEX ASSOCIATION OF STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

It can hardly be correctly said that a society bearing the above title at present exists. The formation of one has long been a subject of consideration with our brother Walter Brown and others; and on Monday afternoon, September 13, a preliminary meeting was held in St. John's-green, Colchester, when several Essex Churches were represented by their ministers and deacons.

W. Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford, presided, and was supported by the pastor of the Church, Mr. Brown, W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey; Mr. Huxham and Mr. Debenham, of Chelmsford; Mr. Smith, of Yeldham; Mr. Willis, of Halstead; Mr. Rayner, of Mount Buers; Mr. Parsonage, of Saffron Walden; Mr. Grice and Mr. Everard, of Harwich; and Mr. Cottis, of Epping. Mr. Beach read, by request of the friends present, a number of sound articles of faith which were to form the Scriptural basis of the association; after which several rules were read and approved of. These articles and rules were ordered to be printed and speedily circulated throughout the county of Essex. It is to be hoped that the neighbouring Churches in Cambridgeshire will unite with those of Essex, and thus start firm and strong. We are persuaded that unity is strength, consequently we offer the above remarks (respecting Cambridgeshire) gratuitously. It is also generally understood that in the county of Essex Strict Baptist Churches do not flourish as could be desired. The friends in Cambridgeshire may, therefore, expect to receive in due course a printed circular showing the plan upon which the society is to be founded. Besides helping poor Churches, the association proposes to “aid in the establishment of preaching stations in localities where our denomination is unrepresented.”

After the business of the afternoon, the friends partook of tea in the vestry of the chapel, and in the evening a public meeting was convened, Mr. Beach presiding. Several short speeches were given, interspersed with suitable hymns, and the happy meeting terminated, much to the satisfaction of all interested in the movement. To the Lord of hosts be all the glory.

W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

HOMERTON.—The Water-lane Baptist Church, under the pastorate of Mr. R. A. Bellman, has been recently dissolved. Mr. Bellman, for some years, has zealously endeavoured to establish a charitable and Christian community in this ancient suburb of the metropolis. He is a devoted and intelligent gentleman, but he has not seen sufficient fruit to encourage the continuance of his laudable enterprise. Homerton has large evangelistic and benevolent works in its borders. Mr. John Inward, the Homerton-row minister, has gone into the country with the hope of recruiting his strength. Mr. Jonathan Eisey, Mr. Hitchcock, and other faithful brethren, are rendering valuable

aid in supplying the pulpit in Homerton-row. Will not the favoured pleaders at the high throne of mercy affectionately implore the blessing of the Lord to attend the rest granted to our brother John Inward, that he may come back with good health to his much-loved service in the ministry? Well do we know the painful difficulty of obtaining for our Churches successful pastors. Can nothing be done by our great leaders, instrumentally, toward alleviating this painful condition our Churches are now placed in?

DEATH OF MR. FOTHERGILL,
LATE OF CLAPHAM.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE GOSPEL,—I know not if you have received any account of the illness and death of our friend Mr. Fothergill: if not, this may be acceptable. He had been failing in health for some time past, and entered into rest early on Wednesday morning, September 15, 1880. He lived and died at Carshalton, Surrey. Of late he attended the ministry of Mr. Willis, at Tamworth-road Chapel, Croydon; and the friends wished him to bury him; but Mr. Willis was from home; they then applied to Mr. Thurston, but he objected; so they applied to me, and the lot fell upon Jonah. I buried him last Saturday morning in the parish Churchyard at Carshalton. As it was an exceedingly wet morning, we held a short service in the deceased's house. I spoke at the grave for a short time. He was in great pain for some time before he departed, but was able to give out and join in singing that glorious hymn,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name."
Shortly before he died he was able to say,—
"On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sliding sand."
We are in the path close by.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS WHITTLE.
Croydon, September 22, 1880.

THE LATE VENERABLE
MR. STANFORD, OF SHEERNESS.

W aisted by angels from a world of sin,
I nto the holy presence of his King;
L ife's battles o'er, the crown of glory wears;
L ife's labours past, the rest of heaven shares.
I nfinite bliss surprised his wondering soul,
A s he approached the all-transcendent goal;
M idst harps and songs he takes a rapturous
part,
S inging his Saviour's praise with perfect
T he transport of his mind exceeds all thought,
A s he is to his loving Saviour brought;
N othing of all his earthly peace or bliss [this.
F or one small moment could compare with
O h, happy soul, we long to share with thee,
R ich crowns, and robes, and heaven's felicity,
D own the long ages of eternity!

J. W. S.

Minster, August, 1880.

BROADSTAIRS, KENT.—BAPTIST
CHAPEL.—Wednesday, Sept. 1.—Special
services were held. In the afternoon, our
esteemed friend and brother, C. W. Banks,

gave an excellent discourse upon the words,
"Bless the Lord, O my soul." Mrs. Carter
and her sisters in faith gave us an excellent
tea. In the evening, our pastor, J. W.
Carter, presided. Brethren Wise, of Margate,
Bennet, and Denniss gave us some useful
addresses. All passed off well, for which we
"bless the Lord," and go on our way rejoicing
in His name.—A CORRESPONDENT.

MARGATE, KENT. — DEAR MR.
BANKS,—We are truly sorry to have to announce that our beloved pastor, J. B. Wise, is laid aside from the work of the ministry. We hope not for long. He has suffered much of late from his head, his doctor has ordered him to rest for a time, and our prayer is that he may be restored, and return to us strong in body, and his soul full of the holy anointing of the Holy Spirit, and that as a useful minister he may be spared to us for a long time to come. Men of truth are engaged to speak during our pastor's absence.—E. MILLER.

"THE MIGHTY GOD OF JACOB."

(Gen. xlix. 24.)
THOU mighty God and mine,
My praises now shall be
Of mercy great which sealed me Thine,
And drew me near to Thee.

Thy goodness I'll adore,
My Shepherd, Rock art Thou,
Who loved me, cared for me before
I heard Thy voice—till now.

For me Thy hands were strong,
And will be till the end,
'Gainst all Satanic power and wrong,
Wilt Thou my faith defend.

Oh, give me refuge e'er,
In Jesus' precious blood,
From Satan, sin, and earthly care,
And in the swelling flood.

So will I praise Thy Name,
Thou mighty God and mine,
Who yesterday, to-day the same,
And ever calls me Thine.

Lee, Kent. W. WHEELER.

Birth.

On September 21, at South Hackney, Mrs. Isaac Levinsohn, of a daughter.

Marriages.

On September 9, at the Baptist Chapel, Westbury, Wilts, by the Rev. W. P. Laurence, Reuben Edwin Crowhurst, oldest son of Samuel Crowhurst, of Newington, Surrey, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Lane, of Westbury, Wilts.

On August 31, at the Surrey Tabernacle, by Mr. William Beach, Sarah Grace Crowhurst, daughter of the late Samuel Crowhurst, of New Cross, to Stephen, son of Mr. Stephen Packer, of Old Kent-road.

On September 14, at St. George-the-Martyr, Southwark, John Swiney, of St. Dover-street, to Kathleen Amy, daughter of J. Smith, of New Kent-road.

Death.

In affectionate remembrance of Sarah, the beloved wife of Robert Ooad Bardsley, of Hayes, Middlesex, who departed this life September 11, 1880, in the faith and hope of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, aged 66 years.

The Jubilee of the Grand Old Gospel.

"The LORD gave the Word; great was the company (or army) of those that published it."—Psalm lxxviii. 11.

"SURELY," said John Newton, "if the Lord sends a man to teach others, He will furnish him with the means," the gifts, the grace, and the spiritual power; and, of all the men ever known to me, no one appeared more fitted, by nature, by mental and physical powers, than did the late beloved James Wells. Fifty-two years have rolled away since I first savingly knew the Lord, and nearly fifty years have fled since I first heard of the extraordinary minister of the old Surrey Tabernacle, through whose ministry many thousands received the knowledge of the truth. In my researches during the last forty years, I have studied the gradual, the consecutive, the constant, onward flow of ministers from the days of the apostles, and in the recorded histories of the ancients I have perceived the features, the ministerial attributes of not a few, whose forms, faces, minds, manners, and mouths, I have silently examined. Our once modern James Wells was the antitype of Justin Martyr, and in some other faculties he was identified with the *original* and remarkable men, who had faith in and followed after CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD, and even suffered awful cruelties because, having once known THE LORD, they would not deny Him.

Some of my readers would be highly interested in reviewing the long succession of faithful preachers, whom we designate—

"THE MEN WHO HELPED TO BUILD THE HOUSE."

But in this little preface I will only endeavour to cheer the hearts of the true children by calling to mind the steady, slow and continued uprising of men who, to some extent, fill up the vacancies which death has produced, in removing from our Churches nearly all who were flourishing at the time Mr. James Wells first came to the Surrey Tabernacle in the Borough-road.

"Old East-lane Chapel" has celebrated its centenary. Since the poetical Swaine was called from his pastorate there, the Church has had many presidents in the pulpit, but the grand old Gospel has been more or less proclaimed within those hallowed walls. The present minister, W. Alderson, has been thirty years in the ministry. By far the greater part of his time has been spent in the good old East-lane cause. We do not find him so much in association with the London Strict Baptists as he once was; but his motives and movements are with the Lord and not with us. John Slate Anderson (the happy, the honest, the sedate, the substantial pastor, of New Cross) has been planted in the Gospel field nearly a quarter of a century. Before he keeps the jubilee of his ministry, we shall be silent in the grave. But he is that firmly-set man in truth, we do not think it possible he will be troubled with heart enlargement, or extend his views beyond the revelation God has given. John Austin, of Dover, came on the ministerial platform about ten years after Mr. Wells was called out, and although John Austin is

four score or more, we are told by his daughter that her father still preaches at Pent-side, Dover, and that certain promise is on his side and keeps his hope of heaven alive—"He that endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved." What progress the sciences and the schools may effect in developing the mental qualities of the rising race we cannot foresee; but *enlargement* of the glands, of the heart, or of the brain, is often productive of coldness, of paralysis, or of some fatal diseases. Hence, we pray the Lord to keep us from any enlargement which goes beyond the boundaries of the grand old Gospel.

At Bury-St.-Edmunds, the other evening we said, "Preaching now-a-days is to a fearful degree a money-making business." The priests and parsons must be gentlemen; and if a minister is so wonderfully gifted in his style of preaching that above a thousand persons will come, and hearing, so support him as to give him a thousand pounds per annum, or more, let him have it, by all means; but every minister is not so honoured; and, if they seek to extend their assemblies by squaring their preaching with the spirit of the age, they may expect some calamity to befall them, either here or hereafter. Isaac Ballard, of Farnborough, has been on the walls nearly forty years. He is as sweet and as sound as ever; but no amount of blazing popularity follows him. He has done a good work; if he never does any more. Mr. Robert Bardens, of Hayes Tabernacle, will have soon completed his tenth year in that sphere of noble enterprise; his college was Bigbury's wild scenery; and in some of the Devonshire Churches he took up such degrees of acceptable ministerial power as he will never quite forget. Like the man in the Temple, Robert would say, "We have never been so near Jesus Christ that we cannot be nearer, and the nearer we get the softer is His voice. When we were far away, out on the barren sands, He called unto us, as with the blast of a trumpet. Then we became more familiar with Him: we got nearer and nearer to His heart; and He calls us to come nearer still; and the nearer we get, the sweeter, the more silent and sacred are the whispers of His mouth. The great Master has been taking Robert through the fire. His faith has been tried; but surely his affection for Jesus, and his realisation of the love of God, have been stronger and deeper still. Thomas Chivers has been for thirty years a sterling witness for Christ; and James Clark, of Peckham, has worn the same clothing, walked in the same old good paths for full forty years. He is, in doctrine, spirit, and conduct, clever and clear. Sixteen Summers have shone upon Charles Cornwell since he was called to the front; he is in a sense a self-made scholar, and a penetrating and comprehensive student. De Fraire, of Lutterworth; S. Collins, of Grundisburgh, and Charles Stovell, were all about their preaching before James Wells was fully known; but the hind of the morning, the hind let loose, the strong angel flying through the evangelic heavens, "*having the everlasting Gospel to preach,*" was the man whose loss in Wansey-street is keenly felt even till to day. William Flack has, through no small share of tribulation, verified that moral couplet,—

"The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger."

Those five young men, James Griffith, William Webb, Thomas Steed, and some others we have yet to notice, have all come up during the last quarter of the century, and they abide in the faith. When we hear the

venerable Thomas Stringer (who is forty-five years old in the Gospel harness) we think of that saying of the Doctor, "If we have only the oil we have bought, we may run short at an unlucky time, and the upshot may be that we are barred out when the Bridegroom comes and constitutes His household. 'The water that I shall give him,' said Christ, 'shall be in him a well of living, springing water, and he shall not know when the sun scorches up the streams of the earth. His shall be a perennial flow of divine water.' If you have your sermon committed to memory, and are repeating it like a parrot, and are afraid you will forget the next paragraph,

YOU ARE NO PREACHER.

If Christ has given you power, His Word shall be in you a living, springing water, and it shall flow forth for the refreshment and the cleansing of those who wait upon your ministry. 'Take no thought how or what ye shall say.' Christianity is not a literary argument, and a literary essay, and a forensic success, according to human standards and canons; it is a voice that surprises the speaker himself as much as ever it can surprise the hearer. To give power and yet to retain all you give is the mystery of originality. The only natural suggestion that we have of such power—and they, of course, fall infinitely short of the reality—are the sun and the sea. The sun is the same old light that shone upon Eden, and warmed its flowers into colour and beauty, and to-day he shines unshorn of a beam, always giving, never the less luminous; and the great sea takes into it all the rain-clouds and is not conscious of any accession of water, and allows the evaporation to go on continuously, and yet who can say that the sea has shrunk one hair's breadth? These poor emblems help us to understand what is meant by the ever-giving God never impoverishing Himself by what He bestows. 'Ask, and it shall be given you.' Bring with you great petitions. Do not stint your prayer, for the word is 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it. Ye have not because ye ask not, or because ye ask amiss.' "

During the last fifty years, a host of preachers, beyond all we can mention here, have risen and have declared the Truth, but, asketh the oracle,

"WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE CHURCH'S POWER?"

He answers, "I cannot tell! It is partially, almost wholly, lost. Where is the old world-shaking power? *Ah, where?*"

Our review of the Surrey Tabernacle Jubilee, and of the ministers who have been honoured to occupy pulpits where the grand old Gospel is maintained, is in reserve. It must come out, some day, if the power and providence of God permit. Some of the weak ones will then have a word.

When will the Grand Jubilee be seen? What will it be? How then shall we stand? These inquiries we have our eye upon, but being now called away, we ask the patience of our friends, and yet hope to be the servant of the Lord,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

South Hackney, October 15, 1880.

That day is fixt, both stern and true,
When DEATH will come and call for YOU!
Have you NO HOPE, beyond the skies?
Bound up in "Refuges of Lies!"

Then, where that worm which never dies,
Whence issue forth despairing cries,
Thy portion *must be found*.

Hark! JESUS said, with power to some,
“Poor weary creatures, TO ME COME !”
And TO HIM they *drew nigh*.
Our SAVIOUR lives, and still doth say,
“Not one that *comes* is cast away,
Such COMERS NEVER DIE !”

Oh, SPIRIT Divine! Some hearts incline
To seek GOD, CHRIST, and Grace,
Believe and weep! Then fall asleep
In Jesu's sweet embrace.
Think, reader think, we soon must go,
To glorious bliss, or endless woe.

THE EXERCISE OF THE SAVIOUR'S POWER ON BEHALF OF HIS CHURCH.

BY THE LATE MR. MOYLE,
Of Peckham.

[THE following Discourse was preached by the late Mr. George Moyle, in Red Cross-street Chapel, March 14, 1852, it being the two-hundred-and-eighth Anniversary of the Church. The manuscript copy has been given to us by Mr. Dearsly. We earnestly recommend our friends carefully to peruse it; it is one of the good old-fashioned sound Gospel sermons.—ED.]

“All power is given unto Me in heaven, and in earth.”—Matt. xxviii. 18.

THESE words were spoken by our blessed Lord and Master to His eleven disciples on one of the mountains in Galilee, after His resurrection from the dead. They were designed to fortify the minds, and encourage the souls of those disciples in the discharge of the important work to which He had called them, in the midst of a world of sin, surrounded as they were by varied enemies. It is as though the Lord had said, I call you to a great work; I send you upon a very important errand; you feel your own incompetence, but be not discouraged; the power rests with Me. Therefore, think of Me. I send you as lambs amongst wolves; you will be encircled by enemies; the world will be against you; the heathen will vent their rage against you; the Jews, high and low, rich and poor, all will oppose you. Nevertheless, be not discouraged, but ever remember that all control is in My hands. I am your Defender and Protector.

With this, therefore, go forth, not fearing anything, but trusting implicitly in Me. And this language, my dear friends, which was suited to the position and circumstances of the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ in former days, has its application in our time. Those of you before me who are His disciples indeed, will stand in need of the application of my text from day to day. You will feel that in yourselves you have no power; that you are as the branches of a vine. God thus teaches us what we are. This is not a mere sentiment, but a well-ascertained fact. What, then, is calculated to raise our courage, to hold up our hands? We answer, The recollection that “ALL POWER IS WITH JESUS CHRIST.” You will feel that you have to contend against a host of enemies, both

within and without; each one capable of destroying you. Yes, brethren, I firmly believe that there is not a sin in our nature but what is capable of destroying us—body and soul—were it not for the exercise of an almighty power. You may be dismayed at seeing so much without, and feeling such deadness within; but the ground of your encouragement is founded on the declaration contained in our text. In a word, could we look up by the eye of faith to heaven; could we draw aside the curtain that conceals the glories of the Most High; could we behold the angels of light bowing before the imperial throne, with cheerful, with loyal, with profound adoration, we should acknowledge that all power is committed to Christ there. On this our earth He possesses a controlling power, which extends to hell also. If we contemplated all the blessings connected with the glorious Gospel of the ever blessed GOD, we should instantly feel that the power of communication is with CHRIST. And, forming a part of this mystic body—the Church—we are thankful to acknowledge that we have a KING, One who is all-powerful. To deny this would be Anti-Christ. It would be Romanism; and in this last particular I will endeavour to speak of it—namely, the exercise of power by the Saviour on behalf of His Church.

This consideration is a source of happiness to ministers in preaching the Gospel. There may be some here to-night who sneer at the power of that Gospel, who deny it, who call it enthusiasm; who think they possess power sufficient to resist it. My comfort in preaching lies in the consideration that the Lord Jesus Christ has but to touch your hearts, and you will be prostrate at His feet. When He speaks, the region of death must give way to spiritual life; darkness will be succeeded by spiritual liberty; and the empire of Satan will be overthrown by our reigning King in Zion. That system of "He would do it if you would let Him," is nothing. No, no. All the efficiency and power is in Him. There is a comfort, too, in preaching the Gospel to the poor, who have been brought to feel their hardness of heart; have been made sensible of the darkness of their mind; are conscious of their barrenness; and who bewail the power of indwelling sin and corruption. It is the happiness of such to be brought to believe the truth that our Lord has only to speak, or to touch their hearts by His eternal Spirit, to seal a portion of truth—a line of a hymn or a word from the preacher's mouth home to their hearts, and were their minds as barren as the deserts of Arabia, they would become as the garden of Eden itself; were they so cold and chilly as midwinter, they would be brought into the cheering and delightful rays of midsummer. This Saviour I desire to preach, and many here, I trust, are looking to the same almighty Saviour. "All power (saith He) is given to Me in heaven and in earth." This refers not to His essential power as GOD. That is a power not delegated. That is an essential, underived, independent, and eternal power. That to which our text refers is His official power as our Mediator, our Head, our Representative, assuming our nature, becoming "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," our Prophet, our Priest, and our King, as the head of His body, the Church. Let us, then, look at Him invested by the eternal Deity with all power, both in heaven and in earth, on behalf of that body which He represents at His Father's right hand. Thence we may contemplate Him in the power of His affluence; in the power of His influence; in the power of His preservation; and, lastly, in the power of His government.

1. We are to view our adorable Redeemer in the power of His *Affluence*. He is the great reservoir of Divine grace; from whence all the streams of salvation richly and freely flow. From this benignant and gracious source, rills run in every direction to fertilise the garden of our God, to render every plant verdant and fruitful. In Him there is all the fulness of grace, "For it pleased the Father that in Him all fulness should dwell." The whole Deity centres in JESUS as the great store, the wholesale of Divine grace, to be retailed to His beloved people severally and individually. "My God (said the apostle) shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory, by Christ Jesus." In Him, therefore, we may contemplate all the fulness of the doctrines of Divine grace, election, redemption, vocation, sanctification. All the fulness of the ancient covenant of grace—"ordered in all things, and sure." He is the sum and substance of the believer's covenant. In a word, in Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. The recollection of this is to us of infinite importance, since the life of faith the believer is to live here is grounded on that fulness. And here, my Christian friends, we must not forget that the work of the Holy Spirit is to take of the things of Christ and to show them unto us. It is the Holy Ghost that exhibits to our view the soul-satisfying provision that has been made in the Gospel of the ever-blessed God. We may feel our own emptiness; but in our adorable Redeemer we behold an inexhaustible fulness. One of old could say, "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound; and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me." In Him, therefore, there is an overwhelming abounding of Divine grace for the pardon of all our sins and transgressions. We may say to the poor, hungry, starving souls, as Jacob said to his sons, Go ye to your spiritual Joseph, but carry with you neither money nor merit. All that are thirsty, poor, and wretched, are equally welcome; only the rich He sends empty away. Were you as the poor of this world, to be sent to a fellow-creature of whose liberality you had heard, and of whose readiness to contribute you had been assured, would you not cheerfully make the effort? Here, then, we direct you to a boundless fulness, which is equally free. The Lord make you more and more weak, helpless creatures, then guide you into all that weakness and poverty. We say, then, that the Lord Jesus Christ has all power of affluence. Ah! dear brethren, the more our eyes are fixed on this truth the happier we shall be. In vain do we contemplate our poverty of spirit, our darkness of mind, our coldness of affection, our spiritual deadness, unless the fulness of Him who filleth all in all is brought to our view. But if our Immanuel be held up, there is life, there is peace, there is grace, there is righteousness; yea, there is salvation to look at. May God help us to gaze here by the eye of faith; we shall do well to remember that He has all power of affluence.

2. We observe that the power of *Influence* is also committed to Him as the vital Head of the body of the Church. The vitalising power descends to the members by virtue of the union subsisting. The Saviour compares Himself to a vine: "I am the Vine, ye are the branches; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me." At this season of the year, the sap runs from the root to the branches, thence springs forth the bud, thence the blossoms, and ultimately ripe fruit. Such is the progressive character of

our union to Him. There is a federal union to the Lord Jesus Christ of the whole Church of the living God. That union is both ancient and eternal.

“Having,” saith the Saviour, “loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.” I am a real believer in this eternal union, but I know it not, except by its manifestation in time. My covenant union is not revealed until its realisation is felt and enjoyed here below. The Scriptural declaration is, “If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature; old things have passed away, behold all things have become new.” The blessed Spirit of God is imparted to the members of Jesus Christ’s body in consequence of the perfect satisfaction He has given on the cross. You recollect His ever-memorable, His sacred words, to be remembered on our knees at a throne of grace: “If I go away, I will send Him unto you.” Christ, as the Head of the Church, unless He had made atonement for our transgressions, unless He had fulfilled the requirements of that righteous law which we have violated, no spirit would have descended to reveal to us the way to eternal life and glory; no regenerating and sanctifying influence would have been experienced in our souls; no heavenly peace of mind would have been realised and enjoyed. But in consequence of the satisfaction which He has made, the Spirit of God performs His part in the glorious scheme of redeeming mercy and love. Thus the Spirit of the Head runs through the members as the precious ointment poured on Aaron’s head descended to his beard, and thence went down to the skirts of his garment. Yes, brethren, this Spirit descendeth on all the members of Christ’s mystic body, communicating life, Divine life, heavenly, holy, spiritual; humbling the heart, leading the mind upward to God, giving contrition to the spirit by faith, prompting us to pour out our hearts in fervent prayer to the Spirit of grace and supplication, and working precious faith in the all-sufficiency of Jesus, enabling us to live upon our adorable Redeemer as the Fountain of all fullness, and constraining us to rejoice in the participation of that salvation which He has both wrought out and brought in with joy unspeakable and full of glory. You and I need Divine influence. There is no preaching without it, no praying without it, no hearing to soul profit without it; and as Jesus Christ, the great High Priest of our profession, has all power of influence, we therefore look to Him for the outpouring of His Holy Spirit, knowing that “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His;” but that the testimony of that Spirit within us demonstrates our relationship. Rest assured, dear friends, a living, fruitful member corresponds to a living, fertile Head. What, we ask, is predestination? The assurance of our conforming to the image of Jesus Christ. Surely, surely, if the people of God did but know the profitableness of that doctrine, there would not be one that would deny it. “Whom God did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son.” Is not the image of God a desirable, a necessary thing? Who can enter heaven without reflecting it? Who can hold intercourse with the Sacred Three without it? Who is fit for eternity without it? I answer, None. I look to predestination to secure it to me. Then here is Divine influence coming down to my soul. It draws up my hands, my eyes, and all my powers towards heaven. Just as the sun is now beaming on vegetation, shedding its benign and

cheering rays, causing it—yea, even the smallest blade of grass—to spring forth, or like the tall and mighty cedar rises in majestic grandeur, so our Almighty Head in heaven draws out the desire of our hearts toward Him. Thus David could say, “Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee.” Peter could inquire, “To whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.” The Psalmist could exclaim, “All my desire is before Thee, and my groaning is not hid from Thee.” Can we, brethren, recognise this influence? If so, let us thank God, and take courage. If we cannot, then it is manifest we are not under it.

