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THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

A GOOD "FEAR NOT" TO BEGIN THE YEAR WITH:

OR,

The Editor's Address to his Readers.

"And his servant said, Alas! my master! how shall we do? And he answered, FEAR NOT: for they that be with us, are more than they that be with them." 2 KINGS vi. 15, 16.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, AND READERS ALL,

In opening the eighth volume of the EARTHEN VESSEL, we feel desirous of saying but very little. Apologies for our numerous faults will not remove them; and as to promises of anything better, we have so little confidence in ourselves, that we are more concerned to be found *doing better*, than merely talking about it.

Our position in the church is by no means a sinecure. We have more labour in our various methods of promulgating THE TRUTH, than we can possibly perform with any thing like comfort to ourselves or satisfaction to others. This state of things has been brought about, perhaps, by an *over-willingness* on the one hand, and a *want* of ability, strength, &c., on the other. However, to speak in the most careful manner, we may say the ALMIGHTY has *permitted* us to struggle on for upwards of seven years. That our existence has been most powerfully opposed, both *directly* and *indirectly*, but very few would deny. Still, it has been a *progressive* existence; and, to a certain extent, it has been a *successful* one. Although no man could have laboured under much greater difficulties than has the responsible conductor of the EARTHEN VESSEL, when he reflects upon the apparently dangerous path through which he has travelled, and the many, the merciful, yea, the marvellous deliverances which have been wrought for him, he desires to be overwhelmed with gratitude, adoration, reverence, and godly fear, and to be fired with fresh courage, nerved

with more zeal, and sustained by new supplies of heavenly power onward to march to the end of his earthly career.

Readers of, and subscribers to, the EARTHEN VESSEL, we ask you—one and all—minutely to review our past, and then as carefully to consider, our present position; and, if after you have done so, you are *satisfied* that the *employing* and *directing* hand of GOD has been with us; that he has been and still is, making use of us—then, we ask you to endeavour to make our position—in a temporal sense—a more safe one, and our sphere of usefulness, a more extensive one. You are from SIX to TEN THOUSAND in number. Every month during the past year 1851, we printed upwards of six thousand copies of the EARTHEN VESSEL: some months are so completely sold out, that we cannot perfect volumes until we reprint, while of other months some few hundreds are on hand. We may safely say that SEVENTY THOUSANDS of the EARTHEN VESSEL were sent out among our churches and people during the year 1851; its readers, no doubt, have been considerably above ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

Some of our venerable standard bearers may, perhaps, sneer at this amount of influence assigned to us; but no unbiassed mind will treat it with contempt. It is an influence which may be used to great advantage to the churches of Christ in our land; and the most prevalent desire of our soul is, that our covenant God and FATHER IN CHRIST would, from time to time, anoint our eyes, enlarge our heart,

strengthen our hands, and make more than ever willing our feet to run; and so to labour, as to be increasingly useful unto the never-dying souls of the heirs of grace, whether as yet uncalled, or as fighting hard in the path of tribulation.

In coming to solicit the co-operation of our numerous readers, we must first very plainly describe our position; then, secondly, we may look back a little, and consider what the Lord, we trust, has made us instrumental in accomplishing. And, lastly, we would briefly anticipate the future only for one moment.

One single circumstance will do for our text, and furnish us with a starting point in this branch of our address. Most of our readers are aware that a public meeting on behalf of the EARTHEN VESSEL was holden in London last November. At that meeting a committee was appointed to enquire into the actual expenditure and income connected with the publication of this work; and to adopt, if possible such measures as should set the editor free from all financial embarrassment, and remunerate him a little for his onerous labour.

The first time the brethren forming that committee assembled, it was proved to them by a *disinterested* and *practical* publisher, that nothing under a sale of *eight thousand copies per month* could ever cover the expences of producing so heavy a work as the EARTHEN VESSEL now is. Consequently the editor was advised either to increase the price, or very considerably to lessen the quantity of the matter given; but as he was persuaded that the adoption of either the one or the other of these suggestions must tend, at least, to check the circulation of the *Vessel*, he frankly informed his brethren that he could not accede to their wishes; at the same time thanking them for the very kind manner in which they had looked into the matter. The committee, we suppose, have since concluded that the difficulty was too great for them further to grapple with.

We now come to the circumstance referred to, which we said should form our text.

A Christian brother, some few days since, (who, by the bye, was one of the before-mentioned Committee,) called upon us; we were much cast down at the time; owing to the pressure of business and domestic trials. He said, "Well, how are you getting on?" We could

make no direct, no definite reply. We answered him as honestly and as promptly as we could; but, no doubt, he saw a cloud was over our spirits. He said, "*Ah, I fear you will never get through. You will bring yourself and your friends into trouble.*" This was as a dagger; but we bore it as well as we could. When he left us, we turned to the throne; and then to the Word: the first Scripture that met us was that in Luke xiv. 28, "*Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?* Lest haply, *after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him.*"

"This is your position," said some secret spirit within; "you have laid the foundation, but you cannot proceed." We were not altogether in despair. We prayed again; then looked into an old book; and the words which we have placed at the head of this article, were fastened home—"And his servant said unto him, *Alas my master! How shall we do?* And he answered, *FEAR NOT;* for, *they that be with us, are more than they that be with them.*" Elisha prayed, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

This Scripture most exactly depicts both sides of our position; for, many times, when we have surveyed the land around us, and looked at the difficulties meeting us; and, sometimes, actually fearing that the heavens were frowning upon us—we could not help exclaiming, "*Alas! alas! how shall we do? Shall we abandon our post? Must we really be dashed to pieces, and our labours all be lost? Ah, my reader, many and many a time, while you have been quietly, and it may be, comfortably perusing one month's Vessel, we have been in the deep waters of mental affliction, and beat about by the rough and contrary winds of external embarrassment, crying out, "Alas, Master! how shall we do?"*"

Elisha's "FEAR NOT"—his assurance that *they that be with us, are more than they that are against us*—and, his mountain full of horses and chariots of fire, have most wonderfully helped us, in the day of our trouble. We have looked back, and have thought upon some of the things which the Lord hath per-

mitted and enabled us to do in his name; and every one of them have appeared to say to us—"FEAR NOT."

We shall a little recapitulate; not for the sake of boasting—not because we wish to blow our own trumpet—but, for the glory of God, and as a sort of foundation on which to lay our appeal for your co-operation. During the past eight years, we have been employed in a variety of ways in serving many of the ministers and churches in our highly-favoured land. If ministers have needed pulpits—or, if vacant pulpits have cried out for pastors, we have used our utmost endeavours to help them; and in very many cases have, under God, been successful; and our present gratuitous amount of labour in that particular branch, is no trifle; it is not easy to say what number of letters even this trifling service occasions us to write. Well, this has given us fellowship with many good ministers; rendered us useful to many churches. We hope the hand of God has been in it. "FEAR NOT."

"The Society for the Relief of Faithful Gospel Ministers, and for Assisting Destitute Churches," originated with us (as instruments;) and through the medium of the *Earthen Vessel*, it has been nursed; and a little helped on its way. We can boldly declare that the Society, (almost buried in oblivion, as it is,) has conferred essential help on many a dear servant of Christ in the hour of sorrow. It is still holding on its way. We attended one of the Committee meetings lately; and heard some precious letters from ministers who needed help. The struggles through which that Society has passed, and its present useful position, says to us again, "FEAR NOT."

"The London Gospel Mission" held its first district meeting at Cave Adullam Chapel, Stepney, (brother William Allen in the chair,) on Monday evening, December 15th, when a District Committee was formed; an excellent spirit in favour of its operations manifested; and a good hope entertained that it will soon be effecting good, under the blessing of the Great Head of the Church. We shall not fear to say, that we humbly trust God put that matter into our heart, and employed us to bring it before the churches. May the richest mercies accompany the efforts of that little band; and as they fight on through dangers, difficulties, and discouragements, may

they often hear a voice from the Great Master in Israel, saying, "FEAR NOT."

The proposition to form, to establish, and to set in motion "The Free Grace National Tract Association," was first forwarded to us by its worthy originator, and zealous patron, Mr. W. Edwards, of No. 6, Mina Road, Old Kent Road. When we opened the packet forwarded to us by Mr. Edwards, and read therein his letter, and proposed plan, our soul rejoiced. We knew it was a machinery greatly needed; it seemed to spring up just at the right moment to assist in furnishing the London Gospel Mission with truthful, suitable, and powerful tracts for distribution. We took time for consideration and consultation. Feeling the ground to be good, knowing Mr. Edwards's motive to be pure; and finding that there were a few faithful and judicious men ready and willing to unite with him, in so essential and interesting a cause, we promised (God helping and permitting) to throw in all the little energy we possess for the furtherance thereof. A respectable Committee and a good Editorial Board have been formed; Secretaries, Accountants, Collectors, Treasurer, &c., &c., have been appointed; and on Monday evening, January the 5th, the first public meeting on its behalf is to be held in the snug little Mount Zion, Nelson Place, City Road. Many of our provincial pastors have hailed the project with much delight; they bid us God speed. One godly minister says—"I rejoice to find that a 'Free Grace National Tract Association' has been formed, to assist in stemming the torrents of Arminianism, with which the press is now teeming."

At the last Committee meeting of this Tract Association, we were deputed to write the first tract. This seemed a task too much; but early one morning we were awoke with the impression that we must be up and at it. We arose; we prayed; we thought; we commenced. The word came, "*By the grace of God I am what I am.*" As we wrote on, the way was opened clearly; the oil flowed freely; we rejoiced, we wept, we prayed that a divine blessing might attend it. We headed it, "THE COUNTRY LAD AND THE CHRISTIAN CURATE; *A Narrative true to the Life.*" Christian friends, in the midst of so many mercies, although as poor in pocket as a church mouse, and often fearing the frowns of to-

morrow, still, something says, "FEAR NOT."

In the ministration of the gospel, (although our feeble mind often seems as shallow as an oyster shell) God has greatly blessed us; and suffered us also to be severely tried. Yet, having obtained help from heaven, we continue to this day; and sometimes shout aloud, "FEAR NOT."

May we dare to say one word respecting our labours connected with the printing press? Who has not read the striking narratives of "*Thomas Guy*," "*John Paddy*," "*Matthew Hepburn*," and other works illustrative of the sovereignty and sufficiency of the grace of God?—How many real Christians are now encouraged and comforted by the clean, the spiritual, the wholesome pages of "*The Silent Preacher*?" And what a multitude have been both pleased and profited by the little "*Cheering Words for the Household of Faith*?" Not to multiply; but when we think of the singular and unsought-for providences whereby the above, and a host of other works, have been put into our hands;—when we reflect upon the hundreds of thousands of books which we have been instrumental in sending forth into the world, we cannot, we dare not, but believe, that the hand of a gracious God has been on us for good to the heaven-seeking sons and daughters of our spiritual Zion; and then again the heart-cheering word comes, "FEAR NOT."

This is, then, a hasty glance at our position—and all this, principally, has been achieved through the instrumentality of "*The Earthen Vessel*." It has acted the part of a pioneer. It is true we have been compelled to throw all our receipts, and a great deal more, into the *Vessel*, in order to keep her from sinking; and in return, she has thrown all the interest she could obtain, back into our hearts and hands, to prevent us from a temporal wreck. Before us, appears to be opened an extensive sphere of usefulness; and we are more than ever willing and anxious to be found employed in enlisting fresh recruits, in warning unruly members of the household, in nourishing the babes, in instructing the ignorant, in comforting the weary, in a word, in feeding the church of God. Brethren, pray for us; that, in the midst of our work, we may often hear our heavenly Father's voice saying to us, "FEAR NOT."

Most earnestly do we beseech every

reader of, and friend to, the *Earthen Vessel*, to help us in furthering the circulation; for unless we can increase it, we have reason to fear that a serious alteration must be made.

The Lord knoweth we covet no man's silver or gold. We have neither been idle nor extravagant; we have laboured incessantly; and are willing still to do so; but when we find at the end of the labour, we cannot pay our way, it breaks our heart. Heavy, however, as the clouds around us are, we think we hear the small, the distant voice, still echoing—"FEAR NOT."

Remember, brethren, *we stand alone*, as regards creature responsibility. We have none but God to look to. The Lord constrain you—one and all—at the commencement of this eighth year of our existence, to arise once more for our help, and that we may be spared to spend the year in an increased devotion to the service of our best and most glorious Master, is the prayer of your poor servant in the fields of Boaz.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

[The following original and encouraging testimony in favour of the *Earthen Vessel* came to hand very seasonably. We do rejoice in being furnished with such undeniable evidences of what the grace of God can do.—ED.]

One of Mr. James Wells's Seals.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—Four years have now elapsed since I first took the *Earthen Vessel*; and I believe, at times, whilst perusing its contents, I have enjoyed the soul-refreshing presence of the Lord. Conscience has often smote me for not writing to you before, relating how the *Earthen Vessel* was the means (in the hands of the Lord) in conveying to my soul that rest to which I before was quite a stranger.

I have again and again attempted to live in London, but all to no purpose; I am now (for the fourth time) in the country, in consequence of ill health. I will endeavour briefly to relate my experience in divine things, in which I shall include the circumstance referred to.

It was my lot to be born of christian parents (particular baptists) in the town of Beccles, on July 1, 1827. At an early age I was placed in a Sabbath school, and sat under the heart-searching ministry of Mr. George Wright, who still labours here in holy things. Notwithstanding all this, I grew up hardened in sin; at

the same time having a circumcised ear, but very far from having a circumcised heart. I would at times most earnestly contend for the doctrines of free grace, whilst experimentally I was a stranger to them. Sometimes conscience smote me severely, so that I would hide me in a room, and vow before God, (alas, in my own strength) I would amend my ways, and lead a new life; but this proved abortive.

As I wish to be brief, I pass on to the year 1849, when providence led me to reside with Messrs. Olney and Sons, in the Borough; and on the third Sabbath I went to the Surrey Tabernacle, and heard Mr. Wells, thought him a very eccentric minister of the gospel; still, I was attracted by his preaching. I well remember one sermon he preached having a great influence on my mind, it was from the following words—"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." 1 Peter ii. 24. 'Twas then I felt I was a sinner vile indeed, and unless Christ had borne my "sins in his own body on the tree," I must for ever perish, and reap the just reward of my own evil doings. I knew not what to do, or where to go. I felt I deserved hell, but yet desired heaven; I prayed most earnestly that the Lord might deliver me from this horrible pit and miry clay, and set my feet upon the rock Christ; but the Bible appeared to me a sealed book, and the heavens as brass; sometimes would gain a little from Mr. Wells's preaching, and would oftentimes peruse the *Vessel* to see whether or no any of the experiences of the Lord's people corresponded with mine; and never shall I forget reading "A brief review of the last illness and death of Caroline Morgan," as recorded in the June number for 1849. She expressed herself to be very dark, and exclaimed, "There is no hope, there seems no hope at all." Well, thought I, this is just my case; and her sister answered her, as some of the Lord's people did me, by saying, "I have a hope for you." And whilst I was comparing her case with my own, the dear Lord gave me such a hope as ne'er can fail.

The following words were most powerfully applied to my soul, "Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It was rest indeed; such as I never before experienced. I was overcome with joy; and being alone in my bedroom, I laid

the *Vessel* aside, bent my knees in prayer, and thanked the Lord for his goodness; told him the news seemed too good for one so unworthy.

I found your visits were blessed to Caroline, so that she died not without a hope; but in the agonising hour of death triumphed in the God of her salvation. Blessed be God, I also have a hope, and I never for a moment doubt the perpetuity of God's work in the salvation of sinners, but when at times cast down and overwhelmed with grief, I ask the question, "Lord, hast thou ever really begun a work of grace in my soul?" and when by some kind token of his love he manifests himself unto me as my covenanted God and Father in Christ Jesus, I can then bask in the sunshine of his everlasting love, and at times have exultingly sung,—

"Not as the world the Saviour gives;
He is no fickle friend;
Whom once he loves, he never leaves,
But loves him to the end."

I still continued under Mr. Wells's ministry, and found the glorious truths he advanced from time to time to be a "savour of life unto life;" and on Wednesday evening, 19th December, 1849, I was the last of forty-four who were baptized in the Surrey Tabernacle by Mr. James Wells, in the name of the ever-adorable Trinity. I felt the Lord to be present, and almost wished I might often be baptized; for I truly found by keeping his commandments there is great reward.

Since then I have been many times engaged in the work of the ministry, principally in village cottages, amongst the poorest of the flock, but many of them (I doubt not) richest in the faith of God's elect.

I am truly glad the *Vessel* has weathered the storm through another year, and my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that you as the Editor, may still be encouraged both on the right hand and on the left, and be enabled, by the help of the Lord, still to send her forth from port to port, richly laden with the treasures of the gospel of Christ, so that many a poor sinner's soul may be refreshed as mine has been; and especially in realizing the experience of those, "who are not lost, but gone before."

I firmly believe the *Vessel* to be once builded by the Lord; and being his work, will most assuredly outlive every

storm that may yet arise, and threaten to destroy.

With kindest feelings of Christian love, I remain yours in Jesus,

JOHN PELLIS, Junior.

White Lion Street, Beccles, Suffolk,
December 16, 1851.

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**A NARRATIVE**

OF A WORK OF GRACE, AND OF SOME PRELIMINARY STEPS TO THE MINISTRY.

BY JOSEPH PALMER.

(Continued from p. 284.)

IN referring to some of the visiting ministers at Eden Street, I would observe that several of those who were once justly styled *corruption preachers* are very different preachers now, having, no doubt, been advanced in their personal knowledge and experience of the truth. I have since heard Mr. B—— most blessedly enlarge upon a personal application and appropriation of the atonement; and then again Mr. Tiptaft, who was so severe in reprobating anything like the assurance of faith, having been himself brought out into the liberty of the gospel, now preaches the blessedness of salvation enjoyed in the conscience, rather than chains, and captivity, and fearful forebodings.

I would just note down in connection here, that about this time I first entered into business for myself. It is not my design in this narrative to enter into circumstances of a providential nature; if I should ever do so they will form the burden of a future publication. But I think it necessary just to remark here, that many and sharp have been the exercises of my mind arising from these circumstances of a secular nature. Often have they caused me, like Jacob, to seek a covenant God with holy importunity, and, like him, at times such have been found to be Bethel seasons of privileged intercourse, in which the soul has felt that it has prevailed with God. And whether an Esau's vengeance, or a Laban's overreaching machinations have formed the matter of supplication at the throne, it has been felt a mercy to appeal to the Most High in the sincerity of an honest conscience as to the integrity and uprightness of the writer's personal intentions and endeavours. God only knows how my heart has ached beneath the spoliation and oppression to which he was, in these matters pleased to leave me a prey. But enough of this.

I remember one time when the Lord had made me sensible, in some degree, of the evil of trifling with, or thinking lightly of sin, that he was pleased to visit my soul with a solemn faith's view of the suffering Son of God. I never had such a sight and apprehension of his pains and agony before. My heart was overcome within me. It was indeed the Holy Spirit leading the soul to Gethsemane. Oh, that I might often have such visits, for I feel that it was healthful to my soul. I was broken down in contrition and compunction, and abhorred myself and my sin in soul-humiliation before God. I was led to apprehend a little of the anguish and blood which my soul's salvation had cost the harmless Son of God. I saw that divine justice had admitted of no compromise, but had exacted from the righteous Lamb payment to the last mite. I then indeed saw and understood what substitution meant, and felt the truth of that text, "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it."

Before this, I had often been harassed by the tempter respecting a fellowship with the suffering Son of God. I thought I had never had such a sense of my Saviour's grief and anguish, as I heard others speak of; but when favoured as above, the devil could urge his argument no longer. The feeling came over me in a sovereign and unsought way; all at once my spirit was mightily impressed with the sad solemnity, and I saw of a truth, that the payment which my Lord had made into the hands of justice, was no unreal farcical deception, but that he really and actually endured stripe for stripe, that his ransomed might go free. I saw that a thousand hells had met on his devoted head; yea all the hells which must have been the everlasting portion of his people, if he had not himself agonized beneath it. Oh! the wonders of redeeming grace. Here, soul, is the school for love; and thou wilt never justly value the atonement, until thou hast been brought to apprehend a little of the doleful mystery of the garden and the cross. Here the perfection of the God-man, Mediator, shone forth in admiration; the sinless man is the devoted sacrifice, while the God is its sufficiency and its strength. This is faith's academy for studying the complex nature of its Lord; and for seeing his suitability and sufficiency for the work of our salvation.

Soon after this, having long felt in

my conscience that God designed me for the work of the ministry, from the sweet seasons of private meditation with which I was favoured, and from the access which I found with God in prayer when led to carry the subject to him; although I had no particular words of Scripture given me for my direction: still, as I felt my soul stirred up to addict myself to the work of the ministry; and as I scorned from my heart those canting methods which are so generally adopted by men who seek to be introduced to the work,—I then first determined to enter upon a course of regular study, and so obtain ordination in the established church. I concluded that this would be justifiable, because I knew that the names of Romaine, Toplady, Hawker, Wilkinson, &c., had, so to speak, consecrated the way before me. This was what I then thought: my subsequent history will shew why I was ultimately led to have a very different view of it. I further felt that I possessed a measure of light into God's Word, the gift of utterance, &c.; and I knew from his Word that God never gives a talent (though never so small) but what he will employ it. I also felt a strong impulse upon me to the work, and longed to be useful in the Lord's vineyard. Besides this, with that liberty of judgment, in which my position in life led me to indulge, I tore off all the trimmings of priestcraft with which interested mercenaries had chosen to invest what is technically termed a call to the ministry; and when I had thus stripped the truth of the encrustations of superstition, I found that the ministry, like all other soul-matters, remained a personal thing between God and the regenerate conscience, and that if acting in his fear, we could not go very far wrong. Thus as I saw that all responsibility in this important step must devolve upon myself, and as I believed that I had earnestly sought guidance and wisdom from Him who alone teacheth to profit, so I also resolved to go forward in the strength of the Lord, conferring not with flesh and blood. Thus it remained for a length of time an undivulged matter in my own breast; and when some after circumstances rendered it necessary to unfold my intention to those with whom I was connected, I did so in an unqualified way, leaving them to draw their own conclusions as to the inconsiderateness of my conduct, rather than by explanation, expose myself to

the charge of indulging in that hypocritical cant, which my soul did and does now abhor. I will only add, that for thus silently committing my way unto the Lord, seeking direction from him, I have never felt guilt upon conscience, although I have smarted severely in temporal circumstances from precipitate and ill-advised movements.

*Cranbrook, Kent.*

*To be continued.*

### Hannah Boothroyd gone to Heaven.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS—My sister wishes me to send you word that my dear mother breathed her last in this world, at twenty minutes past five, this morning, after seven weeks suffering of pain and debility—sometimes very acute; yet she was wonderfully supported; and the dear Lord (who bought her with his own blood) suffered not her faith to fail at the last, but kept her presence of mind, and took her to himself in a chariot of love. She was an old disciple, well disciplined; her name was Hannah Boothroyd, and her age sixty-four, both of which (she said one night during her sickness) were recorded in heaven. She had convictions in her young days—was born of godly parents; consequently (as a means used by the Holy Spirit,) was restrained from outward acts of wickedness. She attended George's Road Chapel, above fifty years ago; and there the Lord met with her in his love, and brought her into a state of liberty, (I have often heard her say,) by the application of that precious Scripture, "When I passed by thee, and saw thee in thy blood, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, live." For many years I walked with her to the means of grace; we read, communed, and worshipped Jesus harmoniously together. Through many, many storms and tempests, the Lord has brought her—many sorrowful and many joyful moments she has had. The Lord blessed her with much of Mr. Gadsby's company, as well as his preaching; and indeed her heart delighted in the company of the brethren of Christ. In her younger days she would walk to Rochdale (twelve miles distant) buoyantly, to hear what they called double lectures, warm-heartedly delivered by Messrs. J. Kershaw, G. Greenhough, and others. And indeed, though her path has been a thorny one, the Lord graciously strewed roses therein; and has brought her through all her tribulations to the praise and glory of his grace. Her soul was much enlivened by the ministry of Mr. James Wells, from the first time he came to Manchester, in 1840, by an increased entrance into the blessedness of Jesus. She loved all his ambassadors for his sake. Some one asked her, the other day, how her soul was? She said, it would not do for her to be only

seeking soul matters now—ho who wants to die the death of the righteous, must live the life, &c.

She often would say, during her illness, she was like Job, "wearisome days and nights" were appointed her; "when I lie down, I say, when shall I arise?" Sometimes I would say, "I hope you will have a better night to-night, mother." She would say, "I fear it will be one of Job's nights."

She said many precious words; for all of which I bless the Lord: but I keenly feel her loss. Last night she heard some singers singing an hymn in the street; and some one asked them to give over, (thinking it would disturb her,) but she said, "No! I want to go with them." They were asked to sing again, and she was much animated, and moved her hands and arms as the tune went, and her soul was really happy. She requested brother Little to pray with her: which he did. He said—"What must I pray for, aunt Hannah?" She said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," &c. At one time she said, "I see the door opened to receive me."

About one o'clock, this morning she seemed to change again; I asked her, if I must read a portion of Scripture to her. She said to sister, who was near her face, almost inaudibly, "It will perhaps be too much for him as he is near" (in relation ship I suppose.) She said, "What part must he read?" She replied, "Where it speaks about Christ being near to death." I opened the Bible, and the first words my eyes met were, "Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd," &c. It was with great difficulty I saw it, and uttered it; my heart was full, and my tears gushed forth, tears of grief mingled with joy. She afterwards asked sister Martha, "Do they stop when they are crossing?" "No, mother, they don't," she said: supposing her thoughts to be on the crossing of Jordan. I said, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." O, my soul, what solemnity was there! Shortly afterwards she got safely landed, her happy soul fled to Jesus, and the body yielded without a struggle or a groan. Sister flung her arms round mother's neck and kissed her pallid cheek. I said, "Let us remember David, who rose and washed himself when the Lord had taken the child away." She said, "We have a great deal to be thankful for; then let us ask a blessing, and praise him." We all knelt down, and the Lord enabled me to pour out my soul before him, and he did comfort us. I buried my youngest child yesterday also, who died on Sunday evening last very suddenly. May the dear Lord support and comfort you under all your troubles, and make us ready gladly to meet him at his coming. Amen,

Manchester, Dec. 12.

J: HUDSON.

P.S. Mr. Taylor visited her during her illness; she had profited under his ministry during the last twelve months; and, God willing, he will inter her on Wednesday next, at Rusholm Road cemetery, by

the side of my dear father, who died in the Lord on the 2nd of Nov., 1822; which was a severe trial to her; he had been a good husband, though she had consolation mingled therewith. Father was strengthened and blessed with the grace of Christ Jesus our Lord. One time when Mr. Gadsby came to see him, (which he frequently did,) upon his departure he said, "Well Joseph, I must be going." Father said, "Why, what for—why in such a hurry?" Mr. G. said, "It is Tuesday night, Joseph, and I must go to chapel and preach, and I have not a text to preach from." "Have not you? I wish I could preach for you, I could find one." "Why could you Joseph? and what would it be?" "Why God's everlasting love, to be sure!" he replied with much emphasis. Mr. Gadsby mentioned this in the pulpit, and he remarked that though he was not known to many, he was a man who knew himself and Christ. And I have heard mother say that the people were generally much affected and wept.

### The Agony of Love.

"And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Luke xxii. 44.

WHAT pray'r is that? how deep, how pure!

Hark, hark, my soul! draw near;

It is thy God all bath'd in blood

That prays and wrestles here.

Ah, yes! it is the King of kings—

Jehovah veil'd in clay!

Each opening pore's one bleeding sore,

To sweat the curse away.

'Tis not a few spare drops of blood

The Saviour sheds for me;

From head to foot my God is wet

With love's deep agony.

Down o'er my Jesu's bending form

Great drops each other chase;

On, on it rolls for guilty souls;

Oh height, oh depth of grace!

No friend remains to watch with him,

To succour or sustain;

He's left alone to struggle on

With vengeance, wrath, and pain.

Ye sad disciples, wake not yet,

His grief is too severe;

Love's agony ye must not see,

God holds your slumbers here.

Sleep on, oh sleep, and take your rest

Until the conflict's done;

God's vengeful ire, mount Sinai's fire,

Contends with God's dear Son.

Down, down the purple love-drops fall;

Earth drinks her Maker's blood;

Oh, sight too high for mortal eye,

The agony of God!

No wrath can damp love's raging fire;

Still, still the flame burns high;

All wrath's consum'd, all heaven's perfum'd

With love's deep agony.

What, oh my soul, dost thou behold

Thy Maker bath'd in blood?

Fly, fly thy sin if thou hast been

In Gethsemen' with God.

Forbear, sad muse, thy range forbear;

Wake up, ye harps above;

Nor heav'n nor earth can sound it forth;

Blest agony of love! H. M. ALLINGHAM.

I thirst for thirstiness, I weep for tears,

Well pleased I am to be displeas'd thus;

The only thing I fear, is want of fears,

Suspecting I am not suspicious.

I cannot choose but live, because I die,

And when I am not dead, how glad am I!

Yet when I am thus dead for sense of pain,

And careful am lest careless I should be;

Then do I grieve for being glad again,

And fear lest carelessness take care from me.

Amidst these restless thoughts, this rest I find,

For those that rest not here, there's rest behind.

## A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR BABES IN GRACE.

I WRITE unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you. Little children, it is the last time; and as ye have heard that Antichrist shall come—even now there are many Antichrists—I have therefore written unto you, not because ye know not the truth, but because ye know it, and that no lie is of the truth. And who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? These things I have written unto you concerning them that seduce you. And now, little children, abide in Him, that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming; for whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father, but he that acknowledgeth the Son, hath the Father also. I John ii. Examine, therefore, yourselves, whether ye are in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not that Christ Jesus is in you, except ye be reprobates? My little children, for whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you, know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? And if we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit; and let us not be desirous of vain glory, not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

My little children, in passing along the ordained road of tribulation through this sinful and dying world, you will meet with many things that will deter, and if possible, hinder your course, and prevent your intercourse with God; and you will find none of them more powerful, plausible, and deceitful than satan working on the carnal fleshly feelings of your own heart, which you will find needful to resist steadfastly and faithfully, according to the commandment of the Lord, without consulting either your good or bad feelings. On this point allow me to drop a few hints to those who allow their feelings to be the standard of their actions, and this especially in their attendance at the Lord's table.

I am well aware of the contradictory feelings that sometimes occupy the breast of the weak child of God in coming to the Lord's table. Sometimes it is with a melting heart, weeping eye, and humble spirit, admiring the lovingkindness, condescension and great goodness of a covenant God in a covenant Christ. Sometimes it is with a heart as hard as a stone—full of blind unbelief and carnal reason-

ing, and by satan tempted to think you are going to eat and drink damnation to your own soul. Hence arises a hard struggle between the flesh and the spirit. Flesh says, "Keep away;" the spirit says, "Go;" until the poor weak believer is something like a weak person, for whom two strong ones are striving; one pulls one way, and one another, until the little stripling is almost pulled in pieces. This is the flesh lusting against the Spirit, and the Spirit striving against the flesh, until you are brought into such distress that you know not what to do. For the encouragement of such little children, allow me to say that this is a true family feature, and is represented by the strugglings of Esau and Jacob before they were born; as is shewn by the company of two armies in the Shulamite, and is never felt or known in the heart of a proud presumptuous hypocrite.

Dear children, however numerous these feelings may be, they may be summed up under two heads, namely, *satisfaction* and *dissatisfaction*; and these two principles will be at work in you, all your journey through. One is derived from what we are in our first head, Adam—the other from what we are in Christ; one is to be cherished, the other to be denied. And amidst all this, little children, it is your happiness that ye are not your own, for you are bought with a price;" therefore your good feelings do not justify you in the sight of God, or give you a right to his ordinances, neither do your bad feelings condemn you in the sight of God, or deny you the right to them. Your salvation is for yourselves, but not of yourselves; your salvation originated in the love of God, and it will never depart from him; for though God, by his grace has put his love in your hearts, as his chosen, and thereby distinguished you from the rest of mankind, who live and die in enmity against God; yet your salvation and eternal safety are not in your own hands, but in Christ, "in whom all the fulness of Godhead dwelleth bodily;" and the grace that God has given you, is the earnest that you shall be kept by the mighty power of God, through faith, unto salvation, ready to be revealed; for as there was no reason but in God himself, why he should fix his love upon you from before the foundation of the world, and so continue to love you, even while dead

in sin, and then send his Spirit to "quicken you together with Christ, that ye might receive the adoption of sons," so he will never suffer anything to transpire that shall break this union, or dissolve this relationship. Therefore, my little children, fear not; for "He that hath begun a good work in you, will carry it on and perfect it in the day of salvation."

Now let me shew you who are the children of God, by the family likeness; and if you may not have faith enough to say "I know that I am a child of God;" perhaps you will be able to say, "Well, I do love the things of God, and am satisfied with what God is satisfied with, and dissatisfied with what he is dissatisfied with."

First, are you dissatisfied with your *darkness, sinfulness, and unbelief*? If so, you are dissatisfied with that which God was never pleased with. So you see you are of one mind with God here. Again, Are you dissatisfied with your *little wisdom, obedience, and retention*? If so, you are dissatisfied with what God never put any dependence in; and thus you and your heavenly Father are agreed. Again, are you dissatisfied with your *little faith, hope, and love*? If so, you are dissatisfied with that over which you have no *supreme* control; for these are all the gifts and graces of God, both as to quantity and quality; for He who gave them has declared that they shall be sufficient for you; for "as thy day, so shall thy strength be." Therefore, none of the things that vex you ought to move you, as God did not say, that your feelings of these things—but his grace—should be sufficient for you.

Now, let us see if there is any satisfaction in you that is God-like and acceptable to him.

First, are you satisfied with his *covenant engagements with Christ for his church*? "O yes," say you, "I am perfectly satisfied, and rejoice in the truth of it." Well, then, here you and your God are one again; for he will be satisfied with nothing less. Again, are you satisfied with the *way, work, and manner of salvation, as carried out and made known by the Holy Ghost in regeneration*? "O yes; we are perfectly satisfied with this, and bless the Lord for such a divine and holy distinction." Well, then, you are one with God here. Again, are you satisfied with the *security and insurance of the church's safe-keeping in our Saviour's hand, and entrance into glory by and with*

him? "O yes; this is just what suits and satisfies me, when all other hopes fail." Well, then, you are here just like your heavenly Father, who first trusted in Christ his glory and his grace.

But if there should be any children that are not thus satisfied, arise and let us hear your amendment; and if you have no amendment to make, then, as good children, sit down at his feet, and say, "He hath done all things well." But though there may be none to make an amendment, yet I anticipate an objection in that old hackneyed phrase of the devil, "I am not worthy." Remember, my dear children, that no personal beauty or worthiness will make you a son or a daughter of another person. And in this matter, let it never be forgotten, that a feeling sense of not worthy, not able, not good enough, are the very best qualifications to come to the Lord's table with; for none can come aright, but such as come in self-renunciation; for no one can at the same time see and be pleased with his own goodness and rightly discern the Lord's body. And remember, my children, that there is no limitation or qualification to those who come to Christ, but such as is evidenced by their own needs, which is the fruit of the Spirit. Those who come full, are sent empty away; those who come empty are filled with good things.

Consult, therefore, neither your good feelings or bad ones; take up your cross and follow him, through evil and good report. If ye love him, be careful to keep his commandments, in season and out of season, remembering that he is always the same. If, by faith, you can discern the Lord, in his body, as having fulfilled the law, satisfying justice, enduring the cross, despising the shame, destroying death, and him that hath the power of death, which is the devil, then, in dependence on him, come, "eat and drink in remembrance of him;" and remember that "ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's, therefore glorify him in your soul and body which are his." Lift up your heads, ye children of God, for "your redemption draweth nigh."

Your's in eternal love, J. CORBITT.

[Our brother Corbitt has here hit upon a very important subject. The Lord's Supper is an ordinance for such poor sinners as, having believed in the name of Jesus, daily feel, more or less, their need of his life-supporting power, and conscience-cleansing blood. Looking to, and leaning on him alone, let them, by faith, draw near, whatever be the fit or frame of their minds.]—ED.]

### A Fraternal Caution.

“LET no man deceive you with vain words.” Eph. v. 6. “Take the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God.” “Having your loins girt about with truth. And let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom and spiritual understanding;” Yet notwithstanding Scripture cautions, does it not appear evident by that which we are often obliged to hear, that there are numbers who bear the Christian name, who put more confidence in the writings of fallible men, than they do in the infallible testimony of God’s Word; and hence, the many conflicting opinions abroad in the world. And it certainly is lamentable, that many of our great and good men who, we trust, are gone to glory; have left behind them in their writings some gross errors and perversions of Scripture, which numbers read, and thereby are led astray from the *truth* as it is in Jesus. But those who have laid aside all prepossessed views, and opinions of men, and have time, and devote that time and attention to search the Scriptures, and compare spiritual things with spiritual; and so discover some of those aforesaid errors, when they see or hear of them; is it not their duty to sound an *alarm*: and caution those who love Christ in sincerity, and desire to be obedient to his commands, I say, is it not their duty to caution those against abounding errors, and try to disentangle them from the inventions of men, teaching to observe all things whatsoever God commands? If the reply is in the affirmative; may I be allowed affectionately to caution, and exhort the readers of the Vessel, to be as noble as the Bereans of old, to receive the word, and search the Scriptures, with all readiness of mind, and see whether things are so? Acts xvii. 11. Let it not be said, that you are a Huntingtonian, an Hawkerite, or a Gillite, or any other ite; any further than they accord with the divine oracles; think not that we speak invidiously, or that we depreciate the writings of those great men, we highly esteem them, but where is the man to be found who has not been the subject of some error in judgment? even the inspired Peter, Paul withstood to the face, because he was to be blamed. Gal. ii. 11—14. While we esteem the man, let us reject the error. It may be, that there are some errors which are scarcely worth notice, while

there are others, of such a subtle, deceptive, and perverse character, that the followers of the Lamb ought to be cautioned against; and such we think is the following which we have to notice.

About twenty years ago, I read Mr. Huntington’s work, entitled, “Contemplations on the God of Israel,” which contains some most precious truths, and I received instruction by reading it. But conversing with a Christian brother the other day, who said he had got a work of Mr. Huntington’s lent him to read, which proved to be the above named; and directed my attention to an exposition of a passage of Scripture in page 33, which he considered to be a most awful perversion, and calculated to deceive multitudes, and wished me to notice it in the Vessel. And when I saw it, I was exceedingly surprised, as I was not aware of Mr. H—’s view on the passage, it having escaped my notice when I read it in my minority. The Scripture alluded to is, Matt. xxviii. 19. “Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” Mr. H. considered this meant the baptism of the Holy Ghost; but if the Saviour had so meant, he surely would not have told them to baptize in the name of the Trinity; but with the Holy Ghost, as in Acts ii. 5, and 11, 16. These two portions are not parallels with the one above, and hence Mr. H—’s work contains this perversion. I have met with many who hold the above notion, and have wondered where the leaven came from; (and which elicited from my pen that little work entitled, “*The Baptism of the Holy Ghost ceased, or Baptisms in their own Place.*”) But I am not now surprised since reading the above-named page attentively.

It may not be generally known, that Mr. H. at one time saw water baptism to be a divine command, and agreed to walk in it, but eventually failed to do so, although the time was appointed. This I was told but a few weeks ago, by an aged minister of the gospel who was well acquainted with the circumstance, and the person with whom Mr. H. was to have been baptized—which was a Mr. Turner, who then kept the turnpike gate, Bagshot—but when the time appointed came, Mr. H. did not come according to promise, so that Mr. Turner had to go alone. The excuse Mr. H. made for not going was, that if he had been baptized,

it would have been the means of making so many hypocrites. Surely this was a worse excuse than that man's who had "bought the yoke of oxen," for while he was afraid of making hypocrites, he was not afraid of disobedience to God, and perverting his Word; and I doubt not but multitudes have been made disobedient to God by it. If Mr. H. had walked in the ordinances and commands of God blameless, he would doubtless have rightly expounded this important passage of Scripture.

It has been said that Mr. James Wells would become as great a preacher as Mr. Huntington; and I apprehend that Providence, in Gray's Inn Lane, never had the whole counsel of God declared in it, more faithfully, and fearlessly, and affectionately than it is in the Tabernacle, Borough Road. Neither had Mr. H. a greater and more attentive audience; and while a part of the ordinances of God's house are despised and neglected, where is the promised blessing? There may be a great show for a time, but what will be the end! *Injunction, obedience, promise, and blessing, go hand in hand*—"Observe all things whatsoever I command you, and lo, I am with you always even unto the end." "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice; and to hearken, than the fat of rams; for rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry." 1 Sam. xv. 22, 23. Christian reader, may the Lord open thine understanding, to understand the Scriptures, and give grace, never to be ashamed of God's truth. David said, "I shall not be ashamed when I have respect unto all thy commandments." Psalm cxix. 6. Christ said, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father." Mark viii. 38. "This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous." 1 John v. 3. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you—and I am yours to serve, in the love of the truth, W. ODLING.

*Clapham.*

[POINTING out the imperfections of good men, is more painful to our feelings than we can describe; but, from principle, (yea, we will say, we hope, from divine teaching,) we are unflinching believers in the ordinance of baptism by immersion; and, although we are persuaded multitudes are in glory who neither administered, nor submitted to, that ordinance, that is no authority for us to be lax in contending for it as a matter which the Great Master himself has enjoined upon us. ED.]

## A Word of Exhortation

TO THE PARTICULAR BAPTISTS OF MANCHESTER AND SALFORD:

*More particularly those meeting in Oldham Street, and Ford Street.*

"And I beseech you, brethren, suffer the word of exhortation." Heb. xiii. 22.

DEAR BRETHREN,—Permit a humble individual to address a few lines to you, on a subject that has for sometime laid heavily on my mind. Glad, indeed should I have been, had some other person taken the matter in hand, but as such has not been the case, I trust, that the importance of the subject will be a sufficient excuse for my making the attempt, and let me beg, that you will bear with me, as what I am about to write proceeds from no other motive than the glory of God in the welfare of his people. The subject, brethren, is the unhappy divisions that have taken place amongst us, as professing Christians. The old adage is, "Union is strength," and we have lived to experience that division is weakness. Who that has a burning desire for the prosperity of Zion, can do otherwise than lament what havoc this monster has made amongst us? or who would refuse to do his utmost that peace and prosperity might be restored? It must rejoice the heart of every true Christian, to read the account of the establishment of "the London Gospel Mission," and let it be remembered, that the instruments of this Society are Particular Baptists, of the same faith and order as ourselves, with this distinction, that they seem to take pleasure in uniting for the good of souls, whilst it seems to be our element to be always falling out by the way, and doing scarcely any thing. Must we not come to the conclusion, that "such things ought not so to be?" Neither do I think they will long continue thus, if our minds be awakened to a sense of our true position.

But it may be asked, "What is the cause of all this unpleasantness and these divisions?" A neglect of the precepts of God's Word. I do believe that the Lord has had his Caleb and Joshuas, in whom there has been another spirit, and who have been grieved at heart to see the Word of God departed from; but as a whole, brethren, depend upon it, we are verily guilty, and have cause to repent, lest the candlestick be removed out of its place. I have not forgotten the circumstance mentioned by that aged servant of the Lord, J. A. Jones, the last time he visited Manchester, respecting the church that was broken up through contention, and the gospel removed out of the place for (if I mistake not,) half a century. The word of advice given by the dear old man that evening, came home to my heart, and I think I shall never forget it.

My aim is to endeavour to promote peace; not a false peace, but a peace based on pure principles; consequently it is not my purpose to enter so fully as I could into past events of an unpleasant nature; nor shall I touch them more than appears to be essentially necessary to shew that our behaviour in church affairs has not been in accordance with the directions of the Word of God, and the praise-worthy example of some other churches: but as it is necessary to know the extent of the evil before a remedy can be

effected; on certain points, I must speak out in unmistakable language; not in a spirit of revenge and malice to any person; but that those who have done amiss may be led to see and confess that they have gone astray. With respect to the separation from Mr. Gadsby of those who were under the pastoral care and ministry of Mr. Bidder, it occurred before I came into Manchester; therefore I am not able to speak so decisively as to the necessity that might exist for the separation. Doubtless, there are times when those who have a strict regard for the pure truths of the gospel, are bound to obey the injunction, "Come out from among them and be ye separate." That those who left Mr. Gadsby at the time referred to could not conscientiously longer continue with him, is a question I leave with God and their own souls.

When I first came into Manchester, which was in January 1846, I commenced searching for a place where the truth was preached. I then lived in Hulme; and as I wanted to find a place as near my residence as I could, some one directed me to two or three places in that neighbourhood where baptists met; but nothing could I find that would do for me. I wanted to hear of salvation by grace—free grace alone—but could not hear it there. I had read about Mr. Gadsby, and found my way to the chapel he used to preach in; there was then no settled minister, but supplies. The first time I went I heard a different sermon from what I could hear at the places before mentioned. I was informed that the same doctrines were preached in a chapel in Oldham Street, and it being nearer to my home than the other I went, heard the word gladly, at times receiving comfort and encouragement by means of the preached gospel, and, in a few months joined the church. Of that church I continued a member until it was broken up. I shall not soon forget a remark that was made to me previous to my joining the church at Aylesbury. "Now," said one of the visitors that visited me, "remember you are not joining *the minister*, but *the church*." Many join a church because they are pleased with a minister (and it is well to be suited with a minister you can hear comfortably) but if that minister leave, they forget that it was the church received them as a member, and off they go. But this does not appear to me to be an orderly way of moving; a church formed of members possessing such views of church-order is not very likely to be a prosperous one. Not (as already observed) that there are not times when a member is justified in withdrawing from a church; on the contrary, to continue with a people who refuse to listen to the testimony of Scripture against them, after fairly and patiently bringing it under their notice, would be to connive at error, and act less honestly, honourably, and consistently than it would to leave them; but to let such trivial things drive us away, as they often do, is anything but right and christian-like. Sometimes, for instance, one member is at variance with another, and resolves never more to come to the Lord's table with such an one, and accordingly sends in his or her resignation, sometimes assigning no reason for acting thus. The minister is left in the dark as to whether it arises from anything he has said or done amiss; and each member is wondering what can be the cause. Now, I ask, is this walking orderly?

Has such person the authority and sanction of the word of God for doing thus? Let us try it by the word of God, "Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee thou hast gained thy brother. But if he shall not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." Matt. xviii. 15—17.

This is the method laid down by Christ the Head of the church; and the more we adhere to it the more we shall honour our Lord and Master, and promote the peace and prosperity of Zion. See what honour Christ has put upon an organised church, and what authority he has given to it. In what a state is that man, then, who can dare to treat the messages and requests of a church with utter contempt? May God in his mercy, if it please him, give true repentance to those who have acted thus, and give them that humility by which they shall confess their faults to Him, and also to the church, according to that exhortation, "Confess your faults one to another." Let the children of God be convinced that a brother who has even treated them with contempt, has been restored by grace, and where is the true christian who would not again give him his hand and heart? But whilst the offender maintains he is right, seeks to justify himself in what he has done, and declares that if he had to do it again he should act in the same manner, to wink at such conduct, or allow it to go unproved, would be to act unworthy both of the man and the christian. "But suppose such an one cannot see himself in error." Then, I say, his eyes are blinded by the god of this world. Leave him according to the Master's direction; rather than suffer him to be a "lord over God's heritage," until he shall see:—then he will "renounce the hidden works of darkness," and in child-like humility and simplicity own, "I have sinned."

Having thus touched on the duty of members of a church to each other, I would now say a word or two with respect to their duty to a pastor, as also the pastor's duty to them: and firstly, as to the *choice* of a pastor, which should be done with an eye to the glory of God and the good of the church, without any carnal or fleshly motives. The church should be satisfied that the man whom they intend to invite to be their pastor, is united to them in love and true Christian affection; willing to go with them, and stand with them, not only when the sun of prosperity shines, but also when they come under dark and cloudy dispensations.

In the choice of a minister let every member speak freely his own mind; and if he neglect to do this, when the question comes before the church, he has no right to find fault with the decision after the choice is made; and even supposing a minister should be chosen, who is not just to his mind, yet for the peace of the church, he should give way to the majority, and treat the minister as kindly as though he were the very man he wanted. Having made choice of a pastor, a church should "esteem him very highly for his work's sake," sympathise with him in all his troubles, and never do anything to wound or

hurt his feelings; but rather hold up his hands, by prayer and supplication, and embrace every opportunity of speaking a word of encouragement to him. Nor should the kindness manifested be all on one side, but it should be reciprocal; and surely he who is expected to be an ensample to the flock, should not let a trifling thing drive him from them.

But as things that have been done cannot be undone, the question I would submit to your prayerful consideration is, "What can now be done for the promotion of peace and the spread of the gospel? There are at each of the Particular Baptist chapels, persons whom I sincerely love, because I believe them to be the children of God, and should rejoice to be in christian fellowship with them. But what I want, first to see, is all bitterness, wrath, and strife done away; so that each cause can wish the others success in the name of the Lord. Now such a feeling, I am persuaded, does not generally exist amongst us. On the contrary, jealousy exists; each is for justifying himself in the course he has pursued; and I believe, in many instances, is ready to condemn another for not holding on his side. Let it not be understood that I lament to see fresh causes of truth springing up. No, on the contrary; it would rejoice my soul to see other places opened for preaching. In fact, one great reason of my writing is because I believe our contentions have thrown impediments in the way of our usefulness, and have served rather to hinder the spread of truth than otherwise. Only think that in all Manchester and Salford there are only three particular Baptist chapels; and I believe only one house where a few meet together; and that two of them would comfortably hold all the people who attend the three; and then let us each ask ourselves, if we can do nothing towards opening fresh places, not in a spirit of opposition, but with a desire for the spread of truth, the welfare of immortal souls, and the glory of God? On this point I anticipate an objection on the part of some, viz., that "God will have all his vessels of mercy, whether we be active or indolent." I believe it; but I believe, also, that this truth does not do away with the command of Christ—"Go ye forth into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "Secret things belong to the Lord;" he knows the purchase of his blood, even before they are called to know him. But rather than attempt to pry into things which are concealed from us, we shall do better to mark the promise of God with respect to his word; "it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto I have sent it." Although, therefore, I am not aware that the Lord has ever said to any one in Manchester as he did to Paul, "I have much people in this city," yet since he has declared that his word shall not return unto him void, we may expect a blessing to accompany the faithful preaching of the gospel, and that by this means the Lord would add unto the church such as should be saved.

In conclusion, allow me to offer a suggestion as to means to be used for the accomplishment of that object, which must be desirable to every child of God in his right mind. Firstly, as being of the most importance, I would suggest that a special prayer-meeting be called on a convenient evening, to beseech God to manifest his pardoning

love for all that has been contrary to godliness; to pray with and for, (not at,) one another, that he would be pleased to pour a blessing upon us, and grant us peace and prosperity. Let sufficient time be given for the matter to spread amongst all who feel an interest in it. And secondly, let a committee be formed of a few well known, peaceably disposed men of good report, to try to effect a reconciliation between those who have given each other offence; and who shall call another meeting to shew how far they have been successful. Remember, brethren, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." And may God grant to each of us a forgiving spirit. Remember that when satan gets the advantage of a child of God, that child of God may do things which are quite unbecoming a Christian. Let us be careful how we cut any off from being members of Christ's mystical body, lest at last we ourselves "should be found wanting." "Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

*Arduick, Manchester.*

WILLIAM PRICE.

A FEW WORDS OF

### Encouragement to the Editor.

[A GODLY deacon of one of our London churches, and a real christian brother in the Lord, has sent us the following cheering epistle. We dare not withhold it—we give it as sent. The Lord himself best knows how far we are deserving such encouragement.—ED.]

*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.*

DEAR BROTHER BARKS:—I feel constrained from a heart-felt sympathy and regard for you as a faithful and laborious servant of Christ, at the close of another eventful year, to drop you a few lines. Amidst all your sorrows, temptations, reproaches, and conflicts for Christ's sake and the gospel's, my heart rejoices and is glad that you have been supported, supplied, and kept steadfast, immovable, and still abounding in the work of the Lord; lifting up your voice in declaring faithfully the whole counsel of God, not fearing the frowns, or courting the smiles of mortals, not seeking to please men, but God, which trieth the hearts; not as many which do corrupt the word of God, but as of sincerity—but as of God, speaking the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, taking forth, in a discriminating way, the precious from the vile, and thus proving yourself a mouth for God, and a witness in these solemn days of error, rebuke, and blasphemy. To Israel's triune God be all the praise that we have yet on Zion's walls a few faithful witnesses for God and truth, who are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, having known and felt its power in their own personal salvation. The arms of your hands have been made strong by the mighty God of Jacob to go forth in the gospel vineyard, in labours more abundant! and though you have had to go forth in much exercise of mind and sorrow of heart, bearing precious seed, yet, in looking back, is your labour in vain in the Lord? Verily not! Could every heart testify, and every tongue speak, I doubt not that thousands of the regenerate family of God would respond

to the feelings of the writer here expressed, and bless the God of all grace for raising you up, and holding you up, as an instrument of bearing glad and good tidings to their ears and hearts, not only by the ministry of the word, but also by means of the *Earthen Vessel*. The Lord has evidently blessed that work far and wide to many who have not seen your face in the flesh. Hence we may account for its increased and still increasing circulation.

Prejudice has been at work in all directions to impede its progress, and much opposition has it met with; but as it originated, I believe, with a higher power than men and devils, so it has been supported and carried forward by the same Omnipotence. The usefulness of the *Earthen Vessel* is very great, in that it excels all other works of the kind in affording information concerning the state and condition of the churches of Jesus Christ scattered up and down in the world. Surely every real inhabitant of Zion, who is concerned for her welfare, must feel interested here. It has been the means of bringing to light many little causes of God and truth before unknown, and of making manifest many a real, honest, faithful labourer in the gospel vineyard before concealed.

The many sweet and blessed testimonies of living and dying saints it has brought has often strengthened the weak hands and confirmed the feeble knees of many in Zion. Many living in obscure parts of the country, when they are not privileged with a living ministry, have, by this means been enabled to trace the footsteps of the flock in their own souls' experience, faith and hope has been fed, and expectation raised and revived in their desponding hearts.

The *Earthen Vessel* has found its way into many a sick chamber, and administered consolation there; yea, I am witness in scenes of poverty, affliction, and distress it has been hailed with delight, and affording joy and consolation there. How many testimonies of its usefulness and benefit might be given, but as it is, surely there is abundant cause for thankfulness, and for the editor to take courage and still go forth in weakness, leaning upon the arm of everlasting strength and consolation. Though faint and discouraged at times, yet surely the strength of Christ has been made perfect in his weakness, the love of Christ has constrained, and the grace of Christ has been, and will be, sufficient for him in all his extremities.

"When trouble like a gloomy cloud  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood;  
His loving-kindness, oh how good!"

"Then fear not, thou worm Jacob," saith thy God, "I will help thee, I will strengthen thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." The government of all worlds rests upon the shoulders of him who bought our souls with his own precious blood. And, oh ye servant of his, with all his faithful servants, hearken to his own cheering words—"Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Though all men may forsake you, yet may Paul's "notwithstanding" be yours—"Notwithstanding, the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me."

Is there difficulties in the way of the publica-

tion of the *Earthen Vessel*? There has been, and is, and

"Her foes expect to see her sink,  
But Jesus lives to save."

Before him the great mountain shall become a plain; he hath delivered—he doth deliver—and he will yet deliver.

But a word or two with regard to the means of rendering needed assistance, and I conclude.

First. With regard to the mouth of prejudice. Let it not be opened against her while ignorant of her position and circumstances, but let all such candidly and honestly investigate and prove, before they rashly judge and condemn. And

Secondly. With regard to her friends and those who have received of her precious stores, and reaped the benefit, let them come forth with united effort and shew their sympathy by their actions.

Beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth. I would suggest that where the *Vessel* has been well received, in each place, a collection be made, and each help according to their ability; and helping thus with our shoulder, all difficulties will soon disappear, we shall be thus bearing one another's burden, and fulfilling the law of Christ.

Wishing the *Earthen Vessel* increased prosperity, and its Editor every blessing, I subscribe myself, dear brother, your's sincerely,

AN EVERLASTING DEBTOR TO GRACE.

#### A Father's Fervent Desires for his Children.

*To my beloved children in Christ Jesus, the peaceful portion of all the precious sons and daughters of Zion.*

MY DEAR JAMES,—All grace abound towards you, in advancing your soul in the knowledge of the mystery of God, and of the Father and of Christ. I have received your well-meant and timely-sent communication. And as regards the suggestions offered, I will consider thereof, and most earnestly and fervently do I pray the dear Lord, that all my decisions may be regulated by his righteous determination, that my daily steps may be ordered by his divine statutes, that my ways may reflect his wisdom, and while my tongue shall be permitted and privileged to testify of the triumphs of his truth over all the enemies of my soul, may my very sorrow speak of his salvation, and shew forth his strength in sustaining a weak and worthless worm under felt weariness and wretchedness.

Truly the Lord is good, a strong hold, and a sure habitation in the day of trouble, and he knoweth, yea, loveth them that put their trust in him. The promise of my God is all-animating and all-consoling to my wounded spirit; "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn." Hitherto the Lord hath mercifully heard my cry, and graciously helped me from on high, whenever trouble has been nigh, nor will I fear that he will ought deny, but he will all my needs supply, and foes defy; yes, he will surely and safely guide me with his eye, and continue his loving-favour towards me, that I his name may glorify. I rejoice that your heart is truly exercised unto godliness, (which hath the promise of the life

that now is, and that which is to come;) and that you tenderly feel the every stroke and wound, which love and blood alone can heal. Long may you sing in the spirit, and with the understanding also:

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
There God my Saviour reigns."

My dear Martha,

Be of good cheer, Jesus is thine;  
Be of good courage, your aid is divine;  
Be of good comfort, the promises shine,  
To gladden your heart, and animate mine.

May your soul live in the realization and experimental enjoyment of the truth as it is in Jesus. For verily there is no solid, lasting peace but in receiving and believing the record of God. And this is the record, that God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. I am glad to hear of your intended visit to the "House of Bread" to-morrow evening. May it be as good an opportunity, as many found it to be last evening, while speaking from the words contained in Joshua iii. 2, 3. "And it came to pass after three days, that the officers went through the host; and they commanded the people, saying, when ye see the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, and the priests the Levites bearing it, then ye shall remove from your place, and go after it." The Holy Ghost I trust, was the interpreter of the subject. Long as you live may your cry be:—

"Hungry and thirsty after God,  
May I be found each hour;  
Humble in heart, and happy kept,  
By his Almighty power."

And now, my dear children, I commend you to the covenant care and keeping of the mighty God of Jacob, who has led me, and fed me all my life long until "this day;" and will not let me go. With best wishes for the welfare of you, both, I remain, your affectionate father, and acknowledged pastor,

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

### A Query to Mr. James Wells.

DEAR EDITOR,—It is now some time since Christopher Ness wrote, "It has ever been the lot of truth, (like the Lord of it) to be crucified between right-hand and left-hand thieves;" and as it is with truth, so it is with those who are taught to receive and love the truth. Hence they have to fight hard or fall among the various foes which assail them, presumption is one, which they dread. "Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins," said one of old, while yet, as error assumes many forms and puts on many disguises, so does it, and still many have been disposed to confine the foe to Antinomianism on the one side, and Arminianism on the other; it may be seen in many, in the present day, who while speaking much of Christ, and union to him under the head of frames and feelings, seem disposed to cast aside all feeling and experience together, and again, it may be seen in others, who while contending for experience, give so much prominence to that which is common to the carnal mind, that many who have nothing else, are led to think that they are saints, and rest upon that, as an evidence of life, which, in itself, is but

unto death, and are very confident and very angry if disturbed. Upon these two rocks, your correspondent J. Palmer appears to have been very near making shipwreck, led away by the ministry of a Mr. T. and this testimony of J. P. as to the effect which Mr. T's ministry had upon his soul, is worthy of the *serious* consideration of every child of God (see last month's Vessel, page 282) acquainted with the deceit of the heart, concerned for present comfort and ultimate safety. And it is because the writer knows that the *drift* to which Mr. P. alludes, will have the effect he states, and has but recently seen one occupying a public position of the same drift, disgrace his character, and usefulness blasted, the church wounded, and himself an outcast, that he would call attention to his remarks, and also to the following extract from a sermon by Mr. James Wells, contained in your Vessel of August last, page 180, speaking of Christ having removed all impediments, he observes:

"If there is no legal impediment in the way of your salvation, there is, in reality, no impediment at all.

"Some have the notion that the evils of our nature, hardness of heart, darkness and carnality, hinder us from praying as we would, from entering into fellowship with God as we would, and that they not only hinder us, but that they hinder God also. They are quite welcome to this notion. That minister is serving the devil rather than God, that would set any man's sin above the Saviour's blood. God has removed ALL (the italics are your's) impediments," &c., &c.

To this may be replied, that from the word of God, the writings of good men in every age, and from the preaching of many of God's servants in the present day, it might be shewn that many have held the notion Mr. W. repudiates, and that without for one moment doubting but that Christ has removed all *legal* impediments, or wishing or attempting to set any "man's sin above the Saviour's blood," it is reported that good old Newton used to say that "That assurance which sin did not damp was not worth two-pence." But perhaps the sermon has not been correctly reported. As it stands the passage referred to has been a stumbling-stone to many of God's people; and on their behalf, perhaps, Mr. W. will give a word of explanation, and oblige in the gospel of Christ, MIRON.

Hammersmith.

[We give insertion to the above, because, in the first place, we have had several communications on the subject; and many have been disturbed in their minds by the sentiments referred to. In the second place, it is but just to state that our brother Wells knew nothing of the insertion of the sermon until it was in print; and when he saw it, he complained of its imperfection. We have no doubt but that he will remove the stumbling block out of the way. The disputed sentiment having been found in our pages, we must observe, we did not suppose for one moment, that brother Wells meant to tell his hearers that a sense of vileness, hardness, and darkness, will not hinder the children of God from experimentally enjoying communion with their heavenly Friend. We understood him to mean simply this, that the Lord Jesus Christ had entirely removed every thing that could ultimately keep a vessel of mercy either from the throne of grace, or from the kingdom of glory: every regenerated child of God knows most bitterly that when corruption is rampant, and sin is, in any measure, reigning, there is then no peace in the conscience, nor pleasurable access at the throne.—Ed.]

## Record of recent Events, Notices of New Works.

### ORIGINAL LETTER FROM THE SON OF THE LATE Mr. JAMES OSBOURN, *Detailing the close of his Life and Ministry.*

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—The enclosed has been confided to my care for the purpose of forwarding to you for insertion in your truly valuable "Vessel." It has been considered likely to interest those who have attended his ministry with pleasure, during his visits to this country. Should it meet your approval, you will kindly give it as early insertion as you can. You may rely on its authenticity, as it is a verbatim copy of the original letter which was sent by Mr. Osbourn's son to a near relative in Philadelphia, formerly resident in London, whose son and daughter-in-law attend my ministry at Kingsland, from whom it has come into my hands. It will afford my friends in Philadelphia much pleasure to read it printed in the "Vessel," as open evidence "which shall continue many days."

May the Master on whom you wait, honour you more and more, and do better to you than at your beginning, is the prayer, my honoured brother, of your unworthy fellow-labourer in the vineyard of God,  
J. P. SEARLE.

*Jireh Chapel, Kingsland.*

"Baltimore, Dec. 6, 1850.

"Dear Sir—Your letter was duly received, which I hasten to answer, by informing you also of the particulars relative to my dear father's departure to a brighter and better land, and the everlasting home for which he so thirsted. It is a great grief to my mother and all of us, that our beloved father was not permitted to die in the bosom of his own family. However, it is a source of some consolation, to know that he was surrounded by so many Christian friends, when he breathed his last. My mother and sister Anna started immediately for Williamstown upon hearing of his extreme illness, but were unable to reach there in time. She little thought when she started, in the fullest hope of seeing dear father alive, and comforting him with her presence, that he was even then already laid in the cold grave. He is interred in Mr. Hassel's own private burying ground, where we intend letting him remain, at the earnest request of his friends there. I will copy from a southern paper an obituary notice of my father's death, which Mr. Hassel sent mother soon after.

"Died, at the residence of elder C. B. Hassel, in Williamstown, on the 24th August, 1850. Elder James Osbourn left home in June last for North Carolina, intending to make one more visit to his favourite State. He took the Bay route, and reached Williamstown on the 13th of that month. He preached several times in Martin, and attended the Skewarkey Union Meeting held at Flat Swamp on the last Saturday and Sunday in June: preached twice on that occasion. Afterwards proceeded to Edgecombe, and preached in 'Tarboro' and its vicinity, and at the falls of Tar river. He then moved down the State, attended the yearly meeting of the White Oak Association, and preached his last sermon there. If not sick at that time, he was taken directly afterwards, and decided on a return home by the way that he went; but was able to make only short stages, and was quite sick at several places on the way; yet being so anxious to reach home, he persevered, and travelled no doubt to the great detriment of his health. On the 21st of August, he left the house of elder Hassel a little before noon, intending to rest there two days, then proceed to Plymouth, on to Norfolk, and thence to Baltimore. But it was soon apparent he would travel no further than Williamstown. He conversed but little. On Wednesday afternoon (being to all appearance completely broken down, and his nervous system highly excited) he partook of some

refreshment, however, and looked at some letters that elder Hassel had received for him. He then appeared to rest in sleep pretty much that afternoon and night. Next morning he grew worse: a physician was called in, who very soon pronounced his case critical. He used all the appliances within the range of his skill, but was unable to check the disease in the least. Elder Osbourn had but little rationality the better part of Thursday and Thursday night. On Friday it required great exertion to make him sensible of anything around him. About sunset on that day he was seized with a congestion fit, which proved the great death struggle, for he never afterward moved a limb, but breathed on, perfectly insensible to every thing that was done for him, until about 20 min. past 1 o'clock P.M., when he gently breathed his last. His disease was considered to be bilious fever terminating in typhoid congestion.

"There has fallen one of the great men in Israel; not in the bosom of his family, it is true, but in the midst of firm, fast, and devoted friends. The candlestick is removed, the floating lamp has sunk, but the light of his testimony and example will shine unto the perfect day. His life is but a dot on the great surface of human events, but it is one which will never grow dim. In comparison with others, we might say the field of his operations was large, his ministerial abilities great, and his usefulness to the church of Christ has been unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. His history is extraordinary, and will be traced no doubt with admiration by the faithful in Christ Jesus for ages to come. In almost every clime where the English language prevails, he has indeed fought a good fight, and we believe has gone to receive his crown. The inscription upon his tombstone is as follows,—

JAMES OSBOURN,  
Minister of the Gospel,  
(RESIDENT IN BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,)  
DIED IN AUGUST, 1850.

AGED THRESCORE YEARS AND TEN.

"Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered? But thus saith the Lord: Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered."  
Isaiah xlix. 24, 25.

"My mother would be much gratified if you would be so kind as to let our relatives in England know the particulars of his death, especially his brother there. All joins in love to you and your's.  
S. C. OSBOURN.

"To Mr. Goodrige, Philadelphia."

### The Truth at Blackheath.

SOME friends of gospel truth living at Blackheath have opened a small place in the adjoining hamlet of Lee, and have preaching twice on the Sabbath, and once in the week. God has encouraged them by blessing his word to their souls, and by quickening some, who till lately were dead in trespasses and sins. Acting in the fear of God they have thought it right to recognise the Saviour's ordinances and government in the spirit and formalities thereof; and on Thursday evening, November 20th, five who had witnessed a good confession were baptised in the presence of a large congregation at Zion Chapel, Deptford. Mr. Felton, minister of the place preached a very appropriate sermon from Romans xiv. 22, "Hast thou faith? Have it to thyself before God. Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth." Mr. Jones, of Chatham, baptised, after a brief address to the unconverted, to believers who are living in the neglect of Christ's commands in this particular, to baptised christians, and lastly, to the

candidate standing beside the pool. A quiet hallowed feeling prevailed throughout the evening.

On Sunday following, in the afternoon, the recently baptised, and ten others formerly baptised, were united in church fellowship, and partook of the Lord's Supper, administered by Mr. Jones, who in the morning described the plan of a gospel church, and in the evening preached from 2 Cor. xiii. 11. Several christian friends were present from London, Deptford, and other places, who expressed kind wishes for the infant cause, and all said it was a day which the Lord had blessed, and they rejoiced and were glad in it. A hymn composed for the occasion, was sung by the members of the little church (in the afternoon) after answering a few questions declarative of their mutual faith and their trust in God for continued unity, peace, and fruitfulness. May the work of our hands be established!

COMMEMORATION OF THE SEVENTH YEAR OF

**Mr. Poock's Pastorate at Ipswich.**

BELOVED BROTHER BANKS—

"Why should the mercies God hath wrought,  
Be lost in silence, or forgot?"

On Monday the 8th of December, 1851, being the day which completed the seventh year of my coming among the Lord's family at Dairy Lane, Ipswich, Suffolk, the friends held a septennial public meeting in the chapel; a general good feeling prevailed throughout the whole assembly; some employing themselves one way, and some another; indeed, to me you may be sure it was affectingly amusing. Some engaged in providing bodily refreshments, others decorating with laurels the building; more especially a banner in front of the pulpit bearing the motto, "UNITY IS STRENGTH," and "LOVE AS BRETHREN." About two-hundred and sixty sat down to tea, with faces smiling, hearts rejoicing, and tongues exclaiming, "What hath God wrought?"

After tea many more came among us, a hymn was sung and brother Hoddy prayed; after which our brother, Wm. Clarke, the treasurer, was called to preside; he did so, with expressed feelings of interest and delight. I was then called to state an outline of general affairs connected with the cause since my labouring in this part of the great Redeemer's kingdom.

All praise to his dear name, amidst all my unworthiness and hell-deservedness, I can say he has never dealt with me after my sins, nor rewarded me according to my iniquities; but his wonderful, rich, free, and astonishing grace and goodness, has exceeded all bounds—He hath done all things well.

I could state, having baptised fifty-nine persons, and of having been the means of calling some of the foulest sinners out of darkness into marvellous light—of reclaiming several poor backsliding children—of raising a Sabbath School of ninety-four children—of having paid off a debt on the chapel, one way and another, (including repairs of nearly £600 during the last seven years; our number of members is one hundred and seventy; congregation averaging, from five to six hundred. From one our church has been supplied with a gospel preacher, and God is evidently blessing by him; two others are sounding their little trumpets in villages around us, and I have lately opened my mouth with a "Who can tell?" in a new forming locality, called by irony, "California." We are, through mercy, in peace; and, by grace, prayerfully do we hope to

study the things which make for peace, wishing peace to all the churches around us, and throughout the world; and, by the needful help of the eternal Spirit, we hope to maintain the principles of divine truth, which alone can raise the dead, pardon the guilty, justify the ungodly, draw to holy communion, actuating the heart, lip, and life, and finally introducing to glory. I begged pardon and forgiveness, if at any time I offended.

The above is about the substance of what I said, the Chairman then directed two verses to be sung of that beautiful hymn,

"Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song, &c."

He spoke to the point, and called upon brother Woods, of Crowfield, who went out from us to that cause, his address was good upon Samuel's Ebenezer Stone, declaring, "Hitherto the Lord had helped," and he blessed God that he had ever been brought to Ipswich."

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

was sung, with heart and voice, I do believe. Our brother Florey, of Bury, was next called upon, who gave us a warm-hearted speech, full of Christian zeal and love, and stating his soul had also been there blessed, and exhorted us to be thankful, and to pray for Zion's prosperity without ceasing. The Chairman next gave us a declaration of love to his God, his minister, the place and the people, because it was there the Lord had in mercy met with and blessed him. He gave out a suitable hymn and called on brother Hoddy of Walton, who rose and spoke to us in a manner truly characteristic of the very life and spirit of the gospel of his Lord and Master; he expressed the meeting to be very interesting to his soul, enlarging very appropriately, on the Scripture sevens, wishing us every good. Our senior deacon next attempted to give vent to a full heart with flowing eyes, but his words were few, he was overcome.

Our poor afflicted brother Jabez Wright, rose to say a little, before he left to go home to heaven; he wished to express thanks for the mercies of the last seven years, and not them only, but for mercies received in the same place for the last twenty years, the Lord having blessed him much there, it was his home.

The Chairman then presented a very handsome Bible, with the address annexed. I cannot tell what I felt, (God knoweth) it was received thankfully; to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be all the praise. The meeting approved the deed by show of hands. The Chairman gave out,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

And I concluded by prayer and the benediction. May the churches help us to praise, forget us not in prayer, and may they never forget their pastors especially.

"BELOVED PASTOR:—In addressing you as pastor of this church, we desire first to return thanks to our almighty God and Father for the many mercies he hath shewn unto this church for many years past, and to thank him in a special way and manner for his great goodness unto us since he, in his great love and mercy hath brought you in our midst as his servant and our minister; and we, as his people, desire to acknowledge that none of his promises have failed. He has kept us together in unity, prosperity, peace, and love until this day, and hath also kept you in this day of awful error and apostasy firm to his truth as it is in his revealed

word, prayerfully to thank him in the remembrance that he has filled you from the rich treasures of his everlasting love and truth, to the comfort of your own soul, to the comfort and building up of his saints, to the reclaiming of backsliders, to the unstopping of deaf ears, to the giving eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, clothing to the naked, food to the hungry, and wine to those ready to perish; and furthermore than this, he has been pleased to own and bless your labours to the conversion of many poor souls who were laying buried in the ruins of the fall.

"Also in our temporal affairs he has also abundantly blessed your labour, that we mutually desire to bless and praise his holy name for all he has wrought by you as an instrument in our midst for the last seven years. Our prayer this day is, that our kind God and Redeemer will still bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us, and still honour and bless you even more abundantly, if it be his gracious will, and keep you still in our midst faithfully proclaiming his gospel; and when he is pleased to call you from this church to himself, we implore earnestly that in your dying moments he will return into your bosom all those comforts which he has enabled you in the ministry of his gospel to pour into the souls of others. And in conclusion, I have the pleasure, in the name of this church, to present you with this Bible as a mark of our love and esteem to you as the pastor of this church.

"Praying for the blessing of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit to rest upon you, your dear partner and family, and the whole church of God,

"Yours in the Lord,

W. CLARKE.

"December 8, 1851."

### Glad Tidings from Guildford.

DEAR EDITOR, in the bonds of the everlasting covenant—Grace and peace rest upon you and dwell in you richly in all wisdom, from this time forth for evermore.

I feel constrained to send you a few lines respecting us as a church and people, and monuments of God's distinguishing grace and mercy, and of his still blessing the ministry of our much beloved pastor, Mr. Spencer, to some of God's dear children that have been buried in the ruins and rubbish of the fall, that were dead in trespasses and in sins, but now are made alive to God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

On Lord's Day, October 26th, three sisters came and witnessed a good confession before the church for what Christ the Lord has done for their souls, in bringing them out of nature's darkness into Christ's marvellous light. Truly they are brands plucked from the fire! And on Lord's Day, November 9th, our dear and beloved pastor led them down into the mystic flood, and baptised them, by immersion, according to their faith in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, with two others (man and wife) from a little cause near Farnham, in Surrey, under the pastorate of Mr. Smith, from whom Mr. Spencer received a satisfactory statement of their conversion to God. The service commenced by singing that blessed hymn—

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man asham'd of thee?"

Our beloved pastor was led to expound most sweetly and solemnly on the chapter he read; shewing the approbation of God in that blessed ordinance; speaking of John's baptising Christ in the River Jordan and the Holy Spirit descending upon them like a dove; also, when Philip was directed by the Holy Spirit to baptise the eunuch

—after which the eunuch went on his way rejoicing, and Philip was caught away by the Spirit, and found at Azotus—God's approbation; then was led to engage most sweetly in prayer. Then Mr. Spencer delivered a most solemn discourse from Acts ii. 41, 42; first shewing the proper subjects that are to follow that ordinance, by their gladly receiving the Word; then their being baptised, by immersion, according to gospel order; then their being added to the church; and of their continuance and steadfastness in the doctrines of truth, of the Lord's Supper, and in prayer. Altogether it was a solemn soul-refreshing season—a day long to be remembered.

On Lord's Day, December 7th, our dear pastor gave to them the right hand of fellowship, delivering to each one a sweet portion of the Word, as the Lord had given him for them.

May the dear Lord still continue to bless his ministry and crown it with success; for we have the truth preached unto us as it is in Jesus. Bless the Lord, O our souls, and all that is within us bless and praise his holy name. May he still increase our number, and bless us with unity, love, and concord, is the prayer of a great sinner, saved by great grace.

DANIEL HAYDON.

*Bury Fields, Guildford, Surrey.*

### The Present Vicar of Charles, Plymouth.

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

DEAR BROTHER,—Grace be unto you, and peace from God the Father, from Jesus Christ, and the seven Spirits which are before the throne. On looking over your Magazine this month, I was surprised to read at "Page 287," under the heading "Plymouth Churches, Past and Present;" that the writer maintains a gross error respecting the present supply of Charles Church in this neighbourhood. The language of "Samuel Sidders," its writer, is as follows,—"Look for instance in which stood so many years that eminently favoured man of God, a man whose very name is always dear in the churches, and will be while time rolls on, for although dead 'His works do follow him,' I mean Dr. Hawker. What do we see, and what can we say of his Church now? Say, why Antichrist, sin, and Satan, or Puseyism with all its multifarious hypocritical twistings, has taken possession of the pulpit, and the glorious truths preached by the 'Vicar of Charles' are now swept out to make room for the beast and the 'seven spirits more wicked than the first' See Matt. xii. 45.

Now it is pretty plain that this your correspondent holds a lie in his right hand, in this particular; but for what purpose I know not. For the present Vicar of Charles, the Rev. Mr. Greaves is as much under the teaching of God the Holy Ghost, as was its *late venerable minister*, only not in so high a degree. Neither Antichrist, with its sinful dogmas, or Puseyism either, having found an entrance into this highly-favoured place.

The truths that are still preached and maintained therein are as heretofore. The doctrines of the Holy Persons of the undivided Godhead! Jehovah's absolute sovereignty! Christ Jesus the Lord's Person! Immanuel God with us! set up from everlasting as Head and Husband of his Church, set forth in the fulness of time a propitiation for their sins, and theirs only! And

having finished redemption work, is now sat down on the right hand of God as their glorious Advocate! And once more, the doctrine of regeneration by God the Holy Ghost, and not by water baptism; together with the final perseverance of the saints from grace to glory "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."

These, dear Mr. Editor, are the soul comforting doctrines continually maintained, experimentally handled, and practically set forth, these are the Spirit reviving feasts with which our renewed minds are so seasonably fed, to the praise and glory of God's grace! And may such things long continue.

My only reason for thus intruding upon your valuable time and paper, is simply to *correct the error*, this hasty writer has certainly fallen into, respecting our present worthy Vicar, who is an ornament to the Parish; and a bright jewel in the Mediorial crown.

Yours, for the truth's sake,  
ELIZABETH GODDEN.

*Plymouth, December 10th, 1851.*

P. S. The *public services*, are still performed *in the church*, in the same manner as in days gone by; with no innovations. The Lord be with you, and prosper your undertaking in your desirable Periodical.

ANOTHER HAPPY MEETING AT

**Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Shoreditch.**

THE first social church and congregational tea meeting, for the purpose of assisting the cause of truth in connection with the above place, was held under very happy auspices on Monday evening, December 8, 1851.

Though two tea meetings for different purposes have been held at Ebenezer since the arrival of the present pastor, in August last, about one hundred persons sat down together on this occasion; and many of them pronounced it to be the best arranged, most comfortable, and most profitable meeting they had ever enjoyed in this place.

A highly interesting meeting was held, which was presided over by the pastor, T. J. Messer. The meeting was opened with singing, and prayer was offered by brother C. H. Hosken, formerly a baptist missionary at Honduras, afterwards pastor of a church in New York; but now minister of the Baptist Chapel, Crayford, Kent.

After the meeting had been opened, T. J. Messer delivered a brief but animated address, and then called upon the brethren Aldiss, of Somers Town, C. H. Hosken, of Crayford, W. House, of Banner Street, Nicholas, late of Kettering, and Messrs S. Hosken, Mcen, Blackshaw, Garnett, Pack, and Showell, who greatly delighted the assembly by their addresses.

The interest of the meeting was kept up to its close, notwithstanding it continued more than three hours.

Such unbroken harmony characterized this meeting, that we were forcibly reminded of a remark or two uttered by a venerable brother minister, now amidst the sunshine of paradise. "It is well for Christians thus to meet together, to find themselves 'with their own company,' to feel the confidence of a perfect inter-community among one another, to speak that which no mocker

shall deride, and no hypocrite abuse; to take 'sweet counsel together,' and as 'brethren and companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus,' to own their common cause, and reciprocate their common feeling."

We did indeed meet on Monday evening, as on the summit of a hallowed mountain, our way-worn and wearied spirits were invigorated, our overcharged and lacerated hearts were relieved, and we returned to the avocations of daily life, less disturbed by the perplexing cares, less vulnerable to its multiplying temptations, and more determined to embody in our conduct the spirit and temper of the meek and lowly Saviour of sinners.

Thanks were presented to the brethren who had favoured us with their efficient aid, to the ladies for presiding at the tables,—to an excellent female member of Dr. A. Fletcher's church, for gratuitously providing utensils for the tables; to the friends who had contributed money to purchase provisions for the feast, and to the chairman for having conducted the business of the meeting; after these resolutions had been carried unanimously, the meeting broke up about five minutes past ten o'clock.

**The Gospel in Yorkshire.**

THE anniversary sermons and tea-meeting of the particular baptist cause under the ministerial care of Mr. Joseph Chislet, meeting for divine worship in the large upper room, Princess Street, Bnxtan Road, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, were held on Lord's-day morning, December 14. Persons might be seen wending their way towards the above place from most of the villages in this district. At half-past ten a goodly company was got together. Mr. J. Corbitt, of Manchester, gave out as a text 2 Cor. xiii. 1. "This is the third time I am coming to you. In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." He gave us a warm-hearted, cheering, and soul-establishing discourse in the morning upon eternal election; and in the afternoon on effectual calling by grace, and the final perseverance of the saints to glory, confirming each sentence by the three-fold witness of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, as declared in the Old and New Testaments, and shown by sovereign distinction.

In the evening, the large room was crowded full; we were blessedly entertained while Mr. Corbitt spoke of the propriety, certainty, and effectual salvation of the saints being well done, and eternally complete in Christ. The collections were not large, but very thankfully received by the poor friends whose hearts appear to be too warm with the truth to be deterred either by poverty or adversity.

On Monday afternoon at five o'clock, upwards of a hundred persons sat down to tea; a mutual union prevailed amongst the old and young—they were evidently all of one mind, all set their faces in the old fashioned way, while the waiters performed their parts well, and every countenance smiled.

A few minutes before seven a hymn was sung; Mr Chislett engaged in prayer; after which Mr. Corbitt addressed the meeting, showing that all the charges and calumny that are thrown out against the faithful baptists (who only wish to

follow their Master) are false and ungrounded; we only wish to go through the land on the highway, as Israel of old wanted to go through the land of Edom, we do not want to disturb their peace, or trespass on an inch of their land. Why, then, should they call us unkind, uncharitable? We only want liberty to go straight on the highway to Canaan. But, they say, that it would be so nice and pleasant if all were of one sentiment. O yes, well, we have no objection to this; but they must come over to us, we cannot leave our fruitful field for their forest—we cannot leave the snow waters of our Lebanon for their bitter waters of Sodom; we cannot leave our immovable rock of election for their miry swamp of free-will; we will not leave our garden of spice and nuts for their forest of briars and thorns; we will never, by God's grace, leave our good pasture and strong sheepfold to enter their open forest of wild asses. If ever a union be formed they must come over to us, we cannot go over to them. John now gave place to Mark; who said "he was near eighty years of age, and had never been in a pulpit before, most men in a pulpit talk about others, but I shall talk about myself;" while with his arms folded on the cushion, his snowy white hair hanging down his neck, the tears of love found there way down his furrowed cheeks, accompanied with the broadest Yorkshire dialect, he told his tale; many a soul leaped for joy, and many a hearty and affectionate laugh accompanied his speech, he said, "God sent me to a chapel where I heard the parson read for a text 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' This lay upon my conscience, convicted, and condemned me; and I could find no rest until God spake unto me by these words, 'Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.'" This brought me liberty and joy; and I set about converting my brothers and sisters, attended all meetings, and God was with me in providence and grace, until I got nine hundred pounds of my own; and then I thought it was time to calve for my son; and I left off to be watchful, neglected prayer, kept company with men of the world, (here he gave a solemn warning to his brethren) until God took all that I had away; so that I had not a stool to sit on, nor a bed to lay me down on.

In this state I wandered to Liverpool, and laid me down on some carpenter's shavings in a house without windows. I got up early in the morning, and said, "Now, Lot, see for your life, man." "Yea, and I did run," said he. He then told us how God made himself known to him again pardoned his sins, and brought him to that place to hear the pure gospel, and he justified God in all he had done. He maketh rich and he maketh poor, "blessed be the name of the Lord." He concluded, causing deep excitement.

Jonathan next came forward, as truthful in what he said as his name is, and as zealous in his manner as Peter was; and furnished with as good a chariot to fetch home the children of God to glory as Solomon was, only the driving was rather too vehement for some who are timid. Young Samuel now came forward, and shewed how solemn he thought the things of God to be. He told us how he was convinced in his conscience while he was gambling in a wood, on the Lord's Day; how he was delivered, brought into the gospel, and how much he revered the ordinance

of believer's baptism, in connection with all the Lord's injunctions to his disciples, and believed them binding on every believer. When he ceased the whole audience was struck dumb in a moment by a most solemn female voice from one who had risen in the midst of the place, who (her eyes being fixed on the ground) in modest demeanour, truthful expression, God-glorifying sentiments, sentences dropped from her lips as honey dropping from the comb. The writer felt the tear of soft affection fall from his eye, and sweet emotions of soul, while she told her tale of love to her fellow-sinners. Indeed I know not how any one could set unmoved under such a five minutes of pure gospel ejaculation. Mary resumed her seat amidst cheers of joy.

A second Samuel now arose, and spoke of the special providence of God amongst them, making some pointed remarks. Joseph then arose, and stated that he had been praying and watching for thirty years, to see a baptist cause in Huddersfield established on the fundamental doctrines of the gospel; he blessed God that he had now obtained his object, and one year had passed away in peace and prosperity which he hoped would continue. Mr. Chislett, minister of the place, now arose, and shewed how he was invited to Huddersfield amongst the general baptists, and preached the first six weeks with acceptance to some, and saw much increase in the congregation; for which reason he received a six months call from the majority. But after preaching three weeks, the deacon or head man of the minority came and brought him ten shillings for his three weeks' services, and told him that the funds were down, and wished him to be off; and because he could not obtain his end thus, he went and locked the door and gave up the key. Thus we were deprived of our place. We obtained a school room, for one week, and the next week we took this room, and by the help of God we have continued in his fear, and I trust shall continue to do so. He here gave a relation of the manner of his support, the kindness of his friends; his thankfulness for their kindness. Twelve have been added to their number this year, and many to the congregation.

Mr. Corbitt then concluded the meeting by congratulating them on the Christian spirit, unanimity, and truthfulness that prevailed amongst them, and warmly recommending the constant reading of the *Earthen Vessel*, as one of the very best periodicals extant for spiritual matter, and the cheapest in print, and the most likely to bring the new interest into notice among other gospel churches of the same faith and order, he then wished us God speed in the name of the Lord, and concluded with prayer. The company broke up about ten o'clock, highly gratified with their past movements, present position, and future prospects. The Lord bless and prosper them, is the sincere prayer of one who observes and loves the cause of God. A WATCHFUL ONE.

#### Huddersfield.

[As regards sound, experimental Gospel Truth, we have always understood that many parts of Yorkshire are exceedingly deficient. It will be a pleasure to us to record the up-rising and success of any churches in that county, who are truly living and walking in the faith and ordinances of the Lord.—Ed.]

### Mount Zion Chapel.

ON Lord's-day November 30, 1851, Brother Foreman baptised five persons, one male and four females, who had declared before those that fear God what he in mercy had done for their souls. Our pastor took his text on this occasion from John viii. 12. Observing, amongst other things introductory, that the Scribes and Pharisees were enemies to Christ, though they were the religious of that day.

There are three things noticeable in this text: The character expressed, the characters appealed to, the assurance conveyed. The light of the world, Christ. No light for heaven but is derived from him; though many assume to be lights, as the Scribes and Pharisees did. In his light the truths of God are read for eternity, believed in, and published abroad. And thus light carried by the feeblest servant of Christ is owned and blessed by him. The Jews had a notion that the temple was the only light, and for that nation only. But Christ was the light of the Gentiles, as foretold. Christ, as Mediator, is the light of God to man. Truth is only known as Christ is known; and he is known as the light of salvation, and so known that the pardoned sinner can say "This is my Beloved." He is the light of life that rose in the bright east of sinless humanity, and set in the red west of his own sin-atoning bloody sacrifice. Christ is the light of highest authority, of the Bible, of example, of conformity to himself, vital and practical. A light to all, who by the Spirit are made humble, meek, and lowly, made praying ones, whose meat and drink it is to do his will, who love righteousness and hate iniquity, who say with him, "Not my will, but thine be done," and who, copying his example, are baptised. Were Christ himself to come again baptising he would be sneered at by many who profess his name. He is the light of God that will alone lead to God. His followers are the characters appealed to; he is their leader, they do not go before, they follow him in all things; they shall not walk in darkness, nor error, nor danger; they follow in his ordinances, and thus walk in baptism, though it is a cross to take up. He was baptised. We walk in this ordinance to show allegiance to his authority, obedience to his commands, and a following of his example.

One of these baptised ones is daughter to a member of Mr. Irons; and when asked how she came to offer herself for baptism replied, "It was Mr. Irons's opposition to baptism that first led me to search the Scriptures on that subject, and I became convinced that he on that point is in error, and the baptists right."

### Beulah Chapel, Somers's Town.

AT the annual meeting (held on the 2nd, of this month) of the Sick Visiting and Benevolent Society in connection with the above place, after that a number of friends had taken tea, a public meeting was held, at which our esteemed pastor (presided.) Mr. Robert Allidie, accompanied by his ministerial brethren, Messrs. Wyard, Owen, Clarke, Box, Ball, Garrett, and other friends, who addressed the meeting upon the nature and advantages of such an Institution in connection with the Church of Christ; whose several addresses shewed that the Lord was speaking

through them by the effect it had upon the audience; for every heart seemed filled with gladness, and every countenance beamed with joy; and the benevolence manifested at the collection, proved that the love which hopeth all things, and endureth all things, was still in operation, and that unity and peace prevailed amongst us. Our beloved pastor in the course of his address, stated that this was not the only medium through which the poor of the Lord's family were helped in temporal things; for the collections at the ordinance during the present year, averaged nearly £13; with an annual collection; and with what this Society has done, amounts to about £24, which is entirely devoted for the benefit of the poor; this we consider to be an evidence that we must not despise the day of small things, when we contemplate the various difficulties we as a Church have had to contend with, during the last two years, but which we have now a prospect with God's help and blessing of surmounting; and this is not all, but the Lord is still adding to our number, through the instrumentality of our pastor, who will, God willing, receive at the commencement of the next year, eight persons into Church fellowship, which will make the number of fifty that has been received during the present pastorate; these are evidently signs that the Lord is with us, and we humbly hope, the earnest of an abundant harvest for the future. By inserting the foregoing in the Vessel, you will greatly oblige yours, in the fellowship of the Gospel. J. G.

9, Weston Street, Pentonville,  
Dec. 18, 1851.

### Mr. Wyard's Annual Pastoral Address.

THE "Tenth Annual Pastoral Address for 1852, By G. WYARD, Minister of Soho Chapel, Oxford Street, London," is now ready. It may be had of the author, 39, Hart Street, Bloomsbury. It is a sound and wholesome letter, simply calling the attention of professing Christians to those things which are immediately identified with their best interests in this their militant state. We select a few important sentences from the different branches of the epistle. After a suitable introduction, Mr. Wyard says:—

"Let me entreat you to make yourselves well acquainted with the map of the country—the written Word of God. 'I have made thy testimonies,' said one, 'the man of my counsel.' (Psalm cxix. 24.) In other words, what God has testified I have consulted, I have regarded, and well studied. Whatever books we may neglect, God's Book cannot be disregarded safely: it is this which tells us of the existence of that better country, even a heavenly one—it is this which tells us of the way to it—that it is by believing in Jesus, who is emphatically called the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and that there is no other name given under heaven, whereby we can be saved, but the name of Jesus—and his name comprehends all that he is, all that he has, and all that he is doing: his name, his nature, and his works are inseparable, and unto them that believe he is precious—precious in his name, in his nature, and in his works; for he is not in his name what he is not in his nature, and he is not in his name and nature what he is not in his work—Christ is not divided. He that knows the want of Christ knows what is essential to salvation; and he that knows the want shall know the blessedness of possessing him; for he who WANTS Christ, Christ wants and will have.

"It may be helpful, too, not only to make the

Word of God your constant companion, but also to make the mercy-seat—the throne of grace—your constant place of resort. Pray without ceasing, praying always, making supplication for all things, are expressions containing direction of the best and safest kind, the authority for which cannot be disputed, and, proportionably as acted upon, will have an influence over our whole lives. Prayer is the ordained medium of our conversing with God. It is in this way we may tell him our sorrows, shew to him our trouble, confess our sins, acknowledge his mercies, give him hearty thanks for what we have, and entreat a continuance of all needful supply. It is here we may carry our friends and our foes, our helps and our hindrances; and it is here we may sigh when we cannot speak, and wish for what we cannot ask, and hereby have fellowship with God. Brethren, as you prize peace of mind and quietness of soul, let me entreat you not to restrain prayer before God; keep up, as much as in you lieth, intercourse with heaven; he that prevails here will find himself the better prepared for conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil. O, to be familiar with God in prayer, it confirms hope, promotes faith, creates boldness, begets humility, and densens to the world, proportionably as God so indulges us. Have your stated times for prayer, brethren, if you can: 'Morning, noon, and night will I pray,' said David. Many high notional religionists will laugh at you, and cry, legal, legal. The course, however, prescribed by the wisest teachers, is the best, the safest, and the most profitable, and, doubtless, will secure the richest experience. We have no right to expect God but in his own way—the purpose, the promise, and the precept agree, there can be no question. We read of God's purposing in Christ, and we read of his promising in Christ, and we no less read of the precept by Christ, that 'whatsoever ye ask in my name, believing, ye shall have.' Duty and dependence appears to be God's order: duty in the discharge of the precept and dependence on the promise in the expectation of the blessing sought and wanted. In keeping his command is the reward, though not for keeping.

"Prayer neglected will tend to beget spiritual destitution, create distance from and shyness with God: for he that becomes prayerless becomes reckless—for though we take our bodies to the house of God, yet if we be there prayerless we shall be there profitless; and our cry will be, 'O, my leanness, my leanness!' Preaching without praying is likely to be preaching without power; and hearing without praying is likely to be hearing without edification. There is nothing meritorious in prayer, nor will our prayers alter the purposes of heaven—but the purposes of heaven are not our rule, but the precepts of heaven are. Let us, therefore be found in the practice of them, for Jesus hath said, 'If any man serve me, him will my Father honour.'"

Beside these remarks, there are many others of a weighty character. God grant the members of our churches power to stand in these things, and more peace and prosperity must be the result.

### The History of the "Silent Preacher."

WE are glad to find in the ninth number of this truly spiritual monthly a savoury narrative of the authoress, which, it appears, has been drawn forth by means of some of her correspondents. We read this narrative with so much pleasure ourselves, that we resolved to give our readers the benefit of perusing the same, and have, therefore, given it as under. We hope Miss Hunt will not be offended at our so doing; as our object is two-fold, first, to benefit the souls of the Lord's people, and secondly, to make "THE SILENT PREACHER" more extensively known. The Narrative reads as follows.—

"Being deeply sensible that there are many and

great imperfections in this little work, yet finding that it hath pleased the Lord to sanction this humble testimony to divine truth, (which has been pressed out of a broken heart by sanctified sorrows, and in much humility and simplicity has been cast before the public,) by giving it favour and acceptance in the hearts of many of his people, who being unacquainted with the insignificant authoress, are apt to form a variety of opinions concerning her; she has, therefore, thought that a slight explanation of her character may not be altogether uninteresting to her readers; in fact, the many enquiries made, have seemed to render this very brief narrative necessary.

"The young female who has thus presumed to draw your attention is an orphan, the younger child of God-fearing parents, who lived to see her nearly arrive at womanhood; and then were both called (about the same time) from this vale of tears to their kingdom above, leaving their poor daughter broken-hearted, without an earthly protector or guide, to face the afflictions and temptations of this evil world, at the age of nineteen years.

"But God, who is tender in mercy, was pleased previously to win my heart from the fading vanities of time and sense, by deeply convincing me of my dangerous condition as a sinner, of the shortness of time, the certainty of death, the solemnities of eternity, and the immortality of the soul.

"These solemn convictions were deeply laid in my soul at the early age of thirteen years; which being followed up by many painful events without, and continuing daily to increase within, I was brought near to the borders of despair. The sore depression of my spirits and declining state of my health, greatly attracted the notice of my friends, to whom I never even hinted the cause of my distress. This sense of guilt and condemnation lasted full three years.

"Finding all my efforts to renew my course of life, and appease the wrath of God, by keeping his commandments, ineffectual; and that the more I strove to sanctify my own heart and reconcile God unto me by my good works, the worse I seemed to get, and that the more I saw and felt of the holiness and justice of his character the more my strength was spent; I considered myself ruined and undone for ever—without hope or help; I gave up all hopes of salvation, and endeavoured to reconcile myself to eternal banishment and misery. It was at this very critical moment of misery, dejection, and woe, that the first ray of gospel light was let into my soul; and the reviving rays of the sweet Sun of righteousness dawning upon my poor, dark, benighted heart, my eyes were opened to see Christ Jesus the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

"One Lord's Day evening, being left alone, I took up the Bible, and read the 16th chapter of John; it pleased the Lord to send the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, to open the Word to my understanding, to remove the veil from my mind, and to reveal Jesus as the only suitable Saviour for poor, lost, and ruined sinners. It would be impossible to describe the sacred devotion of my astonished and delighted soul at that favoured moment. Those who have felt the like consolation only can judge. My slavish fears and terrible apprehensions were now subdued, and my whole soul was set upon seeking after salvation, pardon, reconciliation, and peace in Christ Jesus; to whose Divine Person I felt a holy and glowing love, and whose glory and beauty I did supremely admire. Upon his substitution did I continually meditate; and flinging away all my old garments of self-righteousness, to his bleeding heart and wounded side did I fly for shelter from the threatening storm of my guilt and God's wrath. Most earnestly, diligently, and untiringly did I seek after, watch, and wait for, a sure witness, a sealing testimony of his love and mercy to my soul; for a settled knowledge of him, not merely as a Saviour, but as my Saviour; and though greatly discouraged from without, and much assaulted within, nothing was able to drive, or afflict my soul away from the cross of Christ,

and the mercy-seat; my resort was constantly there; and it was my determination, if such were possible, to die seeking mercy, rather than turn away.

"After waiting for near two years, and pressing through thick crowds of difficulty and opposition, the happy time arrived when my Beloved came, with the soft whispers of his love, and put away all my sins, silenced every accuser, and said to my soul, "I AM THY SALVATION!" He told me that he was mine and I was his; and, for a few hours, my happy spirit held such familiar, holy, and solemn converse with heaven that would be impossible for human tongue to describe! I felt most deeply that self-aborrence was mine, and that immortal endless praises were due to him who had rescued me from the jaws of destruction. Most sincerely and affectionately did I devote myself to him; most devoutly did I pledge myself never to depart from him; and honestly did I desire to be subject to his divine will and government in all things.

"Now I was dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe was dead to me."

"A few days after this glorious revelation of the Saviour's love to my soul, the Lord laid his afflictive hand very heavily on my body, and brought me near the gates of death, the close approach of which possessed no terror for me. From this bed of sickness I was again raised up, and in time restored to health.

"In humble dependance on the Lord I was helped to pass through many difficulties; and leaning by faith on his almighty arm, was brought publicly to confess the name of Jesus, and put on a profession of his truth by forsaking the world, and uniting with the people of God. Much against the will of parents and friends, I was openly recognised as a follower of Jesus at the age of eighteen years.

"Though very young, and in the midst of deep and painful trials, my heart was so decidedly engaged to Christ, my love to him was so pure and strong, that I could freely have sacrificed my most dear, and desirable temporal comforts and benefits, for the honour and glory of his name. Never was my soul in a more humble, teachable, and meek frame than it was then, and with joy, and sweet submission did I bow, and take up the cross of my loving Saviour's appointment. But oh! days of conflict awaited me, and my trials were multiplied and deep; yet, the consolations administered were equally great.

"After the death of my dear parents, deep grief brought on a serious and heavy sickness; so that, for a time, life was despaired of, and I was considered as one lying on the verge of eternity; but while my friends were standing around my bed—who, with the medical gentleman, were expecting every hour to be my last—my soul being drawn out to seek the Lord for a token for good, that his name might be glorified, this word came, "I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord." From that hour I began to recover, and was soon after raised up again, to the astonishment of all around, who considered me nothing less than a miracle.

"In this affliction, such discoveries of the faithfulness and unchanging nature of the love of God were made to my soul, as I had never experienced before; and my mind was so deeply solemnised under a sense of Divine goodness, that my feelings seemed to have undergone an entire change. Being left much alone, I betook myself to writing out the powerful and deep exercises of my mind, in the form of meditations on various portions of Scripture, as a sort of relief to my crowded thoughts; and it is singular, but not less true, that a simple letter, written to an esteemed friend, should be the means of bringing this to light.

"Many times I have been tempted to question the approbation of God in this step, which has appeared to me such a bold one for one so youthful to enter upon; yet I cannot but feel most solemnly persuaded the hand of God is in it, knowing,

assuredly, that no motives of vain ambition have, at present, influenced my mind.

"Upon the ground of her simplicity and weakness, the writer of these pages humbly desires your kind forbearance with her failings, and those imperfections which may frequently occur; while, in some small degree, she hopes her little messenger may be instrumental in conveying consolation to some poor broken heart or wounded spirit.

"With an ardent desire for the good of Zion and the glory of Christ, I would ever be

"Your willing servant for the love of Jesus,  
KERENHAPPUCH HUNT.  
1, Bermondsey New Road, Nov. 1851.

A FEW RECOLLECTIONS OF THE  
**Ordination Services at Wooburn Green,  
BUCKS.**

ON Wednesday December 10th, Mr. William Wilson was recognized as Pastor over a few believers meeting together in a little house of prayer to hear of, and to record the name of Jesus.

Mr. Allen of Stepney, and Mr. Banks of Crosby Row, took part in the services of the day, which were opened in the morning at eleven, when Mr. Mason of Knowl Hill, read and prayed; after which Mr. Allen addressed the people, by speaking of the nature of a gospel church. His text was, Eph. v. 32. "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church."—After singing an hymn, Mr. Allen called upon one of the brethren to state the leadings of providence in bringing Mr. Wilson among them, and the nature of the circumstances which led them to desire him to be settled over them.

This being done by Mr. R. Howard, Mr. Allen called upon Mr. Wilson to give an account of his call by grace, and how he was brought into the ministry, which he did with such simplicity, clearness, and in such a spirit of meekness, as deeply to gratify all who heard him. Mr. Allen then called upon the church to signify their approval and reception of William Wilson, as their pastor. Mr. Miller then joining the hands of pastor and deacon, spoke to them a few seasonable words, and the service of the morning was concluded in prayer.

In the afternoon, Mr. Banks spoke to the pastor, giving him a charge in a most solemn and affecting manner from these words in Matt. xiii. 52. "Then said he unto them, Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." And at five o'clock, a goodly company sat down to tea.

In the evening, Mr. Banks preached to the church from Rev. iii. 10, 11. "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. Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." A truly heart-searching sermon it was, full of those substantial gospel, and experimental truths, which could not fail to find a close application in the hearts of all who heard it: there was a word for sinners, a warning for false professors, and a reviving cordial for the living in Jerusalem. It comprised much wholesome and weighty instruction, which the writer humbly hopes, under God's blessing, may prove useful and beneficial in future days to many who heard. It was truly pleasing to see the little chapel (which is situated on a country common) well filled the whole day, and in the evening it was so thronged, that many people could not be accommodated with seats. That the blessing of God may attend the labours of this servant of his, and that some poor vessels of mercy may be gathered out of the world, into this little fold of truth, is the very fervent, and sincere desire of one who was present as  
A VISITOR.

# Some of the Glories of Free and Sovereign Grace.

"They saw no man :—save JESUS ONLY."—MATT. xvii. 8.

THERE is so much in this month's *Vessel* of a controversial, critical, and corrective character, that we are truly displeased and dissatisfied with it; and more than ever are we convinced that, in preaching the gospel, in the conducting of religious works, and in all our movements connected with the best interests of Zion, it is absolutely necessary that we be brought, in some measure, into the very same circumstances as were the disciples of whom it is recorded—(in Matthew xvii.)—first, that "a bright cloud overshadowed them;" secondly, "a voice spake to them out of the cloud, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; HEAR YE HIM:" thirdly, "When the disciples heard it, they fell on their faces, and were sore afraid:" fourthly, "Jesus touched them, bid them arise, and not be afraid:" and, lastly, "when they lifted up their eyes, they saw NO MAN, save JESUS ONLY." In consequence of Mr. Sidder's review of the Plymouth churches; Mr. Odling's mistaken quotation from Mr. Huntington's Contemplations; and one or two other things that have recently found their way into the *Earthen Vessel*, we have, these last few weeks, been soundly, but kindly, chastised by communications of a corrective tone. We have felt it incumbent upon us to give insertion to some of them; for if ever—(through the medium of the *Vessel*)—a false gloss is put upon any good man's words or works, we desire honestly to confess our fault; and, as far as is possible, to restore that which we have taken away. Persons who write hastily, speculatively, or, in any way reproachfully, of good men, must not send their communications to us. Articles sometimes reach us of an apparently interesting and valuable character, but they contain some specious ingredient, which, for the want either of time, or a more extensive knowledge, we do not discover until it is too late, and then, of course, the reproach falls upon us, and upon our work. In the midst of these things, and oppressed with a heavy domestic affliction, we walked the other evening to our usual weekly prayer meeting. The day had been one of anxiety and labour; the night was wet and gloomy; the mind within appeared as

dark and as dismal as the night without. At the time to commence the service, the chapel was nearly empty. The cold-heartedness of multitudes of professing Christians, their careful concern for the things of this world, and their evident careless feeling for the honour and the house of the Lord, weighed so powerfully upon our spirits, that our hearts moved with an inward desire that the Lord would remove us to a people who more zealously and ardently esteem the good words, and the holy ways, of the LORD; whose devotion is not to be frightened out of them by a few dark clouds, and an occasional shower of rain. But, *where are they to be found?*

Just at the moment when these reflections were sitting us down in sullen sadness, these two words were gently whispered into our heart, "JESUS ONLY!" "JESUS ONLY." We took up the Bible (while the brethren were singing a hymn) in order to search for the passage where these words occur; but found a difficulty, not knowing their connection. In a moment the thought occurred, they are descriptive of one circumstance arising out of the transfiguration. We searched on, found them, and began to speak to the people somewhat in this manner, of "JESUS ONLY!"

From all eternity, in the sacred mind, in the eternal purposes, in all the forethoughts and love-schemes of Deity, it was "JESUS ONLY." The exaltation of Jehovah's darling Son, was the great moving cause of the whole plan of redemption. We are aware that in some quarters this principle has been rejected; believing the elect body to have been everlastingly bound up in, and with, the Elect Head, we would not give it up for a million worlds. Compassing every purpose, every promise, every mystery, every deep design, as well as every open manifestation of infinite wisdom, love, and power, and concentrating them all into one great and perfect piece of heavenly workmanship, we say, with the dear Plymouth poet—

"'Twas all for the lifting of Jesus on high."

Without stopping to quote Scripture in proof, we pass on, to notice, that from

everlasting God hath settled it as a law which can never be broken, that in the whole of the gospel dispensation, throughout every part of the gospel ministry, it shall be "JESUS ONLY." It is one essential part of the gospel ministry to shew that every revelation made to the ancient patriarchs, every type and every shadow in the Jewish economy, every piece of furniture in the temple, every prophetic saying in the more midland ages—all pointed to HIM, and all went to declare, that in the openings up of the Eternal Mind, in the working out of every part of the everlasting covenant, in the experience of every poor regenerated sinner, and, in the salvation of the whole church of God's predestinated ones, it was "JESUS ONLY." Consequently, every man's ministry, every point in theology, and every professor's inward experience and outward practice, must be brought to this one unerring test, "JESUS ONLY." But, mark you, it must be JESUS, *i.e.*, a Saviour in his people—a Deliverer for his people—a Healer, a Helper, and a Comforter, to his people. That man who, in the main, sets up anything, directly or indirectly, save "JESUS ONLY," is not manifestly a servant of God. That professor of religion who has been delivered out of trouble, and found peace in any way, save by "JESUS ONLY," or that builds his hope of persevering to the end, and of heaven at last, on any other person, thing, or power, save "JESUS ONLY," is decidedly not in a safe position—they are deceived, and, if grace ultimately prevent not, they must be damned.

But, if in our deliverance from the law—if our coming into the light and liberty of gospel peace—if all our restorations, and our spiritual progressions, have been by "JESUS ONLY," (through the unctuous teachings and operations of God the Holy Ghost,) then, our safety in the conflicts of time, our passage through the valley of death, and our final entrance into glory, are all as eternally settled, and secured, as is the unshaken throne of the Almighty Jehovah, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

And, if our heavenly Father hath accepted us in, and completely saved us by, the Son of his love, then, these things will certainly follow. He will cross us, humble us, crucify us, in every other quarter, in every other source: while, at times, he will so reveal, exalt, and delight our souls with the visions of

Immanuel's glorious Person and Kingdom, that we shall most feelingly sing,

"When I can say my God is mine,  
When I can feel his glories shine,  
I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good or great."

We must enlarge no more. These are some of the glories of free grace. And now, before we trouble our readers with the critical papers referred to, we shall lay before them a short, but savoury epistle from a good gownsman in Yorkshire, whom we love with a double affection; and then a brief notice or two, of new works; all of which, we think, may well range under the head we have this month adopted, "Some of the Glories of Free and Sovereign Grace." That the *Earthen Vessel* may increasingly carry forth tidings of this kind, is the heart-heaving prayer of the unworthy one who helps to guide her helm.

#### A Good Gownsmen's Epistle.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I am glad to learn from your *Vessel* that you are still upheld, and stretching out on the right hand and on the left. I rejoice in all the movements you make, for I believe the Lord is with you, and guides you, and provides for you; for yourself, as well as for myself, I see the hand of God only, in our goings; and say, "Every day and every hour we hang upon the Lord." He is our refuge—and a safe one! He is our strength—and we cannot fail! True, he makes us feel how weak we are, and how dependent—that we may appreciate the strength which he supplies, and the resources which have ever been sufficient. And then how precious is that strength and that supply which comes in the moment of great need—when we could have advanced no further, had he not appeared! And then his appearing again and again—indeed, his constant watchful care, through a long series of years, convinces us that it is he himself, who has been with us in six, and that he himself will not forsake us in the seventh trouble. In that seventh, the *present pressing trial*, he may not come at the moment, nor in the way we had hoped; we may even have to pass through *that* which we feared; but even then infinite wisdom does not err. *There*, also, we are instructed both to be full and to suffer need; to have nothing in, and hope nothing from the creature; but with a single eye look unto, and with an undivided affection tend towards, and rely

upon a God in Christ, our covenant God and Father.

O, my brother, how precious is it to feel though we have none but God, he is infinitely better than having an universe of worlds without him! More precious, though brought to Lazarus's state of abject misery, with the watchful eye that attended him, than to be exalted to an archangel's height, and there be left to our innate strength, free-will, and creature resources! This brings to mind, and with the remembrance, brings grateful emotions for the riches of grace, by which *we* stand, and through which *we* shall stand.

The word "grace" is expressive enough of its *gratuitous* character. Grace must be *free*, or it ceases to be *grace*. And, therefore, "free grace" is an instance of tautology, but not an useless one. It is a redundancy of expression, but not a superfluous redundancy. The enemies of grace speak of it as *their* joy; but they mean creature-efforts, power, and goodness, when they use the word *grace*.

The idea of gratuitous favour, undeserved and unsought, and so unbought, and hence unconditional beneficence, or salvation, they abhor and condemn; and they vilify the doctrine under the phrase, "free grace." Now to meet these enemies, and to shew that we do not shrink from, but rejoice in the aforesaid doctrine, we use their own term, "free grace." So the "Free Grace Tract Association" carries on its front its undisguised name and object; and I rejoice in its establishment, as also the "London Gospel Mission."

Now the tracts which are really worthy of such an association, I shall most gladly use. Your *Cheering Words*, as far as they were published, last year, were *such* indeed. They seemed touched with an unction

"Both to cleanse our wounds and heal."

These and the *Silent Preacher* are acceptable, and while you are enabled to do so, you may go on, and "FEAR NOT."

#### A SKIRMISH BETWEEN

### A Good Soldier and Satan.

DEAR COUSIN—I sympathise with you in your afflictions, and pray that great grace may be upon you, going before you, and strengthening you in all your way. You have been enlisted under the great Jehovah's banner now some years since; you have served under the great and glorious

Captain, Emanuel, in many battles, and have witnessed his prowess and skill in many a struggle, in which your own arm failed; many have been your enemies, that have tried to overwhelm you; but his ready hand has fought for you again and again. Ah, my dear cousin, many are the times in which his powerful arm has wrought salvation for you. I will, therefore, appeal to you, How do you like his service? Is it hard? But, at all events, you are no deserter. When you feasted with him in the banquetting-house, you promised fidelity; you have consequently to serve him till you fall asleep at the hands of the enemy, death. What think you, then, of the future? Do you apprehend peace? "In the world ye shall have tribulation." We may give no quarter to our enemies, seeing, if we do, they only make amends by informing us, and accusing us to our Captain, that they may, if possible, effect our entire overthrow and ruin. We must necessarily, then, be at war. O, may we be effectually equipped thereunto. Your's are trials, indeed; but still you must press onward: the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit will help you against your foes here, and these the dear Captain of your salvation will give you strength and skill to use manfully.

To-day the enemy of my soul made a severe thrust at me. Like as Bunyan's Pilgrim found, so I found—Apollyon stroddled right over my path, and said that I should not go another step; then thrust his arrows through me, bidding me, like Job's wife, to "curse God and die;" to "sin against him with a high hand;" to count my Captain's service hard, and too much under restraint. I knew not, at first, how to answer him; I was at a stand; but the time came that I generally receive my rations, and then I bethought myself, "Shall I go after them? Shall I desert my Captain's cause? Can I live upon the rations that Apollyon will give, if I bow to his standard?" And then thinking of the former ill-treatment I received at Apollyon's hands, when he bruised me, and wounded me, and left me for dead; and knowing, also, that he still held hatred to me, and might rejoice to get me near him, that he might have his revenge in my death; and then thinking of my situation, when Emanuel, my good Captain, found me and bound up my wounds, pouring in wine and oil, and taking me

to his rest, recovering me, and making me to rejoice in him, my heart said, "No; I cannot turn my back upon him; I love him and his ways, and will still trust in him, and fight under his standard; I will therefore go, and acknowledge my baseness in thus parleying with my enemy and his enemy, and beg his forgiveness, and accept of his fare." And thus I drew my sword, and with a determined step, cut my way past my enemy; yea, he flew before me at the first stroke I laid at him, "O, Lord, thou art my God, my shield; of whom shall I be afraid?" I then went to my Captain, begged his forgiveness, and entreated him to shield and protect me, and give me strength according to my day, and enable me to be a *better* soldier; and he gave me my rations with a smile, which I well understand, and I returned to my duty in joy and peace.

These things cause me to try to sympathise with my fellow soldiers. Listen not to any orders, if you are not satisfied they are from the Captain. But, I see you are a sturdy one; the enemy may make you stoop—he cannot overthrow you; yes, he has cast you down too, but he cannot destroy you!! My prayer is, that you may continue steadfast, and always acquit yourself like a valiant and faithful soldier.

The Captain be with you, and deliver you from all your trials and difficulties, for his honour and glory. Amen.

*Cranbrook.*

R. WATERS.

THE DEATH OF

The late **Mr. William Allder.**

WILLIAM ALLDER was for one and twenty years a deacon of the church under the pastoral care of our esteemed brother JAMES WELLS, of the Surrey Tabernacle, in the Borough Road. In the month of December, 1851, he was released from an afflicted body, from a world of cares, and from his position in, and privileges connected with, the church militant, and taken to that better city, which hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God.

On Lord's Day evening, December 28, 1851, a Funeral Sermon was preached by his pastor, at the Surrey Tabernacle; which discourse has since been published, and is entitled, "The Faithful Man: being a Funeral Sermon preached by Mr. James Wells," &c. &c.

The text on this occasion was that suitable portion in Nehemiah vii. 2, "He was a faithful man, and feared God above many." The first part of the sermon is a spiritual commentary on the circumstances connected with the history, the zeal, the faithfulness, the afflictions, and the labours, of good old Nehemiah. We read it with deep interest, as, no doubt, many of our readers will also do.

The testimony which Mr. Wells bears to the genuineness of Mr. Allder's christianity, and, especially, his sterling character as a faithful deacon in the church of Christ, are so valuable, that we must here give an extract or two. Speaking of the treachery of Nehemiah's opponents, the preacher said:

"There are very few churches, I fear, without some of these deceivers among them; but they shall be taken in their own craftiness; but who could be more free from hypocrisy than the departed? he was a friend sincere. Twenty-one years a deacon and treasurer, and nearly-twenty three years with us. Yet not one real unpleasantness during the whole of that time did I have with him. Never minister and deacon walked and worked more happily together. He never gave me an uneasy hour; he was as a brother and a father to me. I could always rely on his integrity. I have lost a friend sincere, more sincere he could not be; either to me or to the church a more sincere friend I have not had; many as sincere I dare not, cannot doubt. Never did, never could, deacons of a christian church walk together in more harmony and good feeling than did our present deacons, with our departed brother; nor do we now see any excellency in the departed which we did not see and appreciate while he was living. We have, therefore, in this respect, nothing to regret; and had we to live our time with him over again, I do not know that we could walk together with him as a church, deacons and minister, differently from what we have done. Truly it is good for brethren to dwell together in unity.

"We have had (as all Christian churches have) our enemies, our difficulties, and our faults; but we have had, also, our refreshings, and times of heavenly enjoyment. If we look back at the occasions of rejoicings of the people in Nehemiah's time, we shall see that we have in this respect also, trodden somewhat in the footsteps of the flock."

The spiritual import of "The Feast of Tabernacles," is very sweetly opened up in a subsequent part of this Funeral Sermon; after which we have an affecting account of our departed brother's last days. We cannot give the statement entire, but we select a few paragraphs, in the hope that, with the divine blessing, they may be encouraging and comforting to many a weather-beaten pilgrim yet on the tempestuous ocean of time. James

Wells and William Alder were brethren in Christ, *not in name*, but in *deed*, and in truth. That will be evident from what follows :

"Our departed brother had felt lately that his time here would be but short. This feeling coming over his mind it made him deeply sigh, and ask was his religion *real*? was it vital? was it of God? as his acquaintance with the truth merely in name, or was it wrought in his soul by the Holy Ghost? the matter must soon be decided. Not that this heart-searching was anything new to him; no; for he had been more or less tried ever since the darkness that followed upon the first manifestation to him of God's everlasting love; yet he had nothing outwardly to stagger his faith, or weaken his hope. A more consistent man could not be; not a fault or a blemish rests upon any part of his character! yet who ever heard him boast of his moral dignity? a daily acquaintance with his own heart kept him from this; no one among us was less in his own sight, or more vile in his own eyes, than was William Alder; yet who among us more conscientious? \* \* \*

"The church in this place has lost a pillar and an ornament; the deacons have lost a brother whose worth they always appreciated and highly esteemed; I have lost a friend. He saw my failings, but he knew how to deal with them; and one way in which he dealt with them was to lose them by his own supposed failings; he had that love that, while it sanctions no fault, glories in forgiving all. \* \* \* Some weeks before his death, when conversing with him of our personal experience of eternal things, he said that he had been much distressed, cast down, and disheartened, trembling at the thought of deceiving his own soul. All his sins, he said, came to his mind, and everything seemed against him; he must soon, perhaps very soon, meet the Judge of all; where was any real evidence of sins forgiven? where was any real evidence of his name being in the Book of Life? The Word had many times refreshed him; the Saviour had many times been precious; he had held fast the truth; he had never given up the truth, and felt that he could not turn away from the truth; it was his only hope, but was it *real*? are matters really and truly right between God and my soul? I am *afraid*, and it is an awful thing to be deceived.

"This is but a part of the conversation I had with him at that time; for he went on to say that while trembling at the thought of his sins being brought against him, Jer. 1. 20 was brought with sweetness and power, and gave him, though not the full assurance he could wish, yet it gave him a comfortable hope. The words are, 'In those days (gospel days) and in that time (the time of love) saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for (by the accuser of the brethren) and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found.' How is it there shall be none? Is it because the people have no sin, or have not sinned? No. The reason is thus given—I will *pardon* them whom I reserve; and these sins cannot be found, because the Surety of the everlasting covenant hath put them away, and that by the sacrifice of himself.

"These words set him somewhat at rest: he then showed much concern that the truth might continue with us after his decease; he felt jealous lest anything should creep in to mar that simplicity and purity of gospel truth by which we had so many years prospered, and by which so many had been called out of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of the Son of God." \* \* \*

"I now come to the character of the departed, as a deacon of this church. 'He was a faithful man, and feared God above many.' These were prominent features seen and understood by all his brethren who knew him; and while he was weak in faith in one respect, yet, having the fear of God prevailing in his heart, he was, in another respect, strong: no faith, no assurance of interest in salvation, could make him more decided than he was; no man saw more clearly than he did, through the flimsy nothings of the formalist. He truly hated every false way, rejected all fleshly pretensions, and understood well the voice of truth, and followed hard after the same; but a stranger would he not follow, and as he drew near the end of his pilgrimage, his love of the truth evidently increased, doubts and fears gave way, his soul was set at rest; he could say, and did say, for these were his words, 'I *know* that *my* Redeemer liveth.' He kept his bed little more than thirty-six hours: he was at the deacon's meeting on the Tuesday evening, (but was very sadly,) as he died on the Friday morning following. I knew not until the Thursday evening that he was so much worse; I went immediately over to his house. I did not then apprehend that his departure was so near at hand; still, I did not think he would be restored. He was very composed; he said he had not the least pain of body. I asked him how his hope seemed now to stand for eternity? he said all was settled—he could not doubt or fear; the Lord had brought that peace into his soul that passeth all understanding. I asked him if he thought he had gone too far in these great doctrines? He seemed then quite at a loss for language, and almost raised himself up in the bed, as though he would ask me what I meant; and as well as he could, exclaimed, 'Oh, no, no; no;' and then with the emphasis (as he then literally was) of a dying man, said,

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

"He was notable to say much, but enough to shew that he *knew* all was well with him. This was about seven o'clock in the evening; and after conversing with him as much as I thought it right then to do, he dropped off into an apparently refreshing sleep. I called again the same evening, between nine and ten o'clock, not knowing what might occur, but he was still in, as I thought, a sound sleep, and shewed no symptom whatever of uneasiness. I then left him, hoping to see him again the next day; but before I could go, I learnt from his respected medical attendant that he was no more. He continued in the above apparent sleep until near three in the morning, when without the least symptom of pain, he gently breathed his last, and departed to that world where death nor sorrow can ever come, and there to wait at large in all the length and breadth of that city, whose Builder and Maker is God; and there to rest for a little season, until all his brethren in the like manner, and by the same grace, by the

same Jesus Christ, by the same everlasting love of God, and by the same Spirit of truth, have an abundant entrance into that kingdom which cannot be moved."

This truly experimental, and practical discourse closes by a six-fold description of the character of a deacon, taking in Paul's three negatives, and his three positives.

It is our happiness to be acquainted with some very excellent men in different churches in this land, who sustain this important office; and we would recommend them to peruse this sermon with care; in short, we think our churches, universally, would do well if they presented each of their brethren in office with a copy of this discourse: we are serious when we say, the remarks are so weighty, that no good man can possibly read them without receiving benefit therefrom.

### Jesus—the Good Physician.

EDWARD ARNOLD, a minister of Christ's gospel at Cuckfield, in Sussex, has, this day, issued a valuable little pamphlet, entitled, "*A Golden Alphabet of the Precious Names, Peculiar Titles, and Perfect Characters of Christ,*" &c., &c. It is a small book for so very comprehensive a title; but a deal of excellent matter is here put in small compass. We will give one sample. Under the letter P we have the following:—

"*Physician*—(Matt. ix. and xii.)—What a skilful, and able physician is the Lord Jesus! He heals all the diseases of the soul, which are not a few. There's not a part but is diseased; but this illustrious Physician can and does effect an universal cure, and make the soul perfectly whole. He can abstract the poison of the old serpent, the devil, so that there shall be no fatal consequences attending it. No case can baffle his skill; none need despair that come to him, however bad the case; he does all gratuitously; he ministers powerful medicine to purge away darkness, ignorance, unbelief, pride, free-will, self-conceit, boasting, vain imagination, the love of sin, communion and fellowship with the world, idols from the heart, contentment in mere forms, hardness, coldness, and barrenness from the mind, sloth and negligence, murmuring, fretfulness, perverseness, discontent, false hope, and vain confidence. In doing this he brings the patient very low at his gracious feet, making him feel his extreme weakness; and some are led to give up all hope, and conclude they shall die eternally; and then he gives some of his precious cordial—some of the new wine of the kingdom; this revives the soul; faith springs up; comfort flows in; sin is put away; burden removed; the heart is bound up; love melts the soul—it feels the healing balm, and has a sense

of the healing mercy of God. Then the soul can truly say, 'I was brought low, and he helped me;' and can join feelingly with David, saying, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who bealeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies, who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.' This gracious Physician waits to be gracious; he is ready, able, and willing to heal all that sensibly feel their disease, and come to him when the disease is apparently cured, and it breaks out again, let it be in what part it may, he will heal it again. He never thinks any troublesome or upbraids them with coming too often; he waits upon his patient, the poor sin-sick soul, with all the tenderness, sympathy, love, and pity of a kind and tender father; he never passes the door of the poor to attend to the rich, but quite the reverse: he comes when, and before he is sent for, bringing his healing balm with him.

"Precious healer is my Jesus!  
I as one can testify;  
He is kind and truly gracious  
To the sick that cometh nigh,  
Does all freely,  
His own name to glorify."

### "The Bible Cannot be True if I have no Hope!"

THESE were nearly the last words of George Rudman, a young man who fell asleep in Jesus at Cheltenham, on Lord's day, May 11, 1851.

His brother, Mr. Joseph F. Rudman, the Baptist Minister, has written and published a memoir of him, for which we think the churches of Christ will be very thankful. Mr. Rudman certainly displays considerable talent in the compilation of narratives of this kind. His "*Memoirs of the late William Eacott*" was a great favourite. It has been out of print some time; and a second edition is called for, which we hope our brother will be constrained to issue.

The present work is entitled "*The Miracle and Monument: or, the Dead raised, the Lost found, Hell defeated, and Grace triumphantly displayed,*" &c., &c. A most exciting title; and one that is, to a great extent, justified by the contents. It is a work that the whole of the heaven-born family may read to profit and freely circulate with pleasure. Babies, young men, and fathers; baptists, independants, and episcopalians; all, all, who love our Lord Jesus Christ sincerely; all, all who know anything of the value of an immortal soul; all, all who experimentally understand the mysteries, the trophies, and the triumphs of free and so-

vercign grace, all such will hail the publication of this work with emotions of sacred delight.

When we took it into our hands to peruse, we were groaning under heavy domestic afflictions, exercised with darkness of mind, deadness of spirit, and many fears as regards the *outward* and the *onward future*; we had no sooner commenced the narrative, than our attention was fastened to the facts recorded—our love to, and admiration for Jesu's great and glorious salvation, was fired; and a desire to give our readers a taste of the same holy pleasure prompted us to write as we have done; and to furnish the extract which follows these remarks.

Three things may be said of George Rudman. He was the child of many prayers:—He was subsequently led captive by Satan into open and very awful transgression; but, he was snatched as a brand from the burning; and the most scrupulous Christian can hardly suspect the certainty of his entrance into glory, after reading the account his brother has given in the work referred to. The following extract is simply descriptive of his dying moments. The writer—(Mr. Joseph Rudman) says,—

"I found, dear reader, that the Lord was deepening the work, and instructing him in those solemn things which lay the sinner low, and abase him in the dust. At length it pleased the Lord, who is infinite in mercy, to turn his captivity, and give him much enjoyment of his love. At such times it was his delight to sing, or hear sung, such hymns as the following, they being peculiarly sweet unto him,

"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'll smile at the storm."

"But there were times when he had his sinkings and depressions; and during one such season he said, 'I find the cross *heavy*; very, very heavy.'

"But one season of joy which he was favoured with I cannot pass over: it was furnished by one who was with him.

"'It was nearly two o'clock in the morning,' says the narrator, 'when sitting up in the bed with clasped hands, he said, 'To compare heaven to my miserable bed! oh, it is miserable to what heaven is! oh! the beauties of that place! oh, delightful thought! to feel after my hard bed of suffering that I am going home! it makes light of all my pain. Oh, that I could always feel as I do now! Oh, that I had wings, I would fly away to his precious bosom now!'