3. We now come to show that Christ Jesus, our once-crucified, but now risen and exalted, Redeemer, has all power to preserve both His people and His works, their persons and His work in their persons; for He has the oversight of the former as the objects of His Father’s love, the purchase of His own precious blood, and the workmanship of His own blessed Spirit—the adornment of the mind of a poor sinner. Talk of precious jewels, of pearls; they are nothing to compare with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. Are the treasures of earth despised by men? Is a poor broken-hearted sinner contemptible in their sight? Not so in the estimation of God. I will put a most beautiful, an elaborately chased vase before a blind man, but he beholds not its beauty. Just so is it with the world—they discover no beauty in the child of God. Did they not say of Jesus Christ Himself, who was without spot, wrinkle, or blemish, or any such thing, “He hath no form, nor comeliness, nor any beauty, that men should desire Him?” Yet, was He not the brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of His Person? Ah! brethren, the estimate of the world is of little importance; for we read that “the natural man discerneth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” The treasures of God in the heart of a poor sinner are of great value. Eternal Deity secures them. That faith, however faint, that love, however weak and feeble, Jesus has the care of. The recollection of His own avowal appears to me valuable: “I give unto My sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of My hands.” Rest assured, therefore, that He that hath begun the good work will carry it on until the day of Jesus Christ. He will maintain His own standing. He will take care of His own handiwork. What if I could make a piece of beautiful, of exquisite machinery, which cost me deep thought, was the production of protracted labour, which had been toiled over with a sweating brow, would I suffer another to dash it to the ground? Never. Beloved, think you that Christ, after He has sweated, toiled, and died for a sinner, will suffer him to be destroyed by sin, the devil, or the world? Never. No; never. Then we may well commit the keeping of our souls, of our all, into His hands, remembering that He promises all power of preservation, and exclaims, with the great apostle of the Gentiles, “I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.” But, lastly, we hasten to observe—

4. That all power of government is committed to our Saviour. Surely He that has to supply us with all we need, He that has to move

us by His Spirit in the right direction, to keep our footsteps in the right path of life, He must be the best to govern us. Oh, yes! He is the governing Head, the ruling Husband of His bride, the Church; the great King on His throne in Zion. We may look abroad in the world, and discover many things we cannot account for, nevertheless we believe Jesus Christ governs the whole world. I have sometimes looked from an eminence, from the summit of St. Paul's, on this vast metropolis. The immense concourse, the marked bustle, all has appeared confusion, and yet on descending and mixing with the throng, all has proved perfect order; each hastening in the proper direction, and zealously pursuing their divers occupations, or callings. Of the two millions and a half of human beings here located, each seems intent on this discharge of his own business, while, to a superficial eye all is discord. Look at the providence of God. This to us is frequently dark and mysterious, but it arises from our dimness of vision; could we see the purposes of the Divine mind and will, in every instance, the most perfect harmony and order would be manifest, for our Jesus does as He pleaseth in the armies of heaven, and amongst the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, "What doest Thou?" Whatever revolutions we may see or hear of in kingdoms, in cities, in families, or circumstances, all is designed in infinite wisdom for the accomplishment of the wise and gracious purposes of our covenant Jehovah. In the Church of God on earth there are many things that we cannot comprehend. I have read of heresies, of divisions, of persecutions, of dividing pastor from people; I cannot make it out, but with our Jesus all is perfect order. He is regulating all for His own glory, and our everlasting good. For the correction of sin, for the separation of the precious from the vile, for the illustration of His righteousness, goodness and truth, for the development of His purposes, for the glory of His great Name, He reigns in Zion. Blessed thought! does He reign in our hearts? What strange emotions we sometimes feel in prayer—the flesh lusting against the Spirit, and the spirit against the flesh. In reading the Scriptures how marked is the failing. Blessed God! does Christ reign here? does He reign in this heart of mine? It is even so, for but for His light I could not see myself; but for the rays emanating from His sacred throne I could not discover my darkness. These conclusions lead me to Him for pardon, I lift up my eyes, my heart to Him. He speaks a word, I am still. He comforts my soul. He illumines my mind. He arrests my tears. He removes my doubts. He dispels my gloom. He controls my desires. He regulates my thoughts. He invigorates my zeal. He inspires my courage. He subdues my foes. Thus, my mind being illuminated, all is light; my soul being blessed by Him, all is tranquil. But under the hidings of His cheerful countenance unbelief springs up, my mouth is closed. Satan vents his rage, the lips are sealed; faith, however, is again called into being, and I can confidently exclaim, "The Lord is mine, and I am His." Oh, how manifest is the power of Christ's government in the work of salvation. In the case of Saul of Tarsus, He has but to speak a word, or strike a blow, and the most stout-hearted sinner is momentarily stricken to the ground. The voice exclaims, "Worship thou Me," and, like Saul, the immediate inquiry instituted is, "Who art Thou, Lord?" Then is

heard the encouraging declaration, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace;" "daughter, be of good cheer, thy faith hath made thee whole." She dries her tears with thankfulness. Oh, what a demonstration! Here is a poor sinner as weak as water in the pulpit, conscious that he possesses neither strength nor power; he speaks a word in all that weakness, God sends it almighty power to the heart and conscience of the most obdurate sinner; the man leaves the sanctuary, he goes home concerned, his conscience has been aroused, he can get neither sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids. What is this? It is the effect of Christ's government. So, dear friends, in all the blessed doctrines of the Gospel, and in all the ordinances of God's house, we gratefully acknowledge our King. He will save us. Our inquiry should ever be touching this matter, What doctrine is this? What command is that? What ordinances are they? Are they of the Lord? Is He their Author? And then, if assured that He is, our duty is with sacred loyalty to submit to them. But if, on the contrary, we are brought to believe them to be of man, our language should be, I like not that doctrine, I yield not obedience to that command; I observe not those ordinances, they are Anti-Christ, away with them, for the Lord Jehovah is our King.

It is a lamentable fact that all Popery is not confined to that creature of Rome; a vast amount exists in our sanctuaries, in our families, and in the hearts of many; our proud thoughts of ourselves, our insubjection to the statutes of our blessed King in Zion—this is Popery.

Let, then, our grand inquiry be, Is such a doctrine, such a promise, such an ordinance, of Christ? If so, our acknowledgment of Him should be manifest by an eager desire to embrace the same, and happy is that man who has been so powerfully influenced by the Spirit of Jesus, as to rejoice to embrace His reign, to recognize and acknowledge His government. If we know anything of Christ's reign here, we are anticipating His reign hereafter. I am looking for the outpouring of His abundant plentitude, and its outpouring into my heart. I am desiring to be brought altogether under His benign influence, yielding entire submission to His sovereign will. This will be the consummation of that which He exercises upon earth. If Christ be our Ruler here, He will be our Ruler in heaven. If not our governing Head here, He will not be there. But of such He will say at the last great day, "Those My enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring them hither, and slay them before Me." Is there one in this assembly to-night saying in his heart, I will not have this Man to reign over me? Remember, I implore, and may you be led devoutly to honour the reign of Christ here, that with humble and holy joy you may look forward to His reign hereafter.

We cannot but lament that in the providence of God this place which has for so many years been appropriated to the purpose of divine worship should be taken from you. We shall, however, do well to remember the declaration of our text—that all power is given to our adorable Redeemer; you are, doubtless, all of you the subjects of much anxiety. Look, therefore, to the hills from whence your help and salvation cometh, and may God in His infinite mercy, help, deliver, and provide for you. Amen.

DO YOU PREACH CHRIST?

“CHRIST is preached, and I therein do rejoice; yea, and will rejoice.” The Person, the work, and the several characters and offices of Christ were preached by the apostle, and he rejoiced when others followed in his footprints in this respect; and though they were not all the friends of Christ, nor of himself, who preached, neither had they a proper end in view, yet the apostle rejoiced in the fact that the matter of their preaching was good—it was Christ. It was the true Christ which they preached, and it was a faithful account which they gave of Him; otherwise, Paul would not have rejoiced in their preaching (Phil. i. 15—18). May we not, then, infer that though the preacher may be a friend, and his object good (if that were possible), yet, if the matter be not Christ, if it be not a true account of Him, as well as a constant testimony of Him—in other words, if the Gospel, the Gospel fully, and the Gospel only, were not the preacher’s theme and subject invariably, the apostle would not rejoice in the preaching if he were on earth now. So resolved was he in this matter that he testified his determination to know nothing else. Notice, he did not say that he knew nothing beside; doubtless he could have delivered addresses on many subjects. It was not that he was wanting in ability to deal with other matters, but the Gospel with Paul was *summum bonum*. He would save the drowning man, others might change his clothes. Dressing and painting dead bodies must be sad employment. And what are the efforts to galvanize and electrify into spasmodic religious life by means of noisy revivals in the great halls, or extorted confessions of “Yes, I will believe,” from excited spirits, after one minute’s prayer in the “inquiry room,” but imparting to the dead the appearances of life, while the heart is unquickened within? And, moreover, what is the devout attention to forms of worship when and where all is solemn, soft, and grandly awful, but being beautiful in death? And, again, what is the hot contention for sound doctrine and the repeating of a borrowed experience, when there is neither life nor love in the heart, but the base and awkward imitation of the living man? What will it profit one to be with the children of God, and to talk like them, if he be not one of them? Reader, art thou one only among the living? Well, abide with them. Who can tell, God may make thee one of them yet. Be honest with thyself. Do not say thou art what thou art not. Still go forth by the footsteps of the flock, in the place where the living are.

And what is the remedy for all the religious sadness and sickness of which mention has been made? The answer, the only answer is, **PREACH CHRIST.** The means which God has appointed, which He ever has, and ever will accompany with His blessing of life, joy, and peace, is the testimony of Jesus. Jesus, the Life, the Truth, and the Way, was the spirit of the prophecies, as it is now the life and power of the Gospel. It is a sad and saddening mistake when the pulpit is used (rather abused) for any other purpose or subject. What account will those who do so give of their stewardship? But preaching Christ is not simply teaching doctrine or contending for a creed; although Christ cannot be preached without doctrine being taught. It is well to contend for a doctrinal truth, if it be clearly written in the Book, and there

exists a need for contending for it in such a place at such a time. Neither is Christ preached when the preacher is lashing, exposing, and condemning those persons from whom he may differ. Each should seek to understand his brother rather than condemn him unheard. But when men who have never been broken and humbled under the chastening hand of God, who have never been truly brought to stand before Him as guilty, weak, and helpless worms, confessing themselves less than the least of all; when such men rush into the pulpit, the angels weep and the true heaven-born souls sigh. What do they preach? Themselves and their fancies. What are their qualifications for the pulpit but pride, ignorance, and self-will? What are the fruits which follow out but bitterness, strife, and death? They do not preach Christ, because they have no sweet soul-exalting, sin-subduing seasons with Him in private. Had they communion with Him in secret they would speak Him in public. The man who has a commission from Christ to speak to his fellow-dying sinners in His Name, has heart yearnings after their souls. He desires, and must have proofs that the Lord is with him, or he soon faints. But there are those who, notwithstanding having neither commission or mark of approbation, *will* preach. One of this class, known to the writer, when told that he did not preach the Gospel, replied, "I was never sent to preach that, I was sent to root out Pharisees and hypocrites." He soon finished his work by rooting all out, and the place has been closed ever since. Preach Christ. Tell who and what He is. What He said and what He suffered. Also what He is doing now, both in heaven and earth. He said, "Follow Me, and I will cause you to catch men." Here is the rule with the assurance of success.

ESSEX.

"DEEPER, DEEPER, DEEPER STILL."

OF man's talk, generally, it may be said,—

On the *surface* it doth lay—
His poor prattle is but play.

If a man is tall, bold, full of memory and mouth, to quote hymns, texts, and tales, he carries the multitude with him, "he is a wonderful man;" but whenever God speaketh, "there is a *deep* that coucheth beneath." Some recollect James Hamilton saying, "A veteran soldier lay wounded on the field after a battle, and the surgeon was probing amongst the shattered ribs to find the bullet, and the man said, 'Ah! deeper, deeper, and you will find the emperor.' Soldiers of Christ, we know whose name is written on our hearts. Deeper than the love of home, deeper than the love of books, deeper than the love of 'the dear delights we fondly call our own,' deeper than the love of life itself is the love of Jesus. Some of us, though afraid to speak of this love as deep, know that it is real, and spring forward to confess it in the lowly words of him who said, 'Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee!' We really have love to Christ, but how do we know it, and how do we show it? Clear as day, our love to Christ must first show itself by love to those in whom Christ lives. Once He had but one Incarnation, now He has thousands upon thousands. Everyone of these, to every other one, is an object on which to exercise love to Christ."

"A SACRED EXPOSITION OF AN ANCIENT TYPE."

SUPPLEMENT TO CORNERCOTT'S EXPOSITION ON ANCIENT OFFERINGS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Kindly allow me in a few words to supplement the able exposition by "Cornercott," in your October issue.

1. *Unleavened bread.* May not the bread used at the Passover, and which is called "the bread of affliction," indicate the position of Israel in captivity? The unleavened bread was neither pleasant to the taste nor easy of digestion, and therefore very significant of the heaviness and bitterness of their spirits under the yoke of Egypt. Unleavened bread was eaten also to commemorate their speedy flight from the land of affliction. Whether they were quite ready to depart or not was not a point of consideration with God; the time of their departure, to the day, had come, according to the promise (Exod. xii. 41), and nothing could prevent their speedy exit. Unleavened bread, though "sad and heavy," was free from *fermentation*, which is in itself a species of corruption tending to putrefaction. The New Testament meaning of the feast is given by the apostle (1 Cor. v. 7): "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us," therefore let us keep the feast in all holy conversation, free from the *leaven* of malice towards the brethren and hypocrisy towards God.

2. The law of the meat-offering expresses that the ingredients shall consist of the staple commodities of the land of Canaan, and which may represent the Gospel—the substantial food of the soul. Canaan seems to typify the Gospel kingdom rather than heaven itself. *It shall not be baked with leaven.* The prohibition of leaven was doubtless to perpetuate the memory of their deliverance from captivity, and to warn the priest to put away the leaven of malice and wickedness; also to typify Christ and the purity of His doctrines. In this memorial Christ is set forth as the *one* offering, "of a sweet savour unto the Lord," the true meat or bread-offering (John vi. 27, 51). "It is most holy," and to be devoted as the sin-offering and the trespass-offering to sacred uses. It was not to be eaten by the offerers (as the peace-offerings, which though holy were not "most holy"), but by the priests only and their families, plainly showing that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel (1 Cor. ix. 13, 14). The priests were not provided with earthly possession, as the people in general were. "The people's meat-offering (observes Ainsworth) was eaten by the priests that made atonement for them; but because no priest, being a sinner, could make atonement for himself, therefore his meat-offering might not be eaten, but all burnt on the altar to teach him to expect salvation, not by his legal services or works, but by Christ." With the meat-offering there was to be no *honey*, probably on account of its being used by heathen worshippers, as also to denote that those who would live by faith on Christ should not be surfeited by the sinful sweets of the flesh. *Salt*, as in all offerings, was to be used to keep the offerers in mind of the perpetuity of the covenant, as also to signify the purity and perfection of Divine grace, through Christ, the one offering by which we are perfected. The meat-offering, therefore, "is most holy."

3. Peace-offering—*shelamin*, from *shalam*—signifies to complete, or

make whole. The peace-offering *made up* that which was *lacking*, and that which was *broken* (i.e., covenant), it *made whole*. "Christ is our peace, who hath made both one" &c. (Eph. ii. 14). He is King of Salem and Prince of peace. His residence is peace, the effects of His mediatorial work. Peace-offerings were of two kinds, *votive* and *voluntary*. The first was expressive of thanksgiving for spontaneous tokens of God's goodness received; the second in acknowledgment also of blessings, but made in fulfilment of a pledge or vow made by the worshipper. If the peace-offering be offered for a thank-offering, which, as before observed, was an offering made to God with public confession of His power, goodness and mercy; then, besides the unleavened cakes and wafers, "he shall offer leavened bread," by which it appears that the priest had a share in both. The *leavened bread* mentioned in Lev. vii. 13, shews that the sacrifice was of another kind than those in which leaven was forbidden, and, shews, moreover, that leaven in itself was not an evil; and, as some think, it "teaches us wholly to rest in the will of God in all His appointments without too scrupulous an inquiry into the particular reasons of them." This is a very easy way of getting over the difficulty, although not the most satisfactory. It is declared (Lev. ii. 11) that no leaven shall be used in the meat-offering—that is to say, no leavened bread was to be offered on the altar, but was to be eaten, probably as a change of diet by the priest and the offerer. The bread was not offered on the altar only towards the priest's food. There seems to be harmony in the use of the two kinds of bread, the unleavened bread used in the Passover, and the leavened bread used in the feast of weeks, or Pentecost; the one represents the pure spiritual worship of God as free from malice, hypocrisy, and wickedness; the other, the spread of the Gospel after the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the feast of Pentecost (Acts ii.).

4. The bread of the *first fruits* was to be baked with *leaven*, to signify what has already been stated—namely, the spreading of the Gospel. The meat-offering was unleavened, part of which was to be burnt on the altar, where no leaven might be burnt; which shows that no part of the bread of the *first fruits* was to be burnt, but wholly given to the priests as the first fruits unto the Lord, expressive of the Lord being the rightful owner of the fruits of the earth, and the justness of his claim in disposing of them to whom He please; as also betokens the return of thanksgiving and praise by the receivers of them.

5. *Honey* was not to be burnt in the offering made by fire; probably on account of its tendency to ferment and corrupt as leaven, or because it was used in the sacrifices of the Gentiles in heathen worship. Leavened bread, as also honey, might be offered for the use of the priests, but neither of them must be burnt on the altar. Honey may denote sensual indulgences, which are contrary to the grace of God. In this, honey bears an assimilation to leaven.

6. The blood of the sacrifice was not to be offered with leavened bread (Exod. xxiii. 18). The sacrifice mentioned here no doubt alludes to the slaying of the Paschal lamb, and is called, by way of emphasis, "My sacrifice," because the Lord instituted it for the redemption of His people Israel from Egypt, and which forcibly typifies Christ, the spotless Lamb of God, the sacrifice and offering of which was a sweet savour unto the Lord. In this great work the help of corrupt nature

was not needed. All leaven was to be purged out and destroyed. Christ was without sin, and in death saw no corruption, consequently "by His one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." The readers of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* cannot but be grateful for "Cornercott's" excellent remarks on this subject. I cheerfully confess my obligation to him, and remain yours sincerely,

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN VINCENT.

IN the chapel Mr. Cozens said, "I will read to you the register of the births and deaths of the patriarchs of the old world (Gen. v.), and the first public funeral, of which we have an interesting account in the fiftieth chapter of Genesis." In reading the first portion, Mr. Cozens laid great emphasis upon the words "And he died," making ever and anon some solemn remarks upon the recurrence of those words. Before reading the account of Jacob's funeral Mr. Cozens took us into the sick chamber and described the closing scene. The twelve boys are arranged in order around the dying patriarch, thus:—Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah (sons of Leah); Dan, Naphtali (sons of Bilhah, Rachel's maid), Gad, Ashur (sons of Zilpah, Sarah's maid), Issachar, Zebulun (sons of Leah), Joseph, Benjamin (sons of Rachel). He blesses his firstborn, and goes on blessing each in order down to his fourth son, Judah. He then passes by the sons of his wives' maids, and blesses his tenth son, Zebulun. What must have been the feelings of those five boys when their father passed them! He came back to the ninth and blessed him. He passed by the eighth, seventh, and sixth, and blessed Dan, the fifth. He passed by the sixth, and blessed Gad, the seventh, and then Ashur, the eighth. And then he goes back to poor Naphtali, whom he had passed by three times. Dear Naphtali, thou art blest at last.

"Tarry His leisure, then,
Wait the appointed hour,
Wait till the Bridegroom of your soul
Reveals His love with power."

And having blessed Joseph and Benjamin, he gave commandment concerning his burial. They were to bury him with his father Isaac and his mother Rebecca, with his grandfather Abraham and his grandmother Sarah, in the cave of Machpelah, in the land of Canaan. Having given commandment as to the disposition of his body, he yielded up the ghost. And here we find that he was buried with his fathers in the land of Canaan with great ceremony.

The service in the chapel (which was crowded) was most solemn and impressive. The following is a part of Mr. Cozens' funeral address:—

"John says, 'Write blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' We are met to pay our last tribute to the 'blessed dead'—to one who has finished his course with joy, having fought out the fight of faith to a glorious issue. He ran the Christian race with steady steps to the goal, and won the prize—the amaranthine crown of victory, which fadeth not away. He bore the cross valiantly, and was crowned triumphantly. He endured to the end and was saved. He safely crossed the swelling tide and dropt anchor in his desired haven. He forded Jordan's stream,

and reached the radiant shore to receive the lot of his inheritance in the Canaan above. He put off dull mortality, and was swallowed up of life. And now, in the Christian's home in glory, he sings the everlasting song, and crowns his loving Lord—Lord of all. Who would not be with him there?

"The death of our departed friend was most remarkable, occurring, as it did, almost directly after preaching his last sermon, from the last words of Paul to the Corinthians, 'The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.' He is gone to realise the glory of that grace, and the fulness of that love, and the blessedness of that communion sweet, in the congregation that ne'er breaks up, in the Sabbath that never ends.

"It was something grand for a man to sum up and conclude his ministry with such a blessed trinity of trinities upon his dying lips. Here we have a trinity of *Persons* in the one God, a trinity of *names* in Christ, and a trinity of things in the Church. Our brother was a true Trinitarian. He believed in the Father, and in the Son, and in the Holy Ghost. He loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and he had experienced the grace of Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost. No one who knew the grace of God in truth, could be long in his company without seeing the grace of God in him. He could not live without talking about the things of the kingdom; and although some of his ideas were deeply obtruse, and sometimes led to warm discussion, yet, nevertheless, there was such a religious tone and godly earnestness about him, that you could not but respect his candour when you differed from his opinions. To say that he had his infirmities is to say that he was human, for 'to err is human, to forgive divine.'

"The grave, like charity, covers a multitude of faults, and here we forget all but that which was virtuous, and excellent, and of good report. A man of infirmities, striving in efforts of usefulness, is a moral hero. The infirmities, and conflicts, and anguish of the chief of sinners, did not make him one whit behind the chiefest apostle. The priests were men of infirmities, and they used the altar first for their own sins, and thus they were taught to have compassion upon the ignorant and the out of the way. The prophets and apostles too, were men of like passions with us. But spite of infirmities and passions they held fast the form of sound words, and held forth the Word of Life, knowing that their sufficiency was of God, and that the treasure was in *earthen* vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God.

"He takes the fool and makes him know
The mysteries of His grace."

"We are now separated from the presence of our brother by the concealments of the grave. But let us not sorrow as those without hope, for our friend shall rise again. The corruptible shall put on incorruption, the mortal shall put on immortality. 'He shall *change our vile body*, and fashion it like unto His own most glorious body.' 'We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.' When you plant a bulb in the earth, you do not think so much of its burial as you do of that beautiful flower which shall one day spring up out of it to beautify the earth. When you sow good seed into good ground, you do not think of the death and decomposition of that seed so much as you do of the glorious harvest you expect to gather from that buried seed. So also is the resurrection."

A TINKER PARSON NOT AN ARTIST.

SEE to this, ye hosts of pulpiteers. "The New Testament represents men as lost, and to be found ; as ruined and to be restored. These terms frequently occur in the teachings of that Book ; but he who preaches simply that men are to be saved, is a tinker and not an artist." Our Lord, by His parabolic preaching, was a noble Artist. He drew His pictures from nature ; and thus attracted the attention of the people. It is by parables, by illustrations, that truth may sometimes be conveyed to the understandings of the hearers ; for "the profoundest revelations of God are not expressible. Language does not go in very deep. It lies on the outside. He is a very shallow man who can always express his ideas. I was told at school that if I had an idea I could express it. I always knew that it was not so ; but I could not say anything. I think, however, it was true of the man who told me so ; I don't think he ever had an idea that he could not express ; but that man is very poor inwardly who can express all that is going on in his soul. Language is too coarse and too superficial for the expression of high and deep feeling." Not only ideas, but emotions, are best expressed by tears than by talk. I quite go in with that man who says : "When I was at Fort ———, having been requested to deliver an oration on the occasion of the hoisting of the flag, some three thousand people were gathered together there. I sat near the flag-staff, waiting for the flag to go up, and the audience sat apparently unmoved until they began to draw it up ; but when I saw it floating out into the air there was a wind of God that seized me, and it seemed as if I could not contain myself ; and I burst into tears and sobbed like a child ; and this whole mass of people wept and sobbed ; but who can tell how it was ?" Ah ! when God's wind blows on man's soul, his tongue cannot be like a dictionary to explain it all.

THE FADING LEAF.

BY HARRIETTE A. NOEL THATCHER.

"We all do fade as a leaf."—Isa. lxi. 6.

"Because I live, ye shall live also."—John xiv. 19.

In Autumn's golden days I stood
Amid Canadian forests vast ;
The many hues of giant trees
O'er all the scene their beauty cast.
Yet here and there I marked one fall,
Presaging Death would smite them
all.

Hoar Winter-tide is at our door,
Stripped are the trees its touch beneath ;
But tremulous, on hoary bough,
Flutters one solitary leaf.
Each day its hold on life so small,
Though late, the withered leaf must
fall.

Nature's glad resurrection-tide,
The genial Spring was in its prime ;
And many a bud and tender leaf
With young life, blessed our temperate
clime.

Yet leaflets fair and buds I found,
Touch'd by Death's hand, were scattered
round.

Sol marched the heavens in his pride,
The glorious Summer days had come ;
Lips, eyes, and lungs bedeck'd the trees,
Which voiceless praises gladsome sung.
Praiseful the leaves—but ah ! not all—
For e'en in Summer-time they fall.

Life's fertile Tree has lived for aye,
Seasons and men may come and go ;
Planted by God the Father's hand,
That Evergreen no death can know.
Each graft in Him shall storms withstand,
Perennial live in you bright land.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"What is heaven?" Can any man on this earth answer that question? Those who fully believe the Revelation God has given may write theoretical and literal answers. Some favoured ones who have been caught up into the paradise of God, and on the wings of Faith, and in the visions of the heavenly glory, have seen something of its brightness, of its beauty, and of its unlimited vastness and variety. Such distinguished saints will find it difficult to expound its mysterious joys, and equally impossible to escape the contempt of those merely doctrinal professors who never spent one moment in fellowship with the LORD JESUS CHRIST in all their lives. Those modern Daniels who have "seen THE KING in His beauty," who have had momentary glimpses of "the land of far distances," will experience something of disappointment in searching the writings of the school men—of the Professors and Doctors of Divinity—who draw largely on their imagination, in order to illustrate the numerous metaphorical allusions to the heavenly world with which the Word of God abounds. We shall not, while in the body, be able to overthrow or refute John's three-fold divinely inspired decision. First, he confidently asserts the relative association of the "born again" heirs of God and joint-heirs with JESUS CHRIST. "Beloved," says he, "NOW are we the sons of God." Secondly, he declares that "it doth not yet appear WHAT WE SHALL BE." But, thirdly, the blessed man whom Jesus did so dearly love is quite satisfied that "when HE shall appear we shall be like HIM, for we shall see HIM as He is." And ever to make plain to sense, reason, and feeling, what that appearing will be, is a work hard to accomplish while in the imperfect state. Many giants in the kingdom of grace have laboured to bring heaven down on the earth; and it must be evident to sacred minds that, in every age, such regenerated spirits as are espoused unto Christ, have always struggled to find out the true character of the Home, of the Rest, into which they hope to enter when the earthly cottage they now abide in is dissolved. We never met with any living believer yet, who could give us much information about it. Nevertheless, that industrious penman, MR. G. HOLDEN PIKE, has compiled a work on this most lofty and delightful theme, and for its title he has written: *The Heavenly World. Views of the Future Life.* By eminent writers.