"The next letter from home was from my dear brother William, to say, that unless I came at

once, I should see George no more alive. I instantly hurried to the railway station, and with varied emotions took my ticket for Cheltenham.

"I reached the home of my childhood in safety, and found the whole of the family gathered round the dying bed. The greeting of the family was in silence; each heart was full; deep solemnity reigned around; the silence only occasionally interrupted by the sobbing of a dear sister, the sighing of the rest, and the deep and somewhat laboured breathing of the dying youth.

"There lay the child of a parent's many prayers, and the once wretched slave of sin and satan, on the borders of an eternal world, insensible to all terrestrial objects, yet peace reigning within. I stood by his bed-side with peculiar emotions: I connected the past with the present, and upon a retrospective view could not help exclaiming, 'What hath God wrought! Is this dying young man the gay, the laughing, sportive creature of childhood's happy years? Is this him who spent his time, his strength, his health, his all, sporting with death in the service of satan! Now how changed the scene, how altered the situation!

"I approached him, and bending over him, said, 'George, do you think you are going to heaven?' Said he, 'Yes.' I said to him, 'In what way?' 'Through the blood of Jesus,' said he, '*there is no other way.*' 'Then,' said I, 'you are satisfied?' 'Yes,' saith he, 'I am; precious Jesus.' 'I have been thinking,' continued he, 'about the dying thief, and have thought I should like to have been he; but *there is mercy for me, for Christ died for sinners.*' 'What a mercy,' I exclaimed, 'Yes,' saith he, 'precious Jesus!' 'I know,' continued he, 'God is above the devil; if he intends to teach a man, he will afflict him, if necessary, and he can then raise him up again. As for what I may be if I was to live, I cannot tell; I can make no promises for the future; but this I can say, *I have found mercy.*' 'But,' said I, 'are you sure?' Said he, '*The Bible cannot be true, if I have no hope.*'"

One line of the Author's closing appeal must finish our present notice. He says:

"The gospel is the embodiment of everything cheering, hopeful, and consoling. It is the best of news to the worst of characters; it levels mountains and raises valleys; it brings together an offended God and offending sinners, for it is a ministry of reconciliation; it seeks no favours, asks no price, makes no enquiry about qualifications, nor searches for merit in its objects; it addresses the simple, and speaks to him of wisdom, it singles out the sensibly lost, and proclaims to him salvation; it opens up an eternity of love past, and speaks of an eternity of glory to come; its news sets the soul longing and enquiring, and in answer to it all, it says, Mercy's pathway to heaven is Jesus Christ. That mercy brings into the way, keeps in the way, and opens the portals of bliss at the end of the way. It is a way of love, a way of life, a way of peace. Mercy lines all the way with Ebenezers, and crowns it with loving-kindnesses."

#### MR. HUNTINGTON ON BAPTISM.

Sir—An article headed "A Fraternal Caution," appeared in your magazine for January, charging the late Mr. Huntington with "error of such a

subtle, deceptive, and perverse character, that the followers of the Lamb ought to be cautioned against it." For proof of this, reference is made to the "Contemplations on the God of Israel." The writer of the caution states that his attention was directed to an exposition of Scripture contained in this work; and proceeds to say, "The Scripture alluded to is Matthew xxviii. 19, 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' Mr. H. considered this meant the baptism of the Holy Ghost; but if the Saviour had so meant, he surely would not have told them to baptize in the name of the Trinity, but with the Holy Ghost; as in Acts i. 5, and xi. 16. These two portions are not parallels with the one above, and hence, Mr. H.'s work contains this perversion." He goes on to speak of many holding this notion, and that his wonder has been excited to know where the leaven came from; but that his wonder has ceased, since he has read the above passage "*attentively.*"

The work entitled "Contemplations," consists of a series of letters, principally relating to the Divine Personality of the Holy Spirit and his different operations.

Now, sir, what will your readers think when they are informed, *that in the very letter referred to, (the 5th,) in the sentence immediately preceding the text quoted by the writer of the Caution, Mr. Huntington writes thus, "We are baptized in the name of all the three Divine Persons."* It does not seem possible that any man professing the name of Christ, could dare so to falsify the writings of a minister of God, and commence his work with these texts, "Let no man deceive you with vain words;" "Having your loins girt about with truth." Is it not too bad? No words of mine are needed to shew the grossness of this.

But I must proceed to quote from Mr. Huntington in continuation. After stating that we are baptized in the name of all the Three Divine Persons, he says, "And when we are baptized with the Holy Ghost, and with fire, the love of God is shed abroad in the heart; the Sun of righteousness arises with healing in his beams, and shines like the sun in his full strength; when the Holy Ghost brings the live coal from off the altar, or puts both life and love in the Word, and lays it upon our tongue, telling us that our iniquity is taken away, and our sin purged, and that we must now confess and proclaim it. *This baptism* makes a minister a flaming fire and a burning and shining light, and nrites poor souls to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and unites them in the love of all Three. But besides the baptism of the Holy Ghost, there is *another* that follows, and that is the fiery trial."

Nothing can be plainer, sir, than that Mr. H. distinguished here *between baptism in the name of the Trinity, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost*; for first he states we are baptized in the name of the Three Divine Persons, and then, as he was particularly writing of the blessed Spirit, and his work, he shews the effect of the Spirit, taking of the things of Christ, and testifying of them to a sinner; working faith and shedding abroad the love of God in his heart; and *this* being the peculiar work and office of the Holy Ghost, Mr. H. terms it the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Surely sir, no one, whether infant or adult baptist, can dispute that *this work* of the Holy Ghost is necessary. The writer of the Caution might, with

just as much foundation, have asserted that Mr. Huntington called the baptism named in Matthew xviii. 19, the baptism of the fiery trial, as the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

The writings of Mr. Huntington are a most valuable legacy to the church of God; containing sound experience and true doctrine, calculated, with the blessing of the Almighty, to instruct the convinced sinner, and strengthen the tried believer. It is therefore an incumbent duty to point out that this mis-called Caution is an entire perversion of Mr. Huntington's sentiments, lest any one be beguiled by its unfounded statements and shameful misrepresentations. In the very first letter of this work, Mr. H. expressly says, "All who hope to be saved, must acknowledge the mystery of God, of the Father, and of Christ; *for we are baptized in the name of all Three.*"

But, sir, the writer of the Caution is not content with charging Mr. H. with perverting the Word of God with errors of a subtle, deceptive, and perverse character, but also asserts that Mr. H. was not afraid of disobedience to God; that he made worse excuses than "the man who bought the yoke of oxen;" and by quoting the word spoken to Saul by Samuel, implies that as his guilt of disobedience was the same, so, also, would be his doom.

The specimen of the Caution writer's truthfulness, as shewn in the previous part of this letter, is not calculated to beget confidence in any farther statements he makes; and I, sir, am in the possession of facts which clearly shew that Mr. H. was actuated by no unworthy motives, as the writer of the Caution scruples not to assert, in his not conforming to adult baptism. Mr. Huntington, when he had not a good shirt to his back, was offered the pastorate of a congregation, with an income of £300 per annum, subject only to his conforming to adult baptism. He, however, declined it. Were he the man the Caution writer describes, would he have done so? *Mr. Huntington told this to a person now living, from whom I have received it.*

The protestation of the Caution writer, that he highly esteems the writings of a man whom he charges with subtle and deceptive errors—with perverting the word of God—with not being afraid of disobedience to God—with making others disobedient, do him no credit. If true, his own words condemn him; for such a man ought not to be highly esteemed, but rather heartily condemned. I fear, however, his esteem is similar to Joah's love. Joah took Amasa by the right hand to kiss him, and smote him under the fifth rib. I must protest against the spirit which could lead any one so to revile a departed servant of Christ! one so eminently taught by the Holy Ghost, and so abundantly blessed by God in his ministry, as the writer of the Caution has done.

"The memory of the just," sir, "is blessed," and not to be recklessly and lightly defamed. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," and fragrant is their memory to all who love their Lord. "And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son, Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment."

I will only add, the edition of Mr. Huntington's works to which I have referred is Hensley's. 20 vol., 8vo., 1811. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS O. BEEMAN.  
Cranbrook, January 12, 1852.

## A Proposition on behalf of the Earthen Vessel.

To my beloved brethren and sisters who are the constant readers of the *Earthen Vessel*, ministers, churches, and people: Allow me to say a word or two to you, on what I consider a very important subject; and also to subjoin a proposition for your serious consideration. Are we not all brethren? have we not all one Father? are we not all aiming at one object? are we not all interested in one subject? and do we not all expect to meet at last made perfect in one, to behold and to enjoy ineffable glory with one another, and our adopted Lord for ever? When we shall hear him say, "Come, thou blessed of my Father, enter thou the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world; for I was an hungry," &c.; "and ye took me in," &c. "And then shall the righteous say, When, when Lord, did we this?" "Forasmuch as ye have done it for one of my little ones, ye have done it unto me; and he that hath my word and doeth it, is as a man that builds his house on a rock that cannot be moved: but he who hath my word and doeth it not, is like unto a man that builds upon the sand," &c. With such injunctions as these from my dear Lord and Master, with these sentiments in our hearts, with some of this world's goods in our possession, where can the fruit of the love of God be, or how shall we shew its fruits, if we continue silent any longer, at the repeated requests of the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*? Is he not labouring under an intolerable burden, and are we not monthly receiving *edification, comfort, instruction, and encouragement, through his instrumentality*? And shall we continue to shut up our bowels of mercy, and withdraw the hand of liberality, until our dear brother falls down under his two burdens to rise no more?

In reading his piece at the commencement of this year, 1852, I was truly moved; and if every believer in the Lord was to try and place himself in his circumstances as I have done, I doubt not but some means of deliverance would be effected. Think, my dear brethren and sisters, the amount of labour he has to perform every month; the numbers of letters to read and answer; the number of places to preach, connected with that soul-distressing anxiety, to be just as well as generous. Think of our number of

enemies who would rejoice to see the *Vessel* founder—consider the loss we should sustain if it did. Where should we get the encouraging information from? How should we who are hundreds of miles asunder, see each other—hear and rejoice in each other's prosperity—pray for and sympathise with each other in sorrow and affliction, if the *Vessel* did not bring us the sacred tidings? And shall we sit still in our parlours, lay on our sofas, snug ourselves in our beds, and hide our faces, stop our ears, withdraw our hand, and our brother still continue in the storm, with his *Vessel*, cargo, himself, and those truths for which he and ourselves have been subjected to the reproach of freewill pirates, notional oppressors, and truth despisers? Shall we tempt God to work a miracle for him while we know his position and have it in our power to deliver him? Oh, no; let us arise as one man and set him free; and be assured, my dear friends, if we do not—though I am no prophet, yet it is my firm opinion that our God will send enlargement and deliverance for him another way, and we shall be the losers, if not sufferers, thereby.

Lest I should appear tedious, I will cease for the present, praying our heavenly Father to incline our heart, to give him a long lift, a strong lift, so as to lift him quite out of the mire altogether.

Now for my proposition. The other day I visited a poor but liberal man in a heavy affliction, and he seemed very anxious that something should be done to try and relieve the Editor—but I want to deliver him, and if I can find a goodly number to join with me, I will not leave him till he tells us he is free. I therefore propose, that this appeal be read from the pulpit by every minister who wishes to encourage the work, or by the deacon, or whoever officiates at the time, and then let a box or plate or something else convenient be set at the door as the congregation go out, to receive their free-will offering in this matter, and I have no doubt but it would answer well.

Now if this should meet the approbation of my united brothers, it will be a great comfort to one who is a lover of every good word and work, a constant reader and writer in the *Vessel*, although

an exile full two hundred miles distant from the Editor.

The Lord direct your hearts in his fear and love, while I remain yours in the Lord of life and glory,

JOHN CORBITT.

**Mr. J. Wells's Answer to "Minor."**

*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Would you kindly allow me room in the *Vessel*, just to say that there are two things for which I am very much obliged to your correspondent, "Minor."

First, That he has called my attention (in page 20th of the January number) to an extract from one of my sermons. And

Secondly, That he kindly conjectures that the sermon has *not* been correctly reported; and I beg to say, that in this conjecture "Minor" is perfectly right—it is *very* incorrectly reported; so far so, as to contain a sentiment which no man taught of God could utter. It represents me as saying that the evils of our nature—hardness of heart, darkness, carnality, &c., do *not* hinder us from praying as we would. Now, this is just the *reverse* of what I said from the pulpit; and, of course, just the reverse of what I meant.

The *sentiment* that I expressed was this, that although the evils of our nature hindered *us*, yet as all *legal* impediments were by the mediation of the Saviour removed, there now remained no impediment with God. That all the hindrances are with *us*; but that some people thought that because these evils hindered us, they could hinder the Lord also, and so deprive the Christian of the object of his hope. They are quite welcome (said the preacher) to this notion; for that minister who would make sin to be stronger than the Saviour, and set sin above the power of his atonement, is serving the enemy rather than glorifying God; for he hath removed all legal impediments, and all we have to encounter are virtually conquered foes.

With this explanation, I hope your correspondent and readers will be satisfied; and I can readily forgive the reporter, seeing I am apt to speak very rapidly, as many do that have in reality but little to say; and I very often seem to have nothing to say, yet I do creep along somehow, and hope through grace still so to do.

Your January number is well laden

with good things. I was sorry to see any of the space taken up concerning a sermon of mine.

Yours very sincerely in the Lord,

J. WELLS.

6, St. George's Place, North Brizton,  
January 1, 1852.

**Mr. A. Triggs on the Plymouth Churches.**

*To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel:*

MY DEAR SIR—I believe that from the love you have for the true sayings of God, you will with all readiness of mind, consign the following remarks to your "*Vessel*," as part of its lading; and as I write for edification, in the love of the truth, in the unity of the Spirit and bond of peace, with all those that eschew evil, do good, seek peace, and ensue it; and so live and act as saith the apostle, giving thanks always for all things, unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Many years have passed since the Lord spoke his words into my heart, and delivered me from my then very great sorrow on the account of evil speaking, and I was greatly comforted. (See Matt v. 11, 12.) Therefore I rejoice that you have inserted, and am exceeding glad that Joseph Palmer hath written some of the all manner of evil; and from my heart I thank you both, and bless the Lord for the mercy manifested, according to his word; and I expect that many will be glad for the statement; and I will rejoice in the Lord always, and sing—"The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

I will now, dear sir, attend to the statement and demand of my friend Sidders. Him I also thank, for giving me an opportunity of stating truth; and having known the "Plymouth Churches" more years than friend Sidders hath weeks, therefore, with my personal knowledge, I desire, for the truth's sake, to correct his hearsay and untrue statement. I have no need to say a word on the behalf of Dr. Hawker; his praise is in the churches; but this I say, he was the first from whose mouth I received the gospel of Christ; and it was more than three years after, the Lord opened my mouth to speak his truth. It was Lord's Day morning, May 21, 1820, that I heard him preach from Acts ii. 33. His company and conversation I was often privileged with, after the Lord carried me to Plymouth, and he acted as a father unto me. I well remember my last interview with him, a few days before he slept in Jesus. His remarks on Psalm xxiii., especially on verse 4th, were very heart-warming and Christ-endearing; and I assure you that from his death to the present time, "Puseyism hath not, with all its multifarious hypocritical twistings, taken possession of the pulpit, neither the beast, nor the more worse seven spirits." The present minister, Mr. Greaves, is a lover of good men; and two of such, that I have known for years, have lately preached in Charles Church; and the said Mr. Greaves is a decided opponent of the heresies of Henry of Exeter. This statement doth shew that you and your readers have been imposed on.

Mr. John Hawker did not at any time turn his back on the Church of England; for he always adhered to its liturgy in Eldad Chapel, as in Stoke Church; neither did he like Dissenters, nor their conventicles; and more than once have I heard him say, "Away with your experience; it is like children's rattles; take away your experience; you are like Micah—"They have taken away my gods, and what have I more!" But he was mighty in the Scriptures; and the first time I heard him, was the afternoon that I heard his father in the morning; (text, Eph. ii. 8.) And what he did was, that he refused the consecration of Eldad, by the Bishop, that he might not grasp the property, and

so deprive his wife and children. After his death I was offered the chapel, and had an interview with Mrs. Hawker on the subject, and conversations also with others interested in the matter. As to Mr. Parrot, I had no personal knowledge of him; I saw him once, but have not heard him preach; I knew some of his people, with whom I have had sweet converse—John Kent for one—but I do not think it is as bad at Mount Street Chapel as set forth by S. S.

Having thus briefly hinted at these "great causes," I add that it seemeth a very great incongruity for my friend S. to condescend three sprinklers, and use them for an embrace to shoot his arrows at me, whom he professes to respect, for once preaching, and his soul being set at happy liberty. My friend doth not say when he became a so-called Baptist; but I suppose it was before he heard me preach, July 16th, morning and evening, Monday evening, 17th, Wednesday evening 19th, "All aro yours," &c. Surrey Tabernacle, 1837. At Michaelmas, 1841, friend Sidders became a sitter in Zion Chapel; and sat there more than six years, to hear me preach the gospel; the number of his ordinance ticket was 300. Four years have nearly passed, since we left Zion, and no censure hath been declared, nor any demand made on me to give an account of my stewardship, until my friend S. happened to breathe the Plymouth air, and had taken lessons of my old friend of notoriety at Zion, and now in Plymouth, F. Symons.

As to the deacons, managers, or church at Trinity Chapel, I possess a far greater knowledge of their position, mind, and desires than my friend S.; having, not long since, been so greatly blessed together by the Lord; and we had also free communion and converse with each other. I now, with pure conscience, call upon friend Sidders to say whether he hath at any time heard me speak a word against baptism with water, as set forth in the Scriptures; and for the truth's sake I also demand of him to say who the many weak believers are that I have staggered, by my rejection of baptism, and the much discord that hath emanated from it in Plymouth and in London. If my friend S. doth not, or cannot do as I require of him, I fear he will fall under the censure of the churches, especially of those who walk in the fear of the Lord; and the comfort of the Scriptures; and I believe it will be a pleasure to you, Mr. Editor, to be the medium of bringing truth to light.

My name being joined with that man of God, Joseph Irons, so highly commended in your Vessel, is an honour to me; and I ask my friend Sidders to say how he could sit for more than six years to hear me preach the gospel, and also partake of the ordinance he now calls stolen; for is not the receiver of things stolen guilty according to law; then as Mr. Irons and myself, as he saith, are but little better than thieves and robbers; doth not my friend S. make up a trio of thieves? I knew not till the erudition of my friend S. appeared, that I or Mr. Irons could have been guilty for refusing to listen to things that are not "the commands of the former;" and doth my friend S. say truth, relative to the two old and foolish kings, as there is but one spoken of in the Bible I read, "And he cometh out of prison to reign;" and I hope what my friend S. hath written is not the effect of his reign.

I ask not my friend S. to give chapter and verse to prove his assertions, knowing he cannot do it; and as I have not, at any time rejected, neither denied baptism according to the Scriptures, it is not possible for me to give chapter and verse as my friend S. requires; but in the fear of the Lord, and the love of his truth, I ask my friend S. to give chapter and verse, that say there is more than one called Baptist in all the Word of God; also prove by chapter and verse, that the Lord Jesus Christ at any time, in any way, or manner commanded any one whether male or female, to be baptised in water; and also I desire him to prove by the Word of God, if baptism in

water is a part of the gospel; because Paul preached the gospel without water baptism.

I trust, the answers of my friend S. will be in strict accordance with the Scriptures, and also with the words and meaning of my questions; and should the thing that I desire be accomplished, my friend S. will be quite free from censure, and the matter of so much bitterness ended; and the following words will be verified, "Then had the churches rest, and were edified, and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost were multiplied; therefore let us follow after things that make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another."

Mr. Editor, having briefly laid the truth before you, and you being a partaker of that wisdom which is from above, — without partiality and hypocrisy, I feel persuaded that you will most willingly put this, my statement of truth, in your Vessel, as this month's contains such heavy charges against me, and may peace and prosperity attend you in your labour of love.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus.

A. TRIGGS.

18, Amphil Square, Dec. 12, 1851.

### Ministerial Communications.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD—After your long kept silence, how refreshing was it to my spirit to have good news from a far country come at last. Verily, I thought within myself, an enemy hath arisen, and whispered some evil thing into my brother's ear, which has stealthily worked its way into his heart, and wrested the pen from his hand, that he should write no more to his fellow-labourer in the vineyard of Christ. Well, I exclaimed, be it so; still the Lord is the portion of my soul, and therefore will I hope in him. There are five blessed truths which often bring secret relief, solid peace, special comfort, and sacred joy to my soul. They are these—First, the Lord knoweth the righteous; yes, he knoweth their times, whether adverse or prosperous; their thoughts, whether just or unjust; their travels, whether under cloudy circumstances, or beneath the clear sunshine of his life-cheering countenance; their trials, whether temporal or spiritual; their temptations, whether from without or from within; their tremblings, whether in the field or at the fountain; their trust, whether in the creature or in the Creator; and their triumphs, whether in the flesh, or in faith. Secondly, the Lord loveth the righteous; yes, he loveth them at all times, in all places, under all circumstances, and for ever; therefore nothing shall by any means be suffered to hurt them; for

God's unchanging love seareth  
Crowns of glory for the saints.

Thirdly, the Lord blesseth the righteous; yes, with the blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under, blessings of the breasts, and of the womb, (see Gen. xlix. 25); blessings of the everlasting hills and of the corn-covered valleys, (Psalm lxx. 13); blessings of the sanctuary, and of the storehouse; with all spiritual blessings in heavenly realities and substances, and all good things in or according to our earthly necessities, according as he hath chosen us in Christ Jesus, for his own glory. Fourthly, the Lord trieth the righteous; yes, he trieth their faith, their patience, their love, their zeal, their heart, their prayers, their works, their standing, and their strength; he trieth them by devils, by darkness, by desertsions, by difficulties, by distresses, by deaths; yea, he trieth them every moment, (Job vii. 13). Fifthly, the Lord keepeth the righteous; yes, the glorious Lord keepeth the beloved city, he keepeth Israel, he keepeth the feet of all his saints, he keepeth their heart sound in his statutes, and their mind stayed on the arm of his salvation; yea, the covenant God of Jacob keepeth his children by night and by day, and in all places whithersoever they go, until they

reach the blissful city of their habitation, where they will everlastingly acknowledge, admire, and adore the almightiness of Jehovah's power, which had not only kept them from entering into the awful abode of the evil one, but had kept them to the end, for which they had expectingly waited, and earnestly wished.

I can truly say, my heart rejoiced to hear that the Lord had been pleased again to set his solemn seal of approbation to your testimony of him and of his great and glorious salvation. For the salvation of sinners from satan, death, and hell—the trammels of the law, the terrors of the mount that may not be touched, the tremblings of the flesh, the temptations of the world, and the tormentings of the devil taunting the tender and troubled conscience; by the precious blood, the potent voice, the preached gospel, and perfect love of the Lord Jesus Christ, is the most wonderful and glorious exhibition of his unsearchable and unspeakable greatness. Be assured, my brother, that not one grain of gospel truth, sown by the hand of faith, in the name of the Lord, shall ever be lost. Outward appearances may often be suffered to damp, darken, discourage, and distress our spirits; but an holy recollection that the Lord Jehovah will assuredly accomplish all the good pleasure of his will, and perfectly perform his purposes of love, should relieve our minds from all painful forebodings and evil surmisings, knowing that the Father of lights worketh no less surely and successfully in the thickest darkness as in the clearest light.

Go forward, then, in the good work of the Lord, relying wholly and solely on the faithfulness of Him from whom you received your high and holy commission to preach the everlasting gospel of the grace of God. May you not be found among the swelling ranks of non-commissioned officers, which are seen strutting about the city of our solemnities. In humble dependence on divine assistance, endeavour to lay the axe of the law to the root of all self-righteousness. Know no man after the flesh, but love all in the Spirit who walk after the Spirit. Show clearly the marked distinction which is daily manifested between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ. The one is the spirit of pride and persecution, while the other is the spirit of prayer and peace. The Holy Ghost direct your heart and mind into the sweet mysteries of incarnate wisdom, redeeming love, atoning blood, almighty grace, unfailing truth, unspotted righteousness, and undying honours, as among the unsearchable riches of Christ, whose glorious right it is, not only to give eternal life unto as many as the Father hath given him, but also to possess them with all the hidden treasures indwelling in himself, whose infinite fulness filleth all in all.

The promised presence of the Lord of the harvest be with you, producing perfect peace in times of trial, preserving you through all the perilous paths you pass, and prospering your labour of love in the Lord Jesus Christ. So prays

Your fellow-labourer in love's vineyard,

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

"Cast thy Bread upon the Waters."

DEAR BROTHER,—I read with some little satisfaction of soul, your thoughts on the passage "Cast thy bread upon the waters,"—but I secretly thought what you there expressed, that you did not go sufficiently up to the text, although the first part of your reply was very satisfactory; the other part referring to Dr. Brown's Comment, I call the shell, the other, the kernel.

As I was perusing the EARTHEN VESSEL for November, I read with great delight, joy and comfort, the anniversary of good old Joseph Smith, of Halstead, Essex, where the good man was so tried by the enemy of souls, and in deep waters, that he asked the Lord to cut him down and send him to hell; but instead of this, he had prepared a message through his servant, to bring him out of deep waters, and as he states, he went in a

mourning coach, but how he got home, he could not tell; but he could say what great things the Lord had done for him in bringing him out of deep waters, and he told it in his affliction, that it was seen after many days.

About thirty years ago, I was wading through deep waters of affliction, and brought very low indeed, I fully thought in my own mind that the Lord was going to take me home. I made it a matter of fervent prayer to the Lord to grant me a sign, let me know what he was going to do with me. Shortly after this, I took up the Bible, and the chapter fixed upon, was Job v. I read it through with great sweetness, and when I came to the 26th verse, I thought here was the answer to my prayer, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season;" and this text came with great power; but I must say, when I was getting better and likely to recover, I felt sorrow of heart, and would rather have been taken home to my Father's house. In that case, the Lord appeared without the aid of mortal, and this has been seen thirty years.

I must tell you about twenty one years ago, I was brought into deep waters of trouble, fear and doubt, that I was almost distracted; on the 20th of March, 1831, through the desire of a godly friend, I went to hear a Mr. Howell (a good old Welshman) of Long Acre, and being rather late, on account of the distance, we got in just as he was giving out these precious words for his text: "This God is our God, for ever and ever, and he will be our guide even unto death." It came with mighty power, and melted me into tears of joy, and all through his discourse, he seemed to look and speak to me. I left my load, and was something like good old Smith, I know that we went there in a hackney coach, but how we got home, I cannot tell you; this is broad indeed cast upon the waters; although twenty one years ago, it is often a source of comfort to my poor soul, when I fall into similar fits.

I must tell you, of a most remarkable circumstance. About four years since, the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon one of my children at the same time I was very unwell myself, and often being under medical treatment, he ordered me and the child sea air, and we resolved to go to Brighton. The appointed morning, the child was taken much worse, this caused me great anxiety and trouble. I thought I should take the child there to die, and perhaps myself too; it drove me to the Lord for a message; for I did not know what to do, whether to go or stay at home; I begged of the Lord to grant me a token of his presence, I took up the Bible, and my eyes were directed to Psalm xci. I read it through, but I could not see any thing for me; I then got up and walked about the room, yet could not rest, so I went and took up the Bible again, and begged and prayed of the Lord to give me a sign; it appeared the same, I read it through again, and when I got to the 11th verse, it came with mighty power, "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways;" I said, Lord, it is enough; I feared not to go, and set off for the rail: the text followed me all the way. We arrived safely at our journey's end. O how faithful and kind is our God. My next request was in what part of the town I could hear the truth, or "Jesus Christ and him crucified." I enquired where we could find a Baptist chapel, and was told in Bond Street. On the next Lord's day, I with part of my family, went, we were rather too early, not knowing the time it commenced; we walked about the door, and presently a few poor old souls began to assemble at the entrance; I looked at them, and thought to myself, they resembled the family of King Jesus, and I had great hopes of hearing to my soul's profit; we entered the chapel, and were handed to a seat. The minister's prayer was to the Lord, very much to the purpose, for the poor, the tried, the needy, the tempted, the sick,

the wounded and the harrassed soul, and all this suited my case; well, he gave out his text from Colossians iii: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." The Lord was pleased to bless the discourse to my soul to overflowing, that I was compelled to give vent to a flood of tears. I shall never forget Brighton; the name of the Lord's servant was Savory, and surely what the Lord enabled him to bring forth, was indeed savoury to my soul. We returned much improved in health, in spite of all fears and doubts. Bless the Lord, O my soul. Dear brother, I think John Bunyan was quite right when he said—

"A Christian man is never long at ease,  
When one trouble's gone, another doth him seize."

Rather more than two years ago the Lord was pleased to visit his poor worm with a very severe affliction; I was brought to peep into the grave, but that was not all; satan was allowed to buffet me; but blessed be God's name, he will not allow him to hurt us; as I heard a good man say, the other day, speaking of satan buffeting, that it was something like boys at school, it was with him; soft caps or hats, not sticks. Well, I really thought I was going to die; "Yes, you hypocrite," said satan, "and you have been telling your friends the Lord applied the 5th chapter of Job." O, what a state of mind I was in, not knowing what the Lord was going to do with me, although I knew I was on the Rock. One afternoon, in this affliction, my pain was very great; I was told it was inflammation of the liver. I had no rest for two or three nights. My wife was sitting in the room; my prayers kept going up the Lord to take away the pain. The Lord heard my prayer; and I said to my wife, "Bless the Lord he has answered my petition, and taken away the pain." How I blessed and thanked the Lord; and I said to her, "I will endeavour to go to sleep; for I am weary and tired." But before this, I began to thank the Lord for his goodness and mercy in removing the pain. Satan attacked me again; which made me cry mightily to my heavenly Father, through the merits of my Elder Brother, to make satan a liar, and to shew me a sign. I said, "Lord, thou favouredst thy servant Gideon and thy children in the days of old, grant me a sign;" at the same time I turned my eyes towards the cemetery, and then towards London; and said, "Lord, if it be thy will, I would rather go to the cemetery, but thy will be done." Whilst I was begging, the Lord appeared with this portion of Sacred Writ to my overwhelming powers, "And behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whithersoever thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." Satan took to his wings. I was sometime before I could find the passage, but set two or three to find it, and gave them no rest till they did. I was melted in tears, and cried out, "Lord, it is enough;" I shook like a leaf. These, dear friend, are part of the waters. I told the doctor, when he came, that I had had an interview with a Great Physician, who told me he would bring me again into this land, and that the sickness was not unto death; but he said very little, as he told me afterwards that he had scarcely any hopes of my life. I must now conclude.

Your's in Christian love,  
A SINNER SAVED.

"Lord, let a tempest-tossed soul,  
That peaceful harbour see,  
Where waves and billows never roll;  
For there I long to be."

Peckham.

## Recollections of the Pulpit.

"Throughout the Scriptures we have distinction of character. Look at Abel, he was a free-grace man, a man that loved the Lord Jesus Christ, but who, by his doings, offended his brother: his brother hated him because of the free-grace offering which he brought. Free-grace ground yields no fruit to those who despise the children of God. Look at Noah—ho was moved with fear to the preparing of an ark; and while, perhaps, philosophers were calculating whether the waters of the ocean were sufficient in quantity to cover the earth, and despising Noah for his prophecy, the floods came, and destroyed them all: here was a division of character—the one foresaw the evil, the others disbelieved, and were swept away. Go a little further, and you find a man hearing of the promised land, of an infant that was to be born in that land, of a righteousness that was to be wrought out in that land, of an atonement that was to be made in that land, of a redemption that was to be accomplished in that land, of a salvation to be perfected in that land. Look again at Isaac and Ishmael, at Jacob and at Eean, at the Egyptians and the Israelites; the destruction of the one was the salvation of the other. Passing by many circumstances of this kind, we come down to the rich man and Lazarus. The rich man would be a free-willer, though in hell. The poor man was a free-grace man on earth, and he continued a free-grace man in heaven. The rich man was a free-willer on earth, and he continued a free-willer in hell, even there asking the aid of man, rather than the mercy of Almighty God."—JAMES WELLS.

"If you are not saved by electing grace, you cannot be saved in opposition to it; if you are not saved by the atonement of Christ, you cannot be saved in opposition to it."

"What is the reason of the enmity of the world against the church? Blindness is one reason; pride is another reason; the natural enmity of the mind is another reason; ignorance is another reason; the world at large, speaking against the church, is another reason."

"The late Mr. Mortimer, when preaching his first sermon in the late Mr. Huntington's chapel, proceeded to pull Mr. Huntington to pieces in his grammar; and it is a remarkable fact, that though Mr. Huntington left behind him twenty volumes of writings, they did not contain so many grammatical errors as Mr. Mortimer's first sermon in that chapel."

"Sin says, you shan't live, Christ says you shall; satan says, you shan't live, Christ says, you shall; the world says, you shan't live, Christ says, you shall; death says, you shan't live, Christ says, you shall; the law of God says, you shan't live, Christ says, 'you shall, for I will die;' conscience says, you shan't live, Christ says, you shall."—J. WELLS.

"There is no real peace without that forgiving mercy which is declared by the gospel of God."

"Peace is the foundation of all religion; and where religion is real, peace will be the first thing sought. The very character of the gospel is peace; peace was the song of the angels at the incarnation of Christ Jesus the Lord."

"What was said of Jesus may be said of the gospel. It is said that 'he did no violence,' and I am sure the gospel would not. It is said that he 'knew no sin,' and I am sure the gospel does not. It is said that 'iniquity was not found in him,' and I am sure it is not found in the gospel."

"People may speak against election as much as they will; but I can tell you this, it is God's law, and one of the laws by which you shall be judged at the last great day."

"Man's righteousness will not buy heaven, and his sins cannot: it is a free gift, and until Christ is manifested, grace will never be welcome. Salvation is like a rope let down from a life-boat to a poor creature buffeting with the waves, and draws him up; it is obtainable, for 'we are not appointed to wrath, but to obtain salvation.'"—SEDGWICK.

## A VOICE FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE :

OR, A FEW HASTY THOUGHTS FOR SUCH CHRISTIANS AS WILL THINK A LITTLE ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THINGS.

Dec. 29, 1851.—My much esteemed friend in Jesus: Soon after taking my seat in a corner of one of the London and North Western carriages, I thought—I am going into Staffordshire, if the Lord permit, I shall have the opportunity of speaking in the midst of many people this evening; I wish to speak only of those things which may, (with God's blessing,) be truly useful to the souls of the people. I took the Bible; (I like to have Bible-material to work with;) I opened on these words, "And that knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed;" my mind was fixed; they were the very language of my heart; and with them I resolved to go before the people, and, after a moment's consideration, I said, here are three things implied, and two things positively declared. The three things implied, are, 1, that we are believers; 2, that we have some knowledge of the time; 3, that, comparatively speaking, we fear the people are fast asleep.

The two things declared, are, First, That it is high time to awake out of sleep; and the second is, that our salvation is near at hand.

The first implied, is, we are believers; there was a period when we were not so, there was a moment when we were brought to believe in the name and person of Jesus; and days, and months, and years have rolled on since then. I come among you, this evening, as a believer in the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God. I feel bound to make this statement for three reasons; first, because your pastor has kindly identified himself with me, secondly, because a baptist pastor from London refused to give out your anniversary, simply because my name was in it; and, thirdly, because I am being engaged in endeavouring to wake the people out of sleep, by various little movements, and knowing that nothing can be well done in Christ's cause, except it be done with clean hands, and from a pure motive; I am constrained to tell you plainly and decidedly that I am, and have been now for twenty three years, a firm believer in, and a contender for, the doctrines of free and sovereign grace. How I was brought to this, you may read in a series of Tracts entitled "The Country Lad, and the Christian Curate." Let this suffice for the present.

The arrow of conviction was sent into my soul, I think in 1827; somewhere about 1828, Christ was blessedly revealed to my soul in the gospel, and, although I was sunk as low, then in darkness of mind, in coldness of affection, and in outward affliction, as almost any I have heard of; still, I have been held in from apostacy; and, by a very slow progress, I have been, I trust, raised to a sphere of usefulness, which I think, none but the Lord could maintain me in. I am satisfied, too, that my esteemed brother Cozens is a true believer in Christ—a clean minister of the gospel of Christ, and a lover of all good men. May I ask, are you believers? Has the law entered into your consciences, deeply wounding you, and convincing you of sin? Has the Spirit of God secretly wrought repentance,

and fervent prayers in your souls? Has the glory of Christ in the gospel been opened and powerfully applied to your minds? Have you been called out of darkness into light, and made to seek and love Him, whom with your natural eyes you have never seen? Then all is well.

Leaving, therefore, that point, I come to note it is implied, that, secondly, *We have some knowledge of the times.* The Word of God, and all history, go to shew that there has been a difference in the times. What times they were when Adam and Eve walked in innocence! what awful times when they were driven out of Eden's garden! What times of wickedness before the flood, when it grieved God to see that he had made man on the earth! and what an awful end to those times, when the flood came! What times of darkness and cruelty were those, when our fathers were burned alive for confessing and cleaving to the truth! Our times may be called, 1. Times of peculiar privileges. 2. Times of great spiritual poverty. 3. Times of private and painful divisions.

First, Our privileges are very great: these flow from the parliament, from the pulpit, and from the printing press.

Our parliamentary privileges are these. We are permitted to assemble together to pray, and to preach, and to praise the Lord, none daring to molest or disturb us. Oh, my friends, this is a great privilege indeed! In England, we have persons who love to meet, we have places in which to meet, and protection when we meet.

I read a letter the other day from a Christian man in California. He gives a deplorable account of the state of things there in this point of view. He says—"I have not heard a sermon, nor a prayer, nor a hymn, since I have been here." The people there are all for getting gold; but as for God, and grace, and the gospel, there they may go; for the persons die and are buried without even a word being said over them. Oh, how cheering to meet with the saints; with them to praise, with them to pray. Oh, our permissive privileges are great. One old writer speaks of the time when a man must not go out of his parish to worship; but now, if we are free men, and not under persecuting and bigoted masters, we may go and hear the gospel wherever it is to be heard.

Our pulpit privileges are very great, too. We have many sound, and some truly savoury servants of Jesus Christ.

The printing press is furnishing us with interesting and valuable information at the lowest possible rates; this, too, is a privilege.

But I am sorry to say, I feel, for one, these are times of great spiritual poverty. Am I right, or am I wrong? I have, for the last ten years at least, listened to many ministers. I have closely and carefully perused most of the writings of men of modern times; and I have conversed with vast numbers of professors of the gospel; and I fear I must say, poverty of mind, poverty of heart, poverty of soul, and poverty of hand, are distressing features of our times; spiritual power to lay open the deep treasures of the Word,

and Almighty power to lay hold of sinners' hearts, appear to be wanting. In our minds there is a stiffness, a sameness, and a smallness, which is unsuited to the times; and, consequently, there seems to be but little living to God, or of living a life of faith upon the Son of God. There is a groaning in ourselves, but not a glorying in the cross. There are but few to be found who are so in love with Jesus Christ, and so concerned for the welfare of souls, as to be willing to sacrifice or to spend their time, their talent, or their substance, in the great cause of the gospel. There is poverty in our pews, because there is poverty in our prayers; and there is poverty in our pulpits because I fear there is poverty in our preachers. Of course there are exceptions, but I fear the first tabernacle which Moses built is wanting.

*Private and painful division* is another feature in our times. We have not hot and open persecutions, but we have secret slandering; envying jealousies; heart-cutting divisions. Just look at one fact—the *Gospel Standard* publishes a list of preachers, and places where they preach; and very frequently, when two men are going to preach on the same day, they will name one man, and will not name the other man, when both men are sound men, but one is, and one is not of their party; and, as far as their influence goes, they would crush every man who comes not to banquet with them. The leaders of the party have been as stiff and as cruel against many good men in our land as ever the Pope of Rome could be. Oh, I would ask, three questions—First, Why is it ministers and Christians, holding the same doctrine and discipline, are so divided? Are we to say, such is the will of God, and so to sleep on in this sad delusion? or, thirdly, can we think of any means whereby to bring good men—sound men—holy men—to act and work together?

The third thing implied is, we are comparatively asleep. I speak of the churches and people who hold the high doctrines of distinguishing grace, and acquainted with the deep depravity of fallen nature, and the deep mercies of the covenant of grace. You must know, we do pretend to say six or seven very great things. First, we say, we hope we were chosen of God in Christ to eternal life. Secondly, we say, it was for us men, and for our salvation, that Jesus Christ came down and bled on Calvary's cross. Thirdly, we say, the Holy Spirit hath quickened our once dead souls into spiritual life, and given us to feel after, and to find, the kingdom of God. Fourthly, we say, that the gospel has come to us *SPECIALLY* and *POWERFULLY*, making us to know, love, and be decided for truth. Fifthly, we say, we believe the Lord has many, many thousands of his elect yet to get in, and that the gospel is to be the principal means. Sixthly, we stand aloof from City Missions, and all missionary societies, because we think they are not right.

Under all these circumstances, what are we doing? Are we not asleep? Come, now, and look at the two things declared; it is high time to awake out of sleep. This word seems to sound as though there was some one awake, and he is longing to wake up others.

My dear friends, I hope my poor soul has been waking up to a sense of this state of things for some few years past; and, consequently, my preaching has been more like a man hallooing in the night, and trying to awake up others, than it

has been like the deliberate detail of good old John Gill's Commentary; and often when I am preaching I see some cold, creedy, old professor look as much as to say, Why do you make such a noise? and my answer is, because I seem to fear you are nearly all asleep. Something I cannot help doing, as God told Hosea to blow the cornet in Gibeah. I have been hard at it printing and preaching for these many years; and many times I have feared I should sink in the effort.

My notes on the last thing declared are so imperfect, the compositor cannot make them out; and I can only say, they were on the cheering fact, that sad as the times may be;—whether professors and real Christians be awake or asleep, our salvation comes nearer every day. Brethren—think of your privileges, if you can cry aloud unto God, to make bare his arm. The Church of Rome, the Church of England, the Arminian companies, are all hard at work. **WE HAVE THE TRUTH!** God help us to honour it; and to send the sound of it thrilling through the hearts of many thousands yet in sin—so prays your little labourer,  
C. W. BANKS.

Monday morning, Dec. 29. Left Willenhall very early this morning, having promised to speak this afternoon over the grave of another departed son of our esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marriott. He died in the faith and hope of the gospel—that is a mercy. I am now in an express train; it is flying fast. My heart is up to God to hold us up in safety.

When I arrived at Willenhall on Friday evening friend Forster conducted me from the station to the pastor's house, and from thence to the large school rooms, where upwards of two hundred friends were taking tea together. Brethren Cozens, David Ashby, of Higham Ferrars, myself, and others, addressed the meeting, and very happily it appeared to pass away. On Saturday we went to Wolverhampton, and brother Cozens introduced the "Free Grace National Tract Association" to some christian friends there, and met with some success. Yesterday I preached three times in the new Baptist Chapel; and a very noble-looking, substantial, commodious, and excellently arranged place of worship it is. I could not help wishing we had such a place instead of Crosby Row.

An immense field lays open here for usefulness in the gospel. Willenhall itself has twelve-thousand inhabitants; Bilston, Walsall, Wednesbury, Dudley, Wolverhampton, and other large towns stand close around it. Within the compass of very short walks, here are thousands and thousands of immortal souls, and but little gospel truth. I could but wish that a union of godly ministers could be formed here who would, by God's help, go forth amid the masses of the poor miners and manufacturers of these immense districts, and by house-visiting, Bible-reading, tract-distributing, and faithful gospel preaching, labour to do good, and to endeavour to dig out some precious souls from the thousands who are here wretchedly sunk in ignorance and sin. I cannot look at the building of this noble house for God's name, and the planting of so gifted a servant of Christ right in the centre of this densely populated locality without earnestly desiring that many hearts might be stirred up to co-operate with Samuel Cozens in such a truly evangelical

effort. The discouragements would, no doubt, be very numerous; but if the motive of the men engaged were pure, then the unshaken promises of a faithful God ensure success.

Brethren, let not the pride of some sedate gospel essayist, who, because they cannot preach without having their cold citations written out and laid in their Bibles, do all they can to destroy us. Let not their secret poison stop us. Onward, my brethren, and the God of all grace crown your efforts with success. C. W. B.

#### Lines, written on the Beach, Brighton.

JESUS, he is at the helm,  
Guiding of the vessel well;  
My bark will every storm outride,  
And haven at the Saviour's side.  
No surging waves can foam above  
The harbour of redeeming love;  
No waterspouts can e'er arise,  
To take Jehovah by surprise.  
Blow, then, ye winds—rise high, ye waves,  
The watchword is, "the God-Man saves!"  
Thro' many a storm this vessel's pass'd,  
To anchor safe in heaven at last.  
Oh, could I keep that port in view,  
When darkest storms I'm passing thro',  
How calm would ev'ry wave then be,  
Tho' toss'd on life's tempestuous sea.

ELIZABETH.

#### MY JESUS.

Who thought of me, ere time began,  
Or dust was fram'd to form of man,  
Or sun, or stars their courses ran?  
My Jesus.

Who purpos'd my eternal good,  
With Holy Ghost, and Father, God,  
In ancient council Surety stood?  
My Jesus.

Who took delight to love me well,  
To save me from the jaws of hell,  
And lift me high his praise to swell?  
My Jesus.

Who came from heaven to this vile earth,  
Was born of poor, ignoble birth?  
Who liv'd a life of matchless worth?  
My Jesus.

Who bore my sorrow and my sin?  
Who stands my soul and wrath between?  
Whose blood and merit makes me clean?  
My Jesus.

Whose sacrifice doth satisfy?  
Whose righteousness doth justify?  
Whose death the cov'nant ratify?  
My Jesus.

Whose Spirit me doth sanctify?  
Whose word my errors rectify?  
Whose presence, promise verify?  
My Jesus.

Who paid my debt, and took my place—  
Endur'd pain, penalty, and disgrace?  
Was curst unworthy me to bless?  
My Jesus.

Who for me tempted sore and tried?  
Who for me sorrow'd deep, and sigh'd?  
Who bled, and drench'd in blood he died?  
My Jesus.

Who as my great Forerunner rose!  
Victorious, glorious, o'er my foes—  
In time to bring my griefs to close?  
My Jesus.

Who all by his full power creates?  
Who by his blood sin expiates?  
Who intercedes and mediates?  
My Jesus.

Who's white and ruddy, all that's fair,  
Both God and man united there,  
Perfections all without compare?  
My Jesus.

Who's the unvalued Gift divine,  
By covenant made for ever mine,  
Who doth all other gifts outshine?  
My Jesus.

Who is it will not cast off one  
Who comes for help with nothing on,  
However ruin'd and undone?  
My Jesus.

Who is it doth securely keep  
His chosen, yet unworthy sheep;  
Whose eyes no slumber knows, nor sleep?  
My Jesus.

Who looks with infinite delight  
On those he makes most purely white—  
Will have them ever in his sight?  
My Jesus.

Who hath prepar'd, reserv'd on high  
Gold-glittering, guiltless dignity,  
For his elect through all eternity?  
My Jesus.

Who hath redeem'd me from the fall;  
Giv'n me to hear the heav'nly call;  
Induc'd for him to give up all?  
My Jesus.

Have I permit to call thee mine?  
Is it in thy life-book I am thine—  
My name in lasting letters shine?  
My Jesus.

And shall I not revere the name;  
Oh, should I cease to spread the fame;  
Oh, shall I ever dare disclaim?  
My Jesus?

Shall I not through life still hold fast—  
In death, and when all time is past,  
And as eternity doth last—  
My Jesus?

Christ was made manifest to Israel by, or in baptism. So ought all christians.

W. HOUSE.

Banner Street, St. Lukes.

#### A Few Lines to "K. H.,"

On reading her Address in the "Earthen Vessel,"  
December 1851.

AFFLICTED soul, I know your fears,  
For I have felt the same;  
But Christ can wipe away your tears,  
Then THINK upon his name. (a)

As Abraham fell into a sleep,  
And horrid darkness felt, (b)  
So true believers often feel  
Their souls within them melt.

The patriarch stood amaz'd and said,  
"Exceedingly I quake;" (c)  
And though the Egyptian he had slain, (d)  
God did not him forsake.

How oft does sin our minds o'er shade—  
And oft eclipse our sun!  
But Jesus on the cross exclaim'd,  
"The glorious work is done!" (e)

Take courage, now, my Christian friend, (f)  
For when you're call'd to die,  
Your mourning, then, will have an end, (g)  
You'll "live" with God on high. (h)

Chelmsford.

W. D.

(a) Mal. iii. 16. (b) Gen xv. 12. (c) Heb. xii. 21. (d) Exodus ii. 12. (e) John xix. 30. (f) Isa. xli. 6. (g) Isa. li. 11; and lxi. 20. (h) John xiv. 19.

## Record of Recent Events.

### An Ebenezer set up by the Pastor and People at Rehoboth Chapel

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

[We have much pleasure in inserting the following cheerful testimony of the Lord's goodness by our fellow-labourer at the Wells. We have been privileged to witness the good hand of God towards him from nearly the beginning; and no tongue can tell how it rejoices our hearts to see the good work of God prospering in the hands of such men as young pastor Edwards. God Almighty preserve him from every unholy thing, either in principle or practice; and make him an increasing blessing to poor sinners—so prays the unworthy Editor of this little work.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I have long had it on my mind to hail your passing *Vessel*, that it might take on board a memorial of God's goodness to me and the few over which God has placed me; and as I well know that everything which bears upon the prosperity of Emanuel's kingdom is taken on board your esteemed *Vessel* with pleasure, I beg you will stay a moment to receive my little cargo, bearing this inscription "*Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.*" We are very much like the editor of the *Earthen Vessel* and his little bark, inasmuch as we are going through evil report and good report; and what a mercy that we are going through! for if we stayed under evil report, it would be to be feared that God did not deliver us; so, also, if we had nothing else but good report, then we should fear the woe when all spoke well of us. So there is a needs be that the day of adversity and the day of prosperity should be set the one against the other, and that God who numbers our hairs also counts our steps, and will see for the honour of his great name that every step, whether prosperous or adverse, shall promote his own glory. Oh, for faith to believe that all is working our real good. Oh, for patience to wait for the precious fruits of every afflictive dispensation of trying providence, and every sore temptation! Not a smile, not a frown, whether from God, angels, men, or devils, but shall bring a revenue of good with it to the love-elected, preserved, and grace-called family of God. You fully understand me, my brother; and as it regards yourself, I have been thinking that your name *Banks* is, in its

measure, as significant as Mr. Huntington's was. We generally look upon a bank as a sort of elevation; consequently it is exposed to the cutting winds, and in winter often has a most dreary appearance. Still, it has its advantages; for it being elevated, it is in a position to take the first rays of the sun; and when the winter is over and gone, and the time of singing of birds is come, then the banks are clothed with green foliage, and the choicest flowers adorn them, so that they attract the admiration of those that pass by.

So with you, my brother. You have your cutting wintry seasons of reproach and affliction, yet when the Day-spring from on high visits you, and the little nosegays from the different hills of Zion around are placed in your hands to be elevated in the *Earthen Vessel*, depend on it, the beauty of the scenery attracts the attention of Zion's travellers, while a rich fragrance and sweet perfume of the name of Jesus is realised; and though we sometimes see a flower or a berry growing that we think should be left out, still we do not feel disposed to forsake the flowery bank on that account, and if a right feeling pervaded the hearts of your accusers, I much question whether every one would not drop their stones, and leave the field of accusation in the possession of yourself with Jesus in your midst.

But now, brother, a word about Rehoboth Chapel. The year 1852 has dawned upon us, and with it a thousand blessings unfold their respective charms to our once doubting, but now, of necessity, believing view. It is something like four years ago I was encouraged by about half-a-dozen friends to attempt to speak in the name of the Lord in a cottage belonging to brother Carrick. My text was, "*They shall call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.*" So you see there was no fear of my losing a large congregation, there being so small a number; but who dare despise the day of small things, when we are made sensible by whom Jacob is to

arise? Since then much trembling, much soul-travail I have passed through, and a thousand times I had secretly wished I had never put my hand to the gospel plough from a variety of causes; nevertheless, I have, with the people gleaming under my feeble testimony, like the Israelites of old, outgrown much affliction, and the Lord has made us stronger than our enemies. My poor face has often turned pale, but now I begin to see my children, the work of God's own hand, in our midst, and my face looks ruddy while the olive branches begin to adorn the table of the Lord; and surely, poor little hearts, they feed in their ways, and they thrive and look well, which constrains me to believe that the Lord is among us as one that serveth.

But I find I am again digressing from my subject. I had not spoken only a few times in the cottage, before a larger room in brother Henry Carr's house was kindly offered. The room soon became filled, and then a chapel where the independents once worshipped was procured. Our audience now increased greatly; so that many doubted whereunto these things would grow. Soon after this we were expelled the chapel, under circumstances which I cannot now intrude on your time by detailing, but which casts dishonour on that part of the professing church which cried, *Raze it, raze it*, even to the foundation thereof.

Thus were we a scattered people; and *some considered*, and many hoped, that the extinguisher of persecution was put on us for ever; but like the fire on the altar, we have not yet gone out, nor has God suffered any to put us out. From that time I began to speak at Frant, until the Lord opened another place in Tunbridge Wells, which was in a school room that our friends had procured and fitted comfortably up.

But this soon became too strait for us, and we were obliged to pitch a sort of canvass tent outside; for like the ark of old, we had no settled rest. And here I desire to notice the singular providence of God towards us. At the close of the very first Sabbath I spoke in our fresh tent, a poor, simple-hearted woman came to me, saying she had seen a piece of ground that would just suit us for a chapel. I enquired where? when she named the very spot where our chapel now stands. As soon as she named it, I laughed like Sarah of old; and I am

sure it seemed to my carnal reason as unlikely for us to have that piece of ground, as it did to Sarah to have a child; though I have often told my dear Lord that every inch of ground was his, as also the gold and silver, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. However when I laughed, she added, "You can but ask."

Accordingly, one day the lady, in connection with her son, who belonged to the property, came into my shop to purchase some meat; and it came home to me, you can but ask: so I did in an indirect way; for after a word of apology, I said, "Our friends are in search of a piece of ground to build a chapel on; have you a piece in your possession that you think would be likely to suit us?" She immediately replied, "I think the chapel ground would just suit you—but I will ask Mr. S. about it." At that instant Mr. S. was passing my door. She called to him, and said, "Oh, Mr. S—, Mr. Edwards' friends want a piece of ground to build a chapel upon." He instantly replied, without the slightest knowledge of what had passed, "I think the chapel ground would just suit them." Adding, "If you call at my office this evening, I will talk to you upon the subject." And, surely, that was the piece of ground—and the very piece too—that my simple friend suggested to me. We made the purchase, and it has been confirmed by the highest earthly authority. The foundation was soon laid, the building progressed rapidly—the joy of Jerusalem was heard afar off, though some wept for envy, while others shouted for joy. The mansion or palace for God was soon finished, and the order of the house, according to gospel plan, is established. The vessels of the Lord continue to be brought in, and the priests offer up their morning and evening sacrifices of thanksgiving, from a humble, broken heart, and contrite spirit. The oil of joy for mourning, has been administered, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness has been realized; and our Beloved has said to some who have been afraid to look up—"Shew yourselves:" the prison house has been broke up through the sweet visits of the Day Spring from on high, and the lawful captive delivered. We may say to the praise of Him who founded Zion, that it is a house of bread; and now and then a poor trembling Ruth comes to cast in her lot with afflicted Naomi. Forgive

me, dear brother, for my soul seems large, and as David danced with all his might before the ark, when it found a resting-place, so allow me, in my little way, the same honour; and though in the eyes of some of my once caressing brethren, I may appear vile, even very vile, yet by every handmaid of the Lord to whom my testimony is blessed, shall I be held in honour; surely the work has gone on well, except on one occasion, which owing to our digging too near a wall, next to our chapel, which fell down and cost us some few pounds, which is now honourably paid. Some said, it was a sort of omen, that the whole of our cause would also fall; but, brother, if we keep together inside, we do not mind about a few walls falling outside; the breach is made up, and all our fears that it would fall, are for ever gone, so that our position is really stronger than before. Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even he shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord. Our friends have not forgotten the day, (nor myself either,) when you and brother Wells opened our chapel. We do indeed consider the Lord has turned our captivity, for our God in the year 1852, gives us to feel that we are in possession of a property which cost nearly one thousand pounds, of which two hundred is already nearly paid off: here we meet much to the confusion of Samballat and Tobiah, none daring lawfully to make us afraid. Our attendance is better than we expected, and our collections are good, and I will praise the Lord, by saying the people, while they prize the word, cheerfully support the cause, and should the same noble spirit be continued, the year of jubilee must be soon declared. From this time may it be said, what hath God wrought? Not long since, we had a friendly tea meeting, when we called in our collecting cards, and the most part of them had not been wrapped up in a napkin, but brought upwards of nineteen pounds of money into our hive, thus proving themselves to be busy bees, gathering from every opening flower, though sometimes they found the flowers were shut where they expected a little honey, as they considered we had already too much, but the result was, they got a double lot of sweets where they expected none; so God has made it up to us. Naomi was glad when Ruth gleaned prosperously, not so with some I know, for like Pharaoh's lean kine, they would swallow us

up if they could; still, brother, if God be for us, who can be against us? You will be glad to hear that on September 28, 1851, I baptized six persons in the name of our triune God, in Rehoboth chapel; as a sort of first fruit; another application is made, and others are longing to come into the fold. May the Lord in the experience of many, prolong his days, and see of the travail of his soul, with sweet satisfaction, while angels rejoice, saints triumph, and devils tremble. I should have named, that at our tea meeting, brother Jones, of Wadhurst, R. Shindler, brother Mose, brother Mc'Cure, and self, alternately addressed the audience, nearly two hundred sat down to tea, and upwards of six pounds was the overplus, after every expence was paid; satisfaction, and pleasure, and real profit, was the result of the meeting. Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. We concluded, after our Zion was first opened, that so many would come from curiosity, but surely he suffereth not our cattle to decrease, and if some pasture was not found, there would be much difficulty in keeping them quiet; the desire of my soul, that many may find the fat valleys, and the gently flowing waters of redeeming love, that the voice of him who leadeth Joseph like a flock, may be heard, and the cattle found lying down at noon under the tree of life.

Believe me to be, in hope of eternal life,  
Truly, yours,

THOMAS EDWARDS.

*Tunbridge Wells, January 12, 1852.*

#### **New Baptist Chapel, Notting Hill.**

THE new baptist chapel erected in Johnston Street, Notting Hill, for the church and congregation formerly assembling at Stormont House, under the pastoral care of P. W. Williamson, was opened on Christmas day last. The weather was favourable. In the morning Mr. J. Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, preached from John v. 24. He dwelt for some time on the first part of his subject, "He that heareth my word," noticing the importance of hearing the word of God as distinct from the word of man. Limited space prevents me from giving an enlarged view of this discourse; suffice it to say, it was plain, scriptural, and experimental.

In the afternoon Mr. Allen, of Cave Adullam, Stepney, spoke from these words, "Come, Lord Jesus," which words express the desire of all the quickened children of God in the various paths through which they pass.

About sixty-six sat down to tea. In the evening Mr. Banks, of Crosby Row, preached from Hosea xii. 9, "And I that am the Lord thy God from the land of Egypt will yet make thee to dwell in tabernacles as in the solemn feast."

On the last Lord's-day in December our beloved pastor spoke from Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24. Our brother

Foreman, the same afternoon from the words, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness."

The friends took tea in the vestry; after which, Mr. Coles, of Brentford, preached from two words in Mark ix. 8, "JESUS ONLY." He sweetly spoke of the pre-eminence of Jesus in the christian's experience; also the importance of confessing his name according to the direction himself hath given, thus acknowledging him as King in Zion.

On New Year's day, 1852, Mr. Wyard, of Soho Chapel, preached; his text was Acts vii. 4. He spoke of the apostle's preaching, answering several weighty questions. The testimonies of the brethren were well received by the people.

The erection of the chapel cost £907; £110 has been raised by collecting cards, donations, and public collections; a heavy debt remains. The attendance is encouraging, and the people are willing to do all in their power to liquidate the debt; for this purpose a society will shortly be established, and a committee formed to receive small weekly subscriptions of a penny per week, and upwards. Should any of the neighbouring churches be able to assist us by a public collection, we shall feel greatly obliged to them; or should any of our richer brethren feel a desire to present us with a trifle for the house of God, it will be thankfully received, either by the pastor or deacons.

And now may the work of our hands be established; may the God of Jacob be with us; and though the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, may he graciously dwell with us and come unto us and bless us; may the saints be built up in their most holy faith; may the weak be strengthened and receive abundance of grace; may sinners be convinced, tremble, and turn from the error of their ways, then shall the house be filled with those who shall ascribe eternal praises to the Lamb once slain. May our dear pastor receive a double portion of the Spirit of our God, and the church walk blamelessly in much affection and union to each other; so that all may see that they have been with Jesus, and learned of Him who is meek and lowly of heart.

With us may the God of Zion abundantly bless every little hill; may the ministers be clothed with righteousness and the saints shout for joy; may the Redeemer's kingdom extend, and the preaching of the Word be owned of God for this promised end; and may the encouraging words of the Master animate every sent servant however discouraged by the seeming difficulties that surround his path. "Lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Amen, even so, come Lord Jesus.

## The Church and Congregation at Ford Street,

SALFORD, MANCHESTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Allow me a word or two to my numerous friends in town and country in answer to what Mr. Price has written in the last month's "Vessel" about an union between us, and the cause at Oldham Street.

Dear friends—I have no doubt but you will be surprised at the letter by Mr. Price, in last month's "Vessel," as was myself and friends; and we must say that some of his remarks wounded us, as they seemed to intimate that there was still unpleasant strivings carried on between us and the people at Oldham Street, which we were sure was not the case on our part; especially the case presenting one person refusing to hear the messengers of the church, and treating them with utter contempt, without distinguishing to which church of the two there named that person belonged; so that most of your readers would be left in the dark to conjecture who is meant; and we at first thought of making him a reply through the "Vessel." But I know such things are not edifying in that work; so I came to the conclusion that I would write to him privately, and request an explanation, which he has given; in which

he has declared that none of us at Ford Street were intended by the person who, he said, treated the messengers of the church with utter contempt; and his other explanations are such as we shall rest content with, without making any public reply. Instead of which, we shall direct our address to him personally; which we hope will show him that we do not consider ourselves at liberty to enter into any such union as he proposes, until such time as we see a true spirit of repentance and humility on the part of those we are requested to unite with.

We give Mr. Price credit for his intention; but, as he is not immediately connected with either of the places he has named, we think he would have been more likely to have done good, if he had come forward and joined one of them, and thus taught us, by his good example, rather than with his pen; or, if he had spoken or written to either of us privately on the subject, according to his own example set in his letter, he would have been more consistent with himself, only his good intention would not have been known to so many people; nor his zeal for peace and union so widely circulated.

With these few remarks and what we have written to him in private, we shall leave him to reflect; hoping that what he has taught us by his pen, he will soon teach us by example, and then we will bid him God-speed.

Think not, my dear friends at a distance, or you that are near, that there is any strife or contention amongst us at Ford Street. No, no; I assure you that the Lord of hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge, the everlasting arms are underneath us, and the arms of everlasting love are round about us, and peace and prosperity has been, and is still with us, though we are not without our cross, and sometimes head winds, and often groan with thorns in the flesh; but still we are tending upward and onward, steadily following the mystic cloud, and the shout of a King is amongst us.

On the 1st of February we held a social tea-meeting; and, at half-past five, more than 140 sat down to tea; and after tea the speakers entertained the audience with some engaging accounts of the Lord's goodness, and the singers performed their part in first-rate style; and when our good friend, the treasurer, came forward, and stated his reasons for building the chapel, and told us that everything was paid up to this time, and still there was money in hand, and hoped that the friends would still keep their shoulder to the wheel, then there would, he believed, be a balance at the year's end, the people all shouted for joy, and the meeting broke up at about ten o'clock, in high spirits and the best of feeling. So here we raise our Ebenezer, and say, "the Lord hath helped us." Dear friends, rejoice with me, for "the Lord reigneth."

Your's affectionately,

JOHN CORBITT.

On behalf of the church and congregation, Ford Street, Salford, Manchester.

## A Green Bed at Malmesbury.

A THANKSGIVING DAY, to commemorate the close of Mr. Martin's fortieth year as pastor over the Baptist Church in this town, was held on Thursday, November 20, 1851. On that day Mr. J. A. Wallinger, of Bath, and Mr. Beard were chosen to preach. Mr. Wallinger preached a most sweet and powerful discourse in the morning from Acts xx. 24, to a crowded congregation; Mr. Beard in the afternoon, from 1 Chron. xvii. 29. After which 203 persons sat down to tea in the vestries, which was provided at sixpence each. At half-past six, Mr. Wallinger preached from Rev. xii. 10, 11, when chapel, galleries, aisles, and vestries were thronged; scores went away, not being able to get in. Here were people of all ranks and ages, from the squire and the magistrate down to the

poorest subject: ministers and their hearers—masters and their servants—husbands and their wives—parents and their children—all manifesting approbation and respect to this aged servant of Christ, at the close of his fortieth year's faithful labours in the church in this town; and I am happy to say, in the midst of all that contentment and strife going on in the professing churches, here peace and unity live and reign; I do feel persuaded the hearts of minister and people are knit together; and the Lord is still giving testimony to the word of his grace from the mouth of his dear aged servant in quickening, and begetting, and encouraging, strengthening, feeding, and building up the souls of his people in their most holy faith, so that it can be said in truth, in the midst of so much death, "Our bell is green." My prayer is, that the great Head of his church may still hold my aged brother as a star in his right hand; and that his last days may be his brightest and most useful; and when his work is done in the church below, give him a triumphant entrance into his everlasting kingdom, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary soul is for ever at rest. So prays your poor tried brother in the path of tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,

GEORGE HOLLIDAY.

### Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, with a Word for Cheltenham.

We are authorized to make the following announcement. "The baptized church of Christ meeting in Salem chapel, Meard's Court, Dean Street, Soho, London, have chosen Mr. John Bloomfield, of Cheltenham, to be their pastor, he having accepted the call of the church, will commence his stated labours amongst them, (God willing) on the first Lord's-day in February.

"That eminent servant of Jesus Christ, Mr. John Stevens, their former pastor, has been taken to heaven more than four years, he having died on October 6, 1847, during which time, the people have continued 'instant in prayer.' The Lord has heard and answered; has blessed the church with peace, and almost a unanimity in their choice of an under shepherd; and now, O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity.

"Yours, very truly, in Christ Jesus,  
"P. PHILLIPS."

This appears to us to be a very wise course of proceeding on the part of the church at Salem. The safety, the prosperity, and the peace of the cause depended, under God, upon the early settlement of a God-sent pastor. Such a man is now sent unto them; and accepted by them. May the rich dews of heaven descend upon his head, his heart, his hands. If spared, the labours of John Bloomfield, in London, will, no doubt, be rendered very useful. But who is to stand in the breach made at Cheltenham?—Ah, poor Cheltenham! One cannot help reflecting a little upon the movements of some men connected with that place. But the Lord will not forsake his own people, even there; neither will he ever suffer his truth to fall to the ground. No; there is an excellent brother, not one hundred miles from Cheltenham, who, (with holy anointings) is well qualified to feed the church of God; and if we are not false prophets, he will soon be settled there.

### Village Stations near Exeter.

SIMPLE, wholesome communications like the following, are gladdening to our hearts. For what end do we labour, if it be not for the extension of the Gospel of Christ? We live, hoping to be the means of encouraging any effort that may, under God, be useful in enlightening, and awakening, the inhabitants of our hitherto benighted villages. Oh, Lord, bless the labours of thy willing and unpaid servants in thy vineyard!

Reader,—every word of the following, is worth your most careful perusal. It comes from a heart

warm with love, to our exalted Jesus; and as it is from a private letter, the writer must forgive the liberty we take.

"About a mile and half from Starcross, (a station on the South Devon Railway,) and somewhere about nine or ten miles from this city, is the village of Kenton, a little cause connected with the Baptists has been for some few years established there, the people are mostly poor, but lovers of the pure word of truth; at the time that Creditor was taken in hand by brother Kneebone and Ashby, they had been in the habit of occasionally visiting Kenton, and now Creditor and Kenton are both managed by the above-named, and a brother named Glanvill (an old friend and correspondent of the late Mr. Stevens of Meard's Court) assisted in the school by myself; there is a candidate for baptism at Kenton, and *n.v.* this ordinance will be administered on Lord's-day, 8th February next. Perhaps we may trouble you with a few lines, and give you a few particulars of the interesting event; it is no small privilege, my dear sir, to be connected with the Lord's family in these village stations, there is a great deal of love with them, and they appear so thankful for the attention shewn them; I do trust that some of the Lord's hidden ones will speedily be brought forth to acknowledge publicly, that they are not ashamed to own so good and kind a Master; the ordinance of baptism is strangely set at naught, Baptist and Independent churches meeting together to partake of the Lord's supper; that does not much look like walking in the statutes and ordinances of the Lord blameless; it is very much upon my conscience as to the correctness of being in any way identified with a church who can admit unbaptized persons to the table. Creditor and Kenton are free from this mode of acting, I believe. Creditor, I know, is. Wishing you every blessing, and trusting that the Lord will sustain you in your numerous works of love, and give you great encouragement to go forward, proclaiming the truth as a faithful servant of Christ, I am, with much esteem,

Yours, faithfully,  
S. B.

### FIRST PUBLIC MEETING OF

### The Free Grace National Tract Association.

ON Monday evening, January 5, the "Free Grace National Tract Association," was publicly recognised in Mount Zion Chapel, Nelson Place, City Road, and its officers for the current year elected. We think we express the feelings of all present when we say, "It was good for us to be there." And if ever the enemies of the pure gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ have cause to tremble lest their craft should be in danger, and set at naught, it will be at the proceedings of this Association.

The chair was taken by Mr. S. K. Bland, one of the secretaries to the "London Gospel Mission;" and after prayer for the blessing of the Lord on the attempt thus to disseminate truth through the means of gospel tracts by Mr. R. Shindler, of Matfield Green, the Secretary read a brief report of its objects and designs, in which he stated that when we look around us and see the immense increase of arianism, popery, arminianism, and various other soul-destroying delusions, it surely appears high time for those who bear any love to the truth to be up and stirring, and use their best endeavours to apply an antidote to the poison so diligently administered; and that, if the blessing of the Lord should accompany the effort, great would be the reward. He stated that he had received some very cheering statements from various parts of the country respecting the absolute necessity for such an association, and that it was hailed by every one as the harbinger of brighter days for the church of Christ in our native land.

It would occupy too much space to say more about the Secretary's report, excellent as it was, and to the purpose; it must therefore suffice to state that every sentence was listened to with the

greatest attention, and that the soundness of his arguments was felt by all present.

Mr. Shindler, of Matfield Green, in a very neat speech, proposed the first resolution, which was duly seconded by our old friend, Mr. Felton, of Deptford, and if ever man's heart was warm in so holy a cause, his was at that time.

Mr. Searle, of Kingsland, proposed that champion in Israel Mr. W. Allen, of Cave Adullam, Stepney, as Vice-President, and a better selection could not have been made. It is needless to say, that, if the friends present had had a dozen hands they would all have been raised for our venerable friend. In the course of his speech, in proposing one of the resolutions, Mr. Allen reverted to a period of more than thirty years since, when a tract society was established by that eminent servant of God, the late Dr. Hawker; but he regretted to say that it fell to pieces when the good vicar of Charles could no longer support it with his purse; but in the present Association, under the direction of the Secretary, upon whom he passed some very flattering eulogiums, he saw hopes of a glorious success; and, as far as he was concerned, he would help it forward by every means in his power. (A very handsome subscription subsequently testified that he was in earnest.)

Other gentlemen followed, and although the little place was filled to overflowing, scarcely a whisper was to be heard throughout the evening, so intent seemed the friends upon listening to the speakers; and when the propositions were put from the chair, each one seemed to vie with his neighbour in haste to raise the hand.

Great stress was laid by many of the speakers upon the nature of the tracts to be issued; and when, in reply to a question, the Secretary informed the meeting that reprints of sound gospel tracts would occasionally be sent forth, the venerated name of Dr. Hawker was placed prominently forward as one from whom to select.

There seemed to be one heart and one mind pervading the assembly; and when the Chairman gave out that well-known hymn—

“Grace, tis a charming sound,”

The very walls of the building seemed to resound with the echo. Indeed we should say that many sung them who, perhaps, never sung before, as if they were determined that “all the earth should hear.”

The first number of the Society's tracts, entitled, “The Country Lad, and the Christian Curate,” was published on that evening, and although the Secretary had had some hundreds conveyed thither, very few were left him to send back. May they go on and prosper. The object is good, and conducted, as all their proceedings are, with prayer, we feel assured, from what we know of the Committee, that the blessing of the Lord will attend their labour of love. Already have the MSS. of several tracts been received; yet great caution will be needed, and sound judgment exercised by the Editorial Board to separate the chaff from the wheat—a task, we understand from the Secretary, they are well qualified to accomplish. From

A CORRESPONDENT.

### The Why and the Wherefore.

*Opening of a new Chapel, Clapham, called Garner Baptist Chapel, Prescott Place, Cross Street, Manor Street.*

It has been asked, how came it to pass that this new place of worship was opened at Clapham? Was it because the truth is not preached there? We do not say so; we never did say so; on the contrary, we say the truth was, and is, preached at Clapham; and we wish those who preach it God speed. But then the minds of men are differently constructed, and instructed, and differently capacitated; we are not all made to hear

\* For the resolution we must refer our readers to the advertisement—Ed.

with profit and pleasure one minister, nor is one minister made to convert, to feed, to establish, and suit the minds of all God's people. God is a God of order; every minister of God has that to do which God has appointed for him; hence “there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; and there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord—and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all—dividing to every man severally as he will.” The writer will not easily forget, what he heard that highly favoured, and esteemed servant of God, Mr. John Foreman say, at the laying of the corner stone of Mr. Williamson's chapel, Notting Hill, October 13, 1851. He said “some people were very much alarmed if another place of worship was to be built, and opened near where they worshipped; but (said he,) it would not at all disturb my mind, if there were one place opened at the right hand, and another at the left of my chapel; I should rather rejoice; for I am persuaded another man cannot do my work; nor can I do another man's, God has a work for me to do, that work I must do, and not another; and when my work is done, God will remove me, and make room for another.” This place of worship at Clapham, was not opened from a spirit of opposition, or ill-feeling to any person, or party; it is well-known, that many have been panting, and praying for years to see another place of worship opened at Clapham, where the whole council of God might be declared, fearlessly and faithfully; and it has come to pass suddenly at last, to the joy and rejoicing of many.

This is how God often works; man's extremity, is God's opportunity. Believer; “delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart; commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.” Garner chapel was opened for the accommodation of those who had not at that time found a home, or comfortable resting place to worship in this locality. The friends who have been instrumental in opening this place, trust that God will, by his Spirit, gather together such of his people here; and send ministers, who will rightly divide the word of truth; and who shall be instrumental in converting sinners, feeding saints, and causing them individually with rapture to sing,

“Tis here I find a settled rest,

While others go and come,  
No more a stranger or a guest,  
But like a child at home.”

It is intended that no ministers shall supply, but men confessing the whole truth; it is hoped that God will seal their labours with his approbation and blessing, and that his people may be found walking in all the ordinances of God's house blameless.

It has been asked by many, why call it Garner? it seems a new name. Our reply is, while we were fitting up the place, the question arose, What is to be its name? what do you think of “Rehoboth,” (the Lord hath made room?) Well, that seemed a very proper name; but, then, we have so many of that name; What do you think of Jireh? (the Lord will provide, or, be seen;) or Zoar? (a little one.) These good Old Testament names, have often been, and still are admired by us; but they did not now suit the mind; cannot you find a New Testament name for it? You know that John the Baptist said of Christ, “He shall gather the wheat into the “Garner;” (a place where God shall gather in his people,) nothing can be more appropriate; this fastened so close upon the mind, that we could not get rid of it; hence it is called “Garner,” of which we give an Acrostic.

G arner—Jesus, deign to fill,  
A nd thyself in it reveal;  
R ise, and gather in the wheat;  
N ow old satan's schemes defeat;  
E very covenant blessing give,  
R ansom'd souls here cause to live.

Of this cause it has been said, it was begun in the flesh, and would end in the flesh. We are aware it has been so said; but—"if this council, or this work, be of men, it will come to nought; if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." We could say much here, but we proceed to give a true statement, leaving the readers to judge for themselves.

About three months ago, this place was taken for a minister and his people, as a larger, and more central place than the one which they had occupied; but the said minister was not afterwards favourable to the move. For when the time came for their removal, something unpleasant occurred amongst them; separation took place; and the minister said he should remain where he was. One of those who separated, (the only deacon,) had been one of the principals in taking the new place; it had been taken for twelve months certain; fifteen pounds rent must be paid; a document to that effect had been signed; seats had been purchased, and now the minister would not go to it. It was asked, "What is to be done?" In looking at it, and thinking over it, it appeared obvious that God, in his providence, had opened a door that had been so long prayed for; the prayer was now answered; we exclaimed,

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

We now believed, that, as instruments in the hand of God, it was our business to fit up the place for worship as soon as possible. This was done in about three weeks; made comfortable, and lighted with gas, the expense amounting to £24 ls. 8d. Those friends who were engaged in it and accountable for it, trust that God will appear for them, and in due time pay off the debt.

The place was opened for worship, Lord's Day, December 14th, 1851; when three sermons were preached; that in the morning, by Mr. Robert Aldis, who took his text from Isa. xxxiii. 20, "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem, a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken." In the afternoon, Mr. George Wyard preached from Proverbs xv. 30, "The light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart, and a good report maketh the bones fat." Mr. William Ball, preached in the evening from Psa. lxxxvii. 1, 2, "His foundation is in the holy mountains, the Lord loveth the gates of Zion, more than all the dwellings of Jacob."

These three sermons were taken down in shorthand by one of our brethren, and we hope they will some day be printed and published; they were three good gospel sermons, and greatly refreshed and rejoiced the hearts of many. We had a good attendance; and many can testify that they have not had such a day for years; it was a most solemn and overwhelming season; it was as though God came down, and consecrated, and filled the place with unction, power, and glory. Since the place has been opened, whenever we have met, either for prayer, or hearing the word, we have found it "A BETHEL." The ministers who have preached, have felt much of the presence of the Lord in proclaiming his word in our "Garner."

Dear Mr. Editor, if you can spare a corner in your valuable miscellany, we will endeavour (God willing,) occasionally, if not every month, to give you an acrostic of GARNER, that you and your readers may know something of the Lord's dealings with us; and in the mean time pray that he may preserve the "Vessel" increase its circulation, support the Editor, supply the correspondents with good matter, and bless the readers, and to his name be all the glory, honour and praise for ever.

Clapham.

W. ODLING.

## Good Old Joseph Smith, of Halstead,

ESSEX.

[Our readers will remember the interesting interview we had with this dear old saint, recorded in our last November 'Vessel.' We now give the account of his departure from this world. Yes! Good old Joseph is now in glory! Praise the Lord. Amen.]

FRIEND BANKS.—I feel persuaded in my own mind that I need not make any apology in my addressing you on a matter that you have somewhat to do with, that is respecting our aged friend and brother in the Lord, Joseph Smith; he departed this life on December 12. There was nothing very particular in his last moments worthy of remark. Nature seemed exhausted, but his heart was for trusting in his covenant God; and we may, without fear of contradiction, say that

"One gentle sigh his fetters broke;  
We scarce could say, He's gone,  
Before his ransom'd spirit took  
Its station round the throne."

Our pastor, brother Bartholomew, went with the intent to see and to have a little time with him on spiritual subjects, but our old friend was called up to the guest chamber about five minutes before brother Bartholomew arrived at the house.

His mortal remains were interred in the burial ground belonging to Providence Chapel on Sabbath day last; and our pastor preached his funeral sermon from Isaiah xlii. 2, to a crowded congregation. May it be seen and felt after many days, that much good was done on that day by the preaching of the cross of Christ.

Thus, friends, I have given you a short and broken account of the last moments of our old friend. Our minister and some of our friends thought it desirable you should be informed of the death of the dear old saint. I can assure you that your late visit to Halstead will not be forgotten by many of the Lord's quickened and living family. I am happy to say that our pastor is well, and is enabled to sound the gospel trumpet, though he experiences many a blow from friend and foe.

Brother Bartholomew and our dear friends unite with myself in our best wishes to you, praying that you may have every New Covenant blessing you need while passing through this vale of sorrows, enabling you daily to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, in this cloudy and dark day, as you are not only called to preach the everlasting gospel, but are set for the defence of the same.

Dear friend, you will pardon my thus writing to you, while I am writing this, I feel my unbelief and insufficiency, but I do not write to dictate, but I hope in love. May the good will of him that dwelt in the bush, rest upon you and the church of Christ over which the Holy Ghost hath made you an overseer.

Yours affectionately, in the bonds of the everlasting gospel of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, one of the unworthy deacons of the baptized church at Providence chapel, Halstead, Essex.

THOMAS WOOD.

Halstead, Dec. 24, 1851.

## The Christian never Dies.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE DYING TESTIMONY OF  
A DEPARTED BROTHER.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—A constant reader of your "Vessel," that teems with things new and old, relative to the work of divine grace, and rich gospel treasure, is desirous to add a few lines on the death of his Christian brother, for the comfort of the surviving household of faith.

I was called last month to London, to view the mortal remains of my dear brother in the flesh, Ebenezzer Tegg; we had lived together, walked

together, prayed together, and were members of a baptized church together. With such ties of brotherhood, you may judge the blow that befel me, when early in the morning of the 4th of December, I saw him whom I loved, stretched cold and lifeless in his coffin, after an illness of seven months of consumption. My feelings were wounded to the centre, till I remembered that the Christian never dies, and began to bethink me of the glorious state of the believer pointed out in the 15th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians: on thinking over these things, my heart began to say, with dear Cowper,—

“To Jesus the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone.”

Well, my dear Editor, I stayed in the house of mourning, till Sunday, when I went to hear that great advocate for the interest and glory of Christ's kingdom, whom you so honourably name in your “Vessel,” Mr. Shuttee; under his discourse, my thoughts were led heavenward for a time, and I began with Paul, to forget the things that were behind. Well, the day came for his interment, a mournful one indeed, when my dear mother and self with a few other relations and friends followed him to his resting place, till Christ shall call him body and soul glorified, to reign with him and all his saints in his kingdom for ever. We returned home, where one of your members joined our little company to close this scene with prayer.

I now wish to give you an outline of my dear brother's hope. He was meek and gentle in his demeanour, but bold as a lion for the defence of the truths of the gospel; his mind was deep and penetrating, and firm as a rock in those things which he rested upon for eternity; I may say, he seemed almost destitute of fear, death had lost its sting with him, he often said, if the Lord had done with him here, he was quite prepared to go. He prayed much, at one time: shortly before his end, his dear mother perceiving him to be in a state of pain, from breathing, when entering his room, exclaimed,—

“Eternal joys, poor suffering saint,  
Will make amends for all.”

On hearing which, he put out his hand in order to shew that he was in prayer. Truly, the Lord supports his people, in life, in death, for even while the death dews were on his countenance, he seemed unchanged, and died as it were, like a person fatigued from a journey, falling asleep.

Oh, my dear Editor, what do we owe to distinguishing grace, for all our support and comfort, and for a blessed earnest in our souls, of that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

May the Lord bless you, and your work increasingly, is the prayer of your brother in Christ.

W. F.

Liverpool, January 6, 1852.

## ON BAPTISM.

MATT. xxviii. 19.

Ye heralds of the Lord,  
Ye messengers of grace,  
Who teach his sacred word  
To man's apostate race:

Remember this, though some despise,  
Jesus commands you to baptize.

The doctrines of his word  
How precious in our sight!  
His promises of love,  
They shine divinely bright;  
And though opposed by carnal wise,  
'Tis God's command that you baptize.

Beneath the swelling flood,  
In Jordan's flowing stream,  
I see the Lamb of God,  
And John baptising him:  
He bore the cross, the shame despis'd,  
Approv'd the rite, and was baptiz'd.

Buried beneath the wave,  
We see how Jesus lay,  
Entranc'd within the grave,  
Till the bright rising day:  
He for our sakes endur'd the curse,  
And was baptiz'd in blood for us.

Repent, and be baptiz'd,  
This is the gospel day;  
The rite may be despis'd,  
But Jesus leads the way;  
Lord, give thy servants grace to see  
When they baptize, they follow thee.

Come, Holy Ghost, descend,  
Display thy saving power,  
Reveal the sinner's Friend,  
And blessings on us shower.  
Dear Father, cause thy face to shine,  
Baptize our souls with love divine.

BRADLEY.

## DEATH OF PASTOR MOODY.

MANY Christian friends in Somersetshire, in London, and among the sister churches of our land, will be grieved to learn that the late loving and faithful pastor of East Lane, Walworth, is no more.

Beloved brethren in the ministry of the gospel! May this rather sudden stroke—this removal of a humble servant of Christ from a happy sphere of usefulness—be sanctified to the quickening of our souls into more earnestness and diligence in the great work to which we are called. As we were just going to press when the following note was put into our hands by brother Stradley, (an esteemed deacon at East Lane,) we must defer further comment for the present. Who stands next on heaven's death-roll to be called home, the Lord alone can tell. May we each be found ready for the summons. Amen.

“It pleased our heavenly Father on Thursday, January 22, 1852, to remove from this world of sin and sorrow our brother Jeffery Moody, pastor of East Street Baptist Church, Walworth. He was laid aside from his beloved work of preaching the glorious gospel about a fortnight; during which time his sufferings were very acute. The blessed truths he had preached so many years were the support of his soul in ‘the valley of the shadow of death.’ A fuller account of this servant of God may be expected in next month's number of the ‘Earthen Vessel.’”

## DEATH OF MRS. WELLS.

THE kind, christian, and truly useful partner in life of Mr. W. H. Wells, the minister of Hephzibah Chapel, Mile End, entered into rest on Friday afternoon, the 16th of January, 1852. She was for some years a member with Mr. Irons, at the Grove, Camberwell. Her passage homeward was somewhat sudden.

# The Vision of Zechariah the Prophet :

BEING, THE SUBSTANCE OF SOME SERMONS PREACHED BY MR. SAMUEL COZENS, AT  
LITTLE LONDON, NEAR WOLVERHAMPTON.

[We regret being compelled to defer the choicest part of these sermons until next month.—ED.]

“I saw by night, and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle trees that were in the bottom; and behind him were there red horses, speckled, and white.” Zech. i. 8.

By “night,” here we are not to understand that space of time during which it continues to be dark, in contradiction to day, or that portion of time during which it is light.

For your edification I will briefly glance at the various nights contained in the word of God. There is, first the chaotic night, (Gen. i. 2.) in which there was neither light, nor life, nor form, nor motion. O think of this confused, this crude, this indigested mass—this still, this silent, this spacious, this sunless world of disorganised matter wrapped up in awful night: and remember in that night the matter of which we are formed was, and would have been till now, but for the eternal fiat and Spirit, by which and by whom the world was lighted up, set in motion and order.

Man in his corrupt and natural state is compared to this chaos, which was without form, &c. Eph. iv. 18; v. 8; 2 Cor. iv. 6. “God (saith the apostle) who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts.” Observe, when God was commanding light the Spirit was moving upon the deep; and as the Spirit wrought with the word of God in the first creation, so he accompanies the *word of God* in the new creation. Mark what I say, he accompanies the *word of God*. Man may say repent, but there is no repentance; man may say believe, but there is no faith; but when the Almighty commands repentance and faith, the sinner falls down (by the Spirit) into godly sorrow, and stands up in faith, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

In the first creation the light was first amalgamated with the darkness—particles of light and darkness were blended till God divided the light from the darkness. (Gen. i. 3, 4.) And in the first motions of the Spirit by the word, which giveth light, there is such a mixture of light and darkness that it is neither day nor night. not clear day, as when the Sun of Right-

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eousness ariseth, nor night, as when we were without God the Fountain of light. But, beloved, I take another and higher view of this matter. If this *chaotic* night represented fallen humanity, I think the light may prefigure Christ the “Light of Life” in his human nature shining *out* of darkness. Christ was the first *light* of perfection that ever shone out of the indigested mass of human night or chaotic depravity; and as this light was amalgamated with darkness, so Christ was associated with poor dark sinners; and as this light was divided from the darkness, so Christ at his ascension was divided from sinners, never more personally to associate with them *as such*; and now being wrapped up in the glory of his deity, he will ever remain distinct from those whose fellow in nature, sorrow, and suffering he once was. Lastly, observe that as this barren chaos became a teeming mother by the impregnating operation of the Spirit, and a gladsome world by the light of heaven; so the soul is made prolific and glad by the “Spirit of Grace,” and the “Light of Life.”

The second night is that with which we are too familiar to need any explanation, I mean that space of time when the sun is below our horizon; a time when drunkards drink, robbers rob, and rebels riot; a time when the deeds of darkness are hid in darkness. But remember, sinner, God seeth not as man seeth, for darkness and light are both alike to him; his flaming eyes can peer through the blackest night, and thoroughly investigate the hidden deeds of darkness.

The third night is that of intellectual and moral darkness. “The night (of Gentile ignorance, says Paul) is far spent, the day is at hand.” The glorious light of the gospel was dawning upon the heathen world, ignorance was dispelled by the power of truth, as darkness is dissipated by the rays of light; ceremonial observances and idolatrous practices fled from the voice of heaven as darkness flies from the blaze of day. The church of old looked to and longed for this day—“Until the day dawn and the shadows

flee away, turn my beloved, and be thou like a roe," for swiftness to help me, and pleasantness to delight me. And again she says, "Until the day dawn and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hill of frankincense;" or, in other words, till I see thee, my Lord, I will get to the mountains of sacrifices, where I shall see thy shadow, thy bread, thy blood, thy beauty, thy savour, thy sacrifice, thy salvation in countless adumbrations.

The fourth night is a state of affliction and distress. The Hebrews' night of captivity in Babylon was succeeded by a morning of deliverance; but another night of darkness came upon them, a darkness so great that they could not see the Sun of Righteousness when he arose in his majesty and glory. This has been a long night getting on for nearly two thousand years; we hope for them that the night is far spent, and that the day of salvation to the poor blind Israelites is at hand. Isa. xxi. 11, 12. "By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth." Cant. iii. 1. The word *bed* signifies tribulation, Rev. ii. 22. The meaning, therefore, is that she sought him in the dark night of tribulation. "With my soul have I desired thee in the night." Isa. xxvi. 9. In the night of God's judgments, corrections, or chastisements, as in the preceding verse.

The fifth night is that season in which any event comes suddenly and unexpectedly upon us. Luke xii. 21; 1 Thess. v. 2.

The sixth night is the night of death, "the night cometh." Yes, the relentless king of terrors cometh to number us with the already unnumbered billions of lifeless heaps. When this warfare begins, (and begin it must) struggling will be in vain. He snatched from the hand of Alexander the sword which had been imbued in the blood of millions, and, with a stroke, laid him prostrate in death. John ix. 5.

The seventh night is the night of outer darkness; (Matt. viii. 12.) where there is endless perplexity without a glimmering of patience; where there is dreadful misery without a ray of mercy; where there is eternal howlings without a spark of hope. But, believer, the bright world to which we are going is one eternal day, and "there is no night there," no night of spiritual darkness, no night of soul drowsiness, no night of sensible desertion, no night of solemn distress, no night of sinful dilatoriness, no night of sinking

doubts, no night of satanic delusion, no night of sudden disappointments, no night of silent death, no night of suffering destruction, but one eternal noon. There is a vast amount of significance in the fact that the Old Testament begins with night, and the New closes with day.

"I saw by night." This night may denote the state of the church at this time, it being a dark night season with her in Babylon, when she had no candlestick with its seven lamps.

(To be continued.)

### WHO CAN TELL?

A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE LAST DAYS OF THE EDITOR'S WIFE.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER JOHN,— a brother in the flesh, and in the bonds of the Gospel:—

Knowing the very deep affection which you felt toward the poor partner of my life, who left this world of sin and sorrow, on Saturday, February the 7th, 1852, at half-past two in the afternoon, I have felt a desire to lay before you as correct a statement of what occurred during her last illness, as I possibly can; and then, I trust, you will favour me with such a judgment upon the matter as your experience and knowledge of divine things may (under God's good and gracious teaching,) dictate and lead you to.

I would be more thankful than I can express, if the Lord would assure my soul that all is well with her, and that her immortal spirit is before the throne in glory: this matter hanging in some suspense, has occasioned me more deep-felt sorrow, and dark distress, than I can possibly declare. Her poor frail tabernacle now lays in the coffin; her countenance is expressive of the most perfect peace, and composure; but where the soul really is, I cannot tell; although I do carefully hope it is in that brighter world, where every tear is wiped away.

In the first place, you know, and many know, she was no open enemy to the truth; and although, for years, she did not attend the house of God regularly, yet this arose more from illness, and unhappy impediments which she laid in her own way, than it did, from any opposition to the house or worship of God. No one could more willingly serve the Lord's servants than she would, when she had it in her power; but pompous

pretenders, and cringing deceivers, she could not bear.

For some years she had been declining; still, she would rally; and bid fair to make an hearty aged woman after all; and I have not unfrequently believed that I should leave her behind me; and I have hoped and prayed to see her truly delivered, and made manifest as an heir of glory. This has not been so clear as I have desired.

It was on Wednesday, the day before Christmas, that I and brother Postlethwaite almost carried her up stairs in great affliction; she said, "I shall never go down these stairs again;" nor she never will. From that time, up to last Saturday, she has been a sufferer indeed: it seemed as though the whole interior of the bowels gradually gave way; so that medical skill was baffled, and every kind of nourishment failed to find any resting place. In the early part of this last affliction, she was, at times, deeply sensible that the time of her departure was at hand; and she spoke of it, and of her need of mercy in such a way, at times, as made me really believe that the Lord was indeed calling up the powers of her soul into an earnest seeking for mercy. Many times, when I have silently stolen into her room, I have seen her hands clasped, and her eyes lifted upwards, as though engaged in fervent prayer; and indeed, I do hope it was nothing short of the work of God's grace in her poor soul; but positively I dare not speak.

I am sorry to confess, that although I often desired freely to speak to her of the solemn things of God, and of eternity, yet I never could do so as I could have wished. But one Friday evening, before going to Mile End to preach, I felt some concern for her soul; and I had a desire to go and preach to her before I went to preach to others; and, in an instant, somehow or other, these words came to me, "*Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.*" These words were not given me to preach from that evening, for I did not preach from them, but I felt they were given me for her; so I went immediately to her bed-side, and said, "Mary, I am going out to preach; but I am come to preach to you first;" and then I told her of the text of Scripture named above. She did not say much, but she

seemed to think and to feel the more. You know she was no talker; she always shrunk away from anything like converse about religion, and would frequently and freely confess she knew nothing, and deserved nothing but to be cast away.

At another time when I silently stole up to her bed-side, I heard her say, "*Did he not say he would?*" I said, "What did he say?" She said, "Did he not say *he would forgive us if we prayed unto him?*" This was said with so much simplicity yet earnestness, that it quite melted my soul—I burst out, and said, "Yes! my dear, *he has said so.*" "Well, (she said,) I have prayed unto him as well as I could."

There was one singular feature in the first part of her illness, that none of us could understand. One afternoon, my little Charles came running into my room, and he said, "Father, *mother is singing!*" I said, "What is she singing?" He said, "She has been singing,

"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."

I went up to listen, but she had ceased. This was a remarkable thing to me, because none of us had ever heard her sing, or repeat any poetry at all. This was, however, frequently the case with her. My sons, and the nurse, and others, frequently heard her sing, "*Begone unbelief;*" and, "*When I can read my title clear,*" &c., all through. It is true, she might have been light-headed, but then it never moved her to anything but that of singing the hymns I have named above; and I have hoped that there was an inner mind, that was frequently entirely occupied about those things which lay between a holy God, and seeking souls.

One day the nurse came to me, and said, "Mrs. Banks wants the Selection." I took her up Rippon's: and I said, "What do you want to find in it?" She said, "Lay it down—I shall see if I can find it." So I left it with her; and once when I went up, I found the book laying open before her, turned down at

"Rock of ages, shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee," &c.

And I think she had been pondering over the verses of that solemn, and, to her case, suitable hymn.

There was much patience, resignation, and gratitude for every thing done for her manifested all through her sickness.

I could not bring my mind fully to believe she would die at this time; I had so often seen her down at death's door, and then up again; and I had so secretly thought that she would be raised as from the dead, and be found a living woman, that her death to me seemed a long way off: however it was very nigh.

On the Monday before she died she went off all day into an apparently sound sleep, and, with little exception this continued until after Tuesday. After coming out of one of these apparent sleeps she requested to see her eldest son George; and when he came, she told him she had been thinking over some things which she wished him to attend to. "*After I am gone,*" she said, "you will find (so and so, I name not the particulars) in such a place." This proves to me that in these, to us, apparent sleeps, her mind had been occupied about death and her departure; and the certainty of it was deeply fastened there; and she came to herself just to express all she wished, and then to lay down to die.

After coming out of one of these heavy slumbers, I sat by her side; she looked very hard at me, and said, "*I am going very fast.*" I said, "Mary, have you any hope?" She said, "Very little." I said, "Have you been able to seek for mercy?" She said, "I have, a little." I said, "Have you any fears of death?" She said, "No; I have no fears." I could say no more.

My dear son George was sitting by her side, one evening; he said, "*Mother, are you happy?*" She said, "*A little, sometimes.*" And, she then added, "*I have been praying to the Lord all this day; and I feel he must answer me.*"

Oh, surely, my dear brother, all these things could not come from the flesh! No; my soul doth hope that a mighty work of grace was wrought in a sovereign, in a secret manner, the effects of which did but so slightly appear, that I tremble to decide upon the matter; but "**WHO CAN TELL?**"

Three things further, I may refer to, and then I close my melancholy task.

In the first place, I would say that many of the Lord's dear children have, from time to time, had great access to the throne of grace on her behalf; thousands of fervent prayers, (I think I may say,) have gone to heaven for her; and some have felt strong confidence as regards the result. This, to me, is no small

matter; especially as I know they felt an attachment to her that nothing could break down.

Secondly—she would, in the course of her illness, say to me, "*Pray the Lord to take me safely home.*" Three times running, to one friend, she said, "*Pray to the Lord for me.*" I know that much self-aborrence was felt by her at times; and I must hope that many hours were spent by her in secret, earnest cries to God for mercy; wherefore I do hope her immortal soul is in peace.

Lastly—when I saw her in the agonies of death, (although in great distress myself,) I went into a room apart, and there I laboured in prayer for her. Out of my very soul did I cry unto the Lord Jesus to meet her in the swellings of Jordan. I thought of the thief on the cross; and it encouraged me to wrestle the more. When I returned to her room, and saw death fast doing his work, I broke forth in a flood of sorrow; for something seemed to say to me, "If she die, and is lost, all her sins are laid at your door." Oh, the dark sorrows of my soul for her and myself too! I knew not what to do; but, in the midst of this grief, this word came into my spirit; and I spoke it forth with my lips—"HOPE THOU IN GOD—for I shall yet praise him." This word did truly afford me a little rest; and it came again and again.

Oh, death! how dreadful thou art! Here lay a poor sinner gasping for breath, her eyes were closed, her tongue was silent, her whole frame seemed lifeless, except a hard breathing, which became gradually weaker until the last was drawn. But what a hard ten hours work was that! Nature labouring under the heavy pressure of the cold but powerful grasp of the last enemy! The end, however, was a gentle sigh. I do not wish to make anything of this more than it really was, but two nights before her death I sat watching her (not positively thinking that her end was so near) and, for a length of time that night, these words would keep speaking into my heart—

"One gentle sigh her fetter breaks,  
We scarce can say she's gone,  
Before her ransom'd spirit takes  
Its mansion near the throne."

Yes, my brother, these lines would not leave me, even up to the end of her mortal career they were talking to my soul; and as far as the "*gentle sigh,*" was concerned it was quite correct. Oh,

might I be satisfied from God's own mouth that her *ransomed* soul was now in possession of an holy and happy mansion near that place where JESUS is! But *who can tell?*

May I trespass one moment longer? One night my little Charley was beside his mother's bed—(ever anxious to know how she was)—when he took up Rippon's Selection, and read the first verse, as follows :

" Lord, at thy feet we sinners lie,  
And knock at mercy's door ;  
With heavy heart, and downcast eye,  
Thy favour we implore."

His mother immediately said, " Turn that down, dear ;" and I have no doubt but that she read some of the verses of that hymn as the very inward breathings of her poor soul ; at least, I do dare to hope so. And how suitable they were to her case, and to mine too, the Lord well knoweth. Perhaps the insertion of the verses here may be profitable to you ; the people sung them at the funeral :

" On us the vast extent display,  
Of thy forgiving love ;  
Take all our heinous guilt away,  
This heavy load remove.  
" We sink with all this weight oppress'd,  
Sink down to death and hell ;  
Oh ! give our troubl'd spirits rest,  
Our numerous fears dispel.  
" 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore ;  
O, may thy bowels move !  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.  
" O, for thy own, for Jesu's sake,  
Our many sins forgive ;  
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,  
And, breaking, soon relieve.  
" Thus melt us down—thus make us bend,  
And thy dominion own ;  
Nor let a rival more pretend  
To repossess thy throne."

As I was sitting watching her expiring breath, I opened the Bible upon these words—" I know, O LORD, that *thy judgments are right* ; and that in faithfulness thou hast afflicted me ;" and I am sure I could then most feelingly adopt the words as the very language of my poor heart. But, after she was gone, a series of sorrowful reflections set in upon me ; and, although I cannot charge myself, at any time, with being an unkind husband, still I could now think of things which I had not done for her, and of some pain and grief which (years back) I had caused her, which cut me to the heart. Oh, the blackness of my poor soul. I sank low indeed. But while under the pressure of

this grief, these words came distinctly to my heart—" *I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins ; and I will remember them no more for ever.*" They staid up my mind. I would not dare, at this moment—(for I have now a thousand fears)—to say that the Holy Ghost applied them to my mind ; but I did hope that thus the Lord had entirely and eternally put away all my transgressions, and pardoned all my sin.

I will only add, that on the following Friday afternoon, we followed her poor remains to the grave ; and, you my dear brother, will be perhaps pleased to learn that our beloved father's grave was re-opened, and on the top of his coffin, the coffin of my dear departed Mary was laid. We had a very solemn service indeed. Our brother Allen, of Stepney, read, prayed, and addressed the people from " Blessed are the dead," &c., and brother Allnutt, of Ripley, gave out three hymns. A vast concourse of people were gathered together ; and I hope a blessing attended the word.

Thus, my brother, I have given you a faithful outline of one of the most melancholy scenes I ever passed through. I feel now a poor desolate creature. My searchings of heart have been deep ; my fears have been dreadful ; my cries to the Lord have, I know, been fervent. O, pray for your poor afflicted but supported brother,  
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

[My brother's reply to this next month.]

" In the midst of Life we are in Death."

How very solemnly was this sentiment verified in the sudden departure of the late Mr. Bower. For many years this good man was a leading deacon and treasurer in Mr. Williams's church, Grafton Street ; for the last fourteen years brother Bower and his faithful spouse were in church-communion with Mr. John Foreman, at Mount Zion. On Monday evening, February 9, 1852, brother Bower retired to rest as usual at an early hour, apparently in good health and spirits ; but in the morning he was found almost speechless and powerless. Either a paralytic stroke or fit, had come, unexpectedly, to fetch home his ransomed soul to glory ; and in six hours the work was done—the battle was fought—the last gentle breath was drawn ; and without being able to give one parting word, he fled to the realms of undying peace beyond doubt. Reader ! art thou ready for such an hasty summons ? Hath sovereign grace led thee, as a poor, needy sinner, to look to—to lean upon—JESUS ONLY ? Then, it is well. But, sudden death to an unconverted, to an unsanctified sinner, must be more awful than any mortal tongue can tell.

## Mr. S. Sidders's Reply to Mr. Arthur Triggs on the Plymouth Churches.

"Weigh me in the balances of the sanctuary."

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel":

MY DEAR BROTHER in the gospel of the grace of God, and to all to whom this epistle shall come.—With all meekness, humility, godly fear and singleness of heart, I desire, in the fear of the Lord,—which is the beginning of wisdom—whose I am, and whom I serve, to give Mr. Triggs a straightforward answer to his letter in last month's VESSEL, condemning me of writing "hearsay and untrue statements," respecting the churches here. I desire also to state at the same time a little of the hope, faith, assurance, blessedness and longsuffering of the Lord Jesus vouchsafed to me in and through that covenant of mercy "ordered in all things and sure." And I trust, Mr. Editor, that sixteen years' deep knowledge of myself as a sinner, Christ as a Saviour, and some considerable acquaintance with the churches, will be sufficient to put aside some cutting remarks levelled at me in your opening address of the February VESSEL, condemning me, as I presume with writing "hastily, speculatively, and reproachfully of good men." I beg, therefore, in order to first clear the way to deny having done so, or used at any time any "specious ingredient" to hurt the mind of any good and faithful servant of the Lord, as I trust will be manifest in this answer to Mr. T. For I imagine you cannot be so harsh as to suffer me to lay like a criminal under sentence of condemnation without the power of appeal.

Controversy on the things of God, if conducted in a christian spirit, is conducive of much good, and tends to edification, rather than discord; but it is often the case, before a matter is properly cleared up, editors of magazines (probably through fear from some influential or ministerial quarter,) put an end to the matter, and in most cases the innocent party suffers, and the weakest go to the wall. Ministers as well as hearers are only men, and liable to many faults and failings. I think, therefore, the hearer ought to be as patiently and impartially heard as the minister. I refer here to the long heterogeneous life of J. PALMER, (which has for many months wearied the patience of the readers of the "Vessel,") and my review of the same, which is withheld from the churches, as also my reply to E. Godden, in regard to the Vicar of Charles', ought, in justice to me, to have appeared last month. Before dealing with Mr. Triggs, allow me to make a few additional remarks to E. Godden, believing as I do, that three Scriptures will be sufficient to verify to any deeply taught, tried, and tempted child of God the truth and solemnity of my statements, on hearing a few of the Vicar's twenty minutes unsavoury written sermons: First, our Lord saith, in Matt. vii. 16, "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Second, "Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof, from such turn away," 2 Tim. iii. 5. Third, "He that biddeth him God-speed, is partaker of his evil deeds." 2 John 11.

If Puseyism consists in the belief and practice of what is termed "Baptismal Regeneration," &c., Mr. Greaves cannot give his assent nor his amen to the contents of the "Common Prayer," without being as described by me. Hence the quotation from the "Common Prayer," in reply to E. G. And for a minister to give his assent to a book—a book indeed full of imperfections, misrepresentations, and wrong constructions upon the Word of God and the work of the Spirit, I say, a greater sin can no man commit, than to wrongly construe the great and glorious work of God the Holy Ghost in the regeneration and sanctification of his people; but it is enough now to say that the glory, the joy, the prosperity, and that unctuous outpouring of the Spirit that once reigned and lived within the walls of Charles, is departed, and that the opposite, namely, empty pews and barrenness has taken its

place. Of this fact I am both an eye and ear witness, as well as having the faithful testimony of others in the truth. And I was not aware, until informed by Mr. T., that it took years to ascertain the state of the churches. But I refer him especially to Luke x. 10—12; and to Acts xiii. 13—52. And also Paul's knowledge and prayers for the Romans seemed not the work of an apprenticeship, but rather a quick and keen in sight of their spirituality. For he says, "I long to see you," &c. (Read the first chapter.) And this been the report of Mr. G., my first aim in reaching here, would have been to visit the church with the like feelings that Paul visited Rome; for his desire runs thus—"That I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me."

To assent and believe as far as Balaam did in one thing, but to be rooted, grounded, settled and made useful to the Church of Christ, as was Dr. Hawker, is quite another. I might run through the Bible, and cite many instances of this kind, where the candlesticks of God's name and fame have been removed by the death of his servants, and no others could be found, save "Jesus only," to replace the loss. But one of recent date must suffice, which is within the recollection of many.

I refer to what is called "The Golden Lecture," near the Bank of England,—the late Watts Wilkinson's church. And I do, while writing, rejoice with weeping, when I call to remembrance the dear old man, and the seasons of refreshing enjoyed under his savory, homely remarks upon the sonship, manhood, priestly offices, glorious work, and certain triumph of the church of God. He required no written heads and tales, nor scribbling of any kind; no, the matter was in him, as a well of water, springing up and overflowing, because Christ was in him, and the people instead of reclining to sleep, heard as for eternity, anxious at all times, to catch every sentence the dear man uttered. And I believe, I heard the first sermon by his successor, and what was it but a departure from sound doctrine, or aping to adhere in stiff conformity to those doctrines which preceded him, without life, power, spirit or unction. But at his own church St. Bride's, (now St. Pancras,) preaching free-will, &c. What will men not do for "A Golden Lecture?"

I say, therefore, with John Foreman, in a sermon lately published on the death of John Waterman, that he could tell in the first sermon if the man was sent of God or not. And in looking back, I can say the same; for when I first heard Mr. Nunn of Manchester, the Lord sealed home to my soul, that he was sent of God, and that I was interested with him in the same fellowship from the text,— "Hath the rain a Father, and who hath begotten the drops of dew?" (Job.) The same I can say of Wells, Irons, Shutte, and others,—but the same I cannot say of the "Vicar of Charles." In a word, then, I affirm before God, the elect angels, and the church at large, that if a man is not sent of God, ordained, by God, and divinely taught of the Spirit, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the scattered flock of the Lord; he is no better than a castaway, and all the hypocritical twistings of the serpent, and with the poison of asps is under his tongue, and thus living and dying, comes under the solemn language of one who could not err; "For ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within, full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness, hypocrisy and iniquity."

In writing, I had no desire to condemn Mr. G. God only knows, if he is a vessel of mercy, I do not, Christ says, and that is my standard, "Ye shall know them by their fruits," which means, ministerial fruits. And until I see that fruit asked for in my letter to E. G. I must from all I behold, adhere to what I stated in the December "Vessel."

In looking through the prophets, and the New Testament, it is, without doubt set forth, that in the latter days, the faithful ministers of the gospel, will not only be very, very few, but there will be a falling off in spirituality, and the abomination spoken of by Daniel the prophet must be accomplished, and such men as Hymeneus, Philetus, Jannes and Jambres will ho made manifest to the elect of God. See Matt. xiii. 14; 2 Tim. 2nd and 3rd chapters.

But Mr. T.'s charity for all sorts and conditions of men, seems to abound beyond the warranty of the Bible; and may I ask him who the two "good men" are that have so lately visited "Charles." I like the Apostle's method of saluting the brethren by name. And I do not believe the Church of England abounds with such a redundancy of "good men," valiant for the truth. But we have a few, such as Mr. Silver, West Wrattling, Cambridgeshire, whose selection of hymns is the choicest I have ever seen, being the best from all the poets; also Mr. Doudney, in Ireland, and both I have heard, also Mr. West in Sussex, and Mr. Shutte in London, all of whom are shining lights, but not under a bushel.

Having thus somewhat cleared the way respecting the Vicar, I observe that Mr. T. has admitted the fact, contained in my letter, that Mr. John Hawker did turn his back upon the Church of England; inasmuch as Mr. T. states "he refused the consecration of Eldad by the Bishop." And as to his reading the formal prayers of the Church of England, is no more than a recital of that empty form adhered to in Rowland Hill's chapel. And I doubt also the verity of the expressions, "neither did he like Dissenters nor their conventicles;" also "away with your experience," &c. If he did not like Dissenters, Dissenters liked him, and was, I imagine, his chief supporters; for I have heard Mr. Mote, in the Borough Road, speak in the highest terms of him, and many Dissenters here bear the like testimony. And as to "away with your experience, it's like children's rattles," is tantamount to saying, away with life, away with godliness, away with the Spirit; and like the ungodly said of Christ, prior to his suffering, "away with him, away with him." And if experience means "vital godliness," is not this a misrepresentation put upon the words of John Hawker?

And as regards Mount Street Chapel, it is as bad, and worse than set forth by me, as my wife's relatives have for a long period, and are still some of its chief supporters; so that it is not possible for me to be mistaken upon the subject. And, again, they have long refused to sing Mr. Parrot's and Kent's hymns, being too high for their refined tastes; and also reject the foreknowledge, predestination, calling, justification and glorification of the church of God, as set forth in the 8th of Romans. And with respect to Stoke church, my father-in-law's brother is clerk and sexton, and the picture I have drawn is not half so black as might be painted. And my calling is such that "Eldad Chapel" is close to me every day; so with little trouble, I ascertained its former prosperity as well as its present adversity in spiritual things.

The position of the churches was laid heavily upon my mind some weeks prior to sending my communication to the "Vessel;" and without hypocrisy, I bear a living testimony before God, angels, the world and the devil, that what I have written, I have written, and that not in haste, but in fear and good conscience toward God and man; and the thought of consociating "three sprinklers," and "use them for an embrasure to shoot arrows at you," was far, yea very far from either my thoughts or desires. And although very closely connected with P. Synons, I have not "taken lessons," from him; for until he saw my piece in the "Vessel," he knew not a syllable of what I had written, we are therefore, unjustly and wrongfully accused.

I come, now to notice the two most important

points in Mr. T.'s letter. First, he says, "My friend doth not say when he became a so-called Baptist." Second, I hope to treat upon the ordinance itself, in a way that the adversary shall neither gainsay nor resist. And then, lastly, I will clear up all the different questions Mr. T. demands at my hands.

First, then, I believe it was through the powerful and scriptural manner Mr. James Wells dwelt upon it, that first aroused my mind to it, as an ordinance both scriptural, and binding upon the church of the true God, which was, I believe, in the year 1836; for if I recollect right, it was in May, 1838, that I was with thirty-eight others, baptised by Mr. Wells. And after much consideration upon the ordinance, and while on London Bridge, the following scripture put the matter at rest, and from that hour I was a Baptist, have always continued one, and by the grace of God, hope still to continue. The Scripture runs thus, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptised, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?" Acts x. 47. Second, seeing then that Mr. T. requires much of me to prove the verity of "water baptism," and as to persons being scripturally baptised "in water," I desire of him faithfully and fully to give me and the church, his full, free and unbiased meaning of the Holy Ghost on the following scriptures. "And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptised him." "And when they came up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip."

Now if sprinkling was here implied, what need was there for both to "go down" and "come up out" of the water? And it could not mean the baptism of the Holy Ghost; for it was after they "came up" out of the water, that "the spirit of the Lord caught away Philip." Again, from the 16th verse of the same chapter, (Acts viii.) baptism by immersion is plainly set forth—"For as yet the Holy Ghost was fallen upon none of them." Again, the Scripture, I first saw, is more to the point than any other, and proves to a demonstration the mind of God upon the subject. It asks a solemn question, and is worthy of a sober answer—"Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptised?" And as the people whom Peter was addressing were silent, he finishes his question by saying, "which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we." And in 16th verse of the 8th chapter of Acts, baptism appears to have preceded the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Again, in Acts ii., the ordinance of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost is so plainly set forth that a person must be either blind or too stubborn to listen to its commands and importance, not to see it. And I think if Mr. T. will patiently read from the 38th to the last verse of the 2nd chapter of Acts, he will quite understand what I mean by "the commands of the former." First, Peter having the mind of the Spirit, introduces repentance, then baptism, then breaking of bread and prayers, and the result and smile of his heavenly Father was just this, "Praising God and having favour with all the people, and the Lord added unto the church such as should be saved."

And I further state that none but God's people, who are believing baptists, have any right to the table of the Lord, and that all other persons partake of it unworthily, not discerning the Lord's body and death. For if they properly understood his death, they would be assured that Christ was not sprinkled "with" or "in" the wrath of God due to sin, but that all God's waves, wrath, and billows due to the church was split upon the glorious head of "Immanuel God with us," who was not ashamed to "fulfil all righteousness" and be baptised of John in Jordan; and has left us a command and example that we, his members, should follow in his steps as well as the footsteps of the flock. Hence, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

If Christ had not obeyed the ordinance, Mr. T. might have had wherewith to boast for the path

he has taken, neither to baptise nor sprinkle. Now it is evident from the 4th chapter of John, that although Christ did not baptise, he did command his disciples to do so, and was present with them. And had it not been his command nor desire, I ask Mr. T. whether he would have been baptised of John, and also have sanctioned and smiled upon his apostles for so doing? "The baptism of John, whence was it brother T.? And also please to inform me why John baptised at Salem because there was *MUCH* water there? Was this the baptism of the Holy Ghost, or was it because *MUCH* water was required for sprinkling? Did not John receive his baptism from heaven? (See John iii. 25-30.) If so it descended from Jehovah to John, then to Christ, to "fulfil all righteousness," then to the apostles, and then to the church in after ages. Hence have we not a *COMMAND* for obeying it? And although the apostles all say it was *WITH* water, yet it was *IN* water. And I most particularly call the attention of the church to Mr. James Wells's explicit exposition of this *word* *IN* and *WITH*, from his extended knowledge of the original, which may be found in the May "Vessel," 1851, page 127, addressed to the congregation at the baptising. And although Paul did not baptise generally, yet he did baptise and sanction it. (See 1 Cor. i. 13-17.) Indeed baptism may be traced back to Jacob; for he and his family washed themselves before they approached to God at Bethel, Gen. xxxv. 2; the Hebrews washed themselves before they entered into covenant with God at Sinai, Exodus xix. 14; Aaron and his sons washed themselves before their consecration to the priesthood, Exodus xxix. 4; and Christ, after his resurrection, empowered the apostles to teach and disciple all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," Matt. xxviii. 19. Finally, then, I ask, Mr. T. have not the "water-baptists" (as he calls them) a divine command for obeying the ordinance?

2, Flora Street, Plymouth. S. SIDDERS.  
February 4, 1852.

[The conclusion of Mr. S. Sidders's reply to Mr. A. Triggs will be given in our next.]

## A Fountain of Living Waters.

"My people have committed two evils, &c."

I. The Lord's gracious acknowledgment of his people.

1. The ground of it. It is the love he bears towards them in Christ. 2. The manner of it. The gracious dispensations towards them, delivering them in evil, and from it; preserving them in spite of their sins, and their adversaries. 3. The consequences of it. The goodness and mercy revealed to them in Christ; his redemption, his spirit dwelling in them, and the constant discipline of their souls into his ways by afflictions and rebukes.

II. What Jehovah declares himself to be to his people. A fountain of living waters. Let us notice the figure, "*living waters*," used in Scripture to denote especially the *spirit of grace*, as in Ezekiel, John, Revelation. This (*grace*) as contrasted with the "*works of the flesh*," "*dead works*," "*works of darkness*," "*the works of the devil*," and "*evil workings of corrupt minds*," has God for its source. Hence, he is the "*fountain of living waters*." "*Thou Lord, hast wrought all our works in us*." This Spirit of *grace* is the revelation of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. In God is the source of this *grace*; its prime origin, and its first development was

in the covenant of *grace*; its flowing forth was evident in the incarnation of the Son of God. Its continual flow is seen in all his works; and now that the Spirit is given, a knowledge of Jesus by that Spirit is evidence of our interest in the blessings,—all the blessings of the Fountain of life, as it is written, "With thee is the Fountain of life, in thy light we see light." It is a never failing source; the ever living God. It is an overflowing fulness. In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Out of his fulness have we received *grace* for *grace*. It pleased the Father that in him all fulness should dwell, sufficient for time and eternity, for earth and heaven, all in Christ, and flowing forth sovereignly, freely, by his Holy Spirit's power into our hearts. Here is a fulness indeed. What are all the provisions of the flesh compared to this grand provision of God's *grace*? Here is pardon for the guilty, health for the diseased, joy for the sorrowful, peace for the troubled, deliverance for the captive daughter of Zion; and a heaven of rest for weary souls, and all to the praise and glory of his *grace*; not merely given to the guilty, but freely given to the pardoned and justified ones, whose sins are for ever cancelled by the atoning blood of their kinsman and friend, Jesus the equal Son of God. Hence, God is just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. For the vilest, here is sufficient, for the most unworthy,

"Compassions in his heart are found,  
Hard by the signals of his wound."

Sufficient *grace* to pardon, to cleanse, to subdue, control, and destroy the sin of the life, and heart.

It is as a fountain in the desert, a well in a wilderness; so great was our necessity, so suitable his provision. The sinner sees not the well, like Hagar, but infinite mercy opens the eyes, unstops the ears, and, then the cry is, "*Give me this water*, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." Poor woman, she knew not that the well was so nigh! How freely it flows,—without money, and without price. All the exhibitions of *grace* are manifestations of true love. Was true love ever bought? No; it is no mercenary thing; *there is nothing to pay*; precious Jesus, it was not so free to thee; thou gavest thy back to the smiters, and obtained eternal redemption for us. At what price? None of us can tell? Only Deity itself can know what it cost. But whatever it was, it was given freely, an acceptable suffering. O unexempled love! O shameful ingratitude of our hearts.

"Great God, what poor returns we pay,  
For love so infinite as thine."

But, III. The Lord's complaint—twofold.

1. My people hath forsaken me: idolatry. 2. They have chosen useless and vain delights. It is too true, my soul pleads guilty to the dreadful charge, and would lay at his feet, with "Lord save, or I perish."

"Shew mercy, Lord, O Lord forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?"

Blackmore.

WILLIAM.

## JESUS CHRIST THE "ALPHA AND OMEGA."

"Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature. For by him were all things created, that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him and for him. And he is before all things, and by him all things consist." Col. 1. 15—17.

"HAVING, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come; that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles." Hence, "unto me who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to make all see what is the fellowship of the mystery which, from the beginning of the world, hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ." What this mystery itself was we have clearly defined in the 27th verse, which is, "Christ in you the Hope of glory." Wherefore, when he is here called, "the image of the invisible God," it does not mean he is the likeness of God, (for Jehovah cannot be represented by any similitude,) but it simply signifies that life or form with which the Son clothed himself from everlasting. Psalm xciii. 1.

How great, then, the mystery of godliness! "Who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant." When? Even before the foundation of the world, at the sitting of the sacred Trinity; for the counsel of peace was between God the Father and God the Son, whereof God the Holy Ghost is a witness unto us. Then this *form of a servant*, so set up from everlasting, was not an human soul, or fleshly body, either, (as the Pre-existerians do vainly affirm) but a *spiritual figure*, or *image*, with which the eternal Son clothed himself; and *in which* the whole church of the firstborn were chosen "before the morning stars sang for joy." Isa. xlii. Angels have forms, and are confined to space, yet they have no souls, or bodies either. So likewise was it with the *Angel of God's covenant* at the original goings forth of the high and holy Cove-

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nant. This, then, is the "*Image of the invisible God*," in which man was created from the dust of the ground. And once again, "this is a great *mystery*, but I speak concerning Christ and his church." 1 John i. 1—4.

Some infidels, however, there are to be found who unblushingly discard these sacred truths altogether. "Away with your *mysteries*, (say they) for unless we can understand, or enter into their full meaning, we will not believe." Why, beloved in the Lord, herein lieth the *secret beauties* of our "most holy faith," viz., they are *hidden* from the wise and prudent, but *revealed* unto babes. What a profound mystery there is, then, in these words, *invisible God*! "For who by searching can find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know?" Moreover, how *indescribable* the way and manner each self-existent and underived Person of the glorious Godhead dwelleth together in unspeakable glory, blessedness, and happiness! Nevertheless, it is a *revealed* truth, 1 John v. 7. While *how*, or in *what way they do so exist* or subsist, is a *secret* known to God alone. Deut. xxix. 29. In a word, Jesus *asks* many (by whom he was then surrounded) on this sublime topic, "Why do ye not understand my speech?" and then tells them, "Because ye cannot hear my word. He that is of God heareth God's word, ye, therefore, hear them not, because ye are not of God." Deut. vi. 4. "Is the Father, then, *God*? the Son also is *God*, and the Holy Ghost is *God*; and yet they are not three Gods, but *one God*; neither is before or after the other, but the whole three Persons are co-eternal together, and co-equal." Surely, therefore, the folly of denying the great truths of God because they cannot be fathomed and explained by human wisdom, must be at once manifest. "For what if some do not believe? Shall their unbelief make the faith of God of none effect? God forbid; yea, let God be true, but every man a liar." As well might such *foolish ones* deny their own existence, because they cannot tell how "spirit, soul and body form *one* man, and yet are *distinct* from each other." 1 Thess. v. 23. Leaving, therefore, all such where the Lord hath left them, in mysterious

ignorance, "let us go on *unto perfection*; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works and of faith towards God. Of the doctrine of baptism, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment, and this will we do if God permit." Eph. iv. 4-6.

With respect to this once famed gospel church at Colosse, (unto which Paul is here commissioned to write so fully and blessedly), it is now no more; having long since been swept away by the Lord himself, for their people's coldness and indifference to doctrinal, experimental, and practical godliness! What a loud call is this to us, this very day! "For if God spared not the natural branches, take heed lest he spare not thee!" "For this cause, then, we also since the day we heard of your love in the spirit, do not cease to pray for you, and to desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding. That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God!" And surely in our present portion, we have much of this wisdom unfolded to our spiritual apprehension; that "our faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God!" Which things also we speak not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual! Such, therefore, is "the wisdom of God in a *mystery*, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory, which none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory!" 15 to 17.

In attempting through grace, just to open up a *thought or two* on this grand subject, the following outline immediately appears.

1st. How, or in what manner, the Son of God, became the "Alpha," from everlasting; being "the same yesterday, to-day, and for-ever." 15th verse.

As touching, therefore, this relative pronoun, "*Who*," it points "*Him*" out immediately, "*Who* being the brightness of glory, and express image of his Person, and upholding all things by the word of his power; when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high!" And again, we read of God the Father's hearty welcome

to him on his return from the field of battle. "Unto the Son, he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever, a sceptre of righteousness, is the sceptre of thy kingdom!" You perceive, then, as *the Son*, from the Father's testimony, he is "God over all, blessed for evermore!" While as the *image of the invisible God*, his Father, *he is the "Son of God,"* the "first-born of every creature!" True, therefore, the proclamation,—"*In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God!*" We have all our different *images* of corporeal subjects (as Nebuchadnezzar had his); but it doth not follow they are *like ourselves!* Exactly the same is it with Jesus Christ, who is *God's own image*, or constituted *pattern* in which Adam and his whole posterity were created! Thus he is *God's image*, "set up from everlasting," with every member of his mystic body in him; being the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth! As, therefore, *Jehovah* is in his Trinity of persons *invisible*, and cannot be seen by any, so in this *human form*, or in this life, he had with the Father before all worlds, can the glory of the Alehim be manifested. John v. 26. *This, therefore, is he, who* (as the Son) humbled himself from everlasting, to take upon his divine Person the life, or human nature, in which, as aforesaid, every member of the election of grace was chosen! Eph. i. 3-6. And once, again, this is he, "who in the fulness of time was made flesh, dwelt amongst us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father!" In a word, *this is "He, who* was delivered for our offences, but raised again for our justification! Who is likewise gone into heaven, angels, principalities and powers, all being made subject unto him!" Unto him, then "*who* hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, to him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever!" In this way, therefore, it was, the Son of God became the *Alpha and Omega* of his people's salvation! Well then might the Poet sing,

"Who can the distant period trace,  
When God to glorify his grace,  
And magnify his love to man,  
Drew forth redemption's wondrous plan

"Jesus was Head elect proclaimed,  
Then all his mystic members named;  
One glorious Head—one body there—  
Who should at last one glory share."

Heb. ii. 11.

It thinks now it is quite plain and easy to be understood, (in the light of the Spirit from the written Word,) not only how Jesus became "*the Image of the invisible God,*" but likewise, "*the first-born of every creature.*" There is somewhat very grand in these truly glorious realities, wherein the church's everlasting safety and security is to be found from satan, sin, death, and condemnation. John xvii. 23, 24. There are many, however, who erroneously assert, "When Adam was formed out of the earth, earthly, God stamped within him his moral Image; and that when he fell from his steadfastness he lost it," or words to that effect; whereas it was not so—for "*in his Image created he him, male and female created he them.*" Gen. i. 27. Herein, therefore, the Spirit of truth from the spirit of error is exhibited. Col. iii. 9—11.

By this latter expression, "*first-born of every creature,*" is to be seen; Christ as the Christ of God is but *one glorious Person*, although partaking of *two distinct natures*—divine and human. As for example, the Son himself was *not born*, being *self-existent, self-independent, underived*, but was *given*; while as the *Child*, he was *born*, when called from the womb of Jehovah's love from everlasting. "Listen, O isles, unto me, and hearken ye people, from far: the Lord called me from the womb, (long before I was formed in the virgin's womb,) from the bowels of my mother (the church, which is the mother of us all) hath he made mention of my name. And he hath made my mouth like a sharp sword: in the shadow of his hand hath he hid me, and made me a polished shaft: in his quiver hath he hid me: and said unto me, Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified." With respect, however, to all other creatures, such as the devil and his children, the animal, or inferior creation—whether birds, beasts, or fishes—these were all spoke into existence, after the Lord's covenant transactions had been previously arranged. Yea, of Adam himself, when the Holy Ghost would open this matter, he graciously moved Paul to write, "The creature was *made* subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope. Because the creature itself shall also be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. If any man, therefore, in Christ Jesus, is

a *new creature*, old things are passed away, and behold all things are become new." Rom. viii. 29. Let this much suffice, under this opening branch to shew this "*Who,*" points out his *Almighty Person*, the "*El-Shaddai*, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and in whom we are complete, who is the Head of all principalities and powers." *The Image of the invisible God* denotes the *human nature* with which the eternal Son clothed himself from everlasting; and wherein he shone forth before angels and the heavenly host, with dazzling splendour and brightness of glory; otherwise he could never have been seen by them. Furthermore: *In this Image* the first man of the earth was formed as the *figure of him that was to come*; or to use the Scripture language, "*after our likeness.*" And thus how great the Son's humiliation—to veil his Godhead, Deity, or Divinity, in this, (called in another place "*Divine nature*;" ) thereby becoming *the Man* whose name is "*the Branch.*" In taking leave, therefore, of this part of my subject, respecting *Christ having the pre-eminence in all things*, my humble salutation shall be, 2 Pet. i. 2—4.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### The Broken in Heart.