This sublime collection of thoughts about the eternal home of the redeemed family, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, of 27, Paternoster-row, have issued, is a truly elegant volume; and its contents, from some of the noblest spirits, are rich in anticipatory unfoldings of the better country. In this three-and-sixpenny volume, Mr. G. Holden Pike sits as president over a conference on

"THE GLORIOUS INHERITANCE."

He calls up about fifty of the most gifted witnesses to speak faithfully all they believe and know of that "consummation of happiness," which is to be enjoyed in the "perfect world." To a gracious soul, who by faith "looks unto the things not seen," this book will be as a cordial to cheer such believers on their journey homeward.

"Oh, that I had Peace." A false peace is a poison sleeping in a seared conscience, a dream in a dead soul, a fancy in the dark mind, a delusion in the insane heart. We wonder if there can be any realisation of heaven's peace where there has been no war of any kind. The man who never saw, never felt the danger of eternal perdition, can never appreciate THE PEACE the Saviour gives. How plainly the Lord puts the two-fold state of man in the Word. He calls Satan the "strong man armed;" the heart of the sinner is Satan's palace. While Satan keeps his throne there, the goods are in peace, the feelings about eternity are quiet. "But when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, He taketh from him all his armour wherewith he trusted, and divideth the spoil." But this coming of Christ into the heart, this overcoming of Satan, brings about a terrible warfare. What can we think of those who slide gently into a state of religious profession? They know nothing of the soul waking up like a man who is aroused, seeing his house on fire! No sting in the conscience; no fear in the spirit; no bruise in the heart; no cry for mercy coming out of the inner man; no flying for refuge to the Hope at length set before him. Are there not many "twice dead" ready to be plucked up by the roots? Deceived by Satan; deceived by a plausible self-righteousness; deceived by those apparently angelic ministers who cry, "Peace, peace," where there is no (God-given) peace. We dreadfully fear there are thousands in this world thus dozing on the precipice of a mighty cliff, from whence, if Mercy does not in-

tervenc, they will surely fall into the Dead Sea. These unhappy thoughts came up in our mind while reading a sermon which reaches us, called *River Fruit*, by O. H. SPURGEON. He goes very largely into the mystery of pardon and peace, by the power of faith in the atoning sacrifice of the ever-blessed Christ of God. Here is the anxious sinner's reply to the legal moralist, who would persuade the poor seeker that he is safe enough. But when once the Spirit of God hath sent the life-giving, the sin-convicting, the law-condemning arrow right into the soul, it cannot be deceived. The same Lord who says, "I KILL," only can "MAKE ALIVE." And until He kills, and then makes alive, there is no real peace. So to the deceiving prater, the burdened soul replies, "But I am not all right. I feel that I deserve the wrath of God, and that goodness is not in me. You may think it is so, but I know myself, and I have looked into my heart, and I find all manner of evil there. Oh, that I had peace! Oh, that I had peace!" Self-righteousness is too short a bed for an awakened sinner to stretch himself thereon, neither can flatterers cajole him into a peace based upon forgetfulness of the divine law. Then comes the priest, and he exclaims, "Come with us, and undergo ceremonies, and take sacraments, and we will ease you of your burden." Perhaps the poor man tries this, but though he tries it he finds no rest whatever. No, the leprosy lies deep within, and no outward form can cleanse away the deep-seated pollution. The burden presses on his heart, and therefore no manipulation of outward rites can remove the heavy load from him. His cry is, "Peace, peace, peace, peace! Oh, that I could get it! Oh, that I could get it! I would search through earth, and sea, and air, and hell itself, if I might find it, and bless the grave if it would give it me." We ask—what do many of the pleasing preachers think of this? Is it merely one of Mr. Spurgeon's theories? Nay, it is not. Read his testimony of his own soul-trouble. He says, "Dear heart, I sympathise with you. I remember when I would have gone to the utmost verge of this green earth if I could have found peace. I tell you, racks and tortures I would have boldly endured; prison-houses and dungeons I would have bravely entered, and battle and death I would have gladly encountered, if I could have found peace in my accusing conscience; but I found none. I was like that serpent which is said to sting itself to death. 'My

thoughts,' as George Herbert says, 'were all a case of knives.' Every motion of my mind seemed to drive a dagger into my heart. A volcano had burst up within my soul, and the burning lava of despair flowed over all. I was no fool nor was I under a delusion. I think I was never saner than at that dread period of my life; certainly I was never more seriously in earnest. I was not a simpleton scared at his own shadow, but I had cause to be disquieted, for actual guilt was upon me; not that I was worse than others in outward sin, but that I had such a sight and sense of my guiltiness that I could only cry out, 'Woe is me! Oh, wretched man that I am!' Then my daily prayer was, 'Peace, peace!' but I could not find it. This is a good cry, however, for every awakened spirit. I would put it into the mouth of every penitent; rather may the Lord Himself create it there as the fruit of the lips. 'Peace, peace.'" GENUINE EXPERIENCE of that character is sure to be followed by a strong faith in a TRUE GOD, although that strong faith will be occasionally "tried as by fire." We have groaned in the dark years gone by, and cried out in despair; but the Great Physician came with healing grace. Hence, we have no sympathy with the surface-praters with which the Churches now abound.

A Minister Criticised by His own Wife and Daughters. A little sharp criticism is as useful to a preacher's mental pride as a dose of medicine is to the outer man. Men are so inclined to think too highly of their own doings and sayings. Here is a severe castigation the venerable Dr. Trestrail in his early days (as he discloses in his review of College scenes in Bristol), enables his historian to furnish in the following account of a Sunday evening supper-table talk:—"Mr. Trestrail was frequently a guest at Mr. Hall's table, and at supper, one Lord's-day evening, was the only person present except his family. This evening, his sermon had been the stone raised by Samuel, which, in commemoration of the Divine goodness, the prophet had named 'Ebenezer,' saying, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.' During supper, Mrs. Hall remarked, 'Well, my dear, if you go on preaching so poorly as you have lately done, our friends will begin to think your intellect is decaying!' 'Quite a mistake, quite a mistake, my love. There may be less brilliance and play of imagination, but quite as much force, and, if plainer, more useful.' 'But, Mr. Hall, just think of to-day's sermons, especially the one this

evening. They were very poor indeed.' 'No, no, my dear, very useful and very pious. You are quite mistaken.' Turning to his eldest daughter, he said, 'Eliza, what do you think?' 'Well, papa, if you wish my opinion, all I have to say is this—that you seemed to me like a blind man groping about for an idea, and could not catch one.' 'Mr. Trestrail, did you ever hear anything like that?' Of course Mr. Trestrail held his peace. So, turning to his other daughter, Mr. Hall said, 'Jane, my dear, what do you say?' 'Well, papa, I think I could find quite as good in any little twopenny-halfpenny religious book.' Mr. Trestrail says: 'I saw he was a good deal mortified, and he felt the criticisms were, for the most part, just.' It was said of the late Thomas Binney, that he did not seek to preach great sermons every time he occupied the pulpit. A series of little, plain discourses; then, once in a while, to come out with a noble man-of-war, firing his cannons right and left. We have no power thus to manage our ministry. Every time we would aim to preach CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD, so that His Name—not our fame—might be exalted. There is a something called "The Mechanism of Ministerial Idolatry." We have no fear of being idolised; but when ministers are richly endowed with extraordinary gifts, their people generally expect every time to be carried off on the wings of ministerial eloquence into the lofty atmosphere of excitement. It is well for them to find the best of men are but men at best.

Religion and Her Many Regiments. We have reports of the Leicester Church congress; of the autumnal session of the Baptist Union; of the Congregational Union; and of the jubilee of the Church now worshipping in the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey-street, Walworth. We wish to put the speakers into a sieve; all THE TRUTH we can sift out of them we would gather into our garner. Master Landells, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer, thrashed the Churches severely for their holding back the money they ought to give toward the support of missionaries sent out to convert the heathen nations. THAT ANCIENT CHIEF, Dr. Frederic Trestrail, is highly extolled in the reports we have before us. His reviewer says, "Mr. Trestrail belongs to

"THE OLD SCHOOL OF BELIEVERS."

"He has an intense belief in evangelical truth. The three R's—to him—include terrible and glorious realities. They are man's total RUIN by the fall, eternal REDEMPTION by CHRIST JESUS, and the

REGENERATION of the soul by the power of the HOLY GHOST. Dr. Trestrail is now 77. He has had a successful career

The Atheist! Who and What is He? How can we Answer Him? With what Arguments and Evidences can we Try to Win Him? The society of atheists in Paris already enrols in membership 15,000 in that one city; it has branch societies in all the large towns of France. They are making strong inroads upon the churches. England has more. We, who know the truth of God in its soul-saving power, should not be silent, idle, or careless. To the rising race, to the honest inquirer, to all who will hear us, we should step out into their midst, and from our own souls declare all we know of the saving grace of God. "Our corruptions are the devil's moths to fret away the very best garment we can make out of our own righteousness." So saith Mr. Battersby, in his sermon on the *New Cloth on an Old Garment*. "The disciples of John in fasting were putting a piece of new cloth upon the old garment of Jewish ceremonialism, they were patching up a righteousness in which to appear before God. Many persons wish to be their own tailors, they are desirous of adding something of their own to God's work." Are there not many such disciples now? This is one of Mr. Battersby's super-excellent expository discourses.

Annual Report of the Excelsior Senior and Junior Bands of Hope for 1879. To be had of Isaac Dobson, Esq., 133, Beresford-street, Walworth. Here is progress pleasantly perpetuated. Mr. Isaac Dobson and his co-workers are going from strength to strength; their hands are clean in this service, and they must wax stronger and stronger. We have witnessed their zeal, and heard the delightful and happy results of their untiring, self-denying, and sacrificing conquests. All who desire to see children saved from England's great curse will call in at 4, York-street, Walworth, some Tuesday evening, and give friend Dobson a practical cheer.

Juvenile Original Hymns. Edited by C. CORNWELL. Published by Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. This is a second, enlarged, and much-improved edition. Hymns by J. S. Anderson, T. Stringer, C. Cornwell, C. W. Squiers, W. Winters, and other eminent poets of our own time, are a guarantee of the correct orthodoxy of this Strict Baptist Sunday-school Hymn Book.

Our gratitude is due to dear Joseph CASSC. May Enon soon arise from her terrible trials.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

JUBILEE SERVICES

AT THE

SURREY TABERNACLE, WANSEY STREET, WALWORTH ROAD.

NOTES BY W. WINTERS, OF WALTHAM ABBEY.

"A jubilee shall the fiftieth year be unto you."—Leviticus xxv. 11.

IF the spirit of the world in the present age is remarkable for taking note of current events and establishing memorials in honour of the past chivalrous deeds of far-famed warriors, and the quiet, but patient, labours of scientific and literary men, the spirit of the Church of God is even more honestly real, if not as equally fervent, in cherishing the fond memory of departed worth, and in handing to posterity some substantial testimony of appreciation of the immortal deeds, achieved through God, of valiant men, not unlike those of the late James Wells of blessed memory.

The 19th of October is a day of great note in the annals of the life of Mr. Jas. Wells, as on that very day, fifty years ago, a Church was organised under his auspices, and which is now recognised in the Church worshipping in the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansley-street, Walworth-road, London. On Tuesday afternoon, October 19, being the time for the celebration of the jubilee, the body of the chapel was well filled, and many friends were in the galleries. Mr. W. Crowther, of Gomersal, Leeds, who had been announced to preach in the afternoon, and whose presence was much anticipated, was prevented from so doing by serious illness, and when the melancholy news was received, many of the friends showed evident signs of disappointment. However, the judicious deacons wisely made choice of the venerable Thomas Jones for the afternoon preacher; and as we saw the hoary-headed veteran ascend the pulpit, our minds reverted back to the never-to-be-forgotten day when all that was mortal of the beloved James Wells was taken to its last resting-place.

On the present occasion, Mr. Varder, of Yeovill, read Psalm ciii., and offered prayer, and Mr. Jones, after stating the reasons of Mr. Crowther's absence, which he regretted, gave out his text, Acts iii. 21: "Whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things," and preached an old-fashioned, savoury sermon; in the course of which the preacher stated, in relation to the fall and restoration of man, that restitution or restoring of things proved that there were things out of joint, out of place, and in disorder, which things some people had long been trying to bring together, and to make right, but could not. He, the preacher, rejoiced in the prospect of a restitution of all things when all things should be made right, and Jesus Christ be all and in all. The speaker remarked that on looking into the Book, we were led to see where and when the wrong was done. All things were good at the first, and pronounced to be

so by their great Author. We learn that Adam fell, and disorder followed. In that same Book, the Word of God, we are also led farther back than time, even to eternity before the world was formed, respecting the formation of the Church of God in Christ, for salvation was no afterthought with God. Christ was fore-ordained to suffer, the just for the unjust, to bring sinners to God, in which arrangement is seen that—

"Order is Heaven's first law,"

which order has been infringed. The aged preacher showed in plain terms in what way the sinner was a responsible being, and how he was a sinner by his own free-will; also how the Holy Spirit operated in the soul by the law, and afterwards by the Gospel, and the glorious time that is coming when the restitution of all things shall be complete through Jesus Christ, who said, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." A suitable hymn and the benediction brought the afternoon service to a close.

A noble company of friends sat down to tea, the number of which we should judge from sight to be between seven and eight hundred; and the like order maintained throughout we never saw before in any chapel. This reflects great credit on the excellent deacons and those who co-operated with them in the work. We were much gratified to see on the platform the beloved widow of the late pastor, Mr. James Wells, as also other ladies, presumably the wives of the deacons. Mrs. Wells, who appeared very delicate in health, informed us that she was three months older than her husband, and was in her 77th year.

A very large concourse of people assembled to the evening service, which was opened with prayer by our esteemed friend and brother in Christ, G. G. Whorlow, of Ipswich, who has preached at the Surrey Tabernacle several times with much acceptance. The speakers of the evening were most properly the deacons, and we were delighted with the selection, as it is not often we are favoured to hear speeches from them. The nature of the meeting being confined mainly to personal reminiscences of the Church and its beloved pastor, no men could possibly be found so well able and so suitable to render the occasion so *a propos* as the worthy deacons who knew and loved Mr. Wells in life and in death. The deacons present were Messrs. John Beach, Albert Boulden, Jos. Lawrence, Thomas Carr, S. Crowhurst, John Pells, J. M. Rundell, and J. Mead.

Albert Boulden, Esq., presiding, was

supported by the following brethren—W. Flack, S. Cozens, G. G. Whorlow, T. Jones, H. Wise, R. Varler, C. Cornwell, W. Winters, F. C. Holden, H. Hall, R. A. Lawrence, R. Hetherington, J. Whitheridge, J. Rayment, Walter Howe, Joseph Beach, and J. Chambers, of Plymouth. Amongst others in the congregation we noticed E. Beazley, W. Archer, N. Oakley, F. Wheeler, C. Oriner, J. Hitchcock, W. Kempton, J. W. Faulkner, D. C. Preston, J. Keast, John Henry Beach, J. Hart, T. Anderson, E. W. Syms, R. Davey, T. Green, T. King, A. Stacey, H. Philcox, J. Darling, Arnold Boulden, J. Piggott, W. Wakely, J. Brain, and several others with whose names we were not favoured.

Mr. Boulden, in his opening address, apologised for occupying the position he was called to fill as chairman of the meeting; and dwelt at some length on the purport of the meeting, expressing his pleasure on being present at the jubilee of the formation of the Church which they were called together that evening to celebrate. The speaker remarked that they were not often called to attend such meetings, and on the present occasion it was gratifying to be able, in some measure, to testify of what the Lord had done and is still doing in the Surrey Tabernacle. Mr. Boulden spoke of the Christian love and union existing in the Church before and since the death of their beloved pastor, and in expressing many interesting points in his own personal experience, made honourable mention of his old friend and brother, Mr. Barnes, whose spirit had long gone to glory; and further spoke with much good feeling of two venerable brethren who were with them that evening, and were among the twenty that formed the Church fifty years ago. Mr. Boulden, in speaking of the fruits of Mr. Wells' ministry, read an entry from the Church book, under date 1855, made by his much honoured and lamented brother, Mr. Butt, showing the marvellous blessings attending their pastor's preaching that year. It was not an unusual thing for him (Mr. Wells) to baptize as many as fifty, and sometimes sixty, in one day. The speaker having briefly alluded to his witnessing, with Mr. Butt, the last moments of their dear pastor, and of the present state of health of the beloved widow, Mrs. Wells, remarked that the pulpit of the Surrey Tabernacle had been well supplied since the death of Mr. Wells, and he (the speaker) hoped the Lord would send them a man after His own heart, in due time, to whom the Church could look up for advice and assistance in their work and labour of love. Mr. Boulden was happy to say that the Societies in connection with the Surrey Tabernacle had not grown weaker since Mr. Wells' death, but rather the reverse of that. Mr. Boulden then proceeded to read a very interesting epitome of the history of the Church since its commencement, including many important features in the life's history of Mr. James Wells, which demand attention, but owing to the length of the paper it is deemed necessary to defer the same, with other valuable

matter, till the next issue, when, by the permission of the Editor, the whole will be brought under due consideration.

Mr. C. Cornwell gave out a hymn, "Kind Author and ground of my hope," and the chairman asked Mr. Rundle, a brother deacon, to read a letter from Mr. W. Crowther, expressing his regret on not being able to attend the meeting. This letter is a very sensible and sympathising one, and is worthy of a niche in these columns, but in the present issue space is wanting. A letter from Mr. Hanks was also pleasurably received. At this juncture Mr. Wise gave out a hymn, after which Mr. Mead was called upon to address the assembly.

Mr. Mead explained how it was that he was called upon first to address the friends—because Mr. Beach, a brother deacon, who was his senior in years, though not in office, was, he regretted to say, unwell. The speaker hoped he should not be considered egotistical in speaking of himself in connection with the Church of which he was deacon. He considered some of the great changes that had occurred since the formation of the Church fifty years ago, and that he was happy to say the Church of to-day loved the truth and stood as firm in it as did the twenty members at the beginning. To them Jesus Christ was and ever will be All-in-all. This was the tenor of Mr. Wells' ministry, and which drove out the fears of many, and made them happy. Mr. Mead expressed with feelings of gratitude that it was in the year 1849 he was first led to hear Mr. James Wells; and how, prior to that time, when at the age of fourteen years, he was seriously impressed with a sense of God's love, which greatly troubled his young and tender conscience, but which was the means of preserving him from open sin, and was the forerunner of good. He (the speaker) soon realised favours with God and a good hope in His mercy from the words in Eph. ii. 8: "For by grace are ye saved through faith," &c. Like many others, Mr. Mead knew the Word of God from his youth, being taught it in the Sunday school; but when the Lord opened his eyes he saw the Scriptures as he never saw them before. He saw baptism by immersion to be a Divine ordinance, and was led to follow his Master from the impressive words effectually realised in his soul: "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." That happy circumstance took place on March 20, 1849, when 16 years of age. Mr. William Allen, of the "Cave Adullam," baptized him, after which he was very happy, and went on his way rejoicing. Mr. Mead heard, shortly after, Mr. Wells, at Red Cross-street, from Isa. xxxii. 2, when the preacher aimed a deadly blow at the spirit of legality. In the same year, Mr. Mead joined the Church at the Surrey Tabernacle, and heard Mr. Wells at Bartlett's-buildings, on the first and last occasion of his preaching there. Mr. Mead spoke pathetically of his attachment to Mr. Wells, and how he drank in the words which flowed from his heart and lips, and how indebted all were to their late pastor for the great good effected by him, through the Lord

Jesus. At the conclusion of Mr. Mead's interesting speech, Mr. Boulden referred, in passing, to the sums of money annually paid by the Surrey Tabernacle friends to the Aged Pilgrim Society, and kindly mentioned the great and good help rendered on the present occasion to the Church and congregation by his friend and brother, Mr. Hart, who really was "a good Hart."

Mr. Pells next spoke in honour of sovereign grace, and expressed his great pleasure on being present at the jubilee services, and how his feelings were overcome on hearing the history of the Church read by the chairman, all of which he could rejoice in and say, "What hath God wrought?" The speaker treated at some length on the feast of jubilee and other feasts observed by God's ancient Israel and their anti-types concentrating themselves in the Person of Christ (Isaiah xlii. lxi.). Mr. Pells, having spoken of the sublime language of Balaam with regard to Israel, concluded his suitable address by a quotation from the last verses of Num. vi. Mr. Hetheridge followed with a hymn.

Mr. T. Carr next addressed the meeting, and spoke warmly and feelingly on his early connections with the Surrey Tabernacle, and of the great use Mr. Wells had been to him, as also to his beloved father. Mr. Carr enlarged very interestingly on the names of Jehovah and of His presence in the tabernacle of old, as also of His abiding presence in the Surrey Tabernacles, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Mr. Carr spoke in high commendation of his friend, Mr. Joseph Lawrence, whom he knew and loved from his infancy, and how the Lord had blessed him through his late pastor. The speaker also dilated on the finished work of Jesus Christ, and the utter uselessness of the ritualistic ceremonies which have become so popular. Mr. Carr terminated his well-timed speech with some telling remarks on the Church's firm adherence to the truth, and which he believed would abide faithful to the end.

The chairman called upon Mr. Rundle to speak, who, in the course of a cheerful address, remarked on his loving acquaintance with the Surrey Tabernacle and its late pastor, by whom he was brought into Gospel liberty. Mr. Rundle also gave some very interesting thoughts on Psalm xlv. 17, and opened up very sweetly the character of the Trinity; also gave some special notices of the names appended to Jehovah, and concluded with those words of Isaiah, which have been a source of great joy to many souls (Isaiah liv. 17).

At the conclusion of Mr. Rundle's excellent speech, Mr. Hart rose to speak a few words, as his name had been mentioned by the worthy chairman, and said how he had enjoyed the meeting and, moreover, how glad he was that the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle allowed him to help them in giving towards furnishing the tea, and he should feel a pleasure in doing so again on October 19, 1881, if he should be spared. Mr. Hart's speech was warmly received.

Mr. Crowhurst was the next to address the friends. In the course of his suitable

address, he spoke very soberly and well on the three great points embodied in the term jubilee—namely (1) release, (2) rest, and (3) rejoicing; and finished by speaking of the truth being so long sounded within the walls of the Surrey Tabernacle, and the glad times of refreshing realised therein through Christ, in whose presence is fulness of joy, and at His right hand are pleasures for evermore.

Mr. Thomas Jones made a short speech full of Christian love and good sound meaning, after which Mr Boulden thanked the ministers and friends who had come to the meeting, and gave out—

"All hail the power of Jesu's name,"

which the whole congregation heartily sang. The benediction brought the very happy jubilee services to a close. To God be everlasting praises. Amen.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

SYDENHAM, OXON.—Harvest thanksgiving service, Monday, October 4, 1880. "A Stranger" says, two excellent sermons were preached by C. W. Banks; a good company assembled; in evening chapel full; truly a good day it was.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." We desire to acknowledge the Lord's goodness since the death of our dear pastor, in sending us men of truth to proclaim His precious Gospel. We thought at the death of our pastor the cause would die too, but, thanks be to the Giver of every good blessing, He has been better to us than all our fears. Brothers G. White and E. B. Lloyd, of High Wycombe, two earnest, truthful men, have supplied us, each taking two Sundays a month. The Word has been blessed, the congregation increased; last month the pool was opened, after being closed for seventeen years, when E. B. Lloyd was privileged to baptize.

"Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of Christ your God
Bid every string awake."

Our chapel is very old, nearly tumbling down; we are making an effort to build a new one, at a cost of about £200; towards this £30 is already promised. If any of the lovers of truth, who desire the prosperity of Zion, have it in their power to assist, donations will be thankfully received by G. White, grocer, &c., and E. B. Lloyd, 3, Oxford-road, High Wycombe, and will be duly acknowledged in the EARTHEN VESSEL.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—EBENEZER. The fourth Sunday school anniversary was commemorated on Sunday, October 17. The pastor, Mr. W. Winter, preached morning and evening. A children's service was held in the afternoon. The whole day's proceedings were highly satisfactory. On the following Thursday evening a tea was given to the teachers and scholars, after which prizes were awarded. The meeting, though a noisy one, terminated happily, for which we desire to be grateful.—A LEARNER.

PENCILINGS IN A RAIL-CAR.

THREE TABLES.

On the line from Kettering, Monday morning, July 12, 1880.—As I was leaving the Kettering Station on Saturday evening, a gentleman came up and asked me to go with him into Mr. Walker's villa, to have a cup of tea before I pursued my pilgrimage to Broughton. I thought this was marvellous. This Mr. Walker is a son of the senior Mr. Walker, of Leicester, who was for many years a deacon in the Church over which the late William Garrard was pastor. This Mr. Walker, now of Kettering, is a "Gospel Standard" preacher. That he should voluntarily invite an EARTHEN VESSEL into his handsome villa to tea, was expressive of a charity I could never expect. It quite made me blush. But I accepted the pleasant invite, enjoyed a dish of nice tea, and onward started for Broughton. To my great grief, I found my ancient friend, the patriarchal Mobbs, had been called up to

"His Father's house on high,"

leaving his Deborah-like daughter of Abraham almost a lonely, aged, but truly-believing widow, to struggle on with home and chapel as well as a merciful Providence might enable her. This devoted widow Mobbs is well known to many ministers who occupy the pulpit of "Union Chapel" in Broughton from time to time. Under her clean, careful, and comfortable roof, they always find a chamber, a candlestick, and a cup of tea to refresh them while there they tarry.

The Church and congregation at Broughton are privileged to have two perpetual curates, two residential minor-canon always in charge, and a keen, faithful watch over this little vineyard of red wine, they diligently keep.

The elder, John Palmer, is quite a Puritan. I have never seen any of his sermons in print, but if it were possible to obtain an exact report of them, I am certain they would be read with singular and pleasing interest. Whether I shall be able some day to present my readers with a little of John Palmer and his discourses is a problem at present. Poor dear man, he is now unwell; he is wearing up his strength. I hardly expect ever to see him in this world again. The other curate, brother Thompson, gives much attention to the large Sunday-school; in fact, he is a servant in the Church, in the school, in the pulpit, in the precentor's office, or in any department where his useful gifts are required.

Yesterday, July 11, 1880, was, most likely, my last term of office in Broughton. They wished me to conduct five services; three regular sermon seasons, the Lord's Supper, and a tiny little address to the young ladies and gentlemen in the school. I went through the whole; not to my own satisfaction at all, but only one Naomi complained to me of being too long. Some kind souls would hardly consider me sound in preaching at Broughton at all, because they have various degrees of Divinity preached there. However, there I have been constrained to go; there are large

numbers come together, and to them I have never shunned to declare all the truth, so far as I have been led to see and know it. The fact is, John Palmer and his friends get the best men they can. Now a word on

"THE THREE TABLES."

It was a sudden thought. Where did it come from? When I went into the vestry on Sunday afternoon before the service, the deacons told me I was expected to give the Church the ordinance of the Lord's Supper after preaching that afternoon. I was very much surprised at this, but I had no power to refuse. Still, I felt unprepared. But sermon being ended, the afternoon service concluded, the elements being set, the Church being gathered together, as I drew near, a whisper said in me:

"THE THREE TABLES."

First—there was a table in that upper room where our Lord Himself did break the bread, did pour out the wine, and said, "THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

Secondly—In all the true Protestant Churches in Christendom, there *still* is a table where the memorials of His body, and of His blood, are seen, and received by believers in His blessed Name.

Thirdly—There will be a table in His kingdom, whereat the saints shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and shall hold the sweetest, the purest, the most perfect fellowship with their risen Head in glory.

There is a fulness of grace in the signification of these Three Tables of which I would write a few words, if permitted, another month, for the testing and proving of the God-given faith of many who are sometimes tried on these matters, among whom is the poorest of all servants,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

The Elders, Banbury-road,
South Hackney, Oct. 1, 1880.

PRESENTATION TO MR. WHORLOW.

How long is our "roll of ministers" who were all known in our Churches during the last fifty years, but, with a few exceptions, are now silent, no more to be seen on earth? They are with

"The spirits of the just men made perfect."

Here they were "tenants of a hovel for a day," yet "heirs of God's universe for ever." For "in the mysteries of mercy, the ONE fore-knowing and ordaining SPIRIT, out-stripped REASON'S halting choice,"

"AND WINNETH MEN TO GOD."

Ask Batchelor Bowes, *Where* are the souls of the departed ransomed? He says, "In the paradise restored, where there is more than Eden's beauty, more than Eden's peace, where there is no serpent creeping in to steal away sweet happiness."

"THE GOSPEL GIANTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,"

saith "Timid Whisperer," are not all yet gathered into the high garner of God. No. John Austin, of Dover, above fourscore, still

tells out the grand old Gospel in Pent-side. Isaac Dixon (of Tamworth), Samuel Collins, John Cooper, Thomas Avery, Philip Dickerson, and others, are patiently waiting until the change come. "Think ye," asketh "Timid," "that there are no up-coming giants?" Nay. We have often been surprised at the springing forth of lots all over the land, and the striplings are neither few nor far between. The brethren Whorlow and Winters are among the wonders of the age, and their voices are ringing through some of the Churches with joyful anthems of praise for the gifts of grace, and of the glories of our Immanuel.

The Pimlico "door-keeper" tells friend Day the *VESSEL* is but a newspaper, it is only the *Standard* will do "to die by." True, good verger; nevertheless, as in the Acts of the Apostles the apostolic physician made a treatise for Theophilus, "of all that Jesus began both to do and to teach," so as William Winters and others send us records of some things the Lord is still doing in His Churches, we find many thousands in England, in the United States, in the colonies, aye, and in the Indies too, who are much edified by the reports we send them month by month. It was the *VESSEL* that first began to announce the appointment of Gospel preachings; others have followed us. What are the memoirs of departed friends, given so voluminously every month in the *Standard*, but pieces of news to others? How deeply beneath all contempt is the bitter jealousy of the parsons, and their educated door-keepers, who would curse and crush all but the select few who are sanctioned and supported by the rich societies at their back. We only desire to be in the pulpit, or through the press, as "the messengers of the Churches," for "the glory of Christ." We assume no such high pretensions as bearers of *The Standard*. We have always supported it, and never really believed we were guilty of any sin in furnishing a small "earthen vessel" out of which millions may drink a little refreshing water, and rejoice in the progress of the Gospel of our God.

Our brother Mr. William Winters, of Waltham Abbey, sends us a packet of good things this month, of which the following is a sample:—

"PILGRIM LODGE" CHAPEL,
STOWMARKET.

On the occasion of the Suffolk and Norfolk Association of Strict Baptist Churches, held at Stowmarket, in June last, special notices were given of the antiquated town and its picturesque surroundings. Now we have the pleasure to report the happy proceedings in connection with the harvest home services, and anniversary of Mr. G. G. Whorlow's pastorate there. It was our happy lot to be called to preach on Sept. 19, and right free and joyous were we in the work. The "Lodge" was well filled. On 22nd the friends decorated the walls with a variety of vegetables, fruits, and flowers, which so enlivened the scene as to remind us of "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers," and

bestirred us to feelings of gratitude for the bestowments of our God, whose goodness crowns the year.

"See, the Summer gay with her green chaplet,
And ambrosial flowers drooping in pallid
Autumn;

Emblems of man, who passes, not expires."

At Ipswich we met our brother Whorlow, who was off to preach at Chelmondiston. Mr. W. Kern preached at the "Lodge" on Monday afternoon. After tea, public meeting commenced. W. Clark, Esq., of Ipswich, occupied the chair. Mr. Garrett, the worthy deacon, offered prayer. The excellent chairman opened the meeting with a suitable speech on the goodness of God in supplying us with such a bountiful harvest, expressing his great love and attachment to the beloved pastor, Mr. Whorlow. At this juncture Mr. Garrett rose, and stating the good feeling existing in the Church toward their pastor, Mr. Whorlow, which feeling was practically manifest in a purse of gold, which Mr. Garrett handed over in the name of the Church and congregation to Mr. Whorlow, who received it, and with evident signs of inward emotion thanked his loving deacon and all the kind friends for such a marked expression of their heartfelt love and union toward him. Mr. W. Houghton followed with helpful words on the great work attending the pastoral office. Mr. Took gave a calm address on the harvest, full of thought and good sound sense. W. Winters and Mr. Kern addressed the friends on the wisdom, goodness, and judgment of God. This happy meeting terminated with the favourite hymn, "Once more before we part."

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

DALSTON, FOREST ROAD. — The cause here is not of any great antiquity, it having been in existence about seventeen years, and its good deacons, during that period have not been "in trouble as other men" in striving to get suitable supplies for the pulpit, as our highly esteemed brother J. H. Dearsly has occupied that sacred position there for the last fifteen years; and much to our surprise he intends to resign his office in that Church in March next. One thing we are pretty certain of, our brother will not be long at rest. Many pulpits will be open to him on his resignation of the pastorate at Forest-road. On Wednesday evening, October 6th, a Harvest thanksgiving service was held, the pastor presiding. Prayer was offered by Mr. James, and suitable speeches were delivered by brethren Osmond, Master-son, Winters, Plack, and Evans. The Lord was present to bless.—W. WINTERS.

BECCLES.—Sunday, October 3, we were favoured to have Mr. F. Green in our pulpit at Martyr's Memorial, blessed seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord it was to many. Such men, with God's blessing, would be a death-blow to Duty-faithism, so rapidly increasing in many of our so-called Strict Baptist Churches.—ONE WHO LOVES A FREE GRACE GOSPEL.

THE PULPIT AND THE PEW.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR, C. W. BANKS.—You are well aware, I have no doubt, that as certain as a man moves a little out of the old see-saw mill-horse rut he becomes sooner or later the victim of sour criticism, and is looked upon with a suspicious eye by some good brethren who are past active service (long before they have arrived at your mature years) and have become mere religious fossils, the remains of the remote past serving only to show the morbid state of the Church as it used to be when the services were drowsy and leaden, and everybody asleep but the preacher. Without wishing to appear in the least egotistical, allow me to say that my "Rough Notes" in your September issue have been pleasantly and profitably received by a vast number of sound Christian readers, and if space were at command I might supply expressions in proof of the solid good already realised by many who have read them, by which I feel myself amply repaid for the labour of love they cost me in writing, as also strongly fortified in mind against the steel of all crusty animadvertisers. I have no wish to provoke any good brother to anger and regret that your correspondent, whom I had not the pleasure of knowing till now, should have received my "Rough Notes" in the form of a "rasp," and which is explained by the fact, as he himself informs the public, that he "happens to belong to the itinerant class of preachers." Surely, if the *rasp* has only removed what may be termed useless incrustations, the hurt received by your correspondent cannot be worth a murmur. Your correspondent objects to the space my "Rough Notes" occupied, and yet takes a column and three quarters himself in telling me what I before stated within the space of a half dozen lines. My objector also fails to see the "object" I had in writing the notes. This is singular too! I thought I had stated with all possible clearness my view of the pulpit and the pew of the present day. My main object was to relieve my own conscience in stating what I knew to be facts relative to the withering effects obvious in most of the Churches served by *fresh brethren* nearly every Lord's-day; and I hesitate not in saying that the "supply system," as a rule, is injurious to the progress of the respective Churches in which it is adopted. The brethren themselves are worthy, self-denying men, and the more I know of them the more I love them as Christian ministers. But it is the itinerant *system*, as a system merely, with which I have no sympathy, and especially where it has been fostered, because it tends to produce indifference in the Church. Having no lead, the people lose interest, and few join the Church because there is no pastor to take the young and tender by the hand; and many object to join where there is no stated pastor. This, I think, is an undisputable fact. The fault is not with the minister, he merely serves as a hireling, and is gone without much feeling responsibility as to the results of his labour, as he does not know that he shall ever be asked to preach again in the same place. In some cases the

deacons are the entire conservators of the Church, and the whole of the ruling power, as regards the pulpit, is vested in them; and if a serving man is not up to their liking, he is either dismissed or prevented from exercising the right of judgment, and more so if the deacon or deacons happen to be wealthy and of influence, and apt to (preach) teach. If a good brother minister serves a Church for a time, and the majority of that Church approve of him, why is he not asked to take the pulpit regularly for six months, or a year, instead of unsettling the minds of the many by having a score, or more, of ministers during that time. It would cost the Church no more, unless the minister serves simply for the fee, which I dare not think any godly preacher does. A trial of the kind would soon prove either a success or a failure, and would enable the minister elect to pursue his course with a purpose, though the means to hand be ever so small. Your correspondent knows, doubtless, more about the work of itinerant preaching than I do, and no doubt uses the means (prayer) he proposes for others to adopt. To attribute the low state of the Churches where the supply system is in force altogether to a want of prayer is to do greater violence to each respective preacher than I do in entering my protest against the supply system altogether. I felt sure my "Rough Notes" would touch some one somewhere, and hence my "object" is gained in part.

Good results of a more substantial kind, it is to be hoped, will speedily follow. To God be all the praise.

Yours as ever in Christ,

W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

"A STRANGER IN ENGLAND."

"I look along the past, and gather themes
For praise to Thee, my ever gracious God;
It is a path of mercy, and it seems
With goodness at each step along the road."
"Shew me Thyself, then all is well with me."

An avowed disciple has been spending some Summer months in this country, anxious to ascertain if it were true that all the good men and true men who once preached the Gospel with spiritual power had gone home, like Elijah, but leaving no Elishas behind them. "My neighbour," saith the "Stranger in England," "told me, before I left our adopted shores in the colonies, that I should not find any men in our native land like unto the men we heard when we were young 'uns in London, when, with our fathers and mothers, we often trudged the streets of the gigantic metropolis, in search of the last new minister who had sprung up in our busy city." This report made "Stranger" very sad at heart, because he says—

"It is THE GOSPEL bears my spirit up,"

and, not being able to hear much o'nt out in our hot diggings, my soul has sunk down in much doubt, in deep despondency, yea, in cold clay like, and I felt wishful to visit the scenes of my youth, and seek for some revivings from God's Gospel to my aching

heart. So I sang in grief-key to the tune 'Melancholy'—

"Come, O come, Thou King of glory,
Take us from our prison-house,
Hallelujah!
King of glory, visit us."

Safe voyage. Got ashore at Liverpool, walked about, saw a serious-looking old man. Asked, "My friend, will you pardon me?"

"Nothing to pardon as I knows of," saith the lame elder.

"Well, can ye tell me if ye know anywhere in this fine seaport, with its streaming thousands, where I could go to hear that preaching which declares that JESUS CHRIST came into the world to SAVE SINNERS?"

"My name, sir, is Jones. I have lived and laboured in this newly-formed cathedral city of Liverpool a very, very many years. How it is I cannot tell ye, but I fear ye'll not find much of that sort of *preaching* which I call straight, solemn, sound, and soul-saving."

Our Stranger's progress was marvellous. His description of a multitude he heard we cannot even touch upon this month. But he declares there is more Gospel even now preached in England than in any other part of the world. Of the men who preach it, of their manner (especially such men as John Warburton, Thomas Stringer, Thomas Steed, Tryon, and others) and his mind upon all he heard, we will notice as fast as convenient.

We might add, as our "Stranger" was discouraged in Liverpool, he came into the metropolis, and once more found himself in old Zoar: but how different! "Ah! sir," said an old dame, "it is thought religion is dying clean out of the land!" "Nay," saith the Stranger, "I could not conclude like that. To be sure, I'm very much older than I was, and I cannot find some in the pulpit I once heard there; but I met two gentlemen in the city of London; and one told me he had been hearing one Mr. Briscoe, at Peckham. Such a sermon he never heard before; a large crowded concourse of people listening to a Gospel discourse, comprehensive, clear, and edifying." "Is not this Briscoe a living minister of Christ?" (We do not know the gentleman, only by report). The "Stranger" goes on to St. Paul's Churchyard; there he falls in with a noted publisher; they call him Frederick Davies; and with fire in his eyes, says Fred, "Have you heard that Jackson Wrey, in Tottenham-court-road Tabernacle?" "No, never!" "Oh, he's a man that will make his mark. He preached last night to an immense concourse, on the death of Moses." "Well," says Stranger, "turn wherever I will, in this gorgeous London, there are churches, chapels, tabernacles, halls, meeting-houses, and outdoor services on every hand. I must admit there is the free-will element squeaking out here and there; but, in most cases, the Gospel of SALVATION FOR SINNERS is preached. I am staggered! What does it all mean?"

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—"Is there not a man—a true minister of Christ—that will help us at Zion Chapel, Oundle?" So enquireth a correspondent. Since the days of Cornelius Slim, Isaac Comfort, and other eminent ministers, including William Tooke, the cause at Oundle has not flourished. We, as a Church, are over 80 years of age, yet our roll of members is very small, in fact, we have had a long Winter; still, though faint, we are yet pursuing. Our anniversary was September 19, 1880; Mr. Warren, of Little Staughton, gave us useful discourses; friends came, and cheered and assisted us, giving us £5 collection, which made us to sing, "Praise God" with hearty thanks. Oundle chapel is a good freehold chapel; no debt! a minister with Christ in his soul, by the Holy Ghost, with his heart full of Bible truth and of love to souls, might be a blessing here. O Lord, send us one of Thine own. Amen.

WOOLWICH.—ENON, HIGH-STREET.—123rd anniversary services on Lord's-day September 26, two excellent sermons were preached by Mr. John Box, of Soho; and in the evening he administered the ordinance of believers' baptism. Tuesday, Sept. 28, a large number of friends sat down to tea, after which one of the most happy and encouraging meetings was ably presided over by W. Kennard, Esq., and earnest addresses were delivered by Messrs. C. Box, John Box, J. Clark, J. H. Lynn, J. Griffith, J. L. Meeres, and W. J. Styles. Heart and earnestness prevailed, and all seemed cheered. The collections were better than on the former occasions, but, above all, the Divine Master's presence was felt at all the services. May the good seed then sowed bring forth fruit to His glory, so that we may exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

WEST HAM BAPTIST CHAPEL.—The pastor, Mr. George Elven, presided (after a long affliction) at anniversary services in September. Some of the "best men" delivered speeches, and a collection was made for the pastor. Mr. G. Elven's continuance and success in the ministry is almost miraculous. During the different pastorates he has been honoured to hold, many long seasons of affliction have befallen him. It is hoped now he will be stronger, and more efficient in the ministry for many years to come. He has a patient and praying people around him.

COBHAM, SURREY.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—The Lord has not left Himself without witnesses in Cobham. About two years ago our brother Lewis was invited to take the oversight of the Church, and in conjunction with brother A. J. Pardoe, they have preached to us the unsearchable riches of Christ. On Sept. 5 we baptized again. Our members are three times more in number in less than two years. We thank God and take courage.—ONE WHO DARE NOT DESPISE THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

"GONE HOME."

On September 15, John Fothergill, of Carshalton, sweetly slept in Jesus. The dear departed suffered acutely the last two or three weeks of his life, but the Lord so graciously manifested Himself to him that he had but one desire—to depart and be with Christ. Not many days before his decease, he said, "I can lay my head on my pillow, and say, Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." On another occasion he said, "I am filled with all the fulness of God even now in my measure." I asked him if he had any fear of death. He immediately replied, "No. Why should I? I have known and trusted the Lord too long to doubt Him now. 'Testify, ye angels, testify, ye saints, that I have no trust but in the righteousness of Christ.' Bless His dear Name. Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him Lord of all!" Each time the dear departed one said this he raised his voice, until, at last, it was quite a shout. While sitting beside him one day, he said, "My darling, when I am gone, go down on your knees and keep on blessing the Lord. The thought of my happiness should mitigate your sorrow, though I know many a sorrowful tear will trickle down that dear face."

On his last earthly Sabbath he sang through the whole of his favourite hymn, commencing, "All hail the power of Jesu's Name," a dear friend and myself joining. Only five or six hours before he departed, he sat up in bed, and for about twenty minutes spoke most earnestly to my brother-in-law on the nature of a Gospel Church, warning him, as far as he had any influence in the Church with which he is connected, not to allow anything to be put in the place of the Gospel; and with great emphasis he said, "Be sure you endeavour to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace; and now I think I have said all I need. Good-bye. The Lord bless you, and present you faultless before His presence, where you and I will meet to part no more." Soon after this he went into a deep sleep, and not apprehending any immediate danger, I laid down by his side. At 2 o'clock I arose and prepared some nourishment for him; but finding he did not thoroughly arouse, I only gave him a little jelly, after which he gave two gentle sighs, and I saw the shadow of death pass over his dear face without the slightest signs of pain or distress. The expression was that of perfect peace and rest, so he entered the joy of his Lord, aged 73. In a letter to his daughter a few months ago, he writes, "The doctor says I am better; suppose he is right; but I am not what I was, and have no right to expect I ever shall be; but, right or wrong, the old text sticks close. It is an old friend of mine. We have travelled together many years. 'All things (not some things) work together for good.' I wish you, my love, a full share of the blessedness I experience of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and the riches I possess beyond all price. God the Father mine, the Son mine, the Holy Ghost mine, justification mine, saints mine, and the witness in my

own soul with rich aboundings of joy, make up the place of my abode here. 'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.'"

THE TRUTH IN CORNWALL.

MY DEAR MR. BANKS,—Faint yet pursuing is my present condition. I am glad to tell you that I am sustained in the work at New Quay. All profess to be greatly pleased with the preaching of the truth as revealed to me, but especially those who are blessed with a hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Numbers are still increasing, which I trust is the result of the Word going forth clothed with power from on high. If the infinite Jehovah performs the work of gathering the people, we may venture to hope that it is for the purpose of glorifying Himself in Israel, by saving them from the reigning power of sin, from the hand of Satan, and from the fears of death. I sometimes wonder why I am called to feed the lambs of the flock, and can only declare that His ways are past finding out. I have read during the last few months of several Churches in want of pastors, and should feel the greatest pleasure in devoting all my time to the work of the ministry; but that path seems all dark at present. I feel a strong conviction that that is to be my future work; but when and where I do not know, doubtless you understand somewhat of these mysterious dealings of God with His people. It may be that faith shall be put in exercise, and thereby to honour the Source and Giver of it. I do not wish to move a moment before the Lord's time; but do not wish to be behind it. I am fully persuaded that He is the only Revealer of His mysteries, both in providence and grace, and will, in His time, make all things plain that are necessary for us to know; nevertheless, His people sometimes do not exercise that patience that would be most becoming their profession and honouring to Him who has done such great things for them. Trusting that this will find your spiritual man growing under the genial influences of the Spirit of God, who alone can sustain it and cause it to withstand the adverse influences of the flesh, Satan, and the world, I remain yours,

In the bonds of the Gospel,
D.

WEST BRIGHTON.—It was our pleasure to visit, for the first time, this new and interesting cause of truth. Our brother Ebenezer Turquand labours to make both preachers and hearers happy; we felt at home in the "prophet's chamber" and in the chapel, in Haddington-street, Cliftonville. Since the erection of this house of prayer the Church has steadily increased. We were told of the cheerful help rendered by our brother, C. W. Banks, who nursed the cause in its infant state and cherished it in its weakness and now it is placed in a fair way of progress we hope that no adverse power will be permitted to mar its present happiness and future prosperity.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

YEOVIL, SOMERSETSHIRE.—Tenth anniversary of Brother Varder's pastorate was held on October 7th. Cheering seasons were enjoyed; our brother's friends of the Tabernacle rallied around him nobly, joined by friends from the Open Communion Baptists, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, and Episcopal Free Church. The services commenced really on the evening of the 6th, when a goodly number of friends congregated in the Open Communion Baptist chapel for baptizing service. Mr. Hexham, of Chelmsford, preached on the occasion a suitable discourse, after which Mr. Varder baptized four believers, on their profession of faith in Christ, one being his eldest daughter. Of course the good man became greatly moved, as well as highly delighted at having the exceeding pleasure of such a privilege, and our ardent hope and earnest prayer is that others of his numerous family may be brought to follow in the same steps shortly. Bro. Hexham also felt deeply interested, as both father and daughter were the fruits of his labours in former years at Harbertonford, in Devonshire, Brother Varder having been called by grace under his ministry, and the first baptized in the baptistry constructed in the chapel at that place about 19 years since; the daughter having received such impressions of divine things under his ministry as have at last thus developed themselves as being of God. How encouraging to sow beside all waters, and a further proof of Jehovah's faithfulness: "My word shall not return to Me void." Thursday opened and continued fine throughout, which enabled the friends to gather both from town and country, which they really did. Brother Hexham preached in the afternoon in the Tabernacle, to an attentive and delighted audience, after which about 250 partook of tea in the large room of the Town Hall, trays being liberally and cheerfully supplied by the ladies of the Church and congregation, to whom great praise is due for evidently taking into consideration our brother's extensive and expensive family. We missed, on the occasion, many of the happy faces of our Brother Varder's friends of former years, who have been called away to join their friends above, and to be saved the pain of ever again saying farewell. In the evening, Brother Hexham preached in the Town Hall to a large, attentive, and intelligent congregation, after which Brother Varder and Brother James, the pastor of the Open Communion Baptist Church, spoke a few words. The proceeds of the day, financially, were good, quite on the average of former years (although so many staunch and liberal friends have been taken away by death), and, doubtless, very acceptable to our brother, whose income from the Tabernacle, we understand, is greatly in contrast with the pastor's abilities and gifts as a preacher, but he lives in the affections and prayers of his people, and, doubtless, that is the reason other Churches have not been able to steal him away, although we happen to know that more than one have been guilty of the attempt. May he long be spared as a witness for God and the distinguishing truths of the Gospel of God among the people at the

Tabernacle, so prays yours in the love of the Gospel.—**EBRD.**

"WHO, AND WHAT, IS JOHN SMITH, THE WINCHESTER PREACHER?"

[As many ask this, we give a line or two from a private note. He says.—]

"DEAR BROTHER BANKS,— Push on, don't fear or consider man. Let his pride, creature-power, and self, be put as low as ever you can, and raise the glorious Christ, exalt Him higher and higher. This will be better than any considerations of party. I have often, and am now, pained at man's poor foolish likes and dislikes. I know a little by experience. Some will not hear 'young Smith' 'because he is not yet 30 years of age, and Christ did not preach until then.' 'Too young,' 'too practical,' 'too doctrinal,' 'too high,' &c., &c. You know all about it.

"You will be pleased, I think, with the look of the old chapel in its new dress; it does not look like the same place. Our estimate has been exceeded. Many things had to be done not calculated, so sad was the state of repair. I have done all I could to keep down expenses, and still make the place decent and comfortable.

"I hope we may be spared to see each other, and also the chapel once more free of debt. Praying for all blessings on your labours, and on the Church as a whole.

"Yours in Jesus,

"**J. SMITH.**"

[We must see this remnant of debt cleared.—**ED.**]

IPSWICH.—ZOAR, DAVID STREET.—Harvest Home services were held on Sept. 21. In the afternoon W. Winters endeavoured to preach the Gospel. In the evening public meeting, the largest congregation we have ever witnessed in Zoar was gathered together. Mr. Josiah Morling, of St. Neots, presided; and deacon Ethridge prayed. The chairman introduced the nature of the meeting; and referred, in pleasant terms, to his long connection with Zoar, as pastor. Mr. G. G. Whorlow spoke of the union of the Church to Christ, and made many profitable remarks on the feasts of old and their antitypical fulfilment. Mr. Kern spoke on the golden motto, worthy of practical observation, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them." Mr. Houghton dilated sweetly on the name of Jesus. W. Winters spake freely. Mr. Morling said collection was in aid of the East Suffolk Hospital.—**W. WINTERS.**

LIMEHOUSE.—The Church in Coverdale hall, under the pastorate of Mr. F. C. Holden, is still growing in additions. The pastor has been baptizing twice lately, and we understand that freehold ground has been secured, on which they hope soon to erect a new chapel. Of this we hope to hear more at the anniversary meeting, on Tuesday, Nov. 16. A report of which will—the Lord permitting—be found in our issue for December.

NEARLY HIS LAST WORD.

To my brother Robert Young Banks, the truthful pastor of Baptist Church, at Egerton Forstall, Kent, peace to thee, and thine. On leaving Bury-St.-Edmunds, this morning, one sentence which fell from the dying lips of the late Mr. Howels much rested on my soul. This Mr. Howels was pastor of the Churches in Bury, in Bradfield, in Bottisham, and other places, for many years. He finished his course here three years since, when he said:—"There is but a step between me and death, and that is THE LORD JESUS CHRIST."

Those who saw him die, said, such was his gesture, such his heavenly calm and motion, that it was as though the Lord sent an angel to carry his happy spirit up into glory, without a conflict or a care. He was only seventy-one, and that to the ancients would be juvenile. And Mr. Howels was as one quite fresh and free in his work, until shortly before the messenger came. My beloved brother in natural and spiritual bonds, you are walking and working in your last days. How many they may be, we know not. A watchful Providence has ever charitably preserved you, and I cannot think the streams of goodness and mercy will ever cease to follow you until in the higher mansions of holy service you are called to dwell for ever.