BY THE LATE MR. J. MOODY.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed is a slight sketch of a sermon preached by the late Mr. Moody at his own chapel, Thursday evening, October 3rd, 1844. It was then made refreshing to the spirit of a tried believer; and under the hope that it may be acceptable to some of the Lord's tried family now, it is forwarded to you for insertion, either in the "Earthen Vessel" or "Cheering Words," if it may find a place in either. Yours,

A CONSTANT READER.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." Psalm cxlvii. 3.

THE broken in heart are convinced sinners, who are brought to a knowledge of their undone and helpless condition, are made acquainted with themselves, with the spirituality of God's holy law, its righteous requirements, and their inability to satisfy its demands; they are killed to self-help, and are smarting under felt sinfulness. A hatred to sin is wrought in their hearts; and a deep repentance for sin. They are not only broken in heart for sin, but broken in heart from sin. It is one thing to have a partial view of ourselves, and quite another to have deep compunction of heart before God on account of our con-

dition. The broken in heart have deep wounds inflicted in the mind, wounds in the conscience, arising from felt sinfulness. This produces deep self-loathing, self-derogation, and brokenness of spirit before God; but none are really brought to see and feel the beauties of Christ, till they have in a greater or lesser degree felt the deadly plague of his own heart. The poor backslider ranks amongst the broken-hearted family. He well knows what a broken heart means, whilst he is smarting under the pain of broken bones. His sin is ever before him, and he cries out with David, "Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight," &c. This is the character. Now we will look at the remedy provided for such poor self-condemned, broken-hearted sinners. Remember, poor disconsolate soul, if any such there be present this evening, you must find out the uttermost of God's power, grace, love, and mercy, before you may justly despair—for he saves to the *uttermost*. The uttermost of your sin, if you are broken-hearted on account of it, cannot reach beyond the uttermost of God's power, grace, love, and mercy, to save you in spite of it. This remedy is infinite, and extensive, reaching to the very worst cases; it is free, and infallible; so that *not one* broken-hearted sinner was ever known to die of his wounds. This remedy is perpetual, also; so that

"If guilt removed, return and remain,  
Its power may be proved again and again."

It is efficacious, certain, and adapted expressly for the cure of sin-sick, heart-diseased, soul-troubled sinners. Let us look at the character of the Physician who applies the remedy. He has infinite love to, and tender compassion for, all broken-hearted sinners. Hear his language to such, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And who is so heavy laden as the poor soul smarting under sin? This Physician is wise, skilful, tender, compassionate, and sympathising, and no case can be too desperate for him; he is a faithful Physician, and there is not any circumstance, however intricate, appalling, perplexing, or black, in your sad apprehension, connected with your case, poor broken-hearted sinner, which will make Jesus neglect you, or cause him to swerve from his fixed purpose of healing the broken in heart, and

binding up their wounds. Jesus is a rich Physician also, and his remedies are always efficacious. All blessings centre in himself, and he is closely related to all his broken-hearted patients. He is described in the word of God as their Father, their Brother, their Husband. He well knows the intricacies of every case he takes in hand; for, as God, he sees it all, whilst, as man, he feels for us under all. These broken-hearted sinners are described by the prophet as "the flock of slaughter;" they have been slaughtered by sin, they are slaughtered in their own feelings, and there is no other remedy for such, but the slaughtered Lamb of God. The blessed effects resulting from a healing touch of this tender Physician, will be peace, liberty, reconciliation, and unfeigned gratitude before God. Tell me no more of these blessed truths leading men to licentiousness, and of pardoned sinners becoming the greater transgressors; it is a shameful falsehood; if every hair on the head of such were a tongue, they would fervently desire to employ each in sounding forth the praises of Him who has healed their broken heart and bound up their wounds.

But should there be a poor broken-hearted sinner here to-night, smarting under the wounds sin has made, and thinking his case has not been met to-night, because it is a hopeless one, that its peculiarity excludes him from participation in the blessings of which we have been speaking—to such I would say, Jesus Christ, this blessed Physician, heals all manner of diseases, and saves to the uttermost all who come unto him.

"Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude;  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,  
Can do helpless sinners good."

"All true believers are picked out by God's own hand for himself.—'Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself.' The tongues of men and angels cannot prevail on one soul to renounce the chains of satan and sin. The strongest rhetoric and most moving eloquence alike fail here. For the hand of man is too weak to pluck any soul out of the crowd of the world and to set him amongst the company of believers. It is only God the Holy Ghost that can enter the heart, when all other speakers must stand without. His still voice is heard within, when all the loud crying and entreaty of man are but of small avail. For he reveals the beauty of the Lord Jesus to the soul, and sets before the poor sinner the glorious liberty of the children of God. There is an oil of gladness, which all the floods of this world's trouble can never drown. The hail from without may rattle on the tiles, but he who has peace within, can sit undisturbed and smile."—ROWLANDSON.

## A SACRED SIGHT OF GLORY IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

MY DEAR AND EVER RESPECTED BROTHER, and fellow traveller in the path of tribulation—that path which the vulture's eye hath not seen, nor the ravenous beast hath walked over, but which was ordained of old for the redeemed to walk over; and though surrounded with deaths, and sickness, and afflictions, yet my soul is firm upon the Rock of ages, "judging Him faithful who hath promised." I can calmly look around me at the boisterous winds and waves of adversity, and say, "It is my Father that holds these winds in his fist, and this sea in the hollow of his hand;" and though he hath seen it good to afflict us both with sickness, (myself and my wife,) and taken the youngest child of my widowed daughter, and called my dear mother to sing of salvation in a higher and a better world, both of whom now lie dead in my house, yet, oh! yet, is my blessed Jesus ever dear to my soul; and my cry must still be, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." And I bless my God, some degree of the patience of hope is given to my dear wife. Oh! that he would search us, and try us, and see and know if there be any evil way in us; and lead us in the way everlasting. I cannot see the end from the beginning, yet I believe this is in love to our souls; being himself "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind;" he only knows how to bring good out of apparent evil. He says, "I will give them the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and they shall sing there."

Here, then, dear brother, is this Scripture again fulfilled in thy poor unworthy correspondent's experience. Amidst scenes of confusion, sickness, and death, there is a sweet peace in my soul which none but a faithful God could put there. Oh! that I may have grace to live more to him, and less to myself. I have had but little opportunity to meet the dear children of God publicly this last two or three months, from disease of my chest; but my God has not forsaken me. I thought something heavy was coming for some little time back; this Scripture was pressed upon my mind both night and morning—"Who is he that shall harm thee, if ye be a follower of that which is good?" I said, "Lord, thou knowest I want more to follow my blessed Lord, and to know more of my interest in him." Hardness of heart, worldly-mindedness, and coldness in the things of God, so besets my poor soul, that I sometimes dare not hope that my spot is the spot of God's children; but, bless his adorable name, he will not let me continue long in this sickly place; he sends the sweet breezes of his south wind into my soul again, and it sends forth the spices of gratitude and love.

I must tell you a little about the departure of my dear mother. For more than forty years she has been a woman of a sorrowful spirit; but godly sorrow for sin was not apparent in her soul until these last ten or twelve years. I believe the Lord made these sharp trials the means, in his hand, of bringing her to seek her all in Jesus. She has said to me many times, "Oh! that I might call Jesus mine! Oh! when I look at my sinful, rebellious heart, I stand astonished, and say, 'Can God indeed dwell here?' Oh the love of his dear heart, that he should ever count me worthy!" I must say here, that though she felt deeply the inward workings of sin, yet, as a wife and a mother, she appeared to me without her equal. It may truly be said by her, that she has been in deaths oft. I have often seen the knife close to her throat, whilst I have, when a lad, stood trembling, expecting death to ensue.

"But not a single shaft could hit,  
Until the God of love saw fit."

And calm and undisturbed she has mildly replied, "Would you kill me?" This mild rebuke has stilled the roaring lion for a time. Those heavy and repeated trials set her to seek the Lord, and ultimately to find him, to the joy and rejoicing of her heart.

Her pain and agony for this last ten years with that painful complaint, the *tic-doloreux*, has been more than can be described; but when it has raged she has said to me, "What are all my sufferings compared to my blessed Jesus, when he bled and died for my sins! O may I be kept humble and submissive at his dear feet. I know that he cannot do wrong, do what he will." About two months back she had a heavenly pouring down of love into her soul; we all thought she was going that night: it was one night after brother Tanner had been speaking, and he was led, in a very especial manner, to pray for her for strength to go over Jordan; but it was for that strength which she needed to bear up under the excruciating pain that was to follow.

At eleven o'clock I took my leave of her, convinced that she would not be long here, and told my sisters, should any symptoms of death appear, to call me up immediately; and accordingly about three o'clock my sister knocked at my door, and told me she thought her mother could not be long here. She says she cannot live long; the glory that is broke into her soul tells me she cannot long be here. I went down immediately, and there such a light struck my eyes that I hope never to forget. There lay my mother full of glory, with her hands lifted up, and beckoning as though she saw some objects in the heavens, and tried with all her might, to reach them. When I approached her bedside, she turned to me a moment, and said, "Oh glory! glory! come, come, dear Lord! why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming?" I was melted down at the goodness of the Lord; I said, "Shall we sing, my dear mother?" for I felt my very soul sing as well as the rest. We all stood around her bed; it was indeed a solemn sight; some singing through their tears; others so choked with the feelings of love and joy at the manifestation of the love of God to our dear mother, that they could only hold the book. I selected the 976th hymn in Denham's Selection, and when we came to the fourth verse:—

"One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow;  
Part of the host hath cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now."

she broke out in such a sweet strain that we were all astonished, for it appeared like supernatural strength; and she kept all on singing, "AND I SHALL BLESS HIM TOO; and I shall see him too." This blessed frame continued until about six o'clock, when we left her to take a little repose; but, as she has told me since, the enemy was afterwards permitted to try her faith much; and once he told her it was all a delusion; but, she said, she knew where it came from, and it did not long distress her soul.

About two days before she died she said, "O I want my dear Jesus very nigh; I feel my time is getting very short." I said, "My dear mother, he will never leave thee, nor forsake thee; his word and oath are passed; he never will revoke it; that is where I rest; I know he has helped me; and I believe he will again."

The day before her death I was much with her; my blessed God strengthening my poor frame a little to enable me to talk to her; the most of our conversation was about our passage over Jordan; and even then I could perceive she had steept her foot in, ready to go over, for the cold, clammy sweats of death were upon her face, but such a sweet peace in her soul as I shall never forget. I read in Joshua iii., commencing at the fourteenth verse. We were led to see the blessedness of having an interest in our most blessed Christ, how he passed this way before us to make our passage safe and easy, having taken away sin, and said, he has taken away the sting, for the "sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law;" but the law has no demand upon a believer. We can point it to our bleeding Surety in full of all

demands; and as he broke the bonds of death, or rather death could hold him no longer, having paid the law's demands to the utmost, and went to the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes.

Though she was not able to talk much, yet she rejoiced in these things, for she appeared to have no interest in anything but Christ and his great salvation.

I said to her, "Well, dear mother, it appears that your time here will be very short, are you afraid to trust him? Have you any fears of death? You have long professed to love Jesus, how does he appear to you now?" "O," she says, "if my salvation depended on a thought or good work done by me, I have not one. No! my blessed Jesus hath 'trod the wine-press alone.' I depend entirely upon him—he will not forsake me." Many other sweet and heart-cheering things she said, which my memory fails me to repeat.

Towards evening she grew visibly weaker and weaker, as her voice left her; and we could only hear her speak in whispers; she said to my sisters in the night, "I AM GOING UP HIGHER." They said, "Shall I call Richard?" She said, "I shall soon see him again;" and pointing upward, "I AM GOING HOME;" with a sweet and placid smile.

I was called down to her at seven o'clock; they said she was sinking fast. I went to her, and took her death-cold hand, and said to her, "Is Jesus still precious to your soul, my dear mother?" She said, "Yes, he is," very plain, and nodded her head; "O, bless his dear name," I said, "he is ever faithful to his promise, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'" "O, no!" she said, shaking her head, "he will not; bless him, bless him." After this, she could not answer any more; but gave signs that she heard and answered us by her head and hands; and several times she fastened her eyes upon me; and then looking upward, as if to say, "There's my home; I shall soon be with all I love and long after." She raised herself; and my sister received her reclining on her arms; and, as though she had fallen into a sleep, her gentle spirit took its flight without a struggle or groan. So gentle was her dismissal, that we could not tell she was gone until we saw her jaw drop.

Thus died a mother beloved by her children, and whose conversation was seasoned with the salt of the covenant. She knew her divine obligations to her blessed Lord for the salvation of her precious soul; and her meat and drink was to talk of him whom her soul loved. May the advice given to us a little before she died, be long remembered by us. She looked intently upon us, then said, "WALK IN LOVE, AS DEAR CHILDREN."

Knowing, dear brother, you are "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief" in your own circle, I thus write my humble testimony for my God.

I came up to hear you on the day your partner was expected to be dismissed, we hope, to a higher and better world. But instead of hearing you, I saw a gloom over the minds of the church. I could not forbear weeping at the solemn and impressive manner that Israel's God was addressed on behalf of their sorrowing pastor. May their petitions be heard and ascend up upon the incense of the meritorious blood of the Lamb, for both their pastor and the wife of his bosom. And should it please the gracious Giver of all our mercies, may their offspring be bound up in the same bundle.

So prays, one of the least in the household of faith,  
RICHARD EVE.

Balham Hill, Surrey.

STRICTURES ON

## Mr. Wyard's Pastoral Letter.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR SIR.—In your January number you gave an extract from a pastoral address by Mr. George

Wyard, of Soho; and you say that it is a *sound* and *wholesome* letter; and it may be so; and it may be somewhat presumptuous in an obscure individual like me to call in question the truth of what you say; but perhaps in the hurry of business you may not have very closely tested it by the unerring word of truth; for so far from it being, in my estimation, sound and wholesome, it is food, especially the latter part of the extract, for hypocrites, and savours very much more of *intellectuality* than of *spirituality*, though there may be some of the same intellectual stamp who may find it a sweet morsel to their logical pride. Can, or does, Mr. Wyard pray, and keep up communion with God, and pray morning, noon, and night, so as to avoid crying, "my leanness, my leanness?" He knows *he does not*. Such an intellectual dealing out of the letter of the precept is *double* deception; because it first leads the simple and inexperienced to think that Mr. Wyard does these things himself; and secondly, because it leads others to think that the flesh does profit something, that they can and ought to keep alive their own souls; and is nothing but arminianism in disguise. There is not a real Christian under heaven whose experience does not contradict the testimony given by Mr. Wyard; yet, free-willer like, he is so ready with the letter of the word, that he would deceive, if it were possible, even the elect.

There is a spirituality in the precept which none can enter into but those who have trodden the path of real soul trouble. The natural man no more receives the *things* of the precept than he does the *things* of the promise.

Hence, according to Mr. Wyard's intellectual manner of handling matters, it is a crime, a fault, a dreadful evil to have to cry "my leanness, my leanness," while, in truth, we want to see among professors a great deal more leanness; they are too fat and too strong—not fat and flourishing in Christ, but in themselves—not strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus, but strong intellectually to do everything in *theory*, but *nothing* in *reality*.

If Mr. Wyard spoke from real experience he would not run on making his testimony to the living in Jerusalem like sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, but would take up the groundwork of real prayer, and honour the Holy Spirit, and not set the supposed power of the creature in the place of the Holy Spirit, nor tie the believer to times and seasons, as though every christian was placed in the same circumstances as David was, or as though he was placed in those peculiarly of circumstances that called upon him to open his window three times a day, as Daniel did, and pray towards Jerusalem; nor would Mr. Wyard be so ready to join with Job's accusers, and charge the believer with restraining prayer before God; nor would he set the precept above the promise, nor the creature before the Creator; nor would he unqualifiedly assert that the purposes of heaven are not our rule. Paul did not say this; "he apprehended, (that is, sought after, prayed for, laid hold of) that *for which* (here is purpose) he was apprehended of Christ Jesus." God's *purpose* and plan to save Noah certainly were a rule to Noah, and he wrought by the same; and so of almost innumerable instances, God revealed his purpose, and leads his people to pray for what he hath both purposed and promised.

If Mr. Wyard can pray and do what he so liberally enjoins upon others, he ought to be the most powerful, the most useful, the most edifying, and the most popular man in the whole church of God. And were I one of his hearers, and ever heard him confess that he was shut up and dark in his mind, my inference would, according to his own doctrine, be that he had not discharged his duty, in doing the precept, or that he had not used his privilege of prayer as he ought, and that therefore he was receiving the true reward of his misdeeds. I should not for a moment think of judging him by the law of liberty, nor attempt to comfort him with the truth that Jesus shutteth, and no man, (no not even Mr. Wyard) can open; if he (the Lord) hideth himself, who then can behold him; and whether *we be afflicted*, it is for your consolation and salvation; and if he shutteth up a man, who then can hinder him? "The flesh profiteth nothing, it is the Spirit that quickeneth, no man can receive any thing except it be given from above;" and if in heaviness, there is a needs-be, a law in my members, bringing me into captivity to the law of sin; I am shut up and cannot come forth, there is but a step between me and death; I will speak no more in the name of the Lord; O woe is me, I am undone; cursed be the day wherein I was born of a woman; I am as dry stubble, as a broken leaf driven to and fro, and I do well to be angry even unto death! O the blasphemies, the infidelities of my heart, O loathsome self, the whole head is sick, and the heart faint.

Mr. Wyard to be thus *compassed* with infirmity, is of course quite out of the question, he is that king against whom there is no rising up.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you will say, Well, what do you want? Well sir, I want the *truth*, not in the mere *letter*, nor upside down, as Mr. Wyard has given it; I want, sir, the *Earthen Vessel*, (the only Periodical I care to read, of that I am a constant reader;) I want the *Earthen Vessel* to bring me *heavenly treasure*; I want the work of grace described, the *hindrances* pointed out, the footsteps of the flock clearly marked; yes, sir, their footsteps in the *lowest* vallies and darkest roads, the crooked things which the Lord promises and purposes to make straight; I want the gospel to come to me to the depths of the earth when I *cannot*, though (to will is present with me) get to that; yea, I want the Gospel to open my grave, for I am often as one buried alive, or as David expresses it, "free among the dead." I want to get out of the grave, but Mr. Wyard's lofty intellect cannot condescend to men of such low degree, feasible as are the remarks in the extract you have given; yet Mr. Wyard has not stated the precepts in the way they are entered into, recognized and realized by the soul that knows something both of the miry clay, and of the Rock of ages. Nay, his own conscience was ill at ease with him, when he was writing, and a sort of shiver came over him, that his doctrine was more talk than do, and therefore just to quiet himself a little, he cries out all at once, that some high religionists will say, legal! legal! In short, this was the cry of his own conscience, only he did not like to own it; and had he consulted his conscience and his experience more, and his intellect and logic less, his address, taking the extract as a specimen, would not have sounded so hollow, nor have been

so superficial as it now is; we who are struggling hard, with sins and doubts, and fears, want our way made plain, because of our enemies. Let Mr. Wyard leave this untrue, unreal, unconfirmed, deceptive, unscriptural, unprofitable way of dealing out to the poor and afflicted people whom God has left in Zion, the gospel. The Lord has promised to satisfy the poor with bread. Why then does Mr. Wyard turn the gospel into a stone? Will this add any honor to his stewardship? And is it not better that he should have on his side the testimony of 'real experience and right practice, than the testimony of mere pretensions? And should so vital, so solemn a matter as true prayer be spoken of as though it was a common thing, and at almost any one's command? And if Mr. Wyard does not mean creature-power, then let him speak so as clearly to be understood.

For the precepts to be given in the Bible are one thing; for the soul to be by the power of the Holy Ghost conformed to them, is another thing; for the promise to be in the Bible, is one thing; for it to be wrought in the heart by power from on high, is another thing; but to tarry, to wait in Jerusalem, until we be endowed with power from on high, seems to be no part of Mr. Wyard's doctrine; no, he would drive us on with the form, without the power, and so turn us into mere prayer-saying, doctrinal formalists.

There is a good deal about Mr. George Wyard, that I very much respect, yet I cannot help telling him that the extract you have given of his pastoral address is not such as strengthens the diseased, heals the sick, binds up that which is broken, or brings again that which was driven away, or saves that which was lost.

DAVID.

[We have thought it well to connect the following note from Mr. GEORGE WYARD to the foregoing communication. We hope some useful articles on the controverted points will result herefrom.—ED.]

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR,—I perceive on the wrapper of this month's *Vessel*, there is reference made to my last pastoral letter; and that the author of the communication made to you, is very severe in his stricture on my letter. I hope we shall be favoured with it just as it is, without any softening down at all. Truth, in my opinion, will stand anything, and nothing will be found too hard for it. I am very desirous that the matter (which I suppose to be the netting point) should be thoroughly investigated. Oh! that good men could understand one another better, and that we were more imbued with the spirit and mind of Christ. These are not times for dividing and separating chief friends; depend upon it, the servants of the cross will want all the strength they can muster. Enemies are multiplying, the clouds are gathering, and the devil is fortifying his territories by the powers that are; all, all are being enlisted on his side. O to be watchful, prayerful, and vigilant. Arise, O Lord, and plead thy cause. So prays

GEORGE WYARD.

Feb. 3, 1851.

## The Afflictions of Job.

Goon heavens! what hells the poor saints must pass through,  
In "vanity-fair," the old worldly god's show;  
'Mongst lions, and tigers, and bears in their den,  
And giants like Anak, such fierce looking men.  
Thro' mockings, revilings, wrath, envy and spite,  
Some madmen, and drunkards determined to fight  
With the pilgrims and strangers who pass thro' the  
fair;

It is so, indeed sirs! for I have been there.

And still in the fair, squeez'd and jam'd by the  
crowd,  
Some singing, some laughing, some shouting aloud,  
"Walk up—see my show—buy my wares!" is the  
cry;—

"They're the best in the world, master. What will  
"THE TRUTH!" said poor Christian, as he passed  
them by;

The men stared and wonder'd! for all was a lie—  
Empty vain bubbles that vanish in air;  
The wise man hath said so, for he had been there.

A greater than Solomon once pass'd thro' this fair,  
And how was he treated? and how fared he there?  
Because he thought light of their goods and their  
ware,

They spat in his face and they pluck'd off his hair;  
They mock'd him, and scourg'd him, and curs'd  
him, and swore,

They set the dogs at him—what could they do  
more?

They crown'd him with thorns, and they stabb'd  
his dear side,

He gave up the ghost; ah! and there my Prince  
died.

What think you, ye pilgrims, now passing t'is fair,  
Can you expect better things while you're here?  
They hated your Master, who done them no evil,  
What can you expect from the world and the devil?  
The world knows us not, and these things they  
will do,

I've found it so, friends, and you'll find it so too;  
They have an old master who teaches them evil,  
His name is Apollyon, indeed it's the devil.

If ye were of the world, the world would not frown,  
Profane and religious world both love their own;  
If you are of God, and have Christ for your friend,  
They'll hate you quite thro' the fair, yes, to the end;  
Moulier's fleshly children, the worst in the fair,  
Dress'd up in religious garb, you'll find them there,  
They're bastards, a father to chastise they've none,  
They'll mock,—yea, they'll slander their own  
mother's son.

They slander'd the **FIRST-BORN**, cut down the **GREEN  
TREE**.

What will they not do in such dry sticks as we?  
Like Ishmael they'll mock, and like Esau they'd  
kill,

I've heard their revilings, and I hear them still;  
And they have rewarded much evil for good,  
But I leave my cause with my Lord and my God:  
They've spoiled my soul, still the heavens must  
hear,

So I gave myself and my soul unto prayer.

As Jesus, my Lord, when reviled by men,  
He threaten'd them not, nor reviled again,  
But committed himself unto him that doth right,  
So did Job and David in their dreadful plight;  
King David's wife mock'd; Job's wife, satan's spy,  
Said, "Why don't you curse God, you old cant,  
and die?"

Job saw his poor wife was made satan's tool,  
Said, "O! foolish woman! you talk like a fool."

Said she, "All your goods are gone, all that you  
had,

You must be going crazy, you talk like one mad;  
Now, what can you do for me, do you suppose?  
Can you find me meat and drink, or buy me clothes?  
You know I'm a lady, and what can I do  
With a man full of sores—a poor man like you?

What feeling have you for me? Don't you come  
nigh,  
Go, get to the dunghill; why don't you die?"

"Woman! I can't die; I've tried, my dear wife,  
I've requested that God would destroy my vain life;  
But he will not do it, nor suffer the devil,  
I've good from his hand still, and why not some  
evil?

I would not live away; do let me alone!  
He knows the way I take—he hears my groan;  
And when he has tried me (wife, pray do not  
scold,+)

I trust I shall come forth like bright shining gold.  
"Some friends prove deceitful. What! you too my  
wife?

I'm wearied with groaning, I'm wearied with life;  
My children despise me, my maid, (a vile brawly,  
Will prate much against me—regards not my call;  
Young children rose up, and they spake against me,  
'That's old filthy Job, full of sores don't ye see?'  
They mock me, revile me, they laugh me to scorn,  
'That's crazy old Job, wishing he'd ne'er been  
born.'

"My friends now forsake me, familiars all fail,  
They don't know my case, they can't tell what I  
ail;

They're bungling physicians of no use to me,  
So I leave my cause with him, who all things see;  
My record's on high, and my witness in heaven,  
And through my Redeemer I shall be forgiven;  
I've no one to trust in, they think me to blame;  
But if he should slay me, I'll trust in his name."

When God spake to Job, then he hearken'd awhile,  
Put his hand on his mouth, then cried out, "I am  
vile.

Thy power and thy glory, thy justice I see,  
O Lord, I am vile; how can I answer thee?

I abhor my vile self, I repent in the dust,  
But still in thy grace and thy mercy I trust,  
I've heard of my God by the hearing of the ear,  
But now I perceive him, I tremble and fear."

Thus Job stopp'd his mouth, when God spoke. At  
his name

Revilers and mockers should all do the same,  
Lest God deal with them as their folly demands,  
And crush the vile mockers down with his strong  
hands.

The man thus revild, and despis'd, and abhor'd,  
They now need his prayers who prevails with the  
Lord;

But a greater than Job, once despis'd in his grief,  
Hath pray'd for my soul, and through him I've  
relief.

## A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, January 10, 1852.

"Some sins inflict such deep wounds and  
gashes in the believer's conscience, that they send  
the poor soul off bleeding to the good Physician,  
to get fresh healing from his precious blood;  
others, that seem but small transgressions, he  
thinks conscience can swallow. But it is these,  
alas! which do insensibly alienate and estrange  
his heart from his forgiving and gracious Lord,  
and so interrupt his peace and communion with  
God. O, believer! thou art an anointed man, an  
anointed woman! God the Father that adopted  
thee into his own family—hath called thee to be  
his child—hath set thee apart and consecrated  
thee by the blood of sprinkling and the anoint-  
ing of the Holy Ghost—to be a king and a  
priest unto God, and to show forth his praise."  
—ROWLANDSON.

\* Supposing poor Job about to convince her, by  
attempting to embrace her.

+ Supposing she still kept up her scold amidst  
Job's affliction and be starguments.

## Record of Recent Events.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE

### Funeral of the late Mr. J. Moody, Pastor of East St. Chapel, Walworth.

Which took place on Tuesday, January 27th, 1852.

THE funeral procession arrived at the chapel a few minutes after two o'clock; a large concourse of people had collected together some time previous. Mourning coaches were provided for the family, deacons, and invited ministers; while many friends hired vehicles, in order to pay their last tribute of respect to their late dear pastor.

After the coffin had been placed in the table pew under the pulpit, the solemn service commenced, by singing the 2nd and 4th verses of the 987th hymn, Denham's Selection. Mr. Moyle read 1 Thess. iv., and prayed.

Mr. Foreman then gave a very solemn and affectionate address, referring to the last visit he paid, when he preached on behalf of "The Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society;" and the liberal collections that were made, and the cheering effect it had on the departed minister's mind, seeing the Lord was blessing the cause he ever delighted to serve. The words selected for the occasion, are recorded in John xii., the latter part of the 26th verse—"Where I am, there shall also my servant be. If any man serve me, him will my Father honour." He said, there is a time to be born, and a time to die; death is no more an accident (referring to the cause of Mr. M.'s death,) than birth is. "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and AFTER THAT, the judgment." "Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" How we finish, and where we finish, is no matter—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." It is not satan that hath done this; we are all on a level respecting dying, we are all travellers from the birth, it is common for man to die. In reference to his age, he is not an old man; we may say every minister is immortal until his work is done, and so with all men.

I first heard of brother Moody in the year 1817, when passing through Somersetshire, at a small place at Froome, and

became acquainted with him some time afterwards at Bath. I found him the same man, and preached the same truths when he came to London eight years ago. Grace made him a Christian and a minister; his aim was for the good of souls, and the glory of God.

*To his hearers.*—"How beautiful upon the mountains, are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings," &c. See Isaiah lii. 7. He was the same man coming in and going out before you—he is now with his Master. I could as easily believe the unsoundness of the text, as question where he is. Where is he, and what is he doing? He is like his Master, wearing a crown, dressed in white, and a palm in his hand, &c.

*To the widow.*—You were not born together, nor are you taken away together; you walked together, prayed together, and comforted each other together; he did his best, but the best was wanting, and you have not lost the best. You was the wife of a man of God, and a minister of God; he lived beloved, and died beloved. It may be said of him,

"He lived by faith on Christ's atoning blood,  
And died in peace, believing God."

*To the children.*—You have lost an honoured father, a good father, and a praying father; he dies not as the fool dies, neither are his prayers lost, but waiting God's time.

*To the church.*—If you would have a good pastor, have special prayer, keep together in unity; you have to be grateful for having had such a pastor.

*To the congregation.*—The ministry of the gospel is a savour of life unto life, or death unto death. What has it been to you?

*To ministers present.*—In reference to age, he is not older than some of us. The Lord can do either with or without us. We are not accountable as to our success—but we must be faithful; and this fact may well encourage us, we have a good home to go to.

While the coffin was being taken into the vault under the chapel, the third hymn, second book, Dr. Watts's, was

sung. After which, Mr. Whittaker engaged in prayer; and Mr. Foreman concluded a very solemn and interesting meeting with the benediction.

The funeral sermon was preached on Sunday, February 8th, by Mr. Moyll, to an overflowing congregation, from Colossians iv., part of the 7th verse, "A beloved brother, and a faithful minister, and fellow-servant in the Lord."

A pamphlet will shortly be published, of the life of the departed; the profits of which are for the support of the widow. A sum is now being raised, for the purpose of purchasing an annuity, for the maintenance of his surviving widow. Donations will be thankfully received by the deacons of the church.

[The foregoing very brief and imperfect sketch has been kindly supplied by a Christian brother.

We should willingly have furnished a more detailed report of Mr. John Foreman's powerful and most appropriate address; but we have done what we could.—Ed.]

### Conversion and Immersion

AT HUDDERSFIELD, IN YORKSHIRE.

ON Lord's Day, February 1st, our minister, Mr. Chislett, baptised two believers at the public baths; one of whom had been a local preacher among the primitive methodists; but having for six months past been perplexed in his mind, and doubting whether the views he held and preached were scriptural, began to search more into the sacred truth, and occasionally to attend the ministry of the word at our place.

Mr. C. preached three sermons at the commencement of the year, from Jude 3rd verse—"Beloved, when I gave all diligence to write unto you of the common salvation, it was needful for me to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints."

The Lord was pleased to direct the truth so powerfully to his heart, as to lead him to decision; and being fully convinced that *the faith* as set forth that day was Bible truth, he was led to renounce his position, and to join those who had been led into a more excellent way.

The other was one who had for many years lived without God, and without hope. He was directed by the providence of God into our room. The truth was conveyed with power to his heart by the divine Spirit; the law of God was brought home to his soul, in all its power, holiness, and justice; he felt himself a rebel, condemned, and for some time he saw no way of escape. But sovereign, free, and distinguishing grace, has brought him from that bondage and condemnation, to Jesus, the Law fulfiller, and Justice satisfier; so that he is enabled to view him by faith, as his salvation.

After the baptism, which was at nine o'clock in the morning, we heard our minister preach from Heb. xiii. 13, "Let us go, therefore, unto him that is without the camp, bearing his reproach." He gave us a blessed view of the Lord

Jesus Christ as the Elect One set up from everlasting; the only begotten of the Father; the beloved Son: the church's Head; the Elder Brother. His condescension, wisdom, benevolence, kindness, patience, and submission, was set before us—"As the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." Yet he was accused, persecuted, condemned; they cried, "Away with him, crucify him, crucify him." So vile was he in the eyes of the people, that the soil of the city was too sacred for his feet to tread upon. He must go outside the gate—the man whom they sought after, to make him a king, was derided, spit upon, scourged, and nailed to a tree. "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." Isa. liii. 7. "A reproach of men, and despised of the people." Psalm xxiii.

Now the exhortation of the text, is to go forth unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach. To whom is this language addressed? To believers; or, in other words, to those chosen in Christ by the Father, redeemed by the Son, quickened by the Spirit; such were ever viewed one with, and in Christ Jesus. He was not reproached until he was manifestly identified with his church; we are not reproached until we are manifestly identified with him. "The godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer with him in tribulation." "He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." The church in all ages have been sufferers, but like Moses, they have esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." The spirit which he possessed, was heavenly and holy; it was opposed to the pride and carnality of the human heart. He had a zeal for his Father's glory; no suffering or reproach deterred him in his progress.—"I delight to do thy will, O God." Every regenerated soul is begotten of God the Spirit; he has within him a principle which is opposed to carnal reason and human pride. Marvel not, my friends, if the world hate you; it hated me before it hated you. If we then, possess the spirit of Jesus, we must differ from the opposite principle—"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Satan, the world, and the flesh, have been allied together ever since the fall, nor will they ever fall out. A corrupt creed, and a nominal christianity, is suited to the flesh; there is no reproach belonging to a dead faith, or to carnal observances; yea, so turned is the scale in our day, that it is rather a reproach not to follow some *form* of religion; and the more *form*, the better satan is pleased, and the flesh puffed up. Now whenever divine life is communicated, brands plucked from the burning, Christ revealed in the heart, the hope of glory, the eyes of the understanding opened to see the glories of our God-Man in his glorious characters of Prophet, Priest, and King, then satan with his legions are at once set in battle array; and the most direful opponents to God's truth and God's children are, cold-hearted, nominal pretenders to religion. Reproached for Christ's sake, rejoice, inasmuch as ye are made partakers of his sufferings. "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth

upon you." On their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified. He then stated, two of our congregation have been following Christ this morning in that reproached, despised ordinance, baptism.

Jesus Christ's immersion in the Jordan by John, preceded his sufferings; and it was a fit emblem to set forth that overwhelming which he afterward endured, and to which he alluded when he said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished!" Immediately after his immersion, his sufferings commenced; nor did it end, until with a loud voice he said, "It is finished." The voice of Christ says to us, "Follow me;" "My sheep hear my voice." If, then, we are the children of God, we must expect reproach for Christ's sake—"If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him."

A REPROACHED ONE OUTSIDE THE CAMP.  
*Huddersfield, Feb. 13, 1852.*

THE

**Lord's Work progressing at Northampton.**

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—Knowing you are deeply interested in the welfare and prosperity of Zion, and rejoice to hear any tidings of the Lord's work progressing, I have resolved to make you acquainted with some of the Lord's gracious dealings with his church and people in the town of Northampton. Though I humbly trust I am one of the Lord's little ones, I do feel a holy and earnest desire the Lord's people should know something of what has been and is done at Northampton.

My heart has often rejoiced at the glad tidings concerning the state of the churches, I have read in the *Vessel*. I hope, Mr. Editor, you will convey the intelligence on board your much beloved *Vessel*, that the Lord has done great things for his cause here, whereof we desire to be glad. I feel anxious the Lord's people should rejoice with us too; for it is a solemn consideration to behold a large town like this, containing nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, and (till lately) but little regard for the truth.

For many years the cause at Providence Chapel, in this town, had been in a low state. The doctrines of distinguishing grace were preached here, but I fear not in a way calculated to produce those effects which must be desirable to all the lovers of the truth. The consequences of this were, that some were Antinomians indeed! some living in open sin; others frequenting taverns, and there debating about religion. Our chapel obtained a very bad name, for which, of course, there was a just cause; for I do think, Mr. Editor, that Antinomians are the most awful characters in the world. I do not wish to assert that all the people were in this state; I believe there were some at the period I am referring to, were much dissatisfied, and longed for a change.

The Lord, in the order of his providence, brought among his people, our present much beloved and esteemed pastor, brother Leach, in 1845. He has had to encounter distressing and sore trials, being a bold and faithful champion for the truth, which consists in the three-fold cord—doctrine, experience, and practice. The cry has recently been, "The Antinomians have had a young man from London; and he has set

them to-rights." I bless the Lord for bringing into the town such a zealous, active, and affectionate pastor, who has been the instrument used for rousing the Lord's people from their low condition. Of late we have had cause to say, "What hath God wrought?"

When the present pastor came, the congregation was very small. Since the period referred to, a gallery has been erected, which would have held all the persons that used to attend. Now the chapel and gallery are well filled, especially on a Lord's Day evening; the sittings are nearly all let; and if we thus go on increasing in numbers, the place will become too strait for us. Within the last twelve months many strangers have attended; and it is a pleasing consideration that we have now many young persons in the congregation, while when Mr. Leach first came, there was scarcely one young person in the place; by the stigma the place once had, hessed by God, dying away. Though I well know the world will never like the doctrines we profess, yet I am glad there is now no just cause for a bad name to be given us, as I know we are free from Antinomians—all our members walking, I believe, consistently in the fear and favour of God. Many have been added to the church, and I have a great hope that the dawn of happier days has begun for the church of God here.

For the first time in our chapel, we had a public tea-meeting, (on New Year's Day,) when 170 sat down to tea; a spirit of love and affection seemed to prevail. The object of having this meeting was to raise funds for the opening of a Sabbath School. After tea, a public meeting was held, at which our pastor presided. Two excellent addresses were delivered, by brethren Ashby, of Sharnbrook, and De Fraine, of Luttermouth; the former on Christian Communion—the latter on the benefits arising from Sabbath Schools. Many found it good to be there.

On the first Lord's Day this year, we opened a Sabbath School, and have now sixty children. I hope much good may be done there. Since then we have established Bible classes on the Lord's Day, for the elder children in the school, and young persons in the congregation; also classes for instruction in writing and arithmetic, two nights in the week.

Thus, Mr. Editor, I think you will agree with me, that we have great cause for thankfulness and to sing praises unto God, that he is thus smiling on his little hill here, and that peace and prosperity abound.

Permit me, in conclusion, to express my warmest wishes on behalf of that *Vessel* with which you are connected; it is much approved of here. I understand there has been an increase in the circulation of your magazine this year. I know that the record of events that happen in the city of Zion, is much approved of by many of your readers here; for, as brother Corbitt wisely observes in this month's *Vessel*, "how should the Lord's people, who are hundreds of miles asunder, see each other, rejoice in each other's prosperity, pray for and sympathise with each other, in affliction, if the *Vessel* did not bring us the sacred tidings?" Therefore, I hope the Lord will bless you and amply reward you for all the arduous labours you are engaged in.

I hail, with great joy, the establishment of the *London Gospel Mission* and the *Free Grace Na-*

tional Tract Association, believing it is indeed "high time for the Lord's people to awake out of sleep." Your remarks entitled, "A Voice from a Railway Carriage," are most excellent—just what the inhabitants of the city of Zion require. Oh! I detest a religion that teaches us to go to sleep, and care not for our fellow-sinners! The Arminians are busy enough in Northampton; why should not we who know and have the truth try, under God's blessing, and stop the torrent of poisonous tracts, &c., that are spread abroad with so much blind zeal. I sincerely hope (if the Lord will) some day a branch of the Free Grace National Tract Association will be established in this town.

That God may have all the glory, Christ be more exalted, and the creature debased, is the prayer of your unworthy brother,

JOHN EDWARD PERRIN.

Northampton, Feb. 14th, 1852.

### The Present State of the Liverpool Baptist Churches.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR SIR,—As the subject of the present state of the Liverpool Baptist churches is one which for a long time past has anxiously engaged my own attention. I feel desirous to respond to your call for information on the subject, contained in this month's number of your Magazine. It is with very painful feelings, that I have arrived at the conviction, that as a body, we have largely departed from the glorious gospel truths so precious to our fathers; but at this conviction, I am compelled to come from a consideration of the facts I am about to lay before you. And it may be, that the Lord in his mercy may stir up some of his own dear children to pity us, and to pray for us, when they hear of Zion's desolation in our midst. Yes, I fear, our churches are grievously polluted by the leaven of Fullerism; yet it was not always so with us; there are those now among us, who can remember the "pleasant things they had in the days of old;" for they sat to hear Samuel Medley, and William Rushton; but now from their pulpits, one seldom can hear of the doctrines of God's discriminating grace. Where now, is our "corn and wine?"

From Byrom Street, as the mother church, have all the best sprung, and with but one exception, all alike are overspread with this pernicious leaven. In Shaw Street, thank God, there is a little cause, where the pure milk of the word is dispensed.

I do not say that in so many words, we deny the doctrines of man's depravity, eternal personal election, free justification, final perseverance, the efficacious grace of the Holy Spirit, in regeneration, &c. No: our creed verbally is unexceptionable; we should resent the imputation of any error here. But for any use we make of the orthodox truths we profess to hold, we might as well be without any doctrine at all. Nay, more, we are very jealous of the injurious tendency of this our excellent form of doctrine; some of us, indeed, are not ashamed to proclaim boldly, that they consider its preaching would be very dangerous. So we say very little about it in the pulpit; and in private, we denounce those who love it, and who want to hear more of it, as Antinomians.

We like best in preaching, what are called plain practical sermons, exhortations to holiness, and good works; founded not on the truth, that it is the grace of God, which "teacheth us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts;" but we prefer to be spoken to as if in, and of ourselves we possessed the ability to do all these things, and our preferences and tastes herein are not often offended by the contrary view.

Thus we take the children's bread, and cast it to

the dogs; and surely if your readers hear of our sad condition, they will sigh over us, and seek for us in prayer that our God will arise and have mercy on Zion; for there are still among us some who "take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof."

I now shall tell you what I consider to be the causes of this sad state of things. I have thought much on the subject, and I believe that just in proportion as we have become rich and respectable we have declined in spirituality.

We are very respectable now in the worldly sense of the word. We have new handsome chapels, and fashionable congregations; we pay great deference to rich men. If our forefathers now could behold us, they scarce would recognise us as the descendants of the baptist sect, till now so poor and despised, so comfortable and easy are now our circumstances in the world.

But oh! we have purchased this at a tremendous expense! In one case we have compromised our close communion principle, and thus have earned the smiles and congratulations of all around for this enlarged charity, as it is called, this comprehensive view of things as contrasted with the narrow-minded views of our fathers.

Candidates for church fellowship are admitted very easily into membership, and it seems to me as if our aim was rather to maintain large numbers than to regard our spirituality; so we say very little to the candidates in reference to a work of grace in the heart, and ask no very close questions concerning his views of sin, or the preciousness of Christ as his Saviour; enquiring rather what he is doing for God, than what God is doing by his Spirit in him. The answers to such questions would not often be very satisfactory if we did put them.

This, sir, is my own view of the state of our churches, and these the reasons whereby I account for this lamentable condition of things. With all this I trust and believe that there are among us many whom the Lord hath chosen; but I do stand amazed at the thought that such can sit at ease in Zion, and with folded hands look round and say, "We are rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing," whereas, "we are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

I am making this too long, and must say no more. If any wish further detail, let me recommend, may, let me even urge, the perusal of "Rushton on Particular Redemption."

I remain, your's, sir, with christian regards,

A MEMBER OF ONE OF THE BAPTIST CHURCHES.

### Recognition of Mr. Sneath:

AND AN OUTLINE OF THE ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH Meeting in West Street, Cambridge Heath.

THE public recognition of Mr. Sneath as pastor of the church meeting in West Street, Cambridge Heath, took place at Homerton Row Chapel, on Tuesday, the 10th ultimo. About two o'clock a large congregation had assembled, among whom we observed several ministering brethren: Messrs. Isaacs, Garrett, Bloomfield, Coles, Cause, Glaskin, Cousins, and Blackshaw. Brother Glaskin supplicated a blessing upon the service; Mr. Newborn delivered an address upon the nature of a gospel church, founded upon Eph. v. 24, "The church is subject to Christ;" after which, Mr. G. Wyard called upon one of the friends to give some account of the circumstances which led to Mr. Sneath's connection with them. Mr. Wensley responded by reading an outline of the origin of the cause, and of the labours of Mr. Sneath in their midst. Mr. Sneath was then asked to state his call by grace, and his call to the work of the ministry, which he did in a very feeling and lucid detail, to the satisfaction of the audience; he afterwards made a declaration of his faith, and stated the main doctrines upon which his future ministry would be founded. The church then publicly acknowledged

Mr. Sneath as their pastor, to which the pastor affectionately responded. Mr. Wyard then offered a solemn and fervent prayer for the church and newly appointed pastor.

At five o'clock about 130 sat down to tea in the school rooms; after which Mr. Coles commenced the evening service by delivering an appropriate hymn; after singing, Mr. Curtis read a portion of Scripture, and prayed, and then delivered the charge from Col. iv. 17, which contained some good and weighty counsel.

Mr. Milner followed, and addressed the church from 2 Cor. viii. 10, "Herein I give my advice." He gave some sober, salutary, and valuable advice. May it be regarded in practice. The chapel was well attended; it proved a solemn and interesting day, and closed about nine o'clock.

A brief account of the circumstances which led to this ordination may prove interesting to the readers of the "Vessel." About three years ago several good men, then in connection with Dr. Cox's church, desirous of being useful in the Lord's cause, took the house in which the friends meet for worship, and converted the ground floor into a meeting place and school room. Among them was Mr. W. Emmet, who had been engaged in preaching the gospel in the open air; him they appointed to minister to them in divine things. For about eighteen months he laboured among them gratuitously, not without some fruit; but his health failing, for a time they engaged supplies from Stepney College and elsewhere; when Mr. Emmet, still feeling unequal to the work, and being personally acquainted with Mr. Austin, (a deacon of Homerton Row church) they invited him to supply for three weeks, (having previously heard him with acceptance.) Mr. A. expressed surprise that they should ask him to minister to them, as they were of open communion principles, and some of them favourable to free-will preaching. Mr. Emmet replied, he wished the pure truth to be dispersed, for that only would prove food for the souls of the people. Upon hearing this, Mr. A. consented to supply the pulpit, believing the matter was of the Lord, and that good would be the result. Accordingly on the first Sabbath in last year he went among them, and in a straightforward, uncompromising manner he delivered the old fashioned truths of the gospel to the comfort and edification of some, but to the annoyance of those who were fond of a mixture of Dutch divinity—the yea and nay system of the day. Some expressed gratitude to the Lord for what they heard, while others manifested antipathy to the discriminating truths, and absented themselves, not enduring sound doctrine.

For nearly three months, things went on thus; during which period, Mr. Sneath occasionally ministered to them. It now became manifest there were two classes of hearers: one part with Mr. Emmet, approved the ministry of Mr. Austin, the others declared that those very high doctrines were not suited to the place, preferring that kind of address which is strongly dashed with Fullerism. Mr. Emmet finding the people divided in their principles, resigned his post as pastor, and afterwards, with some of the people, left the place; from this time the labours of Mr. Austin ceased there, yet not without some encouraging testimonies of the Lord's blessing upon the word preached by him. The church now invited Mr. Sneath, and a Mr. Young (of Arminian principles,) to minister to them for a month each, when their choice fell upon Mr. Sneath, who although holding the same creed as Mr. Austin, being members of the same church; yet the preaching of Mr. Sneath was preferred, it being more simple, and adapted to the infantine state of the Christians there, who were weak in faith; and Mr. Sneath having recently come out from the Arminians, was more suited to serve those who could not then endure sound doctrine. After hearing Mr. Sneath some months, they asked him to take the oversight of them; to this Mr. Sneath objected, upon the ground

of their being open communionists, but they not liking to lose the man of their choice, upon whom their hearts were set, met for prayer, for direction and instruction, and searching the Scriptures; the result of which was, after some deliberation and conference with one another, they decided upon dissolving the church, and reforming it upon strict Baptist principles, which took place in September last. Mr. Curtis, of Homerton, recognizing them as such, avowing themselves also lovers of free grace principles; they have since baptised several, and additions to the church have been made. Thus we see the effects of fearlessly proclaiming a free grace salvation, wherever we are called, not conferring with flesh and blood, but boldly and unflinchingly declaring the truth, whether men hear or forbear. May the pastor and church realize peace and prosperity, the smile of a three-one Jehovah alight upon it continually; may their union be strong and their communion sweet, the little one become a thousand, the small one a strong nation; the Lord hasten it in his time. Amen.

### Rehoboth Chapel, Horsham.

THE church of Christ of the Particular Baptist Denomination, meeting for divine worship, at Rehoboth chapel, Horsham, Sussex, having (in a widowed state for several years,) been praying for God in his infinite mercy to send them an under shepherd that should, instrumentally and ministerially, feed the church of God, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind, being ensamples to the flock. We now believe, that God has answered our prayer, in sending brother Mote, of Borough Road, London, amongst us, whom we have heard extol the Son of God on the pole of the Gospel, and lay the sinner low in the dust of self abasement before God, for these last three years and half, once a month, generally to great satisfaction; and have, therefore, given him a call to take the pastoral charge over us, considering any longer trial needless. He has, however, made a proposition to labour amongst us every Lord's-day for nine months, commencing on the last Sabbath in March, 1852; he considering it a very different thing to hear a man regularly every Lord's-day, to what it is, merely to hear him once a month. This proposition, the church has agreed to; and may God Almighty grant the rich effusion of the Holy Comforter, assisting his dear servant to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ, mellowing the mind, and temper, the spirit, in the reception of the truth as it is in Jesus, is the prayer of yours, in the bonds of the gospel,

THOMAS HILL.

### Zoar Chapel, Gravesend.

JEROVAN has said, "My word shall not return to me void." Blessed be his great name we have had a proof of it at Zoar Chapel. On Tuesday evening, February 17, Mr. Thomas Stringer baptised seven believers, as "the first-fruits of Gravesend." A solemn discourse was delivered by him from Matt. xxviii. 19, 20, in which was considered, 1st. The commission; 2nd. The command; 3rd. the charge; 4th. the consolation.

Many remarks also were made before going down into the water, shewing the scriptural and spiritual import of that solemn ordinance. The chapel was crowded to excess with an attentive audience; and numbers were not able to obtain admittance. Hymns were sung composed by Mr. Stringer. Thus far the Lord hath helped us, and to his most blessed and exalted name will we, pastor and people, ascribe all the glory. One female (born from above) is between sixty and seventy years of age. "Even to your old age I am he."

## REVIEWS AND RECORDS OF GOOD AND GRACIOUS MEN.

## No. I.

[There is a rich variety of biographical literature extant, which is beyond the reach of many of our readers. We wish to furnish them with the marrow of some of those beautiful memoirs. May the dear Spirit of all truth help us in gathering, and our friends in perusing. Amen. Almost everybody has heard of GEORGE WHITEFIELD; but we take pleasure in the thought that we are labouring not only for aged Christians, but for thousands who are yet in the bloom of life—aye, and it may be for thousands yet unborn. Under this heading, therefore, if spared, we hope to place such deeply interesting sketches as shall not only please, but permanently profit the enquiring minds of multitudes of our children. The rector of Helmingham delivered an excellent lecture in Freemason's Hall, last January. It is published by Messrs. Seeley's, in Fleet Street, entitled, "*George Whitefield. A Lecture by the Rev. J. C. RYLE.*" It fills a pamphlet of upwards of seventy pages. A few of its most striking portions we here subjoin. The lecturer said but little either of Whitefield's soul-travail, or of his holy enjoyments of Christ; but he describes the times in which he lived as "the worst times that have been known since the Protestant Reformation:" the following black picture of the hadness of the times in a religious point of view, closes up the first part of the lecture :

"THE church slept. The Dissenters slept. The pulpit slept. The religious press slept. The gates were left wide open. The walls were left unguarded. Infidelity stalked in. The devil sowed tares broadcast, and walked to and fro. The gentry gloried in their shame, and no man pointed out their wickedness. The people sinned with a high hand, and no man taught them better. Ignorance, profligacy, irreligion, and superstition, were to be seen everywhere. Such were the times when Whitefield was raised up.

"I know that this is a dreadful picture. I marvel God did not sweep away the Church altogether. But I believe that the picture is not one whit too highly coloured. It is painful to expose such a state of things. But for Whitefield's sake the truth ought to be known. Justice has not been done to him, because the condition of the times he lived in is not considered. The times he lived in were extraordinary times, and required extraordinary means to be used. And whatever quiet men, sitting by their fireside in 1852, may say to the contrary, I am satisfied that Whitefield was just the man for his times.

"Whitefield's first sermon was preached in St. Mary-le-Crypt, Gloucester. It was

said to have driven fifteen persons mad. Bishop Benson remarked, that he only hoped the madness might continue. He preached continually in many of the London churches, and among others, in the parish churches of Islington, Bishopsgate, St. Dunstan's, St. Margaret, Westminster, and Bow, Cheapside. From the very beginning he attained a degree of popularity such as no preacher, probably, before or since, has ever reached. To say that the churches were crowded when he preached, would be saying little. They were literally crammed to suffocation. An eyewitness said, 'You might have walked on the people's heads.'

After Whitefield returned from America, his energetic manner of preaching the necessity of the new birth, a holy faith in Christ, and a life becoming the gospel, gave such offence, that churches and chapels were actually closed against him; but this was evidently overruled for good. It was the means of driving George Whitefield to commence

## Open-Air Preaching.

And we have in him such a brilliant example, as if we had the mind, the energy, the eloquence, and the unabating devotion which he possessed, we should gladly see imitated by thousands in our day. Read the following :

"He had gone to Islington on a Sunday in April, 1739, to preach for Mr. Stonehouse. In the midst of the prayers the churchwarden came to him, and demanded his license for preaching in the London diocese. This Whitefield had not got. The upshot of the matter was that, being forbidden to preach in the pulpit, he went outside, after the service, and preached in the churchyard. From that day he regularly took up the practice of open-air preaching. Wherever there were large open fields around London, wherever there were large bands of idle, church-despising, Sabbath-breaking people gathered together, there went Whitefield and lifted up his voice. The Gospel so proclaimed was listened to, and greedily received by hundreds who had never dreamed of visiting a place of worship. In Moor Fields, in Hackney Fields, in Marylebone Fields, in May Fair, in Smithfield, on Kennington Common, on Blackheath, Sunday after Sunday, Whitefield preached to admiring masses. Ten thousand, fifteen thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand, were computed sometimes to have heard him at once. The

cause of pure religion was advanced, and souls were plucked from the hand of satan as brands from the burning.

"From this date to the day of his death, a period of thirty-one years, Whitefield's life was one uniform employment. From Sunday morning to Saturday night—from the 1st of January to the 31st of December—excepting when laid aside by illness, he was almost incessantly preaching. There was hardly a considerable town in England, Scotland, and Wales that he did not visit. For thirty-four years he laboured in this way, always proclaiming the same glorious gospel, and always, as far as a man's eye can judge, with immense effect. In one single Whitsuntide week, after he had been preaching in Moorfields, he received one thousand letters from people under spiritual concern, and admitted to the Lord's table three hundred and fifty persons. In the thirty-four years of his ministry it is reckoned that he preached publicly eighteen thousand times."

The matter, and the manner of Whitefield's preaching is worth consideration.

"The crowning excellence of Whitefield's teaching was, that he just spoke of men, things, and doctrines, in the way that the Bible speaks of them, and the place that the Bible assigns to them. God, Christ, and the Spirit—sin, justification, conversion, and sanctification—impenitent sinners the most miserable of people—believing saints the most privileged of people—the world a vain and empty thing—heaven the only rest for an immortal soul—the devil a tremendous and ever-watchful foe—holiness the only true happiness—hell a real and certain portion for the unconverted; these were the kind of subjects which filled Whitefield's mind, and formed the staple of his ministry.

"An American gentleman once went to hear him, for the first time, in consequence of the report he heard of his preaching powers. The day was rainy, the congregation comparatively thin, and the beginning of the sermon rather heavy. Our American friend began to say to himself: "This man is no great wonder, after all." He looked round, and saw the congregation as little interested as himself. One old man, in front of the pulpit, had fallen asleep. But all at once Whitefield stopped short. His countenance changed. And then he suddenly

broke forth in an altered tone: 'If I had come to speak to you in my own name, you might well rest your elbows on your knees, and your heads on your hands, and sleep; and once in a while look up and say, 'What is this babbler talking of?' But I have not come to you in my own name. No! I have come to you in the name of the Lord of hosts,' (here he brought down his hand and foot with a force that made the building ring,) 'and I must, and will be heard.' The congregation started. The old man woke up at once. 'Ay, ay!' cried Whitefield, fixing his eyes on him, 'I have waked you up, have I? I meant to do it. I am not come here to preach to stocks and stones: I have come to you in the name of the Lord God of hosts, and I must, and will, have an audience.' The hearers were stripped of their apathy at once. Every word of the sermon was attended to. And the American gentlemen never forgot it.

"Another striking feature in Whitefield's preaching was his *singular power of description*. The Arabians have a proverb which says, 'He is the best orator that can turn men's ears into eyes.' If ever there was a speaker who succeeded in doing this, it was Whitefield. He drew such vivid pictures of the things he was dwelling upon, that his hearers could believe they actually saw them with their own eyes, and heard them with their own ears. 'On one occasion,' says one of his biographers, 'Lord Chesterfield was among his hearers. The preacher, in describing the miserable condition of a poor benighted sinner, illustrated the subject by describing a blind beggar. The night was dark, the road dangerous, and full of snares; the poor sightless mendicant is deserted by his dog near the edge of a precipice, and has nothing to grope his way with but his staff. But Whitefield so warmed with his subject, and unfolded it with such graphic power, that the whole auditory was kept in breathless silence over the movements of the poor old man; and, at length, when the beggar was about to take that fatal step which would have hurled him down the precipice to certain destruction, Lord Chesterfield actually made a rush forward to save him, exclaiming aloud, 'He is gone! he is gone!' The noble lord had been so entirely carried away by the preacher that he forgot the whole was a picture.

"It was no uncommon thing for him to weep profusely in the pulpit. Cornelius Winter goes so far as to say that he hardly ever knew him get through a sermon without tears. There seems to have been nothing whatever of affectation in this. He felt intensely for the souls before him, and his feeling found a vent in tears. His hearers were often so affected as to shed floods of tears themselves. 'I came to hear you,' said one man, 'intending to break your head; but your sermon got the better of me, it broke my heart.' Once become satisfied that a man loves you, and you will listen gladly to anything he has got to say. And this is just one grand secret of Whitefield's success."

[In future numbers we hope to furnish valuable sketches of "good and gracious men."—Ed.]

### A Roman Catholic Priest at Liverpool Seeking the good of Souls (?)

MY DEAR EDITOR,—A Christian brother spent last Lord's-day afternoon with me; and in course of conversation upon the best things, told me that he had been invited by a Roman Catholic priest to an interview for the welfare of his soul. On entering the passage of the house, he met one of the robed clericals, (there were four in the same dwelling,) who ushered him to a private apartment, and questioned him first as to his belief of the Trinity. My friend then asked him this question—"What must I do to be saved?" to which the priest replied, "You must be *baptised by the Church.*" Then said my friend, "So baptism is regeneration, I am to understand: but what is to become of my sins?" to which the priest replied, "I will forgive your sins." "But," says the other, "the Scripture declares none can forgive sins but God only:" to which he replied, that he stood in the place of God, with equal power to forgive us completely. Our brother, being a regenerate soul, could not endure this, so wrote him a letter, which I pray may open his blind eyes. Now I desire, with your permission, to give a few extracts from a little pamphlet that has come under my notice, relative to *baptism*, as a saving ordinance. This beautiful command of Christ seems so wrongly understood by many good men, that if you would insert the following hints in your *Vessel*, as it has such a wide and increasing circulation, who can tell but that under Christ's blessing, some good may be done.

"There are *four* distinct Scriptural meanings of the word 'baptism.' 1st, Suffering. 2ndly, Endowment with the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost. 3rdly, Conversion, or regeneration, or renewal of soul; or as St. Peter calls it, 'the answer of a good conscience toward God.' In none of these is there any mention of water. 4thly, An application of water to the *body*, in the name of the Lord, and in obedience to the commandment of the Lord, or as St. Peter calls it, 'the putting away of the *filth* of the flesh.' We see Judas Iscariot baptised by water, and eternally

lost; and the dying thief *not* baptised, eternally saved. After this, we see a notable instance of the will of God the Spirit, in the case of St. Paul, who when brought before the wisdom of the world, into the mysteries of Christ's kingdom, listens to the divine command through the medium of Annanias, where he exhorts him to 'arise, and be baptised, and wash away his sins, calling upon the name of the Lord.' The God of our fathers hath chosen thee; you are his; arouse yourself without delay. You are his soldier, secretly, but really enlisted; enrol yourself in the ranks openly, according to his general orders. You are a pardoned sinner before God, proclaim it before all men. Oh! glorious instance of believers' baptism."

If these remarks should meet the eye of any who deny baptism in part (by sprinkling) or in whole, I pray you consider the enjoyment you lose by neglecting or rejecting God's special commands. Consider, also, what Paul and Silas were called to endure before God's will was accomplished in the conversion and baptism of the poor heathen jailor. They travelled through great cities, and countries, which to all human appearance bid fair for a field for the gospel—Phrygia, Galatia, Asia, Mysia, Troas, Samothracia, Neapolis, down to Philippi. At the latter place we find them beaten with stripes, and their feet made fast in the stocks: but what for? To proclaim forgiveness through the blood of Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost, and baptism by water, to an elect vessel, although a poor heathen jailor. Who can read these things, and make light of their vital importance?

I send these lines, dear Editor, humbly hoping to do some good, please the Lord; and remain your brother in Christ,

W. F.

Liverpool, Feb. 9, 1852.

### SURREY TABERNACLE AUXILIARY Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society.

ON Monday, February 16th, a numerous body of the friends of the Surrey Tabernacle took tea together in their noble chapel; after which a public meeting was held, for the purpose of forming an Auxiliary to that valuable institution, "The Aged Pilgrims Friend Society." Mr. James Wells presided. Addresses were delivered by the pastor and deacons of the place; and great interest appears to have been excited on behalf of the Society. The leading speaker of the evening was Mr. John Thwaites, who ably and eloquently advocated the claims of the Society. He said that their object for forming this Auxiliary was twofold. First, to benefit the parent Society. Secondly, as they had a number of the Lord's poor amongst them, (which Mr. T. considered an honour to the place,) they might be enabled, at a future time, to place some of them on the pensions of that Society. Mr. Wells was unanimously chosen President of the Auxiliary; Mr. Butt, Treasurer; Mr. Keeble, Secretary; and a Committee of twelve gentlemen, (to be aided by the deacons of the place,) were chosen from the members and congregation.

Our brother John Bunyan M'Cure having resigned the pastorate at Hadlow, in Kent, is, we understand, open to supply any destitute church.

## A Real Conversion from Popery.

IN the midst of all the noise and confusion terror and alarm in which we have, of late been moving, it is exceedingly cheering to fall in with any man, or book, whose testimony has on it, and in it, the impress of heaven. Flaming announcements, and striking narratives have been published of conversions from popery, but when they have been examined by the spiritual, the discerning, the deeply exercised mind, there has appeared to be something wanting; and consequently fears have arisen as to whether they were merely conversions from one delusion to another, which, (to such as *know what God-wrought conversions are*, and what they certainly produce,) are dreadful in the extreme.

A book has lately fallen into our hands, entitled "*A narrative of the conversion from popery of the Rev. G. Cerioni, and the Rev. L. D. Moscardi*," &c. &c. The first edition of this work, (consisting of one thousand copies,) was sold in the space of a few months; a second edition of the work is now published by Arthur Hall & Co., 25, Paternoster-row: and we would hope that many thousands of this most interesting and in every sense valuable document, may be scattered through our land; for, accompanied by the power of God the Holy Spirit, it is well calculated to effect a vast amount of good. There is a beautiful vein of godly sincerity unfeigned humility, and gospel simplicity running through the narrative, rarely to be found in works of this kind. Both the persons whose names we have given, are well known at Frome, in Somersetshire, in London, and other parts of England; and we can scarcely doubt but that when Cerioni becomes sufficiently conversant with our language, he will be employed by the ALMIGHTY JEHOVAH to disseminate through our provinces, the wonderful works which sovereign grace has wrought in his soul in bringing him to embrace the Lord Jesus Christ as the author and finisher of his faith. May the Lord keep and abundantly bless him. Amen.

The work we are now noticing, is published at too high a price for the majority of our readers; we shall therefore give an extract or two confirmatory of the opinion we have expressed: while these extracts may be truly encouraging to the

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poorest of God's dear saints, we hope they will stimulate the more wealthy to purchase, to peruse, and circulate the work. And who can calculate the amount of good that may be thus effected!

At the very opening of the first chapter, we find the following beautiful remarks. After a few words expressive of his design, Cerioni says—

"It is therefore to the goodness and mercy of God alone that I ascribe my change of heart: to God, who with invisible cords drew me to the knowledge of the truth, and forced me to the renunciation of error, I attribute all that has befallen me. It was not by the light of my own understanding that I made the discovery of error; no endowment of mine, no action of my life merited such a favour; it was the divine light which shone in upon my darkened mind and revealed to me the truth. Whatever, therefore, I shall narrate in the following pages on the subject of my conversion, to God be all the glory—to the faith which is in Christ Jesus the triumph.

"Well known to every one of you, my christian readers is the vocation of St. Paul to the Apostolate. Saul consenting to the death of the proto-martyr Stephen, Saul breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, Saul persecuting the elect flock of Christ, him, in the very act of his journeying to Damascus in order to bind and put in prison all who should call themselves by the name of christian, did Jesus strike suddenly with his grace. *Saul* was not seeking Christ, on the contrary he abhorred him; but Christ was seeking *Paul*. The wolf did not seek the shepherd in the morning, but the sheep: the Good Shepherd sought the wolf, not to slay but to tame him. The Good Shepherd, Jesus Christ, was desirous of placing Paul among the other shepherds, that they might divide the prey in the evening. (Gen. xlix. 27.) With what force was Paul struck by the grace of Christ! There was a blaze of light, a tremendous sound of the voice of the Omnipotent which arrested him in his journey: he was dazzled by the splendour of the more than mid-day brightness, or, rather, was struck blind by it: he fell to the ground, and heard in a solemn tone the words, '*Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?*' This sufficed to humble Saul to the will of Jesus, meekly he enquired, '*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*' The divine will made known, he welcomes it, he follows it; he is now a 'vessel of mercy,' he is now a lamb of the increasing flock: he is admitted to know the mysteries of the christian family, of the elect spouse of him who with irresistible impetus has called him into his service. Will Paul make a boast of this? By no means; on the contrary he will ascribe it solely to the goodness of the Almighty, who calls whom he wills, and pours his Holy Spirit into the heart of whomsoever he pleases. Does Paul glory in such a gift as that which the finger of the Eternal traced upon his brow? By no means;

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on the contrary, he concentrates himself in his own nothingness before God, and glories only in his infirmities.

"Is it for me to affirm that the same thing has happened to myself? I would not mention it even to my most intimate friend were the declaration to redound to my own honour: but as the glory belongs wholly to the Author of all grace, and to me nothing but weakness, infirmity, say rather, sin, it may be lawful for me to glory in Jesus Christ, our Saviour, in relating more particularly the circumstances which led to my conversion."

Most of us are aware what a strong-hold early implanted principles and prejudices have upon the mind of man. A child with a spirit quick and pliable in its nature, and thrown under powerful and attracting influences, will become so thoroughly glued to those early associations as not easily to be removed. At eight years of age Cerioni was "entirely in the hands of monks and priests, and learnt nothing but chorusses, confessions, masses, and monastical devotions of the grossest character." Hear what he says—

"I had not completed my fifteenth year, when I was admitted as a probationer (my name being changed from that of Giovanni Cerioni to Fra Berardo); and dressed in a rough coarse habit in the order of these monks, I was placed under the tutelage of a spiritual master, as bigoted and ignorant as can well be imagined. Here commenced the scene of my regular education. I shall dwell more at length on this point, in order to treat my kind readers with some insight into the *sorcery*, if I may be allowed the expression, with which the priests of the Papal Church are fascinated, and by which they perceive not the abyss into which they have fallen.

"The first precept that was imposed on me was that of blind obedience to every beck of the master, whatever it might be. I was also, against all reason, expressly prohibited from speaking to any person whatever, regular or lay, in order to prevent the acquisition of any kind of knowledge beyond that of superstition and priestly imposture. Here began the school of hypocrisy—a mixture of good with wicked actions—a doctrine totally foreign to that of the gospel, as I now plainly discover; but could not then perceive, because it was demonstrated to me that our justification was the result of good works, and not of faith. I was also taught that our good works alone could not save us without the addition of corporal pen-

ance, fasting, abstinence, flagellations, maceration, of the body, hair-cloth, &c. These were the weapons by which we were to overcome the evil one, by which we were to gain heaven."

Take a specimen of the kind of instruction received. Cerioni says—

"The theology taught in the Papal Church is entirely controversial, and though different and complex methods are employed, the result is one and the same; and for this reason, that the grand aim of the theology of the Papal Church is to support the Pope, and to overthrow the true church—the church of Christ: the whole study, therefore, consists in bringing forward arguments in support of those opinions against innovators—such as Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, and others. The minds of the young men are saturated with false accusations against these persons. Our professors now say that Calvin died raving mad, his tongue being eaten by worms, for having denied the virginity of Mary: now, they relate anecdotes of Martin Luther—how the devil dictated his sermons, since his arguments were maintained in the face of the Papists with diabolical art—with many other, I will not say fables, but iniquitous fabrications.

"Neither I nor any of my colleagues ever read the Bible; we had not one in our possession: we only read some fragments out of the Breviary or Missal, (the book with which the Mass is said,) or at most, three or four verses every day at table, when the monks were eating, and all were more intent on gluttony than devotion—let any one figure to himself in what estimation the Bible was then held! This is, in brief, the way in which theology is studied in the Papal Church."

Cerioni's reflections at the commencement of each chapter are expressive of a powerful mind. In the second chapter we have the following interesting record:

"At length, from a natural desire of seeing other countries, I asked leave, very pressing to visit Palestine. The permission was granted, and I set sail from the port of Leghorn, in the month of January, 1838, by way of Alexandria. Arrived there, after a short stay, I again embarked for Jaffa. On the second night of our voyage, in consequence of the carelessness of the Greek captain, we were shipwrecked on the banks of the Nile, without knowing where we were: the prow of the vessel struck on the sand,

the force of the waves upon the stern, impelled her towards the shoal—the impetuosity of the gale now driving her back, and then pushing her forward, she struck at last upon the sand-banks, so violently, that she began to separate and to fill with water, which poured in through the various leaks. Great was the alarm: we all gave ourselves up as lost, principally because we did not know where we were—the captain had missed the direction, and the darkness of the night had prevented us from seeing the perilous situation we were in. In this great confusion death appeared inevitable, and each one accused himself as being the cause of the Divine anger. The ship was laden with merchandise and passengers: Greeks, Arabians, Jews, Papists: and every one made a vow—I, with another priest, to the Madonna, the saints, and the souls in purgatory—the Mussulman to Mahomet—the Jew invoked the patriarch Abraham—the Greek, St. George; and each believed himself absolved on account of the promise he had made to fulfil his vow if he should escape shipwreck. My companion and I confessed each other by turns; and as it seemed to me that I, especially had incurred the wrath of heaven, by retaining in my possession a coin of the value of a shilling, contrary to the vow of poverty I had made when I professed as a monk of the Franciscan order, I instantly threw it into the waves—such was my credulity, and such my firm belief at that period. It was the will of God that we should be saved from this shipwreck; the vessel had been so firmly embedded in the sand that she remained immovable till the morning, when, at day-break we found we were close to the mouth of the Nile, on the coast of Damietta. I cannot describe the sensation I experienced in seeing myself restored from death to life. I attributed the miracle to the saints whom I had invoked, to the souls in purgatory, to whom I had made a vow: all the others, whom I have before described, believed themselves saved by the power of the tutelary divinity whom each had supplicated. But what struck me the most was to see the Mahomedans, scarcely escaped from peril, throw themselves on the ground, and offer up their prayers in the sight of all. I was touched with compassion at seeing so much ignorance united with so much devotion.”

In the providence of God, Cerioni is

found in Egypt, where many striking events occur to him. A great fire breaks out; his convent and church are nearly destroyed in the flames. Being a zealous and clever fellow, he undertakes the superintendance of their restoration; and the building being completed, circumstances fall out, under God, which lead to the awakening of his soul from the dark delusions of the Papal heresy. But pages of the richest interest are passed by, and we come to the first discoveries of that heavy soul-travail he endured, wrought in him by the secret and sovereign operations of the ever-blessed Quickener, Teacher, and Comforter of the whole household of faith. Ah! how many of the blood-washed election of grace are lying in the secret places of the stairs, in deep spiritual exercises, none but a Triune God can tell. Where is the real Christian that has not travelled in a path somewhat similar to that herein described by Cerioni?

“In the beginning of this chapter, I gave the description of a soul that is in the love of God, in the enjoyment of heavenly consolations. A soul that is in the love of God, that reads his holy Word, means one that worships him only, that prays to him only, that takes no pleasure but in him, that is comforted only by him; who, for the sake of Christ, and by faith in Christ, is justified, and already blessed upon earth.

“I had read several books in which this idea was represented in so sublime a manner, that even a stoic must have been inspired with the wish for the attainment of such an object. Meanwhile, I knew many of my colleagues who were using their utmost efforts to reach this state of perfection, but never had the satisfaction of finding one who had actually attained it. It is not my intention to extend any further the development of this idea, otherwise I could enumerate a host of bigots who made a show of being spiritually-minded, but whose hearts were full of envy and pride; who were overbearing, censorious, intolerant towards all who differed from them in opinion, despising the fervour of youth, inconsistent, unadverting upon every trifling foible, and ever themselves restless and disquieted. I said, I could prove this assertion, because I was for ten years a confessor, and listened to that from which the human mind would shrink with horror at the bare imagination. What I would

infer from these premises is this: that I myself could never realize this state of perfection, though I did all I could to arrive at it. But vain were all my efforts. The more I laboured, the less advance I made. I prayed to the Madonna, to the saints, in the ardent desire for consolation, but my fears were not removed—the thought of death terrified me—the judgment to come was martyrdom to me. I confessed, but obtained no comfort: I returned to the feet of the confessor, but in vain—peace was a stranger to my breast. How often, after a long meditation, has my spirit sunk within me! Despair almost took possession of my mind, because I never could obtain tranquility of conscience, or strength sufficient to overcome any vice that seemed rooted in my heart; in short, the greater pains I took, the more I was disquieted. At last, wearied by so many ineffectual efforts, and annoyed at being unable to attain the end I had in view, my ardour began to cool; so much so, that I only performed what was imposed on me from a strict sense of duty. By degrees, it became quite extinct, and I thought of finding some repose in worldly enjoyments. But this, too, was in vain. Neither the society of my friends, the comforts and conveniences of life, attention to personal appearance, vanity of dress, exquisite viands, the pleasing amusements of the garden, nor the frequenting parties with persons of rank, brought any relief to my heart. Living with a bishop, a prelate of the Papal Church, I had nothing to desire: every thing was at my command. I had no need to “take thought for the morrow, what I should eat, or what I should drink, or for my raiment what I should put on,” or for any other necessity—everything was provided for me, and yet I was not content. I cannot describe the sufferings of my mind; from day to day they increased; I knew not to what cause to attribute them, and this led me to the brink of despair. Often did I think of freeing myself from every restraint, moral and religious, but this my education forbade—not however that I did not seek to relieve the anguish of my mind by many vanities and frivolities. My dear friend Moscardi seemed to me an angel of consolation on his arrival from Fayoum. I believed that he would bring comfort to my heart, and often called on him, spending the greater part of the day

with him, and sometimes of the night, in delightful conversation, and relating many anecdotes for our amusement. This produced a short respite of anguish, but did not wholly subdue it: in the moments of solitude, it again overcame me. I returned to my friend, and a feeble light glimmered upon my brow. He was not more joyous than myself—he too was suffering but neither of us revealed to the other the tortures we were enduring.”

If permitted, we shall continue our review of this powerful work next month, and gather therefrom some evidence in proof of the reality of Cerioni's conversion.

### A Peculiar People.

“Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?”

*To my dear friends in the Lord, scattered through the South of England.*

THIS is a very important question; before any one can answer it, he must know what it is, and wherein it consists. To be the subject of this love will be to be blessed of the Lord as a person whom the love of God hath chosen, the blood of Christ cleansed, the righteousness of Christ justified, and whom the Holy Ghost hath quickened: hence arises a blessedness that nature cannot produce, nor any duty of man procure. By God's purpose, power, and love only, can we be blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Thus distinguished, they are called the sons of God; they have his grace poured into their hearts, and are not only called, but are made the blessed of the Lord openly, by being separated from the world, by fellowship with God and with his Son Jesus Christ; they have received the immortal principle of eternal life, which proves that their names are written in heaven. Therefore, for the honour of him that chose them—for the exaltation of him who lived, died, and rose again for them, for their own safety here, and their salvation hereafter, they are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed. *Who, then, shall separate them from the love of Christ?*

This people, thus distinguished from the rest of mankind, have a peculiar faith, a peculiar love, a peculiar prayer, a peculiar practice. Their faith is fixed alone on Christ, for justification and acceptance; it works by love, in the ways of

salvation; and mourns because they cannot love more, and serve him better. They pray in secret, under the humbling influence of grace, and as the Spirit gives them utterance: they practise the ways of God, not with any expectation of merit, but under an humble sense of the obligation they are laid under for the great things done for them, wrought in them, promised to them, and treasured up in Christ for them. Thus the grace and love of God is seen, and manifested to be in them, and they are distinguished as the children of light, as trees of God's right hand planting, that he may be glorified; being translated out of the kingdom of satan, and planted in the garden of God's grace, they have Christ formed in them the hope of glory; and God the Holy Ghost dwells in them, and walks in them, and thus they are made partakers of his divine nature. *Who, then, shall separate them from the love of Christ?*

The love of Christ constitutes the union between God and sinners; it is this that separates them from the world, keeps them safely in it, and insures their safe arrival in glory. Christ's love to his chosen was first manifested in his covenant engagements for them before time, wherein he became their Surety, according to God's eternal purpose which he purposed in himself, to save a people for his glory, and so chose them in Christ before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before him in love, wherein God hath abounded towards us in all wisdom and prudence according to his foreknowledge, having predestinated us unto the adoption of sons according to the good pleasure of his will, who first trusted in Christ both his glory and his grace. *Who, then, shall separate us from the love of Christ?*

This is nothing less than the pure and perfect love of God in Christ over which there is no control, into which no angel, or any other creature, can fully enter; it is in heaven, and by this God did from all eternity unite a people to himself. Who, then, shall break this union? Will any clamber up to heaven, and separate what God hath eternally united? Shall any untie this love-knot, and cause God to lose his children—break his covenant—and forfeit his word? O, no; God created the world on their account; he prepared mansions in heaven for them; he wrote their names in the Lamb's book of life; for them he sent his Son Jesus to suffer,

and die; for them his Spirit comes to quicken; Christ, now exalted in heaven, intercedes for them according to the will of God.

*Who, then, shall separate us from the love of Christ?* They were saved in Christ before they fell; they were preserved in him when they fell, and raised by him from the fall; and this love is in God, it emanates from him as the rays of light do from the sun; and taking an almighty hold on his chosen as the loadstone does on steel filings, it raises them up from amongst the pots, tips their wings with silver, and their feathers with yellow gold, and thus raiseth them from death, dispels their darkness, slays their enmity, saves them from sin, fills them with holiness, and brings them into the presence of God fully justified from all things, and made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

*Who, then, shall separate us from the love of Christ?* Can any one build a sluice so high that the love of God cannot overflow it? Oh, no, this fountain is opened in the very height of the highest, and is, therefore, constructed to overflow every obstruction, and to run down to the very lowest place. It is possible for one of God's beloved to fall; but this pure stream of the water of life conveys healing, cleansing, and restoration wherever it comes; it is not to be stopped in its progress; nothing can divert it from its course, or spoil its purity; it runs underneath every elect vessel of mercy as water will run under wood, wash off the filth, sink it to the bottom, while it carries away the timber on its surface. So the love of God takes possession of his chosen, sinks their sins in the bottom of the sea; carries them on, raises them up, and up, until it lands them in the harbour of eternal bliss, and there rests them in the ocean of divine perfection. This is love without a cause, but in its author; it hath no means but in him; he is the Author and Finisher of it.

*Who, then, shall separate us from the love of Christ?* Sin cannot; for Christ made an end of that, and put it away by the sacrifice of himself; the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. *Darkness cannot;* for Christ is become our light and our salvation. *The law cannot;* for "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." *Justice cannot;* for Christ satisfied justice to the utmost of his demand. *The devil*

cannot; for Christ has conquered him and spoiled him of his power. *Death cannot*: for Christ destroyed death, and wrested his sting from him. *The grave cannot*: for Christ gained victory over it, and has spoiled all these principalities and powers, made a show of them openly, and triumphed over them in it.

The Lord bless you, reader, with a love and spiritual sense of these things, and then with me and Paul you will joyfully sing that "I am persuaded that neither life, death, principalities, powers, angels, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Your's in the Lord,

JOHN CORBITT.

God willing, I shall visit you this summer during the three last weeks in July and the first in August.

### Mr. G. Wyard's Pastoral Letter

DEFENDED.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR.—On the wrapper of your magazine (which has many readers at Ilford, myself and family among the number,) for February, you observe that "David's strictures on Mr. Wyard's Pastoral Letter are rather severe; but the subject is of much importance, and it strikes us that the insertion of David's letter would call forth the minds of some good men on the points at issue, and so it might be useful." You therefore favored your readers with that truly remarkable epistle in your number for March. Upon reading it I wrote to Mr. Wyard, to ask him if he intended to reply to it in your April number. He stated that he intended to wait a little, and requested me earnestly to send my thoughts upon it.

In your review of the Letter in your January number, you observe, "It is a sound and wholesome letter, simply calling the attention of professing Christians to those things which are immediately identified with their best interests in this their militant state. God grant the members of our churches power to stand in these things, and more peace and prosperity must be the result."

Now, Mr. Editor, I have carefully read over that Letter myself, and am quite satisfied that your verdict is just and true, and will commend itself to the enlightened judgments of at least three-fourths of your readers, notwithstanding the vague and confident assertions of David to the contrary. On reading the so-called strictures my first reflection was respecting the peculiar trials of Editors, and what need they have of patience, good temper and forbearance, to enable them to endure the cavils of ignorance, the censures of jealousies and prejudice, and the complaints of dissatis-

fied correspondents. The individual who regularly reads the *Vessel*, must be stoical indeed if he does not sympathise with you in your indefatigable, persevering, and to a great extent, unrequited labours, in preaching, reviewing, publishing, &c. I hope, however, David's strictures on your recorded judgment of that Letter, will not induce you to give up the editorship or even the reviewing department.

In his introduction he very modestly disclaims all pretensions to infallibility, though we cannot give him credit for his being quite so modest and retiring throughout: for he says it *may be* both sound and wholesome, and he very humbly suggests that it may be somewhat presumptuous in an obscure individual like himself, to call it in question.

He then very kindly apologises for what he calls want of wisdom and discrimination in yourself, by supposing that in the hurry of business you may not have very closely tested it by the unerring word of truth. I cannot help thinking that "unerring word of truth" here simply means *David's creed*, though I should be sorry to do him the injustice to suppose that his strictures were written under any other circumstances than the hurry of business, nervous excitement, or under the influence of a cloudy day. I will venture to say, that tested by the unerring word of truth, that letter will be found to be what you describe it, both sound and wholesome.

But what says David? Why dear me, Mr. Editor, he says, that so far from being sound and wholesome, it is food for hypocrites, and savors very much more of intellectuality than of spirituality; though there may be some of the same intellectual stamp, who may find it a sweet morsel to their logical pride.

Shall I transgress any rule of propriety, if I say that we think brother David has either played with the words he has employed, such as intellectuality, spirituality and logical pride; or that he does not understand their meaning.

Intellectuality, I presume, means a clear perception, careful discrimination, a right understanding; and that spirituality is a state of mind produced by the Spirit of truth, by means of "the truth as it is in Jesus;" that is, through a clear perception, right understanding and firm belief thereof. If this be true, then I admit that the Letter is both intellectual and spiritual. I have also taken the trouble to look again into the dictionary to make sure what that learned word "logical" means; and I find that it signifies, "the use of right reason; or a sanctified intellect in connection with our enquiries after truth: we therefore acknowledge the compliment our brother has paid us, and should he think himself entitled to one in return, we cheerfully confess that he has not distinguished his strictures with the slightest admixture of intellectuality, nor do we think him guilty of anything approaching to logical pride.

What a splendid exhibition of illogical nonsense has he given us in such sentences as the following—"such an intellectual dealing out of the letter of the precept is double deception;" again, when he very wisely imagines that you, Mr. Editor having carefully read his communication, would most likely be disposed to ask, "Well, what does the man want?" He very learnedly and logically replies, "well sir, I want the truth, not in the mere letter, nor *upside down*." It has just occurred to me that by some unaccountable blunder David may have read your January number *upside down*; if it be so, we have a key to the whole mystery.

And now, Mr. Editor, having written thus far with an eye to the directions given in Proverbs xxvi. 5, we must be more serious as it becomes us, when we are charged with providing food for hypocrites—deceiving the simple and inexperienced—teaching arminianism in disguise, and free-willing, like attempting with the letter of the word to deceive the very elect.

Did David ever read Proverbs xxvi. 18, 19? If not, let him do so before he again attempts to vilify a brother's sentiments, of whom it may be said, as much as of most living men, "His praise is in all the churches."

Surely David must be very simple and inexperienced, if he does not know that *hypocrites* will feed and fatten on almost anything; and that the most searching, spiritual, and even illogical preaching, will fail to bring them to the light: such, I believe, will find many a *sweet morsel* in David's strictures, and will highly commend his self-sacrificing effort, in the enunciation of such absurdities as the following: "According to Mr. Wyard's intellectual manner of handling matters, it is a crime, a fault, a dreadful evil, to have to cry, 'My leanness, my leanness,' while in truth we want to see among professors a great deal more leanness." Really Mr. Editor, such Jesuitical *double dealing* is little less than disgusting to an intelligent mind. Need I remind David that Mr. Wyard's address was *Pastoral*, and directed to his flock, who are acknowledged by him as among "the living in Jerusalem," and not to the world of mere professors? Why, then, does he attempt to deceive your readers by saying, "The *natural* man no more receives the *things* of the precept than he does the *things* of the promise." Does he mean to insinuate that Mr. W.'s address was to the unregenerate—or is he so ignorant as not to be able to distinguish between the *natural* and *spiritual* man, and the respective obligations belonging to each? If David had understood one passage which he partly quotes—"Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus," it might have saved him from holding himself up to ridicule by his nonsensical quibbling. That passage is undoubtedly in the form of a gospel precept or exhorta-

tion, which the Pastoral Letter illustrates in detail, by shewing that we are only warranted in expecting the continued supplies of grace in connection with the diligent use of the means which God has appointed. The fact that Jehovah does frequently bless us unexpectedly, when we are cold, prayerless, and unbelieving, does not in the least oppose Mr. Wyard's testimony: he is not there particularly setting forth either doctrines or experience, but rather dwelling upon the preceptive part of the word and its obligations. To me, sir, it appears that the only fault that the most fastidious critic could find worth any show of propriety, is that the Holy Ghost is not more distinctly mentioned in the Letter. If, however, *He* be substantially recognised throughout, the objection has but little force.

The case of a professor living at a distance from God, having become both prayerless and reckless, and who, instead of crying out, "O, my leanness, my leanness," is found presumptuously boasting, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing," is surely the very worst into which a regenerated soul can fall.

Is it not the greatest presumption for David to pretend that he is the mouth-piece or *amanuensis* for all the "living in Jerusalem," or to assert that "there is not a real Christian under heaven whose experience does not contradict the testimony given by Mr. Wyard. How vast must be the knowledge possessed by David, and extensive the circle of acquaintance in which he moves, and of which I presume he thinks he is the *fac-totum*."

Mr. W. is also charged with "tying the believer to times and seasons." Is David a Sabbatarian, or is he an anti-sabbathman? Perhaps he objects alike to the seventh day Sabbath, and the first day of the week, and prefers to treat all days alike in his boasted *liberty*. Does he object to public prayer every Lord's Day in the congregation of the saints, or would he prefer our public services being regulated by the parson's frames and feelings? Does he object to family prayer morning or evening, or does he disdain to be tied down to such prayer-saying forms? Will he kindly inform us if we may continue our public and social prayer meetings as heretofore, without subjecting ourselves to the charges contained in his childish communication?

We should be inclined to think that David had never read his Bible did we not know something of the power of prejudice in blinding the eyes, and making even a wise man to appear a fool. Did not Jesus direct his disciples every day to pray "give us this day our daily bread?" Did he not most distinctly point out the connection between prayer and the communication of the promised blessings? (see Matt. vii. 7, &c.) Did he not tell them that they ought always to pray and not to faint? And in the hour of his own

extremity did he not exhort them, "Why sleep ye? rise and pray lest ye enter into temptation?" But perhaps David would still maintain "that such an intellectual dealing out of the letter of the precept was *double deception*. The apostles also preached the same kind of double deception, for they exhorted the saints "to continue instant in prayer," to "pray without ceasing," "in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God," &c., Nay, they even asserted "ye have not because ye ask not; ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss." Perhaps David will still persist in his *opinion* that they were free-willers and arminians in disguise, who with the *Letter* attempted to deceive the very elect.

David in his wisdom also informs us that "every christian is not placed in the same circumstances as the man after God's own heart, or the captive Daniel in Babylon. I presume this is no *new revelation* vouchsafed to us by the pen of David; we beg to say, however, that every christian needs daily and hourly supplies of the same grace, and is directed to the use of the same means in order to realise its abundant communications. That man must be wilfully perverse or profoundly ignorant who could attempt to misrepresent the following plain testimony of Mr. Wyard—"We have no right to expect God but in his own way; the purpose, the promise, and the precept agree."

What David means by charging Mr. W. with "setting the precept above the promise, and the creature before the Creator," I cannot imagine; that the charges are groundless any one who will take the trouble to read the *Letter* will, I think, readily confess. It is, however, in perfect harmony with the utter recklessness of the communication throughout.

Again. This learned critic objects to Mr. Wyard's statement "that the purposes of heaven are not our rule," and endeavours to set Paul against Wyard, but utterly fails. Most readers on comparing the text with David's comment will regard it as "darkening counsel with words without knowledge." He further boldly asserts that "God's purpose and plan to save Noah *certainly* were a rule to Noah, and he wrought by the same." What a pity that David should ever publish his thoughts without getting some Sunday scholar to review them.

Any ordinary Sunday scholar would have informed him that the rule of Noah's conduct was the following precept, "make thee an ark of gopher wood; come thou and all thy house into the ark," and it is said, "and Noah did according to all that the Lord commanded him." So much for David's *certainly*, and it is most likely that if he had favoured us with a few more of his "almost innumerable instances" in proof of his absurd notion that the purposes of heaven are our rule, we should upon investigation have found them equally

clear and decisive with the one he has so kindly favoured us with.

But now, Mr. Editor, lest I should render myself burdensome to yourself or readers, I will bring this communication to a close, though you will perceive I have only briefly touched upon the chief *beauties* of the first half of this precious epistle. Should you be pleased to insert this in your *Vessel*, for April, and think it worth while that we should submit the other half of "*David*" to a similar review, I shall be happy to resume my task at your bidding, and shall look for your instructions on the wrapper. If, however, you should think that to proceed any further would be uncharitable, and something like *abusing the dead*, I shall cheerfully submit to the decision you may pronounce. I remain, dear brother, yours in the truth,

JAMES WOODARD.

*Iford, March 15, 1852.*

### Complete in Him.

Lines suggested from hearing a Sermon at Ebenezer Chapel, Bury, Suffolk, October 23rd, 1851, from Col. ii. 10. "Ye are complete in Him." By Mr. T. Poock, Ipswich.

COMPLETE in "Christ" are words most dear,  
Oh, how the sound delights my ear,  
And ravishes my heart;  
It quite absorbs my every thought,  
To know that I'm completely bought  
In whole and not in part.  
Was not salvation full and free,  
It would not suit poor wretched me,  
That am so plagued with sin.  
Talk not of creature merit, pray,  
Salvation's quite another way,  
Than by the works of men;  
It is by Jesus Christ, the Lord,  
The great I am, the incarnate God,  
Who left the realms of bliss,  
And suffered in our room and place:  
Oh wondrous, rich surprising grace.  
The love of God, who can descry,  
Let tongues of men or angels try  
To speak its glories forth.  
It is a sea without a shore,  
A mystery that we can't explore,  
Nor tell forth half its worth;  
That Christ should take the sinner's place,  
The vilest of the human race.  
Mark, 'twas not for his friends,  
But for the worst of enemies,  
That our belov'd Redeemer dies.  
Oh the surprising grace!  
Grant, dearest Lord, that I may see,  
That I am all complete in thee;  
Then this sweet note, I'll raise,  
That grace has saved the worst from hell;  
This wondrous note my tongue shall swell,  
Till I resound thy praise;  
And then the loudest note I'll raise,  
In sounding my Redeemer's grace.  
Among the blood-bought throng,  
I'll cast my crown at Jesus feet;  
Worthy the Lamb, my soul repeat,  
And this shall be my song.

*Bury.*

A HEARER.

## A BRUISED REED NOT BROKEN :

AN ANSWER TO "WHO CAN TELL?" INSERTED IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER CHARLES.—I have had a day's weeping over the affecting narrative of your dear departed wife's last illness; and while I have felt my own impotency to aid you in your heavy trial, I have truly felt fellowship with you in your sufferings, and sympathised with you in your griefs and hopes. I have thought with you, and for you; the reaction of thoughts, and ways, and events of the last thirty years, since I first knew that affectionate Mary, whom I shall know no more among the inhabitants of the world, and the retrospect has been a sound commentary on the text, Job xiv. 1, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble; he cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down." She was a tender, slender flower, and though blighted, and blasted, and broken, she was not *driven away*, but *there was hope in her death*. I gather and conclude from your full and feeling statement, founded on my own knowledge of her spirit, that she was a sensible, humble, and hoping sinner. "Brought low," and helped *with a little help*. Helped, so that she could not despair, and so that she could not but hope, though not triumph.

After reading your letter through once in the vestry, as I had a marriage at half-past eight, I took a solitary walk, that the wind might chasten my swollen cheeks and red eyes; and as I walked along, this cheering assurance lightened my spirit and gladdened my heart—"a bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench." She was a bruised reed. I do believe that for many years she felt she was nothing, and knew nothing, and deserved nothing; but when she saw the storm she did not despise the shelter, but prized it rather, looked towards it wishfully, and feeling her weak and bruised condition, and assured of HIS power to save, cried to him,

"Rock of Ages, shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

*She was a bruised reed.* She never gave out any high sounding notes; she never thought of tuning her poor instrument to praise; she was a crushed and crumpled straw, BUT NOT STUBBLE; and in her last illness, had she held her peace, despair would have compassed her about; but

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she poured out her soul in song, and the Saviour did NOT BREAK *the bruised reed*. No! I think with you that it sounded sweetly when she said, "Did he not say he would forgive us if we prayed unto him?"

This was the language of faith—the faith of a seeking sinner reaching forth to a forgiving Saviour. And in reply to the answer—"Yes, he has said so," she said, "Well, I have prayed unto him as well as I could." *That was resting on, and depending upon him.* She felt as I often feel, that the prayer is poor, but notwithstanding, she put it up; her necessity was considered more than the petition that set it forth, and his power and willingness encouraged her more than her sins and feebleness dispirited her! "and she went in unto the king and was not rejected."

She was smoking flax. Flax is the filaments of a reed or straw beaten, bruised, or sodden: smoking flax is the effect of fire contending with the moisture with which it is impregnated. The smoke may be driven off and overcome by the force of the fire; or the fire may be overcome by the volume of smoke and so quenched. But was it so with Mary? No. Her heart was hot within her; while she was musing the fire burned, then she spake with her tongue. Psalm xxxix. 3. The smoke of prayer rose all the day long, and appeared at length in a bright flame of faith and love. "I have been praying to the Lord all this day, and I feel he MUST answer me."

I halted and wept here, and felt that she then HUNG upon his faithful word, who never said to the seed of Jacob, "seek ye me in vain." I wept some time before over Mrs. Jane Hall's memoir in your *Cheering Words* at those words—

"How would the powers of darkness boast,  
If but one praying soul were lost!"

And the comfort afforded me in the former instance, sprung up, and refreshed me in the latter,—"*I feel he must answer me.*" As if she had that in her mind, John vi. 37. I am a coming sinner; and his word is, "*I will in no wise cast out.*" Therefore I feel he *must* answer me. And that in Hebrews, "*He ever liveth to make intercession for all that*

come by him." I am coming, so therefore he pleads for me, and since he ever lives for this end, I feel he must answer me. Or that in Job, "Will he plead against me with his great power?" No, but he will put strength into me.

"He will cast out none,  
He pleads for those who come,  
And with his mighty power,  
Sustains a feeble one."

And therefore, "I feel he must answer me."

Thus I hope and think faith worked by love, and lifted her up. It was fully manifested, but in conformity with her manifestations generally, and of a nature to give us a good hope. To have more than this, is not in accordance with the procedure that is necessary. For we know in part; now we see through a glass darkly, enigmatically;

"Could we see how all is right,  
Where were room for credence?  
But by faith, and not by sight,  
Christians yield obedience."

Therefore, my brother, take courage! May the bereavement and the experience, and the warning be considered! May the opportunities given us to speak, and love the truth, be embraced most thankfully and performed most faithfully by us as the servants of the living God: ourselves mercifully snatched from the world, and preserved from the sins that are in us, and instructed and maintained in the truth that is in him.

I shall send again in a few days, God willing, to pay for the packet of Tracts sent by you last. I visit the Barracks, which is situated one mile and a half from Barnsley, every Wednesday afternoon, and among the Soldiers, I distribute the papers with earnest desires that some seed may take root and abide. *The Old Infidel's Progress; the Country Lad; What has the Cholera Done? Cheering Words; Nebuchadnezzar, &c., &c.*, form a variety by which they are interested, and I hope profited.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord cause his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, prays thy pilgrim brother,  
J. W. BANKS.

Barnsley, February 19th, 1852.

"In this world I expect tribulation; and it is no longer strange to me. It is sent to wean me from the earth, and to make me meet for heaven, and heaven sweeter to me."—MAJOR ROWLANDSON.

## The Vision of Zechariah;

Being, the substance of some Sermons preached by  
MR. SAMUEL COZENS.

(Continued from page 62.)

SECONDLY, the man the prophet saw was the man Christ Jesus; not that he was really man when this vision was seen; but he then appeared in human form, because he should become man. First, Christ was the man of PURPOSE, set up from everlasting as man's fellow and friend. "A friend in need is a friend indeed:" but here was a friend set up before need, with riches exhaustless as the Deity, boundless as immensity, durable as eternity, and glorious as the pearly city. Secondly, he was the man of PROMISE who was promised. He is our spiritual Jezreel; the seed of God, (not of man), who bought and brought salvation; who caught and conquered satan; who bore and buried sin; who banished death and broke up the grave. Thirdly, he was the man of PROPHECY, who was prophesied. Jacob said, "He washed his clothes in the blood of grapes." His human vesture was dipped in bloody crimes, scarlet sins, and crimson sufferings. Balaam said, "A star shall come out of Jacob." Numbers xxiv. 17. Jesus, the bright and morning star ushered in the great gospel day, and put an end to the long night of Jewish darkness—Jesus, the bright and morning star, by his Spirit, ushers in the day of salvation, and puts an end to the dark night of sin—Jesus, the bright and morning star, will usher in the millenium day of rest, and put an end to antichristian darkness—Jesus, the bright and morning star, will usher in the day of endless glory, and bring such light into the holy city, that there shall be no more night. Fourthly, he was the man prefigured, who was exhibited in all the sacrificial beasts and blood, and in all the sacerdotal relations both to God and man. Fifthly, he was the man pre-eminent, or the pre-eminent man, who has in all things the pre-eminence. In all things he is first; in Sonship, he was God's eternal Son, the first-born of every creature, begotten in a way inconceivable by us; in election, he was chosen first, and his people in him; in covenant he was first—he drew nigh to God, and treated with him for us; in his human nature, he is fairer than the children of men; he is holy, they are unholy; he is altogether

lovely, they are altogether unlovely; he is full of wisdom, they are full of folly; he is full of grace, they are full of demerit; he is full of mercy, they are full of misery; *in life*, he excluded all others; *in labour* he outvied the world; he did ALL things well; *in lip*, never man spake like this man; *in law*, he magnified it; and *in redemption*, he was alone. Sixthly, he was *the man of power*. He finished the work the Father gave him to do. When he said, "It is finished!" the righteousness of the law was fulfilled, the prophecies were realised, the types answered, the penalty of death endured, redemption secured, sin purged, pardon procured, enemies conquered, wrath appeased, death destroyed, the serpent crushed, hell defeated, promises ratified, peace established, man saved, and God honoured. Seventhly, he was *the man of pain*. Was any pain like unto his pain, when in an agony he sweat great drops of blood? The Persic says, his tears, like blood, fell upon the ground; if he sweat blood, there is no doubt but he wept blood. Was any sorrow like unto his sorrow, when sorrowful even unto death—when the sins of his people took hold on him—when the awful burden of guilt came down upon him—when the sorrows of death compassed him—when the pains of hell gat hold of him—when the billows of Almighty wrath rolled over him—when he sunk into the deep of our damnation—when baptised in the sins and griefs of his people—when immersed in the vengeance of a sin-avenging God. Eighthly, he was the man of *propitiation* who has covered all our guilt and sin, as the mercy-seat covered all the law; he left no sin unatoned; no law unobeyed; no demand unanswered; no attribute unsatisfied; no guilt unwashed; no spot untaken away; no evil uncovered. He made full atonement for sin, and pacified God; obeyed every law, pleased his Father, wrought righteousness for his people, answered every demand of the creditor and freed for ever (his church) the debtor, gave the sword of justice an incarnate scabbard, in which it was bathed and satisfied, (and this sword will never be taken out of the God-Man against any of his sheep,) turned away anger, harmonised perfection, rendered his church acceptable, washed away the guilt of Zion, took away all her spots and covered all her faults with a God-like love. "Whom God (saith Paul) hath set forth (in the paternal purpose—in the

personating priesthood—in the prophet's predictions—in the participation of humanity—and in the proclamation of the gospel) to be a propitiation." (Rom. iii. 25.) The word *hilasterion*, here translated propitiation, is the same, in Lev. xvi. 2, rendered mercy-seat; and as the mercy-seat was the only propitious place in the old economy, so Christ is the only propitious place in the new; and as that was the exclusive meeting-place for God and man, so Christ is the exclusive meeting-place for seeking sinners and the supreme Sovereign; here the polluted sinner is purged and pardoned by a pardoning God, through pardoning blood; here the adopted son finds the Adopter by the spirit of adoption; here the rebellious are reconciled by a reconciling God; here the miserable obtain mercy from the God of mercy; here the perplexed find peace from the God of peace; here the dying live, through the life-blood of heaven; here the bound are blessed with liberty; here the enquirer is directed and encouraged; here the tempted triumph through the victories of the cross; here all animosities cease, quarrels end, and the weapons of war are broken. Ninthly, he was a man of prayer; Christ prayed for himself, and was heard, Heb. v. 7. He prayed for the dead, and was heard, John xi. 41, 42. He prayed for the tempted, and was heard, Luke xxii. 32. He prayed for his cruel murderers, and was heard; and in a few weeks after three thousand of them were convinced of sin—converted to the faith, comforted by the word (of remission)—conducted through the ordinance—connected with the church—communed with the brethren—and continued in the truth, Luke xxiii. 34; Acts ii. 36—41. He prayed for his disciples—"I pray for them which thou hast given me, as my bride—my joy—my crown—my kingdom—my treasure—my jewel; for them which thou hast given me to redeem—to save—to wash—to clothe—to feed—to keep—to heal: this is the reason Christ prayed for them, in distinction from the world; had he prayed for Judas, Judas would not have betrayed him, for God always heard him, (John xi. 42;) for they are thine; which is an argument why the Father should regard his prayer: the persons for whom the Counsellor pleads are his brethren; the Judge with whom, is his Father: and thine are mine; and mine are thine; thine by choice; mine in covenant; thine

in love; *mine* by labour; *thine* by power; *mine* by price; *thine* in creation; *mine* in redemption. Christ prayed first for the preservation of his people—"Holy Father, keep those whom thou hast given me from the evil of the world," (John xvii. 11, 15,) from the evil practices of the world, from the evil men of the world, and from the *evil one* of the world. Secondly, for their unity: *that they all may be one*, (John xvii. 11,) in knowledge, knowing the same things: in faith, believing in the same Christ: in will, having the same interest at heart: in spirit, standing fast in the same spirit: in love, being knit together in love; in mind, holding the same truths and professing the same doctrines: in judgment, maintaining the same discipline. Thirdly, for their sanctification: *sanctify them*. They had been sanctified by Christ, but they were to receive a fresh unction from the Holy One after his ascension. Sanctification, though not progressive in the flesh, is progressive in the Spirit, and is carried on by fresh anointings from the Spirit, by which the babe grows up to a young man, and from a young man to a father in Christ. Fourthly, he prayed for their perfection: *that they may be made perfect in one* holy, lasting, living, lovely temple—in one regenerated, sanctified, and glorified body—in one great, glorious, and goodly city. Fifthly, for their presence, *that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am*. Where should the wife be, but in the presence of her husband? Where should the children be, but in their father's house? Where should the heir be, but in his inheritance? Where should the redeemed be, but with the Redeemer? Sixthly, *that they may behold my glory*." What that glory is, we must die to know. Habakkuk says, "His brightness was as the light;" he had bright beams coming out of his side, (see margin Hab. iii. 4.) Redemption, reconciliation, sanctification, absolution, justification and salvation, were some few of the bright beams which came out of his side, but the FULL refulgence of these beams is only realised in the glory-world, where ignorance is not. The apostles had a glimpse of his bright and dazzling glory on the mount, but it was only a glimpse; Paul was caught up into the third heaven, just to take a glance of the glory to be revealed. I say, then, we must die to see his glory—the body must be immortalized and the natural must be lost in

the spiritual. 1 Cor. xv. 44, 53. Tenthly, he is the man of *plenty*;

"Plenteous grace with him is found,  
Grace to pardon all our sins;  
Plenteous blood with him is found,  
Blood to wash out all our stains."

plenteous gold with him is found—gold to enrich the gracious poor. Eleventhly, he is the man of *peace*—"Who is our peace." As long as Jesus lives, the child of God can never really want peace with God, for Christ is OUR PEACE with God. Twelfthly he is the man of *perfection*; the old priesthood was worthless in the matter of soul-salvation, because the priests were polluted sinners, and because the victims they offered were not the victims justice required. Justice kept crying for blood, and they brought blood, day by day, for successive generations; and though oceans of blood were shed in the bloody city, it all ran into Cedron, and was lost in the Dead Sea; not a SINGLE DROP of all this blood ever ran into the guilty conscience of a poor sinner, (Heb. ix. 9,) nor into the hands of justice. Why? Because it was the wrong blood and the wrong offerer. Hence all the blood of beasts ran out, and ran away from Jerusalem, and the priests died from the midst of Zion. But what did justice require? HUMAN BLOOD FROM A PERFECT PRIEST, who had "neither beginning of days (that he may go back and collect all the sins of the church, from the foundation of the world,) nor end of life," that he may go forward into all the future, and gather all the misdemeanours of his people, so that he may bring forward the past, and bring back the future into one aggregate; nail them up in the full view of heaven, earth and hell, and make a shew of them openly to men, angels, and devils, that they all may be witnesses that justice is just in visiting for, and condemning sin in the flesh. Christ responded to justice and came in the fulness of time and "offered (here is the priest) *himself* (here is the sacrifice) *without spot* (here is the perfection) *to God* (the awfully offended) *for our sins*." And now, the cross—the vacated tombs—the rent rocks—the snitten veil—the empty sepulchre—the ministering angels—the fallen spirits—and the justified in glory are all witnesses that he blotted out the handwriting that was against us, took it away, and nailed it to his cross.

(To be continued.)

## Record of Recent Events.

THE

### Surrey Tabernacle Poor Pilgrim's Auxiliary.

ON Monday evening, February 16, a tea-meeting was held at the Surrey Tabernacle for the purpose of forming an Auxiliary to the Aged Pilgrim's Friend Society, and a most pleasing scene the chapel presented, there being about 800 persons present to tea. After the tables were cleared, which was rather protracted from the great number present, the business of the evening commenced. The good pastor, brother Wells, occupied the chair, who opened the meeting with a few remarks on the pleasure he felt at seeing such a goodly number assembled, not drawn together by an array of names of persons to address them, but by the simple announcement of the intended meeting from the pulpit. It was the pure volition of the mind of the persons present, and he took it, not only as a token of respect to himself, but also as a mark of their interest in the object that had brought them together. He next took a review of their position from the time he first was invited to preach on the spot where the Tabernacle now stands, and how it had most fully answered the prayer of his heart in the first sermon he preached in the chapel, "Oh, that thou wouldest bless me indeed;" and also, "a seed shall serve him"—dealt some severe remarks on parties who came on purpose to run away with some expressions he might make, and misrepresent both them and his meaning—spoke of the willingness of his people to help every object that was really good, and said he had never appealed to them but he found a ready response; and he believed if circumstances should need it that they should be obliged to pull down their chapel and erect another that would hold 2000, his people would most cheerfully do it. He would not detain them any longer, but would call on Mr. Batt to bring the object more directly before them.

Mr. Butt stated that the objects of this Society were not now for the first time brought before them, as they had in the last ten years contributed £210 to the funds thereof. He considered it one of the best societies, if not the best, as it was expressly to help the poor of the household of faith at the time when necessity presses hardest, and privations are most severely felt. They had already placed two or three members in the asylum. Mr. B. placed the benefits of the asylum before the meeting in a very striking point of view, and enlarged on the pilgrim's path, and spoke of the blessings of softening the asperities of the aged needy by seeking their temporal comfort during their latter days—mentioned the kindness of Lady Smith, who sends each inmate of the asylum one pound of tea and sugar at Christmas, and shewed from what small beginnings great results have arisen, the funds of the Society at first being only £2 10s. per month. Nor was this the only object which they had promoted, having raised since 1843 more than £1000 for the Sick Society connected with their cause.

Mr. John Thwaites stated that it somehow always fell to his lot to have to do with the financial details of the objects to which he had to

call their attention; made some very important remarks on the nature of gospel principles as producing effects which nothing else could; and shewed the benefits of organization in carrying out any noble projects for the help of the people of God. It was collecting and concentrating their strength that they might accomplish the greatest amount of good. This was the object of the present meeting. There might be a difficulty in the minds of some of the friends respecting some of the financial details; he imagined he might hear some say, "It is all very well for you to talk about a guinea subscription, but we cannot afford that." Of course every one knew his own position, and could alone judge what was the extent of his ability. Religion made folks honest, and none could judge in these matters for another; but he thought he could help them out of this difficulty. Suppose any one desirous of contributing could not afford one guinea; most likely they could find a friend like-minded, and the two could join and accomplish the thing. And even if this was too much, he would suggest that four might do so, and thus break down this formidable guinea affair into one quarter, or 5s. 3d., which would bring it within the reach of most, and they might each in turn have their name enrolled. Mr. Thwaites made some very striking remarks on the fact that trial is not confined to one class of society—no position is exempt therefrom: and said perhaps no one had more to contend with in this day of competition and fraud, than the godly man who could not stoop to these artifices; but whatever was the result, he must maintain an honest conscience; they could not fall in with the stream, and thus his religion would be tested. He then spoke of the principle of love as exemplified in their present procedure, and the practical exemplification it gave of their love to their Master, in the persons of his suffering saints. He could say of Zion,

"There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
There God my Saviour reigns."

He believed, the Lord often made up in the bosom of his poor people by the rich consolations of his gospel, the loss they sustained by privation. They see his hand more distinctly, and their blessings come more visibly stamped with heaven's signature upon them.

The following persons were then chosen as officers for the Auxiliary for the year. President, Mr. James Wells; Treasurer, Mr. Butt; Secretary, Mr. Keeble. Committee, Messrs. Howard, Carr, Brett, T. Morgan, W. Morgan, Fothergill, Holmes, Wilken, Smith, Stidstone, with the deacons.

Mr. Carr just named that £240 had been raised during 1851 for various benevolent objects.

Mr. Mose, of Crowborough, addressed a few words on the pleasure it gave him to witness their efforts; and said while they continued a hive of working bees, they would not only be united, but prosperous.

Mr. Wells then concluded this most interesting meeting by prayer.

JONATHAN ON THE MILL TOP.

## "I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE."

BRING, SOME ACCOUNT OF ELIZABETH GREENHILL,  
OF SOUTHWICK.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD—I send you a few particulars relative to my deceased daughter, Elizabeth Greenhill, who died in the Lord, February 5, 1852, in the eighteenth year of her age.

By searching the Holy Scriptures, I find that some of the Lord's dear people, in olden times, received regeneration in very early life; no doubt some of the Lord's dear people, in these days, receive the grace of God at a very early age. Such was the case, I believe, with our deceased daughter.

It is rather more than two years ago, the Lord visited our family with death, and removed a daughter of mine in the twenty-third year of her age. I never saw any one with such courage to brave death as her. When her dissolution was near at hand, she was enabled to shout, "VICTORY! VICTORY! VICTORY!" The Lord has now visited us again with death, and removed a daughter in her eighteenth year. "He breaketh me with breach upon breach."

She was one brought up at Sunday School. At that time, I believe, it was remarked by the superintendent, that there must be something in her more than nature; and from a Sunday-scholar, she became a very steady Sunday-school teacher, at Southwick Baptist School. At her death, she requested her other sister would take her class of children in the school. We have watched her from a child, and found her strict in her morals, attending to chapel going, reading the Bible and other good books. We could say of her, that "from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures;" but when regeneration took place, we cannot tell; neither could she herself. She told us, on her death-bed, that she did not know when the change took place. She said, she was thoughtful from a child; but she could not remember the time when she was not thoughtful. She said, she heard a sermon preached when she used to go to Sunday-school, which she could much fall in with, Jer. iii. 4, "Wilt thou not from this time, cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth." She said, she thought she could trust him to be the guide of her youth.

Her disease was consumption; which she laboured under six months. She was confined to her bed about eleven days. She enjoyed much of the Lord's presence on the bed of affliction; but at intervals she was dark in her mind; she told us of a portion of God's word that dwelt much on her mind before she was confined to her bed of affliction, and she had much sweetness from it, Isa. xxvi. 3, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." So it was; her mind seemed stayed on him; she said—"Where else can I look, but on him? and where else can I trust?" Her sufferings the last few days were great. But, she said, "I do not care about the sufferings here, so that I reach to glory." She said to one of her sisters, "When my sister Mary died, I could carry it to the Lord, could not you?" Her sister said, "No; I could not then." She said, "Can you now?" Her sister said, "I do not know; I hope I can." She said, "You are but three sisters now that will be left, when I am gone; do you hold together; and may you be enabled to seek the Lord, and call on him by prayer; for he will be heard of you." I asked her if she had a good hope? She said "Yes." She said, "I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE." She said, she had much sweetness from Sol. Song i. 2, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine." She seemed to feel a great union to Christ, and had his love flowing up in her soul, which caused her to be in a happy frame of mind.

She said, the next day, "I thought I should lose what I enjoyed yesterday, but these words

came to my mind, "Thy life is hid with Christ, in God." On Friday January 30, she had a very bad night, suffered much in body, and was very dark in her mind. Saturday morning some little light broke in upon her mind, but still she had some fears; her dissolution seemed to be drawing nigh. In the afternoon all her fears were gone. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." She said, "The valley of death is not a dark valley to me now; Christ has made it light." I must say it was a consolation to us to hear her good conversation about the best things.

After this her strength seemed to fail her; she said "I cannot converse much now, but my conversation will be in heaven."

"When languour and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to fly away."

On Monday, February 2, she was in a comfortable frame of mind: she divided her books amongst her brothers and sisters; she gave a hymn-book and Bible to her younger brother, and told him to take care of them, and be a good boy. She said to her mother, "Do you think it was the little beer I drank that made me happy in my mind?" Her mother said, "No; you did not drink so much as to make you happy." She said, "Satan told me it was; and so he told me before I was afflicted." She told us not to sorrow as those that had no hope; but we had cause to rejoice, to think we had a child going to glory.

On Tuesday, February 3, I said to her, "Shall I pray with you?" She said, "Yes." I was to thank the Lord for his goodness. She was dark in her mind at intervals, and sometimes light would break in on her mind; she had satan to contend with, and to fight with death; but she was enabled to resist him, and say, "How dare you do it?" or, in other words, "Why temptest thou me satan?"

"Whoever forsakes me, my God never will,  
So hold your noise, satan, begone, or be still."\*

On February 4th, her dissolution was drawing nigh; she was in a happy frame of mind; she sung, as well as she could, the first verse of the 110th hymn, in Gadsby's Selection—

"In songs of sublime adoration and praise,  
Ye pilgrims for Sion who press,  
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of Days,  
His rich and distinguishing grace."

She seemed, most of all to admire the last line,—  
"His rich and distinguishing grace!" She asked, "Where is father? I want to tell him something." I was called upstairs. I said, "Here is father." "Yes," she said, "my earthly father." She said, "I wanted to tell you how happy I am in the Lord." Her mother said, "You are in the river, have you a firm footing?" "Yes; I am on that Rock; I shall soon be through; it will be all well with me. She wanted to sing—

"Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!"

but she had not strength to sing it as she could wish; she said, "Who is that aunt?" She held out her hands, and said, "Good bye"

She said to one, previous to this, "A few more conflicts, and it will be all well; it will not be long—it will be all well with me." She wished for the 110th hymn, Gadsby's Selection, to be sung at her funeral. I said, "You will not hear it." "No," she said, "I shall be better employed." She wished for "Vital spark" to be sung, and that portion of the Word of God spoken from, Song i. 2.

After this she seemed to be in a cloud; she had a very bad night, and rather light. Thursday morning, February 5, she was very sensible, but too weak to converse; her dissolution seemed to be near at hand; and about half-past nine, she

\* See *Earthen Vessel*, vol. 7. p. 280.

died without a groan. The last words we heard her say, were—

“ May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all !”

which she repeated over and over, many times, until she was no more. She was buried in the family vault at Southwick Baptist Chapel, and laid by the side of her sister that died, Dec. 27, 1849.

Two sisters side by side do lay,  
Until the resurrection day !

Mr. Huntley, of Simpley Soke, improved her death by preaching her funeral sermon from Song i. 2.

Oh, my dear brother, you are not a stranger to bereavements. The Lord has taken away the beloved wife of your bosom; the Lord has taken away my beloved child; I have lost a praying child; I shall hear her sweet voice no more speaking of the goodness of the Lord towards her. I should like to dwell here a little, but fearing I should be tedious, I forbear. May the Lord overlook these bereavements for good.

Your's affectionately, J. GREENHILL.  
Southwick, March 8, 1852.

### Baptising at Kenton, in Devon.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS—Grace be to you, and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ. I am happy in the remembrance of the pleasure I felt in my soul yesterday, while in the enjoyment of the privilege of witnessing one of the Lord's dear family testifying publicly before an assembled multitude, that he was not ashamed to declare himself on the Lord's side, and had been made willing, yea, anxiously desirous, to walk in that divinely appointed ordinance—believer's baptism (in other words, believers' immersion in water.) From a former letter, you were led to expect that the writer intended sending you a few particulars connected with this interesting event; and he does not wish to attempt to disguise in the slightest degree the happiness he now experiences in bringing before your notice, as well as that of your readers, a brief narration of the circumstances attending the baptism at the village of Kenton, Devon, on Lord's Day February 8, 1852.

The baptist causes at Crediton and Kenton being to a certain extent identified with each other, one of the deacons from the former place, accompanied by several Exeter friends, warm-hearted in the cause of truth, favoured us with his and their presence, with their sympathies, and I trust with something still better—their prayers. Our brother Thomas Glanvill preached a most powerful discourse in the morning from Matthew xxviii. 19, 20, and was permitted to speak very sweetly and blessedly upon (1st.) The divine authority of the commission: our Lord having immediately before said, “ All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.” (2ndly.) The mode of administration—immersion. Scripture after Scripture was advanced in support of our views in this particular; one of the most striking being that word of our Lord contained in Luke xii. 50, “ But I have a baptism to be baptised with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished !” “ What !” argued our brother, “ will any one dare to say that in the night when our dear Lord was going to and fro in Gethsemane, when in an agony his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground, when undergoing that baptism above referred to, will

any one dare to say this was a mere sprinkling? Nay, nay; surely it was an immersion of sorrow, an overwhelming of suffering.”

“ See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingling down.”

3rd, The proper characters for baptism—believers. “ If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.” And 4th, Objections to our views answered.

Throughout the whole of his discourse the Bible was the standard, Scripture was advanced to support and strengthen his arguments; and to every unprejudiced mind I should think conviction must have been carried, that the preacher was standing upon too solid a basis to be upset by the vain traditions of men. He drew the attention of his hearers to the objections raised against baptism by immersion in water, by those who say baptism simply means being baptised by the Holy Ghost; but in reference to Acts x. 44 to the end it is written, that “ While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word; and they of the circumcision which believed, were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost: for they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God.” Now here we read that the Holy Ghost had fallen on them. “ Then answered Peter, Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptised, which—now mark—*have received the Holy Ghost* as well as we? And he commanded them to be baptised in the name of the Lord.” His discourse was scriptural, and therefore truthful; and in the opinion of the writer unanswerable: at its close the congregation moved to the water side; that beautiful hymn of Greig's was given out—

“ Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man asham'd of thee?  
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days ?”

It was sung with reverence, deep fervour, and solemnity; our brother Ashby offered a prayer at the throne of grace; our brother Kneeshone and the candidate then entered the stream, and in the presence of our adorable Lord and Master, and between two and three hundred persons, baptised our dear brother in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The spectators behaved themselves with propriety, and amongst them were to be seen some whose moistened eyes shewed that they were somewhat impressed with the solemn and scriptural service.

“ Praise God from whom all blessings flow,”

was then sung; after which the assemblage dispersed themselves orderly, and we, who were more intimately connected with the proceedings of this day “ went on our way rejoicing.” In the afternoon our brother Ashby, of Exeter, preached from Matt. xxviii. 26, following up the discourse of the morning with many loving words, admonishing them in the words of his text “ to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you,” and acknowledging that our brother Glanvill had left comparatively but little to say further, from the many arguments he had brought forward in support of the truths he had advanced in the morning; with much affection commending

to his bearers the words of our dear Lord who was possessed of all authority, who had then fulfilled the law, and was just about to ascend to heaven.

The Lord's Supper was then administered to the members of the church and the friends from Exeter, &c., by brother Glanvill; such a season of heart-melting it has never before been my privilege to witness; truly it was a solemn time indeed, there were tears of joy shed, and not the least affected was the dear brother who had in the morning obeyed the commandment of the Lord Jesus Christ. Twenty-seven sat down at the Lord's table, and his presence was felt to be amongst us. In the evening brother Glanvill preached from Col. iii., and part of the eleventh verse—"CHRIST IS ALL, AND IN ALL." He was enabled to dwell delightfully upon his subject, refreshingly was the truth dispensed to my thirsty soul, and when the services were concluded the day appeared as though it had been too short, and, by the kindness and mercy of our triune Jehovah, Father, Word, and blessed Spirit, we were brought in safety to our homes full of love, happiness, and joy.

It is an unspeakable blessing, my dear brother, to feel that the presence of our great Head is not confined to one place alone, but that where but two or three are gathered together in his name there he is also. This was realised yesterday, and if it be the Lord's will, I trust, ere long there will be another such a happy meeting. When Jesus was baptised of John in Jordan, and the heavens were opened, and the Spirit, like a dove, was seen descending upon him, and the voice from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased," it must have been very cheering and strengthening to John to know that he had the marked, decided, and distinct approval of God in his trinity of persons.

The Lord be with you and bless you. So prays your's in the fellowship of the gospel of Christ,  
*Ezeler.* S. B.

### The Churches at Trowbridge, Southwick, Devizes, Upavon, Shipton, &c., &c.

MY FAITHFUL AND AFFECTIONATE BROTHER ROBERT, I am just sat down in a South Western railway carriage, in the hope of reaching London, this Saturday evening, March 6th, 1852, after a hard, but truly interesting week's labour in the gospel vineyard; and, the Lord permitting, I shall give you a brief outline of the goodness of God toward me, during the past week. Very early last Saturday morning, I left home with my little son, and took tickets at Paddington for Trowbridge. The morning was wet, dark, and gloomy; and I was far from feeling bright or happy within. Nevertheless, I had been in some way enabled to commit my way unto the Lord, and my hope was in him. After a long and cold journey, we reached Chippenham, where we had to wait for above two hours; so we surveyed that rather ancient little town, and I wondered if God had a people there; I afterward learned that a small and faithful band of believers did meet in that town, and that good men from Bath, and other places, go to and fro to preach the word of life to them. I also learned that a good deacon of Chippenham church had recently died suddenly. Oh, my brother, with what a loud voice has Jehovah of late been speaking to the churches! Many whom I have well known, have recently been called to their long home; and some I feel persuaded are gone to glory. How stands the matter, Robert, with thine own soul!

Mine, of late, has been a dark path within; but in the ministry I have been more than ever helped.

Leaving Chippenham, we were soon run into Trowbridge; and were met at the station-gate by brethren Jonah Purnell, James Oram, and Joseph Fletcher.

As I laid down in my bed on Saturday-night, these words rolled over and over in my mind—"And maintain their cause," (2 Chron. vi. 39.) The next morning I was much exercised respecting my work; but these words—"And maintain their cause"—kept so close to me, that I felt constrained to read them for my morning's text; and then proceeded to notice the cause which the Lord's people had in hand; how before time, and in every age of the world, Jehovah had maintained their cause; and, closed by shewing how, instrumentally, the cause of God and truth would be maintained. I do believe the God of Israel was in Bethel Chapel, Trowbridge, that morning; and that the righteous cause of God may there be maintained and made prosperous, is my most fervent prayer. In the afternoon, we had the place full of waiting and seeking souls, and this was the text—"Oh, Israel thou shalt not be forgotten of me." In the evening we were favoured again in every sense, while contemplating the joy which Christ's presence affords to them that are his. Mr. Rudman has left Trowbridge for Plymouth; but he has been instrumental in turning Bethel Chapel into a good, substantial, and spacious place of worship; and some good zealous souls have, by him, been added to the church. All things considered, we must think that there is in Trowbridge a large field of usefulness for an energetic faithful, and heaven-anointed preacher of THE GOSPEL. Yes! there are four Baptist Chapels, and large ones too, in Trowbridge; but still, an able, comprehensive, Christ-exalting, soul-quickening, and faith-encouraging testimony for God's pure gospel is yet wanting. Dear old father Warburton's place is nearly or quite full; but he has not preached regularly of late; he has been much laid by, and must soon finish his earthly course. In the midst, then, of that densely populated cloth-making town, may our dear Saviour set up a bold and blessed heart-searching and Bible-opening preacher of righteousness; and we are satisfied that many hundreds would flock around the standard.

On Wednesday-evening, March the 3rd, I took my farewell of the good folks at Bethel, Trowbridge, when they kindly made a collection towards helping me with the EARTHEN VESSEL. I felt exceedingly anxious to leave them with some sound and wholesome Gospel truth. My very soul went out in fervent prayer to God for them that I might be made a blessing unto them; and surely the Lord did condescend to listen to me. I was led into the 34th chapter of Ezekiel's prophecy; its sacred contents and its fulness of new covenant promises to the house of Israel, were both confirming and comforting to my own spirit. I took for my text the two last verses: "Thus shall they know that I the Lord their God am WITH THEM, and that they, even the house of Israel, are MY PEOPLE, saith the Lord God. And ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are MEN, and I AM YOUR GOD, saith the Lord God."