In pouring rain last Saturday I was rolled from my London cot to the pastor's tent in Glemsford. We had five services in what they call

"THE OLD BAPTIST CHAPEL,"

in Glemsford, where that large soldier of the cross, Mr. Arthur Baker, is the honoured pastor. There is a younger Baptist cause in the same place where Mr. Page is pastor, who is of the Barnabas tribe, quite a son of consolation, a brother in the faith I have known and loved for many years. The county of Suffolk is famous for its

STRICT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION,

which was piloted into the channel of Time by those renowned ministers of the Cross, Geo. Wright, John Cooper, Samuel Collins and their compeers. They tell me that in this county the present leading star is Mr. Charles Hill, a kind of modern Chrysostrum, whose eloquent logical expositions have, through grace, preserved him in a pleasant and profitable pastorate at Stoke-Ash continuously for full thirty years, and he has around him a band of Gospel trumpeters, of whose ministerial powers I may write you another day. This note is pencilled as the swift steamer boils and blows me from Bury to Sudbury, to Marks Tey, Chelmsford, and homeward, if the keeping mercy of the Lord will once more restore me to my home. After the five services at Glemsford, I went to Bradfield-St.-George, and thence to Bury. Of these gatherings expect a review next time I call on you. I am reading the ancient "CONFESSIONS OF AUGUSTINE." They are profoundly spiritual. Expect something worthy of your attention, when I send you my next packet. Little Kedington has once more found a pastor in the brave John Crown.

More anon from your

C. W. B.

"HOPE ON IN BETHNAL GREEN."

Hope Chapel Anniversary services in October were such "a joy as the parasites of pleasure have never known." Pastors Griffith and John Hazelton gave such discourses as made some think of that line, "There be, who can think within themselves, and the fire burneth at their heart." James Griffith is an ornament to the Strict Baptist community, and to us it is annoying that he should be placed in a dark, dull, dreary street, in Green-street, Bethnal Green, while some of his neighbours, if not his hearers, who roll in their thousands, build their mansions, increase their stores, but for the lifting of the Gospel sanctuary out of obscurity they will not put a finger. James Griffith, be it said, never left the happy fields that smile around the village of content to tread with wayward feet

"The Torrid Desert of Ambition."

Therefore, with patience possessing his soul, he pursues the even tenor of his way, with "Hope" always in his eye. On the anniversary occasion, only the first-class leaders came to the front. Mr. G. W. Shepherd (with the full expression of mighty thought, with strong triumphant argument, in a rush of native eloquence, and in metaphors bold and free) bound the audience to himself for a length of time. Both as a singer and a speaker Mr. Shepherd is considered to excel. "He is not old John Foreman," said one of the hearers, but he is well adapted to suit the rising race. J. S. Anderson pointed out "the New Way." It was painful to that sacred young man, James Clark, to lose himself in Bethnal Green, but to a countryman, such a forest of streets, such floods of people, such rapid currents of business machines render it often confounding to search out a Strict Baptist Church almost hidden up, as Hope chapel is. Pastor Griffith and his numerous friends find it easy enough, but to strangers the task is most perplexing. After all, it is in such localities that Hope chapels are urgently required. Was it not for "HOPE," what would thousands of Bethnal Green toilers do? Did James Clark think of Job, who said, "Some were confounded because they *hoped*?" A Scotchman says, "It is the one thing to cheer aching hearts."

DOWN THE COLNE VALLEY.—Strict Baptist Churches are not dying out here. The cause at Kedington has been sinking. Mr. John Crown, the new pastor, is, we hope, the Lord's hand to raise her up. He preached grateful sermon October 14, and those Barnabas-like men, brethren Page, Firbank, and Collier, all displayed Truth's banner. At Brockley, Mr. Wren, of Bedford, came and sounded the deeps of Heaven's purpose and of the Church's present want of power. At Glemsford, Arthur Baker preaches to many people, and ingatherings of souls are seen. October 10 and 11, C. W. Banks delivered four sermons; and spoke in the evening, with John Wheeler, Isaiah Smith, Crown, Page, and Firbank. The choir was splendid in harmony; the chapel was filled; and the collections were sufficient.

THE PROTESTANT AND ROMAN CATHOLIC BIBLES.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

SIR,—At the Wandsworth Police Court on the 16th inst., a Roman Catholic Priest, who appeared as a witness against two boys, refused to be sworn unless on the Roman Catholic Bible.

The Priest's object was probably to cast discredit on the Protestant Bible, which the advocates of his Church have called "the Book of the Devil;" but the circumstance may lead many to inquire into the difference between the two Bibles, and may thus result in good.

To remove the prejudice created by the wicked misrepresentations of Priests against the Scriptures, I have, in dealing with Roman Catholics, used their own Bible. A Christian may do so with safety, though Popery has poisoned even this fountain of living water.

In most cases the teaching of both Bibles is the same; and in places in which they differed in language the Papal party have repeatedly made their Bible liker ours. But the two following texts will perhaps give as strong a view of the DIFFERENCE between the Bibles as any other two verses in the Book:—

Protestant Bible.

GEN. III. 15. — I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; *He* shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

LUKE XIII. 3. — Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

Popish Bible.

GEN. III. 15. — I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; *She* shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel.

LUKE XIII. 3. — Unless you shall do penance, you shall all likewise perish.

These two passages illustrate two of the gravest differences. They were purposely mistranslated from the Hebrew and Greek into Latin, and the Sacred Council of Trent afterwards decreed that the *false* copy was the *authentic* Scripture! Their object by mistranslating the first was doubtless to *deify* their "Lady." By the second the people are handed over to the Priest, who only can prescribe the "penance." This penance, on which the penitent's spiritual life depends, may consist of saying a prayer, of self-torture, in robbing friends to enrich the Church, or in murdering an infidel, or a Protestant.

But unless in Protestant localities, Papists are not allowed to have *any* Bible; and even then they are obliged to promise that they will only use it according to the sense of their Church, which, they say, is "our infallible and unerring guide in reading the Holy Scriptures." And what the sense of their Church is may be gathered from the following "Notes" to the Romish Bible, given by Romish bishops to the Irish Roman Catholics for their guidance in *religion* and *morals*:—

* MARK XI. 17.—*A den of thieves.*—If the temple was then a den of thieves because of profane and secular merchandise, how much more now, when the house appointed for the holy sacrifice and sacrament of the body of Christ, is made a den for the ministers of Calvin's breed.

"MARK XIII. 14.—*The abomination of desolation.*—No heresy doth so properly and purposely tend to this abomination of desolation, which by Anti-Christ shall be achieved, as this Calvinism, which taketh away with other sacraments and external worship of God the very sacrifice of Christ's body and blood, which being taken away (as St. Cyprian saith), no religion can remain.

"ACTS XXV. 11.—If St. Paul, both to save himself from whipping and from death, sought by the Jews, doubted not to claim succour from the Roman laws, and so appeal to Cæsar, the prince of the Romans, not yet christened; how much more may we call for aid of Christian princes and their laws for the punishment of heretics, and for the Church's defence against them (St. Aug. cp. 50).

"GAL. I. 8.—*Or an angel.*—St. Hierom useth this place, wherein the apostle giveth the curse or anathema to all false teachers, not once, but twice, to prove that the zeal of all Catholic men ought to be so great towards all heretics and their doctrines, that they should give them the anathema though they were ever so dear unto them; in which case, saith this holy doctor, I would not spare mine own parents.

"REV. XVII. 6. *Drunk with the blood.*—It is plain that this woman signifieth the whole body of all the persecutors that have and shall shed so much blood of the just; of the prophets, apostles and other martyrs from the beginning of the world to the end. The Protestants foolishly expound it of Rome, for that there they put heretics to death and allow of their punishment in other countries; but their blood is not called the blood of saints, no more than the blood of thieves, man-killers, and other malefactors, for the shedding of which, by order of justice, no commonwealth shall answer."

Though a matter of less importance, it may be noticed that in some places the language used in the Roman Catholic version is very indelicate. I remember Mr. Murphy, who generally used the Roman Catholic Bible in his lectures, being warned by an English gentleman against using certain phrases in it under pain of losing half his audience. I refer to such passages as Matt. xv. 7, and xix. 12, in M'Namara's Bible. The indelicacy in the latter text is removed from Cardinal Cullen's Bible, and made conformable to the Protestant Bible, which is, I think, a strong argument in our favour.

Let me say on behalf of Roman Catholics that I never knew one of them, *who knew Popery*, that regarded it as of GOD. Its *idolatry, cruelty and uncleanness* are as hateful to many Roman Catholics as they are to Protestants; but being in the system they may any day be *forced* against their will to join in doing that which in their hearts they regard as diabolical. In their interest, Christians should not allow this masterpiece of evil to remain an unexposed "mystery."

Yours obediently,

ROBERT STEELE, Secretary.

Protestant Evangelical Mission.
5, Racquet-cl., Fleet-st.,
London, E.C., August 31, 1880.

HAMPSTEAD.—Thanksgiving services at Ebenezer were held October 6, when a free tea was given. Mr. Foreman presided at the evening meeting, when brethren Beasley, Clutch, Garrod, S. Green, and W. Bedlow, opened their hearts and mouths in behalf of poor pilgrims.

WEST HAM. — "We liberal Baptists (What does that mean? Liberal to men's theories, but disloyal to Christ's discipline. —Is that it?) have erected a large place, and we have a working pastor. It is true, we are a thousand pound in debt. but that is nothing when compared with the work we are doing. Our pastor preaches the Gospel from end to end. You only have the middle of it." If the Son of the living God is faithfully, Scripturally, and powerfully preached, with the authority and anointing of the eternal Spirit, we will not "look with either envy or suspicion." Every man's work will be tried.

COLCHESTER.—ST. JOHN'S GREEN. We spent a very happy time with our brother Walter Brown on our return from Suffolk, and preached on the Wednesday evening to an appreciative audience. Mr. Brown is, by God's blessing, doing a good word in this antique town. Long may he continue useful. prays W. WINTERS.

STRONG GRACE.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."
 THY promises, O Lord, are sure
 To all Thy chosen race;
 And they will through all time endure,
 Supported by Thy grace.
 Thy grace supports when troubles rise,*
 Thy grace arrests the man,
 Thy grace makes wise and only wise,
 'Tis of salvation's plan.
 Lord! as Thy promise stands secure,
 We're saved from sin and death;
 And Thy kind promise *will* endure,
 Till our last labouring breath.
 Thus grace imprinted once within,
 By God the Holy Ghost,
 Secures the soul for every sin,
 Not one will e'er be lost.
 'Twas grace that caused our feet to run
 In wisdom's happy way;
 'Tis grace that still will lead us on,
 Till the bright shining day.
 Where sorrow, sin, and death, and hell,
 Can *never* intervene;
 But where Thy saints will ever dwell,
 Secured from reigning sin.

God be praised for such a sure foundation :
 Christ, the sinner's hope : on this solid basis,
 on this heavenly Rock, our souls desire to
 build their entire hopes for future and final
 glory. EBENEZER ELLIS GEARING.
 Faversham.

Our Carduognostick.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

There are thousands who never stood in a pulpit out of whose soul doth flow sincerely the loving and longing, the sighing and sorrows of that faith which worketh by love. A few original specimens will be useful.

DEATHS.—Of Mr. Gowring's departure. *The City Press* has given a truthful record of the life and ministerial work of this once

* This, blessed be God, I have very wonderfully and mysteriously proved, as I may write you at some future time.

celebrated minister of Christ. Mr. Gowring was blind for years, but a much honoured and beloved witness for the Gospel of God. Mrs. Billing, the devotedly attached wife of Mr. Billing, the leading deacon of the Baptist Church at Guildford, after a season of affliction, has passed home in peace to her Father's kingdom on high. As we are constantly witnessing, or hearing of the departure of nearly all the beloved of the Lord, which for many years we have known, we realise, with deep solemnity of feeling, the necessity of that holy word of our Lord, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

ANOTHER DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH IN THE PIT.—Most melancholy are the frequent explosions hurling hundreds of souls into eternity. Is it impossible to prevent these wholesale slaughters of our fellow-men? Our ministering brother, John Thomas, of South Wales, who was nearly crushed to death some time since, in a note acknowledging the remittance we made in Sept. says:—"My dear brother,—Just home from work. With much pleasure I scribble a word to you, my loving brother. Great has been the deliverance this day from a sudden death. O my soul, adore the Lord. This morning, about three, I was working under a great stone about a ton weight; I had just cleared from under it about one minute to have a little food, when down it dropped. Oh, praise the Lord with me my dear brother for His great care of me, He "careth for us." When I heard of the 120 who lost their lives by a Northern explosion in Cumberland, I thought if there is one soul that belongs to the Lord, that has cause to praise the blessed Saviour, I am the one; the chief debtor, both of His grace and of His providence. My grateful thanks to the Lord for putting it in your heart to take care of me.—JOHN THOMAS, Troedyrhiew, Merthyr, Sept. 10, 1880.

Deaths.

Dr. John Waddington, the patient and persevering penman, the founder of the Pilgrim Fathers' Church, has gone away in his 70th year. Poor, lonely man, of late; we hope he is now in the midst of better company. The Church of the Pilgrim Fathers has been weeping over the want of children ever since she came into the Kent-road.—That once singular man, whom we knew many years ago, Mr. John Prior, of Wilts, died in August last, aged 75.—The venerable Mr. Dullen, the leading deacon of the Baptist Church in Wellingboro' (over which Mr. Bull presides as pastor), passed away October 2, 1880, aged over 80 years.

Maria Wills, widow of Samuel Wills, and third daughter of the late John Andrews Jones (of whose Church, "Jireh," East Road, she was a member 47 years). After a long illness, endured with much patience, in full assurance of faith, she entered into her rest Sept. 26th.

"Sarah Ann," the wife of John A. Hawkins, the eldest son of William and Elizabeth Hawkins, and grandson of the late J. A. Jones, passed into the heavens Sept. 10th, 1880, after a long illness.

Died, Sept. 21st, Mr. John Musson, aged 68.

“God Will Not Fail!”

A FEW WORDS IN CLOSING OUR THIRTY-SIXTH VOLUME.

“FRIENDS, far and near, I thank you,” said the late William Garrard, of Leicester, when, in the presence of a host of people, Mr. Rolleston presented “*the watchman on the walls*” with a monetary testimonial, amounting to something like £230, or thereabouts.

That large, that singular, that extraordinary thinker, that most eccentric preacher, Mr. William Garrard, stood up (and he was a fine piece of nature’s make and moulding, and for many years he was a useful preacher of the LORD JESUS CHRIST; and when the said testimonial was presented to him, as before mentioned, he stood up), and fixing his eyes on the ceiling, he said, “I don’t know what to say; never had so much money in my life; can’t be true; count it again.” When assured it was perfectly true, he broke out, “Friends, far and near, I thank you. What more can I say.” And soon he sat down. That scene I have never forgotten. And now, in closing my thirty-sixth volume of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, I can only re-echo the late beloved Watchman’s words, “Friends, far and near, I thank you.” Above all, do I strive to render thanks, deep, genuine, and eternal thanks unto the GOD and FATHER of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, through the grace of the HOLY GHOST, the Divine Comforter, for that special Providence which hath preserved me and provided for me, from the first moment of my existence in the world up to the present moment; and from the constant incoming of letters from all quarters of the civilised portions of the globe, I am constrained gratefully to hope that the wide and extensive circulation of THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD during the last six-and-thirty years, has been rendered acceptable to many thousands of souls, “who have obtained like precious faith with us, through the righteousness of GOD, and our Saviour JESUS CHRIST.” I may not live to close up another volume of this monthly issue. Most sincerely do I pray that this farewell to my readers for 1880 may be for the honour and glory of our great HIGH PRIEST, and for the encouragement of some thousands of my fellow-men.

From long internal experience, it is the conviction of my mind that “the Spirit of Christ” in a saved soul is something like a barometer. The Spirit of Christ in the truly-saved soul rises up in happy and joyful feelings, or sinks down in sad and sorrowful reflections, according as “THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS” rises or sinks in his progress in the Gospel kingdom. Whenever I hear or see that the true knowledge—the saving knowledge of JESUS CHRIST—is spreading in the world, when I can realise, either in hearing, in reading, or in conversing with any of my fellows in the world, when in any of the exercises in which I am engaged, I can feel that “HIS NAME is as ointment poured forth,” then doth His Spirit of life and love rise up in sacred gladness in my inmost soul. Whatever I am reading, whenever I am conversing, or whatever kind of service I am engaged in, the one chief question to all, and in

all is, "SAW YE HIM WHOM MY SOUL LOVETH?" If He cannot be found, all services, and all associations to me are as the barren heath in the desert. With this intense craving of soul to find JESUS anywhere, whenever I may be permitted, with this one aching and heaving of heart to know that His kingdom is growing, that His Gospel is spreading, that His Spirit is prevailing, that His people come unto His gathering, and that His second glorious appearing is drawing near; with these indistinguishable soul-travailing inward convulsions, I fell across a foreigner's outburst of powerful oratory; who, in a comprehensive review of the present divinely-ordained and mysteriously-permitted

"SIFTING OF CHRISTIANITY,"

in the present contest between unbelief and faith; the said prophetic kind of orator asserts that whatever delusions may for the time deceive, whatever grave-digging scientists may think they have discovered, whoever, in the professing kingdom of Christ, may appear to fail,

"GOD WILL NOT FAIL."

When I saw, when I read, when within me sounded those four words, "GOD WILL NOT FAIL," up went my soul in exclamations of joy, and, if it had been possible, to thousands I would have poured out the gladsome anthem, that "our God is a ROCK, His work is perfect; all His ways are judgment; A GOD OF TRUTH and without iniquity, just and right is He."

But the original two-fold declaration touching the Almighty is yet true. He dwelleth in the thick darkness, and in light that no man can approach unto. On fallen man's side, with nothing but what nature giveth Him, GOD appears to dwell in the thick darkness; hence, when philosophers speculate they fall into the ditch of some fatal pantheism, deism, or atheism. On God's side, beyond our thick darkness, the Deity dwelleth in LIGHT no man can approach unto.

"Light," however, is *sown* for the righteous. Little showers of holy light descend upon us, whereby we discern (between the two potent powers:—*Illumination* in the mystic body of Christ, and delusion in the rest that are blinded: surely we must see) the enemy is "COME IN like a flood."

The schoolman's onward marching, the stupendous efforts to promote the growth and influence of civilisation, of education, and of evangelisation, have had their moral use; but they have almost thrown

"THE GRAND OLD GOSPEL"

into the shade. Go wherever you may, listen to, or read, whoever you will (if you have ever once walked with Jesus to Emmaus, if HE has ever opened up to you the Scriptures), you are sure to meet with little more than an effervescing draught of nature's concoction. We are not alone in this assertion. "After nineteen centuries," says a living witness in London's ancient city—"After nineteen centuries, we have reached a condition of the public mind in which there is as much of doubt as of confident faith in respect to the Divine revelation." There is far more of "doubt felt than expressed." There is an alarming majority of downright infidels. From whence cometh this? From the want of God-like bones, sinews, strength; from the lack of new covenant confidence in the ministry; from the absence of such experience as the "pattern man" expressed, when to the loving Philippians he wrote, "Yea, doubtless,

and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of CHRIST JESUS my LORD, for whom I have suffered

“THE LOSS OF ALL THINGS,

(WHO DARE SAY THAT IN THESE DAYS ?)

and do count them but dung, that I might win Christ, and be found in Him ; not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith ;

“THAT I MAY KNOW HIM,

and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death.”

Our Lord Jesus Christ was called, in the ancient Church, by way of pre-eminence,

“THE MAN OF VIRGIN SOUL,”

a soul untainted, or unentangled, by any human relationships, or mere *creature* connection whatever. So, in measure, the heaven-born soul has its spirit united only to JESUS, GOD-MAN, by the HOLY GHOST.

“None—but Jesus,”

is its Saviour, sermon, and song. To know nothing among men, but Christ, and Him crucified, would not do for this age of light literature and varied amusements. Flood-like is the enemy coming in. May “THE STANDARD” yet be lifted up. The New Testament stands up like a mighty and immovable rock of CERTAINTY in the midst of the wide unstable sea. CHRIST is therein set before us as THE TRUTH. Every word of His is struck with a definite sovereign image of the veracity of the eternal purposes, the gracious promises, the omnipotent power of that great I AM, “the GOD who will not fail.” This golden sentence implies, first, that God has some great object to accomplish, which is the perfect fulfilment of all the counsels of His heart. In none of them will the Almighty God ever fail. The sentence also implies that there is great opposition against the exaltation of Christ; against His Gospel and His people. Satan is the prince of the power of the air, the spirit which now worketh in the children of disobedience; and in how many different forms, fashions, and agencies Satan worketh as an adversary, none can declare ; but that absolute promise will be verified concerning Christ:—“HE MUST REIGN, TILL HE HATH PUT ALL ENEMIES UNDER HIS FEET.” We see the enemies to Christ always fail, in due time, but “GOD WILL NOT FAIL.” WHO is it that will not fail ? It is GOD!—the eternal JEHOVAH. See: About 2,000 years before Christ came, the Lord took Abram out for a walk—so the Word saith—and there was only Abram and the Lord there. The Lord said, “Look now toward the heavens, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them ; and the Lord said, So shall thy seed be.” Now, look over the history of the past 4,000 years, and has not Abram’s seed multiplied ? Armies of the aliens have gone forth, and still are going forth, in opposition ; but the Lord will have them in derision, our GOD will not fail.

Where will He not fail ? In the verification of every promise. How amazing is Isaiah ! Full 740 years before Christ came, this Isaiah stands, as in the very secret of the covenant of grace, and cries out,

“*Unto us a Child is born.*” That Child has been born! “*Unto us a Son is given.*” That Son has been given. It was God’s well-beloved Son that was given in our nature, given as our Law-fulfiller, as our Substitute, as our Redeemer, Advocate, and Great High Priest.

CHRIST, the Son of GOD, by the eternal SPIRIT (the HOLY GHOST), has been given to us in the Gospel, and in the experience of our souls. The government is upon His shoulders; and His Name is called “Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace.”

Silently, in our quiet study, reviewing the whole of the thirty-six years during which we have conducted this much-despised EARTHEN VESSEL, GOD HAS NEVER FAILED US! No! the poor old brown pitcher has been stoned most unmercifully, the Pharisees have sneered, the critics have contemned, the superlatives have hurled out their fire, respectable companies have been formed to annihilate the poor thing. All through its existence it might be almost heard to sigh (for sing it seldom could),

“Here plagues and deaths around me fly,
But, till He bids, I cannot die.”

Everybody can find just occasion to denounce it; and when the original and only present Editor is got out of the way, wonderful improvements will be made in its constitution and character altogether. All such prophetic projects I must leave. One only wish can I express. Long as the EARTHEN VESSEL may circulate in the world, may it carry round to the Churches the good news of the grand old Gospel of the ever-blessed Lord. We must once more add, “GOD WILL NOT FAIL.” Drawn—or driven—into every phase of grief, of isolation, of fear, and of blighted hopes, our faith in God’s covenant, our love to God’s CHRIST, our teaching by God’s Spirit, our supplies by God’s providence, our support in God’s service, our success in helping God’s poor, our strength according to God’s promise, in none of these, in no way, has God ever failed us. Hallelujah! praise the Lord! Amen.

Soon shall we bid this world adieu!
Our friends, the EARTHEN VESSEL, too.

And will God fail us then?

Silence, we fear, becomes us best.
On CHRIST alone the soul doth rest;
Here will we drop the pen.

“Review of the Strict Baptist Churches,” in the home counties and in the colonies, must be deferred.

“Way-side Notes” says:—“There may be broken bones, but there can be no broken covenant.” Satan may deceive; he may be rough; he may make you know what God meant when He said, “Moab is My wash-pot”; but Satan can never destroy the soul who looks, lives, leans only on Jesus.

“Let not thy heart despond, and say,
‘How shall I stand the trying day?’
God has engag’d by firm decree,
That as thy day thy strength shall be.”

This has been proved true by

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

THE GOSPEL IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

A DISCOURSE BY MR. E. LANGFORD.

Preached in Chatsworth-road Baptist Chapel, Clapton-park, October 24, 1880.

“And the Lord spake unto Moses saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, when ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf of the first-fruits of your harvest unto the priest, and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord, to be accepted for you: on the morrow after the Sabbath the priest shall wave it.”—Levit. xxiii. 9—11.

AS we have no time to make remarks of an introductory nature, the best thing is to come at once to the subject. We have three things in the text: an intimation, an injunction, an inference.

INTIMATION, INJUNCTION, AND INFERENCE.

These three words show the three divisions of our subject.

I.—INTIMATION. It was to intimate to the people, that their support, in respect of the manner thereof, was due to peculiar circumstances. When they entered the land to which they were going, much would depend upon their industry; more would depend upon the Lord's blessing: “When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a sheaf of the first-fruits of your harvest unto the priest, and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord, to be accepted for you: on the morrow after the Sabbath the priest shall wave it.” The text intimates that the support of the people was due to circumstances of a very peculiar nature. You are aware that the manner of their support was miraculous. You are acquainted with the peculiarity of their circumstances. You know that the people whom Moses was commanded by Jehovah to speak to were pilgrims and strangers. They had no settled place of abode; they were journeying to the land which the Lord had said, “I will give it you.” They were not sure in respect to the day; they were not certain how long they might remain in one place. When the cloud moved, they were necessitated to move, and they were obliged to keep on moving, as long as the cloud went forward. When the cloud ceased to move, then they stood, and they settled down for a time being in the place over which the pillar of cloud stood. You are also aware that the place in which they were travelling was a wilderness, rocky, barren, and unfruitful. If they had possessed seed, they could not have sown it; it could never have been sown where anything would have come of it. If it had been, and they had sown the seed, then they could not be surfeited with reaping the harvest, for it may be that as soon as the green blade appeared above ground the cloud would indicate that they must move and leave that particular spot for another spot elsewhere. But the land which they were going to possess, it was to be their home, if we may so speak—their settled place of abode, they were to dwell therein. And you know what was said of the land. They were led to expect that it would be a good land; a land flowing with milk and honey; a land watered by the rain from heaven; a land of brooks; a land of rivers. The produce of the land was quite sufficient to keep the millions that lived therein; they would no longer be in a wilderness, no longer strangers going hither and thither, to and fro, though when they got there they were to depend in part upon their industry for their subsistence. They were to depend more upon the blessing of God. For the blessing of the

Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow thereto. Now what does the harvest imply? We think it implies industry; it also implies faith, and hope, and expectation, and patience, and joy. We think in the first place it implies industry. The word of God inculcates industry. I am sure that it does not sanction idleness. You know that Paul, in one of his epistles, enjoins diligence, inculcates industry. Saith he, "Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." And in respect of those who are so idle that they will not work, He saith, "If a man will not work, he ought not to eat." So you perceive, beloved, that the Scripture inculcates industry, it nowhere sanctions idleness. In respect to industry in the cause of Christ, we are enjoined to cast our bread upon the waters, and we are assured that we shall find it after many days. Whatsoever a man sows, that he will also reap. If a man sows nothing, he can expect nothing; for of this we are assured, that of nothing nothing will come. An agriculturist must plough his land, he must prepare it for the reception of the seed. If you turn to one of the Psalms, you will find that the Holy Ghost, by the mouth of the Psalmist, gives us a very graphic description of the labour of the agriculturist. How industrious, how assiduous, how diligent on his part; and yet the Lord must command the blessing on his labours, or else it will be in vain. But you know Paul expressed himself thus: Paul planted, Apollos watered, God gave the increase. Then I think that the harvest also implies faith. A man sows in faith, he believes in the forces of nature, he cannot understand how they act. He believes that they will act, but how he cannot understand, he is altogether in the dark in respect of the process. He believes in the influence of light, and heat, and air, and rain, and snow, and other things that we may mention. You know that the Lord, by the mouth of Isaiah, saith, "As the snow and rain cometh down from heaven, and returneth not thither again, but watereth the earth, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater." You know that the Lord saith in one of His parables, "the earth bringeth forth of itself, man sows the seed, he returns, he sleeps. "The earth bringeth forth of itself, he knows not how; first the blade, and then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." He sows in faith then, he believes in the force of nature; but he is in the dark in respect of the process. And so we say in respect to the spiritual husbandry: ministers of the Gospel sow the seed, they leave the rest with God; and blessings for ever on His Name, He watereth it, and through the blessed power of the Holy Spirit, the Gospel is not preached in vain, and God is glorified. And then it implies hope. We think that hope is the daughter of faith. Where there is no faith, there cannot be any hope. But where faith is, there certainly will be hope. A man's hope will be in proportion to his faith. If his faith be little, then depend upon it, his hope will be very diminutive. But if his faith be great, his hope will be great also.

We have said that hope is the daughter of faith. Of expectation we may say it is the grand-daughter of faith. If there were no hope there could be no expectation. You must not confound the two, as if there was no difference, for there is a difference between hope and expectation. Beloved, those who labour in the cause of Christ, and those who are engaged in the department of Christian service, should look out for, or expect God's blessing on their labours. Then there must be patience; you know that the result is not immediate. I speak in

respect of the fruit. Long months the husbandman has to wait before the harvest comes or the period arrives for him to thrust in his sickle and reap the golden grain, and gather it into his barn. There is patient waiting on his part; and so in respect of spiritual husbandry, there must be patient waiting. We are not to come to the conclusion that there will be no fruit, because there is no result seen immediately. We are to wait upon the Lord, be of good courage, He shall strengthen your hearts, all ye that hope in the Lord. And then it implies joy on the part of the husbandman. "Their joy," saith the Lord, by His servant Isaiah, "is as the joy of harvest." What does all this imply? It implies the care and mindfulness God has towards His creatures. "All eyes wait upon Thee," saith the sweet singer of Israel; "Thou givest them their meat in due season, Thou openest Thy hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." This implies God's care of His people. Our Lord, speaking to His disciples, said, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of these can fall to the ground without your Father's knowledge. Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Implying how careful God is of His creatures in general, how careful of His people in particular. Ah, His care is great. It also implies faithfulness on His part. You know He said to Noah, when he came out of the Ark, "I will no more bring the waters over the earth to cover it, for any man's sake;" and as a sign of this He sat His bow in the cloud. He also said, "As long as the earth remaineth there shall be Summer and Winter, there shall be day and night, there shall be cold and heat, there shall be seed-time and harvest." And He has been true to His word, and we have no right to doubt His word, He is faithful to His promise. His care of His creatures is great, and then, beloved, it implies patience on His part. Some people say God is not in anything. There are others who say God is not in everything; you may come to the conclusion, if you like, that the day or days of miracles have ceased to be, I am of quite opposite opinion. Beloved, it is by a miracle that God feeds the teeming population of the earth now. We do not regard it as a miracle, simply because we are so used to the mode of His operation. We take things as a matter of course. Things come, and things last, and things end, and we do not see anything particular, or strange, or special, or new about them. Our ideas arise from the fact that these things are ever present to our minds, always before our eyes. We have become so used to them that we do not conclude that they should be regarded in the light of a miracle; but such they are, and such we ought to regard them. It also implies on His part reward. He gives, and gives like a God. He is El-shadai, the many-breasted God. We are not straightened in Him, although we are sometimes straightened in ourselves. It was only the other day that I heard from the lips of a brother in the ministry of something that took place some time ago. It would appear that a farmer had reaped his fields, and the grain stood in sheaves, all over the field. The farmer, entering his field, was accosted by one of his neighbours, who said to him, "The Lord hath blessed you in that field, for He has given you a good crop." But the angry farmer replied, in a very unbecoming manner, and said, "The Lord had nothing to do with it. It is not to be attributed to Him, I owe it to my dung-heap that I have such a crop as this." Well, he goes on to say that before the man could get the crop of grain out of his field it began to rain,

and it did not cease raining until his corn had swollen out to such an extent, as to render it absolutely useless, and he was obliged to cart it off the field and find it a place upon the dung-heap. We must acknowledge the Lord in all our ways. Ungrateful, indeed, should we be not to acknowledge how good and gracious our God is. Let us now pass on to the injunction, "When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring the sheaf of the first-fruits thereof unto the priest, and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord, to be accepted for you: on the morrow after the Sabbath the priest shall wave it."

A sheaf of the first-fruits of their harvest they were to bring unto the priest. Mark: it was to be the first-fruits. The Lord lays claim to the first of everything. The Lord God of Israel claimed, for instance, the first-born. And it was so in this respect to irrational animals. The ass, the first-born of the ass, was to be redeemed, or else its neck was to be broken. In respect to everything in the vegetable world, in the animal world, the Lord laid claim to the first-born. What does this teach? I think it teaches just this: it teaches that He will have His proprietorship acknowledged. "I am the Lord your God, you shall acknowledge My proprietorship by bringing an offering to Me." Beloved, when a man creates (if he can create, we do not think he can; man cannot create anything, the work of creation belongs to God, and God only)—if a man can create—the things created would be his, he would be absolute proprietor. Well, we know that God made everything; we have only to turn to Genesis i. and we have the words, "God created all things." He spoke, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast. The Lord hath done whatsoever it hath pleased Him, in the earth, in the sea, and all deep places. He is absolute proprietor. All things belong to Him, because He hath created all things; and then, beloved, when speaking of His proprietorship, we may say that it is exclusive—that is, He is absolute proprietor. Not joint-proprietor; not that someone else has an interest with Him in these things. In Him we live, and move, and have our being. And then we may also observe, that His proprietorship is universal. He is universal rector. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," saith He, "the cattle upon a thousand hills are Mine, the gold and the silver thereof." He is universal proprietor; He will never lose or He will never forfeit anything; they were His, and are His, and ever will be His.

Well, now, He will have a sheaf of the first-fruits presented unto Him to acknowledge His proprietorship, which is absolute. People are not in a hurry now-a-days to bring the first-fruits. What do they do? Well, they say, we will see if there is anything over. We will wait a bit and see if there is anything to spare. If we have more than we want we will give that to the Lord. If you do not think of giving the Lord the first-fruit, do not give it at all. But please to observe that it was to be presented by the priest for them. What does this imply? It implies this much—that nothing can, by any possibility, be acceptable to the Lord, unless it be offered through the great Mediator, the great High Priest and apostle of our profession, Jesus Christ the righteous. Bear in mind that I think it was incumbent upon them to offer unto the Lord the sheaf of the first ripe fruit. Then, again, observe that it was accepted

of the Lord, for the people, at the hands of the priest; and being accepted at the hands of the priest, for the people, the people were assured of the ingathering of what was in the field, or fields. It was a guarantee that the harvest should be gathered into the garner. Please to observe that what was in the field, in respect of the quality, was precisely the same as the first-fruit which the priest offered unto the Lord for the people. Just observe also, that it was to be offered on the morrow after the Sabbath. The priest shall wave it on the morrow after the Sabbath—that is, as on this day, the Sabbath. I think it is Josephus who tells us that one of the people crossed the brook Kedron and went into the corn fields, and cut a sheaf, re-crossed the brook, went to the temple, gave it to the priest, and the priest offered it to God for them. Mark, it was one sheaf for all the people; “a sheaf of the first-fruits of your harvest shall the priest wave before the Lord to be accepted for you: on the morrow after the Sabbath the priest shall wave it.” Now let us, for a minute or two, draw our conclusion. We think that its teaching is typical, or, if you please, figurative; it points to Jesus Christ. Mark when this takes place: it takes place on this seventeenth day of the month called Abib, the first month of the sacred year; the seventh of the civil year. The first month of the sacred year was called *Abib*, because then it was that the Lord brought the people out of the land of Egypt, delivered them out of the house of bondage. The Passover was held in the month Abib, answering to our March. On the fifteenth day of the month was the Sabbath; the fourteenth day of the month Abib was the Lord’s Passover; the fifteenth day of the month Abib was the Sabbath; and the sixteenth day of the month Abib the sheaf of first-fruit was presented unto the Lord by the priest, in the temple. Beloved, it was the fourteenth day of the month Abib on which our Lord Jesus Christ, the blessed Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, offered up Himself on the cross, a voluntary and vicarious sacrifice for sin. You know that they came to see whether He was dead or no; because the next day was the Sabbath; and if they had not found Christ dead they would have broken His legs, as they did the legs of the thieves, the one on the right hand, and the other on the left hand. But they found that Christ was dead already. Oh, you know that they marvelled that He was dead so soon; and you know that Joseph went in and begged the body of Christ, and Pilate granted Joseph’s request, and he, coming with Nicodemus, wrapped the body of our Lord Jesus up in clean linen and deposited it in his own garden. On the sixteenth day of the month Abib He arose from the dead, He burst the barriers of the tomb and offered up the sheaf of first ripe fruits. “Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept;” and if the first-fruits be holy then the lump must be holy also. The Holy Ghost by the apostle saith, “As Christ is so are we; in this thing there is no difference.” God accepted Him as the sheaf of first-fruit, and having accepted Him, He cannot do other than accept His dear people also. “I will that those which Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am.” Amen.

RELIGION stands upon two pillars—namely: What Christ did for us in His flesh, and what He performs in us by His Spirit. Most errors arise from an attempt to separate these two.—*John Newton.*

THE MORNING OF JOYS.

BY THOMAS EMERY.

[THE following paper having been some long time with us, we have, at length, carefully perused it, and with confident sincerity recommend it to all our readers. It is an original, spontaneous outflow of a new heart, filled with the new wine of electing, predestinating, redeeming, regenerating, sanctifying LOVE OF GOD. We have had several seasons of fellowship with the writer. We found in him that *sternness* for TRUTH, that *solemnity* of GRACE, that *confidence* in the FAITH, which bound our hearts in one. Hence, when Providence opened the door, and silently bid us send him forth to preach the Gospel, we did so, and, blessed be God, we have testimonies declaring the preaching of Thomas Emery has been acceptable and useful. May God Almighty bless him more and more. prays C. W. B.]

“For He is risen.”—Matt. xxviii. 6.

THESE words have been laid upon the writer’s mind for some time; they led to the following meditation upon the all-important and solemn subject, “He is risen.” It was the fulfilment of that great and glorious covenant of grace entered into between God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

I would first notice, the joys realised by the finished work and wondrous plan of salvation. What immense joys filled all heaven when the angelic hosts burst forth into songs of praise to Almighty God, with shouts of sovereign grace, when our glorious Redeemer came forth from the tomb, what shouts of hosannas arose from that mighty host, when they cried, “Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.” Never before did heaven’s high arches ring as when the Lord of hosts entered the celestial city. And shall not we take up the strain, and send the echo back again?

“For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.” No grave could possibly hold the Lord of life and glory, who had power to lay down His life, and power to take it up again. The soldiers who watched became as dead and powerless. There was no human or Satanic power that could possibly prevent our glorious Redeemer from coming forth from the sepulchre. What joy filled the heart of Mary Magdalene and the other Mary when the angel of the Lord informed them that Jesus was risen, and when told to go quickly and tell the disciples, what haste they made from the sepulchre with fear and joy, and on their way Jesus Himself met them, saying, “All hail!” and she came and held Him by the feet, and worshipped Him. How sweet to their hearts must have been the voice of their beloved and ever blessed Lord! What joy and love filled the hearts of those two disciples when going to Emmaus, while Jesus talked with them by the way, and opened up the Scriptures. It made them exclaim, “Did not our heart burn within us!” The love that filled their hearts was not ordinary love (mark); they knew Him not, as their eyes were holden. It was the love of God shed abroad into their hearts. This same love, as soon as it is implanted into a poor sinner’s heart, causeth him to give up all for Christ, to forego all that the world calls dear. Ah, we now have good hope beyond the grave, which the world can neither give or take away; and, blessed be God, while faith is kept in act and exercise, we can say from our heart, being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in us will carry it on until the day of Jesus Christ. What exceeding joy filled the hearts of the disciples when Jesus stood in the midst of them, and said, “Peace

be unto you." The joy of their hearts overcame them, and they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed they had seen a spirit; but when the Lord said unto them, Behold My hands and My feet. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord. Then said Jesus to them again, "Peace be unto you." "As My Father hath sent Me even so send I you. And when He had said this He breathed upon them, and said unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." What joy there is now for the Church of Christ! She is ransomed by the shedding of His precious blood, accepted by God the Father, and now reconciled unto Him, signed with the seal of God's approbation.

"The Church triumphant round the throne,
Redeemed with precious blood,
In scenes of glory here unknown,
Adore the Christ of God."

What everlasting joys are now bestowed upon the poor sinner who has been called out of nature's darkness into God's marvellous light. Here is a free and unmerited salvation wrought out by the fulfilment of the holy law made honourable; now are we justified by faith. Once we laid at hell's dark door, without one glimmering ray of hope, felt that we were too black and too vile ever to be called the sons of God. But when it pleased the Lord our Saviour to call us with an holy calling, then we raised our heads out of the dust, and were brought to the feet of Jesus, with "God be merciful to me a sinner." What a blessed position! Then we could realise our past condition when we were led captive at Satan's will. Then we could realise the streams of mercy ever flowing towards us, while we were yet sinners; here we could see what a long-suffering God we have. He hath loved us with an everlasting love, and with lovingkindness hath He drawn us. Here can the writer look back upon his past life, and see how he has been preserved through Divine Providence in many, many instances during his career. Upon several occasions he was brought nigh unto death's door; once in particular, when seized with typhoid fever, when his parents and sisters were gathered round his bedside, and had bid him adieu, watching and expecting every moment to be his last. But the angel of death had not been sent forth. Here are those precious lines set forth:

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

Very soon after this I was brought into the furnace of affliction with cholera, and then had a fall down an area, and was picked up for dead. And many other very narrow escapes too numerous to mention at the present time. At last it pleased the Lord, about three years back, to bring me down with a heavy stroke, with a compound fracture of the leg, and that laid me upon a bed of affliction for eighteen weeks. Then the Lord began the work of grace in my poor soul; and, blessed be His holy Name, He never left me until He spoke with power through His servant, Edwin Langford, those blessed words, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?" Then was I brought to the feet of Jesus with such weeping supplication that I shall never forget in this life. If ever grace was magnified in a vile, black, polluted, ill, and hell-deserving sinner, it hath truly been so in me. I can say with the poet,—

“ Grace made my stubborn soul to bow;
 Grace made my eyes o'erflow;
 'Twas grace to me that did impart
 A humble, broken, contrite heart.

In all temptations by the way,
 Grace hath me succoured to this day;
 And grace will true and constant prove,
 Till grace I sing in realms above.”

I have wandered from this glorious and grand subject. I would just take a survey of the great victory Jesus Christ, the righteous, obtained. When He arose He overcame that dread monster, the grave. He became the first-fruits of them that slept. Satan and all his host was defeated, and his head bruised for ever and ever, and his kingdom overthrown.

“ Sound the loud timbrel
 O'er Egypt's dark sea,
 Jehovah hath triumphed,
 His people are free.”

Just taking a view of the afore-mentioned facts, what encouragement and hope is there here for the poor, penitent, Satan-harassed child of God. Nothing can separate us from the love of Christ—

“ Once in Christ, in Christ for ever,
 This the Gospel scheme declares.”

“ This truth, like its Author, eternal shall stand,
 Though all things in nature decay;
 Upheld by Jehovah's omnipotent hand,
 The righteous shall hold on his way.”

It is the prayer and earnest desire of the writer that all the servants of the Lord will stand firm in the faith, “being determined to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.”

I must now draw to a close with an earnest desire that the blessed Lord will draw out my heart in sincere love to Him, and to His work. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me. I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the Name of the Lord. It is my earnest prayer that I may be made useful to the Lord's cause upon earth in my latter days. And when the time shall come for me to lay down this mortal body, may the Lord enable me to sing, “Thy will be done, O God.” The above are some of the heart's experiences of a poor sinner saved by sovereign grace alone.

49. Glenarm-road, Clapton Park, April 24, 1879.

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

“ These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.”—Rev. xiv. 4.

TRADITION informs us that Matthew suffered martyrdom by being slain with the sword at the distant city of Ethiopia.

Mark expired at Alexandria, after having been cruelly dragged through the streets of that city.

Luke was hung upon an olive tree, in the classic land of Greece.

John was put into a chaldron of boiling oil, but escaped death in a miraculous manner, and was afterwards banished to Patmos.

Peter was crucified at Rome with his head downward.

James the greater was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James the less was thrown from a lofty pinnacle of the temple, and then beat to death with a fuller's club.

Phillip was hanged up against a pillar, at Hieropolis, in Purygia.

Bartholomew was flayed alive.

Andrew was bound to the cross, whence he preached to his persecutors until he died.

Thomas was run through the body with a lance in the East Indies.

Jude was shot to death with arrows.

Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

Barnabas, of the Gentiles, was stoned to death by the Jews, at Salonica.

Paul, after various tortures and persecutions, was at length beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Nero.

Simon Zelotes was crucified in Judea.

Thus did these devoted *servants* of the *Master* fare at the hands of an ungodly world, who was *not* worthy of them. Truly, theirs was "golden faith." It stood the fiery crucial test with a *Witness*.

DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY

DISPLAYED IN GOD'S SPECIAL BENEFITS BESTOWED ON HIS ANCIENT PEOPLE ISRAEL, AND ON THOSE WHOM HE HAS CHOSEN TO HIMSELF IN CHRIST JESUS.

"He hath not dealt so with any nation; and as for His judgments, they have not known them."—Psa. cxlvii. 20.

BY the separation of the seed of Abraham from the nations at large, and bestowing upon them a knowledge of Himself and of His righteous laws, the great God of heaven and earth has given a powerful manifestation of His Divine sovereignty, and that absolute right which He claims to Himself to dispose of all His creatures according to His own will and pleasure. Whilst He left other nations to walk in darkness, and to continue in their naturally depraved state of enmity to Himself, He gave to Israel alone His statutes, and revealed to them His glory and majesty; taking them, as a nation, into a peculiar covenant relationship with Himself, for their own peculiar benefit.

There is that in the contemplation of this great fact which is calculated to fill the mind with the deepest solemnity. What God did for Israel, He could have done for all the nations of the earth, instead of leaving them, as He did, under the influence of their own unbridled lusts, unrestrained and undirected by wholesome laws and ordinances. The Psalmist says: "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty" (Psa. lxxiv. 20). If we consider the cruel practices of heathen nations exercised toward the helpless babe, as well as toward the aged and the infirm, together with the barbarous modes of wreaking vengeance, and the unjust exercise of might over right, we may be tempted, in the first instance, to think that it would have been more consistent with the beneficent character of the Divine Being to have laid His restraining hand on *all* the nations of the earth, and thus have prevented such exhibitions of cruelty and oppression, which were forbidden in the people of His choice.

But we ought to remember that God, as the absolute Sovereign and "Judge of all the earth," has determined to vindicate His own righteous character, as well as to display His grace and beneficence; and thus, by leaving these nations uncontrolled, He left an indelible mark of the consequence of transgression in the fruitful nature of sin, as manifested in the variety and hideousness of forms in which it propagated itself; and, beyond this, in the miseries which it caused, that sin is not that pleasing pursuit which men of corrupt minds imagine to themselves; but that the end thereof is bitter as death.

We should be acting more in accordance with our allegiance to His Divine Majesty to employ our minds in contemplating the peculiar grace, so free and undeserved, the abundance and the variety of the blessings He bestowed, and the evident marks which the fruits of obedience have stamped upon that favoured nation, as redounding to His glory and praise, and contrasting the results of the beneficent government of God over the "fewest of all people," with the consequences of His "suffering all nations to walk in their own way," to admire His condescension, so richly displayed in giving such a concentrated display of Divine light in the history of His people Israel.

Such views and such estimations of this sovereign and righteous dispensation of God, prepare our minds to contemplate with reverence all other manifestations of Divine sovereignty; more especially that which is revealed in His Sacred Word concerning the execution of His Divine counsel and will, with respect to the final state and condition of all mankind, in electing some to eternal life, and fixing immoveably and unalterably, by Divine decree, the deserved misery and wretchedness of others.

Truly, with the first we have to do only with time, with the latter it is a matter of eternity. The one is finite and limited, the other infinite and illimitable. The one is somewhat within the compass of human observation, the other baffles our deepest penetration, and leaves us bewildered amidst an ocean of inconceivables, and consequently of inexplicables. Our province lies within the limits of faith and adoration, nor ought we to venture too curiously to penetrate or inquire into a mystery so veiled with darkness, in the midst of which the great Jehovah resides. "Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne" (Psalm xcvi. 2).

The question of most importance is, Have I a personal interest in the peculiar favours which a Triune-Jehovah has bestowed upon His elect people? It is to be feared that many whose hearts are under the hardening and deceitful influence of sin, set themselves forward as advocates of election and predestination. If such live and die in their present state they will behold that which will astonish themselves in the glory which will be revealed in those whom Christ hath redeemed to Himself as a peculiar people; but, alas! whilst they gaze upon the spectacle, they will find themselves only spectators, and not actors in the grand scene, or participators of its benefits. Then they will find, to their eternal shame and confusion, that they have lacked in their religious profession the one thing needful—a personal concern for their own salvation.

G. S.

THE HEAVENLY HARNESS.

“And the children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt.”—Exodus xiii. 18.

TWO or three years ago I was teaching in the Sunday-school; we read the above words. I had read them many times before without notice, but the afternoon to which I refer, the word “harnessed” was opened in such a manner that I cannot forget, and many times since then it has been a comfort to me to know that the Lord has me in harness. In the margin we read that it means five in a rank. Our God is a God of order, and naturally His people are a people of disorder, so He puts on the harness; and He puts it on when He starts them from the land of Egypt, for they begin to pull away from conviction, but a mighty Hand holds the reins and keeps them in the rank; and the more they pull the more they are hurt by their own pulling, for the bit has been put in their mouth, but not by a careless servant. The Master who has set His heart upon and bought us with the price of His own most precious blood, will not give the training of us to His servants—they are, indeed, to feed us, but the Lord Himself prepares the food; and He also knows just how much we can digest, and whether we should have it bitter or sweet. He leads us into green pastures; but often has to bring us through rugged paths to get there, and often before we come to the still waters we have to come through a dry desert, and some through floods of trouble. As the natural Israel was a stubborn people, so, to their own sorrow, are the spiritual Israel; if we were more willing to be led in the Lord’s way we should need the rod less; but how often we choose our own path, intending to walk that way, and then ask the Lord to lead us; perhaps the path we choose would lead us to worldly wealth or fame, so He stops up the way lest we get on the hill of pride and turn giddy and fall down; then we wonderingly exclaim, I ask the Lord’s guidance, and still I have come into this trouble! But did we ask Him to choose our path? No! or we should never have been one step in the way. Then we ask again that the Lord will make us very humble, and when He leads us in the path to humility we begin to kick, because we do not like the path; this person or the other looks down upon us, and so our vanity gets pulled down, and a mercy it is for us that the Lord does not stop leading us each time our feet get pricked; like David, we are sometimes led to say, “It is good for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray.”

One very pleasant thought to me is, the power of our God. A man is considered very clever who can drive eight-in-hand, but the Lord holds in His omnipotent grasp all the election of grace, and has never let one loose yet, and never will; for He says, “None shall be able to pluck them out of My hand,” and “all that the Father hath given Me shall come to Me,” and He will lead them on till He brings them into everlasting rest. But let us remember that a high-spirited horse, as well as a lazy one, has to have severe training, but it is whom the Lord loves that He rebukes and chastens. We may sometimes hear the worldling make use of Scripture and say, “All things work together for good;” but I have never heard them finish the verse, and say, “to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.” God purposes to give us the victory, though the flesh strive against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, He will bring us off more than con-

querors, through Him that hath loved us and given Himself for us; and though He has had all the leading and training of us, and has had even to make us willing in the day of His power, still He will say to each, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"A QUIET NOBODY."

Clapton.

THE SEVEN STREAMS FLOWING FROM THE PURE RIVER OF WATER OF LIFE.

IN view of being permitted to commence another year—should the will and mercy of God so order it—we heave out a deep and silent prayer to the ever-adorable and most glorious Triune JEHOVAH, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST, that the minds of our serious and SPIRIT-taught brethren might be led into the contemplation of those deep lines of inspired truth, wherein are to be seen

THE PERFECTION OF ALL PERFECTIONS,

so far as the salvation of the new covenant is concerned. We only write down those seven lines which describe, so far as our poor language can describe, the seven streams of eternal truth, as recorded in the opening of that inexpressibly wonderful epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, wherein he says:—

I.—"GOD hath, in these last days, spoken unto us by His Son."

II.—"Whom He hath appointed Heir of all things."

III.—"By whom also He made the worlds."

IV.—"Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His Person."

V.—"And *upholding* ALL THINGS BY THE WORD OF HIS POWER."

VI.—"When He had by Himself purged our sins."

VII.—"Sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

Was there ever seen, or known, or heard a more comprehensive outline of the whole of the mystery of godliness than those seven lines set forth? Every stream looks to me like a SEA of LIFE and LOVE divine. My soul gazeth at them, longs to bathe and swim in them, and so flow away from all the crude, cruel, and corroding controversies of the times into that ocean of mercy, where not one wave of trouble rolls across the peaceful breast.

It is time we labour to get into the Epistle to the Hebrews. If any good fellows, with the marrow-bones of godliness in their brains, think so, let them down on their knees; wrestle with their exalted Daysman; then, if, with Ezekiel, they can say, "I heard the Man speaking to me out of the house, and the Man stood by me!" then, I say, the Lord help such favoured ones to write to C. W. Banks, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, who has long thought the Church calls us to advance onward in the knowledge of "the Majesty on high."

In the above seven lines, we have CHRIST as God's Speaker, God's Heir, God's Workman in creation, God's Revealer of the Divine Glory; as the Omnipotent Arm of the Almighty, as the Redeemer, and Advocate before the Throne of grace and mercy.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

A Letter to Mr. Britton. By WM. HUNTINGTON. London: R. Banks. In the earliest part of this century there was, at Downham, one Mr. Britton, a minister, who considered he had caught the late W. Huntington in the snare of a serious Biblical error; and in his pulpit to work Mr. Britton went to censure and condemn the poor "sinner saved." We shall not review the letter now. If our friends wish to see how Mr. Huntington dealt with his angry brother, they can do so by obtaining the pamphlet. Both of the first Adam, which was of the earth, and of the second Adam, which was the Lord from heaven, men have had so many extraordinary ideas, that it is certain if THE FATHER, by the HOLY GHOST, doth not reveal in a man's regenerated soul the most precious person of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, "the Son of the Father, in truth and love," no man can rightly know HIM. If CHRIST is revealed in a heaven-born soul, that revelation will be confirmed by the written Word, and sealed home upon the heart by a sacred unction and an experience of all that Jesus is. All short of this can only be of a letter or speculative character, which will be, as Paul puts it: "Ever learning, but never coming to the knowledge of the truth."