The kind of material of which the house of Israel is composed was noticed; in connection with the awful woe denounced against the false shepherds. There is a double charge brought against these false shepherds: "they feed themselves, but they feed not the flock." Oh, my soul, art thou such a bastard shepherd as this? God forbid! Ye shepherds of Israel, in this our day, see ye well to it, that your own ease, wealth, and affluence, be not the first thing ye seek after; but rather may we be found more than ever concerned to watch for souls, as those that must give an account of our stewardship before that holy, that heart-searching Judge, by whom actions are weighed.

There is a five-fold description given of the maladies by which many of the house of Israel are to be

distinguished—(verse 4,) “the diseased, the sick, the broken, the driven away, the lost.” Our work (under God) is to strengthen, to heal, to bind up, to bring back, to seek out; and where this is truly done by a living ministry; there, depend on it, is both the power and the presence of Israel's God.

I must not enlarge: let this suffice; we had a good congregation, (although Mr. William Palmer, late of Manchester, was that evening delivering a lecture on Popery at Bethesda, and the announcement of it was to be seen in all parts of the town: it appeared, however, to make no difference to us;) we seemed all alive in pulpit and in pew; and at the close of the service nearly three pounds were collected toward the support of the EARTHEN VESSEL; and this I may say was a voluntary expression of kindness on the part of the Bethel friends, whom I have ever found to be exceedingly kind. Bless the Lord, I left there in peace, with the secret assurance, that though deep trials may yet await them, still the God of Israel will maintain their cause.

A very pretty little walk out of Trowbridge, about two miles, there is a village called Southwick, where a beautiful Baptist Chapel is to be found, and a good congregation within its walls listen to the joyful sound of the everlasting gospel of Christ. I preached there on Tuesday-evening, March 2nd. That Tuesday was a dark and dismal day to me. I could get no communication from heaven; and I feared a barren time in preaching. Brother Bailey and his wife gave me some dinner that day. Their pretty cottage is by the road-side in North Bradley, and a couple of good souls they are. After dinner I wandered out in the lonely roads, and begged of the Lord to appear for me: the word kept coming, “Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him.” I did not want to take that for my text, but I could not help it; and to the best of my ability I preached from it; but poor, dry work it seemed to be.

You have heard of good old master Ecott, whose Memoir Joseph Rudman published: he was the last settled pastor at Southwick. The Lord did greatly honour that good man in his work, although he never was a great preacher. The Southwick folks would no doubt be glad to have another good servant of Christ settled over them; and I hope the Lord will shortly send one to them. It is a delightful spot for a good pastor, who would gladly walk, like Zechariah's glorious Man, in the bottom among the little myrtle trees.

On Thursday morning, me and my little son took our leave of Trowbridge, and set sail in a good snow-storm for Devizes; where, by the blessing of God, we safely arrived before noon. But here I was a perfect stranger—knew not a soul. I had always understood that the truth-loving people in Devizes were all such stout “Standard” men, that I could not expect any countenance here; and had I not had my little boy with me, and a heavy bag beside, I should have walked through Devizes on to Upavon, a distance of nine or ten miles, where that evening I was expected to preach. But the distance was too far; and what to do, I knew not. While I was looking around upon the fine, open, and noble looking town of Devizes, I saw the word—“DANGER-FIELD” written up. Dear me, what a significant name it seemed! I felt indeed that I was in a “FIELD” where I was in “DANGER” of meeting with hard looks, if not with some hard words, if any of the Allington or Devizes people should know that I was the little Editor of the despised EARTHEN VESSEL. I am one of them sort of beings that cannot bear contention, or suspicion, or cavilling; neither do I like ever to enter that man's house, or sit in that man's company, who does not receive me as a servant of God, and as a pardoned believer in Jesus. All at once it occurred to me that I was to call on one Mr. Dangerfield, where a friend from Upavon would meet me; and this Mr. Dangerfield, I understood, lived in “Sheep Street,” and was a minister. I have always been fond of good parsons especially when they live in Sheep Street; for that is one of the principal

thoroughfares in our Gospel Zion. So finding that Mr. Dangerfield lived in Sheep Street, I thought I would venture to call. I did so. His good wife very kindly asked us in, and begged us to sit down; and presently the good man came himself; and, in the most Christian-like spirit, he conversed with me; gave us refreshment; and walked with us a good step on our road towards Upavon. Ah, how often are we exercised with groundless fears! Instead of frowns, I met with smiles; and instead of dark suspicions, I was entertained with a recital of some of the Lord's dealings not only with my good host, Mr. Dangerfield, but also of the state of things in a gospel sense, in this locality. Mr. Willington and Mr. Ferris, are both sound baptist ministers in Devizes; and it is believed that many hundreds of the Lord's dear people live in that healthy town and neighbourhood. I afterwards learned that my friend Dangerfield is a most useful and excellent minister of THE GOSPEL. Mind, I say—“A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL;” and that his labours are greatly owned. I do hope our London friends will some day hear him.

As we walked on the road beyond Devizes, a young man overtook us with a gig; and being seated, we rode on steadily through a purely agricultural country toward Upavon. This young man gave me an interesting account of his conversion through the instrumentality of Mr. Joseph Rudman, who some few years back preached stately at Upavon. The young man said he was standing idling about in the village one Sunday afternoon, and seeing Mr. Rudman going on to the chapel, he felt moved to go to: he went; nothing specially occurred; but he felt he must go again; he continued going: the deep and secret work of conviction commenced; great trouble of soul, and a horror of great darkness ensued, which continued for some time, which evidently solemnized his mind, awakened his conscience, stirred up his soul, brought him to the mercy-seat, and there he still waits, hoping in the Lord, and desiring the sealing of the Spirit to make certain to himself his own salvation. I was greatly comforted to have for my driver such an humble and spiritual young man. What Mr. Rudman was instrumental in beginning, Mr. Jeans, of Downton, and Mr. Dangerfield, of Devizes, had been employed to carry on in his soul; but the best hearing he ever had appeared to have been under Mr. Covill, of Croydon, who is a man the Lord is using for the good of some parts of Zion in these days.

Through much mercy we safely reached Upavon, and in the house of good brother Smith, the deacon, we found a hearty reception, with every needed comfort. How sweet it is, after a long journey, to find a happy resting place, where fears are lost and friends are found! Ah, my brother, this life is, to some, a long, a dreary, an up-hill journey; but every ransomed soul—every humble follower of the Lord Jesus, shall ultimately find a holy, a happy, an everlasting rest, in our Father's house—in our elder Brother's kingdom: and, oh, what friends will there surround us! What glories there await us! What oceans of bliss shall we then bathe our weary souls in! But, you say, are you sure of an entrance there? Of late, my brother, I have been the subject of two conflicting streams in my soul: sometimes seeing and feeling myself so base, so empty, so everything inwardly bad, that I have feared—and feared too with a deep, dark fear, that I had been deceived, and was nothing but a deceiver: these fears have gone with me to a throne of grace, and there I have laboured to wrestle and plead for mercy. I have begged of Jesus, the mighty God-MAN, the kind Intercessor, to take my poor heart and sink it deep in his own blood—sanctify it with his own truth—and make it holy, honest, sincere, and faithful by his own grace. And, at times, I have been raised up in holy confidence, and in inward yearnings to be where Christ and ransomed spirits are.

We had not been long in Upavon, before brother Mower, of Shipton, and brother Womfor, of Kimp-ton, came in, with several friends. Oh, I thought,

what a pity these good people should come so far to hear a poor thing like me. We conversed together of different things in Zion, until I retired to seek the Lord's direction and blessing before preaching. When I left Trowbridge that morning, these words fell on my spirit, "I have sinned; what shall I do unto thee, O THOU PRESERVER OF MEN." That "Preserver of men" seemed so suitable to me; and while the other passengers were laughing and talking of their worldly matters, my thoughts were fixed on this most necessary characteristic of our covenant Jehovah. I fully thought it would furnish me with a discourse; but brother Jonah Purnell did that morning read aloud to us the first of Ephesians, and Paul's words entered my soul—"THAT YE MAY KNOW WHAT IS THE HOPE OF HIS CALLING, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." These words were evidently for the people; the others in Job, were for myself.

Upavon chapel is a good square place of worship. We had it crowded full of folks to whom I preached in great earnestness and with happy liberty. I would, (under a deep sense of my nothingness,) humbly hope that the Holy Spirit did that night speak through my mouth to some poor saints and seeking sinners. The friends kindly made a collection amounting to about twenty-two shillings to help me on my way. I left Upavon at ten o'clock that night in brother Wonfor's trap, and reached Shipton about two the next morning, where, in the comfortable residence of the Shipton pastor, we were again gladly entertained.

Shipton is a village in Hampshire; and until Robert Mower was carried there in the providence of God, no place for the proclamation of gospel truth had any existence. God has very evidently owned his labours there: a chapel has been built; a church on gospel principles has been formed, and the work of the Lord is going on. May the good gospel Mower long and successfully labour in cutting down all self-righteous and hard-hearted sinners, and in gathering them in to the true fold, so prays his poor friend the writer. That evening I went to my work again, and preached from the words in Isaiah xix. 20, "And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt; for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors; and he shall send them A SAVIOUR, and a GREAT ONE, and he shall deliver them." I believe the Lord was there to bless. The friends contributed fifteen shillings to help me on my way; brother Wonfor drove me to his house at Throxton; and gave me and my little one, bed and board; and the next morning he brought us to the station; and through the goodness of a covenant God, arrived home in safety.

My dear brother, I have much to say further respecting the state of Zion. There are many things to me exceedingly distressing; there are other things most comforting to all who have sympathy with the cause of our best of all Masters; whose poor servant in much labour, is your brother,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

### An Acrostic :

Sent by a good brother; inserted at his request; and more especially as it so simply and faithfully expresses our mind and position.

E ARTHEN I am, 'tis true, and but a VESSEL,  
A nd with bold formalists I have to wrestle;  
R eproach me! yes, they do, treat me unceivl,  
T hey say my doctrines lead men to the devil.  
H ard sayings these, but then they know no better  
E nslav'd by sin, they seek life from the letter,  
N or can they by their works their souls unfetter. }  
V ile as I am, I tell them to their face  
E ternal love saves man by sov'reign grace.  
S lamp'd with this precious truth shall I dissemble?  
S hall I? Ah, no! I'll never at them tremble.  
E nrich my cargo, Lord, clothe me with power;  
L ong life give Banks, to be my under rower.

T. BABBINGTON.

### New Baptist Cause at Bedford.

A PARTICULAR Baptist Church was formed at Bedford, on Wednesday the 11th of February, when twenty persons gave in their names as members. The services were conducted by Mr. Murrel of St. Neot's; who (after singing, reading, and prayer) gave an address to the friends assembled, on the nature and value of the privileges enjoyed by the followers of Christ, contrasting them with the bitter persecutions they were called to suffer in former ages; and exhorted them to set a proper estimate upon them, and endeavour to give proof thereof, by using them with thankfulness of heart and gratitude to Almighty God for these, his providential favours conferred upon them. After which, having briefly adverted to the circumstances that led to the step they were about to take, called upon one of the brethren to read the articles of faith. After which (the brethren and sisters having given to each other the right-hand of fellowship) he proceeded to address them on the privileges and duties of church members; and the truly excellent, weighty, affectionate, and fatherly remarks that he was enabled to drop on that occasion, we hope will never be forgotten by those present. Having sought the Divine blessing on the newly-formed church, he then administered to them the Lord's Supper, taking occasion to call up their attention to the fact that the cup of wrath had been drank to the dregs by the dear Redeemer, and that while in his cup there was not a particle of honey, in our's there was not a drop of wrath, but that it was—as emphatically termed in Scripture—"the cup of blessing."

In the evening he preached to the church and congregation from 1 Cor. xvi. 13, "Watch ye; stand fast in the faith; quit ye like men; be strong." And taking the words as they stand, without attempting to sermonise, proceeded to say:

The call to watchfulness supposed danger; and although there was no danger of any of the elect vessels of merey ultimately reaching the realms of eternal perdition, there was imminent danger of their losing their peace of mind and the comfortable enjoyment of the favour of God. It was necessary, therefore, to watch against the temptations of the devil, the enchantments of the world, and the depravity of their own evil hearts; for there was no scriptural ground for them to hope to maintain peace with God and each other, but as they were enabled by the Holy Spirit to continue to watch unto prayer. "Stand fast in the faith," as set forth in the Word of God; maintaining, in all their purity, the doctrines of grace, as exhibited in the eternal love of the Father, made known by the choice of his people in Christ, and the gift of him to them, as their propitiation; the perfection of the work of the dear Redeemer, which forms "the robe of righteousness," in which alone the church can appear with acceptance in the sight of God; the efficacy of his atoning blood, by which their guilt is for ever removed, and their souls redeemed to God; and the absolute necessity and efficacious nature of the Holy Spirit's work in regeneration and sanctification, by which they are brought to acknowledge their lost condition—into a state of reconciliation with God and a sense of interest in the covenant of grace, which is "ordered in all things and sure." "Quit ye like men;" not like brutes, which can only be governed by force; not like tigers, who are savage and ferocious; not like devils who are proud, envious, and malicious; but like men, Christian men, whose constant aim should be to follow the example of their divine Lord and Master, who when he was reviled, reviled not again; and, as brethren, constantly striving to promote each other's welfare, bear each other's burdens, "and so fulfil the law of Christ." "Be strong," not in your own strength, but in the grace which is in Christ Jesus.

It was truly a solemn season, and many found it good to be there.

### A Happy Meeting at Crosby Row.

ON Thursday evening, March 11, a meeting of some part of the church and congregation was holden in Crosby Row Chapel, King Street, Borough, to express their sympathy towards their pastor under his recent bereavement. After tea, brethren Packer, Lloyd, and Hanks engaged in prayer; C. W. Banks then addressed his friends on subjects connected with the state of the churches generally, and their own privileges particularly, closing up by reading to them the following letter:—

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I wish to speak freely and affectionately to you; and to prevent confusion, I will endeavour to arrange my words under the five following heads:

1. To acknowledge the good hand of God toward me.

2. To confess before God and you also, my poor infirmities.

3. To supplicate your prayers on my behalf.

4. To express a little of my faith as regards the ministry. And

Lastly, The resignation and determination I have come to in my own mind.

I. To acknowledge the good hand of God toward me.

Nine years ago this time, I was in deep and dark distress of mind: I was labouring to harden myself against God, against convictions, against hearing, and against prayer; and to consider myself a lost reprobate: I had no friend in the world to whom I could then open my mind, except by writing to a friend or two in Canterbury. The goodness of God toward me was very great even then; for he would not permit me to lay down or to run in any transgression. He kept my conscience tender, my soul sorrowing and seeking, my feet running after the truth; and enabled me to provide for all the necessities of those dependant on me, though sore and sad were then my trials.

Nine years next July, the Lord most marvelously and mercifully manifested himself to my soul, under the ministry of Mr. George Abrahams, from those memorable words, "Thou art more excellent and glorious than all the mountains of prey." No tongue can ever tell what I experienced that night in the putting away of my sin, in the raising up of my soul, and in giving me such peace and consolation in the Person, blood, and righteousness of Christ, as I had never before known. One night, soon after this, the horrors of satan's desperate temptations came in upon me again. I was sitting in my solitary room. My children were all in bed; my poor departed wife was also in bed; all resting quietly, while the devil and my own wicked heart were driving me to madness, to rebellion, to despair, to death. Oh, awful was my state of mind! I felt as though I had been deceived all the way through. In this plight I closed the book, and said—"I will never try to pray or hear again." But in an instant these words came home to my heart,

"Thy precious blood, dear dying Lamb,  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God,  
Be saved to sin no more."

I will say, such efficacy from that blood, through

the operation of a divine faith, flowed into my soul, that I instantly fell down on my knees, and I cried out, "O God, thou canst never damn my soul, for I plead the blood that was shed for sin." From that moment, my soul seemed to enter into rest; and I began to hope in the Lord; and secretly did I beg of the Lord to keep me near to himself, and never let me be found preaching, or in any public way again. I wrote to Mr. Abrahams: he invited me to go and see him. I went. He very kindly received me; and I desire ever to love him and pray for him, for his works' sake.

From what little circumstances sometimes great events arise! Our brother Packer had long been known to me; and, though I had not seen him for years, yet now his heart was moved to find me out. He did so. After a deal of persuasion, he prevailed on me to go with him to a prayer-meeting. But, although the Lord had pardoned, and humbled, and restored me, yet, I felt ashamed to go into any public place of worship where I was known; so I used to creep in and out of chapels where the truth was preached, but never spoke to any one, unless I could not avoid it. On the morning of the day that I had promised to go to a prayer-meeting in the afternoon with friend Packer, I went to Eden Street Chapel; and all the way, and when I got to the chapel, these words were with me, "*What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean.*" From that day my connection with some of this people commenced. From meeting in a small room, we have been privileged to see five or six hundred gathered together; and above two hundred and twenty members have been gathered in. Surely, goodness and mercy have followed us; and my fervent desire is to be permitted to finish my days among you, if it can be done in usefulness and honour. Many of our friends have gone home to our Father's house above; many have been scattered abroad in different parts of the land; and many still abide with us.

The goodness of God toward me I could illustrate in many instances. His making use of me to disseminate truth through the many thousands of books I have sent into the world. The establishment of the Poor Minister's Relief Society: our Sick and our Dorcas Societies. The Gospel Mission, and the Tract Association—all these, I hope, are movements whereby good is done; and they prove that much forgiveness will produce desires to do much good.

II. To confess my weakness and infirm condition. My afflictions have been so many, that I often wonder I am alive; my temptations have been so powerful that I feel persuaded if the Lord had not held me up, I must have sunk down long ago. But this is my mercy that I know and am persuaded I have never injured one single creature during all these years; but I believe thousands have been benefitted through my poor instrumentality. Nevertheless, I feel myself a poor, sinful, unworthy worm; and only wonder how it is that the Lord hath held me on in his service so long; but through floods and fires my way he has maintained; and after all the cruel jealousies and unholy attacks made upon me I feel before a heart-searching God I stand clean.

III. I earnestly beseech you to plead for me at the throne of grace. There are three things I increasingly desire—1, that my soul may be more

and more baptised into the love, blood, and power of the ever-blessed Jehovah; 2, that I might be more useful and successful in winning souls, and instrumentally leading them to Christ, and building up the dear saints in their most holy faith; and 3, that I might be preserved blameless in my journey through life.

IV. In giving expression to my faith, I solemnly believe that the Lord will keep me in the truth, and in the ministry of the gospel until nearly my end. At least this is my most earnest and solemn prayer to God.

V. As regards my resignation to his will and determination to serve him, I have felt from the many dark providences around me, and from some few other things, that the Lord would drive me from this my happy nest in Crosby Row, where so much good has been done, and so many happy seasons enjoyed. I have at times felt resigned to this; and with that resignation a determination in the Lord's strength still to go forward wherever he might open doors for me. This determination has been based upon two things—first a persuasion that the Lord has made me a blessing to precious souls in almost all places where I have been; and secondly, from a clear conscience that deep as my trials have been, my hands have been kept from transgression. I am, therefore, willing to serve the Lord and to be useful to his people more than ever.

The very kind and liberal donation which I received this morning from brother Hanks, I look upon as a loud expression of your union of heart and soul to me; it tells me you receive me as God's mouth, and have no desire as yet to part with me.

Be assured of this, my prayer and desire is, more than ever to be found your faithful, your devoted, your truly useful pastor,

CHARLES WATERS BAKES.

### Bethesda Chapel, Uppingham.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Perhaps you will remember last summer, through the medium of the *Earthen Vessel*, we sought a pastor after God's own heart, which was the means of bringing among us Mr. Lodge, (late of Banbury,) whom we are happy to say is not afraid to declare the whole counsel of God, both in doctrine, practice, and experience; and also preach the gospel both to sinner and saint. His ministry the Lord has been pleased to bless to the conversion of several, and to the edification of many.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 10, Mr. Lodge baptised eleven believers, as the first-fruits of Uppingham. An impressive and lively discourse was delivered by him from Acts viii. 36—"See here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptised?" when the pre-requisite qualifications were pointed out, of repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Brother Heroock, from Oakham, met us, and kindly assisted at the baptising, and concluded the service with a word of exhortation and prayer. In the evening he preached a regular good animating and comforting gospel sermon, from 1 Cor. xv. 10. You will rejoice to hear, that what has happened to brother Heroock these last three years has fallen out to the furtherance of the gospel. Three causes have been raised up through his instrumentality, where he is labouring like the ox which treadeth

out the corn. We are about to have our chapel enlarged, and galleries put up; the Lord is thus lengthening our cords, strengthening our stakes, and stretching forth the curtains of our habitation, both temporally and spiritually. The proprietors have given the ground and chapel, which is shortly to be enrolled as a permanent house of God. "O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity." A PARTICULAR BAPTIST.

### Farewell Meeting at Rye Lane, Peckham,

*On the occasion of MR. HENRY CONGREVE, a respected Deacon of that Church, emigrating, with his family to Adelaide, South Australia.*

MY DEAR SIR.—In accordance with a previous announcement, the above-named meeting was held in the Rye Lane Chapel, March 1st. An overflowing company of the church and friends were assembled to tea. At half-past six the chair was taken by Mr. G. Moyle, the pastor, who, after a hymn had been sung, addressed the meeting, in substance as follows:—

MY DEAR FRIENDS—We are met on the present occasion to express our sympathy with our esteemed brother Congreve, wife, and family, who are about to leave their native land, and emigrate to Adelaide, in South Australia.

After considering among ourselves in what way we could best shew our Christian love toward him, we came to the conclusion that we could not do better than commend him and his family to the merciful care and keeping of our gracious God, by humble prayer, knowing as we do, that "the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much." The exercises of the evening will, therefore, consist in some of our brethren imploring the Lord's blessing on his behalf, together with such hymns as have been selected for the occasion.

Allow me, however, just to say a word or two respecting our christian connexion, before I sit down, and then we will proceed according to the plan proposed.

The wise man says, "There is a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing." Our brother and the church of God here, have embraced each other in the sacred bonds of church fellowship for many years. We are called to refrain from embracing, not in mind, but in body; our minds abide in happy union with each other in the hallowed principles of the everlasting gospel though our bodies may be widely separated from each other on the face of the earth. This is characteristic of our present state of things. Here we part, and meet, and part again. This, as might be expected, will occasion many painful emotions of mind. But we have this happiness, however, to know that we have lived together not unprofitably, but by the blessing of God we have been made, in some humble measure, a mutual benefit to each other in our church relation—this may be a pleasant reflection when we are far, far apart.

It is now more than four years' since God, in his providence, brought me amongst you, and we gave each other the right hand of fellowship; nor have we had, that I know of, any cause to regret it, for we have lived together in the peace and comfort of the gospel, and as fellow-labourers in the cause of God. We have worked together in our official capacity harmoniously; we are now called to part. I cannot do so, however, without acknowledging the truth in love, that I have frequently found my brother Congreve a considerable comfort to me in my ministerial labours, when cast down and discouraged, because of the troubles of the way; he has often cheered me onward by the information which he has given me, that the word preached has been blessed by God to one and another of his beloved family.

Flattery is hateful to me, but for a servant of Christ to hear now and then that his humble labours are approved of God, and profitable to men, is meet for him to eat which the world knoweth not of—it will make him thank God, and take courage.

Farewell, my good brother; that great and wide sea will soon roll between our bodies, but we are one mind, one in Christ, and one in the great cause of our adored Lord. I trust, my brother, that your emigration to Australia will not be merely a pound, shilling, and pence concern, but that you will ever keep in view the best interests of Zion, and seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and we pray that all other things may be added unto you, in the land where you are going to sojourn.

Messrs Mote and Felton having engaged very affectionately in prayer, Mr. Congreve read to the meeting, with considerable emotion, the following

#### FAREWELL ADDRESS.

BELOVED PASTOR, AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—If I were capable of delivering to you, Sir, or to this assembly, an appropriate farewell oration, I dare not trust my feelings on the present occasion, which are naturally greatly excited from the circumstances which have called us together. I am sure therefore, as this may be the last opportunity I shall have to address you in person, you will grant me the indulgence of substituting and delivering a few observations in my own way, which though they have been written with a trembling hand, are nevertheless the offspring of true affection to yourself, much love to the church and great regard to many of the congregation, who are favoured to listen to your publications of a free grace salvation.

This, Sir, I feel to be a most solemn occasion as regards myself and family; inasmuch, as like the great Apostle of the Gentiles on another occasion, we are called by the great Author of our being, *whose we are and whom we serve*, to separate from associations the most dear and intimate, and from the enjoyment of friendship, not the offspring of a day, but the steady growth of more than twenty-six years—the whole term of my membership in this church; and for the greater part of which time I have resided in the locality of this highly-favoured spot.

I go, dear friends, to Australian shores, not to meet with hearts which beat together in greater union, nor flushed with sanguine expectations to escape the cross. I go to Australia, trusting that the Holy Ghost has directed this movement, and influenced us thereto, like the Apostle on an occasion not very dissimilar, not knowing what may be my experience there, save that we anticipate there are furnaces awaiting our arrival on those spacious shores to try our faith. I wish I could feel the same animated glow of satisfaction and delight which on the review of the painful as well as the more pleasing prospect, drew forth from his lips the hallowed exclamation, *None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear to myself, so that I might finish my course with joy.* Nature I find Sir, and feel too, must and will have its course; and frequently is relief to the mind obtained, by the outflow of its briny stream. I remember, Sir, that Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus; and his holy tears of the tenderest affection, like the spiced wine of the pomegranite, has sweetly sanctified all the sorrows of his people. So in like manner will kindred spirits united by one common bond of union and unity to Christ

the Head, evince their joint-interest in Him, by expressions of tenderness and sympathy under circumstances of tribulation or bereavement.

Still, sir, however much to be admired and cherished is the most tender affection, no diminution of steadfastness of purpose should prevail to impede our progress in the pathway of Jehovah's providence. When he bids we should attend; when he commands we must obey, and follow his cloudy pillar whithersoever he leadeth.

I could, sir, give you in detail the history of my life, with all its chequered scenes, its cares, its vicissitudes and changes, its ups and downs, its variations from affluence to its reverse. *It is most interesting to me*, not because of these changes, but from the marvellous interpositions of my Lord's loving kindness and tender mercies towards me. My life is replete with deliverances where human help has been unavailing. I need not, sir, the *Bank of Faith* of Huntington to remind me that Jehovah is faithful, for I have an equally sure record within my own breast. I know my Lord is faithful, for he has proved himself so in my experience in thousands of instances; and that he will continue to myself and family the same expressions of his favour, my whole experience admonishes; and his word declares, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

It may be enquired by some, "Why do you emigrate to a colony so distant as to preclude the probability of ever returning again to see the countenances you have expressed yourself to dearly love, with whom you have walked and talked, and held sweet and sacred fellowship by the way, whose hearts we have reason to believe vibrate with the same emotions which you have expressed? and where are the evidences of the propriety of such a step in your case at the eleventh hour of the day?"

These, sir, are questions of grave import; and unless I could enter into and give you a full recital of my history, and convey to your minds a thorough knowledge of my motives, and a conviction of their propriety, I shall fail to produce the desired light and information you seek for; I will, however, just observe that I have not drawn the map of the way in which I have been led, but have been but one of the little ones whom our Lord leadeth. He that giveth power to obtain wealth, and to take it away at his pleasure, has been pleased by various methods to humble my pride by laying me prostrate. It was my mercy that I was not cast into hell! No thanks to satan or my enemies that it was not so; but I owe my deliverance to the manifest forbearance of Him who gave his life a ransom for me.

The anguish of mind I have endured by reason of conflicting feelings which have agitated it for many months, has given me many a message to the throne, to know more fully the mind and will of Jehovah concerning us. There has been a solemn and united agreement between myself, my wife, and daughters, to seek the direction of the Lord concerning this event; that, if our movements were in any manner opposed to his will, he would in some way reveal it to us, and cause us to walk in his own right way. A solemn darkness still overspreads the horizon, as regards our prospects bere of providing for ourselves and family; and that voice which at first whispered in our ear, unheeded, "Depart, ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain," gradually in-

creased in tone and strength, dilating the ear of faith, until at length the cloudy pillar appeared to go before us, in this way breaking down all the barriers which opposed its course. One event after another, and the successful efforts to obtain the means to accomplish this object, and other circumstances, have undoubtedly indicated that we are being led and driven only where we best and safest may abide.

What the Lord is about doing with us, as regards outward prosperity, though highly important to my family, whose advantage we are by this step seeking, remains for the future to develop. Individually, at my time of life, when the grasshopper must very soon become a burden, it is but of trivial importance, and as nothing compared with prosperity of soul; but I am desirous of going forth in my career at the Lord's bidding, with the mere sling and the stone, and faith in his promised deliverance, well assured that in the mount it shall be seen, and in that mount it shall be realized, according to Jehovah's all-wise decree.

I would say to you, sir, my dear brother and beloved pastor, most affectionately, farewell! God Almighty bless you, and the partner of your joys and sorrows, in your basket and in your store, and in every sense of the word make you an increased blessing to the church to which I have the honor to belong. We have lived together in close affinity in the church, and in an official point of view worked together in harmony and peace. The same views I at first entertained of your fitness to follow in the footsteps of our late highly beloved pastor, I now entertain, and they have been amply confirmed; and I shall ever value the privilege I possessed of taking an humble part in your call among us to disperse the word of life, as amongst my choicest blessings. Rest assured, sir, the distance of a few thousand miles will not lessen my regard for you. I shall not forget in a foreign land the many mementos of your friendship and kindness, but hope to cherish the remembrance with undiminished affection. Let the mutual pledge be now given of mutual remembrance at all times, but especially so at the court of the King of kings.

It would indeed ill become me to offer you advice as to your future course. Such observations would be something like the mere form or fragment of a charge delivered; but I trust I shall be permitted to reiterate the apostle's language, (or that of the Holy Ghost, by the apostle,) "Take heed of the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made you an overseer, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood!" Continue to preach Christ unto your dear people in all his glorious fulness and suitability, telling them that their warfare is accomplished; and in preaching Christ you will oppose all that is Christless!

To you, dear brethren in office—I owe you many thanks. We have co-operated together, generally, in peace and concord for the welfare of the family. Our record is on high, and in an approving conscience. We have, perhaps, had but few trials to contend with, but few of them would have crushed us but for divine help afforded. I beseech you listen for a moment to the solemn exhortation of your unworthy brother who may never see you more before he unites with you in praise before the throne of glory, in the beatific vision of the Lamb, to crown his head with many crowns! Oh, beware, beware of all false doctrines, lest the enemy in sheep's clothing rise up to disseminate his fallacious seeds of error, heresy, and schism. Be

much on your watch-tower, especially that you may not be surprised. I have often felt the force of our dear pastor's words—"There is much importance attendant on the example you set." You require much grace. May the Lord grant it you in rich abundance, so that your soul may flourish in the way. Attempt steadily and steadfastly to hold up your pastor's hands in the maintenance of his comfort, and peace, and the cause of truth, which buy at any price, and sell it not, nor barter it for gold! May God Almighty bless you both, and build you up in the faith, greatly enriching you with understanding in the mysteries of a full and free salvation. Brethren, for myself and family, I bid you affectionately farewell!

Beloved of the church—you who are one with myself in grace union to Jesus, dwell together in unity, for in union is strength. Be of good cheer, you shall conquer through the Lamb's redeeming blood! May you ever be kept looking unto Jesus, and from him be drawing all your supplies. "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free." Endeavour to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Value a faithful ministry, such as you are now favoured with, and uphold your pastor's hands by prayer and supplication, without ceasing. May you never know the value of such a ministry by the loss! For ourselves, we feel that we shall suffer immense loss with regard to our spiritual privileges; but the Lord whom we trust is all-sufficient, and he is able to supply our every need. One word more. It is our fervent petition and request that you will remember us when far away. While on the raging main we sail, and when tossed upwards and downwards upon the foaming billows, and apparently the sport of the blustering winds and tempestuous gales, let us have an interest in your pleadings at the mercy-seat, that we may have a safe voyage to our destined port, and that our removal from our native to Australian shores may turn out for the furtherance of the gospel, the dissemination of light and comfort to our brethren abroad who have need of help. May the God of all grace qualify us for the exercise of the true gospel mission, and confer upon us the high honour and ability to publish abroad the name and fame of Immanuel. In him are inexhaustible mines of wealth, which perish not in the using! Pray that our thoughts and desires may concentrate in Him, as I am desirous yours should. May it be our high and distinguished honour to sit at his feet and learn of him increasingly the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of his everlasting love, as was displayed in the gift of himself, as the fruits of eternal union to, and delight in the monuments of mercy. Finally, brethren, greatly beloved, to the care and protection of the God of all grace I commend you—to the care, and protection, and blessing of the Lord I commit you all with great affection; and with many, many thanks for your present and past kindness, with a faltering tongue I pronounce the word, farewell—farewell!

Every sentence in the foregoing address was listened to with the greatest attention, and many an overflowing heart found relief in tears. Mr. Attwood of Camberwell, and the two remaining deacons of our Rye Lane Church, addressed the throne; after which Mr. Moyle offered up a concluding prayer. The proceedings were interspersed by the singing of various hymns selected by my father for the occasion.

The meeting throughout was of a very interesting and affecting character. To myself of course it was particularly so; but I believe the same feeling was generally experienced, though in a less degree. I am, my dear Sir, yours affectionately in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel,

GEO. THOS. CONGREVE.

### Death and Burial of Mr. John Franklin.

MR. JOHN FRANKLIN, (son of the late revered pastor of Red Cross Street, Cripplegate,) left the church militant for the church triumphant, on Tuesday the 9th day of March, 1852, after being confined at home some considerable period. He was a Christian well known to many of our London and provincial churches and pastors, many of whom were held in high esteem by the departed for their works' sake. On Monday the 15th of March, his mortal remains were deposited in their last resting-place, at Nunhead Cemetery. At a quarter to four the coffin containing the corpse, followed by the mourners and friends of the deceased, entered the cemetery chapel. Among the ministers present were Mr. James Wells, Mr. R. Luckin, Mr. Newborn, and Mr. Edwards, the esteemed pastor of the church at Tunbridge Wells.

The solemn obsequies commenced by singing the suitable hymn of Dr. Watts'

"Why do we mourn departed friends," &c., which was read by Mr. Edwards. After which Mr. James Wells read the fifth chapter of Romans, and offered up prayer. Another hymn was then sung,

"When thou, my righteous Judge shall come," and Mr. Luckin proceeded to address the assembled audience. After making a few remarks in reference to the departed, Mr. Luckin took for his text Rev. xiv. 13, "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Mr. Luckin said—

"We find that when the children of Israel had to pass over Jordan, that the priests were commanded to carry the ark with them; and the waters divided and they passed over dry. Now this ark is emblematical of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, when his people have to pass the Jordan of death, will be with them, and see the last safe landed on Canaan's blissful shores. We have first in these words a solemn declaration—"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." It does not read all are blessed that die. No: it is, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' How remarkable the words! They were in him before time: considered a part of himself. The union existed from eternity, and shall last through eternity. They are manifestly so in him; as the Spirit brings their souls into vital union to Christ. I do bless God that I have a living faith, a receiving faith, a seeing faith, a walking faith, and sometimes some of us know what it is to have a triumphant faith. You or I can no more exercise this faith than we could create a world. It is only when God puts this faith into us that we can exercise it, and then we can say, All is well. God's people are interested in all that Jesus is and has. Is there any reason then, for the believer to mourn his being taken away from this body? No: for we know that it is 'absent from the body, and present with the Lord.' The text declares, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth.' I would have you notice this word henceforth. There are a people who talk about there being an intermediate state after that the soul quits the body, and before its entrance into glory; but our text

declares that henceforth, or immediately, they are blessed. Of this we have an instance in the case of the poor thief on the cross: no sooner had he uttered his short but emphatic petition than our precious Christ replied, 'This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.' And as I often say to my dear people at home, when the souls of God's dear people quit this body the Lord is near to kiss them and usher them into everlasting bliss. But in what does this blessedness consist? 'That they may rest from their labours.' The present state (at least so I find it) is a state of toil, weariness, and labour; here we are the subjects of unceasing conflict; there we shall rest for ever from our labours. No more battlings with sin, satan, and the world; all external and internal foes will for ever be done with. 'There is a rest that remaineth for the people of God.' I often think it a mercy it does remain. It is a rest in every sense of the word. The Lord God said to Moses when the children of Israel were complaining of the roughness of the way, 'Ye are not yet come to the rest.' We must and shall meet with sorrows and trials by the way. We now see by faith, but when we come to die we shall breathe our spirits into the hands of Jesus, where all will be love, life, and everlasting joy. But in connection with these words we have the approbation of the Holy Spirit—'yea, saith the Spirit.' The voice was in heaven, and the Holy Spirit's voice is heard confirming it. Lastly, it is said, 'and their works do follow them.' It is not said their works shall go before them; no: we, if we are God's children, know they are of no use to go before to seek God's favour. The time will soon come when he shall have accomplished his purpose, and when he shall place the sheep on his right hand, saying, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,' while the goats he will place on his left, with 'depart ye cursed into outer darkness.' Oh, my hearers, which situation shall be ours in that awful day? With our dear departed brother, whose remains this day we are to return to the dust, we know it is well. I well remember on one occasion when visiting him, I read a portion of the 8th of Romans, I attempted to make some comment, but the poor old man was before me. When I came to that sentence 'To be carnally minded is death,' he said, 'Ah, I have proved it to be so.' I said, 'Yes, but part the rest,'—'To be spiritually minded is life eternal.' Ah, he said, there's the best of it.' Many times have we communed together sweetly of the precious things of the gospel; and the last time I saw him he broke out in such a precious strain! he said, 'I shall sing in heaven, "Unto him that loved us,"' &c. He appeared quite overcome; he turned round to me, and said he thought he was there."

When Mr. Luckin had concluded his address the coffin was replaced in the hearse, and borne to its last resting place on earth. The coffin having been lowered, Mr. Newborn, of St. Luke's, delivered an oration at the grave, of which the following is an outline:

"The moment has arrived when we are to pay the last tribute of respect to a departed brother, and consign him to his last and best bed-chamber. 'Tis true this is a solemn event; but what is the death of the body compared to the death of the soul? We are all involved in the death of sin; but has God made no way of escape? Our Lord

Jesus once said to his disciple, 'If I wash thee not thou hast no part with me,' emblematical of the washing of regeneration; and in the book of Revelation it is written, 'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection.' Who is this? Christ saith, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' May I say to each of you, 'Believest thou this?' Then thou art a believer; and to the believer death hath lost its sting. In fact, there is no such thing as death to the believer. Christ has abolished death; and hath 'destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil!' He hath, by his regenerating Spirit, delivered them from all death. We now deposit the remains of our dear departed brother in the cold and silent grave, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to everlasting life. He sleeps in Christ; here he shall rest till the resurrection morn, when the archangel's trump shall sound, the graves give up their dead; then shall be accomplished that recorded in the book of Revelation, 'And hell delivered up her spirits, and they were all judged out of the book of *their works*;' (not the Book of life remember;) and they were all cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. Oh, that we all may be led to see our interest in Him, who hath redeemed his people from death, hell, and the grave.

"I have had the pleasure of knowing our departed brother for about forty years; and have ever found him to be a strong adherent to the truth of God. But he was not without his enemies: 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.' To all of you I would say, shun his failings, and imitate his virtues. He was not only a Christian, but a well-trying friend to the truth. I shall not easily forget my visits to him in his last illness. Methinks I see him now, as on one occasion he stretched out his poor withered arms, when I entered the room, and said, 'O, my dear brother, that the Lord would give me a little ease, that I might praise him!' And we did praise him, and pray to him too. May this solemn event be sanctified to the good of souls; may God himself be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless, and may they know that their father's God is their God."

Many persons were present to witness the solemn services, from different congregations where Mr. Franklin was known. He was 62 years of age.

#### Garner Baptist Chapel, Clapham.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—For your information and the readers of the "Vessel," and, I trust, the honour of God's grace, according to promise, I send you a simple, but truthful acrostic. We have been greatly favoured at GARNER, with the Lord's enriching, strengthening, reviving, and comforting presence; he has so kindly ordered it, (to his praise he it said,) that ever since we opened the place, we have had a gospel feast—"a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined," Isa. xxvi.

GARNER'S the place where the Lord shews his face,  
And many declare thy here feast on his grace;  
Rejoice and exclaim that his promise is true,  
Now he's to his children as rain and as dew;  
Encouraged, the preachers cry, Truly God's here!  
Re-echo the people, Our souls he doth cheer!!  
Feb. 13, 1852.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—It will be recollected that our acrostic in the January "Vessel" was of a supplicating kind. We trust our prosperity is of the Lord, and that he has heard and answered our prayers. Garner is filled; and God's powerful

presence experienced. We can truly say, "What hath God wrought!" for and among his people? and we trust we shall hear some shaking among the dry bones. It befores us now, though in feeble and simple strains, to return thanks to a triune God, who ruleth in heaven and earth, who will work and none shall hinder.

Gacious and blessed Lord, accept our thanks and praise,  
And we will still to thee fresh Ebenezers raise,  
Resound abroad we will, thy favours most divine,  
Nor can we cease while fed with choicest bread and wine;  
Enraptured saints with us and all the heav'nly host,  
Rejoice and bless Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost.  
March 5, 1852. W. M. ODLING.

#### The Baptism of Jesus.

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Isa. vi. 8.

"I delight to do thy will, oh, my God."  
Psalm xl. 7.

MINE be the task, said Christ our King,  
From death and hell I'll go and bring

The children thou hast given,  
My soul in blood I will baptise,  
That I might be their sacrifice  
At the high court of heaven.

I pant for this baptism now;  
The thorn-curse! place it on my brow—  
Each torturing weapon hail!  
The scourge, the nail, the barbed spear,  
Now, Father, spend thy vengeance here;  
My sufferings shall avail.

My spirit thirsts, I haste to die,  
That they might dwell with us on high,  
Through my great sacrifice.  
I'll be baptised in grief and pain,  
To bring dead sinners back again  
To God—to Paradise.

I'll be baptised in bloody sweat,  
That thou may'st all their sins forget,  
Nor their transgressions see.  
I'll be baptis'd beneath the wave  
Of wrath divine, that I might save  
The souls beloved by thee.

I'll be baptis'd (oh, solemn word)  
With all the terrors of the Lord—  
Mount Sinai's curses too:  
And justice' sword this heart shall wound,  
That there a fountain may be found—  
A baptistry for you.

For you ye helpless sinner train,  
Whose hopes are in a Saviour slain,  
For you I shed my blood.  
Come, then, for oh! the fountain's free;  
'T was opened in my side for ye  
Who are the sons of God.

Come, then, ye sinners bought with blood,  
Go after your baptised God,  
Through ev'ry outward sign:  
The Father smiles, the Holy Three  
Approve: let men and angels see  
That ye are truly mine.

Is it too much that for my sake  
Your Lord's reproach ye on you take—  
Is it too much, I say!  
For you I bore disgrace and pain,  
And then by wrath divine was slain,  
To wash your curse away.

H. M. ALLINGHAM.

# The Life, Ministry, Last Illness and Burial

OF

## THE LATE JOSEPH IRONS,

NEARLY THIRTY-THREE YEARS PASTOR OF GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL;

WITH DESCRIPTIVE PARTICULARS.

“Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?”—2 SAM. iii. 38.

THE pastor of Grove Chapel, Camberwell, is no longer in the field of conflict. He has delivered his last message, and, after a long and successful day's work in the Lord's vineyard is gone to the rest prepared for the chosen and ransomed family of God. As a bold defender of the faith once delivered unto the saints, no man in these last days was more extensively known or more generally esteemed than was JOSEPH IRONS. While thousands have silently wept over the removal of so great a man from the gospel field, how great is the mercy that he was upheld for so many years in an honourable and in a useful work, and almost immediately on the closing up of that work is removed in peace to the glorious kingdom above.

Very pertinently has our brother Thomas Stringer, of Gravesend, thrown into verse all that we had purposed to write with reference to this solemn event. And as the following verses have this very moment come to hand we cheerfully give them a place, and thus proceed with the memoir, the circumstances connected with his departure, the funeral, &c., every sentence of which may be safely received as correct, the whole having been carefully compiled by an eye and ear witness.

Another man of God's remov'd,  
And faithful to the end he prov'd,  
His theme was sovereign grace :  
He lifted up the Christ of God,  
Proclaim'd his righteousness and blood,  
And now beholds his face.

Though thousands treated him with scorn,  
He did the British subjects warn  
Against the pope of Rome :  
Against his deeds he did inveigh,  
Against him, too, did preach and pray,  
And now he's gathered home.

His voice on earth is heard no more,  
He is not dead but gone before,  
To tune his harp above :  
In regions of eternal bliss  
His spirit dwells where Jesus is,  
And all the air is love.

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Much honour'd in his Lord's employ,  
Through him the word was heard with joy  
By thousands far and near :  
I've heard him “preach the word” most sweet  
To me it has been “savoury meat,”  
And did my spirit cheer.

Oh ! may the church of him bereft,  
Without a faithful pastor left,  
Be earnest at the throne,  
Till God another pastor give,  
Who in his truth shall stand and live,  
And one whom he will own.

Ye ministers of God with me,  
We mortal are as well as he,  
And soon must quit our post :  
Oh ! may we faithful prove till death,  
And while we draw our fleeting breath,  
Let Jesus be our boast.

His sufferings and his sighs are o'er,  
His griefs and groans are known no more,  
And ours will be so soon :  
We shall with Jesus dwell on high,  
And there his name shall glorify  
In one eternal noon.

T. STRINGER.

### MEMOIR OF THE REV. J. IRONS;

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF GROVE CHAPEL.

Joseph Irons was born November 5th, 1785, we believe, at Ware, in Hertfordshire; and it was from the fact of his being born on the anniversary of the Gunpowder Treason, that caused him annually to preach a sermon on this occasion, when he usually protested, in no small degree, against the advances of Popery and Jesuitism in England. He always spoke of his father as a most exemplary Christian, and expressed his thankfulness for his early training in sound religious principles. He received but little education. Mr. Irons' father was a carpenter and builder at Ware, which trade Mr. J. Irons followed for some time.

It was sometime in the year 1803, that Joseph Irons was leaning against the rails of the communion table in St. Mary's Somerset Church, Upper Thames Street, listening to the Rev. William Alphonsus Gunn, (curate to John Newton,) when a sentence dropped from the preacher's

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mouth into Joseph Irons' heart which set his soul at happy liberty.

He subsequently joined the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Griffith Williams, at Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. His first labours in the ministry of the gospel was as a missionary of the London Itinerant Society, when about 24 or 25 years of age; at this time he also kept a school, to assist in the maintenance of himself and family.

In this he continued till the year 1809, when he was in the order of God's providence removed to Ware, after that to Watton, and subsequently to Hoddesden, where he was ordained pastor, May 23, 1810. Here he was most signally honoured as an instrument in the Lord's hands to the conversion of many souls.

In 1815, he removed near to Cambridge; a field of extensive usefulness; where he remained four years.

At the opening of the year 1818, he received an invitation to preach at Camden Chapel, Camberwell. A note that he received from his then intimate and esteemed friend, the Rev. R. Stodhart, induced Mr. Irons to accept the invitation for one Sabbath, the last in January, 1818; but he preached there on the Wednesday evening previous, January 21, 1818, that being the first time of his ministrations in Camberwell. He took for his text, or, to use Mr. Irons's own words, he "opened his commission" in Camberwell, with discoursing from these words—"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last," Rev. xxii. 13. From Mr. Irons's "*History of Grove Chapel*" we extract the following, relative to the commencement of his ministry in Camberwell. He says—

"A deep impression had been felt in my own soul that God had some great work for me in this neighbourhood, which made me resolve to declare, in the most unreserved manner, all the counsel of God, in the very first sermon, proclaiming Jesus as the first and the last, in the whole economy of salvation, to the utter rejection of proud freewill and human merit; so that neither the hearers nor the trustees might be mistaken in the preacher whom they had invited. The effect produced by the first sermon was marvellous, and the public excitement was prodigious; so that on the following Lord's-day, Camden Chapel was thronged to the doors, and the strange multitude were addressed from Isaiah lx. 13; 'I will make the place of my feet glorious!' and truly the promise was then and there fulfilled, for a breathless attention, a deep solemnity, and floods of tears, proclaimed the Lord's presence, and the place of

his feet was glorious. \* \* \* The impression which I had felt that God had a great work for me at Camberwell, was now deepened and confirmed, and I was convinced that it was from the Lord; so that after seeking direction from above, I agreed to lengthen my visit three weeks more, during which I preached four times a week to crowded congregations, experiencing much of the presence of the Lord, and witnessing great power going forth with the word, quickening many who were dead in trespasses and sins to newness of life, and helping them much who had believed through grace; so that there was manifestly a great revival in vital godliness. \* \* \* I had finished my first engagement at Camden Chapel, and, having nothing now to detain me officially, I returned to the bosom of my family and flock. \* \* \* At the appointed time, Wednesday evening, April 8th, 1818, I paid my second visit to Camberwell, and preached the word in Camden Chapel to crowded congregations until Whit-Sunday, May the 10th, when I received a very unceremonious dismissal from the new treasurer,\* who could not bear to hear so much of Christ. \* \* \*

The general impression throughout the congregation was, that I should be their pastor; and, had the decision rested with the unbiassed choice of the regenerated people of God, I do not think there would have been a single dissentient voice among them. But the appointment or rejection of a minister rested wholly with about nine trustees, among whom one individual possessed sufficient influence to command a majority against the wishes of nearly the whole congregation.

"The people being thus disappointed (not to say insulted,) had no other alternative but to sacrifice their spiritual privileges to arbitrary power, or to provide themselves with another place of worship. Several fruitless attempts were made to induce the trustees to yield to the wishes of the people. \* \* \* All arguments and entreaties were disregarded, and the grieved people were driven to their only mode of redress—the erection of a new chapel. A committee was therefore formed, and subscriptions opened, which soon amounted to a large sum. Meanwhile an asylum was sought for the scattered congregation, and several places of worship in the neighbourhood were opened to receive the people and their ejected minister; but one after another they were all closed against us by the influence of those who had become our persecutors: so that in a few weeks we were driven out of four different places, after occupying them a few times. At length, however, we hired a 'large upper room,' which had been occupied as a carpenter's shop, and which stood on the site now called Veranda Place, Church Street. \* \* \* On the 21st day of December, 1818, a public meeting was held in our 'large upper room.' The Rev. Griffith Williams preached from the 2nd of Corinthians, viii. 5—'They first gave themselves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God.' \* \* \*

"Being thus favoured with a temporary place

\* The former treasurer, (Mr. Flint,) was a man of God, who loved the truth. It was he who gave Mr. Irons the invitation to preach at Camberwell; but was taken home to glory about the expiration of Mr. Irons' first engagement.

of worship, and enjoying the presence of God in it, we thanked God and took courage to turn our attention and our energies to the erection of our new chapel, for which the contributions were going on briskly. \* \* \* Our committee were now diligently looking out for a piece of ground. \* \* \* At length they obtained the site on which Grove Chapel now stands. \* \* \* The ground was taken—the plans were approved—the estimate was signed, and on the 15th day of March, 1819, the foundation stone was laid by Mr. Samuel Carter. \* \* \*

“The day fixed for the opening of Grove Chapel was Tuesday the 20th of July, 1819, and the preachers were the Rev. Robert Stodhart, the Rev. Jos. Irons, and the Rev. Griffith Williams; the day was peculiarly marked with the divine presence, and the collections were liberal.”

The little book from which the above extracts are taken, can be obtained, we think, of the author's widow, at Camberwell; as also all the other works of the deceased author.

The original cost of Grove Chapel was somewhere about £4,000, the whole of which was raised by voluntary contributions, and the building vested in the hands of twenty trustees, as the property of the public for ever, under the rules and regulations contained in the trust deed. Some hundreds of pounds have since been expended in beautifying and enlarging the place, which was done in the year 1839.

The number of members formed into church fellowship, under the pastoral care of Mr. Irons, on the 18th December, 1818, was only 12. At the time of Mr. Irons's death he had admitted no less than 1,237 members, very many of whom have long since left the church militant below, for the church triumphant above.

In October, 1821, Mr. Irons commenced a Wednesday evening lecture in Staining Lane, and in May, 1824, removed to the Welsh Chapel, Jewin Crescent, Aldersgate Street, (where Mr. Jas. Wells now lectures on the Friday evening,) which used to be thronged with people. He continued this lecture without intermission, till the year 1848 or 1849, when the bad state of his health, we believe, obliged him to relinquish the same.

He was favoured with intimate friendship with the beloved Dr. R. Hawker, for whom he preached a funeral sermon, which has just been reprinted in No. 197 of the “*Grove Chapel Pulpit*.”

His very peculiar plan of dividing his sermons, from which he scarcely ever varied, was, we think, the same as that pursued by Mr. Gunn. The first letter of each division and subdivision of his

text formed an acrostic. The following is an example:—

Grove Chapel, January 21st, 1844. Text: “How long Lord, wilt thou hide thyself for ever?”—Psalm lxxxix. 46.

|                  |                                                                                                 |
|------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 C omplaint     | G lory is beclouded.<br>O perations suspended.<br>D arkness ensues.                             |
| 2 A ppeal to the | F aithfulness of God.<br>O ficial character of Christ.<br>R elationship of the Holy Ghost       |
| 3 N ecessity of  | S piritual advancement.<br>A ctive service.<br>K nowledge of God.<br>E xtension of his kingdom. |

The first letters of the above, if placed together, will read—“CAN GOD FORSAKE?”

In his very last sermon he followed the same plan; the acrostic reads, “so appropriate.”

For more than ten years Mr. Irons has thought that each anniversary would be his last; and we are credibly informed that more than once he has preached what he considered would be his last sermon.

Mr. Irons preached his last sermon at Grove Chapel, on Sunday morning, March 21st, from 1 Tim. i. 15; “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.” At the commencement he said, “I do not know that I shall have strength enough to deliver half a dozen sentences upon it.” He did, however, with great seeming difficulty, get through his discourse, which is published by Mr. Collingridge in No. 199 of *Grove Chapel Pulpit*. His pains appeared to be very great. After the service, he was assisted home, and carried to his room, from whence we are given to understand, he never more removed alive. His disease (gout,) now made rapid progress; congestion of the brain supervened, which left him entirely senseless for five successive days and nights, previous to his final dissolution, which took place without a struggle or a groan, at twenty minutes past ten o'clock in the evening of Saturday, the 3rd of April, 1852. ●

He was silent only one Sabbath, according to his often expressed desire “to die when he could not preach.”

#### THE INTERMENT.

Good Friday, the 9th of April, was the day appointed for the entombment of the mortal remains of the deceased pastor of Grove Chapel. Long before the time named for the solemn service, crowds of mourners were seen wending their way

to Grove Chapel, to pay the last tribute of respect to departed worth. The chapel doors were opened at half-past one, by two o'clock every available seat was occupied; and before the commencement of the service the chapel was densely thronged in every corner; and numbers were unable to gain admission. The pulpit, stairs, and desk were deeply hung in black cloth. At three o'clock the corpse was brought into the chapel, followed by the relatives and friends. Service then commenced. Mr. Woodland, of Woolwich, gave out the 159th song, in Mr. Irons's version of the Psalms; which having been sung, Mr. Robt. Taylor Hunt, of Camberwell New Road, (who has supplied Grove Chapel pulpit with great acceptance during part of Mr. Irons's illness,) then read the 39th Psalm, and 5th chapter of Paul's second epistle to the Corinthians, and offered up prayer. Dr. Steane, of Camberwell, then gave out the 453rd hymn in Mr. Irons's Hymn Book:—

“The dying saint with fixed eyes,  
Surveys his mansion in the skies,  
'I've waited,' says his dying word,  
'For thy salvation, gracious Lord.'”

The hymn being sung, Mr. R. Luckin, of Woodbridge Chapel, Clerkenwell, ascended the pulpit and delivered

#### THE FUNERAL ORATION.

We can only give a short outline of the orations, as otherwise it would occupy more space than we can spare. Mr. Luckin said—

“My dear Christian friends: we are met here together to-day, on a most solemn occasion. The Lord has been pleased, in pursuance of his divine purpose, to remove from you your dear pastor; and we are called together to-day to witness the interment of his mortal remains in the silent tomb. \* \* \* It is true he is gone; but he will not be forgotten. ‘He being dead, yet speaketh.’ Death is the common lot of all men. The decree has gone forth—‘Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return.’ It must be so, when we take into consideration the matter of which we are made—‘dust.’ The very glance at death chills and strikes terror to all but those who are God’s people; and they are enabled to triumph over all, and adopt the language of the apostle, ‘Oh, death, where is thy sting? oh, grave, where is thy victory?’ And now, mark

what I say, our departed brother is now shouting ‘victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb.’ Death speaks, and says, ‘The wages of sin is death.’ The grave opens and says, ‘It is not enough.’ But Jesus speaks to you and to me, believer, and he says, ‘Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.’ And when he bids his saints ‘Come up hither,’ it will be ‘absent from the body, and present with the Lord.’ There is no intermediate state. They get there beyond gun shot of the enemy, and bask in the eternal sunshine of Jehovah’s face. The Word of God declares, ‘Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.’ Mark, dear friends, their distinguished character—‘saints,’ set apart in Christ, before time began; sanctified in Christ their glorious Head; sanctified by the Father, and sanctified by God the Holy Ghost. \* \* \* The death of our dear brother is your loss, I had almost said, irreparable loss, when I take into consideration his great gifts and his usefulness to many poor souls who are now singing in bliss—while it is your loss it is his eternal gain. He could with propriety have said, ‘For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.’ If you want to know where my brother got his sermons from, I answer, it was upon his knees at the throne of grace. Christ with him was all and in all. \* \* \* I well remember, many years ago, when he used to call me his ‘son Timothy,’ he had requested me to preach an anniversary sermon, and I said, ‘Well, I feel so ill and so exhausted, I am afraid I cannot.’ Mr. Irons replied, ‘My dear brother, it is better to wear out than rust out.’ With regard to your departed pastor, I say, he was worn out in the cause. Death was gain to him. What he gained, then, we cannot say. I often think, what must it be to enjoy uninterrupted communion with our precious Christ. The time of our dear brother’s departure was at hand. Mark you! the set time had come.

“The Word of God says, the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance. Our departed brother will not be forgotten of his God; and he will be remembered by us, and all those to whom he was dear. Though he cannot now address us, his works will speak. It is astonishing what a blessing his sermons and writings have been made to many people.

“I will call your attention a few

moments to the resurrection of the body. Death is no more the king of dread ;

“ He took the tyrant’s sting away,  
And spoil’d our hellish foes.”

Our glorious Head is risen, and is become the first fruits of them that slept ; so that, as sure as our precious Christ is there, so sure shall we all appear with him. He will present us to the Father, and will say, ‘ Here am I, Father, and the children whom thou hast given me.’ How brilliantly shall our dear brother shine in that glorious morning ! for it is said, they who turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. His body is now interred in the silent tomb, to be reburnished on the resurrection morning. There are many present, who will be his crown of rejoicing in the great day of account.

“ Permit me to address you, as a church and people. Your pastor is gone. Remember ! the Lord liveth. I would say to you, that in your present position, it is important that you should be an earnest and an united people. The Lord enable you to keep together. Attend to the dear widow. I pray for her. I pray for the family that they may follow him as he followed Christ. May God bless these few remarks to you.

At the close of this address Mr. Luckin, in connection with the major part of the congregation seemed greatly affected. At this part of the service the massive coffin, containing the ashes of the departed minister, were deposited in the family vault at the back of the pulpit, which also contains the remains of his first wife and daughter, Mrs. and Miss Mary Ann Irons. Mr. Irons’ coffin bears the following inscription :—

“ Rev. Joseph Irons, 33 years Minister of Grove Chapel, Camberwell, in the County of Surrey. Born, Nov. 5, 1785. Died in peace, April 3, 1852. Aged 66 years.”

During the interment, the 200th Hymn in Mr. Hart’s Collection was given out by Mr. Thomas Bayfield, and sung. After which, Mr. Gittens, the respected pastor of the Independent Chapel, Camden Town, addressed the multitude. Our sketch must be brief :

“ Our dear brother Irons is now consigned to the tomb, but we must not let our feelings overcome us, though I could readily weep. My old friend, one whom I loved, your pastor, whose hope was fixed, now sleeps in Jesus. We regret that he is so early consigned to his tomb ; but we

also trust we can say, ‘ Thy will, O God, be done.’ If he is dead, Jesus still lives. He lives to plead : He still lives to sanctify by his Spirit ; He still lives to console his depending family ; He still lives to visit his church. This church does not depend on the life of Joseph Irons. You have often drank of the streams of heaven by him ; you must drink of those streams now through another channel. The Fountain still lives. We look into the dark tomb, and it is very humiliating. Death has done its worst, but death has lost its sting. We might look into it and say, ‘ Peace be to thy ashes.’ Brother Irons, sleep on, and take thy rest. ‘ There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’ His body is dust, or will be dust—but it is precious dust. The grave may triumph and frighten us for a little ; but it shall not triumph ; it shall one day relinquish its prey ; our brother shall rise again. The bliss of heaven though to him is now inconceivable, is not yet quite consummated. A few more years, and ‘ a trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible,’ &c. Do you look down to that grave my friends, and lament your pastor as I lament my friend ? If one could look nowhere else, indeed we might lament ; but let tears be dried. I have seen my brother in his pains and anxieties ; far better to look at him now. All one wants is what indeed nature cannot give ; it is the eye of faith. Oh, for that faith while we look into that grave that is here opened before us, and not only consider his interest in that eternal, unchangeable Jehovah, but find an interest in Him ourselves. May the spirit of God bless this solemn service to each of us, and unto his name shall be the praise.”

Mr. C. D. Gawler of Stroud then gave out the 586th Hymn, Mr. Irons’ Collection. This was sung, and

Mr. Gabriel Bayfield closed the solemn services by prayer.

There were a great number of ministers present ; among whom we noticed our esteemed friend and brother, Mr. James Wells. The service lasted more than two hours. On the following Sunday evening

#### THE FUNERAL SERMON

was preached by Mr. R. Luckin, of Clerkenwell. Grove Chapel was indeed densely thronged ; hundreds were standing, and hundreds were unable to gain admission

into the building at all. Mr. Anderson, of Dover, read two portions of Scripture, and offered up prayer.

Mr. Luckin took for his text, 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing."

Mr. Luckin said:

"It was, my dear friends, the particular wish of your much-lamented pastor, and highly-favoured, faithful, and honoured servant of God that I should preach his funeral sermon in this chapel; and I have come among you this evening for that purpose. I can only confess it is quite a task for me to perform. On the last anniversary, as I was with my brethren in the ministry in the parlour, your departed pastor sent for me, and stated that he wished to see me.

"On my entering the room where he lay on a sofa, he requested me to take a chair by his side. I did so. He then said, 'My dear brother, you and I have worked together for many years; I have great affection for you.' I said, 'Yes, my dear brother, and I have great affection for you.' Well then, he said, (and mentioned several things of a pecuniary character relating to dear Mrs. Irons and the children. He spoke of the cause of God here, how near it laid on his heart. He then said, 'My dear brother, I have a particular request to make, and a favour to ask of you, and it is this, that you will be present at my funeral, and that you will preach my funeral sermon in Grove Chapel.' I burst into tears—we wept together. I said, 'My dear brother, it will be a task indeed for me to perform should I survive you.' He replied 'The Lord will help you, the Lord will be with you. Mind, say nothing about me, but speak of my Master.' I said, 'My dear brother, if I am called to engage in this solemn service I cannot do otherwise than speak of you as well as the Master.' He said, 'Then my dear brother say but little about me. One thing you can say is—I have preached Jesus, loved Jesus, and I long to be with Jesus.'

After some further introductory remarks, Mr. Luckin proposed to consider the words of his text under three ideas:

I. The apostle's narration of his christian and ministerial life.

II. His firm anticipation of reward.

III. The encouragement given to others.

I. *The Apostle's Narration.* The figures are apparently taken from the Olympic games. I would observe (1.) *That the apostle speaks of the battle which he had fought.* Now every minister of Christ, and every dear child of God is a soldier, enlisted under Christ's banner; all who are regenerated; all who are called by grace; all who are taught by the Spirit are engaged in a warfare. From the moment that divine grace is

communicated to the soul, that warfare commences, and it will never end till we die. With regard to the Lord's dear people I would observe that they have enemies to fight with. The enemies with which God's people are called to contend are internal, external, and infernal. Whilst we are in a state of nature we are at war with God, and peace with hell; we are in love with the world and the things of it; but when God opens our blind eyes, and commences the work of grace in our hearts, we then find we are the subjects of a corrupt nature, and that the worst foe is ourselves.

"No sooner does God commence the work of grace in our hearts than the enemy of souls will come and attack us. The further we advance in divine life the greater will be the opposition we meet with from the three-fold enemies I have mentioned. The Lord's dear people have interests to contend for. They are called upon to contend for the honour and glory of the triune Jehovah, to insist on the revelation which God has given in his word, to stand up in defence of God's truth, to speak of the grand cause, source, and spring of the redemption of the church of God, viz. the everlasting love of God the Father. These and many other things they have to contend for. Those who are engaged in this warfare, like their fellow labourers of the apostolic age, have weapons to fight with, which are not carnal but spiritual. It is called in Scripture 'the whole armour of God.' 'Put on, (the apostle says) the whole armour of God, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, and take with you the sword of the Spirit.'

"One word more. The Lord's ministers and the Lord's dear people are engaged in a good warfare, they serve a good Master—the Lord Jesus. They are provided with a suitable provision, so that they shall not stand in need of a supply. The weapons they use are good, and blessed be God the victory is sure.

"2. He speaks of having *finished his race, or course.* This may refer either to the termination of his ministerial career, or to the close of his life. Now every Christian minister, and every dear child of God, has a race to run. Your race lies through this world. The ground plot is marked out in the Scriptures; but there is a blessedness in knowing, that as sure as we set out, we shall ultimately come to the end of our journey, *winning the prize!* With regard to your departed pastor, be it observed, he had run his race—the time had come for his removal—the Lord had no more for him to do on earth. His work was finished—his battle fought, and he is now possessing the crown. His race is run, and blessed be God, he has obtained the prize.

"3. The apostle next speaks of *his fidelity.* 'I have kept the faith.' We know that the apostle Paul, like ourselves, was a poor, weak, fallible mortal; and it is quite evident that unless the Lord had kept Paul, he would never have kept the faith.

"With reference to our dear departed brother, a more faithful servant of God never existed. It was said to me in conversation with a brother minister the other day, 'Brother Luckin, (says he,) there was no shilly-shallying with brother Irons; for what he was in the pulpit, that he was out of it.' Our dear brother was indeed faithful; for he insisted upon the fruits and

\* The Funeral Sermon is published complete by Mr. Collingridge in No. 201 of Grove Chapel Pulpit, and by Mr. James Paul, of Chapter-house Court, Paternoster Row, in the Penny Pulpit.

effects of divine grace. He well understood the language of the great Mr. Hart,

"When on the boughs rich fruit we see,  
'Tis then we have a goodly tree."

"He never put grace in the wrong place; but shewed that where the grace of God was in the heart, it was evidenced in the life of those who possessed it.

"II. We are to notice the apostle's firm anticipation of his reward. 'Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,' &c.

"1. Let us notice the happiness which the apostle anticipated as typified by the crown. There is something very beautiful and striking in the image which the apostle employed with regard to the Lord's dear people.—Who and what are they? They are said to be made 'kings and priests unto God.' The apostle might refer to the garland of flowers, as a metaphor, or to the tinsel crown with which the conquerors were crowned who run or fought successfully. But his was a better crown—a crown of righteousness and eternal glory. 2. It is called 'a crown of righteousness;' shewing that it will be possessed in a righteous way and manner. It is a crown which is not usurped, as earthly crowns have been. It is an act on the part of God to confer eternal glory on the church. 3. This crown of righteousness is said to be 'laid up!' There is something remarkable in this expression. I believe that eternal happiness has been laid up for God's people in the covenant of grace from eternity. It may be said to be laid up in Christ the covenant Head. Again: it may be said not only to be laid up in Christ our covenant Head, but in the covenant of grace—in heaven. 4. The apostle expressed his assurance respecting the possession of it—'for ME.' 5. He speaks of the crown being given to him by Jesus everlastingly, the period when he will possess it—'that day.' This might refer to the day of death. He was about to suffer martyrdom at Rome. The second to Timothy was the last epistle Paul wrote. He anticipated martyrdom with delight. He considered it an honour to suffer; and he did not mind passing through the dark passage, because he knew he should soon come to the close of his sorrows. We shall now proceed to consider, lastly,

"III. The encouragement given to others. 'Not to me only; but to all them also that love his appearing.' Mark first, the characters described—'all them.' The apostle here evidently referred to the Lord's people. Who are they? They are the objects of God's love. They are vessels of mercy; they are the purchase of the Saviour's blood. They are said to love the Lord's appearing—they love the Lord, and they love his appearing in the means of grace—in the ordinances of his house—at his table—they love his appearing in the conversion of sinners, and they are looking forward with delight to his appearing at the hour of death.

"2. We notice, the crown awaits these persons. I dare say there are some of God's dear people here to-night, poor, downcast souls who say unto themselves, 'No doubt our dear pastor is crowned in heaven, and now is singing, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, &c.; but shall such a vile sinner as I am wear such a crown?' But in the church of God there are babes, young men, and fathers. Our precious Christ speaks of his church

under the peculiar metaphor of a flock—and mark, when speaking of that flock, he mentions not only the sheep, but the lambs! I hope those of you who are cast down—who are labouring under the suggestions of the enemy—who are deeply concerned at times to know how it will end—I hope, dear friends, the Lord will enable you to receive the encouragement laid down in the text; and I am sure there are some poor souls here to-night, who would give the world if they had it, if the Lord's Christ would appear to them in the rich manifestations of his love, and say unto their soul, 'I have redeemed thee.' If this is your case, the Lord has begun his work, and will surely carry it on: the kingdom is yours, the crown is yours, heaven is yours, all is yours—but ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

At the close of his sermon, Mr. Luckin gave a very short account of Mr. Irons's early days, which is embodied in our sketch at the commencement of this number. We conclude with a few particulars relative to his

#### LAST ILLNESS.

"He was not, though highly favoured with God, suffered to depart without grappling hard with the prince of darkness; and though he experienced hard fighting with the enemy, yet he held fast the evidences of his faith within him. But, again, the Lord lifted up his standard, and again he enjoyed a sweet communion with God; frequently closing his hands, evidently engaged in prayer; being heard to say, 'Precious, precious Saviour!' Afterwards, apparently addressing his flock, he spoke of 'the eternal weight of glory.' A dear friend said to him, 'Underneath you are the everlasting arms.' He opened his eyes and said, 'Yes they are.' His last words were in broken accents; evidently alluding to the vineyard—the church in Grove Chapel, 'I THE LORD WILL KEEP IT.' He departed this life at twenty minutes past ten o'clock on Saturday evening, April 3, 1852, in the 67th year of his age, after being the faithful and beloved pastor of this church near thirty-three years."

After a word of exhortation to the bereaved church, Mr. Luckin concluded.

#### On the Death of the Rev. Joseph Irons.

JESUS hath call'd his servant home,  
O'er hills of sin no more to roam;  
Sainted above he wears a crown;  
Eternal joys his soul surround.  
Praise now engages all his pow'rs;  
Huzannahs to his God and ours.  
In glory he is gone to dwell,  
Redeem'd from satan, death and hell.  
O may our souls like his be found—  
No more by fleshy fetters bound—  
Salvation singing, and with glory crown'd.

Walworth, April, 1852.

J. CLARK.

## ANOTHER

**Servant of Christ gone Home.**

No less than three ministers of the ever-blessed gospel went home to glory on Saturday, the 3rd of April, to our knowledge; how many more is not for us to say. What a holy rapturous meeting there must have been around the throne of God and the Lamb! We give the following as it came to hand:

On the same day as brethren Irons and Burrows fell asleep in Jesus, did George Henry Godden, for seventeen years minister of Corpus Christi Chapel, Stonehouse, Plymouth also depart this life. He was the friend and hearer of the Rev. John Hawker, till called to the ministry, which he discharged with fidelity and unblemished reputation.

He used to say he held two commissions, but would willingly give up the first, if it interfered with the latter. He was called when serving in the Royal Navy, but immediately retired on half-pay, abandoning all his bright prospects of promotion. His ministry was much blessed in Stonehouse and elsewhere. He lived as he died; he died as he lived—rejoicing in Christ.

JOHN WEBSTER.

*Stonehouse, Plymouth.*

**Death of Mr. Harvey, of Brighton.**

WE have been favoured with a letter written by the widow of the late Mr. Harvey, a deep taught and well known believer in Christ, in Brighton. It is a savory and Christ-exalting testimony. We therefore give the substance of it:

"My dear Friends: I sit down to write to you with much sorrow of heart to inform you of the death of my dear husband, who departed this life on the 24th of Feb. to exchange a mortal life for a life of eternity. He said he longed to go home to his Father's house, and often cried out, 'Come, my dear Jesus, come, my precious dying Lamb, come and take me home:

"Other Refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

He said, 'O my dear wife, I shall soon go home; and soon you will come after me, and be by my side.' I was to give his kind love to you all. He then said,

"He sees us when we see not him,  
And always hears our cry."

And this verse he repeated—

"That human heart he still retains,  
Though thron'd in highest bliss;  
And feels each tempted member's pains,  
For our Affliction's his."

He felt such a love and union to the people of God, and for the ministers of the gospel; he shewed such great love and affection for me that I shall never forget. He said, 'My dear wife, I should wish for you to be buried in the same grave with me; for we shall reign together in eternity.' After that he said, 'My Jesus shed every drop of his blood, and cried, 'it is finished,' for me. My dear Saviour, O, my dear Christ! come, come down for me! If thou art willing, let this cup pass from me; but not my will, but thine be done.' Then the enemy was permitted to worry him and persuade him that his faith was not the faith of God's elect, and that Jesus Christ would not save him. He said, 'O, how dark I am! I do not know what I am.' I told him it was satan worrying him. He said, 'Was it?' I said 'Yes: do not believe him; for your hope is fixed on Christ.' He said, so it was. And then he began to pray so fervently for nearly four hours; and at the end of every petition he said, 'for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen, amen, amen.' He said at the last, 'Dear Lord, dear Jesus; glory, glory,' and went off without a sigh or a groan at a quarter before eight on Tuesday morning the 24th of February, 1852, aged 65 years.

O! my friends, I have had a trying time of it, but I do not sorrow like those that have no hope; for my loss is his eternal gain. The dear Lord has been very good to me in giving me that strength and support in time of need; it has been a compound of bitters and sweets. He was buried this morning at eleven o'clock in his own family vault.

I conclude with kind love to Mrs. Fuller and family, and yourself. I remain your's,  
C. HARVEY.

"When a priest can atone for my sins I will allow him to pronounce absolution, but not before."

"A christianity that is *only* visible to the world is not spiritual. A christianity that is *not* visible to the world gives no evidence of its reality."

"So intense is the affection of Jesus for his church that it has existed from everlasting, shall exist for ever and ever, and never know a chill or variation."

—Joseph Irons.

## Thousands of Holy Angels taking poor Rebecca Claydon home to Glory.

[A brief memorial of REBECCA CLAYDON, of Sturmer, who, by grace divine, was brought from death unto life, and is now gone to heaven, has been furnished us by our good brother, John Dillistone, of Sturmer, near Halstead, in Essex. We give it nearly in his own words.—ED.]

SUCH was truly manifested in the person of Rebecca Claydon, of Sturmer. She was a poor, afflicted, and illiterate person; so much so, that when the Lord first met with her soul, (some few years since,) she could scarcely read anything; but she procured one of Gadsby's Selection of Hymns, and she learnt to read most all of them; and sometimes she found comfort in them; the Word of God she also read, and sometimes it seemed to cut her off. Once, when reading the parable of the prodigal son, there was a hope sprung up in her mind, with a "Who can tell?" She scarcely ever forgot that time. She attended the ministry of brother Powell, at Kedington, in the old cottage, and afterwards in the chapel, which the Lord enabled us to build. She was comforted and strengthened under the ministry of the Word; but sometimes sorely tried.

The Lord saw fit to lay his afflicting hand on her heavily; she was brought down almost to death, and near to despair, by the convincing power of God the Holy Spirit. It was in this state the unworthy writer was called to visit her. I found much conflict in my mind about going; but the day I purposed to visit her, I begged of the Lord to make my way clear; and at night, about a mile before I got to her house, these words came with sweetness to my mind—"Destroy it not, there is a blessing in it." I said, "Lord, pray make it manifest to my soul and to her."

When I arrived at her house, and was shewn up to the chamber of affliction, I addressed myself to her, and asked her how it was with her? She said, "O LOST! LOST!" And truly her countenance plainly shewed the state of her poor soul. The sight was very painful. Sometimes the conflict was so great, that she pulled the hair off her head, and tore her night-dress. I tried to comfort her; I spoke of the sure and everlasting love of Christ, and was enabled to speak of something the Lord had done for my soul. I knew the path she was treading; but nothing seemed to console her. No; it was not the Lord's time; but she was

so blessedly manifested to my soul that night, that I felt confident she would be delivered, and that blessedly, before long. After I had spent above an hour with her and her poor husband, whom I do hope is a vessel of mercy, I left her. This was on Monday, the 8th of March.

She passed on in this state, with little intermission, until Saturday, the 13th, when, in the fore part of the day, she was speaking to her almost despairing husband about some things in the house, and he said, "Never mind they; it won't matter, after you are gone; how is your mind?" "Oh, worse than ever!" she said, and buried her face in the pillow for some time; but all at once raised, or rather was raised, by the power of God, up in the bed; and said, "O, GLORIOUS! GLORIOUS! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! O, THE THOUSANDS OF ANGELS! O, MARVELLOUS LIGHT, to shine into such a dark sinner's heart as I am;" and many such glorious expressions. Her countenance well declared the peace of her soul. She said, "TELL ALL TO COME." She could

"— tell to all around,  
What a dear Saviour she had found."

She warned sinners of their state; and told them to go and hear the truth preached. Such was her state when I called to see her on the Saturday. I rehearsed some of the things that passed on the Monday night previous; and she said, "Aye, but I could not believe them then; but I can now." I said, "You will never leave off singing that glorious song when you get home." "Oh, no!" she said, "I shall sing it everlastingly—everlastingly." She thought she was going home, then; but the Lord's time was not come. Ah! he is a Sovereign, and doth as he pleases with his people. She had to stay a little longer in the wilderness, and the Lord saw fit to withdraw his presence for a little time. She was then tempted to believe she was crazy, and altogether out of her mind; but she said, "Surely that did mean something, yesterday; I thought I was going home then."

I called again to see her on the Tuesday night following, (the 16th,) and she then was suffering a great deal of pain in her poor body; she said, "I fear I am taken up too much with the pain of my

poor body." I spoke of the sufferings of Christ for her soul, and the preciousness that she had realised; she said, "*I want that now*—I hope the Lord will give me patience to suffer all his will." Sometimes she desired to be gone.

Thus she passed on till Thursday night, when a cloud of great darkness came over her mind, and the enemy was permitted to worry her a little more in the wilderness; but it was of short duration. For some time before she departed this vale of tears, the Lord returned with precious sweetness to her soul; she said, "*I am quite happy! glorious! happy! happy!*" These were the last words she was heard to express. Thus she fell asleep in Jesus about four o'clock on Friday morning, March 19th, 1852, her head leaning on the arm of her now bereaved husband. But he is not left to "sorrow as one without hope."

I do hope the Lord will bless the circumstances to some poor dead sinner, and to the comfort of his children; it has stirred up both professor and profane. Some gnash with their teeth—and others stand and wonder what it all can mean, as it is a great mystery to them, and will so remain to all but those that know the power and teaching of God the Holy Spirit in their souls.

J. D.

March 25th, 1852.

### Joseph, a type of Christ.

OUTLINES OF A SERMON BY MR. W. SAVORY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—A constant reader of your *Earthen Vessel* has sent you the substance of a sermon preached by Mr. William Savory, minister of the Baptist Chapel, Bond Street, Brighton, on Sunday morning, March 7th, 1852, from the 41st chapter of Genesis, latter part of the 55th verse—"Go unto Joseph, what he saith to you do."

These are the words of Pharaoh to the poor, hungry, and famishing Egyptians. They were to go to Joseph. And we have Joseph's Antetype revealed in Scripture as one just suited to the circumstances of poor, hungry, thirsty, and sin-bitten sinners; and we are just encouraged to go unto him, and trust in him for life and salvation. But here we may just remark what a picture we have of the depravity of the human heart in the case of Joseph's brethren; although we may have a form of godliness, but

destitute of its power; for they undoubtedly kept up the form of religion, and must have heard their father's advice, his counsel, his warnings, and his prayers; but for all this they had the very spirit which Cain had, and which every man has, while in a state of nature. It may be that their father's fondness of Joseph made them hate him; it may be that the peculiar affection which he had towards his beloved son made them look more coolly upon him. But when God revealed himself to Joseph in the vision of the night, and he, in all the simplicity of his heart, told it to his brethren, they hated him still the more; and no wonder, when he was a child of grace; for the ungodly, whether professors or no, are always opposed to vital godliness; and they, with all their father's example, were the workers of iniquity still, and were in the broad path, which leads to everlasting destruction. But to the words of our text.

Joseph was undoubtedly a very eminent type of Christ; for there were typical persons as well as typical things; and one great reason why many do not see more beauty in the Old Testament is because they read without an eye to Christ. Joseph, in the first place, was a type of Christ, because he was the son of his father's love. Although he was not his first-born, yet he was the first that Rachael bare him and it was Rachel that Jacob loved. And do we not read of One who was the Son of his Father's love? "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him;" "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in him, might not perish but have everlasting life;" "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

Secondly, he was the type of Christ, because he revealed or made known mysteries which the wise men could not interpret. And O, my friends, what mysteries does Christ make known to the sons of men—what all the learning of the greatest of men could not accomplish. Now, don't mistake me. I am not speaking against learning; it is all very valuable in its place. But what has learning done for men? It has just led them to become Roman Catholics; it just leads men, some to embrace one error, and others to broach another. Talk of colleges, he is the best taught who has been to Jesus's college, and has sat under his

tuition; there he has some of the greatest mysteries made known to him, which he could learn nowhere else—mysteries of the depravity of his own heart, and of the work of redemption; there he is led into the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, and brought into possession of that holy peace which all the learning in the world could never impart to him. How awful is the state of those churches in the present day where there is nothing to be heard but eloquence and learning—and Christ out of the question, and the people satisfied! The result is, that both minister and people are deceived, and are going on in a state of profession, down to the chambers of eternal death.

Again: he was a type of Christ in that he passed through great trials and persecution before he came to the throne. And O, my friends, what trials and persecutions did the dear Redeemer pass through before he ascended to the throne! How little did his wicked brethren think that the very steps they were taking would be the means of raising him to such dignity and honour! And how little did the wicked persecutors of Christ think that the very steps they were taking would be the means of raising him to such an exalted state, even at God's right hand; but so it was. Here we may just remark, before the crown is put on, there must be tribulation; so it is spiritually with God's dear people. Talk not of pardon before you know what it is to sorrow for sin; talk not of the joys of salvation, before you know what it is to cry out from your very hearts, through a feeling sense of sin.

Again: he was a type of Christ, because he was exalted to the throne to supply the people; and the people were commanded to go to him. And so is Christ exalted to supply his people's wants. Here we shall not stop to speak so much of temporals as spirituals, although it is our mercy to know that he has promised to supply us with those. Are we weak?—we may go to him for strength. Are we hungry and thirsty for righteousness?—we may be filled. Are we labouring under a burden of sin?—we may go to him to be cleansed; for "he is exalted at his right hand, to give repentance to Israel, and the remission of sins;" and so sure as he has given you repentance, he will, in his own due time, give you remission, and you shall understand what the apostle means, when he

says,— "In whom *we* have redemption, through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Go then, poor sinner, unto Jesus. "Oh!" say some, "I am afraid he has not sent for me." Well, no more did Joseph send for his brethren; but necessity compelled them to go; and if you of necessity are compelled to go to Christ, you may think at first he seems to deal rather harshly with you, but you will soon be led to see it is all in mercy and love; for he will manifest himself to you as your Saviour; for he has declared, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."  
*Brighton, March 18, 1852.*

"Help, Lord! for the Godly Man Ceaseth."

[A few lines addressed to the church and congregation assembling at East Lane Chapel, Walworth, who have lately been bereaved of an affectionate pastor, the late Jeffery Moody.]

THE Church of God laments,  
While Zion's courts do mourn,  
An herald has gone hence,  
To occupy his throne.  
And thus he's quit the stage of time,  
Left his pastoral care behind.  
His faith was firm and strong,  
On Jesus Christ the Rock;  
He thus employ'd his tongue,  
To feed God's little flock:  
With milk sincere to nourish babes,  
And wine for those of riper age.  
Your pastor did proclaim,  
Salvation all of grace;  
Electing love maintain,  
To save the chosen race;  
And when he died, his lips express'd,  
His heart was full of love and bliss.  
And now before the throne  
Your pastor sings aloud;  
With powers here unknown,  
Ranges the promis'd land.  
Clad in Jehovah's righteousness,  
He wears the crown and drinks the bliss.  
If you his voice could hear,  
'Twould be not to complain;  
"I'm in my mansion here,  
Ne'er to return again;  
But with the heavenly throng I wait,  
To see the ransom'd church complete."  
Weep not, beloved flock,  
At this bereaving stroke;  
Let Jesus be your trust,  
Who ne'er a promise broke:  
For he who is your shepherd still,  
Will all his purposes fulfil.  
Then let your love be known,  
And to each other keep;  
Petitioning the throne  
For unity and peace;  
And may the Lord a pastor give,  
To feed your souls with heavenly bread.

Clapham.

JOHN.

## Notices of New Books & Record of Recent Events.

We are favoured with a few more excellent works which the press has recently given to the world. It would be an interesting, and, we think, an useful task to analyse even much of that kind of literature which proceeds from quarters not entirely sound, but in whose productions there are principles worked out, facts declared, and information furnished, which, under God, might be of great interest and value to thousands of our readers who are in isolated districts, and know really but little of what the Lord is doing in these days, except in their own immediate circles. A secret zeal to promote the one great cause in our very humble way has carried us far beyond our means; and in many quarters we are laying under secret reproach. The various controversial letters which have found their way into our pages have also brought a heavy amount of ill-feeling against us. We mourn in secret over these things. It is by no means our mind to fill up these pages with illiterate quibbles; if life and strength be mercifully granted unto us we hope to be permitted to improve the tone of this work altogether, confining its contents more particularly to Biblical expositions, experimental details, and a survey of Zion's movements. The Lord help us, guide us, and render our labours ten thousand fold more useful to the best interests of our fellow creatures. Amen.

Last month we commenced a review of CERIONI'S NARRATIVE, under the head of

### A Real Conversion from Popery.

It was the first article of our April number; and after again repeating that this work is published by ARTHUR HALL & Co., 25, Paternoster Row; and is entitled, "*A Narrative of the conversion from Popery of the Rev. G. Cerioni, and the Rev. L. D. Moscardi,*" (formerly two Roman Catholic Priests,) we proceed somewhat further in our notice of the same.

We left Cerioni under deep distress of soul. The genuineness of his conversion is the next thing—the most important thing to be considered.

Mr. Kruse, a clergyman of the church of England, appears to have been instrumental in opening Cerioni's eyes to the delusions of the Romish church. Mr. Kruse struck a blow at the fraudulence of the Papists in concealing and detracting from the Scriptures of truth. This blow fell heavily upon the mind of Cerioni; and although he wreathed under it—strove against it—laboured to disprove it—still it had, by the power of God, sunk so deeply into his soul that he could not rest until for himself he had proved that the charge brought by Mr. Kruse was correct, and that the foundation of the Papal system was false, rotten, and delusive to the last degree.

The agony of his mind under this heavy stroke is painfully described in the following extract:—

"Some one perhaps—and the idea is by no means improbable—may have dreamt of seeing a serpent of immense size, standing erect before him of terrible aspect, with the eyes of a griffin, breathing out fearful hissings, and shooting forth a tempest of fiery darts with its forked tongue. The poor man, terrified and astonished, remains spell-bound; some internal power holds him fast; he

could not fly from his post; he writhes; he attempts to move; but the venomous serpent has already fascinated him; in vain would he avoid the sight, for the more he endeavours to avert his eye, the more firmly it is rivetted on the tremendous spectacle.

"Such was my condition on the evening of the 28th December, 1846. It was night. I was alone, absorbed in my profound reflections. I was called to supper. I endeavoured to meet the Bishop with a smile, but it was only on the lips. It was impossible for me to conceal the perturbation of my mind; it was apparent in spite of every effort and contrary to every wish of my heart.

"However, the short time of supper and of conversation having passed, in which I had scarcely eaten a morsel, or understood anything that had been said, our service commenced, that is, the recitation of the daily prayers; and as soon as I possibly could I withdrew from the Bishop, and retired to my own apartments. Here my internal conflict was renewed. I had not spirit enough left within me to prostrate myself on the ground, to offer up a prayer to God that he would aid me in my distress—this was a time to pull down, and not to build up—a revolution must yet take place—it was necessary to banish from my heart and mind an entire education of thirty-three years—to eradicate the principles which I had imbibed with my first food: this was not so easily accomplished: I was yet unconverted. Perhaps it was the will of God to prove me with tribulation: perhaps he willed that I should co-operate—be a worker together with him. Various are the methods he employs to bring a soul to himself.

"I meditated for some hours on this subject in unspeakable misery, till at last my mind became tired of thinking; sleep shut out every object; I had thrown myself on a divan, where I remained till about midnight, when the striking of the clock awoke me, and the first thoughts that came into my mind were the Bible, the Commandments, the Rabbin, Mr. Kruse, the Pope, the Papacy—in short, a crowd of ideas at once rushed upon me—I could fancy that they had been standing by, ready to seize on my spirit at the moment of my awaking.

"After some little time I retired to rest, and here, on my pillow, I began to think more seriously, more calmly, and more rationally; I passed the remainder of the night in deep reflection, so that it was impossible for me to sleep. I cannot remember all the arguments I used with myself, because some of them have escaped my memory. I may say, however, that after much thought, I drew one easy but perverse inference. I had always believed that the Papal was the only true religion, by which eternal salvation could be obtained, and that all the others, in a mass, were human inventions, impostures, and consequently false. 'Then,' said I, 'religion is altogether a fable; the Indifferentists are in the right: let religion be henceforward a matter of indifference to me also. I will take no further interest in it—I will sleep and believe in nothing.' This was the inference. I seemed for some moments to have discovered land—I believed that my sufferings were at an end—but it was only a temporary lull, and the storm began really to burst forth with greater fury. 'There is no religion in the world,' said I, 'it is all an invention of the priests—they have made me a liar, a deceiver like themselves. I will be avenged; I, who have always hated liars—shunning them as a moral pestilence—I myself have been deceiving my fellow creatures, teaching them falsehood, superstition, obedience to an impostor! I will be avenged—I will wreak my vengeance upon my enemies who have brought me to this state.' I then believed myself the most miserable, the most wretched being that had ever existed upon earth. I envied the dead; I envied

the irrational animals; I congratulated myself on being like them, for at that time I was without the comfort of a single friendly voice, without God—I was at that moment an Atheist. O unhappy moment! despair took greater hold than ever of my spirit. ‘What is to be done?’ said I. ‘Continue in this abominable state of falsehood and deceit? Impossible I will not do it. Where then shall I go? I will fly—but whither? and how? and by what means? If I fly, shall I find a religion? shall I find a God? Here, there is no God—where then is he to be found? Shall I seek a friend to comfort me? Alas! I shall find no friend. I have myself been a traitor to all my friends. How many have I deceived! to how many have I been a promulgator of falsehood! I deserve to be abhorred of all mankind!’ And thus I went on, still pursuing this course of reasoning, till the sun was high, and recollecting my daily duties, I arose, and thought again of my friend. I had to go to church to say mass, but with what heart could I perform an act, and teach the people that it was a holy one, when I believed myself that it was infamous? But I could not stay away without laying myself open to suspicion, or adducing a solid reason for my absence. ‘Shall I say mass, or shall I not? I knew not on what to resolve—all was uncertainty: I almost doubted my own existence. With whom could I take counsel? in this case there was no friend. The Bishop? Heaven forbid! all would be over with me then. My Confessor? He would tell me that it was a temptation of Satan. There was no alternative; I must either die of this torment, or have recourse to my true friend, my dear Moscardi. But I shall grieve that kind soul, I shall bring him into the same unhappy state, and martyrise him as I am martyrised. No matter; there will be two of us, and one will console the other; he may be able to point out to me a way of escaping this torture. But if he should be obliged to accuse me? I should then be lost for ever! I should then be sent bound to Rome, to the Inquisition, I should still be in the same situation, or rather, in one much worse. And is there no remedy? cannot I contrive some way of disclosing my feelings without reducing him to the necessity of confessing it? Oh yes! I have hit upon a plan. I will see if it be practicable to open my heart to him without compromising either of us. Who knows whether this may not be a relief? I will try it immediately; nothing can be worse than what I am now enduring.’”

We must defer the remaining portions of our review of this invaluable testimony to the invincible power of the Spirit of God in the conscience of a sinner until next month; but we again most decidedly urge it upon such of our readers as can afford it to purchase the work and peruse the whole of it themselves.

### A Record of Divine Grace:

OR, THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOSEPH OLDING.

A NEAT, clean, and sterling little work was last year published by Lordan of Romsey, entitled, “*A Record of Divine Grace, in a brief account of Mr. Joseph Olding, who fell asleep in Jesus, April 21, 1851.*” If any profits arise from the sale of this book, they will be given to the Aged Pilgrim’s Friend Society; on this account, but more especially for the genuine features of a true and saving work of grace which it contains, do we wish to recommend it to our readers. After a lengthened introduction, we are told that

“Joseph Olding, the subject of this memoir, was born at Woodford, in the county of Wilts, on the twenty-third of March, 1821, of highly-respectable parents, who still survive to mourn the loss of this beloved son, and of a no less beloved daughter, who slept in Jesus many years ago, and of whom a

memoir by her brother Joseph will be found at the close of this work. He was naturally of a most amiable and affectionate disposition; but, as others, he grew up having no fear of God before his eyes, until effectually renewed by the Holy Ghost, as hereafter related in his own words. On the fourth of October, 1843, he was married to Miss Ellen Godwin, of Britford, in the county of Wilts, with whom he was perfectly joined in the same mind, and in the same judgment; and in perfect harmony they walked together nearly eight years, till it pleased the Lord to say to his dear servant, ‘Come up, and be with me.’”

One Sabbath evening, Mr. Olding’s father was discoursing (in his family circle) upon the love of Jehovah in the choice of his people in Christ Jesus, when it pleased the Lord to send home to young Olding’s heart the following sentence with great power—“*The Lord will not cast off his people whom he foreknew.*”

The effect produced in his mind by the application of the words is described in the volume before us at great length. We can only extract a portion. He says—

“I felt completely ravished, and was willing and determined from this time to set out for heaven, since I was told that all who felt really in earnest with the Lord for salvation, would ultimately, through the prevailing grace of a covenant-keeping God, be brought to enjoy his presence in glory. I was at this time in my eighteenth year, and was much under the power and influence of indwelling sin—the lust of the world, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life increasing upon me daily, without any inclination to oppose them; although as yet, to the praise of the glory of God’s grace would I say it, I had been kept from an indulgence in the sin that did most easily beset me. I saw the importance of giving up all—even the appearance of evil: this I felt I could willingly do for the glories of heaven, which produced a determination to live no longer in the pleasures of sin; and for the first time since the days of childhood, this evening I found my soul made willing, softened, and drawn out at the throne of grace before the Lord, whom I vowed henceforth to serve. My feelings were, to the best of my recollection, those of contrition for having lived so long a rebel against the Lord, accompanied with constant breathings for help from him, that from this time I might serve him in newness of life, and that I might be one of his children; but I had no terror on my spirit, under a sense of guilt, by the application of the law to my conscience, and consequently no feeling sense of need of reconciliation by Christ Jesus. On the contrary: I felt after a short time puffed up with pride and self-complacency, thinking that now, since I had broken off my former evil thoughts and was ready to every good act, as I thought, I was a saint at once, and was deluded enough to scorn every one who did not come up to my standard of obedience and sanctity. But I was soon pulled down, by the mercy of a forbearing God, from these flights of enthusiasm, by feeling my ardour for religion begin to abate, and having no heart to pray as formerly. I began to feel dead, dark, and insensible, wondering much at the cause of it; but this was the beginning of sorrows and troubles, which I little thought of meeting with, having made up my mind for all sunshine, from the delightful views and foretastes I had at the beginning. I thought also that I should be always happy under the smiling face of the Most High, now that I had forsaken my sins and was desirous to live to him; so that as yet I was quite ignorant of God’s righteousness, and no better than a pharisee, although I foolishly dreamt that I was in the narrow path, and one of the VERY, VERY FEW. At this time, when under heaviness for lack of zeal and life, I remember reading a tract on the subject of Repentance; and by its description of conviction of sin, and godly sorrow for sin—which made a

way for a revelation of Christ Jesus, the only way of reconciliation with an offended God, to the guilty sinner's conscience—I found that I had never experienced such a repentance towards God, nor faith in Christ, not having ever been made sensible of my utter need of him, which put me completely to a stand; and the enemy, taking advantage of my difficulties, harassed me beyond measure about it—telling me that my religion after all was nothing but wind, as I had begun entirely at the wrong end. This very much distressed me for a considerable time, and the more so as I could not produce the feelings which I thought constituted that godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto life, not to be repented of, and which I much laboured after by reading the moral law, and the threatenings of God's word, and comparing my life with it. But after all I felt myself as far from repentance as before; and in all my most strenuous attempts I found I had a heart which of myself I could not soften in the least degree, either by reflecting upon my many sins, which deserved the wrath of God, or by contemplating the sufferings of the Son of God; but the more I tried, I thought the harder I became; at which I used to enquire how others of God's children had been brought on the way, and being a little encouraged when I found any one in any degree resembling my case, I was again brought to entreat the dear Lord to perform what was lacking in me; until again satan, taking advantage of my timidity and fears, would suggest some other thought to my mind, which brought me more into bondage than before. On one occasion about this time, I began reading the Pilgrim's Progress with the hope of finding relief; but instead of which, my bondage was increased—as I found, on setting out, the first character introduced was a poor, heavy-laden sinner, fleeing from destruction, with the burden of guilt upon his back. It seemed to me that such only were setting out aright on pilgrimage; and to describe the amount of the error, bondage, and despair which I felt at this time would be impossible."

(To be continued.)

### "I never Prayed in all my Life!"

THIS dreadful sentence is recorded as one of the expressions uttered by Joseph Fletcher when a friend was labouring to bring him out of the kingdom of satan; and it is descriptive, we fear, of thousands in our day. Reader! is this thy condition? What a wretch you must be! and how fast are you ripening for hell. Oh, that God Almighty may arrest your mind, quicken your soul, change your heart, and bestow on you a living faith in Christ ere death seals up your doom.

Joseph Fletcher is now a faithful and humble servant of Jesus Christ, and a preacher of his word in Derbyshire, and he has written a tract entitled "THE WONDERS OF GRACE." This record of the wonders of grace the "Free Grace National Tract Association" have published (one penny each). It may be had of Houlston and Stoneman, in Paternoster Row; of any bookseller; or, of the worthy Secretary to the Association, Mr. WILLIAM EDWARDS, No. 6, Mina Road, Old Kent Road, London. As we wish to induce you to read and circulate this tract we will give you one extract from the very centre of it. After an account of things preceding his conversion he thus writes:—

"I will now endeavour to explain the circumstances which led to my conversion or regeneration. In the village in which I resided some kind friends of the Established Church made their appearance every Monday with tracts. Unworthy as I was, they always left me a little messenger, which brought certain news from the invisible world.

These church tracts were labelled with something very striking, and one day, feeling a desire to read one of them, I rose from my seat to procure it, but was as unconscions as the child unborn of the effects likely to follow. No sooner had I opened the drawer, than that which should have been the blank side of a Church tract appeared in full view with eight large black capital letters on it, which were 'ETERNITY.' I had seen the word 'eternity' hundreds of times previously, but it never before had been brought with power to my soul. When I caught sight of these words, 'sin revived and I died.' After a few minutes' calculation as to years, I ceased to enumerate; eternity swallowed up all my millions and billions and trillions as fast as I could double and treble them; then my head dropped down, and I lost all control over myself; for a few minutes 'the pains of hell gat hold on me,' and a long deep sigh brought this forth—"I am damned and lost for ever and ever! Oh! eternity!" All my sins, which were more than the hairs of my head, stood before me in all their aggravating views, and I could not see one ray of hope. As soon as possible I fled the house, and walked the lanes, and ranged the fields, but eternity followed me in every step, and seemed to ring in my ears like the deep solemn tones of a funeral bell. When I returned home and retired to rest, 'he scared me with dreams, and terrified me with visions.' When I arose in the morning I wondered that I was out of hell. I once thought myself as good as anybody, but now looking within I really thought I was a nuisance on earth; day after day brought me nearer despair: in fact, I fancied myself just like the culprit on the drop, only waiting for the bolt to be drawn, and then hell and the devil would receive me; and I cried, as bitterly as it was possible for me to cry in the midst of my torture, 'Oh God, the sentence is just—I am doomed and damned through eternity!"

"For nearly two months I bore this burden; it had such an effect upon my frame that I could scarcely either eat, drink, sleep, work or walk. When I drew near the pit in which I laboured every morning, and got into the coffin to go down, I trembled in every limb, and said, 'If the rope break, I shall be in hell in one minute.' When I got safe to the bottom of the pit, which was 120 yards deep, I thought for a moment, 'He will save me;' and then again I was gone as far as ever—"I am lost for ever."

"One morning on going to my work my burden was so heavy that I fell down on the road and tried to pray, but words I had none. These were the sighs and groans of a broken, bleeding heart. Hearing footsteps behind me, I arose and walked on; but I thought, 'O that this man were a man of God! and if he be, he will speak to me about heaven, or how a sinner may be saved.' When he came up, and we had walked together a few minutes, he recognised me, and addressed me in cheering words. He called me by my name, and said, 'Would you oblige me in one thing?' I asked him what it was. He said, 'I want you to come to our Sunday-school, and I will call on you next Sunday morning.' But call on me, and try the experiment first.' I confess for the moment as if one cubit was added to my stature; and then again I thought with David, 'refuge fails me, and no man cares for my soul.'"

From this dreadful state our dear friend was delivered in a most glorious manner, as the subsequent part of "The Wonders of Grace" declares. This is decidedly the best tract the new Association has yet sent out.

### "Mormonism Unmasked."

A NEW edition of this little book, entitled, "Mormonism Unmasked; or the Latter-day Saints in a Fix," has just been published by Houlston & Stoneman. We can say of this work what we cannot of many books; its contents fully answer the title.

7777

**Anniversary of Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich.**

"Let them glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands."—Isa. xlii. 12.

THE eleventh anniversary of Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, took place Lord's Day, March 28th, when three sermons were preached by brother Banks, from London; and such manifest and unctuous grace did he feel, and we enjoy, that we can do no less than declare the mercy of our God both far and near.

Our brother came down, as he expressed, unusually happy in his own soul, bringing a foretaste with him of those precious fruits he was enabled so profusely to deal out among the host assembled. His text for the morning and afternoon was Rom. xv. 30, 31; and in a humble, yet decided way, did he shew up the need the children of God stood in, of being delivered from them that do not believe; and the service which he had for the saints was accepted with profit among us, being attended with power from on high.

In the evening we were favoured with a still richer feast from Rom. v. 9, 10. Here the preacher was filled to the full; the dignity of the Redeemer, the splendour of redemption, the sufficiency of his precious blood, to bring up from the fall, to cleanse from sin, to clear from guilt, to introduce to communion with God, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost to endear the promise and precept, to lighten the burden, to sanctify trouble, to overcome satan, to depart from sin, to persevere to the end, to triumph over death, and to enter glory, as the certain results of interest in the Lamb of God were sweetly told out among us to the refreshing of many souls through the blessing of our God among us. We had a full house and good collections, and closed the day by

"Crowning him Lord of all."

To us it appeared that our brother's deep trials were great blessings to him, for we never heard him so savoury before; and we give thanks on his behalf; for it requires no small grace to bear up under the many discouraging efforts made by prejudiced minds against him. But such are greatly to be pitied. O, prejudice!

"Thou wilt not be convince'd that God  
Can work or will, unless by such as thou  
In thy vast wisdom dost approve! Thou lov'st  
Thyself, and only lov'st thyself; and where  
Thou lov'st thy neighbour, it is for thine own  
Sake. Lord, what is man? yea, what are Chris-  
tian men,  
So-call'd, when greatest advocates for truth  
And holiness, are so deceitful, and so  
Spiritually wicked? O, my God! didst  
Thou not afford a greater proof of the deep  
Divinity and truth of thy most pure  
And holy gospel than what is gather'd  
E'en from the best of those that call upon thy  
Name, from their conformity to thee, I  
Sure should hate the Christian name, and straight  
Should be an Atheist. But that I am not such  
Thou know'st and would by thy directions make  
Confession of my faith in thee, my God."

Ipswich, April, 1852.

**Primitive Christianity at Keddington.**

DEAR BROTHER BANKS—Knowing that you love to hear of the welfare of Zion, I drop you a line, may it comfort your heart as it has mine. Last Lord's Day morning the friends met at brother Powell's and made preparation for baptising; we walked to a pool of water, about four hundred yards from his house, and about the same distance from the chapel; there we were met by a great number of people. We sung a hymn; brother Powell read and prayed; then we sung

"Grace 'tis a charming sound."

Brother Powell spoke a little from a portion of the Word; he brought forth some pointed things from the Word of God in confirmation of the ordinance of believer's baptism, proving it to be an appointment of Zion's King; and concluded before going into the water by admonishing the people, asked for their attention, and then led one sister into the water that has been in the way of the Lord for twenty-eight years; we sung a verse when he immersed her under the water; then followed two other sisters likewise; and brother Powell concluded the solemn scene by the benediction. Truly it was a good sight; the people stood around the water on every side: there was good order, not hardly a voice was heard all the time. A thousand people were supposed to be present. Brother Powell spoke afterwards in the chapel from Matt. xx. 23; in the afternoon from Rev. xix. 10, "Worship God." He afterwards received the baptised into full communion, and administered the Lord's Supper. Both morning and afternoon there was an overflowing congregation, and many assembled in the evening.

I hope the Lord will own and bless it to some poor dead sinner, and that many may flock to the gates of Zion as doves to the windows. So prays your's truly, a hopper in mercy,

JOHN DILLISTONE.

Keddington, near Halstead, Essex,  
April 6, 1852.

**Cheering Words from Mount Zion Chapel,  
NELSON PLACE, CITY ROAD.**

Reprinted (by request) from the "CHEERING  
WORDS" for April.

THE church of Christ meeting in the above place have had cause thus far to erect an Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." In retracing the few steps we have already trodden since we entered this place in October last, we have great cause to thank God and take courage.

We have been scripturally and orderly formed into a gospel church; subscribed cheerfully to articles of faith and rules of church government; have chosen officers of our number. By the instrumentality of our brother Banks, we have been furnished with good supplies from time to time; with men of God, who have been made manifest to our conscience that they are such. We have felt a sweet union to them, and to the truths they have been enabled to set forth. Our hearts have been increasingly knit together, while we have been partakers of Zion's rich provisions, "He hath made and maintained peace in our borders, and filled us with the finest of the wheat;" and many sweet soul-humbling seasons have we had in consideration of the great condescension and goodness of our covenant God in thus owning us as his little flock, in directing, defending, and blessing us with the tokens of his special and distinguishing grace.

He has also graciously been pleased to add six unto our number, we trust and believe of his own, two of whom were baptised by our brother Banks, at Stepney, on Wednesday evening, January 28; the others having for many years trod the path of tribulation, we trust they will prove fathers and mothers in Israel.

The congregation has gradually increased. On Lord's Day afternoons and Monday evenings the place has been thronged with attentive hearers, to hear our brother Banks; the seed has been faithfully sown, prayer has often ascended, and though as yet we cannot say of any, "THIS OF THAT MAN WAS BORN HERE," yet who can tell?

"Though seed lie buried in the dust,  
It shan't deceive the hope."

The promise of our covenant Jehovah stands firm and immutable as his throne, "My word shall not return unto me void." Having received many mercies, on the 9th of February we held our first public tea meeting, as a thanksgiving meeting. Upwards of an hundred took tea, and afterwards joined with us in magnifying the Lord and in exalting his holy name together. Several ministering brethren kindly attended, and addressed the meeting with suitable subjects.

By the sovereign disposing hand of God, our tried friend and brother Banks was in the house of mourning, or he had previously intended to have spent the evening with us, as it was also his birthday; but "the ways of God are not as our ways."

Amidst all these mercies nevertheless, we have felt one thing lacking still; and that is an under-shepherd. We have pleaded with our gracious God, that he would, in his own time and way, give us a "pastor after his own heart," as an overseer, to feed the church of God. At length, in the order of divine providence, Mr. Hazleton, of the Isle of Ely, Cambridge, was directed to us as a supply for two Lord's Days, January 11th, and 14th. In the morning of the 11th, he preached Christ unto us from Zech. vi. 13, "Even he shall build the temple of the Lord, and he shall bear the glory; and he shall sit and rule upon his throne." In the evening from Dan. iii. 35, "And he doeth according to his will in the armies of heaven, and amongst the inhabitants of the earth." The day was a good one; a sweet, heart-felt union was created, and we could rejoice together."

On the following Lord's-day, Mr. Hazleton spoke to us in the morning from Deut. xxiii. 3, "Yea, he loved the people," &c.; and in the evening from Rom. xv. 13, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing." This also proved to be a soul-refreshing day. Also the following Thursday evening he spoke from the words, "He hath done all things well." Finding that our brother Hazleton was moveable, after special prayer for direction, we resolved to give him an invitation to supply for three successive months, which was done unanimously. The letter of invitation was cordially accepted by our brother, having in truth mutually watched and seen the good hand of our God thus far; and on the first Lord's Day in April, God willing, his labours will commence. Our esteemed brother Banks will continue to supply on Lord's-day afternoons and Monday evenings as often as possible. May the good Lord still go before us in all our important footsteps, and to him be all the glory.

WILLIAM BURRELL.

March, 1852.

### Ministerial Communications:

OF, DISAPPOINTMENTS CAUSED BY BROTHER BIDDER'S ILLNESS.

DEAR BROTHER STENSON—Grace and peace be with you. From my sick-room I write you this line, to say that for a fortnight past I have been suffering excruciating pain from a carbuncle formed upon my left shoulder-blade, as large as a pint bason. I am glad to say it is now somewhat reduced, but the core is not out yet, so that I am not yet free from pain. I could not preach last Lord's-day, nor can I the next, nor do I know when I may be again able; so that I am exceedingly sorry to be compelled to say, you will be under the obligation of preaching yourself on Good Friday morning, or of getting some kind brother to supply my place; necessity only compels me to decline, or prevents my fulfilling my engagement. It is the Lord's affliction, let us not repine, but submissively lie at his feet: I wish to bear it without a murmur, he giving me grace. My brother, pray for me.

And now my brother, I have a favour to ask of you, the which I hope you may be able to grant: it is the wish both of myself and friends, that you

should preach our morning anniversary sermon as usual, which is fixed for Whit Sunday, May 30th, and if spared, I would supply for you at Carmel the same time: if you can possibly comply with this request, I will thank you for a line to that effect at your earliest convenience. Wishing you every mercy needful from his unfaillingfulness, I remain your's affectionately in the Lord,

W. BIDDER.

### THE REPLY.

DEAR BROTHER BIDDER: My heart's desire and prayer to God on your behalf is, that you may sweetly realize the soul-supporting presence of Him whose mouth is most sweet, whose word is sweeter than the honey or the honey-omb, whose love is sweeter and better than wine, and whose name is sweeter than the most melodious sounds that music gives the ear; then you will sweetly sing,

"Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on his covenant of grace  
For all things to depend;  
Sweet in the confidence of faith  
To trust his firm decrees;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his."

May the God of glory send forth his mercy and his truth, and command their continual attendance upon you in your sick chamber. The afflictions of the righteous are the righteous appointments of their heavenly Father,

To whose authority diseases bow,  
In whose affection saints avow  
Their interest never fails.

The Rock that covered Moses, still covers thee; the Rock that followed Israel still follows thee; yea, the Rock of Israel that spake to David still speaks to thee, my brother; therefore thou must speak of him as David did, saying "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted." Psalm xvii. 46.

Exalt him, adoring his holiness and righteousness. Exalt him, acknowledging his truthfulness and faithfulness. Exalt him, admiring his tenderness and waterfulness. Exalt him in the noblest, sweetest strains.

Attesting his Almightyness,  
Thy life to save, thy soul to bless;  
Thy mind to keep in perfect peace,  
Thy will to swallow up in his.

I felt greatly disappointed at hearing that your illness would prevent your fulfilling your engagement, and not I only, but many friends at Carmel, who had, with myself, anticipated the pleasure of again hearing the testimony of Jesus. However, our good brother Rose, from Reading, has consented to take the morning, as well as the afternoon service. The Lord be his helper.

Should my worthless life be spared, and health and strength afforded, I hope to be at Bethesda the Lord's Day in May, according to request, and I trust you will then be able to appear at Carmel, and stand up in the strength of the Lord, and shew forth the praises of the Most High. Remember me kindly to your brethren in office, and to the faithful in church-relationship with you. May their prayers and supplications on your behalf be sprinkled with blood, seasoned with salt, and smell like fragrant incense before the Lord. To whom I commend you, my afflicted and beloved brother, and in whom I hope to be found a sinner saved by sovereign grace,

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

P.S. Should you be at a loss for a supply any Lord's Day, (if you let me know,) I think I could send you a brother that would be acceptable. He has long spoken in the name of the Lord. He is a much tried man, sound in the faith, and strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.—J. S.

**Memoir of Mr. Jeffery Moody,**

THE LATE PASTOR OF EAST LANE, WALWORTH.

How rapidly the faithful servants are going home, leaving our pulpits, our churches, and our people in a bereaved condition! and yet how little do we lay these things to heart! The pastor dies—we shed a tear; we lay his cold remains in the silent grave; we listen to his funeral oration; and we turn round to enquire who is to fill up the breach! And what a multitude are anxiously waiting to be called; but how few are favoured with that light, unction, and power which only can make them acceptable to Zion! Alas! alas! we have thought of that solemn Scripture, “*Until the Spirit he poured upon us from on high.*” And until that blessing is bestowed, our ministrations, for the most part, will be lifeless, our churches unfruitful, and all our efforts but little avail. In some measure we have still to tarry at Jerusalem until endued with power from on high.

Of late we have been reading (with some care) the fourth chapter of the book of Numbers, and have noticed the distinction made between the service in the tabernacle of “the sons of Kohath,” and “the office of Eleazer, the son of Aaron the priest.” The Kohathites were to spread a cloth of blue upon the table, and to put thereon the dishes and the spoons, the bowls, and the continual bread; but Eleazer was to bring *the oil for the light, the sweet incense, the daily meat offering, and the anointing oil.* What a distinction! And how many Kohathites, who well cover the tables, but how few Eleazers, who bring the essential blessings! Jeffery Moody was an anointed son of Aaron; and, if not, what some would call a great preacher; he was savoury, unctuous, and one that always brought the daily meat-offering. He is gone to see his Saviour’s face, and sing his praise for ever.

We are truly rejoiced to learn that the church at East Lane have made a handsome collection for the bereaved widow and family, amounting to upwards of £300.

A neat little memoir of our departed brother has been published by John Gadsby, of 162, Fleet Street; this will also be given to the same deserving object. One or two extracts, simply as a permanent record of so good a man, is all we can give. His biographer says,—

“Mr. Jeffery Moody was born March 21, 1790, in a village called Laverton, in Wiltshire. It does not appear that, at the time of his birth his parents knew the Lord; yet, it seems, they were moral; and our brother often spoke with gratitude of his being preserved from many of the evils into which multitudes of our youth are permitted to plunge themselves, and thereby become pierced through with many sorrows.”

The second is of his conversion—

“When Mr. Moody was eleven years of age he went to reside with an uncle at North Bradley, and while living there he received his first permanent convictions under a sermon preached by good old Mr. Hutton, of Beckinton. Many times in after life has our brother spoken of the earnest manner in which this old servant of God poured out his soul in prayer; and when he came to pray for those he feared might be unconverted, he said, ‘If there be a careless sinner entered

into this chapel this night, grant, O Lord, this may be the much-favoured hour, and *who can tell!*’ That who can tell fastened upon young Moody’s mind, and, as he used to say, seemed riveted there; it was, indeed, ‘a nail fastened in a sure place.’”

The third refers to his commencement in the ministry. Our extracts are mere sentences from a body of interesting matter. Mr. Moody living at Froome the following events transpire:—

“Some of the Lord’s people went from Froome to Trowbridge, on the Lord’s-day, to hear Mr. Warburton, a distance of ten miles. Their souls were fed, and they felt a desire to introduce him into Froome; they hired a dwelling-house for that purpose, and invited him to come. Among others who went to hear Mr. Warburton, was Mr. Moody. He was much interested and blessed under his ministry, and invited Mr. Warburton to sleep at his house; and from that time an attachment commenced which never died away. But it gave occasion to many painful conflicts to Mr. Moody and his friends, for the sentiments of Mr. Warburton being considered as antinomian, the church withdrew from our brother and ten others, for embracing and encouraging such dangerous doctrine; although it was admitted there was nothing immoral in their conduct.

“The house they had taken for occasional preaching was fitted up comfortably. Mr. Warburton came once a week, and, when able, they procured supplies for the Lord’s-day; and at other times they held a prayer-meeting. Many came to worship with them for a time, but as the appeals for the rent of the house and the payment of the supplies had so frequently to be made, it was felt a heavy burden, so that many left; but it was remarked, as one left others came, and the house was crowded to excess. After a time it was thought prudent to pull it down and build a chapel, which was opened June 16, 1817. Soon after this the people became desirous that our good brother should speak to them in the name of God. This solemn subject he laid before the Lord, and most fervently intreated his counsel and direction. And seeing, as he thought, the hand of Jehovah in the matter, he consented, and began to preach the gospel with much fear and trembling. Now commenced his public life, and with that a whole host of trials to which before he had been a stranger.”

We pass over entirely his removal from Froome to Walworth, and close by shewing his end was peace. Of his last moments it is said,—

“To a beloved friend he said he was quite happy, but should like, if it were the Lord’s will, to stay a little longer, to be made a little more useful in the church, and for the benefit of his two youngest children. He said he had been trying to sing, but could not get through with the following verse—

‘Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I’m come,  
And I hope by thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home.’

Adding, ‘the truths I have preached to others I can now die by myself; the Lord is my rock, my refuge, and my strength.’ He went on for some time as though he had been in the pulpit; he then wished his dear friends well, prayed the

Lord to strengthen him and save him. He prayed very earnestly for the whole church, and resigned them into the hands of the Lord; he then prayed with much fervency and affection for the whole of his family, and committed them to God. At one time he exclaimed—

' O glorious hour, O blest abode,  
I shall be near and like my God!'

And then—

' Millions of years my wondering eyes  
Shall o'er thy beauties rove;  
And endless ages I'll adore  
The glories of thy love!'

At another time he exclaimed,—*' Oh, to have an interest in Jesus is worth more than thousands of worlds!'* He felt great delight in seeing his friends, and conversing upon his favourite theme, 'Jesus the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' His dying prayer was, '*Lord, help a worm!*' He soon after sank into rest without a sigh, a struggle, or a groan, Jan. 22, 1852, in the sixty-second year of his age; leaving a beloved wife, to whom he had been united thirty-seven years, affectionate children, and many kind friends to lament his loss."

#### A Lord's Day Manual for the Household of Faith:

By *Cornelius Slim, Minister of Providence Chapel, Maidstone.*

THIS is a duodecimo volume, (300 pages,) comprising one spiritual discourse for every Lord's Day in the year. Some of the choicest subjects which the Bible affords have been selected for meditation; and our brother has handled these different subjects in such a simple style, and run through them such a vein of what we may term medium-Christian-experience, as will render the volume very useful to private believers and retired Christian families. The work is published in Maidstone, by Sycklemore; and in London, by B. L. Green. Appended to one article in this volume—(headed "THE SERVANTS OF THE MOST HIGH GOD")—wherein Cornelius is describing that valuable class of men who preach the gospel in our country churches, we find the following note. Our deep sympathy for brethren of that class, must be our apology for inserting it here.

"The following case, out of many known to the writer, is a striking illustration of that Scripture—'Ye see your calling, brethren, not many wise,' &c. Egerton is the poor unlettered pastor of a humble flock in the weald of Kent, where the Lord has owned and blessed his ministry for many years; he walks every Saturday from his residence to the scene of his labours, a distance of TWENTY-THREE MILES, returning home on the Monday to resume the labours of his hand, for the support of himself and family. After traveling every week a distance of FORTY-SIX MILES, this servant of the Most High God, now between sixty and seventy years of age, receives for his services a weekly sum of EIGHT SHILLINGS!

"What would some of our learned, respectable, and ease-loving ministers think of their poor brother? Yet God hath chosen these despised things—yea, and things that are not, and brings to nought things that are."

' He takes the men of meanest name  
For sons and heirs of God;  
And thus he pours abundant shame  
On honourable blood.

' He calls the fool, and makes him know  
The mysteries of his grace,  
To bring aspiring wisdom low,  
And all its pride abase.'

Yes, blessed be God, there is a multitude of this kind of men in our land; and by their instrumentality God's elect are both gathered and nourished in our rural districts. To assist such men, in their times of distress, a society was, some years since formed, called—"The Society for Relieving Faithful Ministers of the Gospel." We feel great pleasure in stating that, though much despised and persecuted, that society still carries out its original design.

#### Dr. Gill's Commentary.

A NEW edition of this valuable work is now in full progress at the Bonmahon Industrial Printing School, Ireland, under the immediate superintendence of the Rev. D. A. Doudney, but published in London by William Hill Collingridge, Long Lane, Aldersgate Street. The first and second parts of the New Testament are now before us, reaching unto the commencement of Luke's Gospel. We have had our attention called to the curious critiques or commentaries by the Editor of the "Gospel Standard." We have thought and smiled too; but a want of time, either to prove the fallacies therein contained, or the excellencies of this edition, compel us at present to content ourselves with this brief notice. We firmly believe that Dr. Gill was raised up of God for this great and important work; and an especial blessing it has been, and will continue to be, to the churches of Christ until the end of time. From this immense body of divinity we hope to cull some choice extracts another day.

#### The Cobbler's Conflicts and Consolations.

A LITTLE tract, under the above title, has been written by Thomas Field, of Blunham, in Bedfordshire; a few copies have been printed and published. When we were at Biggleswade anniversary, Thomas came to see us, and we had a little converse together; we believe him to be a well-taught, deeply-exercised, savoury believer in Christ: one in whom that scripture (at the head of his tract) has been, and still is verified, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." As we returned homeward the next morning, Thomas, and his little tract, occupied much of our thoughts; and we felt a desire to make his tract known, in the hope that a more extended circulation of it might be spiritually profitable to some of the afflicted in Zion, and also of some temporal benefit to poor Thomas himself. The tract possesses no literary merit, but it is an honest and experimental epitome of the sharp trials, heavy bodily afflictions, as also of the timely and eternal mercies of which he has been the subject.

We would venture to suggest two things which might, under God's blessing, be useful to Thomas and to many of our heavenly Father's choice. First, we should like to see a neater and corrected edition of the "The Cobbler's Conflicts and Consolations" printed and published: then, secondly, we would recommend such good Christians, as have been enabled to put on bowels of mercies, and who feel a pleasure in doing good, to obtain from Thomas, or in any way more convenient to themselves, a few copies of the tract, and circulate them in their different localities. We will only add, if God permit, we should feel a pleasure in thus lending our brother Thomas a helping hand; and by enclosing some copies in our "Little Basket of Fragments;" and by recommending it in our different congregations, the poor cobbler's tract would fall into the hands of thousands who otherwise would never know of its existence. Brother Thomas, think of, and pray over this. Reader, do not forget Thomas Field, the poor afflicted cobbler at Blunham, in Beds; you might sometimes see him in his cot, on his stall, meditating upon some precious portion of the word, and writing his thoughts thereon.

### The Church of Christ, at Trowbridge,

UNDER THE CARE OF MR. J. WARBURTON, SENR.

A VERY sad and dreadful eruption has, for some time past, existed in the church over whom our much and long esteemed old friend, John Warburton has, for so many years, and with so much usefulness been placed. We heard all the particulars of it when in Trowbridge, but should have taken no notice of it, had we not have found that nearly all the churches in this land are somewhat disturbed and afflicted with it; so many false reports having been circulated in connection therewith. We most earnestly beseech the brethren not to give heed to flying slanders, but to read for themselves a pamphlet just published by Messrs. Houlston and Stone-man, Paternoster Row, entitled, "A Series of Letters by several members of the Church of Christ, meeting for worship at Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, under the pastoral care of JOHN WARBURTON, SENR., SHEWING THE CAUSE of the Unhappy Divisions NOW RULING AMONGST THEM." We have carefully perused every line in that pamphlet. It is to us, a very painful—yea, a most awful affair: but, we trust, the dear Captain of our salvation will enter the ship at Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, now tossed to and fro in the midst of the storm, and bid the boisterous winds be still; so that there may not only be a calm, but that great grace, mercy, and peace may again be enjoyed in that highly favoured place. The letters in the pamphlet referred to, are weighty, and demand the most serious attention of all who, in any measure are instrumental in bringing about such a state of things. One part of the title of the pamphlet struck us almost with terror; it is this: "Shewing the Cause of the Unhappy Divisions now Ruling amongst them." On perusing the Letters, we found THE CAUSE clearly traced up and consistently pointed out. Surely, some of the influential ministers in that particular section of the church should endeavour to bring about a reconciliation.

#### Mr. John Foreman on Divine Teaching.

ON Lord's Day, March 28th, at Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, brother Foreman administered the gospel ordinance of Believer's Baptism, to four females (one of them a member of the late Joseph Irons's) and one male candidate, who had borne testimony to a work of grace upon their souls, and been made willing to obey their Lord's command and example. Our brother's text was Isa. xlvi. 17. Observing: in this text Israel is addressed, not the world; Israel being considered a type of all Spirit-quickened souls. The church of God is made up of sensibly broken-hearted sinners; and the address is to the living and believing child of God, and also to all those who would give all they possess to know that this language is addressed to them. The characters. The Lord as to what he is; the Lord as to what he is in relationship to his people; the Lord, as in ancient picture exhibited, is so found in present manifestation to his children. To every anxious enquirer, how sweet it is to know that God speaks thus to them. The conduct. Teaching and leading; imparting knowledge, and leading in a particular way—the way in which God has determined to lead his people. To be without knowledge is not good: God says "I will teach thee;" the Saviour says, "Learn of me." We learn, by his example, by the work he accomplished, by his perfect obedience, to magnify the law and satisfy Divine justice, by his life, poverty, sufferings and death, how great the effects from such, apparently, a small beginning! An infant in his mother's lap, containing all the salvation purposes of God! So small a seed, so great a produce—proving that it is all the work of Omnipotence. Teaching and preparing for all that God has designed for them; taught their own littleness—his greatness, their dependence—his power, their ignorance—his wisdom. Taught facts known only to his people; taught all their journey through; taught to know truth in every form; taught their fellowship with

the saints, and their ultimate end—glory: the taught are all heirs of glory. What a mercy to be thus taught, and by such a Teacher: he teaches by the preaching of the gospel, to know things only to be known by such teaching; by his Word; by the varied dispensations of his hand; and all to profit: all his teaching tends to this purpose. Taught to know, that all you learn you are interested in; to know and retain all that is good, casting all else away. "I will lead thee:" in the way, by power, precept, example, and conduct—step by step, from the first feeble cry for mercy, to the full assurance of "My beloved is mine, and I am his." "Keep my commands, as ye love me; go teach and baptise." The disciples did so; and they did according to the command and example of Christ. So would we be led to do. We pass through the water, but he through the blood. What righteousness did he fulfil in his baptism? Neither the moral or ceremonial law, but a righteous obedience to the will of his Father, who sent John to baptise. The baptism of John was from heaven. Are human inventions equal to the Word of God? Led by the good hand of God, till brought where truth is, on that they feed and live, till led safely into their Father's kingdom. W. H.

#### PULPIT GLEANINGS.

"CHRIST is the deeply laid foundation of his church, of his gospel, and all that is called gospel. If it be not founded on Christ it is on the sand, and it will fall as soon as the winds and the waves beat against it."

"God chooses the materials of his own building; and it is an awful fact that there are thousands of professors—thousands who attend the means of grace—thousands who hear the everlasting gospel approvingly, and yet are never taken to form part of the temple of God."

"All the promises of God are linked together one by one; and therefore he that gives you the fulfilment of one promise of spiritual blessings pledges himself to give you all, for he will never break his chain, and it is long enough to reach every circumstance of every child of God, long enough to reach every habitation where an elect vessel of mercy is to be found, long enough to reach every trial and sorrow that you and I have to pass through."

"All the doctrines of the gospel connected with salvation are so linked together that to remove one link would be to destroy the chain and render it useless, as it is to reach from the throne of God to the most abject circumstance of a ruined sinner; and when it is cast about his neck it will last him as long as he lives, and hold him fast for ever and ever."