My Bible Study for the Sundays of the Year. By the late F. R. HAVERGAL. London: Home Words office, 1, Paternoster-buildings, E.C. When the Church said, "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet unto my taste," she had reached a nearness of *fellowship* with her LORD, and a sacred *rest* under the wings of the mercy-seat, of which, we fear, but little is known in this busy, noisy, ever-grasping outer life. The late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal was drawn into close companionship with her Lord. She *studied* her Bible; she penned down her thoughts on different portions of the heavenly treasure. Her reflections have been reproduced in lithographic pages, and with some illustrations and original verses of a high spiritual order, all are bound up in one neat volume, which, to quiet, genuine, and God-adoring souls, will be edifying, heart-uplifting, and productive of more consolation than our pen can describe. "*Pure religion*" is here.

Our Lord's Coming Again. Shaw and Co. THOMAS NEATBY here gives us six lectures in one volume. They are not short, shallow, or deficient in Scriptural

openings. All who love the Lord, and are enjoying as well as looking for the glorious Hope of the Church, will be happy in this book, if, with unburdened and unbiased minds, they can its solemn pages consider.

The Atonement, and Other Discourses. being a second series of "Plain Pulpit Talk." By THOMAS COOPER. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1880. 12mo pp. 254. The author of this excellent volume is far too well known to need any introduction to our readers. We hope many of them have heard his admirable lectures in defence of the faith which he once laboured to destroy. We would especially recommend to their perusal his autobiography, one of the most remarkable works of its kind that has issued from the press. Considering the great difficulties which Mr. Cooper had to contend with, particularly the want of early education, his attainments in the classics and in Hebrew, in science and in general literature, both English and foreign, are extraordinary. He is, moreover, a poet of no common order, and he has, for many years, devoted his time and talents to the exposition and defence of the vital doctrines of Christianity with untiring assiduity and unflinching courage. These discourses are eminently characteristic of the man. Plain, clear, incisive, earnest, and Scriptural, they are eminently adapted to the class of persons to whom they were addressed. The appeals to their intellect and conscience are most affectionate and earnest. If when *read* they strike one with so much force, we can imagine their effect when *heard* , knowing, as we do, something of Mr. Cooper's sincerity and fervour. Some of these discourses are introduced by striking incidents which have occurred in his long and varied life. In others, the well known and more popular objections, which are always fairly and candidly stated, are supposed to be uttered by one of the audience, and the argument is carried on in the form of *dialogue* , which must have been profoundly interesting when listened to. In this way, many of the objections of the physicists are dealt with in a very masterly manner; and as there is no parade of learning, and technicalities are avoided as much as possible, the discussion comes within the range of minds of ordinary perception. Mr. Cooper is a competent witness on all the questions he handles, for, to his extensive knowledge, and the great force

of a manly and clear intellect, must be added his own peculiar experience. He knew, when comparatively young, the power of religion. He passed through a time of sore trial and darkness, when he drifted away from his early faith; but it pleased God to "restore him to the joys of His salvation," and from that hour to the present, having passed his three score years and ten, he has gone through the length and breadth of the land, and, by voice and pen, has strenuously endeavoured to help the doubter, confirm the wavering, strengthen the believer, and comfort the infidel. We shall be glad if this brief notice should induce our readers to get hold of and peruse Mr. Cooper's works. They are all moderate in price, ranging from half-a-crown to seven-and-sixpence. They are worth vastly more than their price. They are racy, various in topic and treatment, full of striking illustrations of life in its many aspects, and dealing with different conditions of mind and heart. Our author is now one of "the elders," and begins to feel the effects of domestic bereavement and advancing age. He is obliged "to go into Winter quarters," but we trust he will come forth in the Spring refreshed and strengthened, and carry on many Summer campaigns, until, having done his work on earth, he will continue his service to his Lord and Saviour in the immortal life of heaven.

THE OLD MAN'S LOCK OF HAIR.

Canon Fleming, in *Hand and Heart*, gives this little wonderful incident. It made us sing again,—

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

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me. "Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, a curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God." "It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head." "But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?" "It has a story belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care, because it speaks to me more of God and His special care than anything else I possess. Shall I tell you? I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks, which in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down my cheeks. One day my father went into the wood to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching the strokes of the heavy axe as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending splinters off with every stroke in all directions. A large splinter

fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick it up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen forward just at the moment the axe was descending with all its force. It was too late to stay the blow; DOWN IT CAME. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. In the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his own son. We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, then looked at me from head to foot to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he must have inflicted. Not a drop of blood, not a scar to be seen. He fell on his knees on the grass and gave thanks to God. Having done this, he took up his axe and found a few hairs on its glittering edge; he turned to the log, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, cut clean through, and lying upon the wood. What an escape! It was as if an angel of mercy had turned aside the edge at the moment it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks to God he took up the curl and carried me home in his arms. That lock of hair he kept all his remaining life as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed. It always rebukes unbelief, and dispels alarm. It bids me trust Him for ever. I have had many tokens of Fatherly love in my life, but somehow this speaks most to my heart. It used to speak to my father's heart: it still speaks to mine!" Reader, what say you? Was not this an instance of delivering mercy on the part of God? And is not this God the Being who gave you life, who has watched over and cared for you till now—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever?"

"Country Preacher."—*The Inquirer* is, we believe, the organ of the Unitarian section. When only a boy we printed the first numbers of *The Inquirer* in Cranbrook churchyard, for one Samuel Dobell, who was the editor, and minister of the Unitarian chapel. That is about fifty-five years ago. Whether *The Inquirer* has been continued from that time we cannot inform you. We pioneered the poor little thing into the world. So also *The Penny Sunday Reader* was first printed by us in Canterbury for the late Dr. Molesworth. The Church of England had no penny weekly previous to that. It made the doctor very popular, and a rich reward he received in the vicarage of Rochdale. We have seen the rise of nearly all the periodicals now living, and many that died of decline.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE SURREY TABERNACLE AND ITS LATE BELOVED PASTOR, JAMES WELLS.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR, C. W. BANKS.—The annexed paper, compiled by Albert Boulden, Esq., and read by him at the recent Jubilee Meeting of the Surrey Tabernacle, is most interesting, and will not fail to be appreciated by every intelligent, truth-loving reader of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

As ever, yours in Gospel bonds,

W. WINTERS.

Mr. Boulden commences by saying that the late pastor, Mr. James Wells, was born in 1803, at Alton, in Hampshire.

Call by Grace.—When about twenty-one years of age, he was laid upon a bed of affliction, and removed to a public institution in London; during this affliction the Lord powerfully wrought in his soul, by revealing to him his utter ruin as a sinner and the spirituality of His holy law. After several months of deep soul trouble the Lord was pleased to bring Him into the full liberty of the Gospel by applying to him the eighth verse of the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah.

Baptism and Call to the Ministry.—He was baptized in Chelsea, but there is no record of the date. When twenty-four years of age, he began preaching in Broadway, Westminster, on Lord's-day mornings at six o'clock during the Summer, and in the following Winter a small room was hired in Rochester-row, Westminster, where he continued for two or three years.

Formation of the Church.—A school-room was afterwards taken in Princess-place, Westminster, where on October 10, 1830 (fifty years ago this day), a Strict Baptist Church was formed, consisting of twenty members, of which he was chosen pastor, the late Mr. Foreman forming the Church and giving the pastoral charge, preaching a sermon from the sixth chapter of Nehemiah, and third verse. Two original members still survive.

Removal to Dudley Court.—In the following year the little Church and congregation removed to Dudley-court, where he preached morning and evening on Lord's days, and in the afternoon at the Paragon chapel, Bermondsey New-road.

Surrey Tabernacles Nos. 1 and 2.—Dudley-court becoming too strait, in 1832, Surrey Tabernacle (No. 1) was purchased. The Word being so greatly blessed, it was found necessary to pull down the building (No. 1) and erect a more commodious building, known as Surrey Tabernacle (No. 2), the foundation stone of which was laid on September 10, 1838, and in the foundation stone was deposited a copy of the articles of this Church. The chapel was built with such rapidity, that it was opened on the first Lord's-day in the following year. Mr. Wells preaching at the Pin Factory in the Borough-road during the erection. The cost of No. 2

Surrey Tabernacle was three thousand pounds, and it may be interesting to mention that the collection on the occasion of its opening was £50 9s. 4d. At this time the following well-known brethren were deacons, John Groom, W. Alder, Jas. Barnes, Jos. Lawrence, Mark Stevens, Charles Ely, and William Wood. From the year 1838 to 1843 the Word of the Lord continued to be so blessed that 254 were added to the Church.

1843.—In this year our late brother; Evan Edwards was chosen deacon.

1844 to 1847.—From 1844 to 1847 one hundred and fifty-one members were added, and in the latter year Mr. J. Thwaites and Mr. Edward Butt were chosen deacons.

Death of Mr. Barnes.—In 1849 Mr. Chivers and Mr. Keeble were chosen deacons, and the Church sustained a great loss by the death of Mr. Barnes from cholera.

Enlargement of No. 2.—In the following year Surrey Tabernacle (No. 2) became too small, and was closed several weeks for enlargement, at a cost of one thousand pounds, during which time Mr. Wells preached at the Hall of Commerce, Threadneedle-street, City, the Chapel being re-opened on October 20, 1850.

Death of Mr. Alder, and choosing of H. Atfield and John Carr as deacons.—In 1851 that firm friend of our late pastor and deacon of the Church, William Alder, entered into rest, and our late brethren Henry Atfield and John Carr, were chosen deacons in the following year.

Building Vestry.—In 1853 a further enlargement became necessary, which could only be effected by adding a vestry, which held 150 persons, and cost £453.

Death of Mr. Keeble.—In 1855 our late brother Keeble, another deacon, was called home, and in the year following our late brother Thomas Howard was chosen deacon.

Surrey Gardens and Exeter Hall Sunday Morning Sermons.—No doubt it is in the recollection of many of our friends that in the year 1858 Mr. Wells preached a series of sermons on Sunday evenings to crowded congregations in the large building in the Surrey Gardens. In the year 1859, the chapel being closed for repairs, Mr. Wells preached three Lord's-days at Exeter Hall, and in this year the regular publishing of the Sunday morning sermons commenced, and was continued without intermission until the end of his ministerial career, and no fewer than one hundred members were added to the Church during the year 1859.

Blessing of the Ministry.—From this time the Lord continued to bless the testimony of the pastor, in the building up of those, who through sovereign grace had believed; the power of the Holy Spirit being also made manifest in bringing many out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel, so that numbers were added to the Church, and again it was found necessary to enlarge our coasts.

New Surrey Tabernacle.—In August 1863, a preliminary meeting was convened to consult as to what should be done, which resulted in the determination to build a new and larger chapel, £800 being promised on that occasion, which sum was increased to £2,000 at an adjourned meeting a week later.

Laying Foundation Stone and Opening New Chapel.—In 1864 brethren John Beach and John Mead were chosen deacons, and in the same year, on October 17, the foundation-stone of the present noble and commodious building, in which we are now assembled, was laid by the pastor, and the chapel was opened on September 19, in the following year, Mr. Wells preaching on the occasion from Micah iv. 8.

Death of Mr. Carr and choosing of Mr. Boulden.—In the year 1867 our late brother John Carr died, and in 1868 brother Boulden was chosen deacon.

Lectures on Revelations.—In the Winter of 1869 our late pastor commenced a series of twenty-four lectures on the Book of Revelations, a subject which had long been laid on his mind, and which he earnestly hoped to accomplish ere he finished his ministerial career, the book being published on the fortieth anniversary of his pastorate.

Chapel free of Debt, 1870.—On Good Friday of this year, the pastor preached in the afternoon, and in the evening there was a public meeting, when it was announced that by the continued interest and liberality of the friends, the total cost of the chapel and the houses (upwards of £12,000) had been finally cleared. The accomplishment of this showed the great foresight of our late pastor, inasmuch as a fund towards paying the ground rent of the chapel was thereby created.

Death of Mr. Edwards.—Fortieth Anniversary. — On June 8, following, brother Evan Edwards died, and on October 19, in this year, our pastor preached a sermon on the fortieth anniversary from Deut. viii. 2.

Last Sermons and Illness of Mr. Wells.—As our friends are well aware, he preached but four times after this, the first of these being his sermon on Infant Salvation, and the last was delivered in Bartlett's Buildings on Friday evening, November 11, 1870, from the last verse of Isaiah xi. During his ministry nearly 1,500 persons were added to the Church.

Letters written during Mr. Wells' Illness.—For sixteen months he was prostrated by disease, and kept from his loved work of the ministry; the deep exercises of his soul during this time, in some little measure, may be understood from his letters written to the Church and congregation, and published under the title of "Achor's Gloomy Vale."

Death and Funeral of Mr. Wells.—On Lord's-day afternoon, March 10, 1872, this highly honoured servant of the Lord Jesus Christ sweetly fell asleep; the circumstances attending his funeral, and the large number of persons who attended, are too vividly impressed on the memory of our friends to need any remarks.

In the following May, brethren Carr and Rundell were chosen deacons.

Death of Mr. Butt.—In 1873 our brother Butt entered into rest, after having served the cause here, and filled the office of deacon for twenty-five years, and occurring so soon after the death of the pastor, was severely felt.

In the following year brother Pells was chosen deacon, and in 1876 brother Crowhurst.

[We are sure that the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL will feel grateful to Mr. Boulden for his excellent paper, which will be followed, by kind permission of Mr. C. W. Banks, with some special notices of the literary labours of the late James Wells.—W WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.]

"THE DAY THAT SHALL BURN LIKE AN OVEN."

"East Lane" was the name by which the old Baptist Chapel in Walworth-road was called for many years, where Joseph Swaine, some of the Davises, and other godly men proclaimed the Gospel. It is now altered to East-street; and as the Baptist Church there has existed full one hundred years, centenary services were celebrated Oct. 24 and 26. The pastor, W. Alderson, and other ministers and friends united together to set up a stone of grateful remembrance to the Lord for still preserving them in the faith of Jesus the SON OF GOD. The Surrey Tabernacle and East-lane are very near neighbours. Walworth, Newington, and the Borough are well furnished with tabernacles: temples and chapels, schools and mission halls are everywhere to be seen. Each in its own way professes to seek the glory of God, in the ingathering, building up, and blessing of the election of grace. How far they earnestly contend for THE FAITH once for all delivered unto the saints we know not. There are divisions and diversities; there are the "elder sons" and the poor returning prodigals. The wheat and the tares are growing together in this dark, low valley; and the longer we live and labour in the different circles of the Churches, the more are we convinced that "there is not a JUST man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not." But all men's sins come not out into open day-light now; while some men's sins are blazed abroad, magnified, and become the stock-in-trade of the false tongues. The races of the Moabites and Ammonites were close to the tribes of Israel, and troubled them much. There is, perhaps, more than ever, in these times, the Moabitish spirit even in the camps of the Gospellers; and the Holy Ghost saith by Isaiah (xvi. 6), "We have heard of THE PRIDE OF MOAB: HE IS VERY PROUD. We have heard of Moab's pride, haughtiness, and wrath; but his lies shall not be." Moab shall howl for Moab! Gladness will be taken away. Joy will cease out of the plentiful field: no singing shall there be in the vineyards. Moab shall come to his sanctuary to pray; but he shall not prevail.

THIS IS THE WORD THE LORD HATH SPOKEN.

And He bringeth that terrible prophecy to a climax by proclaiming—

**"THE GLORY OF MOAB SHALL BE CON-
TEMNED,**

with all that great multitude; while the remnant shall be very small and feeble." As these denunciations of idolatrous and profane worshippers are set in contrast with the establishment of

*The Son of God sitting upon His throne
in Truth,*

judging, seeking judgment, and hastening righteousness (see Isaiah xvi. 5); doth it not become us all—all of us who, as a nation, are now so highly exalted by education, by science, by the progressive strides of knowledge—doth it not call us to examine deeply, if we have *THE Spirit*, who we are, and what we shall be in that day when it shall burn like an oven? The flowery gift of tongues, the vail now spread over all peoples, the mere tinselled garments, all the shadows and all the shams must then be consumed, and if we have no root of the eternal life in our souls, what then will the end be of those
WHO OBEY NOT THE GOSPEL OF GOD?

C. W. B.

CHATHAM.—**ENON.** DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—You will be glad to learn we have obtained a plot of freehold land on which we hope to erect a new chapel. We had a public tea meeting Thursday, Nov. 11, after which we listened to the reading of the trust-deed by the lawyer's clerk (the deed is in accordance with Mr. Mote's model trust-deed for Strict Baptist Churches), which was signed by the trustees. We feel thankful for the Lord's goodness to us in this matter, as, in a few months, the lease of our present place of worship will expire. We held a public meeting afterwards, when a short address was given by brother Shaw, of Gravesend. We regret that our friend J. C. Johnson, Esq., was prevented being with us. Addresses were delivered by several friends. We believe God was with us. Brother Shaw immersed a good brother in water, in the name of the True Jehovah, on Thursday evening, Nov. 4, who was received the next Sabbath into Church-fellowship at the Lord's table. May the Lord constrain others to follow in the footsteps of the flock, for what is more cheering than to welcome into the fold of Jesus those for whom He laid down His precious life? We have been enabled to pay all the money for the land, and have a few pounds left towards the erection of the chapel. Contributions for that object will be gratefully received, and acknowledged in the **EARTHEN VESSEL.**—**J. CASSE, 8, Old-road, Chatham.**

CAMDEN TOWN.—Lord's-day, Oct. 17, at Avenue chapel, Great College-street, on behalf of repairing fund, sermons were preached by W. H. Evans. October 20 public meeting; Mr. Evans presided, and informed us £80 was required. Addresses "On Pleasant Things," by Messrs. J. Eisey, Dearly, Osmond, and Dawson. Our correspondent does not say if the money was raised.

**MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER ON
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.**

The Church and congregation, meeting for many years under the pastoral care of our esteemed brother, Mr. William Crowther, in Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood, have recently erected new and enlarged schools for the children under Biblical training, in connection with that decidedly truth-loving people. These new chambers of Biblical science are, in every way, handsome, spacious, healthy, well-built; finished and furnished in a superior and useful style and manner, costing about £1,100; they will hold 500 persons.

Thursday, November 4th, 1880, was set apart for the opening services of these new schools, on which occasion Mr. John Slate Anderson, the honoured minister of Zion, in New-cross, London, delivered a sound and solemn discourse from the words,

"IT IS FINISHED."

Then the large company repaired to thy beautiful hall, where some 300, or more, friends enjoyed such a thorough tea, as only the Yorkshire people know how to serve up. Walter Howe, Esq., of London, occupied the presidential chair at the public assembly, which presented a most brilliant scene. The chairman congratulated the audience upon the building they were assembled in, and expressed his regret at the absence of their pastor, Mr. William Crowther, of Gomersal, a letter from whom he read. The writer expressed his pleasure at the arrival of the school opening day, his hope that the harmony that had hitherto prevailed would continue as before, that the work would go on, and that the instruction the scholars there received would be handed down by them to others. He further expressed the hope that the school would be used for its legitimate purposes, without any fanciful addition made for the sake of mere attraction. He did not regard the Sunday-school as a nursery of the Church, but as a means of spreading a knowledge of the Bible. He was glad and thankful some of the teachers were members of the Church, and he hoped and believed there were disciples in the school who had not yet avowed themselves to be so. He was glad so much had been done as they had already achieved, and that their work would be such that it would endure for ever. He (the chairman), on his own behalf, observed, among other things, that it appeared to him that the prophecy of Daniel, "That many would run to and fro in the earth, and knowledge would be increased," had largely been fulfilled in this country. The State had taken in hand the secular education of the people, and the Church was left to educate them in the religion of the Bible. There were many around him, however, who taught only parts of the Word of God; let it be theirs in that school to teach the whole Word of God: that they could do, though they were not able to teach spirituality to the people, which was the work of the Holy Spirit. They would not then be continually hearing of nothing but "do, do, and doing," but would be taught that "By grace are ye

saved, not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

The treasurer presented a report of finances. The Church and congregation had raised £334 15s. The collections at opening services amounted to £102. Mr. William Crowther had given £100, and had promised another £100, at the close of the movement, if it was required. These energetic and devoted Lockwood friends still want three or four hundred pounds. No doubt many of our wealthy lovers of Sunday-school work will step in with donations to set the building free from all debt.

We find it recorded in a local paper that the noble schools were formally opened in the afternoon by Mrs. Walter Howe; and that at the evening meeting interesting speeches were given by Messrs. J. S. Anderson, Butterworth, Dolby, Suttle, &c. It was painful to all to find Mr. Crowther's state of health did not allow him to be present on such a joyful occasion. The Lord Himself speedily heal him, is the prayer of many.

CITY ROAD.—At Jireh chapel, in the East-road, special services were conducted on October 31 and November 2. Sermons were given by the pastor, W. Lodge, Holden, and C. W. Banks. To the public tea, which was served up in a bonniful and handsome style, a numerous company assembled. James Lee, Esq., the faithful and useful friend of the Churches, presided at evening meeting, and in a pleasing and profitable manner, regulated the spiritual and financial departments with zeal, wisdom, and charity. Our worthy deacon, Mr. Linsell, brought up the report. Mr. James Clark, pastor of the Heaton-road, Peckham Church, gave a clear exposition of the source and excellence of "PURE RELIGION." This address, so clearly expressed, was edifying and instructive. Messrs. C. Ortner, Holden, Osmond, Kemp, C. W. Banks, and others helped to cheer and encourage the souls of the people. We hope, in every way, good was done.

SUFFOLK.—Our friend Jabez Hart says, "You are always pleased to hear of the prosperity of God's Zion. I thought I would inform you that we have had baptizing at our chapel at Crowfield, which encouraged the heart of Mr. Dearing. The Lord has brought two precious souls out from the free-willers, and so blessed a free-grace Gospel to them, that they came forward with my son, and told the Church what the Lord had done for their souls. On the first Sunday in October, Mr. Dearing baptized them. We had a good day. A man and his wife, and my own son, were then united with us. My daughter was also baptized by Mr. Tooke, in September, at Mendlesham. You see the Lord has blessed me by calling my own children. I said, 'What am I, and what my father's house, that the Lord should take such knowledge of me and of mine?' We hope this is only the beginning of better days.—Yours in the bonds of the Gospel, JABEZ HART."

GOD'S GOODNESS TO HIS AGED POOR.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Love, mercy, and peace be unto you; and to the poor of His people. Enclosed is a draft for £10 for their help in times of need, to which you are so diligently giving attention in the fear of the Lord, and in which, I doubt not, you have the precious approval of our smiling God.

The brother who sends this £10 desires it to be given to the Lord's dear servants who have laboured in His Gospel, and who have honoured Him in their lives, and yet have been afflicted by the mysterious dispensations of His providence, or left to want in their old age. Many of this kind seem to be known to you.

Dear brother, I have lately been made to feel the painfulness of a sick bed, for a few days only. In this I have learned how frail I am, what dust we are! what grass! what helpless worms! Yet it is very sweet to realise the Lord Jesus in this very helplessness, present with us, and glorified in us, and by us.

"Poor, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich, Almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is His Name,
He freely loves, and without end."

Blessed be His Name, He turns our fasts into four great feasts at once, as in Zech. viii. 19; Jer. xli. 52; 2 Kings xxv. (1) The fast for the loss of their city; (2) the temple; (3) the fast for the loss of their king; (4) the land. These their God turned into feasts, as in Ezra iii. 8; Neh. viii. 6, 17, xii. 27, 43.

Now also we have our fasts of affliction: (1) our sick-fast He turns into a feast of good sanctified health. (2) Our fast of soul-sadness He turns into a soul feast of fat things. (3) Our fast of absence from Mount Zion He turns into a feast by taking us there. (4) Our fast for the absence of our King He turns into a feast by coming to us. In like manner, this fast of the afflictions of old age, the Lord even here on earth turns into a feast, by filling their mouths with good things, so that their youth is renewed like the eagles. Again, He speaketh comfortably to their hearts, and they return to the days of their youth. Why, dear brother, do you not know that earthly noblemen are very careful of their old servants? Is our great Nobleman less so? No, no, no, dear brother, David was much exercised in this helplessness of old age. He said, "Now, also, that I am old and grey-headed, forsake me not when my strength faileth me." This is the cry of many of the Lord's dear people in England and our colonies. The Lord's ear is open to such cries, and He feels at His heart all our sighs, and our groans, for we are most near Him, His flesh and His bones. Then He answers His aged saints thus: "And even to your old age I am He; and ever to hoar-hairs will I carry you; I have made, and I will bear: even I will carry, and will deliver you." This is a cluster of

precious-promise grapes from Him who says, "I am the true Vine."

I trust you will be supplied with all necessary means to help these dear old servants of our great King, until they enter the "eternal mansions" prepared for them at God's right hand. Before dear Paul got there he was for giving his Brother Onesiphorus a hearty welcome into them, in his remembrance of the many things that dear brother had ministered to him, and that he was not ashamed of his chain (2 Tim. i. 16).

Is this what our Lord means when He says, earthly riches, or mammon, fails? Will God's dear saints, who have gone before us, hail our entrance into that blessed place? (Luke xvi. 9). I hate meritmongering, I know my Lord does not teach that filthy thing, but I love a hearty welcome by His saints on earth or in heaven. I know the place I refer you to is a knotty place, I have therefore put it to you tremblingly, in question form. I do not wish any of your leaven scribes to daub our Lord's parabolical picture of earthly riches with their unskillful paint, rather let it be as it is. But if some holy thoughts come over some dear brother's mind by the Holy Spirit, it would be nice to see this mammon opened a little.

Once more I conclude with fraternal greetings to you, and the Lord's afflicted people and servants. The Lord bless you, and them, with much of His favour, presence, and love.

I remain, your affectionate brother in the Lord,
DANIEL ALLRN, *Pastor*.
Sydney, August 16, 1880.

[We do, in our souls, praise God for continuing to enable us to cheer the hearts of many of His faithful labourers, who have travelled thousands of miles, but are now laid aside. We shall give further particulars in another number.—C. W. B.]

NOTTING HILL GATE.—Anniversary at Bethesda, Lord's-day, Oct. 24. Two sermons by pastor H. Brown and C. Master-son. On Tuesday at public service C. Wilson, Esq., presided. W. Beddow offered prayer. Mr. Brown said the chapel and school had been repaired, and all paid for; they had, however, a mortgage debt of £800. Mr. Langford gave a comprehensive address on the words: "God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints." Mr. B. Woodrow gave items from his own experience. Mr. Shepherd on "God's labour and His people's rest" was rich in ideas. Mr. Oakley said, "Let brotherly love continue." The collection was over £5.—W. B.

HERTFORD.—EBENEZER CHAPEL. Lord's-day, Oct. 31, our pastor baptized two believers. These, with two others, were added to the Church on the following Lord's-day. Peace reigns in our midst, and prosperity attends the preached Word. As a Church and people we have real cause to say, "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our Refuge."

A ROUGH RAILWAY REMINISCENCE.

North Eastern, Oct. 26, 1880.—From Middlesboro' to York, and onward to London; pouring rain, heavy mist, gloomy outlook; but—

"Hope is my anchor, firm and strong."

O Jesus, Son of God, most High,
To Thee my soul doth deeply sigh!
Let Thy preserving care attend
Me safe unto my journey's end.
Amen, Amen, my tongue shall tell
Thou hast for me done all things well!

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon came with me to the grand Middlesboro' station this morning, and with tender sympathies saw me safe in the York train. I heartily wish David Vernon could be heard by some of the pure minded and spiritually sound hearts in London. He is in nature most gentle, tender, chaste, and thorough. A mind furnished with a library, comprehensive, elastic, retentive, and strong. A faith as firm as a rock, and ever fruitful. He has passed through seas of sorrowful afflictions, losses, bereavements, and trials in the Churches, in the family, in the world. I said to him this morning, You can say, "We have gone through fire and through water." O may you gratefully soon exclaim, "but Thou broughtest us out into

"A Wealthy Place."

Middlesboro', about fifty years ago, had scarcely a house, a name, or any commercial existence. Now it has its modern mansions, halls, markets, docks, churches, chapels, buildings of every sort and size, with its 60,000 souls or more. There is not a man in all this rapidly rising centre of iron-works and ship-building more honourably respected than is

Our brother David Vernon.

Of course, there have been some of the half-fledged pulpit and platform gentlemen, whose semi-Arminian and empty-sounding twaddle has compelled David to deal more faithfully with them than they could appreciate. Who, catching the yellow jaundice, have exhibited the same spirit as "old King Saul," let fly against the Lord's anointed!

David, the son of Jessa.

Such ebullitions of poverty of spirit have returned into their own bosoms; with, we hope, a purifying process.

Genuine talent is very reticent. I never saw it more so than in my Middlesboro' brother minister, Mr. David Vernon. My conviction years ago was that David's talent was too much hidden in a napkin. Now that a decided New Testament Baptist Church has been formed in this busy iron town, with its two ministers, Samuel Bailey and David Vernon, surely, says Faith,

A Good Chapel

must be built. The two deacons, brethren Tash and Oliver, with other strong men; a company of Deborah's daughters, and Hannah's praying children are there. If the Lord incline their hearts, strengthen their hands,

and enable them to exercise faith in His promise and power. if they can plead, with a patient continuance in well-doing, we are quite hopeful the privilege of seeing a house erected for the living, in Jerusalem in Middlesboro', might in the Lord's time be accomplished. It would be a pleasure to us to witness its opening.

Opposition!

When the bills were freely circulated, announcing the several services on Sunday and Monday, October 24 and 25, 1880, there must have been a kind of secret conspiracy brought to bear upon these announcements; for while at first the bills were exhibited, in a short time they were nearly all gone out of sight; an eminent preacher was brought on the scene, and special services were arranged to be held at the same time.

Poor Baptist Boys.

What timid little dears they be!
 See! see! with wonder see
 How these sweet Christians love (?)
 Love! LOVE! What do they love?
 Themselves—so very much above
 Their neighbours' weal.
 They cannot feel
 For any but their own.

We pity them. Sunday morning came. Samuel Bailey struck the first note:—

"How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day!"

Bless the Lord! it was a solemn day. We had three services, three ministers, and finished the day with four prayers from the brethren Bailey, Vernon, Berkbeck, and Oliver; and on the Monday evening we met in the Welsh Baptist Chapel (kindly lent), and I was permitted to talk to them in a spirit of love and gladness for over one hour. Ah! many hearts were declared to be comforted. We had people from different parts, and I silently bless the Lord that I have been once more to Middlesboro' although I have had ten hours' travelling in this down-pour of heavy rain. Our simple order of forming the Church was as follows:—

Formation of Strict Baptist Church in Middlesboro', Yorkshire, October 24, 1880.

We met early in the afternoon. Table was spread. Samuel Bailey read, and they sung a hymn. Samuel is a full-grown powerful man; his voice is as clear and as melodious as a silver trumpet; he makes every line, every sentence, every letter tell. We enjoyed the singing. I gave an address on the Church. The ministers declared all the persons then about to be formed into a Church were known, approved, and much beloved. The right hand of fellowship was given to each. Deacons were chosen; words of counsel were given to them; the Lord's Supper was administered; with hymns and prayers, the service came to an end.

The evening service was conducted by Samuel Bailev, David Vernon, and C. W. B. We shall, D. V., watch over this little myrtle-tree with much concern. Hoping it will never like Jonah, be found in the big fish.

"HYPER-CALVINISM AND STRICT COMMUNIONISM."

At a meeting of the "Essex Baptist Union," held in Paradise-row chapel, Waltham Abbey, last week, the Rev. J. T. Wigner, in the course of some observations, said that from an experience of many years he was of opinion that they, the general Baptists, had suffered more from their own internal factions, Hyper-Calvinism, and Strict Communionism, than from any Church of England influence which might have been directed against them. Alluding to a prejudice which existed among Baptists against local preachers, Mr. Wigner said that much good would be effected if persons would overcome their prejudice in this respect, and think that any man who came to preach to them would be as desirous of their welfare as the man they called their dear pastor, but did not give him enough to eat (laughter).

This, I presume, is a broadsider against the Strict Baptist Church in this neighbourhood, as well as a gentle expression of dislike to the whole body known by that denominational title. The Hyper-Calvinists are about as much beloved by Arminians as they are by the Church of Rome, which Church has warned her votarists to "beware of the vain and wicked commentary of the Calvinists, glossing the justice of God to be that which is resident in Christ, apprehended by our faith; and so that is imputed to us which we indeed have not." The same Church, in another part of her Bible (Douay Version), calls Luther and Calvin "great blood-sucking wolves, and wasters of the flock of Christ." Would that there were a host of preachers in the present day equal in ministerial power and truthfulness to Knox, Luther, Calvin, Melancthon and others, to put to flight, by God's omnipotent power, the enemies of truth and England's common foe. The doctrine, experience and practice of the Hyper-Calvinists and Strict Communionists will bear the broad light of day, and the critical and analytical examination of the hypercritical microscopist, because they have their origin in God, whose Truth shall stand when the world is in flames. To this assertion we link the potent lines of the immortal Watts,—

"Wide as the world is Thy command,
 Vast as eternity Thy love;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move."

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

—
WELLESLEY STREET, STEPNEY.—
 Mr. Thomas Steed celebrated the sixteenth anniversary of his ministry on October 26. Mr. R. G. Edwards gave the afternoon discourse in Rehoboth chapel, and Mr. Steed was president over the evening meeting. Free-grace sermonettes by James Mote, Esq., R. Burbridge, Thomas Emery, and other friends were dispensed. Few happier men in the ministry can be found than is the outspoken Thos. Steed, the pastor of Stepney Rehoboth Baptist chapel, where the one Gospel of God has for many years been proclaimed.

THE PILLAR OF PRAISE AT WINCHESTER.

Soaring aloft in holy joy, one of old sang, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." Down amongst the poorest of the poor, and surrounded by Churches of all creeds, there meets a little company who can say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad;" "bless the Lord, and forget not all His benefits." We have often strived to "remember;" but what a depth lies in that one word! We sometimes sing—

"Minutes came fast, but mercies were
More fast and fleet than they;"

but to "remember" all His benefits, who worketh according to the counsel of His own will, who pours out blessings innumerable, who grants us far exceeding above all we can ask or think; this is employment sufficient, methinks, could we always do it, to drive all despair away, and help to lay the giant low who so often allures poor pilgrims in order to torment them. But 'tis His benefits—great, eternal, infinite, Divine, and free—benefits coming from God the Creator, the Redeemer, down to the creature, the sinner. 'Tis the things (not one thing), the great things, He of His good will and pleasure, by His omnipotency and love, has done. The Lord has done it, it is a thing of the past and the present, which speaks to the soul, and says, "Trust in Him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before Him; God is a refuge for us." "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life." God has done it. What? Answered prayer, banished fear, comforted His people.

The cause at Winchester has been so long before the Churches that we need not recapitulate what has appeared in these columns before—suffice it to say, the restoration so much needed has been carried out.

On Sunday, October 31, C. W. Banks preached two sermons. Our brother was suffering from a cold, and was in much fear that his labours could not be appreciated. God, however, uses His servants as He pleases, and there were none (so I believe) that were not refreshed by the words spoken. On Monday afternoon, Nov. 1, C. W. Banks again preached. Whatever he may have felt or thought is beyond our ken; but this sermon certainly was of the first order, and shone brilliantly with the stamp of Divine teaching and promises, with such a store of comfort for the poor believer, that some of us were more than glad that we had gone up hither. A public tea was held in the mission hall after this service. In the evening a meeting was held in the chapel; addresses were delivered by R. Mower, of Shipton; J. Puntis and R. Hetherington, of Southampton; and C. W. Banks.

By the proceeds of the collections, after the above services, our debt has been reduced to about £36. This sum we wish to make up with the least possible delay. The Church and congregation have given all in their power, and they feel compelled once more to

plead their case, and entreat the readers of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** to speedily assist them to make this debt a thing of the past, which would cheer the hearts of many, and with them

The Church's Servant,

JOHN SMITH.

61, Eastgate-street, Winchester.

Since the above was prepared for press, a friend has kindly come forward and advanced the balance due to the builder.—J. S.

SUFFOLK.—Anniversary of Providence Baptist Chapel, Glemsford, on Lord's-day, September 19; Mr. J. Morling, of St. Neots, was the preacher. The friends, both Church and congregation, were very pleased to see him once more in Suffolk, also to hear him preach the glorious Gospel, as in bye-gone days. By the help of the Holy Spirit, he proved himself to be a scribe well instructed into the kingdom. We pray that God's speed and blessing may abundantly rest upon him in his new field of labour. At our tea and public meetings, on the Monday, friends filled the spacious chapel, the pastor, R. Page, presided. We sang, "Descend from heaven, immortal dove." Prayer was offered by the president for the help and influence of the Holy Spirit. The speakers were brethren A. Baker, T. Smith, J. Morling, and G. Firbank. We believe many of Zion's children were much blessed in soul. We have just cause to be thankful to Almighty God that He has faithful witnesses in Suffolk; they may be few and far between, yet that few, through grace, are enabled to make an unflinching, bold, and faithful stand against error; also for the declaration of the Lord's Gospel in all its purity and blessedness, I speak it in honour to our covenant God, it is not "Let us be called by Thy Name," &c.; but it is God's Christ, in all His perfections of love, blood and power to save, that is loved and followed after. Creature refinements and culture are good in their place; we say nothing against them, or about them; but it must, it shall, have only a secondary place with Zion's faithful watchman, that Christ may be All in all.—ROBERT PAGE, Cavendish.

WILDERNESS ROW.—Bethesda Church, in Lever-street, St. Luke's, once the scene of the ministry of Messrs. Newborn, Geo. Wyard, J. S. Anderson, and other eminent men, has united itself, we are informed, with the Church recently under the care of Mr. J. Bennett, in Wilderness-row. Thus one Church, in this highly-thronged district of Clerkenwell, is lost to our denomination. No Church, during the last thirty years, has had a larger variety of pastors and preachers than this Bethesda. How is it all have failed? It has always been a most respectable community; it has had good schools, good deacons, good pastors; it has been very good. How—where so many thousands reside—has it declined? It is a painful problem. We fear others are on the wane.

A STRICT BAPTIST MEETING IN LONDON.

"A FRIEND" furnishes notes. "When the Ven. John Austin was minister at Allie-street, he baptized me and his own daughter. I am pleased to find the Strict Baptists in London Dock-end are growing in strength. Nov. 16, 1880, I went to the Anniversary of Mr. F. C. Holden's pastorate in the Coverdale Rooms, Waterloo-street, opposite Limehouse church, in the Commercial-road. It was a pleasing sight to see that spacious hall filled with a most respectable and attentive audience. The singing, the speaking, and the worship altogether, was to me truly blessed. About 150 friends sat down to a tea, which the ladies managed with a free-grace plentifulness, cheerfully, and without any delay. The public meeting was crowded with something like 300 decided seekers. The pastor, Mr. F. C. Holden told us that union, love, peace, and steady prosperity attended them. Not one jarring note was heard. During the past year fourteen had been added to the Church, whose membership now numbered 59, and there were many in the congregation who 'ought to be in the Church.' Only 18 months since, a building fund was commenced, and such had been the persevering industry and liberality of the Coverdale people, that they had already collected £405, within a trifle, and the fund was increasing at the rate of about £8 per month. An almost unparalleled success has attended the movements of the Committee and their co-workers. A site for the new 'temple' (as Mr. Stringer called it) has been secured. And, with the blessing of a special Providence, it is believed, in due time, the Strict Baptists will have a substantial new chapel in the centre of that ever-flowing mass of immortals who swarm by tens of thousands in Limehouse, Poplar, and those great thoroughfares leading to the East and West London Docks. After Mr. Holden had delivered his encouraging and grateful introduction, the whole assembly sounded out—

"Oh, for a heart prepared to sing," &c.

"Mr. Thomas Stringer drew a Scriptural portrait of a true Christian. C. W. Banks, referring to the pastor, said, 'He shall be HOLDEN UP, for God is able to make him stand.'

"Mr. W. Carpenter brought in Nehemiah's prayer as applicable to the case of Mr. Holden: 'O Lord, I beseech Thee, let now Thine ear be attentive to the prayer of Thy servant, and to the prayer of Thy servants who desire to fear Thy Name; and prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servants this day,' &c.

"Mr. Carpenter (and there are many who admire him) unites those two elements, of which one saith, 'Thought paceth like a hoary sage, but imagination hath wings as an eagle.' The brethren W. Webb, Henry Myerson, W. Lodge, and others, added to the interest of one of the best Strict Baptist meetings I ever saw in the East of London. I heard Mr. G. W. Shepherd was very unwell."

HAYES.—SALEM CHAPEL.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held on Thursday, October 14, which were well attended. In the afternoon Brother Shepherd gave a good discourse from the parable of the Sower. (1) good ground, (2) good seed, (3) a good sower, and last, good results. A large number of friends took tea. The evening meeting was cheering; Mr. Ash (in the chair) called a friend to prayer. A sweet speech from the chairman, then Brother Curtis spoke from, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." After speaking of the blessing of a good harvest he referred to the great and good things the Lord had done for Salem. By the Lord's goodness the friends have re-seated and re-decorated the chapel, the schoolroom, and vestries. Thanks to the ladies and all helpers, the whole cost of the same was paid as soon as completed, and some twenty pounds left for extras. G. Herring remarked that these harvest thanksgiving services remind us (1) of our utter helplessness and entire dependence upon God's goodness. (2) Although so dependent, still, active labour must be bestowed in ploughing, and sowing, and reaping, in order to obtain the desired results. (3) Of God's everlasting faithfulness to His promise, that, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, Summer and Winter, cold and heat, day and night, shall not cease. Brother Grew said votes of thanks were due to Mr. Ash for his long-continued work of faith and labour of love as deacon of this cause of truth, having for some years laboured under many discouragements, but now God was rewarding him by permitting him to see some of the fruits of his labour; also to Mr. Eddis, who had given the whole of his labour gratuitously in re-decorating the chapel and superintending the re-seating of the same. Brother Shepherd told us that yesterday (October 13) was the thirteenth anniversary of his first sermon, and that sermon was preached in this Salem; he thought he might appropriate the words of the Psalmist, and say, "The Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad." This gratifying meeting was brought to a close with,

"All hail, the power of Jesu's Name,"

and the benediction. Collections were made, part of which were to be sent to the Hayes Cottage Hospital.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."
G. H.

CLAPHAM.—EBENEZER CHAPEL, WIRTEMBERG-STREET. MR. EDITOR,—We are very thankful to be able to state that, through the Lord's goodness, our Harvest thanksgiving services, held on Monday, November 1st, were well attended, our brother, Mr. Bradbury, was helped of God to expatiate on the sameness of Christ, in the afternoon, to a full house: "But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." Yes,

"Our Christ is still the same.
Endless blessings on His Name."

About 150 friends partook of tea, and in the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by our brother, Mr. Josiah

Crutcher, who was quite at home in his work, and appeared to have been well disciplined in the "do this, and he doeth it," hence secured good order among the worthies who filled our platform. Brother Battson took the lead in thanking God for His merciful kindness, and then brother Anderson brought before us "the corn of wheat." Mr. Bennett, spoke on the harvest; Mr. Hand, on the four seasons; Mr. Williamson, on thankfulness; and Mr. Bradbury summed up. A hearty vote of thanks to the chairman brought another very successful meeting to a happy close. The ministers appeared at liberty in the good things of God, and the people were edified, comforted, and gladdened; our next meeting will be the last day of the year, when brother Anderson will, D.V., appear again on the platform, afternoon and evening, surrounded by the valiant of Israel, holding swords, being expert in war. Friends, come and see how well they wield them, and aid us by your prayers.

BOROUGH ROAD.—TRINITY. On October 31 and November 2, our esteemed brother, Thomas Stringer, celebrated third anniversary of his pastorate at Trinity chapel. Messrs. Stringer, C. Cornwell, W. Webb, and J. Bennett preached good sermons. At public meeting, James Mote, Esq., presided; B. Woodrow offered prayer. The kind and able chairman introduced the subject for the consideration of the speakers—i.e., "The golden chain of salvation" (Rom. viii. 29, 30). C. Cornwell on the first few links of the chain; and the grand old chain, from the first link to the last, was examined and expatiated upon by brethren W. Webb, Lee, T. Stringer, J. Bennett, and W. Winters. It is not possible to tell what the Lord has in store for our beloved brother Stringer; but unless a more favourable aspect of things turns up, under the blessing of God, at Trinity, we cannot suppose our brother Thomas will stay there long. We feel keenly for Mr. Stringer, and should sincerely regret to see his latter days less prosperous than his former ones. He has many sterling gifts, a large heart, and a sympathising spirit—the great essentials for a successful ministry. It is to be hoped the great and glorious God of our salvation will raise up many more sons of thunder and of consolation to meet the pressing needs of the age. So prays W. WINTERS.

BERMONDSEY.—LYNTON ROAD. Tuesday, October 26, anniversary services were held to commemorate the laying of the foundation-stone of the chapel eight years ago. Mr. Forman, of March, Cambus, preached a solid and thoughtful sermon in the afternoon. The tea which followed was kindly given by Mr. Philcox, of Bermondsey-street. The gathering in the evening was presided over by that old friend of the cause, Joseph Beach, Esq., and was addressed by brethren Cornwell, Rundell, Meeres, Styles, Forman, Levinsohn, Dr. Cooper, and the pastor, R. A. Lawrence; the topic for their remarks being

"The Work of the Holy Spirit." Good and profitable addresses were delivered. The Church having added vestries, class-rooms, &c., to the building, and having made many alterations and improvements to the original structure, the collections were towards wiping out the debt incurred for the same. The secretary of the building fund, Mr. Knott, read a financial statement, shewing the cost to have been £525. Towards this, in one year, the collections have been £103, leaving £422 still to raise. Through the kindness of the chairman, and other friends, the collections of the day amounted to £42 towards that object. "The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our Refuge," therefore we take courage and go on.

THE LATE MR. BENJAMIN JOYCE.

Thirty years ago, and onward, the above-named Christian man was known to many hundreds of the Lord's sincere disciples. He was one of our zealous friends, but in his declining years, adversity, and physical debility, hid him away from our communion. His daughter writes us as follows:—

"I write to inform you of the death of my poor father, B. Joyce, of Cambridgeshire. I went to see him a fortnight before he died. I asked him how his poor mind was? He said, "Sometimes very dark; but I know He will not leave me at last; it was all settled long ago!" He desired to be kindly remembered to you, and to thank you for all your kindness to him in the past. Hoping the Lord will still be with and bless you, and all pertaining to you, for His great name's sake is our sincere desire.

MR. AND MRS. GRAY.

BOW.—Anniversary of fourth year of the pastor's settlement at Mount Zion, on Lord's-day, October 24. W. Webb, F. C. Holden, J. Clark, and W. Carpenter preached sermons. At public meeting on October 26, Mr. Noyes offered prayer, Mr. Webb stated the Church had steadily prospered; love and peace abounded. "The fruit of the Spirit" was the subject for consideration. Mr. Cornwell spoke on love; Mr. Holden shewed what it was to be zealously affected in a good cause; W. Winters spoke on the Author and Object of love; Mr. H. Lee, Mr. J. Lee, and Mr. Lovelock shewed the internal working of the cause at Mount Zion; Mr. J. Clark on the fruit of the Spirit in contradistinction to the works of the flesh; Mr. T. Stringer enlarged on the work of the Comforter in the soul, and its results; Mr. Osmond shewed the meaning and force of the word temperance as a fruit of the spirit.

STONEHOUSE, DEVON.—We have particulars of the growth of the cause, and of mercies experienced by the pastor, W. Trotman, and his people at Corpus Christi. We can only notice, this month, that the prospects are truly excellent; and Mr. Trotman is supported by many real friends, and a blessing is found in the services. We are questioned as to other causes. We will not, at present, give any answer.

THE LOVING SOUL LOOKING UP
TO "THE OPEN FOUNTAIN."

THE following is a precious prayer for every broken, bleeding heart. Go with it, dear soul, to JESUS.

How my spirit yearns to rest,
Blessed Saviour, on Thy breast;
Gaze with rapture on Thy face;
Dwell within Thy fond embrace,
Precious Jesus, take me in;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

Oh, how dark this world beneath!
Sadder than the haunts of death,
Colder than the Winter's frost,
Rougher than an ocean tossed,
Precious Jesus, take me in,
Cleanse me now from every sin.

As the Hebrews sought a home,
Journeyed through the desert sloan,
Pressed with joy through Jordan's tide,
Entered Canaan, to abide,—
Precious Jesus, take me in,
Cleanse me now from every sin.

Yes, my soul shall rest in Thee,
From all sin and sorrow free.
Oh! I feel the blood applied;
Now He hides me in His side,
Praise the Lord! He takes me in,
Cleanses me from every sin.

W. COPVILLE, in *The Freeman*.

BOSTON.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held at Trinity-street, Lord's-day, Oct. 31. Sermons by Mr. E. Carr, Nov. 2. Excellent tea by the lady friends was furnished. After this brother Carr preached from, "Gather the wheat into my barn." Congregations and collections exceeding good.

Awake, sweet muse, and praise the Lord,
With reverential fear;
What joy doth it my soul afford
To watch His tender care!

Led by His gracious sov'reign hand
From Cymry's flow'ry dells;
Before His people here to stand,
To pump salvation's wells.

Dear Lord, Thy path is in the sea,
Thy footsteps are not known!
O for a stronger faith in Thee,
Who dost our labours own.

Thy name be praised for thoughtful friends
Who for Thy servant's care,
And every one whose ear attends
The Gospel news to hear.

Blest be Thy Name for ev'ry good;
For health, for friends, and peace,
E'er since Thy servant here hath stood;
O may we yet increase.

Command Thy blessing on the seed,
In fear and weakness sown;
Thy people bless, dear Lord, indeed,
And make Thy glory known.

J. BOLTON.

ERITH.—PROVIDENCE.—Three candidates for Church membership, late scholars of our Sabbath school, have given in their testimony of faith in Jesus Christ, and were baptized by our Brother Noyes, Lord's-day, October 17. It is interesting to see these young persons called so early by Divine grace, daring to be singular and abiding by the distinguishing doctrines of grace. The Lord bless and keep them, and may many more, by the same kind hand, be led to follow their steps: Amen.—C. WEST.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I quite long for home. Oh, what a changing world this is. The fact is, our lady wants all her servants to go to the Church of England, where she goes, but no! no! no! I am glad Mr. Levinsohn's brother has arrived, and hope to hear a good report in time. Mr. Atkinson thought to take the pulpit last Sunday, but could not. I love to think of the dear departed ones, who are gone to be for ever with the Lord, and I long to fly away, but must wait the Lord's time. I hope to meet dear C. W. Banks there, as one who has been blessed to me through reading THE VESSEL, and "Cheering Words."

"HE KNOWETH THE WAY."
(JOB XXIII. 10).

"He knoweth the way that I take,"
Though briars and thorns may arise;
Though trouble may spring when I am looking
for joy,
And foes be devising new schemes to annoy,
My path is not hid from His eyes.

"He knoweth the way that I take,"
All its windings that fill me with fear;
And sometimes a voice, 'mid the darkness and gloom,
Sweetly whispers, "Fear not, 'tis the way to thy home,

And I, child, thy Father, am near."

"He knoweth the way, and will lead"
Through the dark and mysterious maze,
The path that the multitude never have trod,
But only the chosen and guided of God,
The souls He has formed for His praise.

"He knoweth the way," blessed thought!
Be it ever so dark or so strange;
If I have but His presence, I fearless can go,
For I know that His grace is a match for each foe.

And His love knows no ending or change.

"He knoweth the way," it is well,
No matter what sorrow may come,
Need I fear to go forward, since He is my Friend,

Who knoweth the way from beginning to end,
And has promised to guide me right home?
Aylesbury. A CONSTANT READER.

Deaths.

Nov. 10, at his residence, Brooklyn-villa, Chelmsford, the result of an accident, Isaiah George, the dearly-beloved husband of Elizabeth Beach, and son of Mr. William Beach, aged 40. Mr. Beach, jun., in a note to us says: "My brother met with an accident; he was riding on horseback one afternoon, the horse slipped, and rolled over him; inflammation of the lungs first set in, and then inflammation of the brain. He lay three weeks in a critical condition. The accident occurred Oct. 20. This makes four brothers I have lost by death in about 13 years; my mother died some four years ago; I am now the only son left. My dear father, William Beach, is greatly supported under this heavy trial."

Died at his residence, Bottisham-lode, Cambridgeshire, Holmes, the father of C. Cornwall, of Brixton Tabernacle, on Oct. 24, in the 87th year of his age.

In affectionate remembrance of Mrs. Hannah Alvis, 48 years a member of the Church at the Surrey Tabernacle, Wanscy-street, Walworth, who entered her long-desired rest Oct. 17, 1880, in her 89th year.

On Nov. 14th, at Appleshaw, Hants, Mr. John Driver, of Finsbury-pavement, aged 54, more than 30 years a liberal supporter of causes of truth and the poor of the household of faith.