"We shall never have peace upon earth till carnal men leave off pretending to have religion. Let those that are carnal appear in their natural character, and those that are spiritual appear distinct from the world."

"Never is there a moment in the believer's life in which he has not greater cause to rejoice than to weep—to exult than to mourn and fret."

"Antichrist is arminianism to the backbone."  
"Creature exaltation is incompatible with humility, because humility always exalts Christ."

"The more precious Christ becomes to you the lower will be your self-abasement."

"Genuine humility keeps the soul that possesses it at the foot of the cross; and the growth of it will be witnessed by this one particular—that self will grow less and less in esteem, and Christ more and more precious." JOS. IRONS.

## A Visit to Canterbury, with Notes from other Places.

SAMUEL FOSTER, of Sturry, near Canterbury.—Several of our readers have corresponded with this dear, but deeply-afflicted child of God: to them we thought it would be interesting to be informed that, understanding he was fast sinking into the arms of death, we left London early on Monday morning, April the 19th, and went (per rail) direct to Sturry. We found him bolstered up in his bed; but his voice so exceedingly weak, as scarcely to be able to hear what he said. However, in the afternoon, he was raised up, and helped to lay down on his sofa; and there he related very much of the work of God in his soul from the first day until now. We were astonished at the strength given to him; and the holy confidence with which he spoke forth the wonders of God's grace in, and towards him. He is, indeed, a miracle of grace. Just now about two years has he been laid down in what has appeared to be a gradual wasting of nature: his sufferings have been great; but his consolations have also greatly abounded. He lifted up his arm, and said—"I would not have been without all this, for ten million worlds." We held a meeting in his room in the evening; reading, prayer, and a little word of exhortation was given, but singing he was not strong enough to bear. We left him, perhaps, never to meet again in this world; but, as we sat beside him, and heard the tale of love he had to relate, and the zeal and affection with which he related it, we could not refrain the desire that our gracious Lord, (who is the Resurrection and the Life of his dear people, in more senses than one,) would yet spare him; restore him; and give him a commission to go forth and proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. Such a thing to us seems impossible; but with God, all things are possible. It would be a wondrous work indeed! We are very thankful to find that several friends from different parts of the country have communicated to his necessities; and the dear children of God in Sturry and in Canterbury have done their utmost. Poor dear Foster, his spiritual spouse, and his dear children have indeed proved God is faithful to his promise—is faithful to his saints. The gospel appears at a low ebb in Canterbury, and round about. We were sorry to find that the chapel we used to occupy in Sturry, and where the Lord did certainly make bare his holy arm, is now in the hands of the Primitives, who are making a dreadful noise to a few silly boys and girls. St. John's Chapel, in Northgate, Canterbury, is also let to the Primitives; and is, we fear, little better than a den for those thieves and robbers, who do all they can to rob the Saviour of his glory, and the dear saints of the TRUTH. The gentleman, in building that chapel, professed to do it for the promulgation of gospel truth—for the glory of God—and for the good of souls. How, then, can he thus sacrifice his principles, his conscience, and his professed intentions? We acknowledge, with the deepest sorrow, that a dark and heavy trial has passed over the cause of truth in Canterbury: the dear saints of God in that city have indeed had their faith sharply tried; but their faith has stood the fire: they have gone through fire and through water, but they are not yet brought into the wealthy place; still, they are standing fast in the truth; and, for the most part, are walking according to truth. Why, then, should that spacious house, (built, as it was, for the glorious gospel,) be given up to error and delusion? We should rejoice to know that the proprietor had placed the chapel IN TRUST for the cause of GOD AND TRUTH for ever: this he ought to have done at first; and we have sometimes had most painful fears that pastor and people, too, have had to suffer, principally, because the moving motive in that building affair was NOT A PURE ONE. We say not this as any cloak for that abominable iniquity which dashed the prospects of a happy church to atoms. No; God forbid that we should

ever be found blaming any one for that but ourselves. Nevertheless, when we consider the merciful restoration of the minister, and the holding together in the truth, of the members—we silently say, WAS THERE NOT A CAUSE? We trust, before the proprietor of Saint John's lays his head on his dying pillow—and this must soon be his position—that he will rescue that house from the hand of the spoilers, and safely leave it in the hands of those who, under God, would fill it with THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST, and whose aim should be to maintain therein the true worship of God in soundness of principle, in scriptural practice, and real usefulness. We may be blamed for thus writing. We cannot help that. Not one soul on earth has thus moved us to write. We study no party nor personal feeling; we aim at the bringing back of that which carnal feelings, hypocritical delusion, and awful transgression took away; and, we repeat, if the aim of the builder was the glory of God, the good of souls, and the proclamation of salvation only by the person and work of Christ, then let that aim be manifested, and let not the dying hour be tormented with the reproach that, instead of loving Christ, he had only loved this present evil world; and had been more influenced by covetousness, than by a concern for the establishment of Zion.

We have run farther into these remarks than we intended, but we shall retract nothing. No church has ever been more deeply afflicted—more cruelly treated than has the little band of believers in Christ in Canterbury. They now meet in Zoar Chapel, in Burgate: and are destitute of a stated ministry. The prayer of Habakkuk was on our mind, as we looked over that city—and, as we read it and think over it again, how suitable it does appear! The prophet breaks out, and says, (and we would also say,) "O LORD, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid: O LORD, REVIVE THY WORK in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known, IN WRATH REMEMBER MERCY." Even so be it. Amen.

BIGGLESWADE.—On Good Friday, we commemorated the re-opening of the baptist chapel, Biggleswade, by anniversary services. Our brother Joseph Warren (who is now the minister) preached in the afternoon; and C. W. Banks morning and evening. The chapel was filled with friends from all quarters; and everything appeared to bespeak the favour of heaven as resting on the cause. There are many hundreds of believers in the gospel in this part of Bedfordshire; Mr. John Warburton, junior, and Mr. Septimus Sears, are both over churches close to this town; and much gospel seed has been sown.

COLCHESTER, EBENEZER CHAPEL.—The ordinance of believer's baptism was administered by our brother William Chappell to five persons, two males and three females, at Coggeshall on Lord's-day, April 18. (Brother Collis kindly lending the pool for the occasion) There was an overflowing congregation, and the most profound attention was observed during the whole of the interesting service. The little Ebenezer has had to contend with many difficulties, but through infinite mercy is still upheld. Our brother's labours have been, and still continue much blessed amongst us. Thirteen have been added by baptism since he has been with us, which has only been as many months, for which we desire to feel thankful. Brethren, pray for us.

IPSWICH.—Four persons were baptised in Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, by brother Poock, on Lord's-day April 11th, 1852. There was a large attendance; the good Lord vouchsafed his gracious presence; the candidates felt it good to obey their Lord, declaring he had done great things for them, whereof both they and we were glad. A sermon was preached on the occasion from Mark xvi. 16.

WALKERN, in Hertfordshire, was nearly the first scene of the late Benjamin Isaac's labours. For him, a chapel was here erected, and it is still standing; one Mr. Franklin now ministers in it; but, as in most other places, there has been a separation, and the Particular Baptists have another meeting in Walkern; in this place, the Editor of this work preached on Thursday evening, April the 8th. The Lord was manifestly there. Brother James Martin, of Walkern, preaches to the friends in this place, and also once a day at Stevenage, an adjoining village. No man's ministry, in those parts, is more blessed, than is James Martin's; and we should rejoice to see him removed, and settled with a loving and a living family; and the two causes at Walkern joined together. May the Lord hasten it in his own time.

IVINGHOE ANNIVERSARY.—Our minister, Mr. W. Collyer, baptised one female upon profession of her faith in her Lord, (who is about to emigrate to a distant land,) on Easter Tuesday, at seven o'clock in the morning, when a goodly number were present. We had a pleasant opportunity; and now, like the eunuch of old, may she go on her way rejoicing, not being ashamed of following her Lord in his appointed ordinance. On the same day we held our anniversary, when our brethren, Milner, Foreman, and Wyard preached three very appropriate sermons. We were highly favoured; for the Lord was there. In the afternoon we took tea in the school-rooms adjoining the chapel, when 130 or 140 sat down with us. We have not experienced such a day for many years. We hope much good may arise therefrom to be seen in days to come. The place was crowded to excess; we had a good collection, and do exclaim, "WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?" C. REDHEAD.

THE LONDON GOSPEL MISSION.—Half a century back, old Gainsford Street Chapel, in Horselydown, (near Dockhead,) was well known as one of the London Baptist Chapels. Drs. Gill and Rippon have both (we believe) preached in it; and the late David Denham was baptised there. About forty years since, the baptist interest declined there, in consequence, as we are informed, of the minister then settled there, apostatising into Unitarian sentiments. From that moment this hitherto flourishing cause became scattered; the minister was about to leave; and the chapel fell into the hands of the Wesleyans. Above thirty years they have held it; but, latterly, it has been so thinly attended, that they have been obliged to give it up. It has been taken for the London Gospel Mission, as one of their preaching stations. On Lord's-day, March 28th, it was publicly reopened; four sermons were preached in it that day; Mr. Williamson, of Notting Hill, in the morning before breakfast; Mr. William Allen, in the forenoon; Mr. Samuel Cozens, in the afternoon; and Mr. Felton, of Deptford, in the evening. On the following Monday evening, a public meeting was held, Mr. Thomas Jones in the chair. Since that period, the chapel has been supplied with various ministers; but the attendance, as yet, has not been very great. We shall venture one suggestion. There are, in London, a number of believers, who are unsettled; they are running from place to place. If these good people would flock together at Gainsford Street, they might be instrumental in helping the Mission to establish a cause of truth there; and they might also have the opportunity of hearing a good variety of ministers, which is both pleasing and profitable (as they think) to many. Gainsford Street Chapel is a commodious and well-constructed place of worship.

#### Recognition Service at Crowfield, Suffolk.

The recognition of Mr. Woods, as pastor of the church of God, of the Particular Baptist Denomination, Crowfield, Suffolk, took place on the 9th April, 1852. Mr. Hall, of Zoar Chapel,

Ipswich, stated the nature, order, and visibility of a Christian church in a way at once scriptural, clear, and consistent; repudiating intolerance wherever existing, whether in the vatican of Rome, the palace of the bishop, or among dissenting bodies called Christians. He then called on Mr. Woods to state his call by divine grace—his call to the ministry, and the leadings of God in bringing him to Crowfield, to labour among that people in particular.

Our young brother in reply, gave a moving detail of the Lord's goodness to him from a very early period of life, convincing him of his lost and ruined state, suffering him to pass through much exercise of soul before he was brought into an acquaintance with the power of atoning blood, which was sweetly brought into his heart by the eternal Spirit, enabling him to rejoice in God his Saviour. His call to the ministry was founded on love to his Lord, and to poor sinners, connected with prayer, the Word of God, many fears, obstacles, temptations, some degree of hope, some marked success, and by a resistless call of God's children at Crowfield. His views of divine truth appeared sound and clear, and relying on divine assistance he declared his determination to hold and preach them.

The church attested their faith in the Lord; their choice of their minister at a very low ebb, fearing the closing of the doors; hope was revived, peace returned, love again existed, souls were called, believers were baptised, and the ointment and perfume of Jesus' name rejoiced their heart; mutual hands were shewn. Mr. Hall closed by prayer. Mr. Poock, of Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, (Mr. Woods' pastor,) gave a solemn and weighty charge from 1 Tim. iv. 15, 16; in which he observed, five things were deducible: 1st, Application. 2nd, Perseverance. 3rd, Desirableness. 4th, Caution; and 5th, Reward. He stated the necessity of strict attention to these things, from the solemn nature of them in themselves, from his experience of them during twenty years' ministry—from the position of the church in the wilderness—from the vacillating movements of ministers and people: for much of the minister's usefulness, peace, and prosperity—he observed—had been destroyed in many cases by the people's invitations, and the minister receiving of those invitations; and often very much time had been wasted in conversation not the most savoury nor profitable. He urged the young servant of God to be fixed on this point, and to avoid bringing little self, or large self, into the pulpit; to study to shew himself approved of God; to wait on the Lord for messages to the people; to give honestly due portions to saint and sinner; to lean not to his own understanding; to be encouraged; although he had a few things to unlearn, and very many things to learn, yet his Lord would doubtless be his shield, and his exceeding great reward.

Mr. Reynolds, of Otley, addressed the church in the evening from Eph. v. 1, 2; and a seasonable service it was, full of good feeling and good meaning, and good advice. May the Lord's blessing follow the services of this day, and may minister and people at Crowfield be a blessing to each other. Brethren Hill, Florey, and Andrews, took part of the several services of the day. The place was full long before the service began, and throughout the day we needed a larger place.

## Passages in the Remarkable History and Christian Life of the late George Viney, of Manchester.

[THE narrative of George Viney's life was commenced in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* the latter part of 1851. The last portion of it was on page 256, of vol. VII., in the November number. We regret the long delay; but being called upon to preach the gospel eight or ten times every week, beside travelling hundreds of miles in the course of a month, we have but little time to examine, correct, and prepare copy for the press, all of which lays dependent on our feeble hands. The writer of George Viney's narrative, and some of our readers have been very angry at its irregular continuance. We beg of them to pity us, and then pray for us; but to persecute us would be cruel. We now resume the history of Viney; and if our best beloved Master will spare and permit, we will, in each succeeding number give a portion until it is complete.—ED.]

We left Viney in our last going forth to meet the French fleet; we find him in the very midst of an action. We pass through these scenes as briefly as possible; but they lead up to, and are connected with such remarkable providences we cannot pass them over. He says,—

Our fleet frequently took again our ships which the French fleet had taken. At this time the French fleet fell in with the *Castor* frigate, and all the merchantmen bound to Newfoundland, and poor Withall among the rest; and as they sent these vessels they took prizes to France, we re-took them again; and, taking the Frenchmen out we sank them in the sea. The reason we sank our own vessels was this, we heard their ships were more in numbers, more guns, stronger powder, and more men by a great number, so we could not spare shipping, men, or time to take them back to England. Then we went in search of the French fleet. We first got sight of them on May 28, 1794, and towards night some of our ships began the engagement. Oh, then would I have given a world to be with my mother again; my conscience began to awake; my fears of death and hell increased; but this I dared not name to anybody, for if I had they would not have thought it wrong to run me through as a coward not worthy to live; and any officer would have done it had they have known. Little as I then knew of God, when I thought of him I was distracted. I think the firing ceased about eleven or twelve o'clock for that night; the decks were now cleared of every obstruction to make room for firing the guns; the captain had nothing but the clothes he stood up in except his spying glass, speaking trumpet, &c. I was very cold; me and others got the warmest place we could to sleep in; we lay down and were soon asleep. In the morning I was amazed to find myself lying close to our captain, a man that we were not allowed to speak to except called upon for that purpose. He was stretched on the planks in his uniform; I was much frightened, and hastily got away, leaving him to sleep. This was the bloody day; I think we got some little to eat, but I could eat nothing; nothing was allowed us to drink in spirits, as blood is hard to be stopped where rum has been drank. My station was behind the main-mast, near the pump, in case of fire to lead the water-hose to the place where the fire might happen to be. The captain who lay on the deck with me was captain sir Charles Cotton, afterwards Admiral sir Charles Cotton. This was my station; I was not allowed to come out of the place where my God had ordained me to be secure from shot; whichever side they should fight I was

not allowed to stir nor help any one except commanded to do so by my officer.

On the 29th, we began about ten o'clock, as near as I can remember; the French ships were at so great a distance from us, that our shot would not go near them; but their guns being longer, and their powder stronger, they could hit us, though we could not hit them. They were stretched in a line about two miles off; each ship following the other with all their colours flying. The English formed their line in the same way, each vessel picking the opposite ship; we engaged the *Sans Pareil*, of 84 guns; we were 74 guns; her guns fired forty-two pound shot, ours thirty-two pound; they fired at us a little before we begun our fire; you might see the poor fellows write with chalk in different parts of the ship their names, as no man could tell whether he should live or die. I believe many felt like myself, and I felt like a man going to be hung. Our captain stood on the quarter deck, a noble figure, like fortitude, near six feet high; a speaking trumpet in one hand, a spy-glass in the other; the enemy were firing, we were not firing, as we could not reach them; he spoke to the man on the upper deck, and word was conveyed below deck; these were his words as near as I can remember—"Bold Britons! every man lie down upon his face on the deck, till I can work our ship nearer the enemy, then our shot will do execution; for their guns are longer and their powder is stronger; and when ready, hear the word of command." Welay there, while he commanded them how to steer, and eventually brought us so near, that we could do great execution. Our captain walked about apparently unconcerned, while the shots were flying about him: this is my life. The captain then came to the break of the quarter deck, and said, "Arise! bold Britons! and make them know her!" At that minute, all one side of the ship fired off near at once; and continued doing so about every one or two minutes; this constant firing, I believe, lasted many hours. I found when my comrades fell my courage increased; I never saw men in such spirits in my life; they almost flew forward in their work; but I found that not a shot could hit,

"Till the God of love saw fit;"

"For till he bids I cannot die."

This is June the 2nd, 1843; that battle was fought and ended June 1st, 1794; who could tell, except they had seen it, that the intercession of my glorious Lord was then pleading for poor George, unworthy, God-provoking sinner, who was ripe for hell? I say, interceding for me, and saying, "Deliver that sinner from going down into hell: I have found a ransom for him. Ah! all that the Father giveth me shall come to me." "There is a time to live, and there is a time to die."

The gun close by me was cleared of near all its men, either killed or wounded; this was soon after the commencement of the battle. I asked the officer might I take the place of one of them? but he said, "No; you must stand behind the main-mast till called for." We left off firing in the evening, and glad was I, whatever others were; but I did not say so; each ship threw their dead overboard into the sea, and carried their wounded down below to the doctor in the cockpit; and then we began to get some food to eat; also some rum and water; the sick having a little wine; and then we had to take an account of the dead and wounded, and all damages.

The 30th and 31st of May were foggy days; we never saw the French fleet, but on the 1st of June we spied them formed in a line; their number was more than the English, and we formed our line standing about two miles distant the one from the other. The same ship was for us that we fought on the 29th of May. We came nearer and nearer,

firing all the time; at last the mast of the *Sans Pareil* was shot away, falling overboard, when she lay like a log on the water, but her colours were flying astern; she had not struck then. Our gunner asked the captain if we might rake her? so we sailed past her stern, and fired shot on her fore and aft, and I heard it killed ten men; then they took down their colours. At this time the *Brunswick*, 74 guns, engaged the *La Veauquire*; they were fastened to each other, murdering their antagonists as fast as they could; the brains, blood, and limbs were scattered about on board the *Brunswick*; they loosed the French man of war from her, or she would have dragged the English down to the bottom of the sea with her. Having nothing to do, and looking, I saw the French running away in confusion. I felt pleased, though I said nothing; it was then I saw the *La Vengeance* filling with water, and I think the men had their hats on their heads singing "success to the French cannon," and in this way she sank to be seen no more, with, I think, twelve hundred immortal souls on board. We then went to take possession of the *La Sanspareil*; when they came on board great numbers were found dead; we threw them overboard; pigs were roving about at liberty, and feasting on the dead; they also found the *Castor* frigate's people on board; also some of the people of the merchantman that were taken at the same time, and glad were these poor English prisoners to be released; and gathered the living Frenchmen with the English, and brought them on board our ship. And as they came on board, *Withnal* who ran away from us at Portsmouth, he was among them, what must his poor heart feel, when our master-at-arms, an old man, near seventy years of age, stepped forward to receive the French prisoners and the English also, who were retaken from the French. This old man I heard say, "Withnal, sir; Withnal sir;" to the captain; but the captain said to him, "Master-at-arms, when I cannot do my own business, I will send for you." He then spoke to *Withnal*; asked him what he thought of himself? I think he said, "I am guilty, your honour." He told him to go and do his duty, where he did it before; "and (said the captain) any time we can try you, and hang you also." This we knew was a great favour, for had he intended to have had him tried, he would have ordered him to have been put into irons; so he worked till we returned into Portsmouth.

(To be continued.)

## Death of Champion Krause of Dublin.

A VALIANT, an useful, a deeply devoted servant of Christ has also finished his work in Ireland. The Rev. W. H. Krause was Chaplain of Bethesda, in Dublin. He was originally in the British army, and fought at the Battle of Waterloo. After his return from the wars, the Lord met with him—called him by his grace—led him experimentally and blessedly into the truth as it is in Jesus Christ—and then put him into the ministry, in the city of Dublin, where his labours were extensively honoured. The Editor of the *Gospel Magazine* says—

"On Sunday, the 22nd of February Mr. Krause preached twice—the morning service from 2 Cor. iii. 18. In the evening he preached from Gal. v. 25. At the close of his sermon, after warning the professing people of God against putting themselves under a course of ritual observances to give peace to the conscience, he asked, 'What is the reason that, upon a sick bed, when the soul is about to be launched into another world, there is some-

times such an anxious enquiry about the sacrament of the Lord's Supper?' Having spoken at considerable length upon this subject, he concluded by saying, 'Oh, brethren, the gospel is able to bear us through the dark valley of the shadow of death; it is able to put a lamp into that darkest valley through which we can ever pass, the valley of the shadow of death. There is no death to the Christian—it is all life. The gospel tells us of life, righteousness, acceptance with God, peace—there can be no fear to the Christian.'

"On Wednesday, Feb. 24th, he lectured as he was wont. The subject was 'burnt offerings;' (Lev. i.); and these were the concluding words, not only of that lecture, but of his pulpit ministrations: 'May the Lord keep a gospel view of this subject before your minds. Take care that you test all the interpretations of these typical subjects that you may meet with by the gospel of the grace of God; keep to that, and then make everything subject to that great test. And may the Lord impress his gospel more and more on all our hearts, to the glory of Christ's name, for Christ's sake. Amen.' On Thursday morning he was taken ill, and early on Friday he was called, by the Master's own voice, into his own rest.

"The loss to his bereaved congregation can only be estimated by those who experience it; but the loss is not confined to them, but extends widely. It has been truly observed, that he filled a chair of theology outside the walls of our University. Many were the brother ministers who counted it a high privilege to attend his Wednesday lectures; and a large number of divinity students were amongst his stated hearers on Sundays and Wednesdays. Dear Mr. Krause's labours amongst the young were greatly blessed of God. His Friday class, for catechetical instruction, was numerously attended. Often he has said that it was to him a sweet sphere of labour."

## On the Departure of Good Ministers.

THE following remarks made by the late Joseph Irons, in his funeral sermon for Dr. Hawker, are sweetly applicable here.

"As he lived, so he died; and, blessed be God, both for his life and for his death, he lived on earth dead to the world, and now he lives in heaven to die no more. His life was walking with God, and his death was falling asleep in Jesus; and both his life and death were triumphant refutations of that unjust insinuation, that the glorious doctrines of free grace lead men to licentiousness. I would say to such calumniators of the truth, find me, if you can, a man more valiant for those sentiments commonly reviled as high—a man of more integrity, of more spirituality, or of more consistency in public or private life; and I know I shall have set them a task they cannot perform. The removal of a saint of God, however circumscribed in his sphere, however limited the circle in which he moved, is of no small moment; a wrestler with God is missing, the ranks of Zion's army are thinned, and the very strength of the church militant seems diminished, until the arm of the Lord is made bare, and almighty grace smites another soul to the ground, causing it to be said again, 'behold he prayeth,' and thus fills up the chasm made by death, preserving to himself a seed upon the earth. If such be the importance of the removal of one of the least of the soldiers of the cross, what shall we say when the prominent and leading officers are taken away, when the veterans of the Lord's army are removed in the very midst of the campaign? Oh! how the stroke is felt! how Zion mourns, and how surviving soldiers, and particularly surviving officers, are called upon to be more bold and courageous in the cause of God and truth. Another watchman is missing from the walls of Jerusalem, another trumpeter has ceased to blow the certain sound, therefore, let those who remain increase their vigilance, and strive to make the sound of free grace wax louder and louder."

**God's Chastisements Profitable.**

God the Spirit clothe us  
In Jesu's righteousness;  
Our Father cannot loathe us,  
A truth we will confess.

Temptations that attend us,  
Can ne'er our souls destroy;  
Since God's engag'd to send us,  
Deliverance from on high.

Each promise he has spoken,  
He promptly will perform;  
Nor can his word be broken,  
Though hell against it storm.

In vain Goliath's bluster,  
His host of pow'r and skill;  
No pow'rs that he can muster  
Can go beyond his will.

What though we're oft surrounded,  
By ills of every name,  
By God's decree they're bounded,  
And must subserve the same.

Delilah may entice us,  
And Rabshakeh blaspheme;  
And Michal may despise us,  
Yet will we trust in him.

The fruitful bough he purgeth  
To make its fruit abound;  
So every son he scourgeth,  
Lest he be fruitless found.

'Tis he that's lash'd the loudest,  
Because of conduct base,  
Would prove himself the proudest,  
If such was not the case.

How fickle and how fretful,  
God's children often prove,  
How careless and forgetful  
Of his unchanging love.

If hearts who feel their badness  
Could on this truth rely;  
Those hearts would beat with gladness,  
Would sing and dance for joy.

Thy chast'ning, Lord, we prize it,  
Tho' grievous it may seem;  
The rod, and He who holds it,  
Are held in high esteem.

In Christ the Lord approves us,  
And this we will confess:  
That though he oft reproves us,  
He loves us not the less.

Hellingborough.

R. BIRD.

**On the Death of the Rev. Joseph Irons.**

"He being dead, yet speaketh."

THE good man is gone—he is gone to his rest;  
His warfare is over, his soul with the blest;  
And many a quaintness, like Bunyan, I ween,  
Will help to maintain still his memory green.  
Unflinching his zeal, and unfading his hope,  
And ceaseless his hatred and dread of the Pope:  
Tho' unpolish'd his words, yet 'tis truth they impart,  
Their mainpring's the Bible, their birthplace, the heart.

Young and old will lament their good minister's loss,

For many he led to the foot of the cross;  
And many a lesson, and many a rhyme  
Will float on their thoughts down the ocean of time.

His ashes now rest among those whom he lov'd,  
'Neath the pulpit where often deep feeling he mov'd;

And sometimes will fancy that deep voice restore,  
Till it seems to awaken the echoes once more.

Camberwell, April 17, 1852.

C. C.

**CLOSING NOTICES.**

*Portrait of R. Shutte, and Bust of the late William Huntington.* We must confess, we are fond of the likenesses and representations of good men; and therefore we notice the above. Mr. Collingridge, the enterprising publisher of the City Press, in Long Lane, has issued a striking lithograph of Mr. Shutte—it is Mr. Shutte himself; and, as regards good William's Bust, it almost makes you think you have got the good man looking at you.

The Free Grace National Tract Association are still moving on. They have recently formed an Auxiliary in Southwark; Mr. Felton took the chair: and another in Mile End, at Hephzibah Chapel; Mr. Wells in the chair. Both these meetings were exceedingly favourable; and we trust that the Association will prosperously and successfully succeed. Their next new tract is—"The Second Part of the Country Lad and the Christian Curate; or, the Grave of my Father and my Wife;" to be out in a few days.

A choice work is about to be published entitled "Invaluable Sayings of Dr. Thomas Goodwin." Mr. William Bidder, the pastor of the church meeting in Bethesda Chapel, Jamaica Row, Bermondsey, has gathered out the most precious and glorious thoughts, sentences, and gospel illustrations of that great and good man, Thomas Goodwin. These, he has been advised to publish in a neat and cheap form, for the comfort of the living in Jerusalem; and we hope soon to announce it as ready.

*The City of London favoured with the truth.*—Sermons by the rector of Winchelsea—the Rev. J. J. West. Mr. James Paul has published two more of this good man's discourses, preached in London recently; one is entitled, "The Living Stone;" the other, "The Deliverer of the needy." A few sentences from each will shew something of the speciality, as, also, the spirituality, of Mr. West's ministry.

"Nothing will discourage the Saviour! He rides a triumphant Victor over all his enemies, over the world, the devil, the flesh; over man's vile self. He rides like a mighty Conqueror—a Hero, carrying the trophies of his conquests in his hand—'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?' Who is THIS? The answer is given in the Word of God—'I that speak in righteousness! MIGHTY TO SAVE.'"

"Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.' Now, unless a minister of the gospel knows something of this, he knows nothing as he should know. Oh, what a length of time was I shut up in Arminianism, preached falsely, and knew nothing of the Lord! But now brought down to be a poor man, orphaned, and having none to help me but my blessed Saviour, I am by his all-enabling power permitted to preach these things from time to time to poor people who are really poor and needy. In Ecclesiastes it says, 'There was a little city, and few men within it, and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man.' Is not that Christ? And is not the 'little city' the church! London is a great city. London has got a mass of above two millions of people, and there is a 'little city,' a church in it. I believe there is a church gathered together in St. Augustine's to-night, delivered by this poor wise man—MY CHRIST. Oh, look at Jesus, 'who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.'"

# Oneness and Likeness with the Living Family.

MY DEAR SISTER HALKE. — It is a long time now since I promised to write to you—I have never forgotten it, but I have felt a desire to write you a longer letter than my time would allow, and I wanted a better subject than my mind would furnish. You will forgive the delay; my labours and travels follow in such quick succession that they leave me little time for writing long letters. From the enclosed bill you may see I am engaged here in my heavenly Master's work; and before going to the public meeting this evening, I sit down to write a line to you, and I will endeavour to say a few words to you on that subject which is to be discussed this evening—“*Christian Unity*.”—*What is it?* It is a Bible subject, it is an essential subject; all our salvation originates in, flows from, is maintained by, and manifested through unity. There was and is unity in the Godhead—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—Three Persons in one Essence—in one God. There is unity in the Person of Christ—Divinity and humanity are blended together there. As God and Man, he is our object of worship, our Mediator, our Redeemer, our Advocate, our unchanging, our all-sufficient Friend. There is unity in the Person and work of the Holy Ghost. In himself, as God, he is the Fountain of life, of light, of truth, of love, of holiness, and of power; and he unites the elect of God to Christ, by leading them to him, and baptising them in him. There is unity in the church of God. When living souls are led into the liberty of the gospel, then are they united in sentiment; they believe fully that they are poor perishing sinners; they believe, if found out of Christ, they must perish for ever: they believe Christ and Christ alone can save them: they believe there is no cleansing but through his blood: no deliverance but by his power; no meanness for glory but in his righteousness. There is unity in motive. The only motive in the breast of a child of God is three-fold—he seeks his own soul's peace, the glory of God, and the good of souls. There is unity of feeling. Feelingly they mourn over sin, feelingly they long for salvation, feelingly they pant for holiness, and sometimes feelingly rejoice in salvation. There is unity in their possessions. Each one will say, I possess an evil and a deceitful heart, and a depraved nature; but, when faith is in lively exercise, they each possess the same gospel, the same Jesus, the same peace, the same hope of future glory.

What does union mean? It means—a gathering together in one place, and a cementing together in one body, of things that were separate and afar off. Such is the nature of

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gospel union. Elect sinners, who by sin, were scattered abroad, are gathered together, and joined together in one. When a building is first finished, you will always see a great quantity of rubbish—an overplus of materials—and no very little scaffolding. So, when the church of God is completely gathered, there will be much scaffolding, much rubbish, and many loose unconnected sinners and professors who have hung about the outward Zion, but were never fruit-bearing, living, holy branches. God grant we may never be in such a plight.

In the Bible, Union is set forth by figures (that bespeak, 1. Perfection. 2. Progression. 3. Permanence.

First, this union, called “*Christian unity*,” is set forth by the natural body, wherein there is *perfection*, as Paul speaks (in Romans xii. 4, 5,) “*for as we have many members in ONE BODY, and all members have not the same office, so we, being many, are ONE BODY IN CHRIST, and every one members one of another.*” Here is the essential perfection of this unity—ONE BODY IN CHRIST. A variety of members—a diversity of offices—inferiority and superiority in appearance, but all necessary to the completion and perfection of the body; for it is God himself who hath set the members in the body, every one as it hath pleased him: the uniting bond is LOVE; and thrice happy must be that people who are knit together in holy heavenly love, and walk in charity one toward another.

*Progression.*—There is a difference in appearance between the seed in the earth and the little green blade that springs out of the earth; there is a difference between the ear and the full corn in the ear; nevertheless there is an unbroken union and oneness of nature in the whole. There is a difference between a poor quickened soul under the guilt of sin, fearing hell—and the happy saint, rejoicing in the prospect of heaven; but it is all the same grace, the same spirit, the same life.

There is *permanence* in this unity. It is compared to a house built on a Rock, with a wall of fire round about it. And when Paul was taken into this house; and saw the glory of God there, and the Almighty arms all round the same, he shouted out, “*Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? I am persuaded (says the great Gentile champion for gospel grace) that neither life nor death—things present, nor things to come, shall ever be able to separate us,*” &c., &c.

Dear sister, in gospel fellowship, we have been painfully separated; but

“Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows and from sins.”

The Lord bless you. So prays,  
THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

## Obituary of Mr. Richard Case,

(LATE OF KINGSLAND,)

Who departed this life May 11, 1851.

MY DEAR BROTHER: In accordance with a promise that I would transmit to you for insertion in the *Earthen Vessel* an account of the last illness and death of my friend, Mr. Richard Case, I now forward this to you. Twelve months have rolled away since the time of his departure, but the solemn scenes I then witnessed are fresh in my remembrance, nor do I think it will ever be effaced while memory lasts.

Whatever may be the opinions of one and another "none of these things move me;" "God is my witness," that I send this forth, not to extol the creature, but to exhibit *proofs* of what HE can do to exalt his own rich grace; and *adoringly yet humbly* I ask the afflicted and tempest-tossed believer, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

As twelve months have elapsed I shall be absolved from the charge of haste; and while the events as now transcribed, were written down a few days after his lamented decease, I find on perusal they must be sent as then written, and solemnly declare, as in the sight of God, "IT IS TRUE."

I am not about to appear as the apologist of my departed friend. That he had made a profession for many years, and had been a backslider, is not denied; but it is not for me to draw back the veil with which the grave has mantled the failings that are past, nor to depict the infirmities of one who has died in the Lord. "Let him that is without sin, cast the first stone." It is but few who know what it is to follow (as I have done,) the departed to his home, and witness, as I have, the grief and sorrow these things have caused him, while he has gone in and sat before the Lord, and sighed with David, "I am in a great strait, let me now fall into the hand of the Lord, and not into the hands of man." The following outline has been supplied to me by his own widowed partner, as a suitable introduction to the account of his last illness and death, and truly descriptive of his soul.

"Mr. R. Case was born of respectable parents, at Bridport, Dorset, February 24th, 1790, and came to London in May, 1812. He was directed, in God's providence, to lodge in Barbican amongst professing people, who kindly took him, as a stranger, by the hand, and asked him to go with them one Sabbath-day to hear their minister, Mr. Bailey, of Zoar Chapel. He continued to attend there for some time, and was at length brought to a saving acquaintance with the truth under Mr. Bailey's ministry, by whom he was baptised, with several others, in 1814.

"Being much tried in his mind as to the choice of a suitable partner, he was enabled to make it a matter of earnest prayer; to

which sweet answer was given him in these words, 'Consider the ravens; for they neither sow,' &c. And being directed to me, his now bereaved widow, as a partaker of like precious faith and member of the same church, we were married in 1815, and continued together, as honourable members of the same, till God, in his all-wise providence, laid our dear pastor aside, by severe illness, when the pulpit was supplied by different ministers.

"In course of time unpleasantness arose in the church, and it was divided; so that we were without a home; and my late dear husband began to neglect his privileges, which continued for a long time. But there was one who did not say, 'Let him alone;' but saw fit, in mercy, to lay his afflicting hand upon him, and bring him very low both in body and mind; under which he was oft led to say, 'Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Will he be favourable no more?' Being visited by many kind Christian friends, and among them his kind pastor, to whom he said, 'the pains of hell had got hold upon him, and sink he must, his pastor replied, 'My brother, the Lord knows more about that than you do; it belongs to him; and he will not lay more on you than you can bear.' Shortly after this the Lord was pleased to put a little sweet into his bitter cup, with those words, 'My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord,' &c. I verily believe that none but God and his own soul KNEW what he passed through at this time. It was to me and others, a solemn time. It pleased the Lord to raise him up again, and to his restored soul apply once more, (when in regular attendance on the means of grace,) the word of the gospel with divine and comforting power. But after a time leanness of soul was again apparent, through neglect of the means of grace and the withering effects of a prosperous business, which seemed to engross all his thoughts.

"Years rolled on; he was laid down again with an alarming illness, which appeared to leave no hope of recovery. After a length of time he was once more mercifully restored in body, though in great darkness of soul, anxiously desiring to know whether he was a child of God, or not. His own words were, 'I want to know him as my Saviour; I want to feel my interest in his love, by having it shed abroad in my heart, by the Holy Ghost, and be found in him.'

"Being at this time an hearer of Mr. New-born, he was visited by him, and who (to his soul) was made the messenger of peace and consolation, which caused him again to say, with one of old, 'Why me, Lord, why me?'

"After a time he again wandered about, hearing different ministers; and having no settled home, the means of grace were often neglected.

"The Lord at length directed his footsteps to hear Mr. J. A. Jones, of Mitchell Street; and

his ministry was made very useful to him for some time; so that though often bowed down on account of his sins, he could once more feelingly say, 'He restoreth my soul,' &c.

"My beloved partner and myself joined that church in 1840, and continued for a time, till unforeseen circumstances arose in the church, and we parted from them. Truly can I say it was with an overwhelmed and heavy heart that we were called to prove yet further that the pathway to the kingdom was through much tribulation. Thus, once more, as sheep having no shepherd, going hither and thither; often hearing Mr. Jas. Wells to profit and comfort; and experiencing under his ministry a little reviving in the time of his bondage, saying, 'Did Jesus once upon me shine? O yes; I dare not say, No. Therefore,

"My soul into his arms I cast,  
I hope I shall be saved at last."

'Ah!' he would say, 'How sweet the promise, when applied by the Holy Spirit.' But while from sinner and from saint he met with many a blow, he is now gone where changes never come. Suffice it to say, that for the last two years of his life, he attended, your ministry more regularly, and seemed more at home than he had done for a long time; and truly anxious was he that the cause of God might with you prosper; and often has he been constrained to bless you in your work of faith and labour of love. At one time especially, a Sabbath morning never to be forgotten, you were helped to speak from Isa. liv. 12, 'All thy children,' &c., it pleased the dear Lord to fasten it as a nail in a sure place; it was indeed a love-visit to him and to many others who were there; and he went in the strength of it many days. You, dear sir, well know what occurred at the tea-meeting; which, though only a misunderstanding, from a difference of opinion, yet was the cause of his leaving for a time. Often did he say, 'No one knew what he passed through on account of it, but the Great Searcher of hearts;' and when he again returned, he seemed truly bowed down in spirit, in remembrance of the same.

"One Sabbath-morning, September 15th, 1850, the morning of the day on which you baptised my beloved daughter, as recorded in the *Vessel* for October, 1850; the text was Zechariah ix. 16, 'And the Lord their God shall save them,' &c.: it was indeed to him 'the good old wine of the kingdom;' he seemed lost in thought that day, though he said but little. When he returned home in the evening, after the solemn baptising service, he said, 'What can I render unto the Lord? Hath not Jehovah wrought wondrously for us to day? Bless the Lord, oh! my soul. Oh that I could thank and adore him for all his goodness to me and mine!' Truly he felt he was prone to backslide.

"After this my dear daughter was laid

aside with a most serious illness, that for some time threatened to be fatal. For your kind pastoral visits throughout her long and dangerous illness, he declared he never could express to you a thousandth part of his gratitude. My dear sir, you will bear me witness that my daughter's affliction was eminently sanctified to him, and that there was a marked difference in him from that time until his decease. On many occasions after this did he receive, through you, great consolation, by the Word being applied with power and in demonstration of the Spirit. When it pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon him in a moment, in great pain of body and much distraction of mind, his cry was now, 'Oh! that I knew where I might find him! Pray for me, for the hand of God hath touched me. There is not one promise in all the Bible I can lay hold of now.' '*A wounded spirit who can bear?*'

"On one occasion he burst into a flood of tears, looked at us earnestly, and said, 'Will he

'Leave me at last in trouble to sink?'

'Oh,' said he again, 'what! can it be after so many mercies past?' 'No, father,' said my daughter, 'God is faithful, and will not suffer you to be tried more than you can bear, for he says, "my grace is sufficient for thee."' 'Oh, but,' said he in agony, 'I want the power of it.' Thus while many proofs might be given how that darkness gathered round his tent, many doubts and fears overwhelmed his soul, yet many times his spirit was enabled to rejoice in the bright light behind the cloud, and thus was he enabled to shew that still his life was hid with Christ in God, and the Rock of Ages, his sure Refuge, that failed him not when the whirlwind of death passed over him, and laid the frail tabernacle in the dust."

Having thus furnished you, my dear brother, from the account supplied me by the dear widow, with all I could venture to extract, lest I should trespass too much on your valuable space; and to all of which, in the fear of God, since I have known him, I would add my hearty amen, feeling also persuaded that the other part of the account is truthfully given, I would hasten to the last solemn closing scene. When he was first brought home, after being thrown out of his chaise at Romford, I seemed to think he would never recover; but after a few days he rallied a little, and gave us ground to hope he might yet get over it. One Monday afternoon I called to see him, and found him better in body and refreshed in spirit. A line of a hymn had been applied with power to his soul: he wished his daughter to find the hymn, but she had not been able, having forgotten the first line. "Do," said he, as soon as I entered, "ask Mr. Searle to find that hymn," repeating the line emphatically.

I then told him it was in the hymn which commenced

"Glorious things of thee are spoken."

He would have me read it all through, and his whole soul seemed absorbed in the realization of the glorious doctrines it sets forth; so that I know not how to single out one line more than another, except it be the following, which most refreshed his spirit,

"On the Rock of Ages founded;"

"Saviour, if of Zion's city

By grace a member am."

I then read the twenty-seventh Psalm, into which his soul entered with delight, and drawing near to the throne of God, a time of sweet knitting of soul we felt together; and I was led to pray for his recovery, if the divine will, for I did then think the Lord would raise him up again. At another time I called, and asking him what I should read? "Oh, something about the rock," was his emphatic reply. I complied with his wish, and read the sixty-first Psalm; also the sixty-second. On this occasion our fears ran high that he would not recover. On the morning of April 24, at five o'clock, he appeared to be struck for death. I called in about ten, and never shall I forget the distress of his soul; the bed shook with his agony, as in deep earnestness, while tears freely coursed down his cheeks, he said, "Oh, will he leave me now in trouble to sink?" His dear partner replied, "No, my dear, never." We told him he had enjoyed his presence in times gone by, had realised help, had experienced his delivering mercies. "Ah," says he, "but I want it now, a present manifestation; past experiences will not do now." A solemn season we had that morning in supplicating the Lord to return, and grant his soul some renewed visits.

Not many days after this, it pleased the Lord to deprive him of speech; but before this took place, when conversing with those about him, and alluding to the visits I have named, he said, "Oh, that dear man." And whenever he knew I was in the house, he must see me and have me by his side. Ah, I little knew how soon the hand that grasped mine so fervently would soon do so no more.

I shall never forget the time I was with him when he could no more tell me what he would wish me to read. I asked him if I should read 1 Cor. i., which I knew was his favourite, especially the 30th verse, "Who is made of God unto us," &c. He nodded assent, and leaning forward to catch every word, seemed to eat the words with holy appetite of soul, and entered fervently into the petitions poured forth on his behalf. When parting from him, he earnestly shook my hands; his eye met mine. I said, "Farewell once more for the present --- are you happy?" Again he grasped my hand, and with every effort he could command,

strove to utter the word, but all he could articulate was, "Happy, happy!" and looking upward, the joy that glistened in his eyes, told of peace within. "Then," said I, "you can now, even now sing, 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory,'" &c.; and nodding assent again and again, his spirit, at the very sound of victory, and song, seemed ready to burst from the tottering tenement, and grasp the harp at once.

One more I must not omit. The next time I called, I found a Christian friend with him, who repeated Scripture after Scripture; among others, "I am the good Shepherd; I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, and none shall pluck them out of my Father's hand." His soul was stirred within him to its very centre at the words, "none! none! none!" As well as he could articulate he kept on repeating and shewing his hands, to give us to understand how fully his spirit drank in the heavenly consolation, and such was the vehemence of his joy, he could scarcely be kept on his seat.

Thus, though his sufferings both of body and mind were great, there were times when his consolations abounded likewise; and he has left behind him testimonies that will last in our remembrances till time with us shall be no more. He gradually sank, till the pitcher was broken at the fountain. Like dear old Jacob, when the decisive moment came, he had but to gather up his feet in the bed. Till the last hour, he knew all about him, each of his weeping family, and my beloved wife, who tarried from chapel, that she might be with him to the last. With the name of Jesus, half finished upon his lips, (it was the last word that was heard,) and eyes, though glazed in the last faintness of that solemn hour with brightness indescribable, were lighted up once more to look within the veil. That joyous look is not forgotten now; the agony of death was passed, his wearied head turned once more to rest in the bosom of Him he loved. The clasping of his hand with those he loved had become weaker and weaker; shorter and shorter was each breath he drew, fainter and fainter it came, till it died upon the air, and he was gone. Thus closed his tribulative pathway, at a quarter before nine o'clock on Sabbath evening. He was not permitted to close the day here in suffering and prayer, but entered at once on the work of praise in the eternal Sabbath above, ere we had seen the Sabbath evening close.

"One gentle sigh his fetters broke,  
We scarce could say, He's gone,  
Ere that his ransom'd spirit took  
Its station near the throne."

'Tis all as God would have it; "May we die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his, for the end of that man is peace." Amen.

There were many of us who knelt that

might within the chamber of death, while solemn prayer was offered that God would bless the bereavement, and shew the death stroke of one to be the life star of others, and they be led thereby to consider their latter end.

He was interred in Abney Park Cemetery. The services of the day were conducted by Mr. J. A. Jones, and myself.

On the following Sabbath evening I endeavoured to improve the mournful event to a crowded and attentive congregation from Rev. xiv. 3, 4. May the blessing of the Most High God rest upon the solemn event, the services connected therewith, and this humble memorial, for his dear names' sake, so prays your honoured brother. Yours in tribulation,  
J. P. SEARLE.

*First Chapel, Kingsland.*

### A True Conversion.

FROM that excellent funeral discourse preached for the late William Page by Mr. John Stenson, and published by Houlston and Stone-man, we quote the following paragraphs illustrative of the conversion of the deceased.

"Our brother Page was a native of Maidstone in Kent, being born there in the year 1777, remarkable for its three sevens. In the year 1791 he came to London, and entered upon his apprenticeship to a cork-cutter in the city; during the greater part of which time he remained in the gulf of iniquity and the gall of bitterness, being not only destitute of any desire after the things of God, but was deeply tainted with infidel notions. However God who hath the sovereign disposal of all hearts and minds, led a journeyman of the name of Kenaby, who was employed in the same house, to talk with this thoughtless, trifling youth, touching the state of his soul, and induced him to attend the ministry of that good and gracious man of God, the late Mr. Wilkinson, under whose ministry his heart (like Lydia's) was opened by God the Holy Ghost to attend to the great and glorious things that were spoken by the servant of the Lord: whereupon he became deeply exercised and sorely afflicted concerning his condition as a sinner before God. His soul was heavy laden with the intolerable burden of sin—his mind was darkened with impenetrable clouds of guilt—his spirit was harassed by the accuser and adversary, for the tempter is ever the tormentor of troubled souls. Yes, my friends, for he it remembered,—

Whenever the tempter prevails,  
He always the tempted assails.

Truly the sorrows of his wounded heart were enlarged, while the sins of his youth were to his conscience now charged. In this state of mental distress he continued for some considerable time, until it pleased the God of all grace, who had shewed him the dark chambers of imagery within, to conduct him into the secret chambers of intercourse with the Most High God, by the Mediator of the new covenant. Shortly after this, he made known his state of mind to Mr. Wilkinson, whose counsel and ministry were greatly blessed to him. He occasionally heard other men of God in the Establishment, such as the late Mr. Saunders, and Mr. Wilcox, and also the well-known and far-famed man of God, William Alphonsus Gunn. I have often heard our brother speak with peculiar pleasure of a powerful sermon he heard the 'great Gunn' (as he was called) preach from these words, 'He gave them hail for rain;' Psalm cv. 32; from which text he shewed their different natures and effects,

the one being hard, and the other soft—the one destructive, and the other fructifying, and then drew a clear line of distinction between the law of Sinai and the gospel of Christ. This sermon, he said, made such an impression upon his mind, as was not likely to be erased while life lasted and memory endured. But I may be asked, 'Was our brother then converted, and brought to the knowledge of the truth in the Establishment?' I answer, 'Yes.' And moreover I will add, that conversion work is not the result of any creature design, effort, argument, or persuasion; but is pre-eminently the work of Him whose Almighty power quickeneth and raiseth the dead. Whether the sinner's conversion takes place at fourteen years of age, forty, or seventy, is pre-determined, even to the very stroke of time wisdom saw fit to appoint; neither is it in the power of any either to hasten or hinder it. For the work of God is perfect in its conception, contrivance, and conduct; so that nothing shall by any means hurt or harm it. Nor does it matter where the chosen may be, as touching their attendance upon, and profession of religion, which religion, by the bye, like the shouting described by Jeremiah, xlviii. 33, may be no religion, for 'the Lord God that gathereth the outcasts of Israel,' will seek out and bring forth to the light 'all his hidden ones, whithersoever they may have wandered, or have been driven in 'the cloudy and dark day.' Ezekiel xxxiv. 12. The holy seed is hidden in all places, and found among all classes and denominations of men, and though scattered, yet preserved until the time of their conversion. And hence their many hair breadth escapes from death, together with the varied interpositions of divine providence in their favour, loudly declare that they were preserved in Christ Jesus, to be called unto him in due time.

"It is reported of the aforesaid Alphonsus Gunn, that he, being one that boldly preached in the spirit of Romaine, Toplady, Hawker, and other grace-taught men, there was not only great opposition manifested towards him throughout the city, but some of the bishops being embittered against him, complained to the King, (George III.) when they were silenced (though not satisfied) by his majesty, saying, 'O! then let us make him a bishop!' And on another occasion, when complaint was made to the King that Gunn was quite an offence in the city owing to his 'methodistical preaching,' his majesty is said to have replied, 'Would to God that I had many such Gunns in the city.' But alas! alas! where are the Gunns, Hawkers, Romaines, and Toplady's in the present day? However, they being dead, still speak, and their joint testimony is, 'the faithful God reigneth over all.'"

CORNELIUS KEEBLE.—Departed from the church militant good old Cornelius Keeble on the 16th of April, 1852, aged 78 years. He had been baptised upon a profession of his faith more than fifty-two years; was a warm-hearted christian, a real lover of the house of his God, decided for a yea and amen gospel, studied the peace, and prayed much for the prosperity of the church at Dairy Lane, where he had stood a beloved and useful member so many years. In his last affliction he was preserved steady, resting on his Lord, patiently waiting his will and time; nature gradually declined, his speech departed, and with an uninterrupted calmness of soul we viewed the venerable saint.

"Stand, but with his starry pinions on,  
Drest for the flight, and ready to be gone."

The message arrived, he gladly obeyed, he is absent from the body, he is present with the Lord. THOMAS POOCK, Ipswich.

## SCRIPTURE ALLEGORIES.

## THE LEGACY.

A LARGE legacy has been left to the church by its Saviour, consisting of New Jerusalem stock : but the greater part of it remains unclaimed. It has not been applied for : though repeated notices have been published throughout the world. Heirs will not come forward. (James iii. 4.) The wonder is that it has not been already appropriated to other purposes. Through the long-suffering and forbearance of God (Rom. ii. 4) it may be obtained, if application be made in the proper way. (Jer. xxix. 13.) When you have been once at the bank, go again ; go repeatedly ; for the legacy is paid by instalments. It is very large ; even riches of glory. Now I think I see some of you coming to the door of the bank of heaven, where dividends are paid, and you knock.

"Who is there?" cries Justice, (seated on one side of the entrance).

"A Sinner." "What do you want?"

"My Lord, I have seen it announced in an old publication, called the *Gospel Herald*, which was edited in heaven, and first published in Jerusalem, that a legacy was left me by my kinsman, (Eph. v. 30,) which has not yet been paid."

"Not paid!" exclaims Justice, "we always pay on demand." (Heb. x. 23.)

"Yes, my Lord ; but I did not apply for it ; yet I am told that it is still payable. The *Herald* is still in circulation, and the announcement has not been withdrawn."

"Well," demands Justice, "what is your present claim upon us?"

"If my Lord will look at the will, he will see that part of it reads as follows : 'Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' (Matt. xi. 28.) 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you ;' and other clauses of like import. This is what I wish to receive. I am weary of sin. I tremble under the frown of God. My heart is troubled and distressed beyond measure. I want pardon and peace."

"Mercy," says Justice, addressing his sister, who is seated on the opposite side of the entrance, "what dost thou say to this demand?"

"It is perfectly right," answers Mercy : "I have long had a pardon for this poor Sinner lying by me. Here it is my friend : you are welcome to it : take it in the name of Jesus."

While the Sinner is in the act of seizing the gift, Justice takes it from the hand of Mercy, stamps it, (Eph. i. 13,) and, with a smile, gives it to the sinner. He reads, "Thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee ;" and at once breaks out into a song of joy, "O Lord, I will praise thee."

"Hark ye ;" observes Mercy, with a smile of earnest kindness, "remember to tell your

friends and neighbours, (Mark v. 19,) that I have more pardons ready for application." (Rev. iii. 20.)

(*Another knock.*) "Who is there?" asks Justice.

"A sinner saved by grace." (Eph. ii. 8.)

"What is your business?"

"I have come, my Lord, for another instalment of the legacy left by my Saviour. Yesterday our minister told us that it was now due."

"What is the amount you ask?" saith Justice, "for we are very precise in the keeping to the letter of the will." (Matt. v. 18.)

"If my Lord will glance at the paper, he will find it written, 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean from all your filthiness ; and from all your idols will I cleanse you ; a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.' Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 26. And in another place it is said, that God is faithful and just, not only to forgive us our sins, but to cleanse us from all unrighteousness ; for 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'" 1 John i. 1 7.

"Sister Mercy, what do you say to this application?"

"It is quite correct ;" saith Mercy, "he wants a clean heart, pure from sin : (Matt. v. 8 :) I had it here ever since the first came for his legacy. I wish our brethren (Heb. ii. 11) on earth would come and take their own. We do not need their property ; we have plenty and to spare, while they are starving for want. (Luke xv. 17.) Here it is, friend ; take it in Jesu's name, and get it stamped ; and tell all self-loathers, that the fountain is open for sin and uncleanness." (Zech. xiii. 1 ; Rev. vii. 14.)

(*Another knocks.*) "Who is there?" cries Justice.

"A dying Christian ;" is the reply.

"What brings you here?"

"My Lord, I have just received a message from my Saviour by the hand of Death : (a rough, grim messenger he, but he brings good tidings,) to come here for the last instalment of my legacy."

"How much is it?"

"If my Lord will read the will, he will find, amongst other items, 'In my Father's house are many mansions ; I go to prepare a place for you.' John xiv. 4. Now I am leaving my body, I want a congenial place for my immortal spirit, a rest with God. Again it is written, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' Rev. ii. 10. I cannot boast of my fidelity, yet I have loved my Lord, I have kept the faith, (2 Tim. iv. 7,) I have not wickedly departed from his ways. O, if one so feeble might be so exalted, (Matt. xxv. 21,) I would praise his infinite bounty for ever and ever." (Rev. iv. 10.)

"The will does bequeath glory, and

honour, and immortality," (Rom. ii. 7,) replies Justice, "but what shall we do, sister Mercy: for we do not send glory out of heaven?"

"It is written," saith Mercy, 'Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am;' John xvii. 24; "and I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there you may be also." John xiv. 3. The King, therefore, evidently intends to admit this Christian into heaven. Doubtless it was for this purpose that he sent me a message that he would be here to-day, and to get ready a convoy of angels: (Luke xvi. 22.) they are here waiting, for the hour is come. I wonder he has not arrived, for he is very punctual. Hark! the clock strikes, E-ter-ni-ty, E-ter-ni-ty: see, brother, he comes; throw the gates wide open, (2 Peter i. 11,) and 'let the heir of glory in.'" Psa. xxiv. 9.

*Copied and forwarded by T. POOCK.*

### In what way may a Preacher sink his Audience?

DEAR BROTHER.—The following I have copied from an American newspaper; you are at liberty to insert it in the *Vessel*.

"The following anecdote which the writer of this article had from the lips of the concerned individual may aid your readers, Mr. Editor, in coming to the proper answer. It may even benefit the venerated incumbents of the highest office in the sublunary gift of God; it may prove salutary to many, as it has to some of the commissioned ambassadors of Jesus Christ. To them the question is practical, and every man shall kiss his lips 'that giveth a right answer.'

"I was once designated, says the narrator, to preach the annual election sermon in the metropolis of my native state, (Hartford Ct.) and before its governor, its legislature, and its other professional dignitaries. The weather was fine, the concourse numerous, and composed of the intellectual nobility, civil and ecclesiastical, of the whole commonwealth, including strangers of distinction, and constituting an audience of the highest respectability. I of course tarried with the pastor of the place, the late Rev. Dr. Strong. As the bell began its monitory tolling I left the study, and descended to the parlour; there I was ushered into a circle of clergymen, few of whom I knew, and none of whom I rejoiced to see. The conversation turned upon my feelings in view of the speciality of the service. Some sympathised, others prophesied, others encouraged, and others counselled; how many prayed for me I know not. At last said one, 'Fear nothing; be bold and independent; just imagine them to be a patch of cabbages, and treat them as such, and my word for it you will succeed.' O thought I, 'if I could sink them upon this principle, and bring my feelings just there it would do.' But, at this instant Dr. Strong entered the room, and informed those present that it was time to proceed to the church. As the preacher and pastor are ever partners in the procession, according to our

good habits I had the privilege of walking with the doctor. He soon enquired the state of my feelings, having learned their perturbation, and wishing to assuage them, thus accosted me, 'Well my brother, can you not sink them? You have not forgotten the advice of Mr. —, which I overheard just before I summoned you to move?' 'No,' I replied, but they are such a select assembly, and will expect so much, and criticise so sternly; and what if I should fail?' The doctor rejoined, 'I am not surprised that you find it difficult to adopt that counsel, and preach under the inspiration of a lie. It is folly, falsehood, and stupidity, and to which of these ingredients the poisonous composition is most indebted it were hard to resolve. They are not cabbages, nor cannibals, but a collection of cultivated men and immortal souls, and in you pertains the responsibility of addressing them as such, and propounding to them their duty, under the sanction of their Creator's will. You must face them, and 'speak boldly as you ought to speak,' and you need not fear their faces. Take my counsel; when the sun rides at his meridian the stars are lost in the glory of his beams; and when God is exalted his creatures are forgotten. Fill your thoughts with a sense of his presence and your obligations; think of his goodness and his promises; let God fill your whole field of vision, and man will appear in his proper diminitiveness. This is truth and grace; this will sink your audience without injuring them or inflating you; and, in truth, I know of no other mode of sinking an audience legitimately than that I have suggested.' He paused, and I was relieved; his counsel pervaded my willing soul. I was enabled to magnify my office and my Master, and I have since retained it, and practised upon it with the happiest and most durable satisfaction."

Believing as I do that every audience must be sunk, and God alone exalted, when the preacher is free and fearless, or the preaching effectual; and that the above counsel of an illustrious preacher may benefit his successors and juniors in office—perhaps private christians and you editors—I have sent it, with my respects, as a contribution to your valuable miscellany. Your's in the gospel,  
JOHN PEWTRESS.  
*Brentford, Middlesex, April 8, 1852.*

### Sin—Sorrow—Grace and Glory.

FROM a letter written by a very aged believer in Christ, and lately forwarded to us, we extract the following, descriptive of

#### THE LAST DAYS OF WM. AUGUSTUS CLARKE.

"But after all this joy and comfort I felt, I fell! being tempted to go to the theatre. It brought on all the horrors of a guilty conscience. For nine months I was on the borders of despair. Neither tongue nor pen can describe what falling into this sin produced in my mind. But the Lord appeared again for such a wretched, back-sliding sinner in a wonderful manner. I cannot refrain telling you of it; may it encourage you to go on with the *Earthen Vessel*.

In this distress of mind, I took down an old sermon from my library. It was headed, "Give me a sure Token." It was made indeed a blessing to me. It was by that great minister of Re-  
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Cross Street, Cripplegate, William Augustus Clarke. In the midst of his usefulness he fell into an awful sin: he left one of the largest congregations and went to America: his life you may have heard of, and at last his triumphant death, at 92 years of age.—Grace restored him to his reason a few days before his death, saying, he was a monument of grace, &c. — Seven years before his death I heard he was in London; oh! the anxiety of my mind and my dear wife's! for a long time we tried every means to find him out — to find him who published the sermon about 1782, that was so blessed to my soul. The Lord in mercy enabled us at last to find this precious, predestinated, elected, blood-redeemed, backsliding vessel of mercy. He and his wife were in a deplorable state, in a garret, in Old Gravel Lane, St. George's, on a cold winter's night, without a fire. Their bed was shavings, in a corner of the room; only a cloth to cover them, no blankets or sheets. They had nothing to eat for fourteen days except potatoes—no bread—he was gone in his intellects, and was wandering. (My eyes are filled with tears while I am writing this to you). Dear sir, what a luxury, with heart-felt pleasure, to tell you, from that time to the day of his death they had every earthly comfort. This dear fallen saint of God found his extremity God's opportunity, in displaying and fulfilling his gracious promise to him. May this encourage you to go forward, to the comfort of some disconsolate, poor backslider, and to shew the faithfulness of your dear Lord to his covenant children."

### Free Grace National Tract Association.

#### To the Churches of the United Kingdom.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you. Through the exceeding kindness of the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*, notices have from time to time appeared in this publication respecting the proceedings of the Free Grace National Tract Association: inasmuch that scarcely a gospel church in England can plead ignorance either of its objects or its intentions.

The Free Grace National Tract Association has been in existence about six months; and during that period, has circulated nearly eight thousand approved gospel tracts; while under its auspices Auxiliary Societies have been formed in the metropolis\* for the purpose of tract distribution: and in many towns in the provinces Christian friends are organising similar societies in connexion with us, and by means of household visitation in their neighbouring towns and villages, are silently yet surely promulgating the truths of the everlasting gospel among those whose devotions have hitherto been addressed to an unknown God, as well as among those whose persons seldom or never darken the house of God — by whom his holy name is heard and uttered but in derision and blasphemy—where immortality reigns supreme—and whose only pleasure lies in devising fresh schemes for the continued desecration of the Sabbath.

Hitherto we can say, "the Lord hath helped

\* As an evidence that some good has already been done by the Association, a Christian brother assured us, that since an Auxiliary has been formed in his church, the congregation has perceptibly and steadily increased.—ED.

us," for friends (though chiefly among the poor) have not been found wanting to assist us; yet, from the many incidental and necessary expenses attendant upon all associations at their commencement, we have not been able to do so much as the churches in many places have desired, so that only five tracts have been issued, while the M.S.S. of several others are detained until funds will allow us to transmit them to the printer.\*

Our only aim is to disseminate the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in the shape of tracts, written by men of acknowledged truth, whose orthodoxy has not been acquired in any other school than that whereof the Holy Ghost is teacher. We are not in opposition to any of the existing tract societies, unless they be opposed in principle to the truth of God; neither do we belong to any sect or party; but as we advocate the principles of a free grace gospel, as laid down in Romans viii., Ephes. ii. and many other places, which principles have hitherto had no recognised organ, so we claim to belong to the whole church of Christ, whether they may be called Presbyterians, Churchmen, or Dissenters.

There is no doubt but that such an association is much needed to stem the errors of Puseyism, Popery, Mormonism, Unitarianism, and the many other rank delusions now rapidly increasing in his kingdom; and as only funds are wanting to carry out the designs of "The Free Grace National Tract Association," I would most respectfully urge upon the wealthy, or well-to-do members of gospel churches, the propriety of assisting us out of their abundance. And where is the person, professing godliness, who can refuse his mite towards scattering these silent messengers of mercy, in tens of thousands, among the dark and corrupt places of our native land? (Psalm lxxiv. 20.) Surely such an one is not to be found. Come over, then, brethren and sisters, and help us; and enable us, in the name of the Lord God of Elijah, to throw down those altars of Baal—to plant the standard of the cross in our benighted localities—and, in humble dependence upon our God, be the means of causing some poor sinner to exclaim, "He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name."

Should you be disposed to respond to this appeal, either as churches or individuals, I shall feel obliged by all money-orders being made payable to me at the Post Office, Old Kent Road, London.

And believe me to be, dear friends, your's faithfully,  
WM. EDWARDS, Secretary.  
6, Mina Road, Old Kent Road.

\* From a new tract just issued by this Association, entitled "THE HYPOCRITE'S MIRROR," we extract the following.

"Come ye professors of my day,  
Behold the character I trace;  
Doth not my pen your hearts portray?  
Doth not this mirror shew your face?  
Alas! alas! it is too true,  
'Thousands who think their heaven secure,  
Their hearts' deception never knew.  
'They feel no wound, they need no cure;  
They have an honored name to live,  
While they are lifeless as a stone.  
Glory they to each other give,  
E'en at the foot of God's high throne.  
But for the humble saints of God  
There's naught but malice in their souls;  
They lurk in secret for their blood,  
And cry Aha, when Israel falls."

## A LITERARY MONUMENT

## IN MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. JOSEPH IRONS.

[We have been favored with several communications, Funeral Sermons, &c., published or written on the death of the late much esteemed and extensively useful pastor of Grove Chapel, Camberwell. We have no more sympathy with those persons who would lightly speak of the deceased, than we had sympathy with him in his warm opposition to the ordinance of believer's baptism. In our own souls—as well as in the souls of many thousands beside—he was made manifest as a dear and a faithful servant of Christ; as such we highly esteemed him; and do therefore here gather together some of the choicest fragments that have been forwarded to us, in order that generations yet to come may read of the works and ways of God through the instrumentality of the once eloquent and powerful preacher of the Grove Chapel, Camberwell.—Ed.]

LIVES there a saint in all fair Zion's plains,  
Who, knowing JOSEPH IRONS, lov'd him not?  
From countless hearts let echo answer, No!  
Come, then, and drop a sympathising tear,  
As pensively ye view the "shepherd's tent;"  
Where oft the faithful shepherd fed his flock,  
Dispensed a rich repast of choicest food,  
From heaven's own storehouse given!  
There stands the tent all lovely and all fair,  
Itself unconscious that the shepherd's voice,  
So oft uplifted in his Master's cause,  
With energy which seemed almost inspired,  
Is hush'd in death!—nay, rather 'tis endued  
With loftier notes and more melodious strains,  
To chaunt the song of Moses and the Lamb,  
In heav'n's unclouded temple!  
Ah, lovely tent! 'twas from thy hallow'd shades  
That Joseph led his flock to Calvary's hill,  
And bade them there partake of living food,  
And catch from thence the soul-reviving stream,  
From Life's own fountain flowing!  
'Twas there that oft Immanuel's voice was heard,  
Calling by name his own, his chosen sheep,  
And feeding all the flock as each had need,  
With food convenient for them.  
'Twas there the footsteps of the Lord were heard  
As ever and anon he gathered home  
His ransomed ones to glory. Ah, favorite spot!  
Fondly endeared to many a gracious heart,  
And hallowed by the presence of the Lord—  
Long will thy cherished recollections live  
Within the breasis of Zion's faithful ones—  
Who loving Jesus and his lovely cause,  
Revere the servant for the Master's sake.  
And 'tis their mercy too, that while the Lord  
Withdraws his under-shepherds from the fold,  
Himself still lives, "the Shepherd of the sheep,"  
And nought can intervene to separate  
His chosen from his love.  
Fondly we pray, that when omnisciently  
The Shephcrd shall divide the mingled flocks,  
Parting the precious from the vile; and then  
Ascend the great white throne—the Judge of all,  
Fondly we pray, that in that solemn hour,  
The "Shepherd of the Grove" may recognise  
A multitude of faithful ones, who loved  
And communed with him in the church below,  
Who then shall prove his everlasting joy,  
And crown of glad rejoicing. JOSEPH.

**MR. IRONS'S CALL TO THE MINISTRY,  
AND ENTRANCE THEREIN.**

DEAR SIR: I send, at your request, Mr. Irons's own account of his first call to, and entrance upon the ministry, which he communicated verbally to me at an interview I had with him, and which, on my return home I put down as nearly as I could recollect, in his own words. Your's truly,

JOSEPH PALMER.

16, Aldred Road, Walworth.

"It has occurred to me," said Mr. Irons, "that I cannot do better than give you for  
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your guidance, as briefly as I can, the little history of my own call to the ministry.

"Now I had for a length of time had an impression that I was called to preach the name and fame of Jesus; I had it for years, but I never mentioned it to a soul. At length I thought I would just mention it to Griffith Williams, who was my pastor at that time. So I went to him and told him my feelings; and his advice to me was that I should mention it to no one beside, but make it a matter of prayer, and he himself would do so likewise, and then leave it; for, said he, if the Lord wants you, he will know where to fetch you from. It is true I thought he was rather short with me, but still I determined to do as he advised; and so taking my leave, returned to my business, fully determined now that I had told my pastor, to leave it in the Lord's hands. Well, so I did; and do you know I heard no more for twelve months; in fact, I thought Mr. Williams never intended to speak to me again about it. However one morning, I dare say twelve months after I had spoken to him, his servant came to me and told me that her master wanted to speak to me directly. I told her I would come as speedily as I could. In a short time I went to his house; and on entering the parlor, I saw there was another gentleman with him; to whom Mr. Williams said, as I entered, "There, sir, that is the young man whom I mentioned to you as desirous of preaching Christ." You may guess what my feelings were; you might have knocked me down with a feather. "There, take a chair, Joseph, (he always called me by my Christian name,) Mr. T. will tell you what he wants with you." The gentleman then pulled out his list, for he was the secretary of the London Itinerant Society, and reading over the names of several villages, asked me to which I would go? He told me he wished to engage me for next Sunday. I was all amazement; never having heard anything for twelve months, and now so suddenly to be called upon to preach, quite staggered me. I began to excuse myself: I told him I could not think of acting so rashly; I must have time to think of it; time to pray over it. But the gentleman would take no nay; and so I at last engaged to preach at Garratt Common on the following Sunday week. So I left. Well, in order to prepare myself, I

sat down and wrote sheet after sheet; I really should think enough to fill a volume; and then steadily employed myself to commit it to memory, for I was determined to have something to say. At length the Sunday came that I was to preach; and I recollect I thought I was well prepared. The room the people met in was that of a cottage about the size of this parlor, but very low roofed; so that when I stood upon the block behind the rostrum, my head was between the naked rafters atop, for the room was not ceiled. However, when I came to give out my text, I as completely lost every idea of what I intended to say, as though I had not prepared a word. I was at first disposed to sit down and give it over ever after. But I suppose my pride would not let me do that; so I went on the best way I could, and said something or other for about twenty minutes, and then sat down heartily glad it was over, and resolved it should be some time before I attempted it again. But it seems that the Lord put some power into the word; for a message came down, during the week, 'Please send that young man again; he was acceptable.' So I was sent for to go the next Sunday. 'Well,' I said, 'I thought I got on very badly; but if you are determined to drag me out, why I will go;' and I went. Afterwards I went to other villages; but I always found that where I once went, I was always wanted again. And so having passed through the three doors which I mentioned to you, I began to see my way more clearly. I had found a *door of entrance* quite unsought by myself; I found a *door of utterance*, when I went prepared with what I had previously written; and I found a *door of acceptance* in that where I once went, I was wanted again. It was a great mercy for me, as it turned out, that the Lord did take away all my previously-arranged sermon, for that completely cured me of all such attempts for the future."

"A Funeral Discourse" preached by Mr. Gittens, of Camden Town, is published in No. 203 of "GROVE CHAPEL PULPIT." It is entitled "THE FAITHFUL MINISTER AND HIS GREAT OBJECT." This most valuable sermon contains a beautiful dissertation on "magnifying Christ;" the closing part of which we think our readers will peruse with pleasure, and some profit. It is headed

"MAGNIFYING CHRIST IN DEATH! We know that one way in which God's saints do this is by martyrdom. Latimer, I believe, said to Ridley, when they were about to be burned, or were burning at the stake, 'My brother, we are receiving the highest honour that God can confer upon his saints'—martyrdom! We have no desire for that honour; perhaps we should not have till the time came, and then God might not only confer upon us the honour, but the grace to bear it, as well as those who bore it with so much rejoicing. That is one way of magnifying Christ by death.

"Another way in which his people magnify him

by death, is when God permits his saints to die a triumphant death. It is not all God's people that have the death of a Toplady. I do like to see sometimes the triumphs which God's people enjoy on their death-beds. Look at Toplady, worn down by disease, and as a friend of mine who has long been dead, told me, the last time he saw him in the pulpit his hand was transparent, through being worn down by consumption. And how does he die? He has a triumphant death. 'What,' said he, 'what great thing it is for me to rejoice in death?' Speaking of Christ and his love as unalterable, he quoted those beautiful verses, 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things, we are more than conquerors.' 'Oh!' said he, 'what delights! who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?' But he is far above that now; he had got into them then. A little before his death he praised God for continuing to him his understanding, and in his rapture added, 'But most of all, for the abiding presence and shining of his love upon my soul. The sky is clear; there is no cloud; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' Ah, that is a blessed death. I seem to think that I should like to die that death. That is a death by which God permits some of his highly-favoured people to magnify Christ.

"Again: they are sometimes permitted to magnify Christ in death, by a solid, well-grounded hope expressed, but not with raptures; few, very few, die with raptures; but a solid, well-grounded hope is expressed. 'Oh!' said that godly man, John Hyatt, whom I knew, 'I am resting on a Rock; and if I had a thousand souls, I could commit them to the hands of Christ.' A blessed, solid trust! So my venerable old friend, John Rees, whom I saw just before he died—ah! there was not that ecstasy, not that triumph about his death that there was about Toplady's; but his hope was fixed upon the Rock, just as his hymn expresses—

'His hope was fixed on nothing less  
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness.'

Some one told him of his reward: 'My reward?' he said; 'I'll tell you what I'll do with it—I'll place it at the Redeemer's feet,

'And crown him Lord of all.'

He died peacefully, he died happily, he died on a solid Rock; he had a peaceful solid hope, but not triumphant joys.

"Sometimes God takes the honour to himself, and his saints are made to magnify him even by their silence in death. My brother Irons died almost silently. 'Oh!' say you, 'in silence?' Yes; he magnified Christ by silence. A gentleman once said to George Whitefield, 'I should like to be by your bedside, sir, when you die.' 'Why?' 'Oh, because of the glorious testimony you will give to the Lord Jesus Christ, and his great salvation.' 'I shall die in silence,' said Mr. Whitefield: 'I shall not give the testimony at death, I have given it all my life; those of us who give the testimony for Christ all our days, are not always permitted to do so in our latter end: I shall die in silence. You that are often croaking in your lifetime, and hardly know whether Christ is yours, or you are his, but have doubts and fears continually breaking in upon your minds—before such as you die, the Lord sometimes helps you to speak of Jesus and his love, and gives you some enlivening hopes of eternity, and of entrance into its joys; but we preachers often die in silence.' Whitefield died in silence; he said nothing at death. My dear brother Irons did so. I was with him several times during the space of two months; but he died in silence—that is to say, the Lord did not continue to him his faculties; he was in a state of unconsciousness almost from the Sunday preceding his death till twenty minutes after ten on Saturday evening, when God was pleased to take him home."

### SOME OF MR. IRONS' LAST WORDS.

To watch and to listen to the Christian minister in the article of death, and in the prospect of glory, must indeed be, of all scenes on earth, one of the most interesting and solemn. It appears, from the sermon preached by Mr. Gabriel Bayfield, (in the Commercial Road East,) and reported in No. 202, of the "GROVE CHAPEL PULPIT," that he was favoured to hold much converse with Mr. Irons towards his end: the substance of several interviews are given in this discourse: we select the following:

"I would draw your attention to his departure. Here I must say but very little. The tale will soon be told. We are brought to see how the dear saint was laid aside, but while reason retained its seat he had clear views of Divine truth, and a desire to speak of the things of God and glorify his Master, day by day, until the last. Here I should be running wide, perhaps, from the subject of a funeral sermon, were I to enter into details, which I could do, and give you, I think, almost verbatim, all that took place day by day, as I visited the dying saint. He was quite satisfied that he was a dying man; and he used to speak of his departure with great composure, until the Saturday evening, which was the Saturday week before he died. We are brought to see, then, that on that occasion, when visiting him as usual, I had a very long conversation with him concerning the state of his mind; and he told me, 'Yes; all's right: happy, happy in Christ! Precious Jesus! how I love him! bow I long to see him as he is!' and taking me by the hand, he said: 'Who would have thought, when I entered Camberwell some thirty-three years ago, like a lion, caring for no man, and' he said, 'very few men, I believe, cared for me, the honoured servant of my Master, but not honoured much by men; yet I neither courted their smiles, nor feared their frown. Yet here I am, a perfect wreck.' My hearers, this was only a week before his departure; and trying to put his hand to his poor head, but not having even power to lift it up, he said, 'See what I am come to.' I spoke to him of his usefulness, and though he was not an old man, yet how God had been with him and blessed him. I knew that if I had attempted to put the crown on Joseph Irons's head, he would have stamped his foot on the ground, if he had been able, and said, 'I'll have none of it; let the creature be put aside, and let Christ have the crown.' Therefore, when speaking of his being kept so faithful, even unto then, 'Ah,' said he, 'it is an unspeakable mercy that Divine grace has kept me faithful unto the present moment, and will not let me go. I am what I am by the grace of God.' And then, alluding to the next day, said, 'You are young, you are healthy, you are strong.' How far he was right, I leave; I did not contradict the good man, and he said, 'I have worked hard; I am worn out; no man can say that I have rusted out.' 'No my friend,' I said, 'they cannot.' 'I have no desire,' he said, 'to live a single day on earth; but if my dear Master has anything for me to do or say, I am quite willing to live as long as he pleases; but if I have my choice, "I desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'" And then, pointing just across the room to the back of the chapel, where the good man had blown the gospel trumpet for so long a period, 'Ah,' said he, 'to-morrow you will make its walls ring with the joyful sound of salvation, but my voice will never more be heard there. God Almighty grant, that when I am gone, that place may never be deserted by another gospel!' and tried to raise himself up in his bed, to give emphasis to the expression, 'Another gospel!' I said, 'May the Lord forbid it!' 'I have made it a matter of earnest prayer,' he said, 'that your

labours may be crowned with success, for it is said, "After the fathers shall come up the children." After many things had transpired respecting himself and his flock, a number of christian friends were present, some of whom I am glad to see present now; we engaged in prayer to close up the week, and I retired. On the Sabbath morning I found that, though he had had a happy night, there was a little inclination to wander; disease was making rapid progress in his frame, for he was a gigantic man in every sense of the word, both in mind and muscle. He asked me why I had come; he said he knew it was the Sabbath, and that he had got to preach; he had forgotten all the arrangements I had made. It was only momentary. This soon passed over, and he was placid and tranquil, and resigned to the will of God. I called in the evening according to his own request. He said, 'My dear brother, you will just look in as you go to chapel.' I said I would. When I went I found that he had fallen asleep—natural sleep, not the sleep of death. This was the last Sabbath he spent on earth. On the Monday morning I called as usual, and found that disease was making inroads upon the man. He could hardly speak a word, but just now and then drop a text of Scripture, and speak of the preciousness of Christ, and talk about him. He said, 'How long, O Lord! Let me be gone; I want to be home.' I called on the Tuesday; and then I found a decided difference; I found then that things told a very painful tale. The poor body was going down fast, day after day, until the Saturday, which I will not attempt to enter into, only by stating that on the Tuesday morning he spoke of the presence and preciousness of Christ, and said, 'Underneath me are the everlasting arms.' He said that he was 'a shock of corn fully ripe.' He was looking for home, not in the hurried manner in which I am bringing this before you; he was so weak that he could scarcely articulate, but he had just strength enough to be heard, so that there could be no mistake on this point. He spoke of the goodness of God; and doubtless in referring to the church, only in a half sentence he said, 'I the Lord do keep it,' and that was all he had the power to say. On the Wednesday his family were summoned around him, and they took their farewell of him; he was not capable of taking his farewell of them. He remained in the body—although it was thought he could not—until Saturday. At a little before ten in the evening I took his hand, and endeavoured to get some parting word or look from him if possible—forgive me if I was wrong—but he was too far gone—he had not the power to speak. I squeezed his hand, and bade him gently good-bye, in the name of the Lord; and in a few minutes from that time his happy spirit fled to everlasting glory, without a sigh, or a groan, or the moving of a muscle, or anything of the kind. He appeared when dying more like an individual falling fast asleep after the labours of the day."

From a printed poem on the death of Mr. Irons, (by Joseph Palmer,) we give the following stanzas, as our *finale* for the present, sincerely praying that for the now vacant pulpit in Grove Chapel another bold, faithful, and truly useful pastor and preacher may, by heaven, soon be sent.

"Our's be the mourner's tear,  
Be his the conqueror's song;  
For we still travel here,  
Dangers and foes among:  
But still to this we all may own,  
Our pastor's God and our's is one.

"But he is now at rest,  
And cross'd the border wave,  
Jesus receives the guest  
His blood was shed to save;  
And faith can hear his well-known tongue  
Begin the everlasting song."

## A NARRATIVE

OF A WORK OF GRACE, AND OF SOME PRELIMINARY STEPS TO THE MINISTRY.

BY JOSEPH PALMER.

*(Concluded from p. 11.)*

Two circumstances were greatly conducive to my spiritual growth some time after this. The one was the triumphant death of a dearly beloved mother, by which my faith and confidence were greatly confirmed; and the other was a severe illness which afterwards happened to myself. The limits of a magazine, however, preclude enlarging. I would only just mention, that at one period of it I was brought down to the gates of death, and certainly thought with my friends, that my end was near; but through the tender mercy of my God, my soul, though sorely tried and tempted, was enabled for the most part to repose quietly in God. And having during this illness been led to communicate to my friends what I believed God had done for me; from that time I became less reserved upon the things of God.

The exercises of my mind concerning the ministry, still followed me closely. I often went to the Lord in prayer about it, and finding much liberty and access when seeking direction, I believed that in His own time, He would make it plain to be His will. In my anxiety, I commenced a little magazine, to see if the Lord would bless those written endeavours, that so I might know whether his blessing would be with me. I felt irresistibly drawn towards the ministry, and yet I trembled to presume without a divine warrant; and to be a preacher, without God's power attending the word, I sincerely dreaded. The Lord, I would observe, did greatly bless this little periodical, and by it I became personally introduced to many ministers and friends of truth. One party wrote me respecting the supply of a pulpit in the country; but it will be recollected that at this time my wishes were towards the Establishment. By this little work I also became introduced to the Bishop of —, who a short time afterwards, on knowing my wishes, promised me ordination and an appointment in the church, by favor, without an education at the university, which is very seldom granted. I thought this seemed a most providential interposition, and thinking that there could be no really weighty objection on the part of conscience, where Romaine, Toplady, Hawker, &c. had gone before, I set myself at once to pursue that little preparatory study which it was necessary for me to make; but it was in the course of that research, that I really found there would be such grievances pressing upon conscience should I enter the church, that I ultimately wrote the bishop, and declined the promised favour.

Having been an attendant at Grove Chapel, Camberwell, and in my anxiety having con-

sulted Mr. Irons as to my feelings concerning the ministry, I remember he said (in fact, I have it in writing,) that I should never feel at a point, until I had passed through three doors: 1. The door of entrance; 2. The door of utterance; 3. The door of acceptance. I called upon him several times respecting it; and he always shewed himself ready to counsel. At one time he gave me an interesting account of his first entrance upon the ministry, thinking (as he said,) that would perhaps throw more light upon the subject than mere advice. I put it down in writing on my return, but fear it would occupy too much room to insert here. He also recommended me to join a church: I therefore was admitted as a member at the Grove on the 31st March, 1848.

My subsequent engagement with the Bishop of —, occasioned my short absence from the Grove. But when I found I could not (as it was then shewn me) conform to much of the Church formula, &c., I again called upon Mr. Irons with my tale of recantation. The good man was ill with the gout, but I shall never forget the fatherly welcome he gave me. He said he had not taken me off his list of members, for he believed I had too much light ever to enter the Establishment. He said 1848 would be an eventful year in my experience. He wished me not again to go into business, but to do something quietly, as he believed the Lord intended me for the ministry, and that he would see and send me out into some of the villages, &c., Mr. Irons wished me to attend the prayer meeting, &c., but I never could bring my mind to do so. He told me, if asked to speak publicly, I should be right in doing so.

One or two Scriptures I wish to name, which were more or less on my mind in connexion with the ministry "If thou take forth the precious from the vile thou shalt be as my mouth," Jer. xv. 19; and by the help of my God this is what I ever strive to do. Another, "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully." Again, "If a man desire the office of a bishop he desireth a good work." 1 Tim. iii. 1. And when the enemy, and the unbelief of my heart, and some fearful friends have pointed out the responsibility of entering upon the work without being regularly sent out by a church, the words of the apostle would come to mind, "They have addicted themselves to the ministry of the saints." 1 Cor. xvi. 15.

But to pass on. In the providence of God a door opened for me first to speak in my Master's name at Providence Chapel, Hounslow, on September 9, 1849. I went in reliance upon my God, and he honoured that faith, for in the evening of that day the word was so blessed to one who had been for some time in great bondage of soul, that she afterwards said she was set at such a happy liberty

that she longed to be then taken home. The good old deacon said it was the only case of a blessing upon the word which had occurred there for years. I was greatly overcome when I heard of the circumstance; thus early to be blessed of my God seemed an unexpected mercy; Isaiah's feeling of self-loathing seemed to be in measure mine.

I continued to visit this people once a month, and sometimes oftener, for fifteen months, until a circumstance in providence interfered. One Lord's-day morning, through excessive nervousness, I only spoke for about twenty minutes. The tempter so sorely harassed me with the suggestion that I was all confusion. The sympathy of the friends was great, especially of Mr. H., since removed by death, the husband of her who was delivered under my first Lord's-day's labour. He said he believed it was a temptation to injure the success of the word, as he and another had found an overwhelming power in what had been said. Mr. H. often spoke of hearing me with profit, and so did many others. In the evening of that same day I was driven to take my text just before I rose to speak. The Lord, however, was with me, for in the next note I received, the deacon remarked that he believed all of whom they thought well had heard me acceptably at that time.

The writer was next asked to speak at Watford. Here I continued to visit once a month for six or seven months. From the testimonies of many, God was evidently with me, making me especially of use to the tried and weak ones of the fold. One Lord's Day morning, a friend came in and said, "Well, sir, I thank God for having brought me here to-day; for I have had heaven brought down into my soul while you have been speaking."

About this time I also supplied for Mr. Thomas Bayfield, of Chelsea. The word was evidently blessed, if I judge from the reiterated requests of the deacons and some of the congregation that I should, if opportunity offered, visit them again. I also spoke at Gloucester Chapel, Hackney, once, with acceptance to some. Up to this time, however, I had always spoken under a feeling of great timidity and bashfulness; so much so, that at times it was truly painful. I had, however, hoped, that God, in his own time, would grant me a greater measure of liberty and boldness, which was soon after the case.

On Lord's Day evening, September 28th, 1851, I was baptised by immersion at Eden Street Chapel, London, by Mr. Cowper, of the Dicker, Sussex. Up to that time I had professed to believe in infant sprinkling, and had in some of the magazines written in defence of it. But the light of God even then seemed to expose the fallacy of my arguments. Still I was so strong in my prejudices, that I withstood conviction as long as I could. My mind was ultimately brought to a point by

that passage 1 John xvi. 13; from which it was shewn me plainly, that the Holy Ghost would not witness of himself either in ordinances or otherwise, but that Christ was the alone fulness of all gospel truths and ordinances. My mind was still more confirmed, by remarks made by Mr. Cowper in conversations I had with him.

On Lord's Day, November 9, 1851, I went according to invitation to speak at Providence Chapel, Cranbrook, where the late Rev. Isaac Beeman laboured so successfully for many years. I cannot but believe that the Word was made very acceptable, as I was at once wished to repeat my visit; and several of the managers said they believed God had sent me amongst them to be settled with them. The Lord certainly gave me greater liberty than I had ever known before, and took away all the fear of man. I was like a bird let out of a cage. Suffice it to say, I went again and again; and then, to avoid the inconvenience of so much travelling, I went and resided there for a further three months. I was repeatedly requested not to engage anywhere else until the will of the Lord respecting Cranbrook might be plainly seen. There was a large congregation in the afternoon of from 500 to 600 persons; and the last time I spoke, it was as large as at my first going there. I shall forbear from further particulars, but simply add, that through a spirit of division and fickleness amongst some of the people, it did not ultimately seem plain for me to remain there. It was proposed that I should withdraw with my friends to another place; (and I believe they were the most influential amongst the people;) but this I refused to do, as the proprietor of the chapel had been my friend; and I believed his only object was to keep the truth of God in the place: nor did such a course appear clear to me. My leaving was at last so unexpected to the majority of the congregation, that the sensation and kind feeling which was manifested by many, shewed me that I had obtained a stronger hold upon the affections of some than I had thought.

Many were the testimonies I had of the Word being blessed while at Cranbrook, but I will only cite one. A poor dying girl (in a consumption) who had heard her parents speak of me, on my going amongst them, and who was in much distress of mind, prevailed on her friends to bring her to hear me. She was so emaciated, she had scarcely strength to bear her up, but her heart was set upon coming. I spoke from Ezekiel xxxvi. 35; and the Holy Ghost was pleased from that discourse to beget her to a lively hope. I called to see her several times, prayed with her, and endeavoured to search out with her the ground of her hope, that she might not be deceived. But though harassed by the enemy at times, her hope never afterwards wholly left her. I saw her the day

before I left Cranbrook, and the parting from her and her friends was truly affecting: the poor girl was not expected to survive many days. I have since heard of her death; she died in peace; and I am told that the passage in Ezekiel was often very sweet to her. I hope I feel thankful to God for this and every other token of usefulness.

Having, I trust, now satisfactorily shewn that I have passed through the three doors which Mr. Irons mentioned to me at my onset, and certainly feeling and believing that God has "counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry," I shall here close my narrative. Since my return from Cranbrook, other doors have opened, and I feel thankful to my God to add, that wherever I go I am always wished to come again. As to all future movements, while they are in the wheel of providence, we know they are also marked down in the book of a holy God's unerring decrees.

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## About the Most Holy Things.

NUMBERS IV. 4.

MY DEAR BROTHER: Indescribably perilous is the state of those individuals whose hands are employed "*about the most holy things*" ministerially, while their hearts are immersed in the most sinful things meretriciously. Witness Nadab and Abihu among the priests; Saul and Uzziah among the kings; Balaam among the prophets, and Judas among the apostles. In contemplating "*the most holy things*," we may first have respect unto the appointment of Christ, as Head over the adopted family, to whom is wisely appropriated all suitable blessings in him, answerable to the several necessities attending their daily wanderings, which are all well ordered by mercy divine. The anointing Spirit of the Lord awakens the oft slumbering heart of the godly,

To behold the amazing sight,  
The Saviour lifted high!  
To see the Son of God's delight  
In anguish bleed and die.

And then can they adore, bless and crown him Lord of all, acknowledging him to be their almighty Surety, their atoning Sacrifice, their anointed Shield, and their abiding strength; "*And these are ancient things*," (1 Chron. iv. 22,) and are also among "*the most holy things*." There can be no greater truism than this, that Christ Jesus is "the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" for "*he is the Chief of the ways of God*;" (Job xl. 19;) being the chief Corner Stone of mercy's building, the chief Ruler of the household of faith, chief Shepherd and Bishop of contrite souls, chief Commander of the Shulamitish armies, chief Counsellor of all whose cases and causes require superhuman judgment, and whose cry continually is,

"avenge me of mine enemy." And he is the chief Comforter; (see Job xxix. 29;) for with more than paternal pity, and maternal tenderness, doth he comfort those whom God the Sanctifier hath made solemnly acquainted with themselves, giving them to know their depraved and degraded character, their daring and desperate conduct, their dangerous and deplorable condition, their darkened and defiled conscience, whereby they are led to abhor themselves as rebels against the throne and government of the Most High; as sinners deserving damnation, dreading hell, despairing of life, yet desiring deliverance (with a peradventure if it be possible) from so great a death as they feel themselves to be justly adjudged to; and as transgressors from the womb, laden with the iniquities of their youth, bowed down beneath the weight of accumulated and aggravated offences against truth and holiness, and bitterly bemoaning themselves, that they have fallen into the hands of "*the treacherous dealers, which have dealt very treacherously with them*;" (Isaiah xxiv. 16;) for now have they discovered the treachery of the world and its vanities, of sin and its temptations, of the devil and his allurements, of the flesh and its lustings, of the heart and its counsels, of man and his flatteries. And thus it cometh to pass, that the chief rebel and the chief Ruler; the chief sinner and the chief Shepherd are brought together; while the chief transgressor becomes the chief and most distinguished trophy of the grace conquest achieved by the chief Captain of the Lord's hosts, from whence we may warrantably conclude, that favour, friendship, fellowship, firmness and fruitfulness, are "*the chief things of the ancient mountains*," (Deut. xxxiii. 15,) and therefore, "*among the most holy things*."

Peter, speaking by the Holy Ghost, saith of the Lord Jesus, "Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious." 1 Eph. ii. 7. And precious indeed is that faith which both fastens and feeds upon the precious blood of Christ, as "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Rev. xiii. 8. Precious is the redemption of the soul, both in the righteous judgment of God, and in the just estimation of living faith. Precious is the every trial of faith, as invariably and infallibly proved by its ultimate triumphs over every assailing and adverse power, whether external, internal, or infernal. Precious also is the word of the Lord to the new-born soul; precious is that peace which flows like a majestic river (far more ancient than the river Kishon, Judges v. 2,) making glad the heart, while manifesting the purity of its source and streams. Precious is that Gift of gifts

Which God on fallen man bestows,  
Which only truth-taught Zion knows.

And precious is the knowledge thereof; infinitely superior to all the philosophical lore

of which poor mortals make their empty boast. Precious are the revelations, sealings, teachings and witnessings of the Holy Ghost, whose prerogative and pleasure it is to possess the lowly and meek with pure riches, plentiful redemption, and perfect righteousness. Precious are the princely and potent smiles of Immanuel, which consecrate and perpetuate the pure and peaceful joys of the poor and needy; who having nothing in themselves but sin, possess their all in him without fear of forfeiture, or any apprehension of alienation of their just rights, as "the heirs of salvation." Heb. i. 14. Precious, unspeakably precious, are the yea and amen promises of the great Alpha and glorious Omega of our salvation, which are all big with blessings, crammed with comforts, and fraught with immortality and glory. And moreover, "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;" (Psalm cxvi. 15;) for then their conflicts cease, their labours end, the cry "to arms," the din of war, is heard no more; love's fiery chariot is conic, when they shall receive the end of their faith, even the salvation of their souls, with an abundant entrance into the kingdom and glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Surely, then, these are the "precious things" which Moses, the prophets and the apostles spake of. (See Deut. xxxiii. 13; Psalm cxxxix. 17; 1 Cor. i. 30.) A cluster of delightful ideas, delicious as Eshcol grapes, in further illustration of "the most holy things," will be found in Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, (ii. chap. 9 to 13,) where he speaks of them as prepared things, promised things, revealed things, (see also Deut. xx. 29,) given things, deep things, and spiritual things; all which your spiritual mind will readily and thankfully recognize as "the great and marvellous things" which unquestionably belong to the peace of "the purchased possession." They are "prepared things" by God the Father, promised in Christ Jesus, revealed by the Holy Ghost, given to the election of grace, and therefore are "deep things," filling

The deep design of love divine,  
Unfathom'd yet by human line.

Furthermore. They are "spiritual things" for the use of that "spiritual house" which daily offereth up "spiritual sacrifices," acceptable to God by Jesus Christ; (1 Pet. ii. 5.) and with "spiritual weapons" successfully withstands all "spiritual wickedness," which from the house of Saul proceedeth. (2 Cor. x. 4; Eph. vi. 12.) When the inspired penman represents the chosen and called children of the covenant, as viewed in their nature-standing, he speaks of them as foolish things, weak things, base things, despised things, yea, as things that are not: very nothingnesses or nonentities; but when he refers to them in their federal relationship to Christ he speaks of them as "*the heavenly things themselves*;" (Heb. ix. 23.) and we know that

"the vessels of mercy" were afore prepared unto glory, and in due time bear "the image of the heavenly," and therefore the divine commandment saith, "*Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the LORD*," (Isaiah lii. 11.) for these are among "*the most holy things*."

I feel well assured that my brother will heartily concur with me in acknowledging that the following divine, solemn, and important subjects have a sacred right to be likewise numbered among "*the most holy things*." 1. The decrees of God, which are inscrutable; 2. The deceivableness of sin, which is indescribable; 3. The downfall of Adam, which is indubitable; 4. The dispensation of the law, which is immutable; 5. The depravity of man, which is inexcusable; 6. The demerit of sin, which is inconceivable; 7. The death of Christ, which is illustrious and incomprehensible; 8. The declaration of the gospel, which is indefectible and incomparable; 9. The deliverance of the godly, which is imperative; 10. The defence of the church, which is indestructible; 11. The destruction of antichrist, which is incontestable; 12. The day of judgment, which is impending; 13. The damnation of the reprobate, which is irreversible; 14. The delight of the redeemed, which is immeasurable.

May the divine Illuminator lighten up your spiritual mind to a high degree, thereby enabling you to behold the ineffable glory of the Lord in "*the most holy things*." I know not that it will be altogether inapposite to connect with the above "*most holy things*" a subject I was led to speak of last Lord's-day evening, "*Jesus turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman?*" (Luke vii. 44.) My mind was impressed and tutored to speak more particularly to the question "*seest thou this woman?*" first noticing this woman whom God hath chosen, this woman whom love hath blessed, this woman whom grace hath saved, this woman whom power hath changed, this woman whom wisdom hath led, this woman whom truth hath taught, this woman whom mercy hath humbled; then asking "*seest thou this woman?*" whose faith is great, whose love is strong, whose knowledge is clear, whose meekness is manifest, whose peace is pure, whose joy is just, and whose gratitude is great. And again we asked, seest thou this fallen, guilty, helpless woman, whom hell accuses? Lo, heaven acquits, justice approves, Jesus accepts, angels admire, while

Her favoured soul with joy adores  
The love that pardons all her scores,  
And bids her go in peace. (ver. 50.)

Finally. Methinks I hear the great Redeemer whose feet she had washed with her tears, wiped with the hair of her head, anointed with ointment, and continued kissing) appeal to the pharisaic Simon, "*seest thou this woman?*"

Whom satan possessed, a wonder to thee;  
Whose sin is pardoned, a witness for me.

Our friend David Ashby was with us at Carmel last Wednesday week; I was truly glad to see him, and to find that he continues labouring in love's vineyard under the sanction and smile of Zion's Sovereign. I was speaking that evening from the words in Luke viii. 49, 50, which, taken in connection with the preceding and succeeding verses, I remarked that three things were to be noticed, four things to be observed, and three things to be considered. The things to be noticed were the following, first, a solemn visitation; second, a seeming neglect; and third, a sudden interruption, all overruled for the greater good of the afflicted, and for the declarative glory of the Almighty Disposer of all events. The things to be observed were, first, the coming messenger; second, the communication made; third, the counsel given; and fourth, the courtesy shewed by the servant in the manner of his address. And lastly, the things to be considered were, first, the language of caution, "*fear not,*" indicative of the affection of Christ; second, the commandment given, "*believe only,*" evidential of the authority of Christ; and third, the consolatory promise, "*she shall be made whole,*" declarative of the assurance of Christ.

I am glad to find by the tone of your epistle "*that it is well with you,*" and that you can, in the most unhesitating and unqualified way and manner, adopt the poet's views and say,

" 'Tis well when on the mount  
We feast on Jesu's love;  
And 'tis as well in God's account  
When we the furnace prove.

" In every state secure,  
Kept by Jehovah's eye:  
'Tis well with us while life endures,  
And well when called to die."

May all needed grace be supplied to cause your heart and life abound with thanksgivings to the name of the LORD.

Whose bond you hold, whose word you keep,  
Whose blood makes bold, whose smile gives sleep.

Give my christian love to your dear companion in the paths of righteousness. Is she not loved among those thus described by one she loves in the spirit?

Who mourn exceedingly when they  
Cannot discern the light of day,  
Which they so long have prized;  
Who cannot live without a look  
Which tells them they are in the book  
Of God memorialised.

I believe she is, as well as I and you. The Lord God omnipotent, who reigneth for ever and ever, bless you and your's abundantly; may the earth be fat with his goodness, and the heavens be filled with his glory, and so shall every grace-created power within praise and bless his holy name world without end. Amen.

With many thanks for all past kindnesses, believe me, my dear brother, to be your's affectionately for the truth's sake.

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

## The King's High Road

TO THE CELESTIAL CITY.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS: Noticing in the account in the *Vessel* of "the last illness" of that christian veteran, the late Joseph Irous, that he was not, though highly favoured of God, suffered to depart without grappling with the prince of darkness; and having observed that this is the case more or less, with all the Lord's people prior to their entering the kingdom, especially in their last illness (as though the enemy of their peace was ambitious and determined to glory in his infernal malice even to the end), I was reminded of "a horror of great darkness" that he fell a friend and brother minister about two years since, to whom I addressed substantially the accompanying letter, which I had reason to believe was much blessed to him, as his departure a short time after, was hope and peace. Though increasingly shy of publicity, I feel impelled to forward it to you for insertion in the *Vessel*; if you, after having perused it, should think with me that it may, peradventure, be of service to some other dear tempted child of Jehovah's love, who may now, or hereafter, be called upon to do business in *great waters*, where "deep calleth unto deep."

With love unfeigned to all "the household of faith," and fellow sympathy with those who through much tribulation are passing to their heavenly rest, I am, my dear brother, your's, and all the mystic family's, willing servant for Jesu's sake.

W. GILES.

*Netherleigh House, Chester,  
May 4, 1852.*

My beloved Brother: I cannot rest until I have written a line to express my heart-felt sympathy in your painful, perhaps even awful experience while passing through that gloomy part of "the valley of humiliation," strikingly described by Bunyan, when he says that "Apollyon notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, wounded him in his *head*, his *hand* and *foot*, and taking advantage of his *weakness*, through his wounds, gathered up close to him, and wrestling gave him a dreadful fall, at which Christian's sword flew out of his hand." Be it remembered, however, that, "as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his *last blow* [there will be a *last* as surely as there is a *first*] thereby to make an end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, 'Rejoice not against me, oh mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise.'" Micah vii. 8. If your state is not akin to this, then you must be considered in "Doubting Castle," in the "Iron Cage," or in the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," "a wilderness, a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought and of the *shadow*

(not the *reality*) of death, a land that no man (*but a christian*) passeth through, and where no man *dwell*." Jer. ii. 6. Although millions like you and me, have *passed through it*. It is indeed on the King's high road to the Celestial City, and I feel convinced none reach the heavenly heights without *passing through it*, although to some its length may be shorter than to others.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the place where sorrow is unknown;  
No traveller ere reached that blessed abode,  
Who found not thorns and briars in the road."

"Have raging hell and restless sin  
Struck all your comforts dead?"

Be it so. They have no power in that *life* that "is *hid with Christ in God*." Job i. 12. Col. iii. 3. "Satan has desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat." Luke xxii. 31; and the Lord has allowed it for your *good* and his *glory*, but you shall come out "like gold, though it be tried with fire." Have you grieved "the Spirit of Grace?" so have I; but we have neither of us committed the sin of *blasphemy* against him by cordially giving satan credit for the miracles of the Lord Jesus Christ. Have you been tempted to self-destruction? so have I; but though thus cast down we are not destroyed. This is a fiery dart from hell, but it must and will fall quenched against "the *shield of faith*," *Christ Jesus*. Do you imagine yourself delivered over to satan? One of the Corinthian churches was actually so; but for what? that the *spirit* might be *saved*, and that some fleshly lust alone might be destroyed.

My beloved brother, the greatest sin, it appears to me, that you or I ever committed, or can commit, is to limit the *efficacy* of the

blood of Christ, which is infinitely valuable, by listening to the infernal suggestion that there is something in our transgression or transgressions mightier than that blood which cleanses from "*all sin* and from all *unclean-ness*," having completely and *for ever* removed them from every believer in Christ when it was shed on the cross. Pray do not forget that precious truth so often attested in John vi. that "he that believeth *hath everlasting life*." There is evidently a need-*be* that the heaviness under which you suffer should have befallen you for purposes stated, 1 Peter i. 7, "Cast not away then your confidence which hath great recompense of reward." "Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him; God is a refuge for us." Psalm lxii. 8.

The wares and tackling must be thrown overboard; dross and tin must be burned up, but "not a hair of your head shall perish." "Christ is the resurrection and the life." O my beloved brother, hope in him, and patiently "wrestle with him," until he bring forth your righteousness as brightness, and your salvation as a lamp that burneth (Isaiah lxii. 1.) and "turn again your captivity until your mouth is filled with laughter and your tongue with singing." Psalm cxvii. 2, which must and shall eventually take place.

"Nor death nor hell shall ere remove  
His favourites from his breast;  
In the dear bosom of his love  
They must for ever rest."

"Being confident of this very thing, that he that hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ," I subscribe myself, with highest regards, your sympathising brother in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. W. GILES.

## Notices of New Books & Record of Recent Events.

### A Child of Light Walking in Darkness.

A NEW edition of that rare, ancient and truly experimental work, entitled, *Dr. Goodwin's Child of Light Walking in Darkness*, has been printed, handsomely bound, and is now publishing by Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster Row; with the Life of Dr. Goodwin, and Preface by Dr. Hawker. We happen to know that this volume is the sole companion of some of the deeply-exercised family of Heaven, who are yet in the earth; and without any fear of contradiction, we venture to say, a more valuable book on vital matters connected with the soul, is not in existence: THE BIBLE of course excepted.

From the uses which the venerable Doctor makes of this most mysterious subject, and addressing himself as he does to those who have been in the deeps of soul distress, but

are brought out, we make the following practical quotation:

"USE THIRD.—'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, and hath been in darkness,' but now are out of that eclipse, and walk in the light again, you who have been in the dungeon, and have been set free again; who have had the wounds of your spirit healed, your souls raised from the nethermost hell, when they drew nigh to the grave, and have found a ransom, learn your duty also.

"First, To be thankful to God and Jesus Christ, and to love the more; for you know and have tasted what he did for you; you know how bitter a few sips of the cup were, which he drank off and took down, and therefore must needs love him the more. You also have more experience of God's power and faithfulness, and what a miracle God hath wrought in raising you up again;—'He hath shewn you wonders among the dead,' as Heman speaks: be thankful. Thus David, in Psalm cxvi. 3, 4, compared with the first verse, 'I love the Lord;—and why?—'The sorrows of death compassed me, the pains of hell gat hold upon me. I found trouble and sorrow; I was brought low, and he helped me.'

"Secondly, Learn to pity others in that condition. Who can do it better than you, that have experience of the like? If you hear of any soul in distress, it is expected of you to pray for him more than of another. Christ learnt to pity us the more in all our infirmities, by bearing our infirmities himself: to that end God raised you up, that you might be able to comfort others with the comforts you have received; and might pray for them. Therefore, Isaiah lvii. 17, when any poor soul is smitten, God, as there is said, is moved to restore him again, for his mourner's sake as well as his own.

"Thirdly, Declare what God hath done for you you have been in hell: give warning to others from coming there: 'We knowing the terror of the Lord, persuade men.' If the rich man had come from hell, what stories would he have told to have scared all his brethren! Tell you the like: — You have seen the 'wonders of God in the deeps,' now you are ashore, tell men of the rocks and shelves, and storms they are alike to meet with in such and such courses of uncleanness, worldliness, &c. David says, when he should have once his bones that were broken healed again, that 'then he would teach sinners God's ways.'

"Fourthly, Take heed of what may prove the fuel of such a condition. The devil may come and cast you into your old fits, if he find the same materials to work upon; such as gross sins, acts of uncleanness, lying, unjust dealing, &c. You know what brought David to his broken bones: and likewise take heed of performing duties formally, coldly, and in hypocrisy, and of resting in them, which are but as a hollow tooth, as Solomon speaks, that is broken, better out of the head than in; these may cause the tooth-ache again. Take heed of sinning against light: if the devil found no such things in you, he would not trouble you: so, also, get small straggling doubts answered; let them not lie neglected, they may come in together one day, and make an army; though severally and apart, as they now rise in your consciences scattered, you can despise and neglect them."

### The Life and Death of Joseph Olding.

In our last number (page 113,) we commenced a brief notice of a volume entitled, *A Record of Grace*, &c. We then gave some portions of the early Christian experience of Mr. Olding. His subsequent trials of soul were sharp indeed. We take on this occasion the circumstances connected with his union to and standing with the visible church of Christ on earth—which, as a pattern or example, may be useful to many who are either asking the way to, or are now walking in the streets of Zion. Speaking of his desire for church fellowship, our biographer says:

"In the important choice which our beloved friend was desirous of making at this time, he was graciously led, through the kindness of a Christian friend, to attend the ministry of the late Mr. Samuel Wort, at Kedynch, and in the evening of the same day, June 12th, 1842, he heard Mr. Jeans preach at Downton. Thus, for the first time in his life he attended a dissenting place of worship. Under the preaching of these men of God his mind received some encouragement; as he afterwards expressed to a friend, his past exercises and experience, hopes and fears were accurately described. Subsequently he attended the same ministry and heard the word of life with much power. On one of those occasions, during a visit at the house of a friend, he expressed himself quite satisfied that the Lord had directed him to Downton, and that it was his will that he should cast in his lot among the children of God now worshipping at 'Rehoboth.' Thus commenced a spiritual union between

us and our dear friend, which was never interrupted, which grew with his growth, and which was strengthened with his spiritual advancement in the divine life. Previously to this, for some time, his mind had been exercised respecting Believers' Baptism; and now, being desirous of doing all the will of God, he sought the Lord for divine instruction and guidance in this important matter. Here he was left not to err; but the Lord, who declares that he will manifest himself to all who seek him with their whole heart, shewed him the way in which he should go, and strengthened him to take up the cross and follow him fully, without suffering him to consult with flesh and blood. In this instance our dear friend presents a noble example of decision of character, worthy of imitation to all inquiring souls. He thought and acted for eternity; and in all his inquiries after truth, 'Thus saith the Lord' was of more importance to him in directing his choice, than all the subtleties of carnal reasoners, or the theories of such as cavil at God's plainly-revealed will, because unwilling to hear the odium which the world ever did and ever will cast on the faithful followers of Jesus. In humble reliance on the grace of God, our much-respected friend presented himself before the church of God now worshipping at Rehoboth Chapel, Downton, on the 23rd of April, 1843, to state to the brethren the reason of his hope in Christ Jesus; and on the Sabbath-day following he was publicly baptised by Mr. Jeans in the river Avon. In this instance of spiritual and practical obedience to the Lord, and imitation of the practice of Christians recorded in the New Testament, who were baptised, both men and women, (Acts viii. 12,) he was highly-favoured with the presence of the Holy Ghost, and like the cunuch of old, he went on his way rejoicing. The Lord blessing the ministry of his servants at Downton, in adding many to the church, our dear friend was, in the year 1846, unanimously chosen to fill the office of deacon, which important place he held until his death. In the discharge of the onerous duties connected with this office, he manifested deep solemnity of character, especially when engaged in the choice of members for admission into the church. Here he felt deeply that he was engaged in business which affected the honour of God as well as the weal or woe of immortal souls, and that his most prayerful attention was needed to maintain within a due sense of the greatness and responsibility of the work. His kindness of spirit, soundness of judgment, steady seriousness of character, and anxious zeal for the advancement of God's glory in all matters connected with spiritual religion, will be long remembered by his Christian friends, whose happiness it was to be associated with him."

### A Real Conversion from Popery.

ON page 113, of last month's *Vessel*, we abruptly broke off our notice of a work entitled, "A Narrative of the Conversion from Popery of the Rev. G. CERIONI," &c., &c. (published by Arthur Hall & Co.) Our readers will remember we warmly urged upon them the perusal of a volume so fraught with the most powerful evidences of the saving grace of the Spirit of God; while, for the benefit of those who cannot purchase the volume, we come somewhat further to review the most prominent features of the narrative. "A wounded spirit, who can bear?" We left poor Cerioni writhing under the effects of a spirit deeply wounded by a conviction that the whole system of his darling Papal Church was bad, yea, base, and wholly a delusion. Cerioni was now looking for a friend to sympathise with him. He had a friend in Moscardi; but whether Moscardi was awakened to the errors of Popery, or not, he had no means of determining, but by going to him as unto a "Confessor."

The interview which took place between these two (once) Roman Catholic Priests was a scene of deep interest indeed. We dare not withhold it. Oh, that every poor soul-smitten, heart-bleeding child of sorrow might find such a friend as Cerioni found in Moscardi. We have known something of these deep heart-searchings; we have passed through those seasons of dark sorrow where no eye plied, where no arm was stretched out to save; but ere long the good Samaritan came, and heavenly blessings he poured into the aching wounds which sin had made. Thus Cerioni found it; but we leave the reader to eat the morsel which here we give; and promise to make further notes on this display of sovereign mercy in the ensuing month.

"The reader must be informed that all the Confessors of the Papal Church are bound by the seal, as it is called—that is, they cannot disclose what they hear in confession (except by a command of the Pope) without incurring the guilt of mortal sin; and he who should act contrary to this rule, would be liable to the punishment of the Holy Office, which is terrible. My plan therefore was to go to my friend, and confess myself to him—that is, I would feign a confession—I would make a partial disclosure, and thus elicit his opinion; for I observed when we were at Mr Kruse's on the day before, and also subsequently, that his mind appeared to be somewhat disturbed, as well as my own, so that I had some suspicion how the case stood with him. I thought therefore within myself: 'If he is firm in his post as Confessor, I shall hear what he has to say, and then take my departure; but if I find him disposed to fall in with any suggestion of mine, the confession will end in conversation.' No sooner said than done. I went to church. I found Signor Moscardi most opportunely in the sacristy, and after having greeted him, I requested him to go with me to the room where confession is heard, as I wished to make my confession. He looked at me earnestly, thinking I was in jest, as I had never been confessed by him, and from the friendship that subsisted between us, it seemed to him impossible that it should be so. But seeing that I was in earnest, and that I really wished him to confess me, he followed me into the room, and took his seat. I knelt at his feet, and commenced my penitence. He made over me the sign of the cross. I bent towards him, and recited the confession, and then began to relate to him, but very cautiously, that I had experienced a disturbance of mind, a disquietude of heart, which had tormented me with many doubts respecting the faith—sometimes I yielded to it—sometimes not—sometimes I was strong, at other times weak.—I had placed him in such a state of uncertainty that he could scarcely understand what I meant. After having listened to me a while, he said what do you mean? If you have any doubt of the faith in Christ, you must use your utmost endeavour to banish it: if you have any doubt respecting the Papal Church, let that alone, and do not trouble yourself about it; follow my example.' This gave me some insight into the state of his mind, and I replied, 'But how would you have me believe in the Church, and not think about it? Did you not read last evening, as well as I, the Commandments in the Bible which this Church pretends to follow, and then compels us to act in direct contradiction to them? Who can any longer believe in such a Church as this?' He resumed: 'But how do you know that the English Bible is correct?' 'I am certain of it,' I replied, 'because I have been to the Rabbins, and there I found the Commandment, 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image,' &c.—that precept is certainly in the Bible, and I am persuaded that this religion is an infamous one.' 'Can you assure me of this?'—'I can certify it.'—Let this suffice. He agreed with me perfectly in my ideas, and thus ended my confession. From that time we believed

it to be an impious act. We sat down, and continued our interesting conversation in the following terms:—

"Relate to me without reserve," said my friend all the circumstances of the case, that I may understand it thoroughly.' I then began to inform him of the sufferings I had endured on the preceding day; of my anxious desire to ascertain the truth: of my visit to the Rabbins, and of the discovery I had made there. Thinking we were not safe in this apartment, where we might be suddenly interrupted, we postponed our conversation. He entreated me to say mass; but in performing it, I found myself obliged to dissemble; to lie, as it were advisedly. That done I rejoined my friend, and we resumed our interesting discourse.

"In the fervour of my ardent disposition, I then related to him all that had passed through my mind; the doubts I had at different times experienced as I had stated in a letter addressed to my friends in Egypt: afterwards, by degrees and at greater length, the impression made upon me by the conversation with Mr. Krause, and all that I have mentioned in preceding pages. I then concluded by saying emphatically: 'I have been deceived; religion is a fable; I am no longer a believer in anything.' But those words were spoken with an agitation that cannot be described.

"The friend who in every tribulation is like an emollient oil or a healing balsam, knew, at the first glance, my pitiable condition, and comparing it with his own, a tear of compassion started from his eye, and fell upon his cheek, while with a calm and tranquil mind, he applied himself to the task of comforting his sorrowing friend. He encouraged me, exhorted me, reproved me; in short he adopted every method he could devise to restore my peace of mind; but the time of tranquility was not yet come. Nevertheless his words fell like the soft dew upon my heart, and if they did not extinguish its burning ardour, at least they allayed it.

"Then it was that he revealed to me the secret of his own breast; then it was that he informed me of the doubts which for several months he had himself entertained: he told me that he had before very little faith in the Papal Church, and that the event of the preceding day had destroyed even that. Then, too, he informed me, that being in Fayoum, and having formed an acquaintance with Mr. Krause, he conceived a great esteem for the Protestant religion, and permitted the Christians under his jurisdiction to read the Bible, and various Tracts distributed by Mr. Krause, though he did not care to read them himself. In these circumstances, he mentioned how much he had been afraid of me, at the same time that he had wished to disclose to me the doubt that had so long been smouldering in his breast. He concluded however that it would not be right to form a hasty judgment, but to make this reflection; that as there was a God, a religion there must necessarily be. 'We will bear this in mind,' said he; 'and now let us cheer up.'

#### Miss Sellon and the "Sisters of Mercy."

*An Exposure of the Constitution, Rules, Religious Views, and Practical Working of their Society, obtained through "a sister" who has recently seceded. By the REV. JAMES SPURRELL, A.M., Vicar of Great Shelford, Cambridgeshire.*

THE young lady who has lately seceded from this community had, previous to her joining, imbibed favourable notions towards Romanism; but perceiving such a near assimilation in this society with those principles, and not wishing to leave her native church too hastily, decided upon entering Miss Sellon's Establishment; the nature of which may easily be ascertained from a few words from the author. Page 13, Mr. Spurrell says, "The reader will be astonished to learn that this

*professedly* Protestant sisterhood is nothing less than an organised convent. The community, as a whole, comprehends one general Order, styled, 'The Order of the Holy Communion,' which is subdivided into 'The Order of the Sacred Heart,' 'The Order of the Holy Ghost,' and a third Order, the name of which was unknown to Miss —, but the Sisters of which are usually called, 'The Black Sisters.'

We are not so much surprised as grieved at this ungenerous endeavour to draw and to win the better class over to the pernicious sentiments of Romanism, and so by degrees to gain a footing in families of some influence, seeing that Puseyism, which is merely the missionary of Popery, to allure and convert the unwary, has made such rapid advances among the members of the "Established Church." This feigned Protestant convent is doubtless carried on under the sanction and guidance of the Puseyite clergy. Alas! we fear that as God's ancient people sold themselves into the hands of heathen nations, by their idolatrous departure from, and rebellion against him, so will this heretofore mercy and truth guarded nation bring down the divine vengeance, as its pillars withdraw their support from their worship of the true and only God, and turn aside to idols. O! ye, whose hearts are not grown too careless about the things of eternity, weep, for the desolation of the house of our God draweth nigh! and uprightness, where is it to be found? May the evil day be prevented, and the hearts of the people brought to repentance. Sad! sad, is the deception carried on, under pretence of religion; and sad! sad, will be the punishment of all such deceivers, who take the name and the word of God in vain. The book referred to, is to be obtained through Thomas Hatchard Piccadilly.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST MADE MANIFEST IN

### The Happy Experience of a Saved Sinner.

*A letter from Mr. James Hunter to a friend.*

DEAR BROTHER—The Lord, on the night of the 22nd of April, led my soul into a path that I had not feelingly been in for some years: that night I seemed to be judged in my conscience for everything that ever I had done or said contrary to the precepts of Jesus; and my soul got under such a dark cloud, that I had no assurance of my life. So low did I sink, that I felt I could bear to pass through the streets and allow every one who met me to throw a stone at me without complaining. It seemed as if all the promises were hid, and onward and forward I felt I must go; and after all past manifestations of Jesu's love, I did not then feel sure where I should land when absent from the body. How well has Cowper described my feelings when he says, in speaking of the fear of death,

"The cause is conscience; conscience oft  
Her tale of guilt renews;  
Her voice is terrible, though soft,  
And dread of death ensues.  
Its judgment shakes him;  
There's the fear that prompts his wish to stay,  
He has incurred a long arrears,  
And must despair to pay."

I felt in an agony of soul. At this time my eyes caught these words, "By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." I rose from my chair, crying, "That's what I want; Jesus has obeyed;" but while there was a light shined on the words, and a sweetness felt, they did not go down deep enough, nor enter so far into the inward feelings of the soul, nor bring that indescribable blessed-

ness, that peculiar melting of spirit, that causes us to feel it is the Lord; and I felt in such an agony, that I must wrestle, and must cry. I wanted a blessing indeed; an evident token of salvation; another smile, another kiss, another pledge, that God had bought me with his own blood; and when these words came, something objected, and said, "It is for many; if you are not among them, you can never get among them; if you are not written in the book, you must be now and ever out of the book;" and this thought crushed me down, and seemed to break my heart; but louder did I cry out of the depths, "O, Holy Ghost, do move—do come—heavenly Dove, do drop down something that I must believe; that I must be sure; that cannot be put away from me; make it, O make it plain, very plain; that my soul may read her title clear;" and while I was praying, these words came with the light that illuminates, the feeling that satisfies, the rain that refreshes, and the dew that makes soft—"CHRIST ONCE SUFFERED FOR SINNERS, THE JUST FOR THE UNJUST, TO BRING US TO GOD;" and as they rolled in like a flood of glory, my heart melted like wax before the fire; and my bowels yearned over this suffering Jesus, "He brought us to God;" and something said, "Where are you now? are you not brought to God? are you not now before him, sitting down at his feet?" And it was made as plain to me as that two and two are four, that Christ had died for me: for I saw, yea, I felt I was in the position described, and those who were brought to God, Christ had died for them; the tears flowed; my poor heart felt as if it would break; I cried, "O, Jesus, thou hast done it, I see thou hast done it. Thou hast brought me to God; and I do feel that I could wash thy feet with tears; yea, I feel as if I could wade through blood for my Jesu's sake. O, thou dear one! thou lovely one! thou matchless one! thy own precious one! there is more in thee than ever I felt before. O, lovely Lamb! I doubted whether I should ever see thy face again; and lo, thou hast come, and brought a part of heaven along with thee; yea, this would be a glorious heaven itself if I could only see the dear man that pours in this oil and wine, and had another body;" for my heart ached with the strength of the love of God that burned like a flame in my soul.

I went to snuff the candle, but put it out twice; for as it was said of the disciples on the mount, they wist not what they said, so I wist not what I did; but one thing I felt I could do,

"Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"

and feel that fervent love in my soul to the dear crucified One, that I felt I could die for such a precious, worthy, adorable Lord Jesus. "O death!" said I, "you have made me quake; you have looked grim at me, and your hard look has made me tremble; but now I can look on thee, for this Jesus has died to bring me to God; he has been thy plague; and when I go through the shadow of thy vale I shall have this Jesus to bear me company, and blessed company it shall be.

"Scarce shall I feel your cold embrace  
With Jesus in my arms."

O how I triumphed with holy boldness, and cried, "O Jesus! oh Jesus! heaven is in my Jesu's name, it stands for heaven; heaven is Christ, and Christ is heaven." These heavenly feelings commenced about eleven o'clock; about one I rose to go to bed: before I left the room I said, "O Lord Jesus, thou hast promised this night thou hast sealed me, thou hast come down into my heart; I feel it is CHRIST IN ME; if ever I get into darkness again I will remind thee of this night, and tell thee what thou hast done." He answered in my soul, "The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but my loving-kindness shall not depart from thee, neither will I break my covenant of peace, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." My soul said, "It is enough, Lord;" and feeling I had got for a pledge the signet, the bracelet, and staff, and got them from Jesu's own hand, I went

to bed, assured that in that day he would acknowledge me as one of his little ones. I could not go to sleep for the glory that kept shining in, and the melting of my heart with Jesus' everlasting love by the Spirit's power; and till four o'clock in the morning, as my head rested on my pillow, something within continually said, "O thou blessed One! oh thou blessed One! oh thou blessed One! and a blessed One indeed did this Lord Jesus feel to my soul; so that the next day I wanted, yea, longed to rise from this lion's den, and this mountain of leopards, and go away with my light burning into the shining presence of the heavenly Lamb, never more to get into the dark again; but though on that day, never, never did I by faith behold a more glorious or lovely Christ than my Beloved appeared to me, yet I could not raise to him, nor go up and be with him, though his very looks seemed almost enough to draw my soul out of its frail casement, and cause it to run up to the top of the hill of Zion, and join the rest above in shouting the praises of Jesus: and though I said with dear Cowper,

"Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Drive back my shattered bark again,"

Yet this poor bark, that is half a wreck has had to go out again, and be tossed on a perilous deep; and all to proclaim the love, the skill, the sympathy, and compassion of that glorious Captain, who seems to delight in steering his people through a heavy sea, that again and again they may be compelled to say, "What manner of man is this precious God-Man, that even the winds and the sea obey him?" O, Lord Jesus, if it had not been for thee, may Israel now say, if it had not been that thy heart was warm, thy arm mighty, then had the proud waters gone over our souls; but O, Star of Bethlehem, in many a dark night hast thou shined, and that shining has been all that saved us from despair. We will say of this star,

"It was my guide, my light, my all,  
It bade my dark foreboding cease;  
And through the storm and dang'rous thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace."

I kept wondering what this abundant grace was so poured into my soul to fit me for. I said, "it is either for the near approach of the Son of Man, or else to suffer for Jesus's sake; and I can say that my experience, in some measure, agrees with Paul, 'through evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true.'" Some would say, I was out of the secret; and others would as confidently say, that the Lord has helped me to speak words that did them good; "As dying, and behold we live." For years I have seemed to many to be ready to put off this tabernacle, yet I still live, at the Master's will, to tell his precious gospel still. He has shewed me that I must suffer for him if I reign with him, as the poet says of God's poor remnant,

"They liv'd unknown,  
Till persecution draggd them into fame,  
And chas'd them up to heav'n."

And a blessed point for these poor people to come to, though there has been a hot chase all the way, and the serpent with his flood of water trying to swallow them up at every step, and they getting to the end, and not swallowed up after all, for the name of their Captain is WONDERFUL, and his acts the same as his name. How then shall we admire this most wonderful, glorious Lord Jesus, the most blessed one that ever our eyes have seen? I have sometimes thought if he were no more lovely nor no more excellent than what he has appeared to me here, he would even then make a blessed heaven, and my soul would not be comfortless with such a Lord Jesus; but while it is a true report we have heard, it is not a full one; for none could tell it all; it being an unspeakable gift; and when my eyes fall on that lovely Man, I shall shout before them all, "That Man has done more for me than all other men besides; he snatched me as a brand from hell, followed me and brought me back, did all

for me he could do; and now as I feel if I went to hell, I should make it ring with shouting, 'Worthy is the Lamb.' But to hell he will not let me go; for while he will grind to powder whole reeds, a bruised one he could not break! O Jesus! thou couldst not do it; thou couldst not find in that heart to break and finish a poor thing whose conscience the Holy Ghost has made tender; and for my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, thou couldst not do it; for thy name is JESUS! The Lord Jesus be with thy spirit.

Your's in Christ,  
JAMES HUNTER.

Bradford, Yorkshire.

### The Silent Preacher.

THE eleventh number of "THE SILENT PREACHER" is at length issued. This number completes the first volume of the work, which may now be had handsomely bound in embossed cloth. From the very many anxious enquiries which we have received from different parts of the country respecting the continuance of the publication, we feel persuaded this announcement will be gladly received. The eleventh number contains three articles of much value to the cause of truth: the first, entitled, "A CERTAIN EVIDENCE OF UNION TO CHRIST," is a deep, discriminating, encouraging and truth-speaking paper: the second article is headed, "THE DESIRABLENESS OF INTERCOURSE AND FELLOWSHIP WITH THE LORD, IN THE COURTS OF HIS HOUSE." This, to us, is a delightful piece on the high privileges and holy enjoyments of divine worship in the the earthly sanctuary. The third and closing paper has the following expressive title, "RELIANCE UPON THE LORD JESUVAH, AND CONFIDENCE IN HIS FAVOUR THE ONLY PATHWAY TO REAL CONTENTMENT AND QUIETNESS OF SPIRIT." We would make extracts, but the papers are so connected, quotations cannot be fairly given. Our readers may now possess and peruse the volume for themselves; and we hope the author of the "SILENT PREACHER" will not be permitted thus abruptly to close her labours. From a faithful and intelligent minister of Christ, in Suffolk, we received the following testimony (among many) in favour of the work:

"I will tell you. I think it would be to the great advantage of many of our congregations, if many of the noisy, or oral preachers had to be succeeded by the "Silent Preacher." The more I see of the efforts of the "Silent Preacher," the more I am gratified with them. Her style is chaste, her exposition of the text Biblical, her mode of illustration beautifully simple, yet highly pertinent, and the spirit of the whole the spirit of the gospel. I think the efforts of her pen are calculated, through the divine blessing, for extensive usefulness. I very sincerely hope that such may be the case. From what I have read of Charlotte Elizabeth, there appears a striking similarity in the two cases. Charlotte Elizabeth became a very popular as well as a very holy writer. I have no doubt that ultimately the comparison will hold good in the latter point, and that the "Silent Preacher" will not have to regret the devotion of her time, talents and pen, to the cause of Biblical truth."

We are sorry to find the closing article of this volume finishes without any definite promise, or even a hint, of the continuance of the work. The writer merely says—"In closing up this little work, for the present, may I not safely recommend my reader to 'trust in the Lord Jehovah, for with him is everlasting strength.'"

## Farewell Meeting at Unicorn Yard.

RESIGNATION OF MR. BONNER.

IN our magazine for the month of December, 1848, we gave an *abridged* account of the recognition of Mr. Bonner as the pastor of the church assembling in Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street. At that time there was every appearance that Unicorn Yard Chapel would once more enjoy a season of prosperity. But it has not proved so. It is now our duty to record the termination of Mr. Bonner's labours there. On Tuesday, May 4, a valedictory tea-meeting was held, after which several ministers addressed the congregation, and Mr. Bonner delivered his farewell address. A large body of people sat down to a well prepared tea at five o'clock; shortly after six Mr. Benjamin Lewis, of Trinity Chapel, took the chair. A hymn being sung, Mr. Field, of Greenwich, supplicated the divine blessing on the proceedings of that evening; Mr. Lewis stated the objects of the meeting; Mr. Bonner read notes from Mr. Foreman and Mr. Dickerson, expressive of sympathy with him, and sorrow at being unable to attend; Mr. Lewis read letters from the church and from the Sunday School teachers of Unicorn Yard Chapel; both of which expressed deep regret at being compelled to part with their pastor. The meeting was then addressed by Messrs. Milner, Curtis, Wyard, and Ball, on given subjects, as advertised in our notice of the meeting on last month's cover. We should have been glad to have given a full report of some of these addresses but our limits will not allow.

Mr. Newborn, in a very impressive manner, offered up the "valedictory" prayer; and part of another hymn having been sung, Mr. Bonner rose to deliver his Farewell Address. We only give such portions of it as may be of interest to the church at large.

Mr. Bonner said that for four years and nine months he had been pastor of that church, and he felt his situation that night to be a very solemn one, yet believed that he was acting in accordance with the will of God, and with the full sanction of his own conscience. During the time of his sojourning there he had preached between 800 and 1000 sermons to them. He had baptised sixty persons, forty of whom professed to be converted under his ministry. Beside the sixty baptised there had been added to the church forty-three from other churches, making a total of 103. He hoped, therefore, he had not laboured in vain. He could not regret that he had stood there till the present time, but he did regret that he had been so falsely, and he feared, maliciously misrepresented. When he resigned his charge he had no other engagement, although "a cer-

tain periodical"\* had represented it otherwise. Up to the morning of the day of this meeting he had no other engagement beyond the following Sabbath. On this day he had received an invitation to supply a destitute people for six months.† He said this to shew that he was neither driven away by cowardice, nor drawn away by covetousness.

Mr. Bonner then proceeded briefly to comment on his text, (Acts xx. 37.) and after kindly exhorting the church to hold fast together, bid them farewell, and concluded the service with prayer.

Messrs. Meeres, Alldis, Box, Garritt, and others took part in the service.

### THE PASTOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS PEOPLE AT Banner Chapel, St. Lukes.

MY BELOVED BRETHREN:—As a brother with you in the Lord, methinks we ought to be very grateful for the divine goodness toward us as a little people banded together in the holy truth of the eternal God. There is much distraction abroad in the churches, but at home with us there is sweet peace. With others there are sad bickerings, but with us there are mutual forbearings; with some there is striving for the mastery, but with us proper yielding; with many there are itching ears, with us a longing and looking for the one thing needful in particular; there are those without, calling or catching at pleasure in high-flying ornamental manner, but with us a calling for the profit to our souls in plain spiritual matter; with some, also, there is a winking at, and passing by known sins for the sake of advantage, not so here; as also on the other hand some there are too severe, and cut at, and slash, and separate as "no brethren at all some who have made a slip, but not turned out hypocrites, while we stand ready to bury what is offensive, to build up what is tottering, and to recover what is turning aside. If others make a sound like a public procession, drawing a multitude and creating excitement and wonder, we live and love as brethren, brethren in Christ, brethren bound for Glory Land.

Highly favoured, then, as we are, let us thank God and take courage; for the world can boast of such as those outward things, but only the real church and true brethren stand in inward, spiritual, affectionate, humble, and heavenly, and holy things; not vaunting, nor fainting, may we still stand, and yet "go on and prosper." As thus still praying, and more and more saying, "O save us now, oh Lord, we beseech thee; oh God we beseech thee, send now prosperity;" and yet may it be prosperity with patience, prosperity with prudence, prosperity with prayer, prosperity with perseverance. If we have prosperity let it not be with the sacrifice of principle, or peace, or humility, or spirituality, or unity; then be it prosperity at last with praise, praise alone to whom alone all praise is due.

As a preacher of the Lord as well as a brother in the Lord, methinks I may say we have the truth as it is in Jesus, and you are willing to receive what we are willing only to bring forth as by the

\* We well know Mr. Bonner here alluded to ourselves; we well know his long and strong antipathy to the "Earthen Vessel," although knowingly and wilfully we never sought to injure him. The statement alluded to appeared on the covers of the "Earthen Vessel" for April, and we believe was not without foundation, although Mr. B. denies it. Whether it be so or not, we are prepared to say that it was there inserted, not with any idea of "falsely misrepresenting," but as forwarded by our correspondent "Timothy."

† This invitation was from Kappel-street!

Holy Spirit of all grace, knowing that the word shall not return up to heaven without like success to the rain and snow that goes not back, but goes into the earth, and brings forth fruit after a while. What we cannot see we shall yet see the reason for, and reason why; what we do not know we shall know hereafter, and say, "God is the Lord who doeth all things well."

As a pastor of the Lord, as a preacher for the Lord, and a brother in the Lord, let me advise, counsel, exhort, "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Yet let us have more earnest prayer, and watchful patience, and unflinching perseverance. Let us yet speak more often one to another, and speak together, and speak to ourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, making melody in our hearts unto the Lord, not to man merely. Grace (depend upon it, O beloved) is seen more in little things than in great ones after all. Some would not be content to be us at all, or like us, but better be as we are, than like many more. It is not pretty or proper to see sheep against shepherd and shepherd against sheep. Bad picture! sad sight indeed, wherever seen. No wonder many cry, "How can you ever reconcile these things? How are they the people of God?" When the sheep are fleeced and the shepherd flogged, how ugly, how awful; and when the pastor runs from the people, and the people shuns the pastor, it is sad indeed. When the pastor wants more wool, and the sheep are already sheared unto the uttermost— which used to satisfy, but is now not sufficient— then discredit and disgrace appear. Then are strange things said, as well as strange things thought.

Well, as pastor, we can say there's love to every one of you sheep of the Lord; and not less love where there's no wool. But we are almost afraid of what has taken place within us as a little few— lilliputian people and a lilliputian place, as one of us says. There's been such a wool-gathering, such a sheep-shearing in this small fold, that it has made the shepherd turn round and ask, What is all this? How could such little sheep bring or produce so much wool at one shearing? We have delivered a free gospel, in a free manner, and at a free cost, and what is all this? Well, I trust it is for good, and for glory. May good, much good, lasting, everlasting good be ours, and eternal, undivided, and illimitable glory to God, Three-One in covenant evermore.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us;—

"Here we raise our Ebenezer,

Hither by thine help we're come;

And we hope by his good pleasure

Safely to arrive at home."

Then, if the sheep like the shepherd, and the shepherd likes the sheep, why should not they still go on together, keep in the same pasture, sleep in the same fold, and rest together under the same great Lord and Master of all—our King Emanuel, on Zion's Hill? Shall we not say, "What hath God wrought—and what may he not yet do for us?" Who can so soon and suddenly exceed our expectations? Then let us praise God, and pray also, "O save now, we beseech thee; O Lord, we beseech thee, send now prosperity." So says your unworthy, affectionate pastor, W. HOUSE.

P.S. But there's something wanting, you say: I am so afflicted, so tried, so troubled; and where, I wonder where the scene will end! Dear souls, do not forget the words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I (the Lord) have overcome the world." "Be of good cheer, (says Zion's King), I've overcome the world for you." Fear not, though it may many troubles bring; fear not, it is a vanquished foe. This is the land of trial, the vale of tears, but yonder hill and home knows neither woes, nor foes nor fears.

I also am your companion in tribulation, as well as your brother in the Lord, preacher of the Lord, and your pastor for the Lord. God bless us on the pilgrimage; bless us in the pastures, and bless us up in Paradise for ever and ever. Amen, and amen.

### New Chapel at Oundle, Northamptonshire.

EVERY little advance in favour of the cause of truth, is pleasing to those who are prayerfully concerned for Zion's prosperity. The few who have for many years met together in this town, have struggled on through many dark and dreary circumstances, ready sometimes to think they could hardly expect to see prosperity again. But, I do hope the Lord is now shewing them what the redeemed in all ages have proved, "Nothing is too hard for the Lord."

Our brother Mountford has been ministering the word of life here more than twelve months, and the good hand of God is visibly seen amongst them. The place they now meet in is a miserable hole and badly situated. The friends have given proof they want to get out of it, by coming forward very freely to aid in building a new one, the first stone of which was laid by brother Mountford, on Monday, May 3rd, 1852; when he gave a very suitable address to the many who were quietly listening. The 780th hymn in Denham's Selection having been sung, Mr. Fish, of Great Gidding, sought the Lord's blessing upon so important a work as building a house for his name.

The friends, on retiring to the old house, sat down to the number of one hundred and seventy to tea; the entire proceeds of which, at a shilling each, was handed over to the building fund. The evening service commenced by singing and prayer, when several ministering friends addressed the meeting, and truly it was a good and happy season; yea, the "beginning of months" with the good folk at Oundle: they hope to complete their new house by the last week in July next. The Lord give them prosperity in building, prosperity in being able soon to pay for it, and much prosperity of soul, with an increase of numbers to fill it, and his holy name shall have all the glory of it.

D. ASHBY.

Higham Ferrers.

### The Gospel Growing at Barking.

ΑΙΤΙΟΥΜΕΝ the little Baptist cause at Barking, Essex, has hitherto appeared to be a plant of slow growth we have reason to rejoice that it is growing. Since the opening of our new chapel in July last, we have received one in addition to our number by letter of dismission from a sister church. In January last three persons were baptised, one of which was afterwards received into church fellowship; the other two joined another Baptist church in the neighbourhood on Sabbath day, May 2, 1852. The baptistry was opened a second time, and three others were baptised after the morning service by our brother J. H. Dearsly who, previous to the administration of the ordinance of baptism, delivered a very appropriate discourse, founded on Acts viii. 12, "But when they believed Philip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ they were baptised, both men and women."

In the evening of the same day, two of the above-named persons were received into the church, previous to which, as is our custom, the declaration of faith, and rules for church government, were read aloud to all present. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was then administered; several others were standing without, of

whom we hope well, having reason to believe they are enquiring the way to Zion. One has been before the church and related the Lord's dealings with him, and is only waiting an opportunity to be baptised; so that although we have met with some discouragements, yet, upon the whole, we have reason to thank God and take courage.

J. JACKSON.

### THE LATE JOSEPH IRONS.

A FRIEND has forwarded many choice sentences gathered from the lips of the above minister of Christ. We select the following as worth preserving.

THE BIBLE.—“I read that this precious book, and that the mighty work of grace in the heart, is written with the finger of the Spirit of God; and what is written here is but copied out from the ancient records of grace—the eternal registration of all the purposes of grace kept before the throne. We have in these sacred, these holy, these consecrated leaves, an epitome of the whole covenant of grace, and by the same Author. You know when people make extracts and abstracts, and summaries, and epitomes of other men's writings, they do it according to their own caprice, and frequently the original is most shamefully mutilated; but when the author himself takes it in hand to give an abstract, an epitome, a condensed form of what he has written at large, we may trust his faithfulness to do it. Oh! it is our mercy that the same divine Author that gave us this epitome wrote the original, wrote the whole of the fixed settlements and eternal decrees of the covenant of grace, so that when he copied out this little extract (the Bible) for the use of the children of God on earth, he has made no mistake; he has given us a fair epitome of the mind of God, which I hope to be perusing to all eternity.”

“The man who even demurs at the perfection of the work of Christ is not under the teaching of the Holy Ghost. I do not ask or care what teaching he has besides. He is not under the teaching of the Holy Ghost; for the Holy Ghost takes of the things that are Christ's, and shews them to the soul: and he never shewed a false doctrine yet, he never shewed a contingency, he never shewed a peradventure relating to Christ's work; he never shewed a half-way business. When the Holy Ghost takes of Christ's he takes the obedience, the sufferings, the victories, the completeness of the Saviour's work, and shews the poor sinner that his whole salvation lies there, that it is out of himself, that it is in his Covenant Head, and that his Covenant Head must dwell in him before he can taste it.”

“Perhaps some of my hearers will want to know, in statement, what I mean by high doctrine. I mean those ‘doctrines according to godliness,’ which honour all the perfections of Deity. I mean those ‘doctrines according to godliness,’ which allow God to be God. Every doctrine but high doctrine tends to undefy Deity. If, for instance, I introduce a contingency into the scheme of salvation; if I admit of any uncertainty in God; if I propose conditions to man, that Christ has performed, and none but Christ could perform; I render things uncertain; I place matters at the

caprice of proud human beings: I tell the eternal God that he cannot do what he will with his own—that he must lie at the mercy of creatures still, whether they choose to be saved or not, and if they do not choose to be saved, HE cannot help himself. But I glory in high doctrine; and how does it read? ‘I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy;’ and who shall say nay? and ‘I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion;’ and who shall alter God's wills? I beseech you, mark the inference of the apostle, or rather of the Holy Ghost, from that statement: ‘So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy.’ ‘What!’ say you ‘are men saved against their wills?’ No; but they are ‘made willing in the day of his power.’ And who are made willing? ‘Thy people,’ saith the Father, speaking to the Son, or the holy Trinity speaking to the church. Is not this counted high doctrine? This is high doctrine; and where it is not preached, God will put no honour.”

“I find it enjoined over and over again, in the Volume of inspiration, ‘Be ye holy;’ and if there be not a holy hungering and thirsting after Christ, a holy appetite for heavenly provision, a holy panting after spiritual companions, a holy concern to be more like Christ, a holy taste for spiritual and eternal things, and a holy indignation at everything that dishonours God, I would not give much for your Christianity. I am afraid to own you as members of ‘the church of the living God,’ after all, if there is not a panting after holiness. I do not care what people say about this being legal; I have got long arms, and I like to stretch them to the two extremities; and I challenge any man to go beyond me in the declaration of high doctrines; I never mean to lower my crest; but I mean to insist that they have never reached the heart where the man is not taught, ‘denying ungodliness, to live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world:’ they may be in his head, and add to his damnation; but they have never reached his heart, unless they have produced these effects.”

Lines written on a Sermon by Mr. W. Bidder,  
Preached in Trinity Chapel, Plymouth,  
December 8th, 1850.

INHABITANTS of Christ the rock,  
Sing of his love ye little flock;  
From tops of mountains shout my soul,  
Unto thy Christ, thy God, thy all.  
Sing of his precious love and blood,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy God;  
Sing of his victories o'er the grave,  
Thy God almighty still to save.  
Sing of his priesthood now above,  
He's there to bless thee with his love;  
He wears a vesture dipped in blood,  
Thy Priest, thy Saviour, and thy God.  
Sing of his fullness, Godhead, blood,  
The King eternal, Mighty God:  
All things that are, were made by him,  
Who ever lives, who once was dead.  
Mysterious love that God should dwell,  
On earth to raise my soul to hell;  
That Christ should die his flock to save,  
That they eternal life might have.  
Then did I ever cease to shout,  
The very stones they would cry out;  
Then let the ransomed purchased flock,  
Sing and rejoice in Christ the rock.

27, Jubilee Street, Plymouth.

H. BATE.

# Redemption by the Blood of the Lamb.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

THE words of Jude have followed us for some days, *that ye should "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints;"* and whilst thinking of them a volume is sent to us from Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, with an especial request that we should review the same: it is entitled, "THE ATONING LAMB: a Scriptural Exhibition, and Enforcement of our Lord's Vicarious Death, &c., &c. By the Rev. W. GRIFFITHS."

We have been somewhat exercised in mind with reference to the subjects herein set forth. There are some excellent things advanced; but that Mr. Griffiths is the propounder of a great error, and that he is preaching and publishing without the guidance and anointing of the all-essential Teacher, the Eternal Spirit, the Holy Ghost, no heaven-born and heaven-taught soul can question, who carefully reads this "hand-book" on so fundamental a doctrine of revealed truth.

Mr. Griffiths' views are the same as are held and advanced by thousands of ministers in every section of the professing church. Mr. Griffiths' standing and condition is but the standing and condition of the great body of men who, in our day, are called "ministers of the gospel;" but we solemnly believe, yea, we feel assured, that the preaching which they preach, was never taught them, nor revealed in them, nor given to them, by God the Holy Ghost; *because*—they not only pervert and contradict the testimony of the Holy Ghost, (as recorded both in the Scriptures and in the hearts of the quickened saints,) but they do also most glaringly contradict themselves and their own oft-repeated statements. We, therefore, feel called upon to stand forward, and, by the help of God, to contend for, and scripturally to set forth THE REVEALED MIND OF GOD on a question so momentous as that of the redemption of the soul.

After reading Mr. Griffiths' work, we could not resist this question—"WHAT IS REDEMPTION? Is it a something unconnected with SALVATION?" Because Mr. Griffiths labours hard to assure us that redemption by Christ was for the whole world—that he put away the sins and iniquities of the whole of Adam's

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race—that the atonement of Christ was unlimited; and when he comes to meet the objection to this view of the matter, he says, "*And what is the objection usually started against this doctrine? Simply this—that if Christ died for all, then all must be saved, or he would have died in vain.*" This is the objection which Mr. Griffiths admits may be raised against his view of universal redemption; and the following words are the daring and awful answer with which he meets the said objection—"God's word *nowhere says, nor implies that all for whom Christ died must be saved.*"

Mr. Griffiths having thus boldly preached and published that redemption by the blood of Christ does not secure, nor is not essentially connected with salvation, we shall endeavour, first, to shew what is comprehended in the scriptural term, redemption; and then, secondly, prove from the plain and precious word of God, that there is nothing that is essential to a sinner's salvation but stands immediately connected with, and flows directly from the most precious blood of the Lamb.

Before we make an extract from Mr. Griffith's volume—in order to dissect, and to discover the nakedness and shallow condition of his academical and stereotyped mind—we give the following exposition of the term "REDEEMER," which we extract from the deeply learned and elaborate Joseph Caryl.

"The word which we translate *Redeemer* comes from a root which is applied three ways in Scripture.

"I. To buying again of that which was alienated by sale or mortgage, and so to reduce it unto the possession of those whose it was before. Lev. xxv. 25.

"II. To the rescuing or bringing back of those who have been taken prisoners and led into captivity. There is a double way of redeeming such.

"1. By force and power. Thus when Lot was taken prisoner by those four kings that came against Sodom, Abraham armed his servants, and by force redeemed or brought him back. Gen. xiv. 14, 16.

2. There is a redemption by price or ransom. To redeem is to buy again; captives are often ransomed and redeemed by price. Christ hath redeemed us both ways, as will be shewed further in the opening of this

Scripture. And because when we are surprised by, or engaged in, any pressing danger it costs much, or calls for much power to vindicate or restore us, therefore this word *redeeming* is often used in Scripture to signify deliverance from any eminent or imminent danger. (Psalm lxxix. 18.) 'Draw nigh unto my soul and redeem it.' And again, (Psalm lxxii. 14.) 'He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence.' That is, from all secret plots and open actings tending to destruction. And thus the Lord is said to redeem his people from the hand of the enemy. (Psalm cvi. 10.) And Jacob speaks of the Angel that redeemed him from all evil. (Gen. xlviii. 16.) Job's Redeemer and this angel who redeemed Jacob from all evil is the same, even Jesus Christ; of whom the Lord speaks to Moses (Exod. xxxiii. 20, 21.) 'Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared; beware of him, and obey his voice, provoke him not, for he will not pardon your transgressions, for my name is in him.' This angel can be none but Christ—the creating, not a created angel. Pardon of sin belongs not to creatures, nor is the name of God in them. Some creatures have the name of God upon them, but he only hath the name of God in him, who is of the same nature with God.

"3. This word is applied to the avenging of their death who have been wrongfully slain. (Numbers xxxv. 12.) Goel is the avenger of blood, or the redeemer of blood, because he came to take vengeance on such as had unjustly shed the blood of his kinsman. He may be said to redeem a man from death, who according to justice pursues him who took away his life. Christ is not only our Redeemer by restoring us to life, but our Avenger by pursuing and spoiling him (that is, the devil) who was our murderer, or the contriver of our death.

"Again. To be a redeemer is taken two ways.

"1. More largely for a deliverer or helper; so it is one of the names of God; and to redeem is both his work and his honour. (Exod. vi. 6.) "I will redeem you with a stretched out arm, and with great judgments." In which sense also Moses is called a deliverer, (Acts vii. 35.) according to the Greek, which the Syriac translates by a word that signifies a judge, or one that determines a controversy. God sent Moses to manage his controversy with Pharaoh, and deliver his people from that state of bondage. And thus God was Job's Redeemer, because he pleaded his cause and determined for him, delivering him out of his affliction, as is reported in the latter part of this book. Under this more general notion, I say, God is often called a Redeemer; for as he suffers his people to be carried away by, and fall into the hands of their enemies, and sells them into the ene-

mies' hands that they may know the difference between his service and the service of the nations, as he speaks in 2 Chron. xii. 8,—yea, he sells them for nought, (Psa. xlv. 12.) as sometimes they are said to sell themselves, (Isaiah li. 1.)—"Which of my creditors is it to whom I have sold you?" It was a custom among the Jews that parents who were poor and unable to pay their debts sold their children to their creditors, or their creditors took their children for their debts, as appears by the pitiful complaint of the widow to the prophet Elisha (2 Kings iv. 1.) In allusion to which the Lord challenges the Jews to name his creditors, if they could, to whom he had sold them: as if he had said, 'I am not in debt to any man or nation of men that I should need, as you sometimes do, to sell my children to free myself; no, for your iniquities, as it follows, you have sold yourselves.' Now when God fetcheth his people back again, and delivers them from that captivity or misery into which either he sells them, or they sell themselves, though indeed he never sells them till they sell themselves, then he is called a Redeemer. (Jer. xv. 21.) 'I will redeem thee out of the hand of the terrible.' And in Psalm cxxx. 7. 'With thee there is plenteous redemption.' That is, with thee there are many redemptions, thou multipliest deliverances as fast as our troubles multiply.

"More strictly, to redeem. And the title Redeemer is applied to Jesus Christ; to whom also, I conceive, we may particularly apply all those works of redemption which in the Old Testament are ascribed to God. For he was God the Redeemer from the beginning, long before he was God manifested in the flesh; and all the redemptions of his church and people from temporal affliction as well as from eternal damnation, do properly belong to him. 'It was,' saith God, 'by the blood of thy covenant,' that is, by the blood of Christ, with whom God made the covenant on our behalf, 'that God sent forth the prisoners,' that is, the captivated Jews, 'out of the pit wherein was no water,' that is, their disconsolate state in Babylon. Zech. ix. 11.

"In this strict sense the word Redeemer suits Christ fully; for Goel signifies one that is near to us in consanguinity, one of our blood, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Hence an ancient translator renders here, 'I know that my kinsman,' or he that is near to me 'liveth.' And such were under a special obligation to redeem. As appears in Ruth iii. 12, and iv. 4, 6, where the case is set down between Boaz and the other kinsmen. Boaz was a kinsman, and had right to redeem, yet because there was a nearer kinsman, he would not meddle but upon his refusal. As if he had said, you have the first right, and may make use of your privilege if you please.—'If thou wilt

redeem it, then tell me that I may know, for there is none to redeem it besides thee, and I am after thee.' From this proceeding it is evident that redemption belonged to those that were near of kin, and first to the nearest. Jesus Christ is near to us, therefore properly and in a strict sense he is (Goel) our Redeemer, he is flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone, he is one with us. As we are the children of God by regeneration, so the brethren of Christ by adoption. 'For both he that sanctifieth and they that are sanctified are all of one; for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren.' (Heb. ii. 11.) Christ and we are all of one, that is, of one nature; we, and Christ as man, are not only of one Father or efficient Cause, which is God, but we are of one nature or material cause, which is flesh and blood. In which respect he is our Redeemer upon the strictest terms and laws of redemption. And in that strict sense, besides him there is no redeemer. For though God the Father in the Son by the Holy Spirit be indeed our Redeemer, yet properly and according to the signification of this word, Jesus Christ alone is our Redeemer, who taking our nature upon him, and becoming our brother, had right to redeem us, even as being God in our nature, he had full power to redeem us."

In order more fully to defend our position, to elucidate this great Scripture doctrine, and to scatter the cob-web assertions of Mr. Griffiths, we shall (God willing,) continue our notice of "*The Atoning Lamb*" next month.

**OBITUARY OF MRS. HOUSE.**

Mrs. SARAH HOUSE, relict of the late Mr. Wm. House of Enon, St. Clements, and mother of the present Wm. House of Banner Street, St. Luke's, departed this life on the 2nd of June last, at half past 4, after about two days illness only.

Rather early in life (about 15), she it appears was very seriously impressed, by the prayer of Mr. Wm House (senior) who was then lodging in her father and mother's house, and at the family altar mentioned them in his supplications one by one. Soon after she was baptized at Colnbrook, with her mother and Mr House's youngest sister, still surviving—W. House being present, and giving out the hymn at the water side. Afterward they were married, and when but seventeen and half years of age, brought into the world the now Wm. House of St. Lukes, both being quite despaired of, and of which confinement it has been said she never properly recovered strength as before. She became a member at Mr. Upton's, Blackfriars; then for 14 years under her own husband at Enon, and seventeen and two months under her own son, as her Pastor in the Lord.

She was the mother of 12 children, survived the deaths of 9 of them, and the deaths of her father, mother, sister, and husband.

She was almost always a poor doubting thing, but would express her hope in Christ alone. As she lay dying her son Wm. House put the question, well dear mother, where is your hope now? Most emphatically she exclaimed, "my hope is only in Jesus! where should it be?" On the 6th of June she was buried by her son Wm., when after a most solemn address, the following was sung.

Death is the very door to life,  
Where Death can never come;  
An end of sorrow, sin, and strife,  
Where saints arrive at home.  
The Death of Christ has sweetened all  
The Death the Christian dies;  
Who'er asleep in Jesus fall,  
The soul to glory flies.  
Another of the household gone,  
From us to join the song—  
Grace, grace in chorus round the throne,  
Eternity along.  
Had she a hope but Christ? O no!  
T'was all in Jesu's name;  
And is my soul prepared to go?  
And is my hope the same?  
O God, how long shall we remain?  
Must we for ever part?  
May we not too the Kingdom gain,  
With those that had our heart?  
O let thy grace within us reign,  
Let mercy to us come;  
Then when we've answered all the end,  
O send and take us home.

On the 13th of June, Wm. House delivered her funeral sermon in Banner Street Chapel, when it was singularly remarked that Wm. House had said on the previous Lord's-day evening, between the sermon and the prayer that according to the text he was impressed the Lord would gather a lily out of this garden (the church in Banner Street,) before next Sunday, though that night his dear mother was at Mr. Wyard's, witnessing a baptism, and better than usual.

The following hymn was composed for the funeral Sermon.

How tender is the mother's tie,  
How solemn when 'tis broke;  
What sorrow when our mothers die,  
And with a sudden stroke.  
Her kind solicitude at end,  
Her care and caution gone;  
Who can become this bosom friend,  
When this connection's done?  
As saith the Lord to his dear saints,  
As one his mother cheers;  
So will I cheer in your complaints,  
Then banish all your fears.  
If all best mothers in the world,  
Concentred were in one;  
Yet by our gracious covenant Lord,  
Their love is all outdone.  
Best human or angelic love,  
Drops into nothing here;  
When to our Father's home above,  
In mercy we draw near.  
O God, who gave and took away,  
We bless thee for the gift;  
And now in hope of endless day,  
Our souls to heaven uplift.  
Now in thy garden thou art come,  
To gather lilies thence;  
O make us ready for our home,  
When thou remove us hence.

### Mr. Tite's Rod for the Editor.

"We dare not object to a public thrashing, seeing we have merited it; first, in promising to insert Mr. Tite's rejoinder; and, secondly, in failing to fulfil that promise. We, therefore, (very reluctantly) give insertion to the following epistle from "an elder." Upon almost every sentence which that epistle contains, we could write long paragraphs, but we forbear. Let this suffice: we fear not only that Mr. Hunter has been misunderstood, but that he has been unfairly and unkindly treated; and while we are permitted to have a voice in Zion, no unrighteous movements shall be countenanced by us. But there is a time for everything."—Ed.]

MR. EDITOR—In truth and soberness, and in the fear of God, I hope I again take my pen to scribble a few lines to you; and as the proverb is "Honesty is the best policy," I hope you will excuse me, if I tell you the truth.

You say, in your letter to me, dated January 16, 1852, "I am sure Mr. Hunter, or Mr. Dully are no more to me than Mr. Tite; if I have any preference, it is to Mr. Tite, whom the Lord knows I esteem as an aged, honourable and useful servant of Jesus Christ, and as early as possible will do my utmost to give your last remarks a place." Truth saith, *If there be a willing mind, let there be a performance of those things promised.* Now I ask, where is this performance on your part? I have sent two or three times to ask you whether you would publish my letter, or not, and have received no answer from you. Is this doing as you would be done by? Surely not. I had friends who would have come forward and have published my letter, and distributed it gratis at the different chapels in London; but the Lord stopped me by this word, "Vengeance is mine;" and I thought it might injure the sale of your periodical, which I should be sorry to injure, or any one; so I dropped the cause. But you say TRUTH is your object. Then you need not fear to make it known. I ask you where it is said that God *willed or decreed sin*? Shew me this in the word of God, and I will preach the same: if not revealed, what authority had you to publish it? But to be plain, I believe it is a most damnable error; and it is a slander cast upon the holy character of the Most High; and has a tendency to bring in discord among the brethren and to split the churches of Christ. Nor would I suffer a man to preach to my people, that held such a doctrine, for all I could see with my eyes; for I consider we are accountable for what we preach, or what we let others preach in our place, if we know that they preach error, so saith the word, *receive them not, nor bid them God-speed.* And surely you are not less responsible, as a publisher of a work read by thousands. You may say, "We are not the author, and many things escape our notice." True; I wish to make every allowance for mistakes or an oversight. But are not your readers to judge

what they read, or are they to swallow all down because it is in your *Vessel*? I cannot think you wish such a thing; but as one of your correspondents told you in a former number, you begin a controversy, but before the parties have a fair opportunity to speak for themselves, you drop the cause, and leave the innocent person under accusation; and here is where you have left me, and proved false to your own promises. But I remain in the same opinion as I did; and do say, *If God decreed sin, he decreed the damnation of millions of his creatures!* And if this is not awful blasphemy, to charge the infinite Majesty of God with, I ask what is it? You pretend to be lovers of truth, (I hope you are,) yet you will not oppose this error yourselves, nor give any one an opportunity to do it through the same channel in which it was published, for fear (as you say) of hurting the minds of the saints. So God is to be insulted, and no one must be permitted to speak for God. Elihu was not of your opinion, but shewed his own, and said, "Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person, neither let me give flattering titles to man." Are not errors destructive, in their tendency, to the peace of the church? And who is in the fault but the person that broaches them? not the person who tries to prevent them from spreading. Is there not a woe pronounced against him by whom the offence cometh? and the woe rests upon him who is the cause of the offence; and it is an act of a friend of any one (in a friendly way) to point out his wrong; and I am sure I took no other step with Mr. Hunter. I consider his error awful in its nature, polluting in its tendency, and damnable in its consequences.

It may be argued, he is a good and great man; but this does not alter the nature of sin; and that is what I contend against, not the man. The psalmist said, "if it had been an enemy, I could have borne it." The more talent, the better able to plead his cause, if it is a bad one; because he is able, by strength of argument, to overpower a weak mind, and so carry his cause. It would be bad in an enemy to injure me, but much worse for a friend to do it. So error is bad enough out of the church, but much worse within. Suppose I was brought into court for a criminal act, would it be of any avail for me to say to the judge, "Your Lordship will be pleased to remember I am an Englishman!" I trow not. Then, I ask, are not errors brought into the church of a criminal nature? But you may say, "Mr. Hunter doth not mean what you say. Then let him tell us what he doth mean; for the ear trieth words, but cannot try thoughts." I wish neither him nor you any ill will, but I hope to stand up against such damnable error, if I lose every earthly friend I have got. It appears to represent God in such an awful light; it is a complete overthrow of his benevolence, and

makes him appear like a man sending a physician to a place to cure some of the inhabitants, but had laid a plan for them all to poison themselves before the physician came, in order that he might shew his skill; but who dare believe such an awful idea, with the Bible in his hand and the fear of God in his heart? The truth is this: God foresaw the disease would come in, and told the man what would be the consequence, if he did yield to the enemy and break the rule he gave him, he should "*surely die*," but said nothing about his decree, in which he had purposed to save his church, to the glory of his grace. Here is our limits we may move in, but the man that moves out of these boundaries is a fool.

I have told you my mind, and leave the consequence; if you have a mind to publish this, you are at liberty to do so.

Your's in the truth, WM. TITE.

Potten, June, 1852.

[God forbid that we should be guilty of publishing anything derogatory to the glory of God! We trust our brother Tite, and all his friends, will now cease to charge us with partiality and unfairness.—Ed.]

## Benjamin Robert Wood,

(Of Clapham)

AND HIS SISTER.

BENJAMIN ROBERT WOOD, the subject of this short memoir, died April 13, 1852, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

The grace of God was seen conspicuous in him for the last eight or nine years. He was afflicted with fits for twenty years; but only had them in the night. He held a situation as clerk till 1844, when his affliction obliged him to leave it. He was called by divine grace under the ministry of Mr. Burrows, of Clapham, Surrey, about the year 1843: and about this time he paid a visit to an uncle and aunt in the country. The latter was much struck with the blessed change she saw wrought in him; she found in him a spiritual friend and companion, and he told her with great emotion, "what a change there was in his feelings; that he loathed and abhorred himself, and had many many fears whether the Lord would pardon and accept him. He told her he had held a seat at Mr. Bradley's church, but he had only gone from pride to see and be seen, that his heart was as full of pride as the devil. He sometimes heard Mr. Burrows, and after the word came home to his heart he was obliged to give up going to Mr. Bradley's." He had a great love for Mr. Burrows on account of his ministry being so blessed to him, and never absented himself from the gospel when it was possible for him to go.

Mr. Irons was his next favourite minister. Benjamin was subject to deeply distressing doubts and fears, and his nerves being so weakened by his fits made his path a tribu-

lative one. He was always glad to hear the godly speak, and would say, "*this I love*; oh that I could live in the enjoyment of it." The Bible, *Newton's Hymns*, and *Hawker's Portion* were his favourite books.

We will come to the last fortnight of his life. He would say to his dear christian mother, "Mother, hear what I say; I pass through deep waters; I feel like a devil and a lamb; I have been with Christ in his sufferings on the cross, and followed him to glory. Oh that my time was come!"

Mr. Burrows and Mr. Irons died within an hour of each other on April 3, 1852; the death of these good men he felt exceedingly, and would often say, "Oh how I long to follow them, oh how I wish my time was come. He read Mr. Irons's sermons with great delight. His deep feelings in reading and prayer were remarkable; his conflicts were great, but free grace was his theme. He would say, "*what a vile wretch I am!* but the things I once loved I now hate." His face would brighten up when his mother told him, "*all was secure in Christ, and did not depend upon his frames and feelings.*" He would say, "*but I want to live more to Jesus every hour.*" On the Sunday before he died he went three times to a place of worship, which he had not been able to do for many months. In the morning (as was customary) a portion of Hawker was read; and when the text was read, which was, "*To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise,*" he could scarcely contain himself. He said, "read that," then he paused and said, "something strikes me I shall not be here long, I shall soon be in Paradise; indeed I feel assured I shall." He said, "I woke at two o'clock; I have been with my Saviour on the cross, and with Peter in his temptations."

He walked out on Monday afternoon, and read *Hawker's Portion* as late as half-past eight in the evening, and retired to bed at ten o'clock.

On Tuesday morning he had a fit; his mother raised his head, he sighed twice, and was gone in a moment without a struggle or a groan, at half-past seven o'clock on Tuesday morning.

For years he has been like a lunatic for a long time after a fit; and so that the grace and preserving mercy of God has been clearly displayed, and we trust he is now before the throne with his eldest sister Hannah Maria, a true wrestler, who died in her sixteenth year.

The first opening of her mind was to her mother, of whom she was tenderly fond, and seldom spoke to her without the appellation "dear, dear mother," and she said, "I have been perverse like Balaam." She was ill, and the anxiety of her friends was great respecting her state of soul before God; her mind was evidently uneasy, and had been some time.

A few months before her illness she wrote these lines to me—

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

“ The day that I must enter  
Upon a world unknown,  
My helpless soul I'll venture  
On Jesus Christ alone.”

A month before her death she spoke out in the sweetest strains on the love of Christ to her, and her enjoyment continued more or less to the end, and her love was very ardent for the Lord Jesus Christ. She was weaned from all below; she would say, “I long to be laid in my coffin;” then would repeat some sweet verse of a hymn. She sent for her young companions, and addressed them on the shortness of time and the importance of knowing the Lord. The day before she died she went through those beautiful verses of Job, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” &c., with many other precious Scriptures; she spoke in the full assurance of her interest in Christ; she thanked her physician for his great attention to her, but told him she would rather depart and be with Jesus. The morning on which she died seeing her father weep, she said, “Oh, father, you ought to rejoice that you have a daughter entering glory.” She died August 16, 1838.

On the morning of her death she said to her mother, “Jesus is leading me gently, very gently through the valley,” and then repeated those sweet lines—

“ See that glory how resplendent!  
Brighter far than fancy paints!

There in majesty transcendent  
Jesus reigns the King of saints.  
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy.

“ Go and share his people's glory,  
Midst the ransomed crowd appear;  
Thine's a joyful wondrous story,  
One that angels love to hear.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly  
Straight to yonder world of joy.”

I thought this short account might be, by the blessing of God, a comfort to some poor person in a similar affliction. His parents have received much divine support from time to time. They have had eleven children. His mother was brought to see her ruined and helpless condition under Henry Heap, of Queen Street and Berry Street Chapel, St. Mary Axe. Likewise, her twin sister (now in glory) and myself are living witnesses of the Lord's speaking by him.

The following letter from good old Mr. Burrows to Benjamin Wood was highly prized by him:—

“ Tuesday, October 3, 1848.

“ The Rev. William Burrows presents his christian regards to Benjamin Wood, and adds that he has received the note addressed

to him which announceth B. Wood's intention of coming to the Lord's table on the next Lord's-day if W. B. approves it.

“ W. B. sends the following extract from *Adam's Private Thoughts* in reply, as containing the experience of one whom he should deem a communicant rightly approved—

“ I do not go to the Lord's table to give, but to receive; not to tell Christ how good I am, but to think how good he is. I have a great many sins and wants to tell him of more than would take up the whole day; and when I have told him all that I know of myself it is not the half, but a very little of what he knows of me. I bring myself, that is, sin, to him, believing that he will be all to me, and do all for me that is in his heart, and I know it is a very compassionate one. I go as a sinner to the Saviour—to whom else should I go with my blind eyes, foul leprosy, hard heart, and rebellious will? You tell me I must have I know not how many graces and qualifications to go to the sacrament with; but I cannot stay for them; my wants are urgent; I am a dying man; my Lord with his known kindness says, ‘Come, do this; remember me:’ his invitation is qualification enough; and I long to feed on him, to thank God for him, to take him into my heart. I will go to behold him crucified, and his blood poured out for me, in spite of all my sins and fears; and though all the saints on earth stood up with one mouth to forbid, I go to put myself under Christ's wings, and fly to him for refuge from the monster sin ready to devour me.”

“ My most gracious Lord, I hope, will accompany this with his blessing.”

#### Baptising at Sutton, Isle of Ely.

On Thursday, June 3rd., the ordinance of baptism was administered at Sutton Bridge, by our respected pastor, Mr. Flack; when six persons—two males, and four females—declared their alliance to the King of kings, by descending into the liquid stream, and following the example of their adored Lord. The sovereignty of Jehovah was visibly seen. One of the candidates for many years had been in a state of nature, but was at length snatched as a brand from the burning; and after some years of bondage and trouble, was brought to joy in the God of her salvation. Another, for months had been terrified by the thunders of Sinai, but at length received comfort from the gospel of peace. The other three were young, but through the tender mercy of God, taught to “remember their Creator in the days of their youth.” Two of them were united by the ties of nature; (being a brother and sister in the flesh;) thus they are united by a double bond. A pleasing sight this, to see two of the same family in their youthful days partakers of the unfeigned faith which dwelt first in their grandmother, then in their mother, and now in them. To see them casting in their lot with the people of God, huckling on the Christian's armour, and enlisting themselves under the blood-stained banner of the cross. May they be indeed “fellow-helpers of each other's joy”, and endure “hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.” And whilst our hearts are cheered by such scenes as these, may we with holy gratitude exclaim; “What hath God wrought?” and

erect fresh Ebenezers to his praise, who hath done such great things for us.

The other candidate was baptised with a view of being received into the church lately formed at Ely.

Though the weather was unfavourable, some hundreds of spectators were present. The 452nd hymn, Rippon's Selection, was sung. Mr. Foreman, of March, prayed: Mr. Crampin, of Street-ham, then delivered a short address from a few verses in the former part of the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. The ordinance was then administered, and the presence of the Lord much enjoyed by some. A tea was provided at a house close to the river, and about fifty persons partook of it. In the evening Mr. Foreman preached from the last chapter of Matthew, the 18th and following verses (an extract of the sermon I shall send you.) The following Sabbath, the five candidates were received into church fellowship, with two others, (formerly members at Dover,) a suitable address being given to each by our esteemed pastor.

The Lord appears to be working mightily here, and crowning the labours of his servant with success. Many are still enquiring the way with their faces Zionward; many hovering round, marking her bulwarks, telling her towers, and longing to share her immunities, but afraid to enter because they cannot say, "This God is my God for ever and ever;" yet they can say,

"There my best friends, my kindred dwell."

May the Lord so shine upon them, that they may be constrained to say, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God," &c. May he still continue to strengthen the bonds of his servant, that he may with renewed vigour go forth to proclaim the "unsearchable riches of Christ," remembering the gracious promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." A. SPECTATOR.

DEPTFORD.—We think if our readers were to search London and its vast suburbs o'er they could not find a prettier model for a chapel than Zion Chapel, New Cross Road, Deptford, the sphere of the ministry of our esteemed brother William Felton. On Tuesday, June 8, the anniversary was commemorated. Mr. George Wyard, of Soho, preached in the morning; Mr. James Wells, of the Tabernacle, in the afternoon; and Mr. John Bloomfield, the present pastor of Meard's Court, Soho, in the evening. We were not present till the evening, when Mr. John Bloomfield took his text from Rom. viii. 1; and first in a most able manner defended the doctrine of eternal and personal election, observing, I.—The union of Christ and his people. They are in Christ. The apostle declares, "in Him," 1., electively, 2., representatively, 3., vitally, and 4., inseparably. II.—The advantage, "no condemnation." Mr. B. remarked that though it said, "there is no condemnation," it did not imply that there should be no tribulation, nor correction, nor temptation. "We are too apt, (said the preacher) to look at God's ways with his children as we look at nothing else. We should not say of the refiner who put his gold into the furnace that he was careless of it; we should not say of the father who corrected his child that he disregarded it; we should not say of the gardener who pruned his tree that he was indifferent to it. No. We should rather take these as evidences of care and regard for them. There are two causes why 'there is no condemnation,' 1. Because Christ has rolled away the cause of condemnation; 2. Because Christ has brought us into sweet, blessed and lasting conformity with God's law." The preacher noticed, III., the evidence of interest, "who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit;" 1., they live in the Spirit; 2., they are led by the Spirit; 3., They walk in the Spirit; 4., They desire the deep things the Spirit maketh known. To enable us to do this the Spirit must be in us; and thus we are made the temples of the Holy Ghost. Here is the line of demarcation between the professor and the possessor.

There was a good attendance. The cause at Zion Chapel seems in a prosperous condition.

## Saints will know each other in Heaven.

"ANOTHER of Dr. Gill's old sermons, entitled "The Glorious state of the Saints in Heaven," has been published as No. 26 of the series "uniform with *Bunhill Memorials*," carefully revised and prefaced, by Mr. J. A. Jones, of Jireh Meeting, St. Lukes. This is, indeed, "a glorious sermon on a glorious subject;" and exceedingly cheering to the weather-beaten saints who yet dwell in Meshech. We can now only make one short extract.

"The saints will see and know one another in this perfect state. The question was asked Luther a little before his death, whether we should know one another in the other world? to which he answered, by observing the case of Adam, who knew Eve to be flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone, whom he had never seen before. How did he know this? says he; by the Spirit of God, by revelation; so, added he, shall we know parents, wives, children, in the other world, and that more perfectly. Besides, how did the apostles know Moses and Elias on the mount with Christ, whom they had never seen before, no, not any statue, picture, or representation of them, (which were not allowed among the Jews) but by revelation? so the saints shall know one another in heaven; how otherwise can those, whom gospel ministers have been the instruments of their conversion and edification, be their "joy and crown of rejoicing at the last day?" And indeed it seems necessary to the felicity of society to know one another: we are never quite free and easy in company when a stranger is in it we know not: and it will undoubtedly give a pleasure not to be expressed, to see and know those personages we then shall. There we shall see the first man that was in the world, the head and representative of all mankind, and the figure of him that was to come, with Eve the mother of all living; we shall see this happy pair in a more exalted station than when in a state of innocence in Eden's garden: there we shall see the first martyr whose blood was shed in the cause of religion, who by faith in the sacrifice of Christ, at that distance from it, offered a more excellent one than his brother: there we shall see the man that saw two worlds, the old world that then was, and the present world that now is; who built an ark for the saving of himself and family, when the world of the ungodly was swept away with the deluge: there we shall see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with the rest of the patriarchs, both before and after the flood, and sit down with them in the kingdom of heaven, who preached the gospel from Jerusalem round about to Illyricum, and was the means of converting so many thousands of souls, and of planting so many churches in the Gentile world. There we shall see all the confessors and martyrs of Jesus, that have been in all ages; yea, 'the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven;' the bride, the Lamb's wife, with the glory of God upon her; even the whole innumerable company of *chosen, redeemed and called ones*, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands."

THE DYING TESTIMONY OF A YOUNG CHILD,  
**Charlotte Grace Facez,**  
*Of the town of Leicester, who died June 14th.*

THIS little maid, 12 years of age was a scholar in the Sunday School, York Street Chapel.

The parents of this child, recently took sittings in our Chapel, who were strangers to me; but it appears had been attendants at other places where the truth was preached. The father of the child told me at the funeral that he had heard, or read, in magazines of the happy deaths, and triumphant departures of children, but he had not thought much of such things:—supposing that many such accounts, were but exaggerations, and over-drawn accounts, (as may be supposed to arise from natural fondness of parents for their own children,) until he witnessed the death of his own child; for says he, I never learn my children doctrines, I only tell them of the awful consequences of sin, &c., and of course teach them to read the word of God, and set a good example before them.

But the father said as he perceived the child could not live long, he went to her, and asked her what she thought about dying; and whether she thought anything about God, and the Saviour Jesus Christ, and if she had any desire, or expectation of going to God, when she died? She lying in great bodily pain, did not give him much answer to his questions; so he thought he would not distress the poor child with any more questions, under her bodily sufferings.

But about a fortnight before her death, she called out for her father who was hastily sent for from the factory, requesting him to come home immediately, as they said Charlotte was dying, and she wished to see her father. Soon as she saw him she said, "father, I am going to Jesus! he has taken away all my pain! oh! how nice it is to die! When pains come on again," she exclaimed in raptures of joy, "dying pains! dying pains! father, I am going to Jesus; don't weep for me mother, the Lord Jesus Christ will put the crown on my head, he has told me so. I am going among the Golden Candlesticks, I am going to walk with God." At another time when almost exhausted, she exclaimed "Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Abraham and his seed for ever! Glory to God the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! Ah! heaven is a nice place! precious Jesus! precious Jesus! dearest Jesus!"

At another time when her pains were very acute, she said, "O Lord, help my pains! O my back! O my Jesus! O my Jesus!" On the morning she died, June 14th, 1852, about an hour before she departed she said, "Joy in God!" and with livid lips, and with face turned almost black, (I suppose with disease), she said three times "Joy in God! Joy in God!

Joy in God!" And soon after her spirit departed to be with Christ

Some of the above expressions I consider rather remarkable for a child, who had before shewn no more symptoms than, that of other children in Sunday Schools of a religious nature, until her dying illness; when it appears, the grace of God was made manifest, and the power of God felt in her soul, and the spirit of God spoke in her and through her, the remarkable expression from a child, "Abraham and his seed for ever!"

Now I did not know this little maid; the family had not attended at our chapel many months. But here I beg leave to relate, that a few days before this little maid died, in the vision of the night, in a dream, when in a deep sleep, there came to me a little maid, apparently about her age, with thin and pale countenance, but very serious, heavenly, and benign; she kissed, as much as I remember; and it was said that she was to be married with me, and we were going to a nice place. I think it might be the next day, her father came to me to perform the last office for her in the cemetery which had been her request. Coming home from her funeral, I felt so light and heavenly in my spirit, as I could have left the earth at one leap to be with Christ.

"God's ways are past finding out!" "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he ordaineth strength," strength—strength of faith to believe in Christ!—strength to praise him and glorify God in death.

Leicester, June 18, 1852. W. GARRARD.

**A Sinner Flying to Christ.**

COME, sinner, who art made to feel  
 The hidden evils of thy heart—  
 The blood of Christ alone can heal,  
 And bring relief for every smart.

Yes, precious blood, 'tis thou alone  
 Canst cleanse the soul, tho' foul as hell;  
 For sinners thou didst once atone—  
 Come bring me peace, and with me dwell.

This heart—a cage for beasts of prey  
 Of every shape and every name—  
 Feels like a place unfit for thee,  
 So full of sin, so full of shame.

When sometimes, as I feel I do,  
 Get a sweet glimpse of Jesus near,  
 This heart of mine—deceitful foe!—  
 Is caught by some alluring snare.

To whom, then, Lord, shall sinners come,  
 But to thy blood, that speaketh peace!  
 And in that fountain find there's room  
 To cleanse from guilt, and bring release!

Yes, dearest Jesus, 'tis to thee  
 My helpless soul would ever fly,  
 Bathe in thy blood so rich, so free,  
 Then lay this body down, and die.

Yet to thy will resign'd I'd be,  
 All my appointed time below;  
 Then soar on wings of love to thee,  
 Where peace shall like a river flow.

Oh! ocean full of heavenly joy,  
 Without a bottom or a shore,  
 In thee I'd bathe without alloy,  
 But here thy sacred streams explore.

April, 1851. A CANTERBURY PILGRIM,  
 not to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, but to Mount  
 Zion, in humble hope.

## The Church Asleep, and the Enemy sowing Tares.

I COR. XII. 7 ; XIV. 31.

MR. EDITOR, and dear brother in the faith, one whom I trust the Lord has raised up for its defence and promulgation : Being myself twelve years a disciple of the Lord, I wish to advance his cause of truth in any way consistent with his holy word ; and if my brethren in the faith think my views of the above passages agreeable with the general tenor of God's word, I know no reason why it should not be adopted. Sir, I wish the *Vessel* a safe voyage, and as there have been many propositions for its advantage, I wish to give one more by the way, and that is to abridge much of its matter, and wish its writers to speak more in the elucidation of God's word, and less on the fluctuating experience of its readers. I am not a prophet. nor the son of a prophet ; but as the Lord teacheth his people to profit, (Isaiah xlviii. 17.) not merely themselves, but their fellow pilgrims, I was desirous to cast my mite into the treasury, if you think it worth putting in with the other cargo in the *Vessel*, either for the information or reflection of its readers.

Many of the dear children of God have long mourned over the decline of the church, and the almost universal spread of croneous tenets, and ministers have advanced various solutions for it, as a neglect of prayer, and so forth, which I also readily admit, but I also consider there has been a declension from the original privileges if not from the constitution of the primitive christian church. Conder says, "It was not till after societies of christians had been collected in various parts by means of the preaching of the gospel that elders were, after the manner of the synagogue, ordained in every city ; these elders were the rulers of the congregation." *Protestant Nonconformity*, p. 25. It is thought by the learned that the constitution of the christian church resembles the synagogue. "The stated office-bearers in every synagogue were ten, though in rank they were but six. The archi-synagogos, or ruler of the synagogue, regulated all its concerns, and granted permission to preach. There were three of those. The last part of the synagogue worship was preaching or expounding the Scriptures ; this was done by one of the officers, or by some distinguished person who happened to be present. The reader will recollect one memorable occasion on which our Saviour availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded to address his countrymen, Luke iv. 20, and there are several other instances recorded of himself and his disciples teaching in the synagogues. See Matt. xiii. 54 ; Mark vi. 2 ; John xiii. 20 ; Acts xiii. 5, 15, 16, 44 ; and xiv. 1 ; and xvii. 2, 4, 10, 12, 17 ; and xiii. 4, 26 ; and xix. 3." *Cubnet's Dict. art Synagogue*. I find from reading ecclesiastical history that many elders were employed in one

of the primitive churches ; I have read of twelve in one church. This won't do for those pastors now who teach for filthy lucre sake. Titus i. 11.

Mr. Editor, I think it inconsistent with the order of the primitive church to exclude the talents of the Lord's family at large, females excepted, and that it is one of the present grand sources of its present low condition. While the Baptist churches make their members commit sin by hiding and suppressing their gifts and talents, the enemies of truth are sending out their emissaries to disseminate error ; and thus while the church sleeps the enemy sows tares. I knew a dear brother admonished at a church meeting for preaching to poor sinners the grace of God because not sent by the church ; it reminds me of the spirit Paul condemns, 1 Thess. ii. 16, "Forbidding us to speak to the Gentiles that they might be saved." "But Christ said, forbid him not." Mark ix. 39. Some wanted to raise the like spirit of jealousy in Moses, Num. xi. 27—29 ; and even Joshua wished Moses to forbid them, but Moses replied, "Would God all the Lord's people were prophets." Our Lord told the dispossessed demoniac to go and tell how great things the Lord had done for him. Mark v. 19.

The duty and privilege of all who have received the grace of God, is to tell the same, as the Lord shall enable them. The proof is recorded in the text at the head of this letter — (1 Cor. xii. 7) :—"But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." And 1 Cor. xiv. 31 ; "For ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn, and all may be comforted ;" with verses 3, 5, 24, 25, 39 of this chapter, and Ephesians iv. 11—13 ; Rom. xii. 5—8. Now, Mr. Editor, after a careful examination of the texts quoted, I think you will conclude with me, that in every church, opportunities would be afforded for all its members to speak what they can for the honour of their Master, and not sit like statues in his house all their lives. This would relieve the pastor, increase their talents, and extend the kingdom of our Lord. Village missionaries would arise, and the prayers of the Lord's people be answered — "Lord, send out more labourers into thy vineyard." I argue not for plurality of pastors, but for an opportunity to edify and be edified, as I conceive the words import in 1 Cor. ii. 7. The Greek word *phanerosis*, translated manifestation here, and in 2 Cor. iv. 2, signifies, "an opening or laying open, a discovering, or making manifest ; declaration or remonstrance ;" and it appears to me that the Holy Ghost not only opens the mind for our own profit, but in order to our being useful as the Lord gives ability and occasion.

When the Lord first calls a poor sinner, he causes him to exclaim, "What wilt thou have me to do?" and if we meet with one crying out thus, we may, with propriety, point him to the ordinances of the Lord's house, baptism and the Lord's supper; but having once enclosed him in the church, we must not suppose all his obligations and duties cease, however mean he may conceive of himself; for those members of the body which seem to be more feeble, are necessary (verse 22.). The Greek word *lumpheron*, translated *profit*, signifies "good, profit or avail; conducting, or utility;" and I believe there is a greater amount of gracious talent buried in the Baptist denomination, than in any other equal in number. I contend not for a college-taught, but a God-taught proclamation of the word of God. Tyndal translates this verse thus—"But the gift of the Spirit is given to every one, to profit the congregation." The second passage I refer to,—(1 Cor. xiv. 31.)—"For ye may all prophecy one by one, that all may learn and all may be comforted." Perhaps some may suppose I have misapplied the passage from the common acceptance of the word *prophecy*, to foretell future events; but if they examine the third, fourth and fifth verses, I think they will believe with me that it means to explain the prophecies; (see Acts xv. 22.)

A second objector may suppose and assert that the privilege is exclusively for the prophets. Granted, if you will allow all to attain it; (1 Cor. xiv. 5—39;) but the 23rd and 24th verses shew the privilege to be for all, as the Lord enabled them. I would the Spirit that animated the Waldenses and ancient Moravians, animated our churches, then would the millennial glory of the church commence; the church would arise and shine, the glory of the Lord being risen upon her. John Brown, on Romans xii. 3, says, "Remembering that whatever gifts, graces, or offices ye enjoy have been freely bestowed upon you by God, for the edification of others as well as yourselves." And 1 Cor. xii. 16, he says, "And no less absurd were it to pretend that those members of the church whose gifts and graces are of an inferior degree are of no necessity or advantage to the whole church of God, or the advancement of his glory." On verse 18, he says, "As in the natural body, so in the church, God has placed and connected every member to the best advantage, and furnished it with proper powers, which must be exercised for the common benefit of the whole." I think this great commentator agrees with my views here; but our pastors are as arbitrary as Luther, who wished his Absalom to work a miracle to prove his divine call. (See Crobard's History of Baptists.)

How can our pastors and churches expect an eloquent discourse before them first, before one has attempted a first time elsewhere, or in the church? Biography of great preachers

manifest its absurdity; and I believe as long as the common talent of the church is excluded, ignorance will prevail, as the Lord never intended stated pastership to exclude it. It is impossible for stated pastors to enter into all Scriptural truth in every point, as their gifts are measured, and their life also. After the common mode of preaching, it would not be accomplished in the age of a Methuselah. I sat under one ministry eight years, and only heard one Scripture doctrine, (baptism,) specially defended, although truth was preached every Lord's Day.

May the Lord command a blessing on his word, and what has been said agreeable thereto, is my humble wish evermore.

BAPTO.

### A Letter on the Loss of a Child.

BY MR. WM. BIDDER.

DEAR M—Your letter this morning of course surprised us, announcing the death of your child so suddenly; though I never thought it would see man's years, the which it has not. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Hush! not a sigh!—"Be still, and know that I am God," saith the Holy One. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord," said one. "I shall go to it, he will not return to me," housed and gone into harbour before the storm arrived. Fall you down, therefore, before this holy Lord God, and bless and give thanks unto his Majesty for having taken to himself your infant, that it may be infinitely better off than in your arms. I view the dispensation, though afflictive, a most merciful one, and calls aloud for thanksgiving. No more trouble will you see with it for ever. Had it lived, this would have been unavoidable; certain cares, but uncertain comforts. (See Isa. i. 2.)

Well, I sympathise with, and can feel for you in the present trouble; for I have been in it before you, and I know, I fancy, all that flesh and blood can say against such dispensations; and how it recoils at such sudden and solemn strokes, and all its dislike of such bereavements; and how, if permitted, it will rebel against it, saying, "I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." Thus his father wept for him; but I would rather say,

"Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife."

Aye, indeed, but it must die first; however, almighty grace can curb it and keep it within bounds, for "the elder shall serve the younger," and grace shall reign, &c. May this be your mercy at this trying juncture. I have, in my poor way, been at the throne on your behalf, that you, each of you, may realise the fulfilment of that portion, Deut. xxxiii. 25, and bless a taking as a giving

God. We should remember that these earthly comforts are

“ But short favours borrowed now,  
To be repaid anon.”

And he who lends them us has an undoubted right to call them in if he pleases; but we are too apt to think they are our own, and often for want of more wisdom make too much of them. This, methinks, is to put them in a position for removal, and one way of depriving ourselves of them. Earthly comforts, like earthly riches are moveables; all here, as one said, are shadows, all beyond is substance: but amid all these variables, it is our mercy to know there are things which cannot be shaken or moved, and these remain.

Well, if this vacuum, this taking away of the creature becomes filled up and more than supplied by the Creator, you will rejoice the more, and I with you. I therefore pray that this dispensation may be a means of causing you more loudly to exclaim, “Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee,” and that he has done all things well, and also, “bless the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.” &c.

Well, let nature gush out her tears, and groan forth her complaints, and the burdened breast heave up with sighs, and the bereaved parents say, “We hast thou bereaved of our children,” &c., 'tis but for the Master to preach to you as to Martha, when her brother lay a corpse, (she felt as much as you feel,) saying, “I am the resurrection,” &c.; and you will, like her, rise in your minds above all the gloom and all the affliction in holy admiration of the almighty Preacher and his unequalled preaching. The Lord of all lords grant you and yours the mercies mentioned in the above, and every other suited favour. So prays your affectionate father,

W. BIDDER.

#### Proposed New Baptist Chapel, Poplar.

An effort is now being made by the church and congregation under the pastoral care of Mr. Robert Bowles, meeting in the Baptist Meeting, High Street, Poplar, to erect a new place of worship, the present one being both inconvenient and insufficient. Public services were held in their present meeting place, on Thursday afternoon, June the 10th, when C. W. Banks preached; a large party of friends then took tea; and in the evening Mr. James Wells gave them an encouraging gospel discourse. There is every appearance of a growing cause in this place. May the Lord abundantly bless our brother Bowles, and make him extensively useful. The following notice was sent us last month.

*Baptist Meeting, 72, High Street, Poplar*—The Baptist Church, meeting at the above place, was formed August 17, 1851, under the following circumstances. A portion of the members now joined in church fellowship, being for many

years deprived of participating in the ordinances and privileges of God's house—(there being no Baptist cause in this neighbourhood founded on the truths of the gospel and the order and discipline of the primitive church)—they made the subject a matter of prayer to God, and among the several concurring circumstances tending to this desired object, was Mr. Bowles (since ordained the pastor of the church) being invited to supply the pulpit at Bethel Chapel, Poplar, which being an open communion church, he could not settle there, nor the Baptist friends unite without a sacrifice of the Word of God as regards the ordinance of Believers' Baptism. Mr. B. gave notice, at the expiration of his engagement he should leave. His testimony being well received, it occasioned much regret; consequently the friends took the above place, and invited Mr. B. to preach; he continued to do so, God blessing his ministry, and was ordained as the pastor of the church. The Lord has blessed us with several additions; four candidates were baptised last October, and three others in April, the pleasing and satisfactory testimony of whom has much encouraged our minds and strengthened our hands; as well as others uniting with us, formerly members of other Baptist Churches of the same faith and order. The place of our meeting being very inconvenient, from its approach, and the want of necessary convenience as a vestry, &c., we have raised a building fund to build a chapel, which with God's blessing, we hope to realise. Subscription cards have been issued and a quarterly tea-meeting held, with a view to aid the fund.

#### Postscript to J. Barry's Account of his Conversion.

LEST satan should get an advantage by this relation of God's strange and wonderful dealing with me in bringing me home to Christ in such an unusual manner, and his handling me so sharply by the spirit of bondage, as also his bountiful dealing with me in making my soul the receptacle of such ravishing joy and unutterable consolation upon believing in Christ in effectual calling, I thought it might be seasonable to give the present caution to the poor, doubting, tempted believer, who through satan's sabbily tempting, will find himself or herself wretchedly prone to conclude from what they read of my conversion that the work of true conversion was never yet effectually wrought in themselves, and that because they were never under such terrible bondage of soul, neither ever yet were lifted up so near heaven as I was.

Such poor tempted believers are to consider the particulars following for their help and relief against the tempter in this case.

First. Consider that as in nature there is a vast difference between persons in their natural birth, so there is as vast a difference between persons in their spiritual birth. Some women go through abundantly more and sharper pains in travail than others meet with; some babes meet with greater dangers and difficulties in the birth than do others; the causes whereof are in nature, though they appear not to us, yet it is most certain that so it is. So in conversion. Some souls pass through greater horror and bondage in the conscience than others do; some

are brought as it were through the very jaws and hell of desperation, as I was; others are dealt more easily and gently with, being gently allured, and, as it were, insensibly transplanted into Christ, they not well knowing what is done to them. Paul, and the rugged jailor were handled more roughly, their consciences were more deeply wounded with the frightened terror of God's law sent home by the spirit of bondage than Lydia's, whose heart the Lord opened with the more gentle touches of his Spirit. That woman who is safely delivered hath no reason to question whether she be delivered or not because she went not through such difficulty and danger as her neighbour did, who narrowly escaped with her life; neither hath she cause to be jealous with her neighbour because her case was more desperate than her own.

Those who are brought to Christ by the gentle drawings of the Spirit of grace, and not brought so nigh to the affrighted sight of hell and to such a sense of feeling of the pains of the damned as have caused some to think themselves actually in hell, admire at, and bless God for his goodness in bringing them through the new birth so easily.

Secondly, consider that albeit the truth of thy conversion be not so sensibly discerned as the conversion of that person who is brought home in the way of legal bondage, yet thou art bound to bless God for the smallest measure of grace bestowed on thee; as the smallest spark of fire, though it be hid under a great heap of ashes, is as truly fire as the greatest fire in nature, so thy small grace, which, in comparison of some other's grace, may be so weak and little that it can scarcely be discerned, yet grace it is, though thou knowest it not to be so; and He who bestowed it on thee and wrought faith in thee, will never reject nor neglect thee because of thy little grace, while he sees thee and makes thee diligently seek to grow in grace. If thou object and say, "Oh! but I do not find I am brought to Christ; and what is far worse, I fear I never shall." To this I answer, "Thy very fears about this greatest of all concerns, is an argument of thy translation from the first Adam to the second Adam, Christ Jesus the Lord; if the spirit of grace had not given thee some sight and taste of the excellency and sweetness of Christ, thou couldst never prize, or desire, or groan after him; it is only the child who has tasted the honey, that longs or cries for more. If thou findest a fixed resolution in thy soul, in going on to seek the Lord and his strength, by prayer and supplication, not resting in, or depending on anything but Christ Jesus alone for salvation, my life for thine, come death when God pleaseth to send it, it will end all thy fears, and put thee beyond the reach of all thy enemies. Thy frequent crying to God in prayer for Christ and saving grace, is the echo of Christ interceding for thee at a throne of grace; and thy going on, and continual watching at wisdom's gates could not possibly be without invisible supplies of spiritual strength communicated to thy soul by the spirit of Christ.

"When conscience and judgment have fallen asleep, and imagination and passion, like two noisy but clever debaters, are chattering fine-spun sophistry at the bar, it is time to flee to the Wonderful Counsellor, to deliver thee, from thyself."—"Basket of Fragments and Crumbs, by Major Rowlandson."—*Binns and Goodwin, Bath.*

### Love Unsearchable.

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—*ERN. III. 19.*

My soul, would'st thou the greatness prove  
Of God's—the great Redeemer's love  
To sinful worms—to thee?  
Ascend and search the heavenly plains;  
Search deep and high; the task is vain:  
'Tis God's own mystery.

Would'st thou its rich beginnings know?  
Back to eternal ages go:  
Its birth-place canst thou trace?  
Ah no! I no commencement find;  
Deep mystery of th' Eternal mind—  
The mystery of his grace!

Where, then, my soul, where canst thou turn  
This holy mystery to learn,  
Of love so pure, so free?  
Nor saint nor seraph may reveal  
The fervent love my God doth feel  
To me, ah yes, to me.

But why, O God, O Saviour why  
This fervent love, which made thee die  
For one so poor and low?  
I sink! for oh! this ocean flood—  
The love of Christ, the love of God,  
No breast but God's can know.

Enough, enough, my happy soul,  
It sav'd thee from a burning hell—  
Oh! lift thy song above!  
Nor Israel's God began to be,  
Nor did his wondrous love for thee—  
His dateless, endless love.

H. M. ALLINGHAM.

### Cheer up, Desponding Soul.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."—*ISAIAH I. 10.*

CHEER UP, desponding, cast-down soul,  
Though tempest rage, and billows roll;  
In everlasting love rejoice,  
And listen to thy Saviour's voice.

He bids thee upward cast thine eyes,  
Behold, and see thy victory lies  
In him thy Friend; oh then rejoice  
And listen to thy Saviour's voice.

His precious word declares to thee  
That "as thy days thy strength shall be;"  
And bids thy sin-sick soul rejoice,  
And listen to thy Saviour's voice.

His condescending love is such,  
Thou canst not ask of him too much;  
Before his throne oh then rejoice,  
And listen to thy Saviour's voice.

Do sins torment and foes assail  
Whilst thou art trav'ling Achor's vale?  
In pard'ning love, oh then rejoice,  
And listen to thy Saviour's voice.

For thee on earth he breath'd a pray'r,  
Thy ev'ry burdens' weight didst bear;  
And now his blood's a speaking voice,  
That bids thy soul in him rejoice.

London, June 7, 1852.

E. H. BAXTER.

## Record of Recent Events & Notices of New Books.

### Formation of a Baptist Church at Upper Holloway.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Feeling assured there are very many of the people of God in different parts of this island who, with myself, hail the approach of the *Earthen Vessel* with pleasure and delight, for the simple reason—it brings tidings of the dealings of our gracious God with his churches in this time state, I have ventured to send for the perusal of your numerous readers a short account of the services held at John Street, Upper Holloway, on the 26th of April, upon the occasion of the formation of a church holding the doctrines of distinguishing grace, and practising strict baptist communion, together with a report of our past leadings by God, which report had been unanimously agreed by the members of the church should be read publicly to the people assembled.

Previously, however, to our church being formed, it was my happiness to administer the solemn ordinance of believer's baptism to five persons who had before made known somewhat of the Lord's gracious dealings with them in the presence of seven others that had been before baptised, the whole of which persons have been since united into church fellowship by our brother James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle.

And here I might just take this opportunity, in the name of our church, of thanking the pastor (Mr. Alldis) and deacons of Beulah Chapel, Somers Town, for the very kind manner in which they lent us the use of their baptistry on that occasion.

It is not to be wondered at when I say it was with great anxiety of mind I looked forward to that day; and now we are bound together I sincerely hope and pray we may be blessed with unity and peace. It is something to behold in a church an unity in love to the truth, and peace dwelling in their midst in this day of separation and discord. Well, the day arrived, and it being a fine one, friends began to collect early in the afternoon. Our friends were glad to see, and felt a pleasure and profit in hearing our brother Banks preach from a part of the last verse of the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, "That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it." The want of space will not allow me to enter into an account of the sermon, suffice it to say it was a sound, sober, useful, and I trust profitable discourse.

After the sermon our brother Wells called for an account of the Lord's dealings with us, when one of our friends read the following outline of the leadings of God in opening and maintaining the Baptist cause at Upper Holloway:—

Some two or three friends feeling the dearth of gospel truth in the neighbourhood of Holloway, after prayerful consideration was determined upon seeking a place, if possible, where they might meet together for prayer and praise unto the God of Israel; accordingly a room in this house, just one third the size of this present place of meeting, was let them to worship in, where, after some time, they were supplied by our friend Flack, now preaching the word of life at Sutton, under whose ministry the little place appeared to pros-

per; when, in consequence of unkind treatment, (considered so by most of the friends, from one family in particular) his feelings were so wounded he was compelled to leave. After this unpleasant circumstance the place declined; in the meanwhile invitations were sent to our present minister (Mr. Shipway) whom we had before heard preach with pleasure and to profit. He came; the place very speedily began to shew signs of revival: this continued whenever he supplied here.

Thus far things went on satisfactorily; but our meetings did not continue well attended, for the person who held possession of the place having four sons preachers was continually sending one or another of them before the people, contrary to their wish, consequently the little room appeared one Sunday encouraging, another the reverse. Seeing no good could possibly arise from such a mode of procedure, and not being willing to be played with, Mr. Shipway declared positively he would come here no more while the family before alluded to had any managing part in it. One of the sons, chiefly Mr. J. Trotman continued to preach in it for some time, but the friends continued to leave it; at last it sunk so low there was scarcely a subscriber or friend left, under which circumstances the place was given up.

Immediately a friend, not willing the room should be let for any other purpose, engaged it for one month, in order that time might be given to know if anything could be done toward keeping it open for public preaching. Enquiries were made if Mr. Shipway would come again. He was written to, informing him of the alteration of circumstances. He kindly wrote back word he would, and again the friends came to hear him preach the word of our God.

About two or three weeks after this time, after service one Sunday evening, (in August, 1850,) — the friends waited — it was proposed and seconded, and unanimously requested Mr. Shipway would continue with us. He refused, but promised to stay until the following Christmas; when above twenty friends voluntarily came forward as subscribers, scarcely any one of which have left us until this present time.

Our little room became filled with persons to hear the preaching. At the beginning of the year 1851, another meeting was held, to consider what had better be done respecting carrying on the cause. Another unanimous wish was expressed for Mr. Shipway to continue amongst us. He promised while things went on peaceably and prosperously to do so. Other subscribers came forward: a committee was appointed to find a more convenient place. The neighbourhood being rather an aristocratic one, of course a difficulty was experienced in meeting with a place for the preaching of, and practicing such dangerous doctrines and humbling ordinances as ours are considered to be.

Just at this time, when hope appeared to be given up of ever finding a place to meet in, one of our friends (Mr. Newman) came forward unsolicited, but with such kindness we trust not easily to be forgotten, and offered to purchase the house, if it could be had, and advance money to make alteration for our future comfort, under the

consideration that Mr. Shipway would abide with us. The landlord was seen, the purchase made; the place has been altered into its present form, which has cost above one hundred pounds, including the painting, which has to be done, but which was included in the contract. While we have reason to bless the dear Lord for his goodness toward us, a few people, as a God of providence, we trust we are not left without experiencing in ourselves, and witnessing him being toward others, a God of grace.

Our attendance has continued increasing under the preaching; the word has been blessed to the ingathering, to the establishing, and to the comforting some of his redeemed people, and we have been kept in peace amongst ourselves, for which we desire to be thankful.

But with all this, some of us have felt there was one thing more wanted—namely, an attending to his own appointed ordinances in the way of Church fellowship; for this we have looked forward in hope and happy anticipation. In this also (we desire to be thankful) we are not to be disappointed.

We conclude by imploring the Holy Ghost, who has begun the work of grace in our hearts (as we hope he has), to continue to supply us, together with his dear family at large, with all needed mercies the remaining portion of our journey, and that he will continue to add unto us such as he will own in that day when he will come to welcome his purchased ones into the kingdom of heaven, prepared for them before the foundation of the world. Amen.

After reading the above report Mr. J. Wells proceeded to address the members of the church, dwelling upon the nature of the union, that it was spiritual, not carnal, that it consisted not in shaking of hands, and a systematic mode of visiting each other's houses, which generally created discord, and brought about a separation, but that the fruits of the Spirit were manifest in weeping with those that weep, and rejoicing with those that do rejoice; also dealing some heavy blows upon such persons as are in the habit of gossiping about the chapel after service was ended. After the discourse he called upon members of churches of the same faith and order to partake of the ordinance with us, if there were any present that felt inclined, when about forty friends from other churches partook of the ordinance with us: when after singing and prayer the afternoon service concluded.

In the evening Mr. Wells preached to the church previously formed from those words in James ii. 12, "So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty," dwelling lengthily upon the nature of this liberty, afterward showing the meaning of the exhortation in various manners, which, of course, could not be entered into in a note like this.

Our little chapel was crowded both afternoon and evening, indeed many persons were unable to gain admission. We had a comfortable tea; our collections were not to be found fault with. Several ministers favoured us with their company; and I hope it is not too much to say we had a good day. I am yours in the best of bonds,  
CHARLES SHIPWAY.

### The Bible—What think you of the Bible?

WE proceed with our notice of CERIONI'S NARRATIVE OF A REAL CONVERSION FROM POPERY; published by Arthur Hall & Co. On page 143 of our last number, we left Cerioni and Moscardi, confessing the one to the other, their fears that the Papal system was false. We have seldom, if ever, met with any work which so powerfully illustrates the baseness of the priests in keeping the Bible from the people, as this narrative doth. As Cerioni walked slowly home, after his interview with Moscardi, he was powerfully assailed with the temptation, that there was no such thing as real religion in the world. In his experience, the enemy did indeed come in like a flood; but the Lord raised up a standard against him; and hence our dear friend in Christ, Cerioni, was ultimately delivered. On pages 56 and 57 of the work referred to, (and which we again strongly commend to the attention of our readers,) Cerioni describes the deep, the secret, the powerful conflict his mind passed through; and then relates the substance of a second interview with Moscardi. This is so beautiful, we must make another short quotation. He says—

"In the evening, to my comfort, my dear Moscardi arrived. It is unnecessary to state with what eagerness we resumed our arguments, at that time the subject most interesting to us both, as indeed it must necessarily be. I laboured to prove to him the iniquity of our then religion; I maintained with warmth that there was no true religion: 'That,' he replied, 'is impossible. There must be a religion in conformity with the Divine will.' After much discussion we could not but be convinced of the necessity of a true religion; but the difficulty was to know which was the true one, and where to find it. 'But the Bible,' said he, 'what think you of the Bible?'—'I know not how to answer that question,' I replied, 'for I know very little of it—I have never studied it. The theology which those knaves, our Masters of Divinity, taught us, appears to me to be a system of falsehood from beginning to end, and these opinions they said were all taken from the Bible—if so, their doctrine can be neither more nor less than a lie.' Here we dwelt for a while on the necessity there was for a manifestation of the will of God to his creatures; if this were denied, the idea of the existence of a God infinitely good and gracious must fall to the ground. This led to further reflection on the Bible, of which we had a general idea: we were acquainted with the prophetic and historical parts, and knew a little of the New Testament: it seemed to us, therefore, impossible that this was not a Divine book. The fulfilment of prophecies written many centuries before Christ, and so exactly accomplished in the Messiah, even in the most minute particulars: the reality of the existence of that great Personage retained both by the Jewish Synagogue and profane history—these ideas had always furnished us with arms against atheists and infidels, and we were also convinced by logical principles which we ourselves could not, in this point, contradict: the conclusion therefore was that the Bible was the Word of God. Here we found a resting-place, a foundation, a relief—a ray of hope dawned again in our hearts, and lighted up our brows. We then said, 'As the Bible appears to be the Word of God, it cannot deceive us; we can read it—let us take it, examine it, study it, and then we will be governed by it. Yes! yes! we will have a Bible,' was the conclusion. 'But where shall we find one? After the discovery we have made, who can any longer place the least reliance on the Bible of the Papal church?' 'I have,' said I, 'much greater confidence in the English Bible than in that of the Pope. I have observed that the English are more to be depended on than we are: they do not worship images as we do, because they have that

commandment of God in the Decalogue, and always retain it. With this certainty, let us look for an English Bible, and if we find in it anything we cannot understand, we can have recourse to the Rabbin, who will clear up the doubt.' The sun had now disappeared, the shadows of night were closing in: my friend was obliged to take his leave, and I to attend to my usual duties, which I did with rather a more tranquil mind, and a lighter heart."

The following pages refer to Cerioni's obtaining a Bible. He lays it open, and peruses it evidently under the influence and holy anointing of the SPIRIT OF GOD; he is led into ΤΗΕ ΤRUTH; he reveals the same to Moscardi; they both believe ΤΗΕ BIBLE; they both (in spirit) renounce the Papal religion as being against the Bible: but now *what is to be done?* They seek advice from Mr. Kruse, a protestant minister; who kindly affords them all the help in his power; he also supplied Cerioni with many valuable works, which, in secret, he read until his mind became more and more established in the truth. A flight to India was now contemplated; but how to effect it, he knew not. In the midst of many difficulties which none but deeply exercised souls can know, Cerioni receives a letter from his family. His reflections here are most invaluable. Let every seeking sinner, every heaven-bound pilgrim read them. His own words are these:

"As time advanced, obstacles increased. Meanwhile, I received a letter from my family, to whom I was devotedly attached. I loved them much, and never suffered a month to pass without writing to them. But now, my mind had been so much pre-occupied, that I scarcely remembered that I had any relatives in existence, a long time having elapsed since they had heard any tidings of me—and the letter contained a reproach for my silence. This was a blow to my heart. I knew not what reply to make, nor what resolution to adopt. It was after the receipt of this letter that I began to revolve in my mind a series of reflections on the course I ought to pursue. I thought, what would be said of me if I were to fly, but especially in my own country, where priests, friars and monks abound, and nothing is known but bigotry and Popery, and where he is considered happy who has a son a priest. What would my relatives say if they were to hear that I was a Protestant—that I had given up the priesthood—that I was a renegade to the Pope—that I had abjured Popery? They would think me a heretic, a schismatic, lost, excommunicated, and all that that Pharisaical race of priests could invent on my account, in order to bring the greatest possible odium on the reformed Christians; but it grieved me most to think of the advanced age of my mother, and that she might probably sink under this information. But even here also the God of all mercy came to my succour with his Holy Word. Those sayings of our Lord fell immediately under my observation, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' (St. Matt. xiv. 26.) And again,—'If any man cometh unto me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.' (St. Luke xvi. 26.) Then, said I, it is better to be the disciple of Christ than the slave of men. Besides, in this case, there was no cruelty on my part towards my parents. They abandoned me in my tender age, sacrificing me to a miserable life, such as I have described; and if they could bear my loss then without caring for it, and even see me renounce my Christian name and surname—the name of my family—without a pang, much better would they be able to bear my flight now, and my greater distance from them. But then, again, I considered that the case was different now; because, in the first instance, they thought they had saved my soul; and in the second, they

would believe me totally lost—consigned to perdition. I continued for several days in this conflict of mind, and to these were added other painful thoughts. I had many friends in different countries, in Rome, in Ancona, and in Egypt without number, many who were as dear to me as my own relatives; these, I was unquestionably sure, would blame, many of them being bigoted Papists; and these, too, would in the end desert me, detest me, hate me. Others were indifferent to religion altogether, and these would say, 'He has acted foolishly in turning Protestant, from one imposture he has fallen into another; never mind, he is not worth caring for.' And thus all would abhor and shun me. These ideas were subsequently verified in every particular. In the certainty of being ultimately despised, of losing every friend, of not having wherewithal to subsist, I was at times so desponding that I had not the least courage left to proceed with my plans. At one moment I resolved on taking no further steps—the next, considering the miserable life I was forced to lead, between idolatry, falsehood, dissimulation, every kind of abomination, my courage and strength returned, together with the determination of carrying into effect all the resolutions I had formed. For this purpose I sought to conceal myself from every one. Now my desire was to transport myself into some distant country, where I might never again be heard of, and I therefore still longed anxiously to go as a missionary to India, where I should afterwards be able to change my condition unknown to any one."

We cannot close here. The most interesting and vital points in the work are yet to be noticed. Next month, therefore, we hope to resume.

### THE ANNIVERSARIES, &c.

IVINGHOE.—June 1st, the annual Sunday School treat was held in the Baptist Chapel, Ivinghoe. The service commenced in the afternoon by the choir singing—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

which was most delightful. After reading and prayer, C. W. Banks preached a sermon; an anthem was sung; and the children then sat down to tea. It was a pleasing sight to see the galleries and school-rooms all full of young and smiling faces, eating, drinking, and happy. The cause at Ivinghoe is of many years standing; the congregation is about seven hundred; the school about two hundred; and all things seem to bespeak usefulness and peace. Our brother Collyer, (the pastor,) is almost an exception to a proverb in Scripture; for he was born in Ivinghoe; brought up in Ivinghoe; called by grace in Ivinghoe; began to preach in Ivinghoe: there he has stood for many years as a preacher of the gospel, and as a pastor of the church; and there he still stands in the affections of very many to whom his ministry has been made a blessing. The Lord has also greatly blessed him in giving him a most valuable partner, who labours diligently to be useful in the one good cause. When we saw the Ivinghoe pastor's vicarage, his garden, his children, his labouring and spiritual wife, his crowd of friends, and his sphere of usefulness, we could hardly refrain from saying, "Surely this must be a happy man." No doubt he has his trials as well as others. In the evening of the same day, a public meeting was held in the Ivinghoe Baptist Chapel, for the purpose of forming an auxiliary branch to the Free Grace National Tract Association. Mr. Collyer was in the chair, and opened the business of the meeting; Mr. William Edwards, (the Secretary to the parent Association,) and C. W. Banks, attended, as a deputation; who advocated the claims of the Society, as also did good brother Benjamin Ralph, a Baptist minister, of King's Sutton, near Banbury, (who is a truthful, faithful and acceptable servant of Christ, and is willing to supply any destitute church, who love a clean and comprehensive gospel). The evening

was comfortably spent; a committee was formed; and we sincerely hope that the blessing of the Lord will rest upon this humble effort to do good. C. W. Banks spoke of the star which led the wise men to where the young child was; of the ram's horn round the walls of Jericho; of the rod in the hands of Moses; of the pitcher and the lamp in Gideon's army, as so many instances where instrumentality had been employed; and from thence to its advantage—to shew that the Society simply aimed at promoting instrumentality for the arresting of careless sinners, the enlightening dark minds, the encouraging seeking souls, and for the edification of true believers—an instrumentality, which, under God may be useful to a great extent.

BARLEY. (NEAR ROYSTON.)—ILLNESS OF MR. JAMES FLUTTER, THE PASTOR.—ON MY way homeward this morning, I make a note or two respecting the anniversary at Barley yesterday. I do so, for two reasons; first, because I desire to encourage any of my poor brethren who, like myself, may be deeply exercised; and secondly, because many thousands of Zion's friends read with much interest the particulars respecting our provincial churches. I awoke yesterday morning exactly at five o'clock; arose, and got off as early as possible; it rained hard without, and I was weary and dark within; but I pressed on; reached Royston safely, and our good brother Burgess, (a real friend to the truth,) met and drove me to Barley. Barley is a village four miles from Royston. Here is an excellent chapel; substantial, commodious and convenient in every sense; good old John Berridge's original pulpit stands in the vestry, and I got into it. Mr. James Flutter, the esteemed and valuable pastor of the church here has been ill since February, with some affliction in the heart. Brethren Irish, Cole, and myself went to see him. He resides in one of the prettiest country boxes I ever witnessed; but his affliction is very heavy. He received us affectionately; and expressed a regret that his illness would prevent his visiting his old friends in Surrey and Sussex, this summer, as he had intended to have done: this will be a disappointment to many in Surrey and Sussex, to whom Mr. Flutter's ministry has proved useful; but we would hope the Lord may yet raise him again to fill that position for which he is so eminently qualified.

In the morning brother Irish read and prayed; and I spoke a little about the church of God under the figure of a house. I had these thoughts in the morning as I sat blocked up in a corner of the carriage: First, that "this house is of divine origin;" and those words seemed great to me, "His foundation is in the holy mountains;" the eternal standing, the salvation, and the safety of every true believing soul is in the everlasting love, in the everlasting covenant, in the everlasting promises, in the everlasting righteousness, in the everlasting kingdom of the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength; and underneath the whole Israel of God are the everlasting arms let them sink in sorrows low as they may. The house is built on the Rock of ages, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it. The materials of which this house is composed are gathered up from a variety of sources. Abraham is called from a land of idolatry; Moses from Pharaoh's palace; David from the sheep-cote; Manasseh from a dungeon; Saul of Tarsus from a high state of self-righteousness and misguided zeal; the woman of Samaria from a low state of profanity and ignorance. So has that promise been verified, "I will take them one of a family, and two of a city; and I will bring them to Zion. We must not be too curious to look into what a man (professing godliness) has been; the grand point is this, WHAT IS HE NOW? Is there evidence to hope that the truth lives in him, and that he, by the truth, is made free from dark delusions, damning errors, evil doings, and is walking in the ways of the Lord? Then, as a sinner redeemed, and as a believer pressing on for the kingdom of Christ, hail him, welcome him, encourage him, pray for him. The materials of this house are put together

by Almighty power. How many churches (so-called) are gathered together by men, by false systems, and by fleshly contrivances, is not for me to say; but sure I am, that no soul can be truly quickened into life eternal—no sinner's heart can really be changed—no evangelical repentance can possibly be wrought—no living faith in Christ, nor vital union to Christ, can ever savingly be known, but by the Almighty power of God the Holy Ghost. Oh, that we could see, and hear, and know more of his omnipotent and invincible operations in the hearts and consciences of poor sinners! But, alas! I fear the essential power of the eternal Spirit is but little with our churches, or with our ministers, in these days. This house is for refreshment by the way for poor travellers to Zion; but above all, let me say, it is expressly called, "a house of prayer." I must not further dilate. After the morning service, an excellent dinner was set out in brother Burgess's large barn, which was nicely decorated with flowers and branches, and a cheerful company sat down. We had friends from Royston, Saffron Walden, Stotford, Walkern, and other neighbouring churches. In the afternoon brother Irish gave us a good sermon from the words of Jehoshaphat's prayer, (2 Chron. xx. 12.) "O our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon thee." The discourse was sound, encouraging, and experimental; and we were glad thus to meet with a brother who, in usefulness and honour, has stood for many years in the ministry. I was greatly favoured in the evening while speaking upon the reconciling blood of our great High Priest. My path of late has been trying in the extreme; everything in the shape of experience and connected with the ministry, has been severely tested: at home there has been an apparent stand still, if not a declension; without have been fightings, within have been fears; but, that night at Barley, everything was made right FEELINGLY in my soul. I do believe the word of the Lord was clothed with power; for many dear friends blessed me in the name of the Lord, as we left the sacred spot. One aged veteran, with tears in his eyes, embraced me with deep affection and put a sovereign in my hand, another a shilling, and many bid me God-speed; so that both in my soul and in my circumstances I was helped again: and have since said with David, "I will slug of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning, for thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble." I was glad to learn that the Barley collections amounted to upwards of thirteen pounds. Ah, there are a few generous truth-loving souls; but I fear Hertfordshire, in some parts, is a barren soil.

ORPINGTON.—Our anniversary was holden on Monday, the 7th of June. The weather was exceedingly unfavourable; but several friends from London and other parts paid us a visit. A gentleman at Mary Cray has recently built a handsome and commodious place of worship, which is called "The Temple." Several learned doctors and eloquent preachers have been supplying the pulpit there, and persons from all parts and places have run to see this great sight, and hear these great men. However, our parson, brother Willoughby, still keeps on blowing his ram's horn, and a few friends to the truth of the gospel cleave to him. Brother Coles, of Brentford, preached us a good sermon in the morning of our anniversary, and many received a blessing. In the afternoon, brother James Wells favoured us with an interesting discourse; and C. W. Banks closed the day by addressing us from Isaiah xlii. 16, "I will bring the blind by a way they knew not; I will lead them in paths they have not known," &c., &c. We thank the Lord, his dear servants, and all kind friends for the help they afforded us, and hope still to go forward in the good old way, until we reach at Zion's hill.

THE BRICK-BURNER.

## GOSPEL SALUTATION:

THE SUBSTANCE OF MR. JOHN STENSON'S SERMON AT NOTTING HILL ANNIVERSARY.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, or if there be any praise, think on these things."—PHIL. iv. 8.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE FAITH, and fellow labourer in the field: The blessing of the most high God be with you, and make glad your heart with the abundance of his goodness and the riches of his grace. How delightful is it when basking in the sunshine of divine favour, or bathing in the river of Jehovah's pleasure, to meditate on the manifested mercies of the mighty God of Jacob, which compass us about on every side, bearing witness to his faithful word and tender love, which never fail. My soul would summon all her new-born powers to speak forth the honours of his immortal name—"THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!"

But ah, the powers of darkness strive  
To hinder my approach to God;  
Though mercy keeps my soul alive,  
To tread the path my Jesus trod.

The rugged, thorny path of woe,  
My Saviour trod while here below,  
Not only so—the path of prayer  
He daily trod—his help was there.

I know that you will heartily agree with me, that it is good and pleasant, right and profitable for brethren to dwell together in holy unity, striving individually and unitedly to advance the interests of the great Redeemer:

Who eyes the movements of his saints,  
Prompted by truth and love;  
His kindness hears all their complaints,  
And helps them from above.

Believing that you are deeply interested in the welfare of Zion, and that you take pleasure in her prosperity, I send you the following particulars, as a record of God's righteousness, which he hath before determined shall be remembered for ever.

At the urgent request of our brother Williamson, the pastor of the Baptist Church at Notting Hill, I consented (subject to the will of God) to take part in their Anniversary services this year. Accordingly, I went on Whit Monday, (so-called,) May 31st, and preached in the afternoon from the following words: "The LORD deal kindly with you." Ruth i. 8. The spirit of prayer rather than of preaching, seemed to rest upon me, and with desire I desired to declare unto the people the in-wrought feelings of my soul on their behalf. Well, in opening our subject we noticed, the confession of David, "*He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities;*" (Psalm ciii. 10,) the desire of David, "*Deal bountifully with thy servant, that I may live and keep thy word;*" (Psalm cxix. 17.) his confidence, "*Thou shalt deal bountifully with me;*" (Psalm cxlii. 7.) his grateful acknowledgment, "*I will sing unto*

the LORD, *because he hath dealt bountifully with me;* (Psalm xiii. 6.) and his powerful argument, "*Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.*" (Psalm cxvi. 7.) We then adverted to the promise of the spies made to Rahab, "And it shall be that when the Lord has given us the land, that we will deal kindly and truly with thee, (Josh. ii. 14,) and to the charge David gave to Joab, concerning his son, saying, "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom. 2 Sam. xviii. 5. And moreover spake of the blessedness of those that enter feebly into the Psalmist's testimony, "Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation, and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great." Psalm xviii. 35. Having thus made a few prefatory remarks relating to the dealings of the Lord with his dear people in general, we proceeded to the opening of our subject by considering the excellency, fulness, and greatness of the desire expressed by Naomi on behalf of her two daughters-in-law, "the LORD deal kindly with you;" and then shewed the adaptation of the text to express my desire on the occasion, inasmuch as I could heartily pray, (the Holy Ghost helping me,) "the Lord deal kindly with you," as a Church, with your pastor, and with the congregation. To these three particulars we then spoke as follows:—

I. The Lord deal kindly with you as a Church.

1. In fixing your eye on the finished work of Christ, as the alone foundation of your hope and the only fountain of your happiness.

2. In building you up on your most holy faith, confirming your confidence in Christ, deepening your desires after and discoveries of Zion, and establishing your hearts in his eternal excellency.

3. In filling you with all joy and peace in believing the truth as it is in Jesus, in receiving the testimony of the Father concerning his Son, and in realizing the teachings of the Holy Ghost in the ministry of the word, the ordinances of wisdom, and in the daily exercises of your soul.

4. In bringing others unto you besides those he hath already brought, that ye may be increased with all the increase of God, and prospered greatly according to the good pleasure of his holy will.

II. The Lord dealt kindly with you, my brother, as the pastor of this church.

1. In fructifying your heart in the knowledge of the mysteries of Christ, whom you adore and acknowledge as Lord and Master,

having been chosen and called of him to bear his name, publish his salvation, and testify of the riches of his grace to sinners, even the chief.

2. In sanctifying your soul under all adversities and afflictions, by giving you a felt realization and an experimental enjoyment of the blessed truths you are enabled to bear before the people in your ministrations from time to time.

3. In fortifying your spirit, so that you may fearlessly fight the good fight of faith, boldly withstanding every adversary of the truth, and maintain every particle of God's revealed word, with the most uncompromising determination; to know nothing among men, as the ground of acceptance, the channel of mercy, the way of salvation, and the theme of rejoicing, but Christ and him crucified.

4. In satisfying your mind with the progress of the good work both in your own soul and in the souls of your hearers, with the manifest usefulness of your life and labours, and with the measure of success attending your ministry, as being the precise amount pre-determined of infinite wisdom. Bear in remembrance, my brother, that in proportion as the truth of God fructifies the soul, it fortifies; and as it sanctifies, so it satisfies. And as regards the church of your pastoral care, be assured that those whom God doth bring together in Christ, he will bind together in love, build up together in faith, and bless together with joy and peace, endearing truth with each increase.

III. The Lord deal kindly with you as a congregation.

1. In fastening conviction upon your hearts and consciences of "the certainty of the words of truth"—(Prov. xxii. 21.)—the corruption of your nature and the iniquity of your conduct, whereby you may be brought to fall as contrite sinners before the face of the Lord, confessing your sins, and crying out of the depths of your distress for mercy from God Most High, through the merits of Christ.

Whose blood from age to age remains  
The same to wash away our stains.

2. In freeing you from sin in its ruining authority, condemning power, cursed influences, awful consequences, deadly fruits, dreadful sting, and damning tendency. And remember that

The glory of his grace is then made known  
When you the greatness of your guilt shall own  
Before Jehovah's awful throne.

3. In fitting you for the kingdom of Christ, for which all his favoured subjects must suffer tribulation and persecution, in order to prove that their faith is inwrought of God. In fitting you for the service of the sanctuary, by filling you with the Spirit of truth and holiness. In fitting you for membership with the visible and militant church

of Jesus Christ, by constraining you to render unreserved obedience to his high authority as set forth in the ordinances of believer's baptism and the Lord's supper; and in fitting you for eternal glory by the daily endearment of himself to your souls as "*the one thing needful*." For true it is, that

"All the fitness he requireth,  
Is to feel your need of him;  
This he gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

Of has my spirit revived and my heart rejoiced, amidst the keenest sorrows to which my soul has been subjected, when enabled to enter into the warmly expressed language of the Psalmist, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed." (Psalm lvii. 7.) or, my heart is prepared, O God, my heart is fitted to bear or suffer as thou shalt choose.

4. In feeding you with knowledge of his will, and understanding of his word, whereby you may grow in grace, and strengthen greatly in the salvation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. May you flourish in the courts of the Lord's house, feed in the green pastures of gospel truth, find the word of the Lord as preached here, adapted to all your spiritual exigencies, and feel compelled to "tell the the King's household within." (See 2 Kings vii. 9—11.)

How mercy made known the state you were in,  
Delivered your soul, and pardon'd your sin.

In conclusion, I would now pray that "the Lord deal kindly with you all."—With the saints composing this Christian church—with his servant that standeth in his strength to speak unto you of his salvation, and with sinners of the congregation who may be seeking the way of truth secretly, and with such as yet know not the Lord, but are spared for salvation purposes. The Lord add his blessing to these few plain remarks for his great name sake. Amen.

This is a faint outline of the subject delivered, which I trust the Lord made acceptable to the hearers. I must just tell you that a goodly number of friends sat down to a well-provided tea, and that the spirit of love and kindness evidently prevailed. Departing from my usual practice, I remained to the evening service, and heard our brother, James Wells; who, though not the Bishop of Bath and Wells, yet is preferred before him by such as recognise the apostolic character in him—"James, a servant of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ." James i. 4. Suffice it to say, that he preached an excellent sermon from the words of the prophet Micah, "Feed thy people with thy rod; the flock of thine heritage, which dwell solitarily in the wood, in the midst of Carmel; let them feed in Bashan and in Gilead, as in the days of old." (vii. 14.) The subject was handled historically, spiritually, experimentally and practically, and some very judicious

remarks were made illustrative of the people of the Lord's inheritance "dwelling solitarily in the wood." I certainly felt more favourably towards our brother at the close of the service than at its commencement; for my mind having previously pained by hearing that he entertained the idea that I was not "up to the mark;" I accordingly appealed to him touching the matter; when he observed, that he had laboured under some impression of the kind, not knowing from whence that impression arose; but that he was perfectly satisfied from what brother Williamson had told him on the subject, that all was right. Allow me to add, that I felt quite astonished when I first heard the report, and could only say, "Behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high." Job xvi. 19. As regards popularity or talent, true enough it is I come far short of "the mark of the mighty;" but as respects the every truth of God's revelation made known to and opened up in my soul's experience and enjoyment thereof, I give place to no man in the uniform maintenance of the same in the ministrations of the Word.

I am thankful to be able to tell you, that the Lord crowned the day and the way, his word and his work with his seal of approbation, manifested by smiles of favour, full of heaven and full of bliss. The cause at Notting Hill is "looking forth as the morning;" (Cant. vi. 10;) may the Sun of righteousness prolong her day.

The God of Israel deal kindly with you, my brother beloved for the truth's sake; and not with you only, but with all the churches of the saints; with his servants chosen and called of him to their work; and with sinners in the great congregations of the people. May the glory of grace divine appear in the daily triumph of truth, for Christ's sake. So prays your's in Israel's hope and consolation,  
*Chelsea.* JOHN STENSON.

### New Baptist Chapel, Lee,

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE.

THE interesting ceremony of laying the foundation, or corner stone, of a new Particular Baptist Chapel, Dacre Park, Lee, Kent, took place on Monday, May 31. After an appropriate hymn had been sung, Mr. C. A. M. Shepherd, of Henrietta Street, Brunswick Square, supplicated the Divine blessing on the proceedings.

Mr. T. Jones, of Chatham, then read the following paper relative to the business of the day:—

"There is a great want of accommodation for christian worship in this neighbourhood—a fact known to all the inhabitants and by many greatly deplored. Especially is this deficiency felt by the Nonconformists who reside hereabout, and who are obliged in some instances to travel several miles to avail themselves of Christian privileges.

A few persons thus circumstanced, hired a dwelling-house in Church-lane a year ago, which they fitted up and duly licensed for the preaching of the word, but which proved far too strait for the numbers who wish to attend. After making prayer to heaven for direction, and consulting with each other, they resolved to build a capacious chapel if they could obtain a suitable site for the purpose. At one time their difficulties seemed insuperable, and they almost despaired of ultimate success, when their attention was directed to the ground on which we now stand, and they have great pleasure in saying that the gentleman who had it to dispose of, treated with them in the most liberal spirit, and has leased it to them on terms dictated entirely by the purpose for which the land was wanted. The area of the ground is 204 feet long by 84 feet medium, with a lease for 60 years at an annual rent of £10. The interior of the chapel will be 50 feet by 38 feet, and there will be vestries and a dwelling for chapel keepers at the back. Thanks to many generous tradesmen who have offered gratuitous help in different ways; the total cost of building and fencing will not exceed £850. The promoters depend on the good providence of God, and the liberality of a Christian public for ability to defray this moderate sum, and secure to the present and succeeding generations a Bethel, wherein to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. They trust the building will be consecrated by the presence of our covenant God, that only pure apostolic Protestant doctrine will be preached in it, and that many will be gathered here who live to God, and for God, during time, and with God and his sanctified family for ever and ever."

Another hymn was sung, and Mr. Samuel Milner addressed the assembly on "Justification by faith the corner stone of gospel doctrine."

Mr. Peploe, of Brompton, a deacon of Enon Chapel, Chatham, then read the following declaration, which was beautifully inscribed on a scroll of parchment, to which the ministers present, as also the builder and architect affixed their names, and was afterwards sealed up in a bottle, and placed in a cavity in the corner stone by Mr. S. K. Bland, (Corresponding Secretary to the London Gospel Mission,) the architect:

"As the foundation of a chapel, to be used for the worship of the glorious Trinity, by a people maintaining and obeying the doctrines and ordinances of the New Testament, as held and practised by (what are called) Particular Baptists—This stone was laid, with religious solemnities, May 31, 1852, by John Vickers, Esq., of Streat-ham, assisted by the following Christian pastors: James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, Southwark; Samuel Milner, Victoria Street, Shadwell; Chas. A. M. Shepherd, Henrietta-street Chapel, London; and Thomas Jones, Enon Chapel, Chatham."

John Vickers, Esq., then delivered an address in which he advised an union among all evangelical parties, to repel the advances of Popery and Infidelity; and warmly entreated the friends present to come forward and aid the cause by liberal contributions. Mr. Vickers then performed the ceremony of laying the stone, and Mr. S. K. Bland placed the bottle in the cavity. After which

Mr. James Wells gave an able address on "The

Vitality of Truth, which no human power can crush, nor the lapse of ages impair."

In concluding his address, Mr. Wells affectionately exhorted the people connected with this cause to stick close to *την τρυφήν*, and while they did so, they should have his good wishes and assistance; but should they deviate, should he see any softening down the truth to please a rich Mr. Somebody, he should be the very first to exclaim against them.

Tea was provided in a building in an adjacent road, to which a goodly number sat down. After tea, Mr. Jno. Thwaites delivered a most able address, as also Messrs. Bland and Chivers. The collections on the occasion, including £12 from Mr. Vickers and family, amounted to £25. Notwithstanding the unsettled state of the weather, a great number were present from the adjacent villages and London.

We understand that the Committee for building this chapel propose to raise the necessary funds, first, by subscriptions; and, secondly, by the issue of shares. The shares will be one pound each, bearing five per cent interest, to be paid off as funds are realised; the interest will be paid half yearly. The shares may be transferred. This will be a good investment for people who have small savings, as none of the public securities give such interest; and the lenders will have the names of gentlemen whose solvency cannot be doubted; besides which, the scheme adds the security of the chapel itself. We know the trouble and expense of travelling with a begging case. If this plan at Blackheath finds favour with the Christian public, (and we think it must,) we shall gladly report the same for the encouragement of many little congregations who are obliged to huddle into some confined room; but who would be able in this way to build convenient chapels, and give opportunity to their neighbours to come in with them and hear the word of life.

### Mr. John Bloomfield at Exeter Hall.

OUR readers have observed a notice announcing Mr. John Bloomfield, late of Cheltenham, now of Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho, to preach in the Large Hall—Exeter Hall—during the time that Salem Chapel is closed for repairs; this step has caused no little stir among the London people. "Is it true?" said a friend "that John Bloomfield is preaching in the Large Hall—in a place that will hold 4,000 persons?" Yes, it is true: and on Sunday evening, June 13th, we went to see and hear for ourselves. When we entered the spacious edifice the service had commenced; and from what we could judge, there were about 2,000 persons present. John seemed quite at home. He took for his text, Gen. xviii. 27, "And Abraham answered, and said, Behold, now I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, who am but dust and ashes."

After some introductory remarks on the context, Mr. Bloomfield proposed to notice, 1. The Being Abraham addressed: 2. The confession he made: 3. The nature of his speaking.

I. *The Being addressed.* Who can explain or comprehend the greatness of that Being, the greatness of his mind, the greatness of his power, the greatness of his love! It is God Almighty, who fills heaven and earth with his presence; great in his hidden and in his revealed glory—the glory of the Son of God, who was the great Shechinah; and through whom God could look upon fallen, guilty man. How great was his condescension, that Abraham, a man like ourselves, should be permitted to entertain at his table the Lord, who had remembered him from all eternity. His greatness is unsearchable. Thoughts, however deep, are lost in this profound subject. If man could grasp it, man would become divine, and God would cease to be God. God cannot look upon sin with approbation. Sin is an opposition to, and aims to destroy that Being. If sin has caused such a vast gulph between a Holy God, and unholy men, can sin be viewed lightly by that God? Sin on the person of the Saviour is viewed in its full weight, and God is there seen punishing it. And remember, sinner, there is no coming together between God and thee, only through the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. Trifling with sin is trifling with hell. The city of Sodom was very great, and their wickedness was very grievous. And such was God's holiness, that he could not spare this great city. But mark the equitableness of Jehovah's character. What a view Abraham had of Jehovah's equity. He says, "That be far from thee to slay the righteous with the wicked: and that the righteous should be as the wicked;" and then with full confidence, adds "*Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?*" In this world there is little distinction between the righteous man and the wicked man: nay, sometimes the righteous man has to walk in the roughest of paths, while the wicked man has all that heart could wish: but *it must all decay*—eternity is just at hand. Then it shall be seen that the Judge of all the earth has dealt righteously.—"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

II. *Abraham's confession*:—"Who am but dust and ashes." God was about to bring destruction upon Sodom; and Abraham felt that some saints were there. He knew they were "the salt of the earth," and the loved ones of heaven; and could but feel a desire that they might be saved from a horrid destruction. He spake unto the Lord, and confessed that he was but "*dust and ashes.*" What could Abraham have allusion to here? 1. The origin of our bodies. Gen. ii. 7. "And the Lord God formed man of the *dust of the earth.*" It would be well to recollect this, that ornament the body as you will, it still is *dust*—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And when Abraham made this confession, he doubtless had allusion to the material of which he and

us were composed. 2. This confession carries with it the idea of *worthlessness*. Abraham felt himself not worthy a moment's consideration; and what so much humbles us as largo and exalted views of the Redeemer? As Watts beautifully expresses it—

“The more thy glories strike my eyes,  
The humbler I shall lie.”

3. He might refer to the course of our lives. What are we seeking after, even after we have tasted saving grace? How often are God's children taken off their guard, and cleave to all that is passing and empty; as the Psalmist said, “My soul cleaveth to the dust,” &c. How much we need the continued guiding and leading of the Holy Spirit.

Mr. B. then spoke of *the nature of Abraham's prayer* in a consistent and experimental manner; and we humbly hope that his labors in the midst of this flowing multitude may be greatly owned of God.

The congregations have increased largely each time Mr. B. has preached in the Hall. A collection has been made at the close of each service; and although £10 each Lord's-day has to be paid for the Hall, besides other expenses, we understand all expenses incurred will be fully met by the collections.

#### Cheshunt, Herts.

A VERY neat and commodious chapel was opened at the above place on Tuesday, June 1, by brethren Foreman, Bland, and Coles. Brother Foreman preached a faithful gospel sermon in the forenoon from Deut xxii. 8, enforcing the necessity of truth as a battlement for every church of the living God. Brother Bland in the afternoon took his text from Acts xx. the last clause of the 24th verse; shewing that all effort amongst christians tends to effect this glorious purpose under the blessing of the Most High. Brother Coles in the evening preached from Isaiah lx. the last clause of the 7th verse, to which gracious assurance of a covenant God, as set forth by our dear brother, every living soul responded a hearty amen.

The weather was propitious, and many friends from London and the neighbourhood were present. Brethren Moyll, Pepper, Blackshaw, and others were amongst the number, and a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord was graciously vouchsafed to many; and we trust the day will not only be thus borne in grateful remembrance by the Lord's little ones, but that time will shew that the gospel seed sowed on that day will be productive of fruit to the glory of his name to whom the building was thus dedicated. The collections, with the profit arising from dinner and tea amounted to about £15. May the good Lord now send prosperity.

The following is an abstract of the report read in the afternoon:—

“For some years, commencing about May, 1840, Brother Coles, now of Brentford, but then living in a family at Cheshunt, was accustomed to preach in two or three rooms in the village; and although our brother has long been removed, no doubt some connection may be traced thence to the present establishment of a free-grace ministry. In 1847 Mr. J. Gadsby and family came to Cheshunt. They sought some time for such a gospel ministry as they could feed and live upon, and after consulting some friends who were eager to enjoy the same privilege, the lower part of a house was opened for

worship in October 1847. After six months, the attendance increasing, and the blessing of the Lord being manifested, an out-building of Mr. Gadsby's was fitted up as a chapel, and opened April, 1848. In this place until now has the word been faithfully preached, and many tokens of the Lord's presence granted; but almost from the commencement a strong desire was felt to erect a chapel, which the friends could hold independently, and in which the ordinances of the Lord's house might be scripturally attended to.

“Early in 1849, Mr. G. kindly offered to find £100 towards the cost, and a subscription was commenced. To this offer he afterwards added a piece of freehold ground, provided the people raised another £100. Subsequently, Mr. G. suffered a considerable loss by the fire at his printing office, and he felt obliged to withdraw the first part of his offer, still promising the land. In October last, the friends had in cash and promises a sufficient sum to build a small place, and announced the same to Mr. G. (who had removed from Cheshunt.) The conditions, however, upon which alone Mr. G. would give the land, were such as could not conscientiously be acceded to, and the friends felt that the only course to maintain an independent and scriptural position was to decline the offer of Mr. G.'s land, and look out for an eligible plot to purchase.

“It was now considered necessary, before proceeding further, that New Testament order should be observed, and Christian fellowship established. Accordingly, six of the brethren were baptised at East Lane, Walworth, by Mr. Moyll, in January last; and with others previously baptised, were formed into a church declaring the principles of sovereign grace, and the practise of strict communion, by Mr. Foreman, and others.

“The work now went forward amidst many difficulties—ground was found and purchased—helping friends were raised up on many sides, and a chapel erected, seating 200 persons. The debt now remaining, (including £100 the cost of the land,) is about £210; which, with the erection of vestries and completion of baptistry, (shortly to be commenced,) brings the cause before the sympathies of the people of God; and calling upon them, as they see the Lord's hand in the matter, to help and cheer on this infant cause for his names' sake.”

Donations thankfully received by brethren Collins, grocer, Waltham Abbey, and Bland, lead merchant, Lisson Grove, Marylebone, London.

W. HOLMES.

#### The Church of Christ at Doncaster.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—By the request of my friends I take up my pen in my feeble way to give as plain a statement as I can respecting the state of our church at Doncaster. I have preached at Doncaster about eighteen months, and watched the hand of Providence, particularly in this matter, but cannot give such a pleasing statement of it as I could wish, yet must say things go on as well as we can expect, considering the state of the church. When I came to it I am sorry to say it was nearly upset; but very few people attended the place beside my friends and the Phillips' family; but, thanks be to God, his grace still is sufficient for us. We have had to meet with many fiery trials, and pass through many deep waters, but still the Lord is our help, and also our hiding place; he still keeps us from sinking.

I think I never went into any place where there was so much profession and so little truth as in Doncaster. I am sorry to say there is nothing but free-will preached in the place; I am looked upon by the preachers in the place as being a dangerous person; yea, if they meet me in the street they act as though they would meet Old Nick with quite as much pleasure. Sometimes I have a few of their free-will workmen come to my shop for a job, but they soon find out their free-will tools will not agree with our free-grace ones, so they pack up and go to their own shop again, and glad we are to

see their back, for they only make a bother among our free-grace workmen.

But to return to give you a statement of our church. Since I have been at Doncaster we have baptised nine persons; seven of the same remain with us. On the 30th of May we baptised three persons at a good age—one was 78; and one from 50 to 60; and one from 40 to 50. We had a good day: and on Whit-Monday we had a school feast for our children, about eighty-three, and adults about sixty; after which some of our children said some pieces. I then addressed the people upon three points—1st., to parents in teaching a child; 2nd., to children when taught; 3rd., to believers respecting providence and grace from the cradle to the present time. Three friends after me addressed the congregation, and we concluded. We can say the Lord was with us. Remaining your's in Christ.

S. PALMER.

### The Late Mrs. Pope, of Camberwell.

On Monday, the 14th of June, the mortal remains of Caroline, second wife of Mr. Pope, a deacon of Grove Chapel, Camberwell, were interred in a vault in the north aisle of Grove Chapel, where are also deposited the ashes of Mr. Pope's former wife.

Mr. Gad Southall, of Cole Street, Chapel, delivered a very solemn address on the occasion from Psalm xlv. 13, 14. Mr. Southall said—

"Death at all times strikes us with solemnity; but when the sting of death is taken away, instead of viewing it with painful feelings we should rejoice. Death! 'tis our friend; if what God the Holy Ghost says is true, 'the day of a man's death is better than the day of his birth,' because at his birth he has all his turmoil and conflict to go through; but if the Lord's, if one of his chosen and redeemed family, at death you will have done with all toils, turmoils, and conflicts here below, to be for ever with your God. I feel that I stand in a very solemn position to-day, because he who would have been wont to address you on the present occasion is no more, and I feel that I should be very glad to go at once. We rejoice that all the saints are alike lifted from the hell of hell, receiving pardon by the blood of the everlasting covenant—all have an equal right to that.

"The reason why I would rejoice on this occasion is, that I am so far from feeling melancholy that I would rather that this occasion should be looked upon as a nuptial day. What a glorious doctrine is the doctrine of the saints' union to Christ! Everlastingly one with him—walk with him as Enoch did. This is our glorious brother, born for our adversities. He never allows a sighing brother of his to cry on the swelling waves but he answers, 'Peace, be still!' We notice,

"I. The daughter. The children of God don't know their relationship till God himself makes it known to them, until the Holy Spirit whispers in the ear, 'Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear.' (Psalm xlv. 10, 11.) And our beloved sister, whose lifeless remains we this day consign to the silent tomb, we believe, had heard the voice that calls and fetches out from the ruins of the fall—one who, as far as external things went, would have been a pattern for all, though I do not wish to eulogise human nature, and would wish to make a distinction between morality and spirituality. 'Without holiness no man can see the Lord.' Whence, then, shall guilty worms, like you and I possess this righteousness? Nowhere out of Jesus. There the righteousness exists that shall make us acceptable to appear before God. This does not lead the soul to extol herself; she gets her happiness from her husband, her Lord, his glorious person, work, holiness, love, and perfections. The child of God is holy as Christ is holy.

"II. Her clothing. 'Her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought to the king in raiment of needlework.' They set forth the beautiful robe

of righteousness wrought out by Jesus Christ. All the work of the Holy Ghost does not work justification; it is what Christ has done in the believer's heart. The blessed bride of Jesus has not a spot; he says, 'thou art all fair, my love, my dove, my undefiled one.' And we have a good hope that our dear departed sister was in that sweet relationship; and being so, has been brought into the presence of the King.

"What does death do? It is a friend, and not a foe. Hence the apostle exclaims, 'Oh death, where is thy sting?' In fact, there is no death to the child of God: sin being removed there is no death, it makes it only a sleep. Our dear Jesus comes to the tomb, and fetches his Lazarus out of the tomb. Our faith cannot be limited to the bounds of the cold grave, it looks beyond. We may apply this to our dear departed sister: there was no fault to be found with her dress: her own natural one was filthy, but she was sheltered in the beautiful robe of the righteousness of the Son of God, in which she now appears before the King eternal.

"Oh! to love the coming of Jesus—to die daily! If you carry about with you the sentence of death, you shall one day wear this dress and enjoy everlasting felicity at the King's right hand. May this be our blessedness: and instead of mourning, may we be saying, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'"

After Mr. Southall's address, of which the above is a sketch, the coffin was placed in the tomb, and Mr. Wallinger, of Bath, (who has been supplying the pulpit of Grove Chapel for a few Sabbaths) delivered a short but impressive address.

On Sunday evening, June 20, Mr. Wallinger attempted some improvement of the solemn event. His text was Col. i. 3—6. The following is an outline of the discourse. Mr. W. said:

"Having entered upon this subject this morning, three questions rose up out of the text.

"I. What was it that the apostle thanked God for? Why the hope laid up for them in heaven; and surely no greater subject of thankfulness could there be: may you and I realise it. Have you got a good hope? Then 'tis of grace. Grace lays the foundation stone, raises the superstructure, and shall bring forth the top-stone with shoutings of "grace, grace unto it." In regenerating the saints it is the work of God, who must begin, carry on, and complete the work. The people of God live upon grace, and this makes them a free-grace people. It neither respects their sins or their good works; as soon may their sins save them as their good works. Though, my dear friends, we don't give up the doctrine of salvation by works and merit, but not of the creature—it must be the good works and merits of the dear Son of God, the sole dependance of his people.

"The second question that arose was, *How came they by this hope?* How came you by your hope? Some cannot answer how He opened their eyes—can give no account of the matter; their's is a hearsay, second-hand religion, a got up profession, not received from the Fountain-Head. Where did you get yours? When were you cut down? When did the killing commandment come into thy soul, bringing no hope till the Lord Jesus appeared and healed thy wounded spirit, and broken heart? Many dream of being healed before they are wounded. Was the cry 'lost! lost!' ever raised in thy soul? Did you ever stand and wonder you were out of hell? View the pit from whence ye were digged, and the rock from whence ye were hewn at a dead lift as it were? Oh, then, shall we not extol the grace of God, and admire his electing love?

Snatched and plucked as brands out of (not from) the burning. The papists talk of a purgatory, and I believe there is a purgatory too for the Lord's saints, but not where the papist says it is; but they feel a purgatory here, and hell is to be tasted here! Bless God, it is nothing in comparison to the glory and joy they shall experience. It will make them to cry feelingly, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' It is not so with the speculative professor, but only to the chosen family. Doesn't it say, 'In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.' Do you see, beloved friends, the moment of wrath will bear no comparison with the eternal everlasting glory that shall follow! this will make amends for all. These glad tidings are to be heard and made known to all God's children. It is written, 'Blessed are they that hear and know the joyful sound.' It is not enough to hear, we must know it. Here is the knowledge of approbation and experience; and this knowledge will bring you peace, and melt you down at the feet of Jesus, and enable you to see what blessed things the Lord can do for you, as he has promised in his word, 'I will abundantly bless her provision.'

"The third question that arises from this subject is, *How is it to be proved that their hope was a solid hope?* 1. By their faith: they could shew that they had faith, because it operated in them. The faith of God's elect is an operative one, and an overcoming one, and shews him who possesses it that the foot of the cross is the place of safety, 'flying for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us in the glorious gospel.' 'What!' say you, 'not arrived at assurance yet?' Certainly not. Many talk of it, and boastingly cry, 'my Lord and my God,' who have never yet known anything about it. But the child of God is very careful it shall be God's time. By the aid of this faith—'the faith of God's elect,'—they are enabled to overcome the law, condemnation, sin, death, the grave, hell, and all the powers of darkness. The true believer can also see the vileness of self, and the preciousness of Christ, which is the best remedy for all diseases of the soul.

"The second evidence of the solidity of their hope is *love*—love of a peculiar nature—'the love of the brethren.' The new commandment had been carried out in them, (John xiii. 34,)—a new commandment, and yet as old as Adam! Dost thou remember when first the love of the saints broke into thy soul? Was it not then a new commandment to you which you had never before thought of? No thanks to you that you have been brought to do it. We cannot expect to find them faultless, we must expect to find some rubbish, some drawback; but look at the dear Lord, he has to bear with them all. We may be tempted to wrath, strife, clamour, and evil speaking, but this is not the wisdom that is from above; and it is a good thing to be able to discover the cloven foot, and to say, 'get thee behind me satan.' Why this love is the very law of heaven, and that is the reason why it's found among the saints. The faith of God's elect is the heir-loom of the family. Then you see that the love of the brethren is as much the law of heaven as faith is—you will never realize faith without it: they go hand-in-hand. I delight thus to extol and exalt the

sovereignty of Jehovah—it is the grand ruling truth of the Bible from Genesis to Revelations. John says, 'We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.' I am sure you and I by nature never loved the brethren. The love of God is a perfect bond, and I cannot understand a perfect bond being broken.

"The third evidence is, *the fruit manifested*.—'And bringeth forth fruit.' We look for the fruits of the gospel; and wherever it is realized with power in the heart, it will bring forth fruit—fruits of bondage and fear—fruits of adoption, when we recognize our ultimate relationship with that blessed family. Many hear of the truth of God, but don't know it; mere hearing won't do alone: no, we must have an experimental knowledge of it. No matter how clear the preacher may be—'the kingdom of God is not in word only, but in power.'—'if so be that ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious.' Do you know that all your mercies hang upon that? It is grace communicated to the soul. In truth, or truly, did you ever know such a day? When was it—how long ago? Here the apostle marks out the work of the Spirit. What for? That the saints may look and see where they are. Well, then, we have the church of God marked out.

"Concerning our departed sister, we can say, there was a hope laid up in heaven for her; there was proof of it, because of the faith and love that seemed wrought in her.

"It was her usual custom to address a letter to her dear husband on each return of his natal day. Some of these letters have been placed in my hands, from which I shall read some extracts. The first I read is dated October 13, 1841; where she writes:

"I have within this heart of mine nothing but sin. I was once in a state of darkness—ignorant that my heart was as black and polluted as those who had been left to work out the will within them; and that the hand of God alone can restrain and preserve us. I feel now that it is not the world without I have so much to contend with; but heart-sin, trifling conversation, and not unfrequently undue levity; and I hope you will always tell me when you find this to be the case. Oh, for grace to be led more to God, and less moved by the wicked feelings to which we are subject."

The next sent was October 13th, 1847.

"How rapidly time is passing, and we as rapidly getting on our journey homeward! I hope I can sometimes feel with you I am travelling home to Jesus. \* \* \* You know I often say mine seems a singular experience; but only let me feel the Lord is leading me, and I shall welcome all little seasons of darkness, because these will tend to my soul's real good."

The last she wrote is dated October 13th, 1851.

"I was in hopes that by the return of your natal day, I should have been restored to health and strength. \* \* \* God only knows what I have passed through in my last illness. \* \* \* I desire to be able to say, 'Thy will be done.' \* \* \* If it be his will to take me home to glory, that will be far better than health, and a cold, lifeless state."

We have given but a short sketch of Mr. Wallinger's sermon, having no room for more. Mrs. Pope was highly esteemed by many of the Grove Chapel church.

**A City set upon a Hill, which cannot be hid**

MESSRS EDITORS — I have had the privilege of watching the progress of the church of Christ meeting in Shaw Street Chapel, Liverpool, for the last ten or twelve years; and I can truly say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped them," and wonderfully blessed them, and enabled them to stand fast by the truths of the everlasting gospel. It is the only pulpit I can find where a full, free and finished salvation by the blood of the cross is proclaimed, and the utter ruin and helplessness of man set forth; the only place where a Triune Jehovah in all his glorious offices, characters and relationship to his dear children are revealed; the only place where a precious Christ is exalted, and the sinner abased; where the work of the Holy Ghost is enforced and contended for. Go into other places of worship, and you will hear, as I heard a friend once say he did, "Coo, coo," all round. It is to be lamented, but so it is; and if what was stated on the covers of the *Vessel* last month be true, respecting Mr. Dawson, it will rejoice our hearts. There is an old proverb, "Shew me the company a man keeps, and I will shew you the man."

We always took Mr. D. to be one of this "cooler" tribe, by his train; but if otherwise, the Lord be glorified; there is much need of a few ambassadors of the Lord's sending in this large town, according to our view, but not man's; for if men send them they will be driven away as chaff before the wind, and cause nothing but trouble and anxiety to the real church of Christ. But I am happy to say there is one place where the poor tried family of God can meet, and hear of their dear Lord and Master, though they come for miles round the country, a place where they not only hear of him, but where he condescends at times to visit them, to appear in their midst, and say, "Peace, be still." This is worth more to us than all the "coo, coo" in the land. Oh, that the Lord may enable us to stand fast to his glorious truth, to contend earnestly for them, amidst all the false reports that are abroad; and while many are going over to the "coo coo" school, may we be as "a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid," is the sincere desire of

A LOVER OF GOSPEL TRUTH  
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

I.S. I could give you many proofs of the Lord's blessing during the time I have known them, but fear I shall make my ditty too long. There has been many called to a sense of their lost condition, and led to rejoice in a crucified Redeemer. The Lord has appeared for them more than once in as miraculous a way as he did for the children of Israel in the wilderness; not only in delivering them from the hand of their enemies, but in providing them with a good place of worship out of debt; also in raising up one of their number to proclaim the everlasting gospel to poor perishing sinners,—who has been instrumental in establishing no less than four churches of decided truth within twenty miles of the town,—so that it does not appear as if the dear Lord had quite forsaken them yet. No, blessed be God, I believe he will maintain his own truth in that place for many generations, and preserve them amidst all the abounding errors of the present day.

"Victory over corruptions is a sweet fruit, but only found on the branches of faith."

**The Heavenly Dew.**

I LOVE to feel the dew  
That comes from heaven above;  
My strength it does renew,  
And onward makes me move:  
And when I faint along the road,  
One drop does move me on to God.  
Sometimes for it I thirst;  
Nor pleased can I be  
Until the God I trust  
Does give it unto me:  
To him I look, to him I cry  
To send it to me from on high.  
So parch'd I've been, thro' sin,  
I knew not what to do,  
Until he has let in  
A little of this dew:  
And when it comes, it's just the thing,  
It melts my heart and makes me sing.  
I love the blessed taste,  
It is so very good;  
It always suits my case  
Where'er it is bestow'd:  
And was it not divinely free,  
It never would distill on me.  
For was it to be sold,  
It I could never buy;  
I have no bags of gold,  
So poor a wretch am I;  
And no good works to make a plea  
Why it should be bestowed on me.  
But as the gentle dew  
Free on the grass does fall,  
Its verdure to renew,  
And strengthen it withal:  
Through heat and dew the grass does grow,  
Until it's ripe and fit to mow.  
Just so, the heavenly dew,  
God lets it freely fall  
Upon his chosen few,  
And will until they're all  
Brought home to dwell with him above,  
Wrapped up in everlasting love.  
Poor sinners one and all,  
Who feel your misery,  
Still cry till he let fall  
This precious dew on thee:  
And when he does 'twill make you well,  
And stop within the fears of hell.  
'Twill ease your throbbing breast,  
However sunk in grief;  
It gives the dying rest,  
So great is his relief:  
The saints can view grim death with joy,  
When this they feel flows from on high.  
O I be encouraged then  
To wait upon the Lord,  
Tho' set at nought by men,  
Still plead the Saviour's blood;  
Nor can you wait for him in vain,  
If you do feel your guilt and pain.  
It will not come too late,  
Nor will it come too soon;  
Tho' long for it you wait,  
And often for it groan:  
But when it comes, 'twill come just right,  
This you shall own with all your might.  
The saints who're gone before,  
When they sojourned here  
They felt it o'er and o'er  
Their fainting hearts to cheer;  
They loved the taste, and so do I,  
Let me be sick with it and die.

J. C.  
Coventry.

## Both Sides of Christian Experience.

EXPERIENCE is a word but seldom used in the Bible, and less still in the New Testament, though the word *dokimen*, so rendered in our version, rather oftener appears in the original; it occurs twice in Rom. v. 4. But the thing signified by the word is often expressed by other words, and is that without which there is no vital religion. It is something we have known by a trial, proof, and feeling of it, as distinguished from rational knowledge, sentimental religion, and the practice of mere morality. True experience is a *feeling of what we are by nature, and what we are by grace.*

When divine life is once given we feel that death in sin was our state before, that there was neither wish nor power to move in any spiritual way. When regeneration has taken place in the soul we feel that darkness was previously our condition; ignorance of ourselves and God is too deeply felt to be denied; we are called out of darkness. 1 Pet. ii. 9. When a principle of purity is planted in our hearts, we are truly sensible of their deep-rooted defilement, and that they are the seat of those impurities spoken of by our Lord in Matt. xv. 18, 19, 20. When our spiritual healing is begun, in the manifestation of pardoning mercy, our sinful diseases become a grievous burden, and we feel the description of them in Isa. i. 5, 6, is a true one. When we are called and inclined to love God, our native enmity and rebellion against him is experimentally known, as it is written in Rom. viii. 7. When some wished-for obedience is wrought in us, rebellion in the will is often ready to rise, and thus the war between flesh and spirit is severely felt, Gal. v. 17. When godly sorrow and faith is given, how often has our impotence and unbelief prevailed against us to our grief. Mark xvi. 14. When a measure of strength from Christ is received it is a felt matter of fact that without him we can do nothing, John xv. 5. Thus do we feel and experience what we are by nature.

Experience lies in further feeling what we are by grace. We are made possessors of the life of God; Christ, who is the life liveth in us, and this is followed by a life of faith on him, "who loved us and gave himself for us;" and this is accompanied with hope in and desire after him, and appears in the practice of earnest prayer. Gal. ii. 20. Such are "dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through our Lord Jesus." The *light* of grace, truth, knowledge, and comfort is matter of experience in the truly living soul. Life and light are suitable and close companions in the new creation. It is not desirable the newborn children of light should be long in darkness; nor can they after the Sun of

Righteousness has risen on them and shines in them. The light of grace subdues sin and sanctifies the sinner; and it is pleasant both to see and feel it. The truth of the gospel, when it comes with power and enters the soul under the direction of the Spirit is the light of life shining into the heart, and gives the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in Christ. John viii. 12; 2 Cor. iv. 6.

Here we have the light of God's countenance giving us greater gladness than worldly wealth can cause. Psalm iv. 6.

Some make much of their grief in giving their experience; but gladness is more glorious, being most like heaven. To this belongs an application of cleansing blood, the blood of Christ, that claims a cleansing from every crime his members commit; it is as certainly conveyed to their consciences as it was shed for their crimes; and while it atoned for their sins and procured their pardon, it speaks peace and produces joy in their souls, and thus they are washed experimentally in the blood of the Lamb. The guilt and punishment of sin is gone; and though its power may disturb the holy soul for a time, the fountain of relief will ne'er remove. It cleanses us from all sin. 1 John i. 7.

The disease of sin was before referred to; but the *healing* must be mentioned here. Through the merit and Spirit of Christ, our pains, feebleness and fears, are turned into ease, energy, health and hope: sin and sorrow is changed into songs of praise. When we are favoured thus, we ought, we can, we do with David sing, "Bless the Lord, my soul, who has forgiven all thine iniquities, and healed all thy diseases." Psalm ciii. 3. From this blessedness arises *love to God* and his service. We love him, because he first makes manifest his love to us. 1 John iv. 19. Love unfeigned is an essential principle in all sound experience; it is that without which our most shining religion would be like an empty shell—a big body without a soul, a shadow without a substance. But that service which springs from heart-felt affection, makes the man that serves like a fruitful tree; and that work which grows from grace, is governed by the commands of Christ, and is done for the glory of God, is the best evidence that our experience is really right. If any one should ask—What is love? we answer, It is that holy affection by which we have pleasure in pleasing God. With love is connected, *submission to his will*. This belongs to the servants of Christ, and is "*doing the will of God from the heart.*" Ephesians vi. 6. We feel this grace comes into use, not only in *doing*, but also in *suffering* the will of God; as when we are "persecuted for righteousness' sake," &c. 1 Peter iv. 19. This was a

large part of the experience of Christ—why should it not be some part of ours? “If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.” Submission is opposed to rebellion, and the latter is what we too often feel; but as this is no part of what we are made by grace, it is not worth much notice; and the same may be said of all sufferings which are the reward of disobedience.

*Godly sorrow and faith* go together in Scripture, (Acts xx. 21,) and they need not be parted in experience; and so they will agree with what we have already recorded. When we are truly sensible of sin, the tears of true repentance trickle from the eye of faith. This is a better thing than theory, and brings the soul an abundance of blessed feeling, the fruit of power divine; and the forerunner of everlasting salvation. To the above may be added, an observation of that *help* we have received in the past, and expect for the time to come. To this help of God, the apostle ascribed his continuance in the cause of Christ, notwithstanding the continued opposition of his deadly enemies. Acts xxvi. 22. We have found his grace sufficient in every time of need, and it has helped us to believe his gospel, to bear our burdens, to fight our battles, to do our duties; and it will help us to hope for glory. And after all our experience of so much grace on earth, he will ere long let us experience what it is to dwell in heaven.

#### EXPERIENCE.

Alas, how far from God we dwell!  
How dangerous is our case!  
Till we are raised from death and hell,  
By renovating grace.  
Now we have known the cleansing blood,  
Of our Redeemer's death;  
Bring our unfeigned thanks to God,  
And feel his quickening breath.  
Pardon and peace, and comfort now,  
Call for a tuneful voice;  
Bid us in blest obedience bow,  
And make our souls rejoice.  
He that has help'd me hitherto,  
Shall prove my future friend;  
Help me his holy will to do,  
And save me without end.  
Here have I felt his heavenly love,  
With sacred lustre shine;  
And soon shall sing in heaven above,  
Experience more divine.

*Little Gransden.*

THOS. ROW.

#### THE

### Three-fold Desire of a Living Soul.

“Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee.”  
Psalm cxix. 175.

This is the language of a soul not dead in trespasses and sins; but of one in the possession of divine, spiritual, and consequently eternal life. This prayer was uttered, (not that the Psalmist doubted its existence, or was fearful of its being cut off, or being extinguished, but) that the life of his soul might be manifest, vigorous, and healthful. In the

96th verse he prays, “I am thine, save me.” This is the language of strong confidence, yet humble dependance, desiring that the evidences of his soul's salvation might be seen in that constant care, sustaining grace, and delivering mercy, which he as a helpless one needed.

This prayer was not used as a prayer of selfishness, with carnal views, desiring only natural life, prompted by pride and ambition. It is the sincere breathing of a child of God, humbled under a sense of his unworthiness, conscious of his entire dependance, acknowledging God as the author and source of his spiritual being: In a word, it is the prayer of living faith. Faith cannot live upon seen but upon unseen realities. The life of a believer is spiritual, invisible, “hid,” and sustained by its divine, invisible author. This language every living child can adopt as his own, “Let my soul live.”

I. “Let my soul live” upon thee. He who in infinite wisdom and eternal love devised the scheme of redemption, has treasured up in his dear Son a fulness of blessing, delightfully adapted to meet every want of all his needy ones. Yes, Jesus our divine Wisdom was set up from everlasting, as the life of his church, and as their inexhaustible storehouse of divine supply, on whom they all feed. O, what sweet words did he utter when he said, “I am the living bread which came down from heaven, if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever.” Nothing less than Jesus himself is or can be a satisfying portion to his people. “The Lord is my portion, saith my soul.” Empty husks cannot satisfy the cravings of spiritual hunger; nor can anything allay spiritual thirst but the new wine in the cluster, or a draught from that stream which maketh glad the city of our God. Blessed be God, our Jesus is not only the bread, but also the water of life. “If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.” Where there is spiritual life there will be a spiritual desire; and that appetite can only be satisfied with the divine provision. The soul that has lived upon Christ, can live upon nothing less than Christ: thus proving blessedly true, Psalm xxxvi. 8: “They shall be abundantly satisfied with the provision of my house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasure.” “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”

“Bread of heaven,  
Feed me now and evermore.”

II. “Let my soul live” unto thee. There are many blessed injunctions in God's word, but not one too many for the living soul taught to say, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” To every one he cheerfully responds. It is but reasonable to him that he follow his dear Lord; he finds his service perfect freedom—“Thy law is my delight:” “I love them exceedingly.” A believer's

life is one of obedience; his good works are evidences of his faith: "Shew me thy faith without thy works, (or by itself, if possible) and I will shew thee my faith by my works," "by their fruits ye shall know them;" "ye are the light of the world."

The path of obedience is the element of a renewed mind; "I delight in the law of God after the inward man." Love is the fulfilling of the law. Does a child delight in obeying his or her parents or friends? how much more does a child of God delight in honouring and obeying the Lord Jesus. If at any time, through the power of temptation, he is led away from that which is glorifying to his dear Lord, he mourns over it; (see Psalm li.) abhors himself on account of it, and seeks earnestly the joys of his salvation. The life of our dear Jesus was one of obedience; he came to do the will of his Divine Father, and when about to resign himself into the hands of his enemies, he said, "I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." In his instructions he has taught diligence and obedience. Is he a nobleman, gone into a far country? he has given his servants a charge with, "Occupy till I come." The living humble soul is aware of his weakness; of the many oppositions, and formidable enemies he has to meet with in his course, and of his liability to wander from the right way. Hence, the language of his heart is, let my soul live unto thee—let my time be devoted to thee—let my talents be employed for thee—let my influence be used for thy glory—let my health be spent in thy service. Oh, to feel constantly the influence of gospel truth upon my heart! If I preach, may I preach for thee: if I suffer, may I suffer for thee. A life spent in the service of our Lord will bear reflection: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course." A living daily under the direction and sanctifying power of the Divine Spirit, will be the best criterion of being able to say, "For me to live, is Christ; and to die, is gain." In the family, in the world, in the Church, at home, and abroad, let me live unto thee.

Faith recognizes the promised presence of Jesus *now*, according to the promise, "Lo, I am with you always." In this, the age of the Spirit, Jesus is the only precious *one*, to him that believeth: whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on the earth I desire beside thee. But the believer is not only the subject of *faith*, but also of *hope*. Faith is the evidence of existing unseen realities: hope views them to be enjoyed, and claims them as mine, "which hope we have, as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." Faith and hope are precious graces of the Divine Spirit, to be enjoyed and exercised *now*: "This keeps my fainting soul alive."

Now, in the absence of Jesus, in this age of suffering, reproach, and tribulation, when we, with the whole creation groan, being burdened, we are looking for deliverance, for salvation, for a restitution of all things; for his enemies to be made his footstool, for the year of the redeemed, the return of the Bridegroom, &c., the Saviour's joy is before him. (Heb. xii. 2.) Thus the Church's hope, and the Saviour's joy is one and the same thing. The Lord is about to return to take her to himself, whom he hath betrothed from everlasting; and the Church, in her sorrowful state, says, "Let me live with thee, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" To live with Christ, implies, a change of state and place. Stephen, when being stoned, said, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." Paul desired to be "absent with the body and to be present with the Lord." The spirits of just men, made perfect as with Christ, they are in his care and presence; and this the Saviour desired when on earth. "Father, I will, that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." Our faith receives the truth, that to be absent from the body, is to be present with the Lord; but inspired prophecy, yea, the gospel, brings life and immortality to light, and points us to a more perfect and blessed state.

The departed spirits of the just in heaven, are but a part of the redeemed; they are, also, disembodied; their bodies are redeemed from death, as well as the spirits that are before the throne; the joy of Jesus, nor the complete bliss of the Church is yet fully complete: they without us should not be made perfect. The whole of the Church, the body of Christ must be called out from among men; "Jesus the first, and the last; he who liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore, having the keys of hell and of death," must come forth; unlock the prison house, and bring forth from death's grasp, all the redeemed held from the beginning of his reign. So Jesus shall have an immortal Church, saved from every foe, made white through the blood of the Lamb, and brought into heavenly, holy, eternal union; the saints all collected, all immortal, all glorified, capable of entering into all the enjoyments of an immortal state, shall live with Christ in his kingdom, where tears shall be for ever wiped away. Then, and not till then, shall we have the full satisfaction David desired in Psalm xvii. 15.

J. CHISLETT.

*Bedford.*

"There is a PARDON OFFICE in heaven, of which Christ is the Registrar. God's saints have their names recorded in that registry—when accused by the enemy, then their sworn surety and advocate Jesus, produces them certificates of pardon, sealed in his, Immanuel's, blood."

## REMARKS ON ROMANS viii. 26.

MR. EDITOR.—Having seen on the wrapper of the *Earthen Vessel*, for July, a request to the readers for some observations on Rom. viii. 26, I feel a desire to throw in my mite. I know not what the object of our enquiring brother or sister may be, but I am led to suppose it is some poor babe, who, destitute of an overcoming faith, is yet so far under the influence and leading of the dear teacher of Israel, the Holy Spirit, as to desire to be able to exclaim, "The Lord is my God: he also has become my salvation." In looking at the chapter before us, we see that our dear brother Paul, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, is led to speak of the glorious standing of the children of God, in being freed from condemnation, because, "in Christ Jesus," and as a consequence, made the subjects of the tuition and influence of the gracious Spirit, so that we are raised from a death of sin to a life of righteousness, that we should no more serve the flesh, but live in, and walk after the Spirit, to the praise and glory of God's grace.

But we are taught in this chapter that though we are favoured to experience the blessings of the adoption, so as to cry, "Abba, Father;" although we have the first-fruits of the Spirit we have not entered into perfect rest; but are learning in our souls, the fact declared to the Church at Lystra and Iconium, and Antioch, that "Through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom," and in proof of it, "We ourselves groan within ourselves," and the burden of a body of sin and death, or as the Apostle speaks, "The body of this death." This body is our infirmity: how sweet then, to come to our Father's word, and see that he is fully acquainted with it, and does not say to us, "I see your condition, and compassionate your case," and leaves us still under the burden, but has found the remedy; and administers the balm to our wounded spirits, by sending forth his Spirit into our hearts, and leading us to a throne of grace, there to groan out our complaints, and find that our dear teacher is making intercession for us according to the will of God.

When a child of God is convinced of his state by nature, feels that he is a child of wrath even as others, and therefore, under the curse of a broken law; feels conscience a curse, and knows in all its dreadful power, that he is only suffering to draw the breath of life, by the long-suffering of a justly-offended God, that he is subject every moment to be cast into irremediable destruction; who can describe his condition? who can paint his feelings? What a view then he has of the purity of the great Jehovah; what a sight of his own lost, ruined, undone condition. And his utter inability to secure in any way the mercy of God, or put aside that fury which he feels may justly be launched upon his guilty soul. Who, who can quiet the terrors of such a poor undone wretch? But if the mind still travels on, and he is led to see that although all are lost as fallen descendants of a fallen common father, yet a people is rescued from that ruin; if he is instructed that the glorious God, the creator and upholder of all things, left his glorious throne above, to rescue fallen man; humbled himself to man's lost estate, took flesh, became a servant, suffered indignity, persecution, hardship, and death, and that for a number of mortals who, without the

influence of God's own Spirit, desire him not, but are altogether opposed to him, and are satisfied to remain in the wretched pit of nature, till death consigns them to eternal woe—if he sees that they are rescued from their misery, raised from death to life, from bondage to liberty, from hell to heaven, guarded and guided through a world of sin and trouble, comforted in their sorrows, encouraged in their distresses, made to feel that they are safe amid all danger, that every promise of the Bible is theirs, that in Christ is treasured up all fulness of grace, to be communicated to them as they need, that a mansion of bliss is prepared for them beyond the skies to which they shall surely be conducted, where they shall eternally hymn the high praises of him who hath saved them and washed them in his own precious blood; and where the pleasure is enhanced in the consideration, that from thence there shall he no going out. Oh, what would the poor condemned criminal give to be interested in such wondrous favour. Now the fear of hell is not so much the dread, as the sight of amazing love of Christ is matter of astonishment. Now the thought darts into the soul as transient as the lightning's flash, "What would be my bliss were I but interested in that love?" the feeling of utter unworthiness banishes it as quickly. Again it returns; the mind dwells on it—it comes again, but no, the favour is too great; the bliss too much for such an unworthy sinner; yet he cannot banish it, till at last it becomes the one only thought; it ripens into desire, till at length it takes possession of every power, and supplants every other thought and object.

This is the Spirit's work in a quickened soul; thus God leads his children. The love of Christ is the one great contemplation, and the intense desire to feel interested in that love, the subject of supplication to God, that he would grant a feeling sense of that interest to his soul; and now comes the language of Scripture with full power before our view.

This dear Spirit, who has conducted us thus far, now manifests his power and aid. He helps our infirmities—he enables us to plead. He makes us feel the love of Christ. And a sense of our base ingratitude, of our sunken condition as children of Adam, often stops our mouths; we can plead nothing before God; we are stricken in our souls, and utter the anguish we feel in groans, which can be uttered sometimes; but, at others, they are felt so powerfully, so indescribably, as to put at defiance every or any method of expression; this is God's work in the soul and not man's.

We know not what we should pray for as we ought. No; we are now in deep waters, where there is no standing. We cannot get back to where we before stood, neither can we rest where we are; but, blessed be God, we are in his hands, he is our Teacher; he it is who has brought us here, and having given trouble, he will give peace; having wounded, he will make whole. Has he taught us we are lost? then he will show us that we are saved with an everlasting salvation: that we are polluted? then he will reveal the glorious robe of a Saviour's righteousness; let us feel the cleansing of his blood, and give us joy in believing that we are washed, sanctified, and clothed.

HENRICUS,

Somer's Town.

## How ought the Church of God to act towards a brother Member, where signs of a Call to the Ministry are evident ?

BROTHER BANKS.—In reading the reply of Timothy the elder to the above question, proposed in the Juno number of the *Earthen Vessel*, I cannot feel like one of old when he said, "Know ye that our brother Timothy is set at liberty?" For surely the question, as was kindly requested, is neither answered in a scriptural way, nor in the spirit of the gospel, but is calculated to distress those whom God designs to honour; and I am disposed to think that our brother Timothy is one of those who seldom prays that the Lord of the harvest would send forth more labourers into his vineyard. The question, brother Banks, is an important one; and, like Elihu, I have waited to hear the aged speak, but find there is no direct answer, and that wisdom does not always dwell with them. Surely the counsel of Timothy is not good at this time; and much is my soul grieved to find that many of the elder Timothys deal harshly and unkind toward those who, in the all-wise purpose and providence of God shall, through his super-abounding grace, soon blow the gospel trumpet, and preach the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ in the very pulpits where they are now spoken against. "Your forefathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?"

Joshua was pleased on one occasion to request Moses to forbid Eldad and Medad to prophecy, but Moses, untingered by the spirit of jealousy, answered Joshua in a way that does him honour—"Enviest thou," said he, "for my sake? would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them." You will remember also that Paul told Timothy not to neglect the gift that was in him, but to meditate on the things of God, and give himself wholly to them, and again, "let no man despise thy youth;" and again he adds, "the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also;" and again, "study to shew thyself approved unto God a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." His large and love-expanded heart leaped for joy to see young Timothy raised up of God, and hailed with pleasure the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom through his instrumentality; but if the narrow spirit and temper of many of Zion's watchmen was followed, then Zion would become still darker than she is, and living witnesses for God would become almost extinct.

I do solemnly feel while writing these lines that the church of God is often verily guilty, and that there are cases where the

impression is deeply graven on the hearts of some of the brethren that God intends such and such a brother for the work of the ministry, and that in their judgment he possesses both grace and gifts for the solemn work, and yet through the jealousy of the minister, which, perhaps, is too apparent, and their own timidity, are afraid to name it; and the consequence is, that such are unlawfully and unscripturally kept back. But as sure as God has a work for them to do he will bring them out, though the church to which they belong should be rent in twain to effect it. Thus it sometimes occurs that the want of proper order falls on the ministers and some of the leading members of the churches; for had they been guided by God's truth, and the Holy Ghost, which often whispered to them, "Separate me such an one for the work of the ministry;" then the young Timothys might have proved a blessing to such churches, and have spoken with their enemies in the gates; and happy is the minister if he did but know it, that hath his quiver full of such arrows, whose piercing testimony shall, by the power of God, make the enemies of the cross fall down; but alas! they are often discouraged by those who ought to take them by the hand, until some painful separation occurs in the church. God brings them out, and then they are pursued with as much hatred as Saul pursued David, although David proved victorious over one that not another valiant man in Israel could bring to the ground.

Yes, my brother, and so it often occurs that God honours the testimony of these young Timothys, so that under their testimony for God some Goliath falls that God had designed not another hand should slay; for as the Lord said to the prophet, "Thou shalt go to all that I send thee." But let David's victory have the praise of the daughters of Zion, and then Saul hates him because they sing his thousands slain. Oh, that cursed spirit of jealousy! surely in the worst sense it is cruel as the grave. Still David goes on and proves victorious, although cold-hearted Nabal should join in the common cry against the son of Jesse for running away from his master as he termed it. Look back, friend Timothy, and you will see that some of the greatest heroes the word of God contains were once young—yea, the greatest Hero of all, the Lord of life and glory himself, at twelve years of age confounded the Jewish doctors; turn to Jacob, and you will see him hated by Esau, and dealt hardly with by Laban; but God was with him in all places, as he promised, and increased him greatly; look at the child Joseph, see the dreamer rebuffed by his brethren, cast into a

pit of obscurity, sold to the Ishmaelites, falsely accused by his mistress, cast into prison, but God is with him, and at last he is made to run out of the prison house, shews his gifts, and manifests to Pharaoh that God is with him, and so finds his way to the throne; and his once persecuting brethren, who hated him because of his dreams and gifts, are at last brought to bow down to him, "so shall it be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honour." Again. The child Samuel shall be made acquainted with God's will, and his testimony shall make the ears of some of the elder Timothys tingle.

Be careful Timothy, lest, when you speak against young men and their talents, you be found to fight even against God. Natural talents, when sanctified by the Holy Ghost, have ever been truly useful to the church of God at large, and if it be of God it will not be overthrown. Surely a living ministry is what the walls of Zion now want; and I am disposed to think that many a young brother is condemned by the elders in the churches as possessing only natural talent when the work of God is clear, gifts are plain, and the moral conduct clean; and where the Lord Jesus dwells by the power of his Spirit in his sweet and precious anointings; and yet some would keep them back, and they themselves are afraid like young Samuel, to tell Eli, lest they should meet with a *laudable rebuff*, for the spirit and temper of the pastor and some of the jealous brethren they have already had too many proofs of.

Now, brother, to rebuff means to beat back, to oppose with sudden violence, surely this is not the way for a gospel minister, or the deacons of a church, to act towards one whom others in the church feel that God intends for the work of the ministry. There is too much of this envious jealousy rebuffing in our day. Paul did not beat back, oppose, and rebuff Timothy; no, he was too judicious a brother, and too kind a father to his children for that. But so it often is the case literally that fathers provoke their children to anger, and they are discouraged; and so it is spiritually, the children cannot be free even to those fathers in Israel that have been useful to them, for they fear the *laudable rebuffs of their judicious brethren*. Paul, knowing his time was short, rejoiced to see Timothy coming forward head and shoulders above his brethren spiritually; he took him by the hand from his heart, and did not fail to give him the best advice he was master of; but had he been under the spirit of jealousy he would have had a rebuff.

Paul rebuffed false teachers, but not truth speakers, and even rejoiced when Christ was preached in sincerity or pretence; let us be careful then, lest in beating back these captains of thousands, of hundreds, of fifties, and even of tens, we be found to fight even against God; let us rather do as Moses told the chil-

dren of Israel to do by Joshua, namely, encourage them. The tabernacle in the wilderness, and the temple of Solomon, was under the direction of the Almighty, built up by men possessing a diversity of skill for the completion of the several departments of the same, and God gave them each their respective gifts. Neither Moses nor Solomon could do the work alone, though they had the honour of it; *let God have all the glory*. So brother Timothy, in the erection of mercy's building there are many hands employed; let us be careful lest we despise some poor labourer who has the grace of God in his heart, and the glory of God at heart, though his gifts be small. In the New Testament we find the gifts of the Holy Ghost to be various, but all according to him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. What have we either in gifts or grace that we have not received?

Having made these remarks, I will now endeavour to answer the question: what are the signs of a divine call to the ministry? for "no man can truly take this office to himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron." First then, he must know what the new birth is experimentally; for the labourer must first be a partaker of the fruits—he must know what it is to be convinced of sin—to be brought in guilty before God—and to stand condemned in his conscience by the law of God, so as sensibly to feel and see, that by conformity to its precepts, no flesh living can be justified before God. Thus he sets to his seal that God is just and true, but he is sold under sin. This appears to be the first work of faith, in believing what God says in his word respecting me as a guilty sinner before God. The Holy Spirit having thus convinced him of sin, he is led to seek after salvation and not in vain; for being a wrestling Jacob, and a spirit of prayer for deliverance poured out upon him, he is led in faith to Jesus, who, in his own time and way, enables the weary soul to rest his everlasting all on his person, work, blood, and righteousness. Having thus, as a real believer, found Jesus precious, and possessing some gifts, which under God are made to grow, he feels that a banner is given to him, and he is anxious to display it, because of the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel; he begins to tell out to one and another what God has done for him; some are glad, others rebuke, some say he is a good man, others say he deceiveth the people, flesh and blood rise up against him, but he feels it to be at his peril to confer with it; his earthen vessel contains a rich treasure, and he must make others know it; and some feel a witness that it is the power of God to their souls; he sees truth is falling in the streets, and he takes a stand in the gaps of the walls of Zion, but opposition and war stare him in the face. Still he blows the gospel trumpet, nor can his opponents drive him from the wall; and

though at his first answer no man stands by him, yet the Lord helps him and strengthens him; he is driven to the cave Adullam often in his feelings, and feeling his own utter inability and extreme weakness, so that he is at times not sufficient to think a good thought or speak one word for God; and meeting so much opposition from his once caressing brethren, he is ready to conclude the work cannot be of God. Still a few discontented ones gather round him, and feel the word is food and medicine to them, while they are in safeguard under his ministry, as Christ, by precious faith, is apprehended through it. He feels, at times, an earnest desire to set forth the Lord Jesus in the loveliness of his person and offices, and the efficacy of his blood and righteousness; he knows by the Spirit's witness the fatted calf was killed for him, and he wants others alike prodigal in sin, to enjoy the rich repast with himself. He sets forth the doctrine of the fall of man in the first Adam, and shews the recovery of the church in the second Adam; he preaches divine quickening and effectual vocation, with the final perseverance of the saints to eternal glory, the everlasting love of God, and the non-condemnation of them in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit; these are things in which he delights. Thus his little flag unfurls in the open air of gospel liberty upon the mountains of Zion; some rally round it and find the Redeemer's rest to be glorious; the Lord defeats all who oppose him, and carries their counsel headlong. Truth is like a fire in his bones, and the flame will burn without; it is like living water, and it will flow forth; it is like new wine, and he feels to stand forth, in the strength of the Lord, like a giant; he goes forth to the field, and the Captain is with him; he feels clad in gospel armour, and he cares nought for the enemy which fall thick upon the shield of faith; his enemies are liars unto him, and he treads upon their high places, and says, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength which teaches my hands to war, and my fingers to fight."

Again, the scene changes; he feels to wax cold, darkness beclouds his soul, a veil is drawn over his experience, nor can he trace the work of God clear with him, nor can he think the Lord is blessing his ministry, he meets with much opposition, and unbelief suggests he never had a real call from the Lord to preach his gospel; and now he heartily wishes he had never put his hand to the gospel plough; he dare not hold his peace, and yet feels that he speaks nothing to the purpose, every sentence he utters seems to freeze upon the lips and fall to the ground; the new wine is hid from him and he feels ready to perish; the springs are low and he thinks he shall never more sing unto the springing waters; grace is at a low ebb, and he feels as though he had no gifts for the work in

which he is engaged, and conceives himself to be one of the veriest fools that ever opened his mouth in God's behalf; and, like Jonah, is ready to flee from the work to which God has called him; he declares he cannot speak, for he is a child; "Send," he cries, "by whom thou wilt send, but not by me;" and he is ready to conclude, that not one good has ever been effected by his testimony. He feels himself utterly unworthy of the sacred office, and heartily wishes, in his unbelieving moments, that he could honestly flee from the work. But here, again, the Lord appears for him; and a living promise, like a living coal, from off the true altar, Christ, is made to touch his lips; and again he goes forth to his labour.

Thus, brother, I have endeavoured to name a few of the signs and some of the travail, not only of one who is to be brought into the ministry, but who is really brought into it; also, have given some few hints as to how I think the church of God ought to act towards them; namely, encourage them, and bless God for them; for, when the Elijahs are taken away, the eyes of the Church will rest upon the Elisha, as they discover the Spirit of the Lord rests upon them. And, if when they see them in some things not quite so straight, then take them, and instruct them in the way of God more perfectly. Much more might be said, and much better said, than what I have said; but I must close by saying, I remain yours to walk in the open field of Gospel truth, where the genial warmth of the Sun of righteousness, and the salubrious air of Mount Gerizim will not contract, but enlarge the heart, and make us fruitful in every good work, and enable us to judge righteous judgment.

TIMOTHY THE YOUNGER.

*Rehoboth Chapel, Tunbridge Wells.*

### The Church's careful Conduct

TOWARD YOUNG MINISTERS.

MY DEAR SIR—A question has been put by one of your correspondents to the following effect:—"How is the Church to act towards a person where signs of a call to the ministry are evident?" This is a serious and momentous question indeed. Permit me briefly to reply thereto. *Assuming*, first then, that the person who exhibits those signs is a truly converted child of God, that he is not, by any means, "a novice;" that, for years, he has adorned the doctrine of God, his Saviour, in all things; and, moreover, assuming that in the sphere of life in which God has placed him, he has, to the utmost of his power, done all he could to promote the Redeemer's kingdom among men; that, in addition, moreover, to this he has good natural abilities, an education, fair and and as an indispensable *sine quo non*, that he knows the Bible well, and possesses a studious

teachable, and humble mind; who is retiring in his manners, not "a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," such a man as Cowper portrays, namely, one

"Whose heart is warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and  
whose life  
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof,  
That he is honest in the sacred cause."

This man, or rather the man who corresponds to this simple exposition of what such an one should be, with him no Church could, for any length of time, feel any difficulty "how to act." St. Paul, in his epistle to Timothy and Titus, furnishes us with the unerring standard of what are the requisites pertaining to the offices of a bishop and deacon. These can be read, and undoubtedly have been, by the majority of your readers; therefore, I omit to quote the passages alluded to here, for the sake of brevity alone.

These are my answers: First, *supposing* the person lives in a town at once procure some room or small chapel, in a neighbouring village or some "dark nook or corner" in the town where he can conduct a service. Secondly, Allot him a visiting district in the same quarter, and let him report to the Church what houses he has visited; how received by the people, and what good (if any) done. Also, let him attend as many sick people as possible, and address the Sunday School children; and, upon some occasions, let him preach on week evenings in the chapel. In every sense of the word, make him a working man at all times; one "ready to communicate." Thirdly, if there be a stated minister in his place, let him frequently have interviews with his pastor, and let the pastor report to the deacons his candid opinion of him; so that, after a year, should everything proceed satisfactory then, in the event of a church requiring a zealous minister, one who can wisely discern and declare the word of life; they, one and all could send him forth into Christ's vineyard with great pleasure, and no less so, with every hope of his being "a chosen vessel" in God's hand, in "winning souls to Christ."

In conclusion, let one and all treat such an one with all possible kindness; let no frowns or sneers, or slander, reach his ears, but contrariwise encouraging words. Thus ought a church to act towards one, who exhibits signs of a call to the ministry. I am, my dear sir, yours truly,  
BETA.

### The Husband's Lamentation over the Loss of his Wife.

Mrs. AMELIA TAPPE was born June 15, 1807, at Stonehouse, Devonport, and was sprinkled at the Established Church, by the late Dr. Hawker. On her parents removing to West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight—when she was about twelve years of age—she became a scholar in the church Sunday-school; but on coming to Poplar, her father join-

ing the Wesleys, she entered the Sunday-school belonging to Hale Street Chapel, which she attended for several years; and on leaving the school, still continued her attendance at the chapel, and afterwards with her husband at other Wesleyan places of worship, until her husband, not being satisfied with Arminian doctrines, she accompanied him to the Independent chapel then situated in Bow Lane, until it was closed, when she sat under Mr. Gosling, at Bethel Chapel; where she continued a hearer under Mr. R. Bowles—to whose preaching, she from the first expressed a strong attachment, as incomparably superior to the Wesleyan theology.

When she first discovered the errors of Arminianism is not known, as she was rather reserved in such matters; but it is believed to have been while attending at Bethel Chapel, together with, at the same time, reading the *Barthen Vessel*.

On the morning of the day that she departed this life, one of our deacons, hearing that she was extremely low, went at once to visit her. Finding she was too weak to answer many questions, and being extremely anxious to know the state of her mind, he first hinted at her weakness, and then said, "My dear, do you feel your help in Christ?" She then replied, with all the sweetness and solemnity of a dying saint, "Yes, bless his precious name." She then gave one gentle turn over on her bed, and without a struggle or a groan, made her peaceful exit from this disordered world, into the arms of Him who loved her, and gave himself for her. In fact, so sudden was the transit, that the friends who were present at the time knew it not, until my dear brother Carlines, the deacon referred to, exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive her soul." R. B.

Dear with me, O my friends, while I deplore,

The sad affliction which hath laid me low,  
The hand of God hath touch'd, yea, touch'd me sore,  
Dear with me then if my full heart o'erflow.  
And pour out like a flood the torrent of its woe.

His cold north wind my fairest flow'rs have lighted,

My teeth with gravel stones are broken small—  
My opening day he also hath benighted—  
My honey he hath turned into gall,  
While all my earthly hopes have totter'd to their fall.

Lover and friend he hath removed far,

And left me like a turtle-dove to mourn;  
Against my peace he hath declared war:  
O when will consolation e'er return,  
Or when against me his fierce anger cease to burn?

How can I stand against his mighty power?

Is my heart brass? Or are my bones of steel?  
His burning arrows all my strength devour,  
Yet none but he can ease the pains I feel:  
The hand that gave the wound, that hand alone  
can heal.

Oh that I were as an untimely birth,

Then should I slumber in my peaceful nest  
With mighty kings and conq'rors of the earth,  
Where the poor slave no longer is oppress,  
The wicked cease from strife—the weary are at rest.

But shall earth's broken pots herds vainly strive  
Against their Maker? No, my heart, be still,  
And know that he is God; he makes alive,  
And when it seemeth good can also kill,  
And worketh all things by the counsel of his will.

Righteous and just he is in all his ways,

Though nature deeply feels the stern decree,  
When dust returns to dust; yet all the days,  
Of my appointed time I'll wait, till he  
Unbar the prison door, and set the captive free.  
W. T.

## THE VISION OF ZECHARIAH THE PROPHET:

BEING, THE SUBSTANCE OF SOME SERMONS PREACHED BY MR. SAMUEL COZENS, AT  
LITTLE LONDON, NEAR WOLVERHAMPTON.

[Concluded from page 88.]

THIRDLY, The prophet saw this man riding upon a red horse; by which we are to understand that the Redeemer is a "Man of war," (Exod. xv. 3,) who, like the strong, fearless, courageous and sagacious horse Job speaks of, "*scented the battle afar off.*" (Job xxxix. 19—25.) He knew what satan would do before he did it, and said, "Aha!" He knew what man would do before he did it—join the ranks of apostate spirits, and fight against their God—the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who wrapped himself in vengeance, and drove the rebellious spirits from the celestial plains, and cast them down to hell. This is he of whom Moses sang, "The Lord hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." The world is the devil's war-horse, on which he doth ride, and make war against God and the godly. The world is as much under his power and direction—he being the God of it—as a horse is under the power and direction of his rider. He is now upon his papistical steed, spurring and driving him forward; but we can say, by way of anticipation, "The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea" (of wrath;) "the depths" (of hell) "have covered them; they sink into the bottom" (less pit) "as a stone. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy." Exod. xv. This is he who cuts in pieces the gates of brass, and bears away the gates of hell; (sin and death are the two gates into hell; he took away the gate of sin upon the cross, and he broke open and broke to pieces the gates of death when he arose.) Psalm xvii. 16. This is he that brake the burning arrows of the bow, the fiery darts of hell; the fierce temptations of satan were broken by the *Scriptum est* ("It is written") as fast as they were shot. The arrows of the infernal archer were shivered upon this shield. Psalm lxxvi. 3. "This is he who smote great nations, and slew mighty kings; Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, king of Bashan, and all the kingdoms of Canaan." Psa. cxxxv. 10, 11. This is he that cut down and conquered the cruel Chaldeans, the powerful Persians, the gaudy Grecians and the ruthless Romans. These successively destroyed each other: the Chaldeans were destroyed by the Persians, the Persians by the Grecians, the Grecians by the Romans, and the Romans by the Goths, Saracens, and others. This is he who has ransomed his people from him that was stronger than they, and taken the prey out of the hands of the mighty. This is he that destroyed the works of the devil. This is he who with the powerful bow of the gospel—

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the naked bow of truth, and the deep piercing arrows of conviction, goeth forth conquering and to conquer. Hab. iii. 9; Rev. vi. 3. This is he who shall bruise satan under your feet shortly. This is he from whose wrath the kings of the earth, &c., shall try to hide themselves. This is he who shall cast the false prophet and the beast into the burning lake, and destroy all who are not obedient to the faith. O! sirs, do not entertain the idea that the threatenings against Anti-Christ will not apply to you because you are not a Roman Catholic—a Papist. If you have no faith in, no fellowship with Christ, you are Anti-Christ: "for" says Christ "he that is not WITH me is AGAINST me."

This red horse may signify the ruddy human nature of Christ. We can do that with a horse which we could not do without a horse: Christ did that in his human nature which he could not have done without that nature: he suffered in his human nature, he could not in his divine; he bled in his human nature, he could not in his divine; he associated with sinners in his human nature, he could not in his divine; he died in his human nature, he could not in his divine; there are ten thousand things he did in his human nature he could not do in his divine.

2ndly, this red horse may signify the ruddy sufferings of Christ, when in the garden and on the cross he was reddened with his own blood; or, 3rdly, it may signify the ruddy vengeance of Christ, in token of when his garments were reddened with the blood of his enemies. (Isa. lxiii. 3.) His riding denotes his readiness to redeem his people, his haste to help his people, and his swiftness to save his people. At God's call he answered,— "Here am I—send me." He hastened into Egypt and delivered his people; he hastened into Babylon and liberated his people; he hastened into the lion's den and shut the lion's mouths; he hastened into the furnace and quenched the violence of the fire; he hastened into the sea and saved Jonah from the belly of hell; he hastened into the prison and brought the apostles out; and finally he will come quickly, without sin, to the salvation of all his people. Then shall the righteous be glad, and sing unto God, and extol him that rideth upon the heavens, by his name JAH.

Fourthly, his position. "He stood among the myrtle trees, which were in the bottom." In Isaiah lvi. 13, we read, "Instead of the thorn, shall come up the myrtle tree;" or, according to the Chaldean, "Instead of the wicked, shall arise the just; and instead of sinners, such as fear to sin." The Hebrew

name of *Esther*, (which was her Persian name,) is *Hadassah*; which signifies a myrtle tree; and the Jews say she was so called "because she was just, and the just are those that are compared to myrtles." I shall not err, then, by stating that myrtle trees are the people of God, who may be compared to them for the following reasons:

1st, The myrtle attains its highest perfections in low places, among valleys, and in watery places. If we go into the Old Testament, we see this myrtle growing rapidly in the valley of Egypt.—"The more they were afflicted, they more they multiplied and grew." Exod. i. 12. Read the sixth and twelfth chapters of Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and you see this explained in a spiritual sense; but remember, this growth in affliction is not by the affliction abstractedly: no: but by the secret communication of divine love; hence says the apostle, "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed, *because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.*" Rom. v.

2. The myrtle has been celebrated from remote antiquity on account of the beauty of its foliage. The church is such an incomparable beauty in Christ that God hath not beheld any iniquity in her. How is this? Because he saw it on Christ when he made to meet on him the iniquity of us all. Num. xxiii. 21; Isa. liii. 6. Read Solomon's Song iv. and vii., there you see the Lord looking over all the members of his bride, and having passed an enconium upon every member separately, he at last declares that she is a consummate beauty—"thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." You say, "behold I am vile." He says, "there is no spot in thee." You say, "I am full of wounds and bruises and putrifying sores." He says, "thou art ALL fair." The question is, Do you believe that Christ is faultless before the throne of God? Yes, you cannot doubt it: then, "as he is, so are we;" therefore are they without fault before the throne of God. There can be "no spot" where the blood of Christ is, because that cleanseth from ALL sin, and that blood is in the church. There can be no sin where the righteousness of Christ is, for that justifies from ALL things, and that righteousness he hath brought into the church. "Thy beauty," says Christ to the bride, "was perfect through my comeliness which I have put upon thee." Ezekiel xvi. 14. Beloved, the moon in herself is black, but in the sun she is bright, and next to the sun she is the brightest globe in the heavens; and as we never see the moon but in the glory of the sun, so the Father never looks upon the church but in Christ, in whose glory she is altogether lovely, "I am black but comely." Cant. i. 5.

3. For their fragrance; by which we

may understand the fragrant graces of the Spirit, the odoriferous prayers of the saints, and the acceptableness of their persons.

Oh, what a rich fragrance there is in humility, patience, zeal, wisdom, sincerity, faith, and love. O sweet Lily among the thorns, let thy fragrance extend till heaven and earth shall be filled with thy profound odorate. Secondly, the prayers of God's saints are not only fragrant in the golden vials or sanctified hearts, (Rev. v. 8.) but they are also odoriferous in the glory-world, being presented upon the golden altar by the great High Priest of our profession, perfumed with the incense of his mediation. (Rev. viii. 3, 4.) Thirdly, we are unto God a sweet savour, (2 Cor. ii. 15.) in the garments of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, which are imputed to, and put upon us. Psalm xlv. 8.

4. For their lasting verdure. Those that hope in the Lord are said to be "like a tree planted [by the Holy Ghost in Christ] by the waters [of life, of love, of sanctification, of salvation] and that spreadeth out his roots by the river [of life] and shall not see [or fear] when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green,"—the river supplying with sufficient moisture. The Hebrew children were planted by this river, and they were not afraid of the fiery furnace, and though cast into it they still retained their greenness. Job was planted by this river, and he was not afraid when the heat of temptation came, when the fiery trial came, but he held fast his confidence—his profession steadfast to the end.

The lasting greenness of this myrtle is a precious emblem of the saint's final perseverance. God tells his people in plain words that they shall persevere; he says, "*I will not depart from them, and they shall not depart from me.*" Jer. xxxii. 40. There are many reasons to prove this doctrine, one or two must suffice for the present. The righteousness with which she is justified is everlasting; the blood by which she is washed is the blood of the eternal atonement; the Spirit of whom she is born is the eternal Spirit; the bread she eats is everlasting life; the kingdom she inherits is an everlasting kingdom; the name she bears is an everlasting name which shall not be cut off. Your boy did your son because he was born your son. According to the hypothesis of some we may be born a child of God to-day and die a child of the devil to-morrow. What! is your child made another's by a few petty acts of disobedience? Arminius says, "I may be a child to-day, and not a child to-morrow; I may be a sheep to-day, and a goat to-morrow; and then if I repent I shall be changed into a sheep again, and if I should transgress I shall be transmuted into a goat again."

My dear reader, let me ask you seriously and affectionately if ever you heard of such

transmutations in nature? Where is the man that ever had a flock of sheep turned into a flock of goats? The church of Christ were sheep in a state of nature when wandering from the fold of God—"all we like sheep have gone astray." Isa. liii. 6; 1 Peter ii. 25. They were sheep before they were redeemed—"I lay down my life for my sheep." They were sheep before they were called—"Other sheep I have, them also I must bring." John x. How harsh it sounds, then, to hear a man say, "If you go astray you will not be a sheep." Why you may as well tell us that gold by falling into the dirt is made dirt rather than dirty. Was that gold in your pocket ever anything else but gold? was it not gold in the earth—in the ore. The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold were as precious, though not so pure in a state of nature as they are in a state of grace, or will be in a state of glory.

I shall for the present leave this subject, intending (D. V.) to give you some lectures upon it shortly.

Lastly, Look at his attendants—"and behind him were there red horses, speckled, and white." Various strange things are said about these horses, but let us keep to the Word of God. In the third verse of the tenth chapter of Zechariah, the Jews are called God's "goodly horse in the battle." Now the church may be compared to horses because they are chosen; every man will choose his own horse, and God has chosen his—"ye are a chosen generation." Secondly, because they are purchased—"ye are bought with a price." Thirdly, because they are trained; he taught Ephraim to go to Christ—to the throne of grace, to his ordinances. Fourthly, because of their speed in the race set before them. Fifthly, because of their strength to bear the yoke of the law. Sixthly, because of their serviceableness to carry Christ and the gospel into all the world.

The red horses may signify such as have bled and died in the cause of Christ, as the apostles and martyrs: the speckled, such as are called to various trials, and who have various gifts, as the reformers: the white, such as are called to liberty and peace, as the church in our day. These are the angels with Michael who fight against the dragon and his angels. Rev. xii. 7.

### The Imperishable Words of Jesus.

A LETTER TO A DEACON IN AMERICA.

MY DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR MOST GLORIOUS CHRIST, whose solemn declaration is, "*Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.*" Herein we may perceive (the Lord being our teacher) the pre-eminent dignity and excellency of our ever-precious and all-adorable Emanuel. Yes, the dignity of his person and character is here blessedly set forth, for he speak-

eth, not only "as one having authority," but "as never man spake," declaring his words to have a more glorious perpetuity than the heavens and the earth; and the excellency of his words will also appear when we consider their imperishable nature as compared with the perishable heavens and earth, which now are, but ere long shall vanish away like smoke. When we deeply contemplate on the mighty and marvellous works of the great I AM, we are lost in adoring astonishment, not only at their vastness and grandeur, but at their wonderful adaptation to answer the several ends and purposes of their creation and continuance. And with a little reflection we shall readily discover and acknowledge, when viewing the heavens and the earth which God hath created, that they have an amazing firmness—a peculiar fitness—a glorious fulness. But in all these things the words of Jesus infinitely excel, inasmuch as they possess a far greater firmness, fitness, and fulness than the heavens and the earth; for these shall pass away and perish, while the word of our God shall abide and endure for ever. True, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth sheweth forth his handy-work;" yet hath he "magnified his word above all his name." The poet has well expressed the matter in the following cheering lines:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!  
What more can he say than to you he hath said?  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled."

Hence we may observe that the words of Jesus are the sure ground of the christian's confidence. How gloriously firm! They are also the solemn rule of his conduct. How highly fit and proper! And moreover, they are the sacred source of his soul's strongest consolation. How unspeakably full? yea, unfathomably deep! Here all things harmoniously and beautifully agree together, testifying that the confidence, conduct, and consolation of the godly are inseparably connected with the words of Jesus, who is God over all, blessed for evermore.

O that the Spirit of the Lord may graciously apply the Saviour's words to our hearts with almightiness of power, vital influence, and heavenly unction, thereby fructifying our souls in the knowledge of his great salvation, and fortifying our feeble minds and fearful hearts against the formidable hosts that ever arise to withstand the believer's way and check the christian's onward course. Blessed be the name of the Lord we know by experience, which is the best of all knowledge, that

"When satan appears to stop up our path  
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith:  
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,  
That heart-cheering promise—the Lord will provide."

No, never; for all the promises of our God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, and therefore are firmer than the heavens and the earth, yea firm as the eternal throne.

The Lord God omnipotent, who hath heaven and earth, seas and skies, winds and waves, men and devils, angels and worms, life and death, time and eternity, with all that appertaineth

thereunto, at his command and under his control, counsel your judgment according to his unerring wisdom, and conduct your way according to his unchanging love, which never fails to bring its favoured objects safely home, e'en though their way thither be apparently hedged up with thorns, or built up with huge hewn stones.

The Lord God omniscient, who sees, observes, and considers every motion of the mind labouring under the mighty pressure of innumerable conflicting cares, sees every struggle of faith with flesh and its sable retinue, observes every thought revolving in the up-heaving heart of the tempest-tossed traveller, regards every unflinched desire yet fluttering in the eagle-like breast, receives every prayer of the penitent that seeks privacy on the ground of conscious poverty, understands every sigh of the sorrowful, whose thoughts within them talk loudly to Him that heareth always, whose wishes are wrestlers with God, and whose knowledge, like a lamp, burneth brightly even in darkest places; yes, he sees, observes, considers, regards, receives, and takes care of every trickling pearly tear that steals unconsciously down the consecrated channel of the careworn cheeks of the children of his ancient choice. May he lift upon you the light of his all-animating and soul-reviving countenance, look favourably upon you in the hour of apprehended danger, and in the time of great trembling, and lighten your eyes yet more and more by means of the "rod dipped in honey," causing you to sing together—

"Whatever distress awaits us below  
Such pientiful grace will Jesus bestow,  
As still shall support us, and silence our  
fear,  
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is  
near."

The Lord God omnipresent, who is at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, in a peculiar and particular way and manner, present with his people to preserve them from all surrounding evil, whether long threatened, or suddenly befalling them, is likewise present in seasons of sorrow to pacify them by pouring the oil of joy and the wine of gladness into their wounded hearts, to prevent them from sinking when filled with dismay, and ready to think they shall ne'er "see the day," to prosper them with favour divine, causing his mercy upon them to shine, and to possess them with confidence in his ceaseless care, the fruit of his changeless love, and the end of their constant prayer, will not fail to be with you, according to his good word, on which he has caused your soul to hope. May he, then, whose presence and blessing (for they that possess the one prove the other) preserved and prospered Isaac before the evil eyes of the envious Philistines—preserved Jacob from the rage of his infuriated brother Esau—preserved Joseph from the wiles of the wicked woman, and honoured him in the house of Pharaoh—preserved Moses and Israel from the aggressive attack of the Amalekites—preserved David "whithersoever he went," seeing he went only "whithersoever he could," continually watching the way the Lord would have him to go—preserved Mordecai from the murderous plot of proud Haman, and distinguished him in the court of Ahasuerus—preserved Daniel in the den from destruction, and the three

worthies in the fire from receiving any hurt—and also preserved Paul in his perilous voyage from perishing, even though all became a wreck—presence himself with you in your journeyings, preserve you from harm, and be propitious to his children's cries on your behalf, that your voyage may be both safe and pleasant. So shall we rejoice together in the riches of his goodness, "whose mercy endureth for ever, and his truth unto all generations."

The Lord God omniprovident, who provided our father Abraham with the needed sacrifice to offer instead of Isaac the son of his love, who provided food convenient in the wilderness for the oft-famishing and fretful thousands that followed Moses when he left Egypt according to the commandment of the Lord, or at the word of Him whose is the earth and the fulness thereof, who provided for his prophets when hidden in the cave by the hands of the God-fearing Obadiah, who provided suited and seasonable food night and morning for Elijah, e'en though by the ministry of ravens, who also provided for the destitute and deeply-indebted widow, so that she was enabled to satisfy all her creditors, and with the surplus miraculously supplied, she and her sons were comfortably sustained—is continually unfolding his great and glorious name—*ЖЕВАНЪ ДІАВНЪ*. May he that taketh care for oxen, giveth the lions their food, and feedeth the young ravens when they cry unto him, supply all your needs, (which are perfectly known to him) according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus, "for he is yet alive, and he is our brother." (See 1 Kings xx. 32.)

Yes, assuredly he is our brother, our elder brother, one born for adversity, and that loveth at all times. This we know, inasmuch as we have a likeness unto him, and our love is toward him; we are also made to lean upon him, and learn of him; we daily look for him, and greatly long after him, believing we shall live with him for ever and ever.

And now, my dear brother and sister in Christ Jesus, I must just acknowledge the receipt of your affectionate and welcome letter, bearing date the 19th ultimo. We have been looking for your return, but are now all anxiety, since you have informed me of the precise time (D.V.) of your intended departure from New York. I made the announcement last Lord's-day at the table, and also appointed a special prayer-meeting to be held in the afternoon of Lord's-day, the 25th instant, to seek the blessing of the Lord upon you, not only on your voyage but on your arrival here. Your brethren in office are anticipating your arrival with warm affection. I have been the past week to speak in the name of the Lord at Wooburn Green, Bucks, with our good brother Banks, the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*, whom I think you once heard at Carmel. My text you will find in 1 Kings viii. 56, and the sermon you will find written out very largely in the Lord's deep dealings with you the past years of your pilgrimage. Being exceedingly ill the whole of the preceeding day, I was extremely unfit for pulpit labour; however, the Lord helped me to say a few words touching the matter.

With love unfeigned believe me, to be your's, both in the indissoluble bonds of the covenant, and in the unbroken ties of church relationship.

*Chelsea.*

JOHN SWENSON.

## Notices of New Books & Record of Recent Events.

### Dr. Gill's good Wife.

The last number of the "Bunhill Memorial" series, by Mr. J. A. Jones, has appeared. It is published by James Paul; and contains the Funeral Sermon preached by Dr. Stennet, for Dr. John Gill, and other papers. We think of making some extracts from this valuable number; and therefore here only give the following brief record of the last moments of Mrs. Ann Gill, Dr. John's wife; concerning whom the Editor says—"She was the wife of his youth. They lived together in happy union more than forty-six years." The following paper will speak for itself:

"A sermon was preached by Dr. Gill, October 21, 1764, the first time of his appearing in public, after the decease of his beloved wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Gill, from Heb. xi. 16, 'But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city.' It is indeed a most blessed discourse, in which is set forth, I. The saints future state of happiness. II. Their particular regard to it, their desire after it, and looking for it. III. The notice God takes of such persons, and what is said of him with respect to them.—'He is not ashamed to be called their God. He hath prepared for them a city.'

"At the close of the sermon, the Doctor observes, —'What has been said, may serve to wean us from this world, and draw off our hearts from it, and to cause us to sit loose unto it, and all things in it; since this is not our rest, our house, our home, our native place; that is another country. And this may be of use to quicken our desires after another world, to seek a better country, and to look for it; and this may also point out to us the happiness of those that have gone before us, they are in this better country. But I forbear saying any more.'

"The bereaved husband could say nothing in the pulpit respecting his late beloved partner; but he had written the following character of her, which was afterwards found among his papers. It is indeed a most blessed testimony to the memory of a sterling believer in Christ.

"'It pleased God to call her by his grace in the early time of life, and in a place of great darkness and ignorance; where there were scarce any, or very few professors of religion; so that when she took up a profession of it, she appeared very singular, and became the object of the scoffs and jeers of her neighbours and former acquaintance; but this did not deter her from pursuing the good ways of God she had entered into, and from persisting in them. She soon drank in the doctrines of the free grace of God in the salvation of men by Christ, of which she had a comfortable experience.

"In the after-time of her life, her afflictions and troubles were many, but under all she was favoured with divine supports, and was frequently indulged with gracious words of promise on different occasions, and yet often doubting and fearing; for none could have meaner or more humble thoughts of themselves than she always had, looking upon herself as less than the least of all saints.

"Lord's days were usually delightful to her; she often met with refreshments from the presence of God in them; which made her earnestly desire the return of them; and when the day drew nigh, longed until the morning was, and the time came to attend public worship. The loss of these precious opportunities, through her long confinement, was greatly lamented by her.

"She was one that greatly feared God, and was ever desirous of having a conscience void of offence

both towards God and man, and of doing her duty to both; careful as much as in her lay, to give no offence by word or deed, to the world or to the church of God, studying the things which make for peace among all with whom she was concerned; as her whole deportment, for the space of between forty and fifty years, has abundantly shewn, of which many here are witnesses.

"Her last affliction, though long, tedious and painful, was borne with the greatest patience: that passage in Scripture was truly verified in her,—'Tribulation works patience;' and though she was not 'carried out,' as her expression was, which she observed some were, on their dying beds, in raptures of joy, and strong expressions of faith, yet it pleased God to drop comforts into her soul at certain times; and sometimes she would be longing to be at home in her Father's house, saying, 'Let me go, O let me go to my Father's house:' repeating it over and over again.

"The Scripture which has now been discoursed on, was expressed by her as it had been at times before, with great pleasure and delight; and also those words, 'them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.' In a view of her own soul-affairs, and those of her family, those words appeared to be of considerable use, and were quieting and comfortable to her, 'Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.'

"But a few Lord's-days ago, as her surviving relative was taking his leave of her, coming hither to preach, she expressed the following words with strong application to herself, 'Having made peace through the blood of his cross;' and with the greatest vehemency and eagerness added, 'AND FOR ME TOO;' and repeated it, 'AND FOR ME TOO.'

"One morning, being asked how she did, she declared she had much comfort that night in her meditations on the sufferings of Christ for her, in comparison of which her afflictions, though heavy, were but light. At another time those words were very staying, supporting, and satisfying to her—'Nevertheless, the foundation of God stands sure;' and very often declared she had comfort, but had not strength to express it; and indeed the enemy of souls was kept off from her through the whole, and was not suffered, as far as could be discerned, to disturb and distress her in the least. The last words of any moment that were heard from her were, when asked whether she had comfort, she said she had, but not always alike; and added, 'the covenant is sure.' Quickly after this she grew delirious, and slept much, till death seized her; of which she seemed to be sensible by the motions of lifting up her hands, and by the words she uttered, which were, 'Lord, Lord!' when something followed not understood by those that stood by; and then drawing her breath quicker, immediately, without a sigh or a groan, fell asleep in the arms of Jesus."

### Redemption and Atonement.

LAST month we noticed a new work by Mr. Griffiths, of Hitchin, entitled—"THE ATONING LAMB;" published by Ward & Co. Mr. G. has (since the appearance of that notice,) forwarded us the following letter, which without hesitation, we insert, before we further proceed with the review of his work:—

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR—I believe it is customary for reviewers to allow an author who conceives himself misrepresented by them, space to correct such misrepresentation. I beg, therefore, you will insert a few lines in your next number, either before or after

the continuation of your notice of "The Atoning Lamb."

The error into which you have fallen, and to which I wish to call the notice of your readers, consists in substituting the word "Redemption" for ATONEMENT. Your words are—"Mr. Griffiths labours hard to assure us that REDEMPTION BY CHRIST was for the whole world." The truth is, Mr. Griffiths does not, in that work, treat of REDEMPTION. The real subject is ATONEMENT. The title of the book is "THE ATONING LAMB." The discourses at which you will take special exception are entitled, "Extent of ATONEMENT, and Object of ATONEMENT." The words Redeemer, Redem, and Redemption, scarcely occur in the book. They were studiously avoided.

And the reason those terms were not made use of is, that in the New Testament they usually imply more than the work of Christ upon earth, viz, his intercession in heaven, and the work of the Spirit in the heart. For example, to take the passage which you have placed at the head of your remarks upon the Atoning Lamb, "in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Here Redemption is explained to be "the forgiveness of sins." And you will remember that God hath exalted (Jesus) with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." ATONEMENT, I hold, was completed on the cross. "The forgiveness of sins" Jesus now dispenses as a Prince and a Saviour, by applying "his blood" through the operation of the Spirit. Thus, "In him we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

"Redemption," I admit, in a place or two is used to denote the GROUND or REASON of a sinner's justification; but it usually means more, viz, DELIVERANCE from the condemnation and power of sin: or in other words, it includes the work of the Spirit in renewing the soul and applying to our consciences the blood of the cross. The extract you have made "from the deeply learned and elaborate Joseph Caryl," supports my view of the Scriptural use of the words. "Restoration, deliverance, salvation," are the senses in which Redeem and its derivatives are employed.

The question at issue between the "Atoning Lamb" and the EARTHEN VESSEL, would be in a fair way of settlement by the avoidance of words which may be taken in different senses; and if in your forthcoming remarks you keep to the subject of the book, viz., "Atonement not Redemption," I shall feel interested in reading what you advance and any correction of error you may be able to suggest, I hope I shall have grace to see and to appreciate.

Though you consider that "Mr. Griffiths is (evidently) the propounder of a great error, and that he is preaching and publishing without the guidance and anointing of the all-essential Teacher, the Eternal Spirit, the Holy Ghost," you nevertheless have the candour and courtesy to declare, that in the Atoning Lamb "there are some excellent things advanced." I believe, Sir, your critique will loose none of its acceptableness and usefulness to the great bulk of your readers by that honest and frank avowal. God grant that, by his Holy Spirit, those "excellent things" may prove a blessing; and that whatever error the book contains may be REFUTED and ANNULLED.

With the further prayer that your "Earthen Vessel" may be filled "with heavenly treasure." I remain, yours truly, W. GRIFFITHS. July 3, 1852.

P.S.—I should contend as earnestly as you can that "Redemption by Christ" is not universal. I am a believer in PARTICULAR redemption, though I contend for a UNIVERSAL Atonement. Redemption always implies atonement; but atonement, I believe, is more extensive than redemption. From these distinctions you will not, I should hope, fail to gather my meaning. W. G.

We are free to confess this is a new idea

"The word translated 'ATONEMENT,' (saith William Gurney,) in the original, signifies covering; and intimates, that our guilt is covered from divine justice. We can form the clearest idea of the meaning of this word, from the covering of the ark, which was dyed red; and, as over this stood the propitiatory, or mercy seat, justice and judgment were the establishment of God's throne in the earthly tabernacle. What shall I give for the sin of my soul? is a very interesting question. This shall be an atonement for your souls, are words which often occur in the law of Moses, evidently demonstrating, that although the sacrifices of the law 'could never make the comers thereunto perfect,' yet the law was the bringer-in (the introducer) of a better hope. The law, by the atonement for the soul, which it brought to view in all the ordinances of her worship and service was the schoolmaster to teach the doctrines of the cross of Christ. Christ died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. By his one offering of atonement, he hath for ever perfected his guilty chosen company. He hath fulfilled all the righteousness of which the law prefigured: and thus we receive grace for grace."

We shall purposely, leave the matter here for the present month, with the hope that some more able hand will furnish us with an article on the Biblical intendment of the word, "Atonement." If not, by the good hand of God, we will proceed.—Ed.

### The Complete Removal of Sin.

WE feel much pleasure in announcing the intended publication of a volume of hymns, from the pen of Mr. David Ives, pastor of the Baptist church at Goldhill, Chalfont, St. Peter's, entitled, "THE MUSIC OF THE CROSS." These hymns are specially adapted for use at the Lord's Supper, and will beautifully fill up a vacancy in the public services of our churches, which has long been felt. In order to give the Christian community at large an opportunity of possessing a copy of these hymns, they will be published in monthly parts first; and afterwards in one handsome volume. We shall now give one short extract from the manuscript laying before us.

CLIMB, in thought, the lofty skies,  
Count the miles above the ground—  
Millions upon millions rise,

Till no number can be found:  
Higher, higher, higher soar,  
Till you find no further space:  
If you can that height explore,  
You may measure Jesu's grace.

Now survey the east and west—  
Mark the space that lies between!  
If its distance can be traced,  
If those limits may be seen,  
Where beyond is east no more,  
Where the west her steps doth stay,  
You may find that desert shore  
Where our sins are cast away.

Can I fail to celebrate  
Love as boundless as the heaven?  
Can I ever Him forget,  
Who has thus my guilt forgiven?  
If eternity could end,  
If the throne of God could fall,  
I may cease to love that Friend,  
While I've power to love at all.

### Cerioni in Prayer.

By turning to page 163 in our last number you there find a notice of, and an extract from, the narrative of Cerioni's conversion, a work published by Arthur Hall and Co., and which we have several times referred to as a striking and important work. We shall not reiterate former descriptions. If the reader has not perused our former notices, he must turn to several numbers of "THE EARTHEN VESSEL" for this year, and he may there read much of this man's life and labours in being taken from the family of the mother of harlots, and brought into the fellowship of the citizens of Zion.

After many and deep exercises, we have a record of Cerioni's departure from Alexandria. Hear how he proceeds—

"It was on the evening of the 30th of August that I delivered up the most important documents of my office—the seals, the patents in blank, and many folio papers signed by the Bishop, others blank—for such had been the confidence he reposed in me, that he had gone so far as to place them all in my hands. Thank heaven! I never abused this confidence. I brought back to him the same number and in the same state all that remained of those he had consigned to my care, telling him that in case of accident, it would be better for him to have things of so much consequence as these in his own possession. But my further design was to leave the Episcopal palace and Alexandria without a stain upon my honour, and if I had not followed the strict path of virtue,—because under this system it is impossible, however desirous of it one may be,—at least, no one should be able at any future period to attach to me the imputation that my conversion was feigned, and that my object had been a totally different one.

"Will the reader have patience, before I conclude this chapter, to hear once more that some little doubt again came knocking at my heart? On returning alone to my chamber I made the last examination of myself, to 'prove my own self,' to see whether the way I had chosen was the right way, whether in renouncing Popery and embracing the Protestant faith I was really in the way of salvation. After a few moments' reflection, my mind gave me an assurance that solved every doubt; my heart, no longer perturbed, was calm and at peace; it was as if a sweet spirit invited me to pray, but to pray in conformity with the Spirit of God. "Yes," said I, "I will pray, and then I will decide irrevocably." I fell on my knees, raised my eyes to heaven, and then uttered a prayer, which seemed to me the first that had ever issued from my heart. I prayed in the firm belief that I should be heard, and infallibly converted from darkness to light. Few were the words, but they were accompanied with faith. I think it right to transcribe them here, as nearly as I can remember them, to show the reader that this was the moment of my true conversion to God.

"Eternal and Almighty God, I believe that thou dost exist, that thou rulest and governest the world. It is thou that inspirest me with the wish of turning myself wholly to thee. Thou didst destroy by an universal flood the great mass of the human race. Thou didst overthrow the cities of the plain, and in the valley of Elah slay the giant, because they rebelled against thy holy laws. If I am now going to embrace error and depart from truth, cast me down, destroy me, hurl forth the lightning of thy just anger, annihilate me in a moment, reduce me to ashes. I prefer the most cruel, the most terrible death to error, to darkness. I love truth, and desire to follow it. If I am now in the way of truth, cause me to remain therein. If the faith I propose to embrace be not the true

faith which thy only begotten Son, Jesus Christ gave to his Church, prevent me from entering into its path. I would rather die than live without true faith in thee. I have sought it in this thy holy Word, I seem to have found it here. If it be the truth, and I am not deceived, guide me into the perfect way of it, O Lord, my God, I beseech thee, for the sake of the passion, death, and glorious resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Forsake me not: give me, I conjure thee, sufficient light to choose the way, the certain way of salvation. I profess my belief in thee, and in Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent, according as it is written in this Book of Life. I will not forsake thee O my God, and most loving Father. If I have forsaken thee, in sinning against thee, I have a lively faith that thou wilt pardon me, because thou art infinitely good. I implore thy pity for the infinite merits' sake of Jesus Christ, and through a true faith in him.

"I purpose from this moment to forsake idolatry; to hold for the future in horror, in detestation, every sort of image; to renounce all the false doctrines, which, up to the present time, I have taught to others; to believe in Jesus Christ alone as our only Intercessor. I will pray to thee only, I will love thee only, I will believe and trust in thee only. The single sacrifice of Jesus Christ, wrought once for all on Calvary, shall be my only hope, detesting and rejecting all other fictitious sacrifices which human craftiness has invented. I will study thy Holy Word—it shall be ever present with me—my comfort, my solace. Give me thy Holy Spirit: let thy divine grace illumine my mind, and grant that I may walk before thee without fear, in the light of thy divine countenance.

"O most loving and compassionate Saviour, fulfil in me thy holy promises which thou hast made to them that believe in thee. 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' I will give thanks unto thee for ever, and ascribe unto thee glory, and honour, and dominion, world without end. Amen."

"I remained for some minutes in this posture, and felt a spirit of comfort. I seemed to be listening to the voice of the Almighty speaking to my heart, approving my resolutions. I thought myself the happiest man on earth—God within me, peace in my soul, his Holy Word in my hands. I arose from my knees with an indescribable feeling of calmness and content—no longer any obstacle—no longer any doubt—no longer any fear; but faith and hope and charity my ever faithful companions."

### Sham Christians & Sham Ministers.

"INFIDELITY:—its causes and effects." No. 51, of "Drummond's Stirling Tracts,"—under the above title, with other papers, have reached us. The external, or practical causes of Infidelity are powerfully, methodically and faithfully brought to light in the tract now before us; and could we get the thousands upon thousands of our fellow-creatures to read, to think over and deeply to feel the solemn facts herein depicted, a vast amount of good might be done. We know the essential power belongs to God; but we feel a sacred pleasure in the knowledge that messengers, and silent preachers of this character, are being distributed among our fellow-men. God Almighty bless the perusal of them; and stir up the heart, and give diligence to the hands of all who know the value of truth, to be constant in works of this kind. We will give one short extract.

Tracing out the different characters, the writer comes, on page 6, to speak of "sham Christianity, and sham ministers," and says,

"The religion of Jesus is no sham, but a heaven-born reality, having 'God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error,' for its foundation. It has supreme claims upon faith and obedience of mankind. It can lose nothing, but gain everything, from honest investigation. It boldly demands and challenges inquiry. 'Search the Scriptures,' and 'prove all things,' are its watch-words. It has always 'passed through the ordeal of experiment unburt;' but it has suffered much chiefly at the hands of those who, with a form of godliness, practically deny its power. We speak not now of the out-and-out sham of Popery, but of nominal Christianity among us Protestants, and of which real Christianity may well complain, and in anguish exclaim, 'Save me from such friends, and I will take care of my enemies.' Dr. Aitkin, on the authority of Sir John Cheke, relates of Linacre, whose name is well known in the annals of medical science, that a little before his death, when worn out with disease and fatigue, he first began to read the New Testament, and that when he had perused the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of Matthew, he threw down the Bible with great violence, exclaiming, 'either that is not the gospel, or we are not Christians.' The demand for Christian consistency was never more urgent than in the present day. Cold-hearted, hypocritical professors of Christianity must now either 'put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteous and true holiness,' or take their stand among those who are *without*, that it may be clearly seen *who are, and who are not* on the Lord's side. If it be true that every man is either an oracle of truth or of falsehood, and must either speak life or death, for God or against him, then there can be no room for neutrality here.

"Is sham Christian a minister of the blessed gospel? The sad condition of such an one is enough to 'make angels weep.' His exhortations to faith and obedience, like stones thrown against a wall, fly back in his own face, and men say of him that 'he believes not what he preaches.' At this man's conduct 'demons laugh;' and hardened infidels warm their hands at his blazing lie—hypocrisy. While professing not to be ashamed of Christ, he is a shame to him. Through such an one the name and cause of Jesus are made to suffer reproach among those who childishly 'judge of faith by men, and not of men by faith.' Thrice welcome those faithful ministers of Christ who seek not their own, but the things which are his—who seek the honour that cometh from God only—who can associate with piety in rags, as well as in goodly apparel—and whose renewed hearts can at once take within their fond embrace the common and eternal interests of all classes, as infidelity will find in them its most powerful opponents."

### A Book for Sunday Schools.

"*Juvenile Gems; or Precious Stones in the Crown of Christ.*" By W. PALMER. This neat little book contains authentic memoirs of three children, the offspring of George and Ann Woolford, both members of the Particu-

lar Baptist Church assembling for worship in Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham. The narratives were drawn up by the bereaved mother, who appears to have been a mother indeed; and whose prayers on behalf of her children were answered in their real conversion to God, and happy departure for glory. As soon as this little book came to hand, and we had perused it, we gave it to our little half-orphan son; he flung himself on the bed, and read it with the deepest attention until he could read no longer, and then said, "*Father, let me have that book again in the morning.*" Who can tell what it may be the means of effecting? Godly parents—Sunday School teachers—this is a book you may safely put into the hands of all your children. Do so. Follow it, if you can, with fervent prayers to the God of all grace, and may it prove a blessing to many precious souls. From the first part of Mrs. Woolford's account of her son George we make the following extract:—

"In great earnestness, (and I believe under divine influence,) I entreated God to grant me the great favour of informing me whether my dear boy was interested in the 'everlasting covenant, which is ordered in all things and sure.'"

"About two or three days after he commenced a conversation by saying, 'Mother, I am afraid I shall not go to heaven, I have been such a sinner;—I am afraid I am so great a sinner the Lord will not save me. I have done so many things that are sinful: and they come into my mind and make me grieve.' I repeated several portions of the Holy Scripture, to which he listened in great earnestness, and then inquired, 'But as I have not long to live, will the Lord forgive me after putting it off so long?' I answered in the affirmative, and mentioned the dying thief, assuring him the Lord was as willing to pardon him as he had been to pardon that malefactor. This relieved his mind, and he asked for his Testament to read.

"A few days after, while I was gazing intently on him, he meekly exclaimed, 'Do not look at me so, my dear mother. It almost breaks my heart.' I said, my dear boy, do you ever pray? He answered, 'I try to do so, but do not know that I pray aright.' I remarked, 'If it is from your heart the Lord will answer it in his own time: for the prayer of necessity is that in which he delights.'

"On the Lord's-day before his death he appeared much better, ate a hearty dinner, and remained up till between four and five in the afternoon, when he exclaimed, 'O, mother, I am afraid my breath is getting bad again.' After several hours of great suffering, he cried out, 'Dear Lord, take me,—do take me.' Hearing him thus call upon the name of the Lord, I approached him softly, and in soothing tones expressed my gladness at finding he was not afraid to die. 'No, dear mother,' he said, 'I am not afraid to die. I am happy now.' I inquired, 'Do you love the Lord?' 'O, yes,' was his ready answer, and immediately ejaculated, 'Dearest Lord, take me—take me—take me,' a great many times.

"His pains becoming stronger, he said, 'Dear mother, do pray the dear Lord to take me.' I did so; and when risen from my knees he said, 'Thank you, my dear mother, I hope the Lord will answer your prayer; and then added, 'O, my dear, dear Lord, do take me. Take me from this world now. I do not want to live here. Take me with my next breath. This moment, dear Lord, take me.'

"Observing the state of his mind, I put these questions to him:—'My dear boy, do you think the Lord has washed you in his blood, and clothed you in his precious righteousness?' 'O yes, I do mother,' was his prompt reply."

## Goodwin's Directions,

TO SUCH AS ARE IN DEEP SOUL-TROUBLE.

[We have before spoken of "Goodwin's Child of Light Walking in Darkness." Being under great distress of mind ourselves, the other day, we happened to open this volume towards the end, where the dear old saint is labouring to encourage souls in their persevering pleas with the God of all grace. It was so suitable to us, that we feel constrained to give a few portions of it to our readers. We can only commence it this month; but will continue it, the Lord permitting, until completed. Tempted, and sin-burdened souls, to you we say, read it again and again; and may the Holy Ghost give you power to put it into practice.—ED.]

"Above all things Pray, and get others also to pray for thee; for God often restores comfort unto such, at the request of mourners for them, Isaiah lvii. 18. But yet especially be earnest and fervent in pouring forth thy complaint thyself; for though the speaking of friends may somewhat further thy suit, yet, as between two wooers, so it must be wrought out between God and thee alone in private, and his good will must be obtained by wooing him in secret. This counsel the apostle gives you: *Is any man afflicted? Let him pray*, James v. 13. And because, of all afflictions else, this of darkness in a man's spirit needeth prayer the most, therefore David pens a Psalm on purpose, not for his private use only, but for the benefit and use of all others in the like distress, as by the title of it doth appear. *A prayer for the afflicted. when he is overwhelmed, and pour out his complaint before the Lord*, Psalm cii. And this, says David, is my constant practice when my soul is overwhelmed, *I pour out my prayer unto thee*, Psalm lxi. 3. And it was Christ's also; for his agony, he *prayed yet more earnestly*, Luke. When at any time, therefore, thy sins and God's warmth meeting in thy conscience, make thee deadly sick, as Isaiah speaks, then pour forth thy soul, lay open and confess thy sin; and as it will ease thee, as vomiting useth to do, so also it will move God to pity and to give thee cordials and comforts to restore thee again. Thus David, Psalm xxxiii. 18, being in great distresses, verses 2, 3, 4, 5, *I will declare my iniquity and be sorry for my sin*: and he makes it an argument to God to pardon him, *when his bones were broken*, Psa. li. *Cleanse me from my sin*, verse 2, *for I acknowledge my transgression*, verse 3; and when he had confessed, verses 4, 5, 6, then he cries, *Make me hear the joy of gladness*, verse 12. And what was the chief ingredient, the main and principle motive, which he wrought most kindly with him to confess, and mourn, and brought up all? *Against thee, thee only*. He puts in twice as much of the consideration thereof, as of any other ingredient, to make his heart mourn; that chiefly, if not only melted, dissolved him. And in these confessions, let

the same also mainly work with thee. *Against thee, thee* have I sinned thus oft, thus grievously, thus presumptuously! *Against thee, a God so great, and yet withal so good*, so kind, so willing to receive and pardon, if my heart (say) were but as willing to turn unto thee; and when thy case is as Job's was, Job x. 15, 16, 17, *That thou art full of confusion*, as he speaks there, so full as thou thinkest thy heart could hold no more; and yet it increaseth, as it is there, and he fills thee fuller yet; then do thou pour out thy complaints to him, as he pours confusion into thee; and when he hunts thee, as Job there complains, *like a fierce lion*, fall thou down, and humble thyself like a poor and sickly lamb. If thou diest, die at his feet, mourning, bleeding out thy soul in tears; and when he hunts thee up and down, and pursues thee with blow after blow, follow thou hard after him wherover he goes, with complaint after complaint; and when yet he leaves thee not, but again and again returns, as some read it, after some intermission, and shew himself terrible to thee day after day, night after night, yet do thou look in the like manner *again and again towards his holy temple*, as Jonah did; and when he begins to bring in new sins, new indictments against thee as it is in the 16th verse, *Thou renewest thy witness*; and when thou thoughtest he had done with thee, he fetcheth new rods forth, and enters into new quarrels and reckonings long since past and forgotten, as it is in the same verse: *Changes and war are forgotten*, vicissitudes and armies of disquietments; and when one army is overcome, new appear in the field—then fall thou down upon thy knees, and say as Job at last doth, *I have sinned, I have sinned! what shall I do unto thee? What shall I do unto thee!* oh, thou preserver, and not a destroyer of men! These and these abominations I have done, and I cannot now undo them! And what shall I do to obtain thy favour? Alas! nothing can satisfy him; only confess thy sin—accept thy punishment. Go and stir up thyself therefore, and, with all submission, present thy naked back to him, and though every stroke fetcheth not blood only, but well nigh thy soul away, yet complain thou not one whit of him; *put thy mouth in the dust*, Lam. iii. 26, 30; be still, not a word; but only such as whereby thou utterest thy complaint, and doth acknowledge thine own deservedness of ten thousand times more; and say as Micah vii. 9, *I will bear thine indignation patiently for I have sinned against thee*. Bear witness still to every stroke, that it is not only just, but no less than thou deserved; and that it is *his mercy thou art not consumed*, and cut off at every blow; and the heavier he lays on, struggle thou not, he will let thee down the sooner; the higher he lifts up his hand to strike, the lower let thy soul fall down. *Humble yourselves under his mighty hand*, and still kiss the rod when he hath done, and then

take up words of pleading for thyself. It is for thy life, desiring him to remember what he hath been ever thinking of, even from everlasting thoughts of peace and mercy to usward, and the number of them cannot be told, as David says, Psa. xl. 5 which he hath been ever thinking of, and with the greatest of delights (as one that was in his bosom and was his counsellor, his son tells us Prov. viii. 13); and plead thou as other saints of God have done — What are now become of all these thy thoughts of mercy? *Are they restrained?*

“What! are all now on the sudden forgotten, laid aside, which thou hast been thinking on so long? Hast thou forgotten thine old and ancient delights? Ask him if he hath forgotten his own name, to be gracious and abundant in kindness: it is his name. Say, Did the very intent of showing mercy so infinitely beforehand possess thee with delights; and now, when thou shouldst come to put into execution, and hast so fair an opportunity of doing it to a soul as full of misery, the object of mercy, as ever, hast thou now no heart, no mind to it? And withal, say that thou hast notice given thee of an infinite and all sufficient righteousness in his Son, laid up in him, and that by his own procurement; wherefore his Son never had, nor can have any need himself, being God blessed for ever; and for whom was it then appointed, but for the sons of men; those who are weary, wounded, sick, broken, lost? these his Son hath put into his will, who still lives to be his own executor. And say further also to him, that it is come to thine ears that his Spirit is the Comforter a God of comforts; and that his Son hath bought them all, his whole shop and all his cordials, and all his skill; and is anointed with this spirit, on purpose to pour him forth into the hearts of those who are wounded, and sick, and broken; and the whole, they have no need of them. If it be said unto thee, Yea, but thou art unworthy, answer, But he professed to love freely. If the greatness of thy sins be objected against thee, plead thou again that plentiful redemption is with him; and if thou hast not enough to pardon me, say, I am content to go without. If thou art ungodly, say, That thou believest on him that justifieth the ungodly. If he puts thee off, as Christ awhile did the woman of Canan, and says he he hath no need of him, and canst no longer live without him; for in his favour is thy life, and that without it thou art undone. If he seems to rebuke thee, that how darest thou press thus to him who is the high and lofty One; a sinful man to him, whose name is Holy? say, thou hast heard himself say, Thus saith that high and lofty One, whose name is Holy, that he dwells with him that is of a contrite spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, Isaiah lvii. 15; and be further bold to tell him, that there are but a few in the world that do seek him; and if he should turn any away that do, he would have fewer: for who would

fear him, if there were not mercy in him, and plentiful redemption?

“If still he doth pursue thee, and his wrath lies heavy on thee, ask him what it is he aims at? Is it to have the victory and overcome when he judgeth, as Romans iii. 4; freely tell him that thou art willing to give it him, to yield to him, to stand out with him in nothing; but art content to submit to his commanding will in all things, and to his condemning will also, if so he pleaseth: and that it shall be just as David there acknowledgeth, if he doth condemn thee; and justify thou him, whilst he is condemning thee, and say that at the latter day he shall need no other judge against thee than thyself. Only beseech him to consider what honour it will be to him to pursue dry stubble, and to break a poor dried leaf, that crumbleth under his fingers if he doth but touch it; as Job pleads to break a reed that is broken already; say, thou art not a fit match for him; and he hath said *He will not contend for ever*, Isaiah lvii. 19, especially when he sees any to lay down the weapons; as thou art content to do.

“Or is it, ask him, that he aims to have glory out of thy eternal condemnation in hell? Tell him, it is true, he may; and that this is some comfort to thee, that he may have glory out of thy death and destruction, who never had it out of thy life; but yet desire him to consider this before he thrusts his sword into thee, that that he did first sheath it in his Son’s wounds; and that he may shew as much power in overcoming his wrath, as in venting of it: yea, and have also greater glory thereby. For, plead that thou art never able to satisfy him, though he should throw thee down to hell. He may cast thee into prison, but thou canst never pay the debt; and what profit therefore will be in thy blood? and, therefore, if satisfaction to his justice be his end, he might better accept that which his Son made him, and so he shall be sure to be no loser by thee: and thereby not only receive the glory of his justice, but shows the riches of his grace and mercy also, and so double the revenue of his glory in thee.”

[The new edition of Dr. Goodwin’s “Child of Light Walking in Darkness” is published in London by Houlston & Stoneman, Paternoster Row.]

## An Epistle to the Churches of Christ,

IN VINDICATION OF  
MR. THOMAS STRINGER’S CHARACTER.

IN compliance with an earnest request, we insert the following letter. We are decidedly opposed to the publication of matters of this kind; but when a brother’s character is at stake, if we can be instrumental in removing the cloud, we feel it our duty to step a little out of our way. Prejudice raised against a minister of Christ, is a very dreadful thing; and we should never forget, first, to overthrow the ambassadors of Christ, is satan’s most determined aim; and if he can-

not overthrow them, he will labour to cripple them in some way. Then, secondly, the best of men are encompassed with infirmities. May we be more ready to forbear, than to condemn. We leave our brother Stringer to speak for himself.—Ed.

*To all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity*.—Christian Friends: Many of you know I laboured in the ministry at Snow's Fields Chapel, London, seven years, as successor to the late George Francis, and not without success—bless the Lord. While there, I was invited to preach at Trinity Chapel, Plymouth, for one month; and when there, the friends pressed me to stay six weeks: I did so, and then returned to London. This was in October and November of 1850. I must say, the friends at Trinity Chapel received me well, used me well, and, I believe, heard me well. When I was invited to Plymouth, the Lord gave my partner this precious and powerful text—"My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure;" which has, more or less, abode with her till now. When we returned, her mother said, "I think you will one day go there again; for those words have been given me, 'Ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight; for the Lord will go before you; and the God of Israel will be your reward.'" Isa. lii. 12. I said, "No, never; because they are a mixed communion—to which I would not accede for a thousand per year."

I was invited to supply them again for a month in 1851: could not conveniently do so; and never expected to be invited there again, especially since Mr. Rudman has been the settled minister at Trinity.

I was removed from London, to Zoar Chapel, Gravesend, in March, 1851; where I preached just one year. Our union was dissolved through the conduct of certain parties well known in that locality. Having sent in my resignation to the deacons and church, nearly all the congregation, and some of the members, resolved to take a place in the town for me to preach in; the reading-room, at the Literary Institution, was fixed upon: two persons became responsible for one year's rent. I viewed myself now (as brother Felton said) merely a member with, and a minister to, the people only; consequently, a free man, should my Master send for me elsewhere, which I had no idea of his doing; although the friends at Oldham Street, Manchester, wished me to become their pastor; but I saw not the way clear.

We had not been long at the reading-room, before sad complaints were repeatedly made by the people, relative to the inconveniences of the place; and I (as a minister) soon found it a very improper place. When we left the chapel for the room, I was much perplexed in mind; when the Lord kindly gave me these words,—“Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.” This was a great support, and I concluded it was meant for Gravesend. To my surprise, I received a letter from a friend at Plymouth, on May 28th, 1852, saying, that if I was not permanently settled over any people, there was a chapel they could and would take for me, which they thought would tend to my good—the good of souls, and the glory of our covenant God. I prayerfully considered it; felt my mind swayed

to a compliance therewith, and wrote to that effect.—“My counsel shall stand,” &c. I then visited some of the members and congregation; and told them the matter, and that I felt I must go. They expressed sorrow to leave me, but hoped it was among the “all things,” &c. I did not call a church meeting, perhaps herein I did wrong; for which (though men do not) may my dear Lord pardon me. I gave public notice soon after from the desk of the matter: consternation, surprise and bitterness was the result; and the faith of some people in God's “working all things after the counsel of his own will,” was at once annihilated.

Several letters passed between those at Plymouth and myself on points of truth, to which I scripturally responded, assuring them that if it was their wish to hear me, and God's will to bring me among them, it should be a Particular Baptist or not at all. They came over to New Testament order and my views of the same; took the chapel for one year at £45, two persons being responsible for the rest, and guaranteed to me £100 for the same year; leaving the future to Him who has said, “My counsel shall stand,” &c. Being, therefore, no special nor binding contract between us at the said room, and no prospect to me of any thing better, I, in the fear of God, engaged to go down to Plymouth for the second Lord's-day in August. Now an arrangement had been made for three sermons to be preached for the help of myself and the cause at the institution on the 7th of July; but not being able to be there because of a large sale at the place, the Town Hall was procured for that day.

Mr. Foreman, Mr. Felton, and Mr. Bidder had engaged to preach the said three sermons; proper publicity had been given to the same; when, behold one Mr. Mitchell writes a letter to Mr. Foreman and Mr. Felton about the matter of my departure. Mr. M., being destitute of natural sight, employed an amanuensis (I wish truth had been written instead of some falsehoods; I am, through grace, a lover of naked truth) He was too late with Mr. Felton; I had seen him on the subject, also Mr. Bidder, and neither of them blamed me for the deed. Mr. Felton said he could not say, “Do not go,” but advised me not to be too hasty; he always had said from my first coming to Gravesend it was not to be my place; he thought I was designed for a greater field. Mr. Bidder viewed it as the hand of God. I had not seen Mr. Foreman. I think, as Mr. F. knew nothing of Mr. Mitchell, he would have acted wise to have seen or wrote to me before he answered Mr. M.'s letter. Mr. Foreman's pen must have been dipped in gall. I never saw more condemning observations in all my life from one faithful minister to another. In Mr. Mitchell's letter to Mr. Foreman he states I had been receiving from the people £120 per year. The first six months at Zoar Chapel the church paid me twenty-five shillings per week; a lady in the town gave me five shillings per week, making it thirty shillings per week for six months at thirteen weeks in the quarter, amounted to £39; a collection was given me of £8 and a few pence; I believe £2 also was given me on another occasion. The second six months I received £2 per week from the church, except the last two weeks, which they have never paid me. Now for the £120.

|                    | £ | s. | d.       |
|--------------------|---|----|----------|
| First half year    | - | -  | 39 0 0   |
| Collection         | - | -  | 8 0 0    |
| Gift               | - | -  | 2 0 0    |
| Second half year   | - | -  | 48 0 0   |
| Anniversary sermon | - | -  | 0 10 0   |
| Total              | - | -  | £97 10 0 |

We commenced in the reading room on Tuesday evening, March 23, 1852; from which time, up to June 24, I received of Mr. Young—

|                                |     |     |          |
|--------------------------------|-----|-----|----------|
|                                | £19 | 1s. | 6½d.     |
| Last Collection in the quarter | 4   | 4   | 0        |
| Total                          | -   | -   | £23 5 6½ |

Those who are skillful in arithmetic may see which is right—Mr. Mitchell with his £120 per year, or my present statement. Relative to Mr. Mitchell's statement as to steps having been taken by the congregation to procure me a chapel, one step was taken (but no steps to my knowledge). One person wrote and asked Mr. Johnson what rent he would require per year for Zoar Chapel. His reply was £25. There the matter ended; for I said unless the chapel could be obtained at a lower rent we could not make ends meet.

By way of close I would observe that when Jehovah is about to advance a man, and make him more extensively useful, it often happens that all earth, all hell, all professors, half the true church, and ten ministers out of twelve, are against him; nevertheless, "my counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure," saith the Lord. The truth of God is dear to my heart; and I am (D. V.) going to Plymouth as a Particular Baptist minister; no forsaking principle; no compromising to please any, who, like myself, are dying men.

My Gravesend enemies I leave to Him of whom it is said, "Thy hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies." My Gravesend friends I prayerfully commit to the care and keeping of Him who has said, "Neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." That Zion may universally prosper, Zion's God be universally exalted and glorified, is the earnest prayer of a poor unworthy sinner and minister of Jesus Christ. THOMAS STRINGER.

### Baptising and Open-Air Preaching.

DEAR BROTHER.—On Lord's-day, the 4th instant, it was my happiness to be in company with my beloved brother Pooock, at Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich. I enjoyed great liberty of soul at the morning prayer meeting; after which it was a pleasing sight to behold the chapel densely crowded. Brother Pooock prayed most fervently for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the people then assembled, and upon Zion universally.

He gave us an interesting discourse from Luke xxiv. 33, 34; he then solemnly addressed eleven candidates, whom he baptised in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Some verses that were composed by one of the members were sung at the water side, of which the following is a copy:—

"Ye husbands take courage, and pray for your wives,  
Since God hears such prayers by saving their lives;

That you may live happy and blessed together,  
And dwell in his presence for ever and ever.

"Ye fathers remember that night, what was done—

God heard your petitions by calling your sons;  
Your daughters, also, are not left in the rear,  
The brethren have prayed, and the Lord brought them here.

"Here is one aged seventy, as well as the youth,  
They all say they come through the God of all truth;

So we hoist up our banners of water and blood,  
And tread in the steps of Jesus our God.

"With our pastor, and deacons, and members as well,

We will join the sweet chorus, Hallelujah to swell,

In praise to our Jesus, who our voices did hear,  
And in love and in mercy hath answered our prayer."

It was a memorable season; tears of joy and gladness trickled down the cheeks of many a pilgrim then present; and I believe God was in the midst of us and blessed us.

In the afternoon brother Pooock preached from Luke v. 26, "We have seen strange things to-day." We then commemorated our Lord's death; and at the close many declared that they had richly enjoyed some of the strange things of which the minister had been speaking.

In the evening I read and engaged in prayer; and Mr. Pooock gave us a heart-cheering and soul-animating sermon from Deut. x. 12: and at the close I could truly say,—

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,

In hopes of one that ne'er shall end."

It was a day in which many of the children of God sweetly realised the truth of the following Scripture, "where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty," and rejoiced that "the Son having made them free they are free indeed,"—free from the curses of a violated law, free from the impending wrath of God, and free to enjoy all the new covenant blessings treasured up in Christ, and to receive out of his fulness grace for grace.

Last evening (July 11) I spoke with great liberty of soul in the open air from John iii. 14, 15. Doubtless you know something of sweetness at times enjoyed when exhibiting Christ on the gospel pole, and telling poor sinners (I mean sensible sinners) it was for them he was lifted up, and by looking unto him by precious faith, they find relief from all their sin and woe.

After the service I was called to visit a humble penitent prostrate on the bed of affliction. She is one on whom God hath abundantly magnified the riches of his grace; she once was one of the most awful characters in God's universe; she said she did not feel so satisfied as she wished, but her desires were very great, and at times it afforded her no small consolation in being enabled to exclaim—

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

I read, conversed, and engaged in prayer with her, for which she was very grateful, and felt a little revived. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;" and it is an unspeakable mercy to be sick of all but Christ. Yours in Jesus,  
JOHN PELLE, JUNR., *Beebles.*

### William Skelton Beating down the Delusion of Mormonism.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The quiet village of Aldbury, about three miles from Tring, presented a scene of general commotion on Lord's-day evening, July 4th, by the event of your friend, William Skelton, attempting publicly to expose the errors and doctrines of the self-styled Latter-day Saints, or Mormons. Some of the Mormons were present.

The service commenced by the assembly singing the 63rd hymn, 1st book, of Watts's. The 24th chapter of Matthew was then read, and he engaged in prayer.

"This is the word of truth and love,"

was then sung, after which, William proceeded to address his numerous audience, by saying :

My fellow-sinners : Controversy and contention are no new things in matters of real religion ; for whatsoever has been revealed or made known to the sons of men, by the teaching and power of God the Holy Ghost, has in all ages been either violently opposed by open persecution, or awfully and deceptively attempted to be counterfeited or mimiced ; therefore, in all ages the saints of God have been called upon to contend earnestly for that religion which is of the operation of God the Holy Ghost, whose divinity and personality Mormons deny. And now, being gathered together on the present occasion, I am, by the help of God, about to introduce a portion of the Word of God for our meditation, the same being recorded in Ezekiel xiii. 2, 3, "Hear ye the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God : Woe unto the foolish prophets, that follow their own spirits, and have seen nothing." Which words may, according to their marginal sense, be read thus, "Hear ye the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God : Woe unto the foolish prophets ; who being prophets out of their own hearts, do work after their own spirits, and the things which they have not seen : " in which words are propounded four things :

First. The characters who are solemnly called upon in my text to hear the word of the Lord, are false prophets, "prophesying out of their own heart." I would meet and endeavour to obviate an objection that may be made : namely, that the Scripture before us was only applicable to Old Testament times, and only had a hearing upon that dispensation ; but such an objection I will endeavour to remove, by proving from the New Testament Scriptures, that false prophets and false teachers are as peculiar to New Testament times, as they were peculiar to the Old Testament dispensation ; in proof of which, the Lord Jesus Christ said, "There shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders ; inasmuch that if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect : " all which he spake in the future tense, in his purely prophetic administrations.

Again. Since the day of pentecost, the apostle Paul, being divinely inspired, bears testimony in and by the Holy Ghost, (2 Cor. xi. 13,) concerning certain men in his day as being false prophets, or apostles ; deceitful or lying workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ : also the apostle Peter, running a parallel concerning Old Testament and New Testament times, saith, by the Holy Ghost, having declared that holy men of God spake as they were in oftentime moved by the Holy Ghost, "But there were also false prophets among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies ; " and of whom he bears witness their judgment lingereth not for a long time, and in the end it shall be seen that their eternal damnation slumbereth no longer ; and such being prophets out of their own hearts, and not after God's own heart, declaring what the delusion and darkness and depravity of their wicked hearts devise, in the name of the Lord, the Lord God calls upon them to hear his word for their condemnation and destruction, who hath revealed his mind concerning false prophets and teachers in his holy Word, even as he hath concerning those whom he

hath sent ; to the former, the word of God is a savour of death unto death ; to the latter, it is a savour of life unto life : see Revelations xix. 20 ; Matthew xxv. 26--30 ; also Isaiah lxx. 13--15. Hear this, then, ye false prophets, who prophesy lies in the name of the Lord out of your own hearts in these our days, and while ye hear, God Almighty cause you to tremble and fear.

Secondly. The words of the text describe such characters, first, as being foolish prophets ; the said term foolish not being applicable to literal defect in human or natural intellect, for the same characters are said in words following to be like foxes upon the desert, cunning, crafty, subtle, and deceiving, fox-like ; and a foolish prophet is a deceitful man, a lying man, a cheating man, an evil-designing man, and a false, pretending, and therefore a devilish man : second, as walking after things which they have not seen, pretending and falsely declaring they have had revelations from God, and have seen wonderful things by revelation from God, whereas they have seen nothing of the sort or kind, and therefore a lie is in their right hand : third, such are described as being actuated by their own wicked and evil spirit, not by the Spirit of God. And here our brother William proceeded to show that all these awful things were literally to be seen personally, individually, and circumstantially in matters connected with the origin of Mormonism, and in the character and career of Joseph Smith, the false prophet of the Mormons, whose god is his belly, and whose end is destruction from off the face of the literal earth : in proof of which he read large extracts from Clarke's published tract, entitled "Mormonism Unmasked," and went on to prove that the same damnable heresies were still held and attempted to be promulgated by the followers of Joseph Smith and his new fangled, so-called religion, who had lately made their appearance for the same purpose in the village of Aldbury, which he as a man of God felt bound to expose, oppose, and resist, as he had already done in a similar way at Stoke-upon-Trent, a large town in Staffordshire, in the north of England, about twelve months since, praying and hoping the present occurrence may be made the means of driving these new comers in the Lord's name, with their Mormonism, from Aldbury and its vicinity, as was the case in matters related concerning Stoke-upon-Trent, after such an exposure had been made by him in the open market place of that town,

Thirdly. In this most awful and solemn Scripture we have a denunciations of God's curse, and woe unto them, that is, all false and foolish prophets ; for thus saith the Lord God, "Woe unto them," for except a man be born again he cannot see nor enter into the kingdom of God, and therefore living and dying a stranger to the new birth, or being born from above by the washing of regeneration, and renewings of the Holy Ghost.

Where God is a sinner never can come. Now the Mormons say the new birth consists in coming up from beneath the liquid grave in water baptism ; if so, they are from beneath, and if they know nothing more than water baptism for the remission of sins, most awful is their state and case ; and if they are not regenerated by the Holy Ghost previous to being baptised in literal water, their being so baptised, and death immediately following, the same baptism in water would only be a prelude to being baptised in eternal fire ; and their awful delusion is "be baptised in order to get religion ; " (Snow's tract,) and therefore according to the awful warrant of God's word, I declare to any and every follower of Mormonism who may be here present, or elsewhere, that dying in such a state hell will be his, or her, portion as sure as God is a God.

Fourthly. The words necessarily lead us to enquire in what way and manner this woe in the text shall be fulfilled in the individual cases of each on whom it is pronounced, and we have in the eighth and ninth verses following the text, a five-fold testimony of the Lord God in this respect. Your's,

BOANEROES BARNABAS.

### Jesus Christ speaking Peace to his Disciples.

*To the Church and Congregation meeting for Divine Worship in Mount Zion Chapel, Nelson Place, in the City Road;—*

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—Feeling persuaded that my Sabbath afternoon and Monday evening ministrations among you have come to a close, I cannot refrain from giving you a brief record of the testimony which I was privileged to bring unto you, the last time I spoke to you in the name of the Lord. If it be asked, why do my labours there cease? The answer is simply this—In the first place, the Lord, having, in his kind providence, been pleased to send our brother Hazleton unto you, (whose labours are acceptable and useful,) I have felt anxious to resign all up into his hands, under God, as your sole pastor and minister. In the second place, my mind has long and deeply been impressed with a desire either to devote myself more entirely and exclusively to the spiritual well-being of the Church of Christ at Crosby Row, among whom I have now laboured for nearly nine years; or, if peace and prosperity do not there continue, to leave myself in the hands of God for the work of an Evangelist—to go—while life and health, and powers of mind are given, wheresoever the cloud of a divine Providence shall direct. I do not say, that the latter course is my desire. No. My prayer to God is, that I might, for many years, stand among my own beloved people, in increasing usefulness, uprightness, and holy fellowship; but, so dark, so distressing, has been the path of my soul's travail, of late; and so many death-like vapours have hung around us, that I have been ready many times, like Jonah, to run away to Tarshish. But, hitherto, I have been held in; and, truly, my beloved friends, in the innermost chambers of my soul, I have lately vowed a vow, as Jacob did of old; and I have said—"IF GOD WILL BE WITH ME, and will keep me in this way, (of Gospel truth, and liberty of soul in the eternal mercies of heaven,) wherein I desire ever to go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I may ultimately reach my heavenly Father's house in peace; then, indeed, shall the Lord be my God, (experimentally, ministerially, and manifestively;) and this stone which I have set for a pillar, (that is, the Church which, instrumentally, I have gathered together for the worship of his name,) shall be God's house: and of all that God shall give me, will I desire willingly and lovingly, and faithfully to devote and to dedicate to the honour of his dear cause." Amen.

Now to the subject before us. You know, I engaged to preach the morning sermon for you on Lord's-day, July 11th, when collections were to be made on the behalf of your cause. None but an omniscient Jehovah and myself knoweth what cutting anguish of soul I passed through the week preceding the morning; and the Saturday night especially; (these deep exercises have arisen from three sources: reproaches from without, an horrible sense of darkness and spiritual death from within, and fearful forebodings of the future. In this state of mind, I arose that morning, and after labouring in private wrestlings, set down and read THE BOOK (of all books the best;) when these words, "Peace be unto

you" met my eye, relieved my heart, raised up my spirit and furnished my mind, (I trust, under divine anointing,) with material for the pulpit. As soon as I reached your vestry, I opened the Bible upon these words, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek," &c., &c. I was, by these words, strengthened to enter the pulpit; and in some measure, my spirit was favoured with freedom. I read the text, (Luke xxiv. 36.) "And as they thus spake, JESUS HIMSELF STOOD IN THE MIST OF THEM, and saith unto them, PEACE BE UNTO YOU:" and in some sincerity, I hope, I spoke a little as follows: I am thankful to be permitted again to stand here, and speak to you. It is evident the Lord brought us to this place: many times has he greatly enlarged my heart here; and I have often felt as though I here could finish my earthly and ministerial course; but such is not to be the case. From the very centre of my soul, I can truly say, "Peace be unto you"

Let us carefully consider three things:

First: The persons spoken to—the disciples.

Secondly: The Great Speaker—JESUS.

Thirdly: The blessing he pronounced—PEACE.

First: The persons spoken to—they were disciples.

Five features of true discipleship are here to be considered.

1. They were such as believed in Jesus under the greatest discouragements. True faith is strengthened, or made manifest by opposition and trial. Since I have professed to know the Lord, my soul has been flooded with unbelieving fears, infidel temptations, and the uncleanness of fallen nature: separated from every earthly friend; sunk down in shame and sorrow; and stripped of almost every earthly comfort; still, faith in Christ, some love to his name; some going forth of soul toward his person, and some little clinging to his great atoning sacrifice, have ever been with me. All through the Christian's path, the substance of that sentiment is more or less realized. "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." 2. These disciples had their faith very sorely tried. It is so with the real disciples of Christ:

In all they think, or do, or say, Their opposition meet.

3. These disciples thought and conversed much about Christ—"they talked together of all these things which had happened." Real disciples,—when under the gracious influence of the ever-blessed Spirit, love to think, to talk of, and to hear about the Person, the grace and the doings of Christ the Lord—"they think upon his name:" and it is a healthy state of soul when such is really the case. 4. Real disciples mourn much over the absence of Christ's presence. Oh! what a blank is all creation! What empty things are all ordinances! What hard work is prayer and preaching, when the Master withdraws himself! My soul has known this, of late, to a great extent: and I know nothing on earth can make a true believer in Christ really happy, if the divine presence be not in some measure enjoyed. These disciples were "sad," because the Master, as they thought, was gone; or, they feared, as disciples often do, that they had been deceived or mistaken altogether. 5. Real disciples are such persons as feel a burning love to Christ in their hearts when

Jesus speaks to them, and opens himself to them in the Scriptures. Ah, happy seasons! holy frame of soul, when our dear Lord shews himself through the lattices of gospel ordinances!—"Did not our hearts burn within us?" Oh, yes! they have indeed. Reader! examine these marks of discipleship; see well to it, that they are found with thee.

Secondly—Look at the great Speaker—it is Jesus himself. I may say, the Bible speaks to us of three persons answering to this name—Joshua and Jesus are the same in meaning, which some interpret thus—"the Lord, to save." There was Joshua, the successor of Moses: he was a type of Christ. So, where Moses doth deeply convince, humble, smite and reprove, there Jesus comes to heal, to pardon, and to deliver. Then there was Joshua, the high priest in the Old Testament church, after she came out of Babylon; he stood before the Lord clothed with filthy garments. Was this Joshua a type of Christ in his mystical body, as she stands in her fallen and polluted nature? If so, by the Word of the Lord, by the blood of the everlasting covenant, and by the perfect righteousness of the dear Redeemer, she is washed, justified and everlastingly saved! I think this is one view that may be taken of it. Then we have our own most precious JESUS; in whose name is wrapped up all that the gospel reveals, and more—"Thou shalt call his name JESUS; for HE SHALL SAVE HIS PEOPLE FROM THEIR SINS." I cannot stay here:—This name given to, and well sustained by our LORD, must be worked out in a divine experience by the power of the Holy Ghost in our inmost souls.—Deliverance from the power of sin: cleansing from the pollutions of sin: freedom from the guilt of sin: these things in real and perpetual experience, are the best proofs and evidences that we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of all our sins.

In reading this twenty-fourth of Luke, do see how very fond Jesus evidently was of his disciples. He walks with them going to Emmaus; he went in to tarry with them; and when they had returned to Jerusalem, the eleven being gathered together, talking of the things done in the way, and how he was known of them in breaking of bread; while they were thus eagerly engaged in conversing of these things, "Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, 'PEACE BE UNTO YOU!'" many old copies of Luke's gospel add the words, "be not afraid—I AM HE."

Consider, briefly, THE BLESSING Jesus pronounced: "Peace be unto you." My beloved friends, the great desire of my soul towards you is, that true gospel peace may be found and enjoyed by you, whether I ever stand among you again, or not.

There are many new-covenant blessings couched in the words, "PEACE BE UNTO YOU;" as, for instance, there is, first, reconciliation to God by the blood of the Lamb; it is a coming to God in holy agreement and fellowship; a living near, a walking with, a devotedness to, the great Fountain of holiness, happiness, and perfect bliss. Oh, what a safe and solemn position is this. It is peace indeed. Secondly, this peace means quietness and comfort in the conscience. You may see from David, from Heman, from Hezekiah and from many others, what sin on the conscience will do. Ah, I know it will make a man a walk-

ing and living mass of unbearable misery; it will light up a fire of wrath in his feelings that will consume all the powers of nature, and, if no deliverance be granted, will either carry him into hardened presumption, or sink him into despair and the horrors of death. To such an one, how merciful, how compassionate doth the Lord appear when a living faith is given, and then atoning blood is applied, guilt removed, the conscience cleansed, and peace bestowed!

Thirdly—Peace will mean, harmony and union among Christians—"And be at peace among yourselves." By forbearance one with another; by sympathy, by much united prayer; by watchfulness; by union of heart, and charity in the hands, under God, great peace is sometimes enjoyed among the saints of God.

Fourthly—Peace may intend prosperity in the church of God. In this sense, I pray that peace may be with you. Five things, at least, are necessary to this prosperity. 1. A faithful and a fruitful ministry. 2. The power of the Holy Ghost. 3. The presence of Christ in the ordinances. 4. The blessings of the new covenant. 5. Praying and zealous men to manage all the affairs of Zion.

I have but simply named these things to you, brethren; the Lord alone can bless you with them. May he design to smile upon you, to prosper you, to honour and to help your pastor, and may a loving and compassionate Christ keep, guide, preserve, pardon and make use of your poor servant in the gospel,

July 19, 1852. CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

P.S. By way of postscript, I will give you one word which, I hope, the Lord gave me for my own dear people, on Lord's-day evening, July 18th. So dejected and downcast was I, (after preaching that afternoon at Pimlico,) I felt it would be a trial for me to speak again. However, I did indeed sigh and cry to the Lord for help; and this was the word that entered into my soul, "Be strong all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work; for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts, according to the word that I covenanted with you when ye came out of Egypt, so my Spirit remaineth among you: FEAR YE NOT." Oh, what healing virtue is there in the word of the Lord, when he is pleased to apply it to the soul! Make some use of six things herein contained, if you can.—First, there are times in nations, in churches, in ministers, in established saints and in seeking sinners, when the work of the Lord seems to stand still, as in the days of Haggai. These, to me, are painful times; but let us not despair; for, secondly, the Lord will be sure, sooner or later, to stir up the spirits of his slumbering saints again, and call them to work.

Thirdly, I was led to speak of the kind of work God calls them to; it is repenting work; reforming work; returning work; believing and obeying work. Fourthly, you may see the encouraging stimulant the Lord administers,—"FOR I AM WITH YOU, SAITH THE LORD OF HOSTS." Then fifthly, the faithfulness of God:—He is with his people, not according to their deserts, but according to that covenant that he makes with them when he brings them out of Egypt; the terms of which you may read in Exodus xxix. 45, 46; and in Ezekiel xvi. 5, and onwards. And lastly, the affectionate admonition, "FEAR NOT." Fear not, so as to be discouraged, or driven from the mercy-seat; but trust in, seek for, venture on, the great I AM.

Brethren, farewell! and if we never meet again on the platform of this ever-changing state of things, may we meet at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, pardoned, justified, accepted, and made like unto Him whom now, though we see him not, yet, believing, we adore.

### The late Mrs James Ashford, of Ipswich.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Psalm cxvi. 15.

Her ingathering to the heavenly garner is a matter of congratulation as well as mourning—mourning, that the ranks of the church militant are thinned; and rejoicing, that the church triumphant has received an accession.

Mrs. James Ashford, late of Claydon, was for years a member of the Baptist Church meeting in Zoar Chapel, Ipswich. She was called by grace early in life, had her appointed exercises, found the saint's path one of tribulation, yet had to sing of mercy as well as of judgment.

The writer of this very brief account of a now glorified spirit had but a very brief acquaintance with his deceased friend. Called in the early part of the past year to minister to the church of which she was a member, the very brief acquaintance then commenced. To know and love some characters requires but a short period; while, on the contrary, in some instances, it requires a lengthened period to ascertain a character, and longer to esteem it. Mrs. Ashford was one of the former; her christian character was perfectly transparent; her religion was not only the correctness of sentiment and verbal expression, but the warm healthy action of the heart, expressed in a life of unfeigned love to the saints of God, and true humility of soul before a triune Jehovah.

Mrs. Ashford was highly favoured of God in the sanctuary. She was there a worshipper; she made it a house of prayer to her soul; she went with a healthy appetite, and found the promise fulfilled in her experience, "In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee."

At the commencement of this year it was evident to many that her course was nearly finished, that the fight of faith would soon terminate in glorious victory, and that the mortal would soon put on immortality. She was much favoured in her last illness. The state of her mind during nearly the whole of the time was peace and joy in believing. At one period she was in much darkness: she said to the writer, "Oh it is so dark, so dark! I want my blessed Jesus to come. Do come, Lord Jesus," The Lord Jesus did come, he saw her "again," and all was peace.

Some christian friends (one an endeared relative) came to visit her on one occasion that the writer was present: on mentioning the past to her she said, "Oh why did they give themselves the trouble about such a worthless creature as I am? how kind! how very kind!"

She was now from this period very anxious to depart and be with Christ. Her language was, "O come, Lord Jesus; sweet Lord Jesus come, and take me to thyself."

Thus lived and died one of the most humble, unassuming, and devoted followers of the Lamb. Our loss is her unspeakable gain. Her funeral sermon was preached by her pastor on Lord's-day afternoon, February 22, 1852, from Phil. i. 23, "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

### The late Mr. James Dennant, of Ipswich.

"They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing."—Psalm xcii. 14.

It is deeply interesting to see the commencement of a work of grace in the soul of a sinner, and not less so to behold its termination, so far as earth is concerned, in that of an aged disciple. Many important lessons are to be learned at the couch of a saint waiting the command of his Lord, to be "absent from the body." It is indeed profitable to see how a Christian can live amongst life's changes and sorrows, supported by grace divine; and equally profitable, to see how he can die, or rather fall asleep in Jesus. Some parting scenes of Christian life are fraught with interest, almost transporting;

for, they do indeed, "triumph in the dying hour;" and "an entrance" is "ministered abundantly unto the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The writer of this brief account was very recently called to witness the departure of an aged saint from this world of sin, darkness and death, to the land of holiness, life and light. Mr. James Dennant was for some years the senior deacon of the Baptist church, meeting in Zoar Chapel, Ipswich, and for very many years a consistent professor, and an favoured possessor of Christ's holy gospel. He lived to a good and green old age; and at the age of 82, was admitted to his Lord's presence. For some months past, sickness was preparing the body for the grave, and grace the soul for an endless life. To the last he was favoured to possess full consciousness, and to express himself freely and fully on divine things. His reminiscences of the past was the occasion of much praise to the God of all his mercies, and he spake of his departure with Scriptural confidence, and assured security. For him "to live was Christ, to die, gain." As he entered the "swellings of Jordan," his hold on Christ seemed to be firmer, and his inward joy and peace the more abundant. "If I had strength," he whispered to the writer, "O, how I could speak to you all! I have much to say: I have been praying to the Lord to give me strength.

He was favoured of the Lord with strength to speak to his family on those subjects connected with their eternal interests. May his counsels to them at that solemn moment be eminently sanctified; that, as they now possess his earthly treasure, which God gave to the labour of his hands, they may also possess "like precious faith." His aged partner, but a few weeks before, was taken from the church below to the church above. She had been for years a fellow-member of the same church with our departed friend. Their communion was only suspended for a very brief period to be consummated in glory. James Dennant and his wife are there! but, are as the angels which are in glory!

Our departed brother was taken home to glory May 13, 1852. His funeral sermon was preached by his pastor on Lord's-day afternoon, May 23, from Acts xi. 24, "He was a good man."

[The lines in next month.]

### Spiritual Weaning.

PSALM CXXII. 2.

Jesus, thy ndissembled love,  
A weaned child would loud proclaim;  
Would sing the grace I daily prove,  
Defended by thy lovely name.

'Twas well that thou shouldst rend in twain  
My foolish fondness for the breast;  
Time was when I have judged it vain  
To trust thy promise not caress'd.

'Twas well thou didst my faith submit  
To fiery trials to prove it true;  
Now at thy feet my soul can sit,  
And praise thy grace and glory too.

Perpetual smile could not reveal  
Thy love in its ten thousand forms;  
Nor could thy chastening long conceal  
The smiles that must succeed the storms.

Accustom'd to the yoke of love,  
And well equipp'd to face the foe.  
Obedient may I onward move,  
And twice ten-thousand victories know.

R. BRAD.

"Satan is the great hunter of souls. As long as the game goes straight towards his snare, he makes no noise. But when they begin to swerve, then he whoops and halloos to scare them back into his wiles. He will raise town and country rather than lose one soul."—MAJOR ROWLANDSON.

# The Extent of the Atonement:

MR. JOHN CORBITT'S DEFENCE OF GOSPEL PRINCIPLES.

THE redemption of the soul—the pardon of sin—peace with God, and a meetness for glory, are blessings too highly valued by us, ever to permit us to wish to narrow or to limit the extent of them by any rule that man can lay down, or by any doctrine mortals may promulgate. TRUTH—THE MIND OF GOD, as written out in the sacred Scriptures, and as revealed in the regenerated soul by the power of the Holy Ghost, these are the only standards by which we can be guided in matters so vitally connected with the best interests of our immortal spirits. “Let God be true, and every man (who wilfully and perseveringly opposes eternal truth) shall surely be found a liar.” While, however, we desire unflinchingly to advocate, and instrumentally to defend, the whole system of revealed truth, we do not sympathise with those who stand forward in defence of the gospel in a bitter or sarcastic spirit. We were once blind, and, consequently, opposed to the principles of sovereign and distinguishing grace. In that state of ignorance, we should have continued, had not the Lord, in mercy, opened our eyes:—what, then, have we, which we have not received? And if thousands of our fellow-men—ministers and others—are still walking in the darkness of error, wrapped up in legal clothing, and guided more by carnally-minded collegians, than by the great Teacher in Israel—the one only true Prophet, and High Priest of our profession; if such be their unhappy condition, who are we, that we should ridicule or reproach them? While we oppose their erroneous views with all our might, let us seek to do it in the spirit of Him whom we profess to love, and whose highly-favoured servants we profess to be.

We have for years felt a persuasion (we may be wrong,) that there are thousands of Christ's redeemed ones hidden in the dark cities, benighted towns, and obscure villages of our land, who would gladly receive the gospel, if it pleased God to send unto them men, who (in clearness, in consistency, in gospel charity, and with heavenly zeal and fervour) could open up the great mysteries of redemption, and the glories of the gospel, as they are recorded in the pages of inspiration. Our souls have sometimes been fired with inward longings, to be instrumentally useful in carrying the sweet and precious truths of heaven into those parts where nothing but rantism, cantism, Romanism, barbarism, and a host of other pernicious delusions are rendering the very name of religion disgusting, instead of its being (as it ever must be, where in its primitive purity it is permitted to ex-

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ist) the greatest boon and the richest blessing under heaven. The secret aim of our hearts, in the editing and publishing of this little monthly periodical, has been to illustrate, and to set forth, THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS, by such interesting facts, and by recording such undeniable fruits and evidences of the existence and the experience of truth, as (under God's blessing) should carry conviction to the minds of multitudes yet dead in trespasses and in sins: never, on this side of eternity, shall we know how far this desire has been accomplished among the many thousands who now read the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

These thoughts have spontaneously flowed, in coming briefly to notice a new work, published by Houlston and Stoneman, entitled,

“‘PENDLEBURY DIVINITY,’

*By the Rev. Mr. Hurdaker, weighed in the balances of the Scriptures, and found wanting, when compared with the Divinity of Jesus Christ and his apostles.* By Mr. John Corbitt, Baptist Minister, Ford Street Chapel, Salford, Manchester.”

The title, we fear, is somewhat against the work: it is but few that know anything of “Pendlebury;” and what is meant by “Pendlebury Divinity” many will neither know nor care. If, however, we can prevail upon the people to read Mr. Corbitt's noble DEFENCE OF GOSPEL TRUTH, all true believers will heartily rejoice to find we have in Manchester a champion so bold and consistent in the Master's cause: and we hope that it may be the means of opening many a poor blind sinner's eyes, and of giving him to see and to receive the gospel in the love of it. In the “Dedication,” our brother Corbitt says,

“This pamphlet is occasioned by reading a publication termed, ‘a public Lecture on Pendlebury Divinity, the Divinity of Mr. Gadsby's Successor, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, and his admirers, and the Divinity of the Bible, by the Rev. Mr. Hurdaker, of Pendlebury, near Manchester.’ It could not possibly be written against or intended for me, as the honoured Mr. Gadsby was but little known to me; for I only heard him preach and saw him once in my life; and I have only twice or thrice been in the company of Mr. Taylor, and never had the honour of preaching for or with him, therefore cannot be termed his admirer. So that my reply is out of no party spirit or creature object, but purely in defence of the everlasting gospel of God. I have not consulted any man's mind or feelings, neither friend nor foe; but when I read the above-named publication by Mr. Hurdaker, I was like Paul while waiting at Athens, ‘my spirit was stirred within me,’ and I could not restrain myself from writing, for I plainly saw that he had turned the blessed gospel into a

harsh law, and thus had published a direct libel on the sacred Bible and its divine Author."

Mr. Hardaker, in his lecture, asserts that there is no text in the New Testament, that says, or implies, that "Christ died *only* for *some* of mankind."

Furthermore, Mr. Hardaker says, "I have requested many to give a single text in which the idea is clearly involved, that he died for the elect only; and not one has been furnished yet; and if Mr. Taylor has found one, let him bring it forth."

To this brother Corbitt furnishes a reply; and proceeding to prove the doctrine of a limited atonement, he says,

"Whether Mr. Taylor has given you an answer, I cannot tell; I am well assured if you had written such a thing in Mr. Gadsby's time, you would have had an answer long before this; and such an one as would not have left you a loop-hole to creep out at. And you have come before the public in open warfare against the sovereign doctrines of Jehovah's purpose, wisdom and power, in such a boasting manner, as would make an ignorant stranger think you had won a splendid victory. 'But let not him that girdeth on the harness boast himself as those who put it off.' You have only entered the field, sir, at present; and be assured, that if all Israel tremble at you, God has got a David, and a sling, and a stone, somewhere that will not fail to meet you, on Scriptural premises, with the sword of the Spirit."

"Now, sir, to your assertion — 'No text in the whole Testament that involves the idea or implies that Christ died for only some of mankind.' I suppose you will not allow, that 'laying down his life' will imply dying, and that 'giving his life for his sheep' implies redeeming them. If so, you will find both these expressions in the 10th of John, 11th and 15th verses. And if by *sheep* Christ meant *goats*, or if sheep are not a particular species and part of the animal creation, then perhaps I shall not be able to confute your assertion; but I am too well acquainted with the farmers' mode of expression, to admit that when he speaks of his *sheep* that he means his goats, his pigs, and all his other cattle; so everybody with common sense, whether they have religion or not, will understand that he meant his chosen flock, the sheep of his pasture, the elect of God — except only such as you, who hate the distinguishing love of God, and have more respect to anybody than God's chosen family. If his 'giving his life for his sheep' does not imply that he gave his life for some only, then it is nowhere said that *he gave his life for the goats* — and that the wicked are compared to goats, and the righteous to sheep is clear, from Matt. xxv. 33." \* \* \*

"I perceive, sir, by your argument, you make people to be *sheep* when they believe, so you will allow them to become *goats* when

they do not believe. But Paul says, 'Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful.' But you must know, sir, that I have been a large sheep-master; and though some of our shepherd boys are very stupid, yet I never knew one silly enough to bring me a pig when I sent him for a sheep; and, with all your learning, you would be sadly put to it to make him embrace your divinity — namely, to believe that a goat and a pig are the same thing as a sheep, and that his master would receive it as the same. I know that sheep are subject to many infirmities and diseases; but as their health did not make them sheep, so neither does their diseases and infirmities make them goats. Sometimes their diseases brings all the wool off, so that you can hardly distinguish of what species they are at a distance; sometimes when they are under a careless shepherd, who feeds them in a washy pasture, their heads will swell, their livers decay, and they will pine away and die —, as all that are fed with such frothy stuff as your pamphlet produces are likely to do. But God will not be disappointed then; for all that are his sheep will die his sheep; though some careless shepherds might poison them by feeding them on dead men's brains; but sometimes sheep turn dizzy, and will keep turning round and round, until it drops down dead; yet it never dies a goat; better then to be a dizzy sheep than a crafty goat." \* \*

"What do you mean, or what do you suppose the atonement was for? Was it to put away sin, or to satisfy the wrath of God, or was it for both? If to satisfy the wrath of God, then God's wrath must be satisfied, or else God is not satisfied with his own contrivance and performance; for both the contrivance of Christ to die for sinners, and the performance of it, was of God, and no creature was consulted in the matter. But if to put away sin, was it for all sin of all men? if so, the cause being taken away, the effect must cease; but every day's experience teaches us the painful lesson that this is not the case. Was it for some sins of all men? if so, nothing is made perfect, but all men have some sins to atone for themselves, unless it can be proved that God will forgive them without an atonement, or that faith justifies them by their works! and so they are saved partly by the atonement of Christ, and partly by their own good works; this appears to me to be the drift of your argument although you have been careful not to express this in plain words.

"But do you mean that Christ made an atonement for all sins, past, present, and to come, of some people? if so, the matter is settled, the work is done, the sinner is justified, and when grace teaches him faith will evidence it, and the sinner be saved, and God glorified; and this appears the Bible order of the matter, for it speaks of Christ's atonement as blotting out their sins and the hand-

writing that was against them. Isa. xliii. 25; xlv. 22; and Col. ii. 14. In Scripture sin is represented as a debt, the sinner as the debtor, and God as the Creditor. Looking at the atonement in this sense there is some good news; for the Creditor's Son is seen coming forward and discharging all the debt, and then blotting out the whole account with his own blood, so that there is neither a figure or name left legible. I have no doubt but Paul had his eye to this subject when he inquired, "who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? it is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth?" Rom. viii. 33, 34; and God saith he will not remember their sins, Isa. xliii. 25; but as you object to this complete atonement, it remains for you to shew how the account can be paid, the name and figures all blotted out, and the debtor not be released; or to shew how an accountant can make out a bill from a book that is so blotted that it ceases to be legible. Besides, if the Creditor has blotted them out, and will not remember them any more, there is an end of the matter, for it cannot be possible that my debt can be paid, and I still remain a debtor, or that my creditor can be paid his just amount, and my account settled, and I still stand accounted. \* \* \* \*

"Now, sir, come and stand side by side of those that are to judge you in the last day, and let us hear what you both say, then we shall be better able to judge, and according to your proposition to reject the evil and retain the good.

"Come, Mr. Hardaker, you shall be allowed to speak; first, what do you say on this all-important matter of eternal salvation?"

Hardacre. I say that Christ died equally for all men.

Jesus. I say I laid down my life for the sheep. John x. 15.

Hard. I say all men might believe if they would. Jesus. I say they believe not because they are not my sheep. John x. 26.

Hard. I say all men might come to Christ and be saved if they would.

Jesus. I say no man can come unto me except my Father draw him. John vi. 44.

Hard. I say men are rejected because they will not come to Christ.

Jesus. I say all that the Father giveth me shall come to me. John vi. 37.

Hard. I say that the gospel offers salvation to every man if he would accept it.

Jesus. I say it is given to some to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to some it is not given. Matt. xiii. xi.

Hard. I say there are many gone to hell for whom Christ died.

Jesus. I say, of them which thou gavest me I have lost none. John xviii. 9.

Hard. I say the Spirit enlighteneth every man so as to enable him to come to Christ if he will.

Jesus. I say it is hid from the wise and prudent, and only revealed unto babes. Matt. xi. 25.

Hard. I say man's salvation depends on his willingness to receive the offered grace.

Jesus. I say, except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. John iii. 5.

Hard. I say there is not a text in the New Tes-

tament that implies that Christ died for some of mankind only.

Jesus. I say I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. John x. 11.

Hard. I say that Christ died for all the world alike.

Jesus. I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me. John xvii. 9.

Hard. I say all men might receive of the things of God if they would.

Paul. I say that the natural man cannot receive the things of the Spirit of God, because they are spiritually discerned. 1 Cor. ii. 14.

Hard. I say all men might be elected if they would.

Paul. I say the election hath obtained it and the rest are blinded. Rom. xi. 7.

Hard. I say men are elected when they believe.

Peter. I say they are elected according to the foreknowledge of God. 1 Peter i. 2.

Hard. I say Christ loved all men equally alike.

Malachi. I say that God loved Jacob and hated Esau. Mal. i. 2, 3.

"The reader will remember that I do not assert that every word in the above contrast is employed in Mr. Hardaker's work, but the substance of them is fairly and fully implied. Now whether we are to conclude that Scripture contradicts itself, or whether those passages that have a free-will appearance are applicable to temporal and national, rather than eternal things, or whether we are to believe Mr. Hardaker's version of them or Christ's and his apostles' positive declaration, I must leave my reader to choose; but as for me and my house, we will follow the Lord, for he hath the words of eternal life. Now, sir, doth not this contradictory contrast make you blush, well knowing as you do that every portion I have attached to your name is the theme of your ministry, and is directly contradictory to those bearing the name of Jesus and his prophets and apostles. Consider this, sir, and the Lord give you understanding and repentance, if it be his sovereign will, is my wish for you."

We sincerely hope our brother Corbitt's testimony will be rendered a great, an extensive blessing.

## The Last Great Judgment Day:

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON.

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. v. 10.

THERE is something exquisite to a spiritual soul in reading the experience of a godly man, especially when that soul is enabled to expatiate on the hope of eternal glory. This the apostle was enabled to do a short time before he gave utterance to these words. He had been enabled to speak with deep assurance—"though the outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day;" this was an expression of hope even amidst sore afflictions; he knew that all things were working for his good, even his afflictions were but momentary, and would eventually work out for him an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. This he knew and happily

realised. He earnestly desired to depart and be with Christ, which would be far better and more congenial to his spiritual desires. He then carries his thoughts onward to the judgment seat of Christ—"For we must all appear," &c. Which brings us to notice—

I. The divine appointment. In tracing this great appointment, we trace the first great cause, which appears to have emanated from sin. If we carry our thoughts to the garden of Eden, we see our first parents were made in innocency and virtue; the prohibition was "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." No sooner does man sin, than that prohibition is carried into effect: from the moment sin entered into the world, it spread with fearful rapidity; and has spread its baneful influence over society, ripening the ungodly for destruction. It was so in Noah's day; during the long period of one hundred years (while the ark was constructing) we do not read of one solitary soul under the influence of divine grace. Not only has sin spread with fearful rapidity, but death by sin. The very composition of the human frame has a tendency to disease, decay, and dissolution. We see this exemplified in the young; take, for instance, the harmless babe, who just appears in the world, weeps, and withdraws. Sometimes an individual, who has scarcely reached manhood, ardently and prayerfully engaged in the work of the Lord, is overtaken with disease which proves fatal. The language of Scripture is fulfilled—"All flesh is grass, and the glory of man as the flower of the grass." The testimony of Scripture is striking—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Yet amidst all the uncertainties of life, how great the disposition of man to disbelieve the declaration of Scripture. We look upon all men as being more mortal than ourselves, though such may be the case the fact remains the same. "We must all appear," &c.

II. The issue of that appointment. There must be a disposing of that which is material or earthy. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven: such being the case, there must not only be a disposing of that which is material, but a certain process the body must undergo: The apostle says, "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." The present body would be incapable of durability; consequently must undergo a process in the grave to exist with the soul which is immortal. The soul and body of a believer will be arrayed in glory and beauty, for it shall be fashioned like unto his glorious body, possessing powers of life far superior to the present; here we know only in part. It will be endowed not only with glory and beauty, but with immortality also—with *endless youth*, possessing organs of perception far higher and nobler than the present, being free from every evil. None of its organs

proving temptations to sin, as in the present, but raised a spiritual body—spiritual in its nature and character, endowed with a mind corresponding, so as to be enabled to join in celebrating the song of the redeemed for ever and ever.

III. The unalterable decision. The effect produced will partake of a two-fold character. 1. Upon this material world. Our Saviour himself has declared, "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven." As the event approaches it is to be signalled by the sounding of a trumpet—"the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." Time shall be no longer; the world shall be arraigned; "and I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away. And I saw the dead small and great stand before God." &c. Rev. xx. 11—15; see 2 Peter iii. 7.

IV. The end achieved in this judicial enquiry. 1. In the public recognition of the believer in the last day. It will be before an assembled world—"If ye confess me before men, I will confess you before my Father." It will be a full development of that union—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God," &c. Yes, brother, we are approaching our inheritance which is incorruptible, and fadeth not away. Heart and flesh may fail; yea, the time of your departure may be at hand: you may have fought a good fight, and kept the faith; rest assured, then, that you will wear that crown of glory and immortality for ever.

The end achieved will be in the believer's exaltation—*He shall be crowned as a king and priest unto God and the Lamb for ever and ever.* His last resting place might have been in a poor house, yet he shall be an *heir of God*, and a *joint-heir with the Lord Jesus* in the countless ages of eternity.

Finally. The end achieved in this judicial enquiry will be the banishment of the wicked from the presence of God. All their sins and blasphemies will appear in judgment. Yes, the thief, the prostitute, and the drunkard will appear, and hear the irrevocable sentence—"Depart ye cursed!" Oh! the consequence—no hopes, no appeal, but blackness and darkness for ever. He that is filthy, let him be filthy still." Unalterable decision! but no less true. "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ."

A DEPENDENT CREATURE.

### John Corbitt's Christian Salutation.

JOHN CORBITT, to his beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord, scattered throughout the south of England, amongst whom, during the months of July and August, I have been preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ—May grace, mercy and truth be with you;

and the peace of God that passeth all understanding, dwell most profusely in you, making you enjoy that sweetness, love and peace, that only flows from God, by the Holy Ghost, through Christ, who is that River, "the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."

Beloved—seeing I was suffering great bodily illness during my visit amongst you, I have no doubt but you will be pleased to know that the dear Lord did (in his great kindness to me, and the friends amongst whom I was more immediately engaged)—afford me strength sufficient to fulfill my engagements; and thus proved that his strength is made perfect in weakness; and, as my day, so my strength was found to be; for my poor unbelieving heart did all but despair of ability and strength; being often unable to take my meals; yet so blessedly did the Lord appear for me, that he never suffered the handful of meal to waste, nor the cruse of oil to fail. O, that he may condescend to raise in much power what I was constrained to sow in so much weakness!—That sinners may be saved, his dear people comforted and edified, and his own name honoured and glorified.

Furthermore, I am happy to inform you, that the dear Lord hath now restored me to perfect health. I returned to Manchester on Friday, the 6th of August; found my affectionate church and congregation in peace, union and affection; am happy to say that we did feelingly sing, pray, preach and rejoice together in the name of the Lord.

I also was happy to find that neither myself or the welfare of the place and people at large, had been forgotten during my absence. For I found in the pulpit a valuable present directed to me, begging my acceptance of it, as a token of the respect of my friends. I also found that a weekly subscription had been set on foot, and most cheerfully responded to, towards the general fund of the chapel, and the liquidation of the debt on the same. I also found that some extensive and very needful alterations had taken place in and about the chapel, very much to my satisfaction, and the people's comfort: the Lord be praised for ever and ever! He only doeth wonders: his own heart devised the way; his own Son accomplished the work: his own Spirit testifieth it to poor sinners: and his own arm bringeth salvation. He overthroweth and bringeth the counsel of the wicked to nothing, guiding his own people by a right way, that they might go to a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. I am still happy to add, that those who were disappointed of the opportunity of following their Lord in the ordinance of believers' baptism in the month of June, (on account of my illness,) I found waiting for the moving of the waters; and, to the joy of my heart, two others, (a man and wife,) who have constantly followed me

from Oldham Street, through all my troubles, came forward last evening, voluntarily to offer themselves as candidates to join the church, and walk in the commandments of the Lord. Thus I now see that the Lord has kept me here, that I may reap in joy what I had sown in tears, and thus gather into his church those sheaves that he had bound up in the bundle of life, and to fold in gospel order those sheep he had caused to hear his voice and follow him.

I have often been enquired of, both personally and by letter, about Oldham Street Chapel. *Publicly* (I would say as little about this matter as possible;) but it becomes me to say, that, myself and a congregation of about five-hundred people, were ejected from that place by the present proprietors more than three years ago, with £1800 ready to purchase it; and that since then I have lost every member that I found in that place when I first came to Manchester. The Lord be praised, he hath not left me, but has, and is, gathering round me an affectionate people, for which I bless his name, and take courage. "The Lord reigneth, and blessed be my Rock; he is the Rock; his work is perfect; all his ways are judgment; a God of truth, without iniquity, just and right is he." "He leadeth his people by a way that they know not, and in paths that they have not seen: he only can make darkness light, and crooked things straight." This, in a goodly measure, he hath done for me, and has not left me. He hath most gloriously arisen for the crying of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, and hath set them in safety from those who puffed at them.

I hope that you have read my little book on "Pendlebury Divinity," with interest. I have heard it highly recommended by some faithful dissenting ministers, and also by some in the church of England; while others, who believe and preach the same doctrines it contains, have refused it their recommendation. It is reported in Manchester and Rochdale, that I wrote it in opposition to Mr. Taylor, knowing that he intended to publish one on the subject. But the truth is, I was told by a person who is a hearer of Mr. Taylor, that his son had been to ask Mr. Taylor for the printing of it, and was given to understand that Mr. Taylor had made up his mind not to print at all: this being about three months after, I felt at liberty to defend the glorious doctrines of the gospel against the sophistry produced by Mr. Hardaker; but out of no disrespect to Mr. Taylor, as the Lord knoweth, and as the spirit of my book testifieth; yea, though my book has been refused a good name on the above account, I shall not be ashamed, but will do good against evil, by giving publicity, and circulating amongst my friends, Mr. Taylor's defence, when it comes out; for I hear it is in the press. Your's affectionately, J. CORBITT.

## The Parable of the Sower.

WE have given up nearly the whole of this month's *Vessel* to the Record of Recent Events, and to Notices of New Works. We believe the notices and extracts which we have given, will be found profitable to the souls of our readers; they comprise the very pith and marrow of all that has recently been published in the line of EXPERIMENTAL and EXPOSITORY DIVINITY. In thus freighting the *Vessel*, we trust, we are conferring a double benefit on its subscribers: in the first place, they learn herefrom what is being done in the different streets and corners of Zion: and, in the second place, they receive the essence of what little literature the church in this day, is being favoured with; and that is little enough, truly; still, for that little, we must be thankful. The first number of a new work has come to hand, entitled, "CONVERSATION ON THE PARABLES. Edited by the Rev. GEORGE HARGREAVE PARKER, incumbent of St. Andrew, Bothnall Green." Mr. Parker, beyond all question, is an author of no small research, observation, and experience. In the work before us, we have some deeply discriminating principles practically worked out. The work is deserving of mature consideration. We quote a paragraph or two. In the introductory part, Mr. Parker says,

"The word Parable is formed from a Greek word signifying, 'to put forth one thing before or beside another'; and it is assumed, that the purpose for which they are set side by side is, that they may be compared one with the other.

"The parables of the New Testament are prophecies or mysteries of the kingdom judiciously veiled in imagery borrowed from the things of this life, Matt. xiii. 13; Mark v. i 10—12; it being always remembered that there is a divinely designed fitness in these things to adumbrate celestial truth. Rom. i. 20. We ought not to say, when used by the Holy Spirit as emblems or symbols, they are finely chosen similitudes; but, they are rightly appropriated types. The outward world is a copy of the inward world, and what is done in nature is an illustration of what is done in grace. \* \* \* \* \* The grand point in the interpretation of a parable is to ascertain its drift, i. e., the mind of God in it. Some people make the Bible a spiritual riddle; such a method of interpretation renders the Scripture a nose of wax. We should not preach from a parable, unless it is no parable to us. We must not turn rhetoric into logic. There is a great deal of faith in the present day; but I am inclined to think it is most noise; but what is of God will stand, and nothing else. I believe upon this ground go all the parables...in my estimation, they are for nothing else but to shew what will, and what will not stand. God's work will stand, but men's will not stand."

After many intelligent prefatory remarks, our author says,

"During my walks in the North of England, the parable of the sower was brought vividly before me. The scene is laid in a felly or mountainous country; say, in a field near the fells or mountains, in a felly ground. Let any one examine a field on the fell side, and the topography of the parable will be no longer obscure."

Then in defining this Parable of the Sower, Mr. Parker thus proceeds.—

"The object of this parable of the Sower is to lay down the exact doctrine with respect to the preaching of the word. The Lord knew that the foolishness of preaching was to be the chosen means of propagating the knowledge of the kingdom; and therefore, in this his first parable, he doth take order to warn both preachers and hearers against a three-fold opposition: the address of Satan, the incontinence of the heart, and the oppression of the world; in short, all the satanic stratagems which are brought to bear on the heart of man, under the hearing of the word—which three great enemies of the word: Satan, the heart and the world—he not only expressly nameth, but briefly describeth the manner of their opposition. It is most important to take notice of the STRUCTURE of this parable. In it we have presented to us FOUR CLASSES of characters: THREE bad, ONE good. Analogous to the first three classes we have the trinity of hell: 'tho lust of the flesh,' 'the lust of the eye,' that is vanity; and 'the pride of life,' that is personal dignity. Gen. iii. 6; Matt. iv. 1—11; 1 John ii. 15, 16, 17."

In describing the three bad classes, our author cuts deeply enough to make one tremble, if not well rooted in Christ. Speaking of those who receive the word with joy, he says,

"'They receive the word with joy.' Our beginning must be in sorrow and humiliation. By sowing in tears we reap in joy; and by foreseeing the joy we are able to sow in tears. We are thus transformed into a temple of the Holy Ghost, a root of ages, which shall never be shaken or removed. I will lay down no standard; but I believe that those who are blessed first with an enjoyment of Christ without much law work, it is because God would manifest to them such depths of iniquity, that without this prior manifestation they would not be able to bear up under it. This pleasant and joyful religion will yield and give way when temptation cometh. Persecution is the purifying and building up of the body of Christ, and martyrdom is its crowning. Then it is you can discern the election from the world, the true veteran soldiers and hard-fighting men from the general cavalcade and universal muster which in time of peace come forth at the call of shallow enthusiasm, and through the epidemic influence of a popular cause."

Mr. Parker is no halfway man. He is a bold and able advocate for Divine sovereignty, invincible grace and new covenant mercy. We are cheered to meet with a champion so unflinching; and we may hope that a blessing will attend these efforts of his to set forth the holy truths of the gospel in a clear and consistent form. We cannot close without quoting another sentence or two, which will furnish wholesome food for every awakened and contemplative mind.

"The preaching of the gospel may be likened to the scattering of sparks, which, where they find tinder, fasten there, and kindle into a flame; the truth is as a loadstone thrust in among the world's rubbish, attracting to itself all particles of true metal, which but for it would never, as they could never, have extricated themselves from the surrounding mass, however they testify their affinity to it, now it is brought in contact with them.

"When a lapidary is choosing stones for a diadem, he selects the ruby, the diamond, the emerald, the topaz, etc., not opaque, loose and valueless stones—and so with God, he permits the reprobate to run on, he polishes them not, he calls them not, but his elect are those whom he calls by his grace, to constitute them a royal diadem in the hands of him their God.

"With regard to many men Christianity seems

to be beyond the capacity of their moral and mental calibre. Thus Coleridge apostrophizes an opponent of the dreamer of Elstow, 'O thou pettifogging attorney, if an archangel were to tinker thy skull to all eternity, he could not make a John Bunyan of thee.' It is a common saying, that Christianity ennobles and elevates its subjects,—true, but what if there be a special endowment of the people of God, as to their moral and mental being, in the womb? What if up to the time of their calling they are diamonds in the rough? One cannot exactly see how a Christian could have been made out of John Wesley or Napoleon Buonaparte—The one had no sense, the other no morals."

"Whatever be the interpretation given to the three *NAD* classes in this parable, it is manifest that the fourth indicates to us, 'The mystic seed,'—'Christ's seed,' of whom it is said, 'a seed shall serve him; it shall be accounted to Jehovah for a generation;' in contradistinction to the bulk of nominal Christians, the chief Gentile nations, converted to the faith of a crucified Malefactor, mentioned in the three preceding verses. Psalm xxii. 27—31.—'The holy seed'—'True believers'—'Possessors of the truth'—'The spiritual seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal—a generation who, though in many instances unknown to history, and perhaps labouring under some imperfections, have yet held the Head Christ'—'The elect and sanctified of God.' In the last verse of Psalm xxii. there may be an allusion to the Reformation.

"The heart is open—the seed descends, and abides—springing up and bearing fruit: they understand that they are in a world which wearied Christ, and they too are wearied of it; they seek a separation from it; they understand that Jesus was 'holy, harmless, undefiled,' and God the Spirit dwelling in them, leads them to the love and practice of this. They understand from the Word of grace, that the Lord Jesus has set up this spiritual kingdom in the midst of a world which has rejected him and in this his grace settles them—no rest in any other portion; their controversy with God, and their question with hell has been settled by Jesus. They understand that the Lamb of God, Christ Jesus their Lord, has sealed with his own blood their forgiveness, and this takes the spring of their hearts, and sends their affections out again to centre on Jesus."

"Shew me a dissembler, a politician, a knave, a very courteous, safe, and (as they abuse the word) prudent man, who is walking in the ways of wickedness, converted to the Lord, and I will say that such a conversion is an exception to the rule. But there are exceeding few of these cowardly sinners ever brought to the way of truth. Shew me, again, a vain ostentatious sinner, who is proud of his vices, and boasteth himself in them, and courts observation by their excess, brought to the knowledge of the truth, and I will call that also an exception to the parable. Or, shew me a proud man, who plants his foot upon the firm rock of his right and independency to do his pleasure, and boldly shews the face and front of his offending, and dares the world to challenge or to hinder him, and that also I will hold to be an exception. But when you produce to me the plain-spoken, frank and open-hearted, honest man, who gives a loose to his inclinations, and lets nature express without disguise or hindrance her various evil moods and propensities; such an one as John Newton was in the lusts of the flesh, and Scott in the pride of the intellect, such as are the most numerous instances of conversion daily taking place in our army, but especially in our navy; you do not bring an exception, but a confirmation to the parable; for they are precisely of that class of wicked men who may be described as being of 'an honest and good heart.' Luke vii. 36. 50."

"Conversations on the Parables" are published by Messrs Wertheim and Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

### A Token of Love and Gratitude.

To Mr. J. F. MATTHEWS, of Manchester, in acknowledging his gratuitous services to a few poor sinners meeting at Staley Bridge.

ACCEPT this token from a friend,  
For all the labor you did spend,  
To speak to us of things above,  
Which calls forth gratitude and love.  
Should we reward you for your toil,  
It would our earthly treasures spoil  
But such we know you do not crave,  
Such we shall not attempt to give.  
How shall we then requite your love?  
How shall we our affections prove?  
How shall we recompense the care  
You've exercised for our welfare?  
We'll tell our Father and our God,  
That rules the nations with a nod—  
Who bath at his divine command,  
The fulness both of sea and land—  
We'll tell him to surround your way  
With strength sufficient for your day,  
We'll tell him to support your mind,  
In every trial you shall find.  
We'll tell him to increase your faith,  
To rest on what the prophet saith—  
Where he delightfully doth speak,  
'I'll never leave thee nor forsake.'  
If such a God be on thy side,  
You need not fear the mighty tide  
That rolls in great majestic waves.  
This God unto the utmost saves.  
And if he still should you command  
To hasten to Australia's land,  
Oh, may his presence be your stay,  
While riding o'er the watery way.  
We hear our fond affections say,  
Dear Lord, we'd rather he should stay;  
But why should such poor things as we,  
Attempt to change thy wise decree?  
What he commands we can't forego,  
By help of neither friend nor foe;  
Though murmurs may within us rise,  
He'll execute his counsels wise.  
Lord, make our murmuring minds be still,  
And bow to thy most gracious will;  
And let us cast on thee our care,  
Who art too good and wise to err;  
But should we separated be  
By such a great and mighty sea,  
May you enjoy wher'er you live,  
All that a covenant God can give.  
May you enjoy that blessing—health,  
Which far exceeds all worldly wealth;  
And may your wife and children dear,  
In these great blessings largely share.  
May He who can these blessings send,  
Grant the desires of your friend.  
I wish you every real good,  
For I am truly yours, GEORGE WOOD.

Staley Bridge, July, 1852.

### Praise to the Redeemer.

How blissful the theme, how transporting the lays,  
Which ascribe to my God, my Redeemer all praise!  
Let angels and seraphs unite, then, to bless,  
And give praise to my Lord and my Righteousness.  
I'll sing of his wonders, his mercy, his love,  
His grace everlasting—it flows from above;  
I'll shout with my last dying breath and exclaim—  
Give praise to his sweet and adorable name.  
When death, that dark phantom, shall come  
within view,  
His grace shall sustain and refresh me anew:  
Sing! sing, then ye ransomed, ye sinners proclaim  
His kind, and his gracious, his merciful name.  
When the dead shall be raised, and the world over-  
thrown,  
When the saints shall all worship the Judge on  
his throne,  
Whilst I gaze on his beauty, his glory divine,  
Then I'll sing that the Lord, the Redeemer is  
mine. C. BRUXTON.

Wellingborough.

## The late Mrs. Mary-Ann Oliver, Of Lutterworth.

THE cause of truth has lost a most devoted friend in the departure of Mrs. Mary-Ann Oliver, a member of the baptist church, Lutterworth, and a staunch supporter of the cause of God at large. We trust an obituary of her life, experience, &c., will be furnished by her pastor, (our much esteemed brother De Frainc;) at the present, we can only furnish a few particulars relative to her latter end; which, we trust, all believers in our Immanuel will read with interest and real soul-profit, as we have done in the following letter:

DEAR SIR—With painful feeling, I take up my pen to inform you of the death of my beloved sister, Mary-Ann Oliver. The dear Lord was pleased to call her to himself about half-past ten o'clock, P.M., on the 30th of July. Her end was peace. The disease, cancer in the month.

Such were the nature of her sufferings, that it required a constant supply of grace to enable her to suffer days of intense agony, and nights of painful sleeplessness, with all the distressing circumstances attendant upon such a visitation, which to her sensitive mind was most acutely felt; and frequently did she exclaim, "I have said to corruption, thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister." Yet, amidst all, the Lord in his loving-kindness was pleased most marvelously to support and comfort her during a period of eight months of the most extraordinary suffering. The fervent desire of her soul was to glorify the God of her salvation; and though she had some severe conflicts with the powers of darkness, yet the Lord sustained and upheld her, by applying a variety of sweet and appropriate portions of his blessed Word. These kept her from sinking, glory be to his name.

About a fortnight before her death, she enjoyed a sweet calm, which was indicated by her countenance. Noticing this particularity, I asked her if she was comfortable? She answered emphatically, "Yes; I enjoy a calmness I can't account for." At another time, "I feel I am upon a Rock; the eternal God is my Refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." On one occasion, when longing for the presence of Jesus, (for she could not rest without his constant visits,) these words gave her comfort, John xi. 5, 6. The drift of her meaning was, though Jesus tarried, yet he would come again.

During her long illness, we were witnesses of her spiritual breathings. On one occasion, in rapturous extacy she stretched out her arms, and exclaimed, "O, my beloved Redeemer, when shall I see thee as thou art? My Deliverer, my Daysman, my Ransomer, thou whom my soul loveth, when shall I embrace thee, fall at thy feet, and adore thee?"

From another letter we subjoin the following:—

"I will just add two or three of her last sayings. On July 26, after mourning the absence of her Beloved, she said, "I will see you again." John xvi. 22. July 29, she exclaimed, "Come, blessed Jesus, come, fetch me home; my precious Jesus, fetch me home." Some time after she cried, "Glory, honour, hallelujah! hallelujah!" July 30, the day she died, she uttered, as well as she was able, and signed to several friends who came to see her, "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

It is a comfort to our sorrowing spirits that she has reached the end of her faith, and entered the joy of her Lord.

This, dear sir, is our consolation: she is where she longed to be, and with the ransomed throng, her dear nephew included, singing that endless song, "Unto him that loved us," &c. My dear aged mother and her sorrowing husband unite in kind remembrances, and remain yours in Christian bonds,  
MARTHA SMITH.

Lutterworth, Aug. 16, 1852.

## The Sick-bed Experience of S. Cawse.

A POOR SINNER, AGED SEVENTY-FOUR.

I WAS brought up under the gospel, my father being deacon of the present Mr. Cartwright's father's chapel in the Borough. For many years I sat under his ministry, until I was married. I then went into the world; soon forgot what little knowledge I had of the truth: continued in the world nearly forty years. The dear Lord, by his grace, called my son to the knowledge of the truth. My son was made the instrument of bringing his aged mother to the knowledge of the truth. I then attended Mr. Corn's ministry at Ebenezer; afterwards I went to Mulberry Gardens: was impressed one Sabbath morning, when Mr. Stoddard read Deuteronomy viii. and second verse, "And thou shalt remember, all the way the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to try you; to humble and to prove thee; to know what was in thine heart; whether thou would keep his commandments or no." Mr. Stoddard left Mulberry Gardens; Mr. Cartwright succeeded him in the ministry. I then left, and continued under Mr. Cartwright, at Ebenezer. I was then confined to the house seven months; there the Lord brought me to the full truth of that portion of Scripture,— "Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness; to try you, and prove you, to shew what was in thy heart, that he might do thee good in thy latter end."

"There the Lord did deign to shew

The hidden evils of my heart:  
Astonish'd at the amazing view,  
My soul with horror starts."

The enemy of souls came upon me as a mighty giant; he was continually accusing me; I could get very little rest: in general I awoke about two o'clock in the morning; then he commenced accusing me, and Moses condemning me: he brought all my sins before me. I was so harrassed at times, I lost my reason.

One morning, about four o'clock, (I shall never forget it,) satan was accusing me, and Moses condemning me. I was obliged to plead guilty. At length, One appeared for me, and said, "LET GO! I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM FOR HER: I must sign it with my blood." Blessed be his name, he never again permitted satan to vex me as he had done. I had no thoughts that I should recover. I used to have blessed views of the heavenly world. I have seen (in the visions of my mind) our blessed Immanuel seated on his throne of glory; and queen Esther, (being a type of the Gentile church,) surrounded by her children. I thought I was one of her train bearers, with a palm branch in my hand, singing to him that has washed us in his own blood, glory, honour and power, for ever. Amen.

S. CAWSE.

SIGNOR CERIONI'S NARRATIVE. (Arthur Hall and Co., 25, Paternoster Row.) We have, in several former numbers, noticed, in the highest terms, and made quotations from, this important work. We shall make no further extracts from it. Coming, as it does, from the pen of one who was trained in, and fervently attached to, the Catholic church, (and who in leaving it sacrificed every earthly prospect, and suffered much violent persecution, our readers may be well assured that it contains most powerful arguments against the spirit and proceedings of the whole papal system. We trust our warm commendations have done much toward increasing the circulation of this small volume.

## Goodwin's Directions,

TO SUCH AS ARE IN DEEP SOUL TROUBLE.

(Continued from page 190.)

WE commenced, last month, an extract from that invaluable book, entitled, "The Child of Light Walking in Darkness," by the late eminent Dr. Thomas Goodwin; a new and very beautiful edition of which has recently been published by Houlston and Stoneman. We know, right well, that when living souls are in deep soul trouble—let that trouble spring from what source it may—that they are then liable to be assailed by that powerful temptation which the Psalmist had, "The Lord hath forsaken him—seize him, and take him." Under such circumstances, what fearful forebodings roll in upon the trembling mind; and the soul fears to approach the mercy-seat—fears to hope in the mercy of God—and sometimes fears even to listen to the tidings of salvation as in the gospel they are sounded forth. To such souls, and in such cases, the solemn instructions and advice of a saint so deeply-taught as Goodwin was, will, under God, prove a blessing. Following up the same train of thought, as we quoted last month, he says,—

"Or is it, Lord, that thou aimest to have more obedience from me than heretofore thou hast had? Plead, that this is the way at present to disable thee for service, for, that while thou sufferest his terrors, thou art as "one among the dead;" listless not to his business only, but to all things else; "distracted with terrors," as Heman pleads; (Psalm lxxxviii. 15;) so as the powers and forces of thy soul are scattered and dissolved, and cannot intend and attend upon their duty; and besides this distraction in thy spirit, plead that it "consumes thy strength also, dries up thy bones and moisture," as David also often complaineth, and makes an argument of it, as Psalm xxxix. 10—13, "Remove thy stroke away from me, I am consumed by the blow of thy hand; when thou rebukest man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away as a moth. O, therefore, spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence and be no more seen;" and withal put him in mind, that if he should go on thus to deal with thee, that thou shouldst not be able to do him much service, nor to do it long; for it will cut short thy days: say, thus David pleadeth—Psalm lxxxix. 46, 47, compared with Psalm xxxix. 12, "How long, Lord, wilt thou hide thyself? For ever? Shall thy wrath burn like fire? Remember how short my time is!" As if he should have said, I have but a little time here allotted me in the world, though none of it be shortened; and further tell him, that for that little time thou hast to live, the more joy thou hast, the more service thou shalt be able to do for him, and to go about his work more lively and

more strongly; "for the joy of the Lord is our strength;" Neh. viii. 10; and more acceptably also; for, "thou lovest a cheerful giver;" and therefore entreat him to restore thee to the joy of his salvation, so shalt thou be able to do him more service in a week than in a year now, long trouble of mind being as long sicknesses, which make all thy performances weak; and it is for his disadvantage to have his servants lie long sick upon his hands.

"And if it be objected against thee, that if thou shouldst be trusted with much assurance, thou wouldest abuse it, and turn it into wantonness, reply, that if he pleaseth, he can prevent it, by preparing thy heart beforehand for these cordials, so as they shall work most kindly on thee; by writing a law of love towards him in thy heart, which, when his love shed abroad shall join with, will work most strongly; and one grain of it hath more force to purge out sin, to constrain and strengthen to obedience, than a pound of terrors; and say, that thou hast indeed a stubborn and self-loathing heart, yet he can make his loving-kindness overcome it, for it is stronger than death. Say, thou hast love in thee, which runs out enough to other things, if he would be pleased to win it to himself; suggest how that *that* soul mentioned, (Isaiah lvii.) had as stout and *stubborn* an heart as thou, and "went on frowardly," notwithstanding all thy terrors; and yet, oh Lord, thou tookest another course with him, and didst heal him again, and that by comforts; "I will heal him," says God there, "and restore comforts to him," (verses 17, 18,) and that so, if he please, he may deal with thee:—and if light and mercy yet comes not, but still God seems, as it were, to cast thee off, then call to mind if ever thou hast had any true communion with him, and thereupon begin to challenge him. So doth the church,—Isaiah lxiii. 16—when in thy case, when "his mercies were restrained" to her, she says yet, "Doubtless thou art my Father." She saw God was angry; "her heart hard," (verse 17), yet she thought she should know him.—"Doubtless he is my Father; and where is thy zeal, the sounding of thy bowels?" So challenge him thou upon that old acquaintance thou hast had and held with him in former times. Say, "Doubtless thou art my Father and my Husband, how strange soever thou carriest thyself now towards me; for, dost thou not remember what hath been between me and thee in prayer, in such a chamber, at such a time?" Hast thou never a piece of broken ring between him and thee—no love-passage, no love-token, that could not pass between him and any whom he had not " betrothed himself unto in kindness?" Produce it at such a time as this; and if thou shouldst discern no grace in thee thyself, yet desire him to look into thy heart; and be bold to enquire of him, if he can see nothing there which he himself wrote, never to be blotted

out? If there be not some spark of love to him and his fear, which he himself put there? and ask him if he knows his own hand? and for thy comfort know, that when thou canst not read it, (thy graces being much blurred), yet he can read his own hand at any time, and will not deny it.

"Thou mayest be yet bolder; yea, desire him to look into his own heart, and therein to view the *idea* he had of thee, and those secret, ancient thoughts he bore towards thee from all eternity; and if at first he seems yet silent at it, then desire him to look upon thee again, and ask him if he doth not know thee?—and if he hath not known and taken thee for his from everlasting, and engraven thee on the palms of his hands, and table of his heart, with such deep and lasting letters of loving-kindness as are not as yet, yea, which will not for ever be blotted out? Tell him, thou darest refer thyself wholly to what passed between him and his Son concerning thee, and let his own heart decide it. Appeal to Christ as thy Surety, and a witness thereof for thee,—who was privy to all his counsel,—whether thou art not one of those he gave unto him with a charge to redeem and save? And desire him to look into Christ's heart also, if thy name be not written there with his own hand; and that if Christ did not bear thy name written up in his heart (as the high priest did the names of all the tribes), when he hung upon the cross, and when he ascended into the holy of holies. Thus Habakkuk, putting up a prayer in the name of the church, hath taught us to plead (Hab. i. 12.) "Oh, Lord, art thou not from everlasting my God and mine Holy One?" It was a bold question, yet God dislikes it not; but approves it, and presently assents to it in a gracious answer to their hearts, ere they went any further; for their next words, and those abruptly spoken, by reason of a sudden answer, are an assurance of this—"We shall not die." God being put thus to it, and his own thoughts being spoken, could not deny it—he acknowledged it was true; and thus, whilst thou mayest be speaking blind-fold, as it were, casting anchor in the dark, yet, speaking his very heart, he haply may own thee, and fall upon thy neck and kiss thee.

"And if yet, after continual praying thus, thou findest still no comfort, no answer from him, but he seems rather even to shut thy very prayers out, as in Psalm xxii. 2, 3, then expostulate, as David doth in Psalm lxx. 4, "Why shuttest thou out our prayers, and wilt not hear us pray?" For, alas! thought he, we have nothing else to help us in the time of need but prayer; and if prayer will do no good, I am undone, say.

"And if, through all these discouragements, thy condition prove worse and worse, so as thou canst not pray, but art struck dumb when thou comest into his presence, (as David in Psalm lxxvii. 4, "I am so troubled

I cannot speak;") then fall making signs when thou canst not speak; groan, sigh, sob, *chatter*, as Hezekiah did, bemoan thyself for thine own unworthiness, and desire Christ to speak thy requests for thee, and God to hear him for thee. Christ, he is "an Advocate with the Father," and pleads no bad case, nor was ever cast in any suit he pleaded.

"And if still, haply, after many years, he owns thee not, but if grows darker and darker—suppose even till thy death approacheth, or to such extremities that he seems to thee to cast thee off for ever, so as thy distress boils up to such thoughts as these, that there is no other remedy but thou and he must part,—then, in the midst and depths of such sad fears and apprehensions, down upon thy knees once more; and, notwithstanding, fall thou blessing him for all those glorious excellencies of holiness, kindness, grace, wisdom, &c., which are in him, the beauty of which first took thy heart and made thee enamoured with him, though thou shouldst be never like to be the better for them. Bless him for all the mercy he shews to others, by which they have occasion to magnify him, though thou shouldst be found unworthy! bless him, and those who shall for ever live with him, who do stand about him, and seek his face, and enjoy him ever! What sins thou thinkest thou shalt be condemned for by him, condemn thyself for first, and still ask forgiveness of them; what service thou hast any way done him, which he had any glory by—get thy heart to say thou repentest not of it; but art glad of all done for him, and wishest it had been better; what mercies thou hast tasted of from him, confess thyself unworthy of; and thank him, though thou shouldst never partake of any more (such dispositions as these, in such extremities, do often appear in the hearts of God's children), and desire him that he would but preserve good thoughts of him in thee, that thou mayest not blaspheme him; and when thou art going, sinking into hell, in thine own apprehensions, see if he calls thee not back again.

"See what himself saith—(Jeremiah xxxi. 18—20,) "Ephraim is my son," his dear son, "my pleasant son," as he says there; and yet he began to "speak against him" as bitter sharp words as ever he hath done against thee, and took him up severely, and looked sternly on him, as if he had meant never to have had mercy on him; upon which Ephraim falls crying, being thus snubbed, and "bemoaning himself," as I have taught thee to do; and being *yoked* as thou art, to tame him, he acknowledgeth it was justly done, having "been a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke;" and Ephraim began to be ashamed, confounded, not able to look up, for sinning against him, and seeks after repentance; and that from him, without whose help he was not able to turn to him, "Turn thou me, and I shall be turned;" and to challenge him and

his eternal love, "Thou art the Lord my God." Well, says God, though it be "long," since "I spake against him," and I have suffered him long to lie thus plunged in misery, "yet I remember him still,"—his tears, his sighs, will never be out of my mind; and though he thinks that I had forgotten him, yet I remember him, and "my bowels are troubled for him," as much and more than he is for himself; and I can forbear no longer, "I will surely have mercy on him;" and should he have damned him, his bowels would have been troubled for him indeed all his days."

(To be continued.)

### The Anniversary at Keddington:

A PROMISE MADE TO ABRAHAM—  
THE SOUL FOLLOWING HARD AFTER GOD.

KEDDINGTON, August 5, 1852. Under a heavy cloud of soul trouble and temporal trials, I left London yesterday and travelled (through a storm of rain, lightning, and thunder) to this place. My soul wept in sorrow while she reflected on the chequered and tempest-tossed path through which she had passed, while fervent silent cries to Jesus went up, and I hope not in vain. After having been compelled to take shelter, with six other travellers, while the fierceness of the storm passed over, we at last (through God's good preserving hand) safely reached Haverhill, where my loving and faithful brother John Dillistone, met me; I felt unfitted to hold converse with him; but as we rode on together towards Sturmer, he was instrumental in opening my mouth and my heart; and having a little given vent to my sorrows, I found a little relief; and truly I can say our communion was sweet. Oh yes,

"When saints together meet  
God's goodness to declare,  
The season must be sweet  
If Jesus be but there:  
Of Christ they speak, of Christ they boast,  
While Jesus lives they can't be lost.  
"What if their lust rebel,  
And threaten to devour,  
To plunge their souls to hell  
In some unguarded hour,  
Their standing fast is in the Lord,  
And they his faithfulness record."

And thus did brother John and I. We did testify of past sorrows and precious deliverances until our hearts a little burned together, while Jesus drew near, and we felt for time and for eternity all was well. This morning I was enabled to plead with the Lord, and in some measure rolled my cares upon him. Brother Bartholomew joined us this morning; and while we walked and talked, I found that tribulation in the world, and a little holy triumph in the Saviour still make up the experience of others as well as of myself. We are now in the house of God; brother Powell, the pastor, gave out the 321st of Gadsby's hymns; I felt a sweetness in the hymn, especially in this verse,

"A warfare I find without and within,  
With legions combined world, satan and sin:  
Though sore they annoy me I'd be of good cheer,  
They cannot destroy me, the Lord will appear.  
"My fears sometimes say I never shall find,  
In death's awful day true peace in my mind;  
But though thus surrounded, yet when I come there,  
I can't be confounded, the Lord will appear."

May this, dear reader, be your happy portion and mine, for Christ's sake. Brother Bartholomew read and expounded the first chap. of Paul's second letter to Corinth; and he actually told us that the

servants of Christ, the ministers of God, had very peculiar sorrows, trials, and conflicts; but all where in some measure, connected with the good of Zion. "Oh Lord," I silently said, "let all my trials be so sanctified as to deepen and extend my usefulness in the church of God, and unto many precious souls." We then sung that sweet hymn,

"Now let the feeble all be strong."

And when we came to the following my spirit wept in hope, and longed to find it true:

"What though the boasts of hell engage  
With mingled cruelty and rage,  
A faithful God restrains their hands,  
And chains them down in iron bands.

"Bound by his word he will display  
A strength proportioned to our day;  
And when UNITED TRIALS meet,  
Will shew a path of safe retreat."

I was a little struck at the text our brother Bartholomew read, it was Paul's words to the Philippians, "Being confident of this very thing that he which hath begun a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ." It was from these very words that Jesus Christ, and salvation by him, was first revealed in my soul, (as described in "the Country Lad and the Christian Curate;") and once after that I heard an aged minister preach from the same words about twenty years ago: from that time to the present I do not think I have ever heard the words spoken from till now: this positive word comes, as it were, to hold up my fainting spirit in the day of battle. It is, indeed, a good work that the Holy Spirit doth begin in the souls of the ransomed ones. Doth it shew him the nature and consequences of sin, so as to repent of it, to abhor it, to depart from it? Doth it lead to the mercy-seat, to the Fountain open for sin and all uncleanness, to gospel doctrines, ordinances, and privileges? Doth it take away the heart of stone, and give a God-fearing, a truth-receiving, a Christ-seeking heart? Then it must be a good work; and this good work he will perfect, carry on, and finish, until the day of Jesus Christ. Oh, my soul, be ye sure that this good work is really begun in you; give all diligence to make thy calling and election sure; then shall ALL THINGS work together for thy good, as hitherto ye must say they have done; and an entrance into the kingdom of heaven be given at the end.

It is now nearly two years since this chapel at Keddington was erected and opened. It was my privilege to take a principal part in the services on the opening day; and suggested at that time the propriety of females holding little baskets at the doors every Lord's-day to receive the smallest donations in liquidation of the building debt: by that humble means upwards of twenty pounds have been collected, and I am happy to find only about £35 more remains to be paid: this sum, however, is a heavy one for the Keddington friends to raise; as some part of it is required, I hope some warm-hearts will stretch out helping hands, and speedily make the chapel free. Keddington is near to Haverhill, on the borders of Suffolk; Robert Powell is the esteemed pastor. Two days previous I had attempted to speak from

#### One of the Promises made to Abraham:

It is recorded in Genesis xii. 2, and reads thus, "And thou shalt be a blessing."

I only wanted to be assured that the Lord did speak these words to me, and would yet verify them in me, and I should have been comparatively a happy man. But my faith in this matter was not so strong as I could wish; however, the words did abide in me, and I do believe the Lord did make me a blessing to some precious souls even at Keddington.

When I came out of the pulpit at night, brother Powell turned round, and heartily grasping my hand said, "My old friend, I have heard you better than ever." Many friends came and blessed me in the name of the Lord; and I may say, a

more solemn and wholesome time in preaching I never did have. "Bless the Lord, oh my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name."

I must here give a few notes from the two discourses delivered at Kedington; some may smile at my weakness, but the Lord may convey a blessing to many souls, and they will then rejoice.

I looked at the promise made to Abraham—"and thou shalt be a blessing," first, as verified in himself; secondly, as applicable to all the heaven-anointed servants of Christ, and all true Christian people.

Abraham was a blessing in a manifold sense; but especially in these three things. First, he was a praying man. Read that twelfth chapter of Genesis; and you will find that when God called him to go out of his country, and away from his father's house, he went; but what was the first thing he did when he reached the plains of Morch? Why, "there builded he an altar unto the Lord, who appeared unto him." And when he removed from thence unto a mountain on the east of Bethel, as soon as ever he had pitched his tent, it is said again, "And there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon the name of the Lord." This was Abraham's work; wherever he went, he set up Jesus Christ, God's glorious Altar, and there, by faith in Jesus, he worshipped that God in covenant who had appeared unto him. I hope, by the grace and Spirit of a holy God, I have done this wherever I have been. The infirmities, the shortcomings, the unfaithfulness, the want of holy boldness and a righteous consistency in Christ's cause, are discrepancies over which my soul has mourned in no small measure; but, withal, in my poor heart, in my poor ministry, in my feeble cries to the throne of grace, God's Altar has been set up, and his holy name, in some measure, adored: and, more than ever, would I be thankful still to go forth, with a single eye, with an honest heart, with clean hands; above all, with the power of the Holy Ghost, setting up this Altar in those dark places, and in many dismal hearts, where, as yet, THE GLORIOUS CHRIST OF GOD has never been savingly known: "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." It is only what the Lord calls us, and qualifies us to do, that can be well and successfully done: but none of us can tell how great a blessing those men are, who, from place to place, (like Paul, and thousands more,) carry the savour of the Saviour's name, and only seek to honour him. Abraham was a peaceable man. Look well over his conduct to Lot, when the strife arose between the herdsmen (Genesis xiii. 8-12). Let us, brethren, learn to imitate that noble example; and, instead of staying in a narrow compass to quarrel, let us separate, and go where the good hand of a kind and merciful God may direct. Men that act on this principle, are a blessing; and if my heart doth not deceive me, I would sooner wander to the ends of the earth, and worship the Lord in a solitary wood by myself, than dwell with any people who sought not the peace of Jerusalem. Abraham was a powerful, a passionate, a sympathizing man. After Lot had been some years in the cities of the plain, (a well-watered and a fruitful spot, as many of our earthly inheritances are for a time,) there arose a destructive war, and the rebels took Lot and all his goods, and departed. Now look at Abraham. One poor fellow escaped, and he ran off to tell Abraham that poor Lot was taken captive. Some would have said, "Well, I cannot help him. He should not have gone there: or, he should not have done so and so."

Oh! this miserable, uncharitable world, how ready it is to throw burdens upon the already broken back of a poor helpless captive! Not so with Abraham. See with what promptness, with what wisdom, with what determination he acted. (Genesis xiv. 4.) "When Abraham heard that his brother was taken captive." Ah! it was his BROTHER. How distinctly doth the Holy Ghost speak on this point: "He that loveth his brother, abideth in the light; but he that hateth his brother, is in darkness." Again: "Whoso hath this

world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" See to it, my reader, that your love is not that which only lives in the sunshine of your brother's prosperity; but when adversity, when darkness, when reproach, when cruel foes fall upon him, you turn against him or forsake him. It is high treason to hold up an hypocrite; or a deceiver in unholy pretensions; but from whence is that spirit which secretly stabs an afflicted, a fallen, or weak member of the mystical body of Christ?

After Lot, good Abraham goes. He equips, and marches off with his servants, and never stops until he has rescued and brought back his brother, his brother's people, and all the goods unto them belonging. And to shew how the countenance of heaven rested on what he had done, Melchizedek, the king of Salem, the priest of the Most High God—(how rich and glorious, how full of expression and consolation is that description of character—"THE GREAT HIGH GOD!")—met Abraham, brought him bread and wine, and blessed him there. Brethren, let us go and do likewise.

I must not spin my thoughts out here; but in each of these Abrahamic paths of prayer, peacemaking and help-affording, I have laboured to walk for many years: and, if the Lord will bless me still, it would be the joy of my heart to prove a greater blessing than ever.

After the afternoon service, a goodly number took tea, among whom were a few good souls from different parts; but as the Bishop of Ely was that day confirming and consecrating at Clare, we did not have so many from that town as was expected.

With a few thoughts which I had on those words—"My soul followeth hard after thee," I must close.

### "My Soul followeth hard after God."

Here are six words of great importance as expressive of the operations and fruits of saving grace in the soul. I have been laying at anchor for a few days down in Folkestone Harbour, hoping that my poor nervous vessel might be somewhat replenished; but upon a little close examination the inward springs of my soul proved so dry that nothing appeared to do me good, or fit me for that service in which I have been so long engaged. Sitting down one day, weary of myself, the world, and all created things, these words spoke silently in my mind, and with my mouth I said, "My soul followeth hard after God." The words have not left me; they are really the language of my very heart: surely none but sinners quickened into life by the Holy Ghost can ever know what these words do mean, or honestly give expression to them. I am returning from Folkestone to London, and wish to occupy my time in endeavouring a little to open four secret things contained in this one short sentence, "My soul followeth hard after God."

The four secrets I refer to may be set under such divisions as these:

I. Discoveries of the grace and glory of God in the person of Jesus Christ, as written in the gospel, and mysteriously opened up in the souls of the quickened elect by the Holy Ghost.

II. Disappointments endured by seeking souls, arising from the opposition which they have to endure.

III. The great Distance at which God-fearing and heaven-seeking souls often seem to lay from the Fountain of life and happiness, holiness and peace.

Lastly. The secret, silent, and persevering Desires of such souls after comfortable communion with, and a satisfying knowledge of, God as the God of his salvation.

The first secret which these words contain, is that of a divine discovery of the grace and glory of God as written out in the gospel, and given into the soul by the sovereign power of the Eternal Spirit.

The Person, work, and office of the Holy Ghost is that one essential part of divinity which I do fear is but little understood and but little preached in these days. I am not going to speak of extraordinary revelations such as Moses, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Peter, Paul, and John (in the isle of Patmos) had; No: but simply of such divine powers as are called the "things which accompany salvation." These are knowledge, faith, and fear. Such as know not God, and consequently obey not the gospel, are such as are to be destroyed at the second coming of Christ. How can a man savingly and truly know God? From the works of creation, and from the letter of the word, much wisdom may be derived; but I am constrained to believe that there is a special, a sovereign, a solemn, an abiding work wrought in the souls of some, which is not in others, and without this, no meeting for heaven can be possessed. God, in the trinity of his Persons; the holiness, the wisdom, the power and the mercy of God, are some of those blessed attributes which living souls do have some right knowledge of. I do know that God is holy, that he is wise, that he is all-powerful, and that he is merciful, by certain special things experienced in my own soul which accord with his written word, and agree with the experience of all the saints I have ever met with yet, and they have not been few; up and down this land I have met and conversed with many. For the most part I may say they have received me, I have received them, and a happy union has been brought about, because our knowledge and experience of the things of God, have, in quality, been the same. I will simply tell you what I do know of God, and how this knowledge draws out my soul in perpetual desires after Him.

I was not much over twenty years of age when, one Sunday evening, in a Wesleyan chapel, in Rye, I was struck most powerfully with a deep sense of my awful condition as a sinner in the sight of God. I cannot tell you that I heard anything, or that I saw anything, but I did deeply feel a sense of sin, a fear of death, and a dread of damnation roll in upon my spirit. I might have said, "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not." As I look back upon that time now, it seems to me as though Christ did then pass by me, and said unto me, "Live;" and the Light of Life did so enter into the dark chambers of my soul as to discover the defilement and disgrace which was then covering and casting down my most sorrowful spirit. I crept home to my lodging, I retired to my room, I fell on my knees, I groaned out a prayer for mercy. I then saw, and have ever since known, that God is holy. Holiness is that perfection of beauty and blessedness which has its rise and residence essentially only in the Divine Persons of the Godhead; and wherever this holiness is revealed, there will be a drawing forth of the soul in affectionate desires for nearness, likeness, and devotedness to the great Author of life and peace.

Whatever has been done in my fallen nature, this I may say, from that time my soul has gone forth in longing and struggling desires after that holiness which only can be found in Him who is our Covenant Head, our Redeemer, our Resurrection, and our Eternal Life.

I do know something of the wisdom of God; because, some time after what took place at Rye, one Sunday morning very early, the Lord did come to me as I lay in my bed in Canterbury, and spoke in my soul, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Oh, what wisdom did I see in Christ; and how did I then plead that promise "Christ shall give thee light;" and now for twenty-five years, I hope I may say, light has broke in upon my own mind, and discovered the deep and dreadful fountain of iniquity there. Light has broke in upon the word of God, and discovered the wonders and mysteries of redemption in its manifold character there. Light has broke in upon the church of God, and discovered the absolute necessity that there exists for every branch of the Saviour's perfect work;

and light has broke in upon the world, shewing the darkness, distress, and devil-deluding snares and systems which there appear.

This following hard after God, is expressive of the many disappointments we meet with, the heavy burdens we have to carry, the great distance at which we seem to live, and the laborious desires of which we are the subjects, who really do possess, and live under the influence of the grace of God. This following hard, is hard work indeed; but, let us ask the important question—Is my soul truly born from above? Is it quickened into life? Are its regenerated powers and affections set on the Lord? Are we in an earnest and soul-wrestling pursuit after the Most High God? Then, all must end well. Three things God help us to shun: laying down, turning aside, or drawing back. Be ye fearful of all, of either of these. Three things the good Lord give us grace to stand in: a patient continuance in well-doing; praying always with all prayer; and a perseverance to the end in all the paths of righteousness and truth. Hoping evermore to be delivered from the three first, and, by grace Divine, to be kept in the three last, I shall try to sing, as under my own burden I groan:

"Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all."

Reader—in the hope of the gospel, I am thy poor, but willing servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

### The Sovereign Efficacy of the Word.

FROM old John Flavel's "*Balm of the Covenant applied to the bleeding wounds of Afflicted Saints,*" (printed in 1688,) we extract the following. We hope soon to publish the work entire in a cheap form: it will be a blessing to many in Zion.

"It is no ordinary mercy to be born in a land of Bibles and ministers; to have these choice supports and reliefs at hand, in all our fainting hours. 'This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me.' It was no small mercy gained by the Reformation, that it put the oracles of God into our hands. It opened a shop of cordials for the support of our souls. For this, among other great and excellent uses, the Scriptures were written. 'That we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope.'

"No less is the mercy of an able New Testament ministry, to open, apply and inculcate the consolations of the Scriptures, to be esteemed. It is no common favour to the afflicted soul, to have with, or near him an 'Interpreter, one among a thousand, to shew unto him his uprightness.' Job xxxiii. 23. O, England, prize and improve these mercies, and provoke not thy God to bereave thee of them.

"I can find no such settlement made of the gospel and ministry upon any place or people, but that God may remove both, upon their abuse of them; and if he do, sad will the case of such a people be, especially when a day of distress and trouble shall be upon them. 'This sad to be in a storm at sea, without a compass or pilot to direct and advise the distressed passengers. Much so is the case of the afflicted, when deprived of the Word and ministry.

"Let it therefore be your care to hide the Word in your hearts, and get the teachings of the Spirit; that whatever changes of providence be upon the world, you may have the light and comfort of the Scriptures to direct and cheer your souls. Sanctification is the writing of God's law in your hearts; and what is written there is secure and safe. The Word within you is more secure, sweet and effectual than the Word without you. Jerome saith of Nepotianus, that by long and assiduous meditation, his breast was at last become the library of Christ. O, that the breast of every Christian were so too."

## ANOTHER ELECT VESSEL OF MERCY GONE HOME TO GLORY:

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF ANN ELIZABETH LOTT, OF BARHAM.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN A PRECIOUS CHRIST:— Grace, mercy and truth be multiplied in you. Having often read of the death of the saints in your *Vessel* with pleasure and delight, I have felt constrained to send you a few things concerning my dear sister's death, hoping it may be made a blessing to some of the Lord's living family. She was just in the bloom of youth: she was like a flower that is cut down, to be no more seen in this world.

My dear sister was (like many other young people) taken up with the world and worldly things, till the Lord said, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther; here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

The Lord was pleased to lay upon her his afflicting hand with a consumption, which lasted for some months; I saw her many times during her illness,—she lay very near my heart and heavy upon my mind for a long time. I once said, "Well, my dear, how are you?" She said, "I am very ill;" but did not appear to be under any concern about her future state. I said to her, "You are failing fast—I do not think your time will be long in this world. O, my dear, I could willingly give you up, if I could see that you were regenerated—born again of God; but I know it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. 'My people shall be made willing in the day of my power.'" So it was with my dear sister. I prayed earnestly to the Lord, if it was his sovereign will, that she might be brought experimentally to know the truth as it was in Jesus. I went to see her one Sabbath morning, about two months before her death; I went to her bed-side, and said, "Well, my dear, how are you now?" She said, "I am very ill;" her countenance bespoke what a state her mind was passing through. I sat by her bedside. I had an opportunity of talking to her before we left. I said, "O, that I was satisfied about your soul! I cannot give you up." She turned to me with a look that will not soon be forgotten, "O Emma, I cannot die—I cannot die like this." I said, "My dear, if the Lord sends death out against us, who can resist his will?" She said again, "I cannot die, for if I do, I know I must go to the bottommost hell." I said, "If the Lord has shewn you what a sinner you are in his sight, I am sure he has thoughts of peace towards you, to give you an expected end. If he has begun the work, he will carry it on; he will never leave you, nor forsake you." One of my brethren in the Lord, who was standing by her bed—Mr. Fakely—said to her, "If the Lord has put the cry into your heart, I am sure he will answer it." She said to him,— "I lay here, and sigh and cry for hours of a night to the Lord; but he has not heard, nor do I believe he will." He said to her, "If you are one of the Lord's, be will." She said, I do not believe the Lord has chosen me, or he would have heard me before this." I said, "My dear, the Lord has a set time to favour Zion; and he has a set time to favour you." She told us that a Wesleyan minister had been to see her from Dover, and had told her that she ought to give her heart

to God, and not be so stubborn. She said to me, "Do you not think I would willingly come, if I could? but I cannot do anything but sin." She said, "If there is anything left for me to do, I shall go to hell, for I have no power at all." I said, "Your precious Christ has done everything for you." I said to her again—

"Nothing in our hand we bring,  
Simply to thy cross we cling."

I said, "We must leave you in the hands of the Lord. I shall, I trust, soon see you again." Saw her the next week; found her mind much the same. She told me the devil tried to hinder her praying. I said, "Yes, my dear, the devil is afraid of losing you. It is his work to harass, perplex, and dismay; but it is our mercy he cannot destroy. He is a chained enemy." Saw her again, (May 5,) found her much lower, but very calm in her mind. It was visibly seen in her face. I asked her if Christ's blood was precious to her soul? She said, "Yes, very precious!" She told me that she had seen her Jesus; that he came and stood at the foot of the bed, and told her that he had shed his precious blood for her, and she saw the blood run from his dear side, as though it was warm; "and, (she said to me,) he did not turn his back upon me; for he walked away backwards till he vanished out of my sight." And many more things she said, but I must haste on.

On the 11th, found her happy. I asked her if Christ was still precious? She said, "Yes." I said to her, "It is an unspeakable mercy, my dear sister, that we are out of hell." She said—"It is." My dear mother said to her, "You seem a little better; should you like to get up again?" She said, "I hope I shall not: I long to die, to be with my Jesus. I do not want to live in this sinful world."

I saw her again on the 21st. I said to her—"You will soon go home to glory, to be with your precious Christ." She said, "Yes; I hope I shall." I said, "My dear, do you still feel that underneath are the everlasting arms of love and mercy?" She said, "Oh, yes: Christ is very precious to me: but I cannot talk to you much." I asked her if there was any one she wished to see? She said, "No; not without they can talk about my Christ; for I have done with all things here below: this world is nothing to me." She said, "I like for Mr. Charles Oxenden to come and talk and pray with me, for the Lord has made him a blessing to my soul: he has been so kind to me: I hope the Lord will give him a double portion of his Spirit." I said, "My dear, the Lord has made him a highly honoured man of God; a faithful watchman upon the walls of Zion, to separate between the precious and the vile."

Saw her again May 27th, the day previous to her death. Went to her bedside; she said to me—"My dear Emma, I am so glad you are come again. I have wanted to see you so much, because you can talk to me about my precious Christ." I said, "My dear, it is a great mercy not only to talk of our precious Christ, but to know him experimentally for ourselves." She said, "You can tell me things that I don't know."

I said to her, "My dear, the time is fast approaching when the great mystery will be opened up to your soul." I said, "You will soon join my dear Thomas in singing a song that will never end." She eagerly caught my words, and said, "Our dear Thomas! do you think I shall know him?" I said, "I do not know, my dear. It says in the Word of God, 'We shall know as we are known.'" She said, "That will do—I shall see him." I said, "My dear, is the enemy of souls permitted to worry you?" She said,— "Sometimes." I said, "It will soon be all over." In a few more hours she had arranged with my dear mother concerning her death. She was anxious to depart and to be with Christ. She told me she would sooner die and be with Christ, than to live and recover, and sin, "which I might if I was to get well again." I spoke of that portion of God's truth, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She said, "That's very sweet, will you say that again?" I said to her, "There is a rest that remaineth for the people of God; and I am satisfied that you are one whom the Lord intends to give this rest to—you are just the character. I quoted that sweet hymn of Swaine—

"When the swelling of Jordan over us rolls,  
Should Christ his lovely presence hide,  
Will it not overwhelm our souls,  
Before we reach the Canaan side?"

"Death is no more a frightful foe,  
Since I with Christ shall reign;  
With joy I leave this world of woe,  
For me to die is gain."

She said, "That is very precious to my soul." She said, "O, my dear Emma, I love you more and more. I once hated you because you told me the truth, but I now love you next to my precious Christ. I am going to glory, but I shall still love you for ever." I said, "Yes, my dear, your's is a love that will never end, and a joy that will never cease." The same evening, previous to her death, that dear man of God—Mr. Gibbons—came to see her for the last time, and spoke many precious things to her, which her soul rejoiced in, but she was too weak to talk to him much. The Lord enabled her to pour forth her soul in prayer very sweetly, that the Lord would be with her while passing through the valley of the shadow of death; and we can say he was with our dear sister. I sat with her during the silent watches of the night; she retched several times during the night. I spoke to her upon the best things every opportunity. She wished my dear mother to go to bed and get a little rest. I read a short portion of God's Word to her—"I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish." I said, "My dear, you have that eternal life springing up within you." She said, "Yes." I could see her lips move very often, but could not catch all she said—she was so troubled to talk. She, dear soul, laboured for breath very much. At night I said to her, "You are now in the swellings of Jordan; do you still feel underneath the everlasting arms of love and mercy?" She said, "O, yes, my dear, I do, very precious." I said, "You have proved what I told you some weeks ago, that the Lord would give you dying faith in dying hours, when you told me you could not die; but death is nothing to you; your precious Christ has taken the sting away for you."

She said, with eagerness, "Death! what is death to me? I am not afraid to die. It's only going home to glory, to be with my precious Christ." I said, "Yes, my dear, to join the blood-bought throng, and to sing unto Him who hath loved you with, and washed you in, his own precious blood, and make us kings and priests unto our God." She revived again about twelve. I said, "My dear, a few more hours, and all will be over. Then will the great mysteries be revealed up to your precious soul." She said, "Precious! I feel the greatest wonder out of hell." I said— "Yes, my dear, you're a brand snatched from the burning. My dear, that precious hymn of Cowper's will suit you?"—

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be saved to sin no more."

She repeated the words,

"Be saved to sin no more."

I said, "What a mercy you will soon be on the banks of the river, and sing of salvation for ever and ever. There parting scenes will never be known, or pleasure never cease." She then lay for some time, and did not take notice of us. I sat watching, for the thought kept coming to my mind, Is not this a brand snatched from the burning? It humbled me in the dust at the goodness and mercy of our own covenant God in saving a wretch like me and her. The words still rung in my ears, Is not this a brand snatched from the burning? I was in deep thought, thinking upon her future state: then all at once she revived up again, and said, "I am coming, Lord; I am coming, Lord;" with such a heavenly countenance upon her dear face, whom none could have put but her precious Christ, she said, "I can see them—I can see heaven. Can't you, Emma?" I said, "No, my dear, but you can, and will soon be there." She turned her eye to my dear cousin, who was standing by the bed, weeping, "You can see them, can't you, Susau?" She said,— "No, my dear; I can't." I said to her again, "But you can; and hear them sing too." She said, "No, I don't hear them sing, but I hear lovely music. Hark! they tuned their harps anew." I said, "My dear, you will sing loudest of the throng when you get home to glory;

"The joys prepar'd for suffering saints,  
Will make amends for all."

"Though painful at present,  
Twill cease before long,  
And then, oh how pleasant  
The conqueror's song."

We were both choked with tears to hear her talk of heaven, when she said to me, "Don't you weep for me; or I shall not tell you any more—I cannot cry. What! cry because I am going home! I can't cry." I said, "My dear, we don't weep like them that have no hope." She said— "No; they are tears of joy." Her dear soul appeared in heaven, while her body lingered on earth. I could see death overhanging her dear face; I said, "My dear, are you still upon the Rock of ages—Christ Jesus?" She said, "Oh yes, I shall soon be with him, to behold his glory." I then went and called my dear father and mother up, to see the last of her. As soon as they came to her bedside, I said to her, "My dear, do you

know who has taken your hand?" She said—"My mother." She then called father. He said, "I am here, my dear." She then took hold of his hand, and held them both for some time. She opened her eyes again, and said, "I do love you, my dear mother: O! that I had always loved you as I do now! I would not have grieved you as I have done." My dear mother, here almost overwhelmed, said, "This makes up for all that you have grieved me, my dear—to know that you are happy." "I love you too, father." She then kissed them both. She then turned to me, and said, "I love you too, Emma." I said, "Yes, my dear, because your precious Christ has constrained you to love us; therefore we love him because he first loved us." She then said—"I love you too, Susannah; you have been very kind to me; I hope I shall meet you all in heaven."

At one o'clock I said to her, "It is hard work to labour for breath; the Lord has promised, as our day, our strength shall be." She said, "I deserve it all, and much more." She said to me, "Do you think it will be long before my heavenly Father takes me home?" I said, "No, my dear; a few more struggles, and all will be over: you will then be with your precious Christ, where you long to be—where sin and sorrow, pain and sorrow are felt and feared no more."

She said, about two, "You must now pray with me." I said, "You, my dear mother." She turned quickly, and said, "No, you must." So we prayed and wept together, that the Lord would bring her safe home to glory, and would be with her, and give her an easy and safe passage home to glory. Her brother came to see her at six. I said, "Here is your brother—you know him?" She said, "Yes, I shall see you again in heaven; at least, I shall be there." She then took a little wine and water. I said again, "Underneath are the everlasting arms of love and mercy." She said, "Yes, I should like to lay in your arms, and die." I said, "My dear, you are still happy." She eagerly said, "O yes, very happy." I said, "I shall soon meet you again in heaven; tell my dear brother I still love him; I shall meet him again in heaven." She then put her dear arms round my neck, and I lifted her up in my arms, and so her happy spirit took its flight to the God who gave it, in the twenty-second year of her age, May 23, 1852. We followed her mortal remains June 6th. "O, that our last end may be like hers."—"Precious in his sight are the death of his saints." It may be said, Her last end was peace. Thus she died, without a struggle or a groan.

May the Lord bless you and your's, and still keep you a faithful watchman on the walls of Zion, is the prayer of your unworthy, but sincere friend in the bonds of the gospel,

Dover, June 12, 1852. EMMA DIXON.

"Our sister has gone, she has gain'd her release,  
From all that distress'd her below;  
Made meet for the kingdom of grace,  
Where pleasures eternally flow.

"She triumph'd by faith in His blood,  
Who did for his people atone,  
Then flew to the bosom of God,  
To reign with the Lamb on his throne."

## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MR. JAMES DENNANT,  
AND MRS. ASHFORD, BOTH OF IPSWICH.

[THE obituaries of the above departed saints, (both members of the church of Christ, meeting in Zoar Chapel, Ipswich,) we gave last month. The following lines were appended to those obituaries, we now give according to promise.]—

### On the Death of Mrs. James Ashford.

"Come, ye ransom'd heirs of heaven,  
Let us join in concert sweet,  
Since our sister's crown is given,  
And she bows at Jesu's feet.  
"Happy spirit! safely landed  
On the shores of peaceful rest,  
Gather'd round her Shiloh's standard,  
Mid the ranks of glory blest!  
"Poor and needy was her motto,  
Sav'd by Sovereign grace alone:  
Resting, till death's vale she got thro'  
On her try'd foundation stone.  
"Now her precious dust is slumb'ring,  
Mingling with the saints of old;  
But the time must come for numb'ring  
All the sheep of Jesu's fold.  
"Then her fragments on the morning,  
Ransom'd from the grave shall live,  
Christ himself his bride adorning,  
And for ashes beauty give.  
"Hail! ye saints of God, all glorious,  
Let our anthems praise him sweet,  
We shall shortly be victorious,  
And our friend in glory meet.  
"Then with her in songs uniting,  
We, a Triune God will laud,  
While eternal love's inditing  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord."

### On the Death of Mr. James Dennant.

"The vital flame shall burn no more!  
The blood around my heart is cold!  
But thou, O Christ, my soul shall warm,  
With life of more than mortal mould!  
"Why then my soul, why tremble thou,  
To wing thy flight to seats of rest?  
Behold thy guide, thine angel waits,  
To lead thee there among the blest.  
"Leave then, this wretched mansion, leave,  
In ruin it around thee lies;  
For God's right hand is faithful still,  
And thou shalt see it fairer rise.  
"But hast thou sinned? and hence thy fear.  
Sad truth! but yet believers know,  
That crimson as the stain may be,  
The blood of Christ doth cleansing flow.  
"Does death a face of sorrow wear?  
Most true, my soul, but life is nigh!  
That life to which thy Saviour calls,  
By grace so sure thou canst not die.  
"Victor o'er Satan, sin, and death,  
Yonder thy Lord in triumph reigns;  
Stretch, O my soul, thy joyful wings;  
And fly to those celestial plains."

"God the Holy Ghost, the blessed Comforter, always dwells in the believer's heart, but the joy and consolations he imparts, come and go. These are the choice viands with which he sometimes feasts the believer, but the cloth is soon removed—and why so? because we cannot bear such rich diet for our every-day food; a little cheers the spirits of drooping Christians; but even Paul's short rapture made it needful to let him bleed with a thorn in the flesh. We had need to be well ballasted with humility, or at such times a little puff or gust from satan will overset us, and tumble us into the mire of pride."—MAJOR ROWLANDSON.

## A brief Account of the Departure of Two old Christian Pilgrims.

(Forwarded by MR. HENRY ALLNUTT, of Ripley, Surrey.)

DEAR BROTHER.—The two old pilgrims of whom I wish to say a few words, were both well known in this circuit. To finish our course with joy—to keep the faith—to endure to the end—to lay hold on eternal life—to know whom we have believed, and to be persuaded that he is able to keep what we commit into his hands are all matters of sterling importance in the days in which we are living: so much the more, as there are many airy dreamers dying very happy, seemingly without the saving grace and knowledge of God. Others, like Paul's silly women, are ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth; and some, like Bunyan's Too-bold and Heedless, have sunk down in care, or careless indifference, about the things of God, or the means of grace: and not a few, make a sudden plunge, a shipwreck of faith, and of a seeming good conscience.

In the midst of these solemn occurrences, it is a comfort to see the promise of our God fulfilled, "I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE," and his truth verified, "He that endureth to the end, shall be saved."

Joseph Graham, 95 years of age, died at Naphill, Surrey, March 26th; was buried at West End, April 2nd, 1852. I endeavoured to speak from Job xvii. 42,—"Old and full of days"—not shortened by laziness, nor yet by labour; not by abstinence, nor yet by indulgence; not by medicine, nor yet by disease; full of pains, griefs, sorrows, pardon, mercy, grace, joy and peace; so died Joseph. When a young man, he, with three or four others like himself, came to Woking, for the purpose of misusing and interrupting that man of God, W. Huntington. Mr. Huntington was that afternoon standing on Mr. Hodd's horse block, preaching. Joseph had both his coat pockets full of stones, to throw at the preacher. As they drew near, Joseph heard these words spoken—

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of thee."

They were mighty to make the rebel stoop. his pockets of stones were now too heavy:—he got among the crowd, and dropped them, secretly, one by one, glad to lose the last. The scene was now changed; Joseph was now the persecuted; he was thrown at, and belied; the ridicule of his companions, and the object of the devil's hatred; the subject of many sins, sorrows and fears, but a trophy of the Saviour's love. The combined forces of the world, the flesh and the devil, (while they made him sigh, cry and fear,) only tended to press out of his heart this language,—

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,"

with desires to know Him, "whom to know is eternal life." About the middle of his

journey he had a heavy battle with that three-fold enemy—the world, the flesh, and the devil; but through the Lamb and his blood he came off more than conqueror. In sight, hearing, and memory, in conversation he was a wonder. His chief theme was his best Friend, the Lord the Lamb, who had known his soul in adversity. He was a diligent attendant on the means of grace for more than seventy years, and was well known to the followers of Jesus at West End, Chobham, Horsell, Woking, &c. His end was peace.

Another of my brothers died in the same month (March) and was buried the day before quarter day? his name was William Spong, aged 75, of Sunningdale, Berks. He had been known as a follower of Jesus more than fifty years. His mother, a godly woman, persuaded William to accompany her to a prayer meeting, where a few poor souls met to pour out their hearts to the Lord at Chobham, Surrey; and the prayer of a poor man that night was blest of God to the stopping of him in his mad career of sin and ignorance: and Mr. Cecil, then of Chobham, set him plenty of work: and William, with many others, strove hard to wash the black Ethiopian white, and to change the spots of the leopard; but, alas! they found it to be labour in vain.

At length, in the Lord's good time he was led to hear a Mr. Tell-true, who preached Jesus's worth, grace, kindness, compassion, power, skill, and willingness to save, heal, forgive, and receive, and who would justify and glorify. This, in God's good time, was manna to his hungry soul,—rest to his weary heart, it was good news from a far country.

His constant attendance on the means of grace, his anxiety for those who love the Lord to meet together for prayer, &c., remained with him to the last. He had a week's heavy trial before he died—a hard wrestling conflict—could not feel the power and presence of the Lord as he desired, so that it was to look, and long, and beg, and hope and wait. He used to say, "Oh that He would come; I know he will visit me again; I know he will set me free! but, oh, that he would come!"

The night before he died, the Lord was pleased to grant his request and fulfil his desire, and abundantly satisfied his soul with his presence, love, and power! And while he was talking with his Lord of his goodness towards him he fell asleep without a sigh.

"The memory of the just is blessed." My knowledge of them, and love to them, induce me to send you this. Your's in love and truth,  
HENRY ALLNUTT.

August 10, 1852.

## Zion's Stones laid with Fair Colours.

AN excellent sermon, recently preached by Mr. J. C. Philpot, of London, and published by James Paul, of Chapter-house Court, has been forwarded to us. It is entitled, "ZION'S FOUNDATIONS, WINDOWS, GATES, AND BORDERS." The following extracts will not only, we think, be read with soul-profit, but will induce many to peruse the whole discourse.

"Affliction is one of the marks that God stamps upon his people. We may call it his peculiar *sheep-mark*. 'I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.' (Zeph. iii. 12.) Unless, then, we have stamped upon us by the hand of God this sheep-mark, we have, at present, but little testimony that we belong to the flock of Jesus. 'Afflicted!' How are the Lord's people afflicted? Certainly not all in the same way. Afflictions are of various kinds, and widely differ in nature, duration and degree; but, viewed as proceeding from the hand of God, they are all sent by him to work a certain effect in the hearts of his people. Some afflictions, for instance, are *bodily*. Ill health is a very common gift of a Father's love, disguised under this painful rod. Many, many of the Lord's people are suffering under this affliction. An aching head, or a torpid liver, or shattered nerves, or weak chest, or rebellious stomach, or paralysed limbs, or racked joints to many embitter life. I can speak experimentally upon this point, for I have been afflicted, more or less, with colds and coughs, and a tender chest, for more than twenty years, besides being laid aside from preaching on two different occasions for many months. But if I know the painful part of this affliction, I trust I know something also of the blessedness connected with it; for the greatest and clearest manifestation I ever had of the Lord Jesus Christ to my soul was when I lay stretched on a bed of affliction, from which I did not rise for three weeks. I know, therefore, the misery of it by painful experience, and the blessedness of it by pleasurable experience; for often, though by no means always, when the body is most afflicted the soul is most favoured."

"But the Lord adds another word which seems to complete the whole, and to stamp the sheep-mark with a more vigorous hand, and in broader characters upon the fleece, '*not comforted*'—that is, not comforted by, not capable of comfort from, man. This I look upon as a very decisive mark of a work of grace upon the soul. When a man is so cast down in his mind, so troubled in his conscience, and so burdened in his Spirit that none but God can comfort him, we seem at once to be on the footsteps of the Spirit. We do not find hypocrites on this ground. False professors can easily take comfort; they can steal what God does not give, and appropriate what he does not apply. Zion's special mark is that she is '*not comforted*'—that her wounds are too deep for human balsams, her sickness too sore for creature medicines. All the gospel sermons in the world, all the gospel ministers, nay, all the invitations, promises and declarations of the gospel itself, short of divine manifestation, cannot minister to

her any solid comfort. God has reserved her comfort in his own hands; from his lips alone can consolation be spoken into her soul."

"In the words, 'I will lay thy stones with fair colours,' there seems to be a reference also to the *cement* in which the stones are laid, as well as to the stones themselves. What is this cement? Is it not blood and love? Are not the stones of fair colours, bright and beautiful, well laid in when thus cemented? Nor is the cement less beautiful than the stones; for it must last as long as they, and glitter and shine with equal lustre and brightness. Thus is the building compact as well as beautiful, firm in strength as it is resplendent in glory.

"But the Lord goes on to particularise his work more distinctly and minutely. He speaks of her *foundations*, her *windows*, her *gates*, and her *borders*, and he tells us how they are severally framed and made. Beginning at the beginning, he describes the material and laying of her *foundations*—'I will lay thy foundations with sapphires.' Before we can stand firmly in the things of God we must have a good foundation—something solid for our faith, our hope, our love, our all to rest upon. We read of a foolish builder who built his house upon the sand, and of a wise builder who built upon a rock. Now, what we want is a solid foundation to rest upon as regards our eternal all. This God promises to do for his afflicted Zion—'I will lay thy foundations with sapphires.' But what is a *sapphire*? Have you ever seen one? Perhaps you have. But if you have not, I may briefly describe it as a precious stone, the distinguishing feature of which is its peculiar clear and beautiful colour—a heavenly blue. I would not press the figure too closely, but may it not fitly represent from its nature and colour a *special gift from heaven*? 'A gift is a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it.' (Proverbs xvii. 8.) Every testimony, then, that God gives to the soul, every promise brought into the heart, every manifestation of mercy, visit of love, or application of truth, we may call, in a spiritual sense, a sapphire, for it is indeed a precious stone, radiant with heaven's own hue. When God thus lays a sapphire into the soul it affords a solid foundation for faith. When he said to Abraham, 'I am thy shield and exceeding great reward;' to Joshua—'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;' to Jeremiah—'Fear not,' (Lam. iii. 57.)—he laid a sapphire in each of their hearts. What mercy for you if your faith has such a sapphire for its foundation; when you do not rest upon the bare letter of God's word, upon the naked truth of the Scriptures, but upon the testimony of God laid into your soul. When there is any manifestation of Christ, any application of a promise, any visit of his mercy, any token of his love, any proof of interest in the precious blood of the Lamb, that is a foundation, a safe and solid foundation on which to rest. As they are laid by the hands of God himself they must be firm; as they are sapphires they must be indestructible. These sapphires, it is true, may every one of them be buried in the dust of carnality and worldly-mindedness; the filth and sewage, the mud and slush of our fallen nature may roll over them flood after flood; but are they injured thereby? Is their nature changed, their value impaired, their hue tarnished, their lustre faded and gone? A person

whom I know, indeed a relation of mine, once lost a diamond ring for a whole year in a strawberry bed in a garden. Autumn covered it with leaves, and winter with snow; the rain fell upon it, and the mould spread over it; it was wet with dew, and bound in by hoar frost; but did these impair its lustre? No; had it even dropped into a London sewer its value and beauty would not have been lessened. When my relation found her lost diamond ring it was as bright as ever. Thus, if God the Spirit had lodged a sapphire in your soul, all the dust and dirt of the carnal mind, nay, all the filth of sin, worse than that of a London sewer, may roll over it, yet not destroy it. True, they may hide it from view, obscure the setting, and for a while dim its face, but one touch of the polisher's hand restores all its beauty. Grace in the soul has no more communion with sin than a diamond with a dunghill. The manifestations of Christ to the soul, and the application of God's truth to the heart are *sapphires*, in their nature indestructible, in their beauty imperishable. See to it, my friend, that you have a sapphire in your soul. That is the foundation; get that, and you can build upon it without fear. But beware of counterfeits. There are plenty of Jews about who pass off paste for diamonds, and blue glass for sapphires. Examine well your testimony from heaven, and see that it be a real sapphire, just in weight, clear in colour, bright in hue, and imperishable in nature, without fracture or flaw, and specially see whether laid by the hand of God. 'I will lay thy foundations with sapphires.'

### The Great Trumpet of the Gospel:

BLOWN FOR SUCH AS ARE

"Ready to Perish," and "Outcasts in the Land of Egypt."

WHAT an invaluable privilege is an experimental free-grace gospel! and for such of the living family as are not favoured to live within the reach of such a blessing, it is no small mercy that what is proclaimed hot and earnestly from the pulpit, can now be correctly and cheaply published from the press; so that while but a few hundreds can hear, many thousands may read, the sacred and holy truths set forth by the heaven-taught ambassadors of Christ! We have received, and, (to the cheering of our poor hearts) have read another sermon delivered this summer by Mr. J. C. Philpot, in London. It is headed, "*The blowing of the Great Trumpet*," and is issued by James Paul. The following extract, we hope, may help, if not heal many a wounded spirit.

"Some are 'ready to perish' under convictions of sin, under deep distress and anguish of mind. They feel in their consciences that God is angry with them—that burning drops of his displeasure are falling into their souls. When the guilt and burden of sin are thus laid on their consciences they must needs feel 'ready to perish,' for what is there before them but the pit? 'Ready to perish' indeed they are, for as David said of himself—'There is but one step betwixt them and death.'

Others of God's people, after the Lord has revealed himself to their souls, and given them to feel their interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thus realise a blessed assurance of his mercy, are yet through the power of temptation often 'ready to perish.' Some doubt this statement. But look at David's case. Had not David received from God a solemn promise that he should sit upon the throne of Israel? Yet when Saul was pursuing him, 'David said in his heart, I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul.' But had not God given him a testimony that he should not perish? Had not Samuel anointed him with the sacred oil, and did not David then believe as firmly as in his own existence that he should sit upon the throne? Now no man can have a stronger testimony nor a firmer assurance of his spiritual salvation than David had of his temporal salvation, for in promising him the throne, God certainly promised him deliverance from Saul. And yet David feared he should perish by his hand. Why then should not the same fears work now in the heart under similar circumstances? If David's faith could fail, who shall say his own may not? David's assurance was overborne by the imminence of the danger; and so after the Lord has assured him he shall sit upon the throne of glory, a real child of God may, through the power of temptation, the assaults of satan, and the fiery darts that are cast into his mind be brought into such circumstances as to feel as much ready to perish in soul as David did to perish in body.

Again. If the Lord permit any of his children, and he does sometimes permit them, to go astray from him, to wander after their idols, and get into a cold, dead state, they may, and often do have many doubts and fears whether they have not been deceived and deluded altogether, and whether they are not now abandoned to their own ways. Filled with fears, these are ready to perish: they are, in their feelings upon the brink of perishing. They will not and cannot perish, for they are held up by the purpose and grace of God; but as in themselves without help, as, like Ephraim, having 'destroyed themselves,' they are 'ready to perish,'—all but perishing.

Now, it is for these that the great trumpet is to be blown; and it needs must be a great trumpet, for they are great sinners: it must needs proclaim mercy in very loud tones, for sin, carnality, and satan have so stopped their ears that they need a very powerful note to pierce them and reach their heart.

"Others of the Lord's people are in their feelings 'ready to perish,' because they have not received those manifestations of God's pardoning love which others are indulged with. Having, therefore, no clear testimonies nor bright evidences, they feel as if they had no real standing in the things of God, and therefore are often ready to perish. Many of the Lord's people hide these feelings deeply in their hearts. Were they free to confess all they felt and feared, many would acknowledge they were indeed ready to perish; but amidst the confidence of others they are afraid or ashamed to declare their fears. But besides these, we read also of *outcasts*; and as there are those who are ready to perish in the land of Assyria, so there are those who are outcasts in the land of Egypt. What is it to be an outcast? Jonah well expressed its meaning when

he said, 'I am cast out of thy sight.' To be cast out of God's sight, then, is to be an outcast. A sinner in his feelings is cast out of God's sight when he sees himself too loathsome, too filthy, too base, too vile to dwell with God; and therefore, like filth or offal he is fit only to be cast out, swept out of the presence of God, for into his presence nothing can come that is defiled. It is only as sin is opened up in the heart and conscience, as exceeding sinful, that we begin to loathe ourselves in our sight because of our manifold abominations. Here was Isaiah in the temple (vi. 5); Job in the ditch, (ix. 31); Daniel by the river, (x. 8); Peter in the boat, (Luke v. 8); and Jonah in the whale's belly; all saw light in God's sight, and felt sin to be exceeding sinful. Sin, s'n, horrid sin makes us feel outcasts. When there is no feeling access into God's presence, when our prayers seem to be shut out, when there is no answer to our petitions, when the heavens above are as brass and iron, when there is no dropping down of the dew of his favour, and no gracious smile upon his face, then is this feeling in the soul, 'I am cast out.' So is God's church described, (Ezekiel xv); under the figure of a new-born babe, cast out in the open field; so felt David when he said, 'Cast me not away from thy presence;' so felt Heman when he cried, 'Lord, why castest thou off my soul? why hidest thou thy face from me?' so felt Jeremiah when he exclaimed, 'Waters flowed over mine head; then I said, I am cut off.' The most eminent saints, when sin came between them and God, felt they were, or deserved to be, outcasts. But where this experience is in the soul towards God, it makes a man, in a measure, an outcast, also in his feelings from the church and people of God. His language is, 'I feel too base, too vile, too loathsome, too corrupt to have anything to do with them, or for them to have anything to do with me.' To be an outcast from God is to be an outcast from his saints. Many are kept by these feelings from joining churches, or associating with the people of God; and some have even been driven away from attending the worship of God, reading the Scriptures, or using private prayer, as viewing themselves outcasts from God and man. Cast out by the world as a gloomy enthusiast, and casting himself out from the people of God, such a one may well use Hart's words—

'Lord, pity outcasts vile and base,  
The poor dependants on thy grace,  
Whom men disturbers call:  
By sinners and by saints withstood;  
For these too bad, for those too good:  
Condemn'd or shunn'd by all.'

These, then, are the characters—ready to perish, and outcasts, for whom the great trumpet is to be blown. These hail a free-grace gospel, for it opens to them their only door of hope. A duty-faith gospel will never suit these. They are too deeply sunk, too far gone, and in their feelings too utterly lost for anything but mercy to reach, for anything but grace to save. It is not a little salvation, nor a little gospel, nor a little Saviour that can suit such; it must be free, sovereign, distinguishing, super-abounding, or to them it is nothing."

## Garner Baptist Chapel, Clapham.

THE laying of the corner stone of a particular Baptist Chapel, Clapham, took place on August 6, 1852, in the presence of a large assembly of persons from London and its environs. A platform was erected, gratuitously, by Mr. John Rowe, the builder, for the ministers to speak from; whereon between twenty and thirty ministers of the gospel were seen, with other friends. The names of those ministers who took part in the services of the day are as follows:—Brethren Foreman, Wells, Milner, Wyard, Alldis, (of Somers' Town) Jones, (of Chatham) Moyle, Ball, Coles, Attwood, Bland, and Garritt. Brother Elven presided. The solemnities were commenced about half-past two o'clock by singing the first three verses of a hymn composed and printed for the occasion. Brother Coles, (with his powerful voice) gave it out in a most distinct and solemn manner, as follows:—

- "Great God, who rulest over all,  
We mortals would adoring fall;  
And humbly look to thee alone  
For aid to lay thy corner stone.
- "Unless thou grant us thy kind aid,  
Our efforts will be vainly made;  
Lord, send down blessings from thy throne,  
And help to lay this corner stone.
- "We trust its from thy power and love,  
Which thou hast made us richly prove;  
Encourag'd thus, by thee alone  
We hope we're moved to lay this stone."

Brother Allen then invoked the divine blessing on the cause, the building, the builders, the present minister (brother Elven, who has fulfilled a three months' call, and accepted another to supply for nine months) future ministers, the people present, &c.

Our venerable brother Foreman, who has been labouring (not loitering) more than forty years in his blessed Master's service, then rose, and made some brief remarks; said he knew not why he should be called upon to lay this stone; spoke savourily upon the almighty, uncontrolable power, and sovereign influence of divine grace in snatching him in his youth from folly, wickedness, and ignorance, and raising him up to usefulness in His cause, and to speak the honours of his great name.

He then proceeded to lay the stone; when so done, he stood upon it, and gave a very affectionate and suitable address in his honest, emphatic and God-honouring, Christ-exalting, and grace-exulting strain, while every eye seemed to be fixed upon him, glistening from internal emotions, and every ear attentive to his sublime and melting theme. When he had ascended the platform brother Coles gave out the three remaining verses of the aforesaid hymn, in which the multitude appeared sincerely to join, as follows—

" Here let thy truth in all its parts  
Be preached, and melt hard stony hearts ;  
And those who are to error prone  
Find where they are when near this stone.

" Oh let thy love our efforts crown,  
Get to thyself a great renown ;  
We trust thy power and grace alone  
In laying this—the corner stone.

" Not unto us, but thy great name,  
Be glory, majesty, and fame :  
Our hopes for all are built alone  
On Christ, the Chief, the Corner-stone."

Mr. Odling then read the declaration, well inscribed on parchment, as follows :—

" Declaration to be placed in a cavity of the corner stone of Garner Baptist Chapel.

" This chapel is erected to the honour and for the worship of the triune God of heaven and earth, by a people denominated Strict Baptists, maintaining the doctrines of grace, obeying the ordinances, and keeping the moral precepts of the gospel, as set forth in the New Testament in preference to all the traditions of men. Col. ii. 8.

" This corner stone was laid by Mr. John Foreman, minister of Mount Zion Chapel, Hill Street, Dorset Square, London, on August 6, 1852, in the presence of a large number of gospel ministers, and members of christian churches in and about London. The names of those who took part in the solemnities of the day are subjoined."

It was then delivered into the hands of Mr. S. K. Bland, the architect of the building, to receive the signatures, and to secure it in a bottle, and place it in a cavity of the stone.

Brother Alldis, of Somers' Town, was then called upon to address the attentive audience on the True Head of the church, which he did in a most able and impressive manner, clearly shewing that Jesus Christ was the only True Head of the body the church.

Brother Milner then spoke on the origin of the true church; and he treated on the origin and the church likewise; and clearly shewed that the true church originated in and from the everlasting love and the eternal mind of a triune unchanging God; shewing the church was not that which numbers thought it to be. Some thought the church was a building; but we read, said he, that the church fell on Paul's neck and kissed him. (Acts.) What a strange sight it would be (pointing to a building opposite him) to see that building with its spire fall on a man's neck and kiss him. Brother Milner was instructive on his subject.

Brother Jones, late of Chatham, was to have spoken next on the true church, but as time was fast advancing, and it was feared that the people would get weary of standing, and brother Wells had to leave and preach in the evening, it was agreed that brother Jones should give up his subject, and that brother Wells should proceed. He spoke on the true faith of the church in his usual engaging manner and attracting eloquence. In the course of his address he said he was glad it

had been declared that this building was for a strict baptist church. Many people think a great deal about the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and but very little about the ordinance of baptism; he believed that God had put far greater honour on baptism than ever he did on the Lord's Supper; he had known nine or ten persons who had been converted while being present at the ordinance of baptism; but he never knew an instance of a single individual being converted while being present at the Lord's Supper. It is remarkable (said he) how God honours that which man lightly esteems. True faith is by regenerating grace, &c. We trust that many were profited by this honest and truthful address.

Brother Jones apologised for not taking his subject; he feared the people had been so long standing that to occupy more time would not be prudent.

The doxology was then sung; and as soon as possible tea was got ready in the spacious British School (the girls') room, kindly lent for the occasion, where the people from the grounds flocked and soon filled it. We suppose there must have been near 400 to tea.

After tea, arrangements were made in the boy's school-room, for the evening service, where nearly 500 persons assembled to hear the important and interesting subjects appointed for the speakers—namely, "The commands enjoined on the church;" "The present state of the church;" "The church in the latter day;" and "The ultimate glory of the church."

There being a stationary platform at the end of the school-room, (where the ministers were seated,) and the floor of the room gradually rising to the further end, it gave great facility to both speakers and hearers; and with the crowded audience, had a very imposing appearance.

The evening service commenced about half-past six o'clock, by singing two verses, the first and last of the 75th hymn, Denham's Selection :—

" Glorious things of thee are spoken," &c.

Brother Hamblin was prevented from being present with us. Brother Jones very earnestly and affectionately engaged in prayer. Brother Attwood gave out two verses of the 148th hymn, Denham's Selection :—

" O, for a sweet celestial ray," &c.

Brother Wyard then spoke on the commands enjoined on the church, in a Scriptural manner: he said, every command of God should be alike esteemed; it should not be written under any one of them, "*useless, useless*;" he mentioned many, and dwelt a little upon that "baptism," which was so much spoken against—but it was a command; how daring and rebellious for mortals to deny the plain word of the omnipotent and omniscient God, who commanded them to be

"baptised." (Acts x. 48.) Brother Wyard kept to his subject, was heard with pleasure, and, we trust, with profit.

Brother Bland gave out two verses of a hymn; after which, Brother Moyle spoke "On the present state of the church." He clearly and solemnly shewed that the church was in a safe state, in all ages, because it was in safe hands—the hands of an all-wise, almighty and immutable God, who ever has, and ever will take care of it. And although in its present state, as regards ministers, (in our denomination,) we cannot boast of such gigantic men as Gill, Stephens and others—which we have had—yet we have many plain, honest and truthful men in our day; and be the church in whatever state it may, it shall be preserved, and finally be brought to glory.

Two verses of another hymn were sung, and brother Ball came forward, to speak on "The church in the latter day." He said, the task appointed him, was to speak of the future—prophecy was his only guide; the language of which required great care. The Scriptures warranted the expectation of very glorious times for the church, in her enlargement, purity and glory—(quoted Psalm lxxii.)—as not having been fulfilled, yet must be expected. The calling in of the Jews would be followed by the downfall of Anti-christ. The purity of the church was expected to keep pace with the enlargement (Isa. lx.) This purity would follow the command, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," (quoted Prov. iv. 8,) the path of the just—the just One—Jesus. The gospel state is a day—its light is progressive:—quoted the song, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?" This led to the latter glory of the church—the increase of her numbers; purity will lead to her power and glory, and Christian fellowship; in every quarter of the world, the church will be glorious, powerful, commanding, "and terrible as an army with banners."

Two verses of that remarkable hymn was sung,

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness," &c.

Brother Newborn, who had promised to speak, upon ultimate glory, (to our disappointment) was prevented, by a previous engagement (he not knowing the time) to preach at the opening of a new chapel. When known, brother Curtis, being one of the reserves in the bill, promised to supply his place; but on the morning appointed, from indisposition was obliged to decline coming: brother Garritt brought the tidings, and was ready to take his subject. He was called upon so to do; he said a great deal, which might be good in its place, but failed in taking us to ultimate glory; where we had hoped, on wings of faith, to arise, by the closing subject.

Brother Jones, unexpected, but very timely, arose, and made a few striking, enlivening and cheering remarks, which re-

freshed our souls. Two verses were then sung,

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing," &c.

Brother Elven offered a few words of appropriate prayer and thanksgiving, pronounced the benediction, and thus the solemnities of the day closed: a day, we believe, which will never be forgotten by many, either in time or in eternity; it has been said it was a real love-feast! Many more which we know would have been with us from London, had it not been for the heavy showers in the morning; but the clouds dispersed, and the sun shone upon us, and we were favoured with everything that heart could wish; the Lord's presence was powerfully felt; the friends gave liberally to the cause; the collection, with the tea, amounting to £15 3s. 1d. "God hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad;" he hath hitherto established the work of our hands; we have abundant reason to thank God, to take courage, and go forward; we will do so, in dependance on his help; leaning on his almighty arm, and for all blessings received, ascribe all the honour and praise to whom it belongs, even our covenant God, the great eternal Three in One. Amen.

W. ODLING.

#### Anniversary and Baptising.

DEAR BROTHER:—I know you are always ready not only to give publicity to the onward progress of the gospel, the spread of truth, and the increase, of Messiah's kingdom, but also to rejoice with them that do rejoice. We have recently had, through the mercy of our covenant God, two good days at Streatham. On July 27, Mr. J. Wells preached our anniversary sermons for us; and such was the interest manifested, the solemn presence of the Lord felt, that not a dog was permitted to move his tongue, and the dear children seemed to have it all their own way, for the Master was evidently in our midst, and he seemed to be saying to us, "Be not afraid, but speak—speak out, speak the truth, and bold not thy peace; for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee, for I have much people in these parts." Acts xviii. 9, 10. This was very seasonable, for our Lord knows the subtlety of the free-will enemies by which his free-grace gospel is surrounded here: from the fore-going saying of our Lord our hands were strengthened, we were greatly encouraged, and we are now on our way rejoicing.

At half-past two o'clock we had a large and deeply attentive congregation, which seemed rivited to the thrilling and very striking expository remarks of the preacher while reading the Scriptures. The text was read—"There the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore," Psalm cxxxiii. 3. This was a season of refreshment, and many returned rejoicing in the Lord. The friends then adjourned to the very commodious barn, kindly lent for the occasion, where between two and three hundred sat down to tea.

The very warm reception which our brother

Wells met with from the many ministers and friends assembled—the cheerful countenances and the imposing scene presented through the length and breadth of the barn, drew from him this remark—"Brother Crampin, what a noble gathering this is!" Indeed, it was so, and each seemed to partake the joy of all. There were the brethren Hanks, of Cambridge, Horsley, of Chatteris, Plack, of Sutton, a brother from Mount Zion, Mill Street, Dorset Square, London, (then supplying at March) Smith, Spurgeon, Flavell, and others, with friends from Ely, Downham, and many surrounding places were present, and at six o'clock the service commenced, when the chapel was filled in every corner—the aisles literally crammed—while our brother preached with the Lord's presence from Exodus xxxiii. 20, 21, pronounced to be at once a heart-searching and soul-cheering discourse: many found it good to be there, and the last service to be the best. The collections amounted to a little over £12. Thus our hands were strengthened; our hearts were encouraged; and at the close of the sermon we sung,

"All hail the power of Jesu's name."

The Streatham friends expressed their gratitude to Almighty God, thanked the friends, and intimated an interest in their prayers.

Thus we closed a good day, for truth again was displayed on our banners, and power sweetly felt in the communion of saints, and in the house of our God, thus fitting and preparing us for the ensuing Sabbath, August 1st.

This was with us a day of days—a day, we trust, that will never, never be forgotten—a high day in Zion. It was opened with a very interesting, feeling, humbling, and solemn prayer-meeting at seven o'clock. At half-past ten we repaired to the water, where it is supposed a thousand persons were assembled. Brother Smith, of Waterbeach, addressed the friends from "Why baptisest thou?" after which I had the pleasure, with the sweet presence of the Lord, of leading into the water and of immersing four persons. You would have been delighted, my brother, with the scene; the bridge and banks of the river were lined with a silent, an attentive, and a listening multitude of spectators; all was as still as a stone; enemies were awed into silence; friends were favoured, blessed, and found it good to be there; hearts were softened; and several were made very uneasy whom we hope yet to see passing through the same ordinance; and many, many tears were shed—some fell into the stream to be carried down to the end of time as witnesses at the last great day of the first of August, 1852.

At half-past two o'clock, a very large and attentive congregation listened to a few thoughts from Romans v. 10, 11, the omnity of the human heart, the reconciliation of the cross of Christ, the salvation of the gospel, and the joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ by the atonement, into which, sooner or later, each and every one of the living family are brought.

After sermon, the congregation stopping, the newly baptised were received into the church separately, three of them into the church at Streatham, and one into the church of Ely. They were addressed and received separately, and a very solemn and affecting time it was. God was with us of a truth. They were then spoken to collectively as publicly acknowledged members of Christ's mystical body.

The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was then administered, the solemn simplicity of which fixed the very large congregation present with marked attention, general approbation, and we do hope some lasting good will be the result.

In the evening a goodly number were again assembled at our harvest prayer meeting. Mr. Smith delivered an appropriate address; two of our dear friends—Cropley and Binch—in fervent prayer) led us to feel that it was good to be there.

These were very blessed opportunities to many souls, and thus, through the help of our God, we continue to this day.

The first of August was to us a day of prayer, of praise, of worship, and deep feeling; and we do hope it will in many cases prove to have been a day graciously owned and greatly blessed to sinners and to saints beyond what we at present have heard or seen. Since I have been here two persons have been met with at the water who were themselves baptised the next time, and we do hope it will prove so again; so that the Lord does not leave his own ordinance without his own signature and blessing. Many of the seed royal were favoured, they saw the King in his beauty, heard his voice, felt the lifting up of the light of his countenance, and found it to be a good day to their souls.

If you ask me, my brother, why we make so much of this day, I will tell you. In this part of the Lord's vineyard, we are in the heat of the battle. Ecclesiastical domination, presumptuous profession, self-righteous sarcasm and free-will with his hydra-headed machinations, are all agreed to give no rest to their eyes, no slumber to their eyelids, till they have blasted the fair prospects of our Zion, scattered the little interest, and banished truth from the town. Bless God, his free-grace banner is still up-lifted; sinners flock to it, a few are enlisted beneath it; and the 1st of August was a day of cessation of hostilities with the enemy; and although it might be only to renew his energies, and to redouble his enmity, it was a day of rest to us, in which we did rejoice, and will rejoice, though we feel that we are called upon to rejoice with trembling; yet we will rejoice in hope of the glory of God; yes, in hope that through our God we shall yet do valiantly, and through his rich, free, unfailing grace, we shall at last unite with that palm-bearing multitude who, without cessation, hostility or discord, sing the free-grace song of glory to God and the Lamb for ever and ever.

May the readers of the *Earthen Vessel* share largely in the same like endless, fadeless joys, is the prayer of one, who though now and then favoured with a little reviving, is, nevertheless, still walking in the path of tribulation.

J. CRAMPIN.

### Sunday-School Treat.

IPSWICH.—We believe that the good cause of God and truth is (instrumentally) as much to be advanced by a diligent, intelligent, faithful, and consistent management of Sunday schools as by any means yet in existence: and we, therefore, always feel a lively interest in the proceedings of these most excellent auxiliaries. This impression was much strengthened the other day by a good brother from Manchester, who, speaking of the late Mr. Gadsby's place, said, "Oh, there will always be a good congregation there; the fact is, they have had for years a well-conducted Sunday school;

the children have grown into the ripeness of life; they have married, and have families, and numbers of those who were once Sunday school children are now the members of the church, the bulk of the congregation, and the supporters of the place." In every sense, when well managed, Sunday schools are good. "J. E. S." of Ipswich, says:—"Believing you to be a lover of every movement that is for the good of mankind, and for the glory of God, you will notice in next month's Vessel, for the encouragement of those engaged in Sabbath school instruction, that on Wednesday, the 21st instant, the teachers, with the children, belonging to Bethesda Sabbath School, Ipswich, met at the chapel for the purpose of taking tea, &c. After being arranged according to their different classes, at a few minutes before two o'clock they started (a very beautiful banner being carried by two teachers in front with a bee hive, and the sentences, 'Love as brethren,' 'Let us dwell together in unity,' being inscribed upon it.) After playing for some time in a gentleman's park, that had been kindly lent to us on this occasion, our worthy president, Mr. Poock, stood in the centre of a large circle then formed, and gave out three hymns suitable for the occasion; they were beautifully sung by the children and friends. The children then returned to the chapel, and were plentifully supplied with tea, bread, butter, and cake. The teachers and friends then took tea together. After this, Mr. Poock rewarded upwards of ninety children for good conduct, giving a word of good counsel at the same time. May the Lord crown our labours with his blessing; and the instruction given be like bread cast upon the waters that shall be seen after many days."

#### The Atoning Lamb, v. Rev. W. Griffiths.

MR. EDITOR—Grace, mercy and peace be with you and your's, and all who love our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Amen.

I herewith send you a few lines from a good old learned divine on the atonement, which was not even typified for the whole world, (indiscriminately,) but for the Hebrews, and, by Christ, for his chosen people, both Jews and Gentiles. I am your's, in Him. J. C.

112, Shad Thames, Southwark.  
14th August, 1852.

"The atonement, or propitiation, is a pacifying of God's justice against sin, by the offering of a sacrifice, sufficient to atone for the offence done to him by sin. The Hebrew word rendered ATONEMENT, signifies COVERING, and intimates that our offences are, by a proper atonement, covered from the avenging justice of God.

"The atonement made by the ceremonial offerings, did not really appease the divine justice for offences, but only secured against the impending temporal punishment, and typified the satisfaction of Jesus Christ, which fully atones for our most heinous crimes; on this account it is called 'the propitiation.' Rom. iii. 25; v. 11; 1 John ii. 2. In the last quotation the 'whole world,' must mean all in the world who are made to believe and seek salvation by faith, in the blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The following lines are from a correspondent on the same subject:

Jesus Christ did once atone  
for chosen sinners; them alone.  
It was for them he shed his blood,  
That he might bring them home to God.  
Yes! them alone he did redeem,  
And them alone he washed clean,  
In that rich fount of precious blood,  
By which they are made nigh to God.  
Atonement and redemption, one;  
'Tis thus the Scriptures seem to run;  
Atonement doth no more imply  
Than doth redemption; so thinks I.  
Atonement for the elect was made;  
Redemption's price for them was paid;  
But not for all the world at large,  
Christ did not undertake that charge.

I cannot boast of wisdom much,  
But yet I differ from all such  
Who say the Saviour died for all,  
When some on Jesus never call.  
For all the Saviour did atone,  
Are sav'd by grace, and they alone;  
For them redemption's price was paid,  
- And thus the Saviour often said.  
If atonement once was made for all,  
Then all are saved, great and small:  
This doctrine I cannot receive,  
This statement I dare not believe.

Chelsea. W. C. L.

MR. CAYZER'S ANNIVERSARY AT THE OVAL, HACKNEY ROAD.—A good brother says, they had an excellent day on the 15th August, at the Oval. Brother Isaac Nutsey, from Alford, in Lincolnshire, preached in the morning and evening, two very excellent and useful sermons; and many of the people were well pleased, and not a little profited, with this cheerful-looking Lincolnshire lad. Many of the Londoners would like to have another opportunity of feeding under his ministry; so we suppose we must soon fetch him up again; which we can assure the "Southern Scribe" we shall do with pleasure when the opportunity occurs. In the afternoon, brother James Wells filled the house with people, and gladdened their hearts by a cheerful discourse from Psalm xxvi. 12, "My foot standeth in an even place: in the congregations will I bless the Lord." Surely, no text in the whole range of Scripture could more exactly describe the position and the practice of the pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle, than the one just quoted. Viewing him in his own place, surrounded sometimes by nearly or quite fifteen hundred people (all looking as bappy as souls in prospect of heaven can be,) he may well say, "My foot standeth in an even place." If we follow him in his abundant labours in all directions, we shall be constrained to say, "In the midst of the congregations, James Wells doth indeed bless the Lord." In such a happy and useful posture may he stand for very many years.

FARNBOROUGH. Dear Brother: I am happy to inform you the cause of God in this place continues to progress. We have the satisfaction to see the word of our God proving the power of God unto salvation to some, that, through precious faith, are enabled to believe. I had the pleasure of baptising four females and two males, at Greenwich, in Bridge Street Chapel, kindly lent to us for the occasion, by my kind brother Field and the deacons, on Thursday evening, July 29th. Our brother Field preached us a sound argumentative sermon upon the occasion; five of the above were added to the church at Farnborough on the following Sabbath; and truly while surrounding the table of the Lord many could and did say, "It is good for us to be here." May the good hand of the Lord continue to be with us, and throughout the camps of Israel, is the prayer of one of the least of the little ones, RICHARD SMITH TANNER.

"ELIJAH THE TREBITE." A new royal octavo re-print of "ELIJAH" is now issued by Mr. Colingridge; published by Aylott and Jones. A large mass of interesting divinity, richly varied, and entertaining, is here compressed into one thick pamphlet. We purpose to make a few extracts in forthcoming numbers.

BAPTISM AND COMMUNION.—A pamphlet written by Mr. James Alexander, of Twickenham, entitled, "The Nature, Subjects and Design of Believers' Baptism: with a few remarks on Communion," is now publishing by Houlston and Stoneman. Here are four-and-twenty pages of good sound argument in defence of strict-communion principles. "The work is intended more for the humble enquirer than for those already established in the doctrines." Mr. Alexander has evidently read many works, and thought much, on the subject he has taken in hand: his work is a small body of divinity, neatly, faithfully and intelligibly put together. If the people would prayerfully read this tract, it must, under God, be useful to them.

# The Blind led by a right Way, and brought safe Home to Glory :

A SERMON BY MR. THOMAS HANSHEW,

(OF WATFORD, HERTS.)

Preached at the Baptist Chapel, Charles Street, Camberwell New Road, on behalf of the  
CHRISTIAN BLIND RELIEF SOCIETY, on Monday Evening, August 9th, 1852 ;

The Chapel being lent him for this purpose by his esteemed brother in the Lord, Mr. T. ATTWOOD.

“ And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not ; I will lead them in paths that they have not known ; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.”—ISAIAH xlii. 16.

I WOULD that it had fallen into abler hands to address you on this occasion. Had I consulted my own feelings I should not have undertaken the duty ; not from any indisposition to do so, feeling it to be a great privilege for one who has received the glorious gospel, to proclaim its saving power to others ; but when I saw the bill appointing me to occupy this place, I felt I should be forsaking my duty were I to decline ; and the Lord was very gracious to me, and applied to my heart the words of my text, from which I purpose, in reliance upon the Divine favor, to address you this evening.

In my attempts to speak from these sacred words I wish to make a few remarks, first, upon the holy Speaker, and secondly, the characters which are spoken to ; and in the third place, the blessed promises laid down before them.

If you look at the text you will plainly see that it is the voice of God ; the Old as well as the New Testament were emphatically the voice of the Divine Majesty ; and this the Apostle declares when he says that “ No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation, for the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man : but holy men of God spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.” 2 Peter i. 21. He inspired his dear servants, the patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, to testify of his holy will ; therefore the Speaker in our text is the glorious, the great I AM.

In the second place, let us notice, the characters that are spoken of in our text ! Look, it is the blind, “ I will bring the blind by a way they knew not ; I will lead them in paths that they have not known ; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.” You see how manifestly the glorious Majesty stands out : the I occurring no less than four times in this passage. There are some of our brethren and sisters who have been called to lose their natural eye-sight ; it is not these that are pointed out in the words of the text as blind. No ! no ! It is those whom the Scriptures declare “ have eyes but see not ; ears but hear

not ; have hearts but do not understand,”—those persons who are in their natural state ; for we are all born blind, not physically, but spiritually. The Laodicean church possessed riches, yet saith the Lord, “ Because thou sayest I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing ; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked : I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear, and anoint thy eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.” Whoever is thus favored is brought to see their state by nature, as dear Mr. Hart declares in his 77th hymn :—

“ Believers own they are but blind,  
They own themselves unwise ;  
But wisdom in the Lord they find,  
Who opens all their eyes.”

Therefore they buy “ gold tried in the fire,”—faith—precious faith—“ and white raiment that they may be clothed,”—the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and anoint their eyes with eye-salve, the holy unction St. John declared the saints received. If, therefore, my dear hearers, you feel yourselves wretched and miserable, and naked and poor, and blind, go to the Lord Jesus Christ, who invites such, (Matt. xi. 28—30), who will clothe all his saints with white raiment, and give to them that ask him, of his precious gold ! The righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ is that which all the church of the living God are brought to realise, he being the Lord our Righteousness, as Jeremiah states.

The Lord, in his sweet mercy doth enrich us with the precious gold of a living faith, and clothe us in white raiment, anointing us with the oil of his grace, through the intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ ; thus shall the church, as the apostle testifies, know of the things of God. Therefore, beloved, look at the text, “ I will bring the blind by a way that they know not.” Never was there a poor creature in so discouraged a state as the speaker, according to my feelings wandering in the waste howling wilderness, a willing captive to the powers of darkness, willing to serve the adversary of our souls ;

but God, through the Holy Ghost, touched my soul with reproof, and discovered to me that I was a sinner; but such was my spiritual blindness, that, as the Lord stopped me, I asked his great Majesty to leave me alone, that I might live as I had been living. But instead of an answer to this, I received the sentence of the text—"I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." I was led to see the state which I was in—miserable and wretched, poor, blind, and naked. The Lord would not leave me alone, but wounded me more and more, until he led me to cry for mercy; and showed me that I could only realise peace and safety through the blood of Christ; and his divine Majesty will ever lead his own blind to discover that Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and will cause his blind to come to himself through the Holy Spirit's divine teaching, and at last to their appointed and eternal glory.

This leads us to the promises of the text, that he "will lead the blind in a way that they know not, and in paths that they have not known; and will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight:" and, "these things will he do, and not forsake them." The path may be as with the ancient Jews through the wilderness, but the end will be the promised land! His blessed Majesty leads his dear children in paths of righteousness; these paths are not known to the natural man; he knows not the ways described by Solomon, "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." We know, and can rejoice in some measure, in the pursuit of these ways, and can ourselves testify that they are ways which the blind know not. And in our Christian experience we must often discover, he leads in much wisdom and mercy; sometimes, indeed, it may be through the wilderness, and sometimes in joyousness; still, it is in paths we have not known. I have often thought of dear Watts, where he says,

"Lord, we adore thy vast designs,  
The obscure abyss of providence;  
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,  
Too dark to view with feeble sense."

You see that Job, though he passed through the deep waters, yet was he not overwhelmed. Look at the dark path of the dear servants of old, when charged by the king to bow down and worship his image, and they declared they would not, and called upon their glorious God to appear on their behalf, and the Lord did appear, on their behalf, making darkness light before them. It was a dark providence to them, but the Lord was with them, to lead them in paths that they knew not. The Lord maketh the

crooked things straight. I scarcely know an expression more significant than this; the crooked things are those that are contrary to our mind and desires; yet are we through his great mercy brought to say, "Lord, not my will, but thine be done." This is the spirit all ministers should manifest in the crooked paths through which Jehovah, in his providence, leads them. We look with confidence to his divine Majesty to fulfill his precious promise to make the crooked things straight. Ask him to perform to his servants his holy covenant. You can testify that there is nothing too hard for the Lord. Tell him you hang upon his promise to make plain that which is perverse unto you. Mark the language of the text, "These things will I do, and not forsake them." Now, if I read the history of the church, I discover that in all ages the Lord has been its guide according to his holy word; sometimes more, at other times less apparent; the Lord knowing, in his infinite wisdom, what will be the best for the glory of his divine Majesty, and the happiness of his people.

These promises are not like the promises of kings and queens; they can break their's, but our King cannot alter his word. He assures us that, "These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." He will be with his people, to support and comfort them. He will be as he ever has been—a wall of fire round about his church, and his glory in her midst. I felt a little gloomy this morning, but the Lord dropped these words into my heart, "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life," and tears of gratitude trickled down my face. I praised and blessed the God of my salvation, for the mercy bestowed on a poor guilty, blind wretch, trusting in the finished work and righteousness of the Saviour. I felt his glorious Majesty had grafted me into the great and glorious living Vine—the Lord Jesus Christ, from whom I receive all my blessings. There may be some here this evening who cannot see their way clear to put in their humble claim. If you feel your heart broken for sin—if you desire to be made partakers of the benefits treasured up for the sons of God, there is a word to encourage you by Berridge—

"And dost thine heart for Jesus pine  
And make its pensive moan?  
He understands a sigh divine,  
And marks a secret groan."

"The holy hungerings in thy heart  
Are not for mockery sent;  
God hath prepar'd a royal feast,  
To give thy soul content."

"Trust in the Lord, and he will bring it to pass." I would urge you not to be discouraged; there are some who can only partake of the milk, but who will in due time partake of the strong meat, that belongeth to

the full age. Now, dear friends, I must leave these things for your consideration.

My hearers, we have come to-night for a specific object—to support a society, which of all societies need sympathy and support; for if there is one particular class of persons claiming a share of our affectionate regard, it is the *blind*. Beloved, this is the object of our meeting to-night, which we pray his Divine Majesty may greatly bless.

The society was commenced in the year 1844. The pensioners receive *two shillings and sixpence per week, and are all members of Christian churches!* Such persons, and only such, find relief from its funds. And there are Christians that are members of churches, and have lost their natural eyesight, to whom this society is unable to afford assistance for want of means. The assistance they can render is limited, the managers being men of God not wishing to involve the society in debt, but aiming to provide all things honest in the sight of all men. It is to afford them the means of extending the sphere of their benevolence that we propose to make a collection to-night for this worthy object. I hope that God has put it into your hearts to put something in your pockets. I was much pleased when I heard that our dear friend Mr. Wells had made a collection for this society, which, I understand, realised the sum of £19. I hope when I have the pleasure of meeting our brother Wells, I shall be able to say that at Charles Street we surpassed him; and this may be done if each one gives according as God has bestowed the ability. I wish the cause great prosperity, and pray that when we all appear before his Divine Majesty, it may be with the recollection that we have done what we could to assist our blind brethren. I pray the Lord may this night give us a token of his fatherly love by blessing us, and by doing us good. Amen.

[We have been compelled to omit some parts of this discourse, simply for want of room: especially under the first head, where the preacher expatiated (with Biblical proofs) on the glorious doctrine of the Trinity. Other sections are also omitted; but we hope the main object—the advancement of the Society's interests—will hereby be promoted.—Ed.]

### Sin Decreed, and yet Condemned.

THIS doctrine is plainly expressed in Acts ii. 23, and also in Acts iv. 28, which are as follows, "*Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain.*" Herod and Pilate, and the people of Israel, were gathered together against the child Jesus—"To do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done."

Here is no less a sin than the murder of

the sinless Son of God. And what sin could he greater? And did God predetermine this? The above Scriptures declare he did. *Then he decreed the sin he condemns*, as the leading line of this paper expresses. And the same may be said of original sin, and all sin. But does it follow that God is the author of sin, or that he is unjust in condemning sin? God forbid we should say a thing so awfully bad. How, then, can we understand he is holy and just in decreeing sin? Very easily, *by observing he determined to leave men to themselves and satan*, upon which he foreknew the sin would be as *certainly* committed, as if he had positively produced it. It was necessary a matter of such immense moment as the death of Christ, both to God and his people, should not be left to uncertainty; and hence the decree and counsel of the divine will made it sure. But the crucifiers of Christ had no respect in what they did to the divine decree, nor were they influenced by it in the least; but were moved solely by satan and the malice of their own wicked hearts, and so were justly condemned for what their wicked hands had done. Human guilt and divine holiness are equally and evidently undeniable in this affair. God does all things, either positively or negatively, after the counsel of his own will. All the good he works, either by himself or others. All the evil is done by his permission, without his aid or approbation, but not without his overruling power according to his eternal purpose. And though his commanding will is often transgressed, his decreeing will is always fulfilled. But his determination to leave the Jews to slay his Son, no more makes him the author of sin, than the sun is the source of darkness, because it is sure to be dark when the sun withdraws. Any opposition to these truths, appears to me more like quibble and cavil, than wise counsel.

Further. We have a little more to say, if the Editor will allow it. Christ was delivered, or given up, by God the Father, both in his purpose and providence (Rom. viii. 32.) Christ delivered up himself; it was his own voluntary act to lay down his life, in obedience to his Father's command; and this he did to redeem his people from all iniquity—(John x. 18; Titus ii. 14.)—He was delivered to the Jews by Judas, for thirty pieces of silver (Matt. xxvi. 15). How many now, it is to be feared, would do like him! He was delivered by the Jews to Pilate—(John xviii. 30;)—he was delivered by Pilate to be crucified—to die the painful and shameful death of the cross (Mark xv. 15); of this five-fold delivery of our Lord, observe:

The *causes*;—moving, meritorious and instrumental. In the moving cause, we find the counsel of Jehovah's will, with his love and justice. His sovereign good-will led him to love his people, his love led him to provide for their happiness, and his justice required

compensation for their offences; for this no less a sacrifice than the Son of God could suffice or be accepted; and hence he was moved to suffer, satisfy and save. The meritorious cause of his crucifixion was not any crime committed by himself, as he did no sin; but the sins of all his elect people, which were laid on him, and punished in him, that they might be justly pardoned through him. The instrumental cause of our Redeemer's death, was, as before observed, the wicked hearts and hands of the Jews, under the power of the prince of darkness. But while they were the instruments of so dark a deed, infinite wisdom overruled it for the glory of God and the good of his church. Thus the devil himself is made to assist in saving those he meant to destroy.

We now notice the *consequences* of the death of Christ. As his death was determined, so are the great ends to be answered by it. Such a death can never be in vain: its effects are sure and certain. Christ has magnified the law, and satisfied the justice of God for ever; there was no deficiency, and there can be no failure. The Father is well pleased; and his Son is highly exalted to prove it. He who endured the death of the cross, is crowned at the right hand of God; "to him every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess;" while saints and angels sing his endless praise. His people are delivered from sin, saved from its damnation, and guilt, and punishment, and finally from its being and burden. (Matt. i. 21). They are delivered from this present evil world, (Gal. i. 4), and so they are from the wrath to come (1 Thess. i. 10). Are we, then, delivered from our native darkness, impenitence, unbelief, and disobedience? Is the crucified Christ revealed, applied, conveyed, and endeared to us? Do we depend on his cross to cleanse us from sin, and clothe us with righteousness, that we may escape the curse and inherit his heavenly kingdom? Is he our only hope?—do we desire to bear his image, and obey his laws? Then does it appear that he died for us, and we shall be saved by him. But all who live and die in opposition to Christ, will find that wrath is coming on them to the uttermost, as it came upon the Jews (1 Thess. ii. 16.)

The *requirements* of the cross deserve a grateful recollection from every true believer. They who hope that Jesus died for them are under a great obligation to consider him, as directed in Heb. iii. 1. To trust him for all they need (Eph. i. 12); to love him in sincerity (Eph. vi. 24); to serve him, for such shall be honoured (John xii. 26); to thank him for his great salvation (1 Tim. xii. 15.)

#### Thanks for the Cross of Christ.

To Jesus, my Saviour and King,  
Come ye that believe in the Lord—  
Prepare, in his presence to sing,  
And sound his high praises abroad.

Consider the sorrows he bore !  
And see him exalted above !  
His wonderful favour adore,  
And serve him for ever in love.  
How great was the cross he endured !  
How deeply he sunk in the flood !  
His saints from the curse are secured,  
And cleans'd from their crimes in his blood.  
Our sins were the cause of his death—  
His death is the cause of our peace :  
We live through his quickening breath,  
And know that it never shall cease.  
The sinners that treated so ill  
The Father's adorable Son,  
Did only the work that his will  
Determined before to be done :  
And thus was his wisdom display'd,  
In ruling the worst of his foes,  
In turning their evils to aid  
In saving the church that he chose.

*Little Gransden.* THOMAS ROW.

AN EBEN-EZER FOR THE

#### Free Grace National Tract Association.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—If you can by any means spare a *little* corner, yet one sufficiently large to enable the Committee of the Free Grace National Tract Association to erect an Eben-ezer thereon, they would feel very grateful to you for the same: for, having much reason for thankfulness, and being able truly to say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," they are anxious that their friends and subscribers should take a part in their anthem of praise. But to enable them to do so more effectually, they desire, in the first place, to present a brief outline of the proceedings of the Association since its establishment.

Twelve months have nearly elapsed since a few faithful men, having the love of immortal souls at heart, assembled for the purpose of devising some means for effectually communicating to their fellow-sinners the glad tidings of salvation, trusting to the blessing of Almighty God on their labours for bringing many to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; when, a provisional Committee having been formed, presided over by Mr. Thomas Jones, of Chatham, and a code of regulations drawn up, immediate steps were taken for obtaining a public recognition of the principles of the Association under the above title.

It would not, perhaps, have augured well for the stability of the Association and its principles, if opposition had not been shown at this early stage of its proceedings. Many applications were made for the use of a chapel wherein to hold our initiatory meeting, but in every case we were met by a refusal, and sometimes under very frivolous pretences. At length, our kind friends at Mount Zion, Nelson Place, City Road, placed that little building at our service, and there, on the 5th of January, 1852, the Free Grace National Tract Association was established. Mr. S. K. Bland presided on the occasion. A report from the provisional Committee was read, giving an elaborate statement of the numerous heresies of the day, against which the Association desired to erect the standard of the cross, from Puseyism, through Irvingism, down to Mormonism; and after appealing to the feelings of the meeting whether or no there was not an imperative ne-

cessity laid upon all Christian men to oppose these soul-destroying delusions by the circulation of tracts, faithfully and clearly expressing and expounding the solemn and essential truths of the gospel, to which the meeting most warmly responded, Mr. W. Allen, of Cave Adullam, Stepney, was unanimously elected as the Vice-President, and a Committee appointed to carry out the designs of its promoters. A hope was also expressed that the Committee would receive the friendly support of all gospel churches in their task of evangelising our hitherto dark and unexplored places, both in town and country; but how this has been responded to we shall state in a few words.

To say anything of the unanimity of feeling exhibited at our first meeting will be unnecessary; but it is our boast, that notwithstanding the repulses we met with from many parties, several brethren in the ministry, and other influential friends, came from great distances to honour our Association with their countenance and support. Among them we may mention Mr. R. Shindler, of Matfield Green; Mr. Allen, of Stepney; Mr. Felton, of Deptford, whose purse has frequently been unexpectedly opened, and his voice raised on our behalf whenever an opportunity offered; and Mr. Searle, of Kingsland. And as the birth of the Association took place under such patronage, the Lord grant that it may ever be worthy to deserve a continuance of the same.

Among the friends whom family and other circumstances prevented from attending, we may mention Mr. C. W. Banks, of Crosby Row, for whose warm-hearted friendship we are ever grateful. To so great an extent has it been shown, from the very first, that the Committee have actually presumed upon it to solicit him to advocate our cause in his provincial visits, and have authorised him to hold meetings and make collections in our name and on our behalf, wherever practicable. Among other friends we may enumerate Mr. Samuel Cozens, of Willenhall; Mr. Joseph Crampin, of Streatham, in the Isle of Ely; and Mr. Joseph Fletcher, of Wingerworth, Derbyshire, to whom we are indebted for our third tract, "*The Wonders of Grace*," and one of the best yet published. These are all in the ministry, and our desire is, that the Lord the Spirit would condescend to pour out upon them a double measure of his grace, love, and favour, that through them many sons and daughters may be brought to acknowledge the distinguishing merits of free and sovereign grace.

The first duty of the new Committee was, of course, to solicit contributions, and a list having been supplied them by certain friends of persons usually disposed to assist in spreading the truth, nearly a hundred letters were dispatched by the Secretary in the course of a few weeks to various parts of England. To these less than a dozen replies were received; but, to the honour of the writers be it recorded, that each was accompanied with a subscription. May the blessing of the God of Israel rest upon them.

The next step was an appeal to several popular ministers and the deacons of wealthy churches; but we regret to announce the fact, that from none of these parties have we received the usual courtesies of society, for to this day our letters remain unanswered. It is a sad and lamentable fact, and painful to acknowledge, that those who

have been blessed with this world's goods are generally the most backward to answer an appeal for pecuniary aid; while the poor, to whom every penny is of value, are ever ready to lend a helping hand in God's cause.

This apathy, then, from the churches, seemed to cast a blight upon our prospects; and we could not refrain from occasionally thinking that the disapprobation of the Lord was the cause of it. Many have been the prayers offered up by the Committee that it would please Him to own and bless our endeavours to spread the knowledge of his gospel, seeing that its establishment was not owing to any mercenary motives, but from a desire to oppose the rapidly increasing heresies of the day; and many have been our cogitations as to the best mode of becoming successful, but without any beneficial results. But, glory be to his holy name! while all this was going on, and our aerial castles were tumbling to pieces in rapid succession, he was proving himself to be a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God; for he had silently implanted in the heart of a Christian lady in Leicestershire, then passing from this world to a brighter, to bestow upon us a legacy of five pounds. Have we not, then, Mr. Editor, a cause for erecting an Ebenezer?—a real cause for rejoicing? We were brought low, and he helped us; we were in trouble, and he appeared for us at the right time, a very present help. So that now we can take courage and go on. And though we may for years longer have to travel on in obscurity, amid the coldness and want of sympathy of the rich, yet, now being assured the Lord is on our side, we can bide our time, knowing that success is ultimately certain, and that we shall still be of use to the church of Christ.

It has been imagined, we fear, by many, that we were in debt. This is a mistake. We have never yet gone beyond the Treasurer's account; although at the conclusion of the annual meeting we had only about six pounds in hand, arising from sale of tracts, donations, and the collection on that occasion.

For this cause, then, we desire the assistance of our friends in raising this STONE of HELP on the earliest opportunity; and to inscribe upon it, with all humility, "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast never failed them that seek thee."

We would fain conclude, here, but it is necessary for us to mention that we have three Tract Distribution Societies in connexion with us—viz., one at Peel Grove Baptist Chapel, North Side, Bethnal Green, under the pastoral care of Mr. J. Sneath, a worthy advocate of the cause; another at Mount Zion, City Road, under Mr. Hazleton, whose praise is in all the churches; and a third at Ivinghoe, in Bucks, under our kind friend Mr. Collyer. Others have been established, but from various causes they have succeeded. One, at Hephzibah Chapel, Mile End, was discontinued in consequence of our inability to supply them with a sufficient variety of tracts for that large and populous neighbourhood. This we very much regretted, because they had shown us much Christian fellowship. But our funds were low, and there was no help for it. Much good might have been done by them.

With the funds at our disposal, we have managed to print 21,500 tracts this last summer

and above 18,000 have been sent into the world by the aid of our subscribers and the booksellers; and latterly several friends have purchased them for distribution in the country villages, or among their fellow passengers in the railway carriages. A short time previous to the embarkation of Mr. Bunyan M'Cure, application was made to the Committee for a grant of tracts for dissemination in Australia, under Mr. M'Cure's auspices, and one thousand copies were voted for that object. A very nice cover is also ready; being, in fact, a tract by itself.

The exceeding low price at which the tracts are sold does not warrant an expenditure for advertising. To accomplish this object, however, though only in a slight degree, the Committee have established a fund from their own private purses.

Now, if there have been any waiting for a sign, we trust the above statement of the goodness of the Lord will induce them to come forward to our help. And to our friends we would say, continue your kind support; to those who have stood aloof from us through suspicion of our motives, come now, and join us; to Tract Distributors, Managers of Sunday Schools, Sick Visiting Societies, Ragged Schools and others, we would observe, that the tracts published by the Free Grace National Tract Association are worthy of your notice.

May the blessing of the Lord rest upon the Editor, and all real friends to divine truth.

(By order of the Committee.)

WM. EDWARDS, *Secretary.*

### GOOD OLD HEZEKIAH :

OR,

THE CHARACTER, THE CONFLICTS, THE CONDUCT,  
AND THE CONFIDENCE OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN.

It is Saturday evening—night is coming on. After another week of mental, ministerial, and temporal toil, I leave my home, my family, my people, and all my temporal concerns, committing them to the better keeping of a gracious God, while I journey on to one of our western cities, where, if God will, I am expected to speak in the Lord's name to-morrow. In every sense, I may say, the troubles of my heart are enlarged, while the difficulties of the way seem to multiply to a fearful extent. Still even now, dark as is still my path, and desperate as my foes assail me, I must say,

“When troubles like a gloomy cloud  
Have gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving-kindness Oh how good!”

But when I am under a thick cloud, as I have been more or less now for a length of time, I find so much slavish fear, so much suspicion as regards the truthfulness of my standing, and sometimes such fearful forebodings, that indeed I wonder where the scene will end. While, however, the storm has been beating upon me (the minutest particulars of which it is my desire to set forth in the future numbers of “The Country Lad and the Christian Curate,” if my life is spared and power be given: while, I say, heart-rending sorrows have set in upon me) there have been four things which I have considered in my favour.—

1. My soul has gone forth in fervent cries to the compassionate High Priest of our profession. (2) In the ministry of the word I have found some peace and liberty. (3.) Many of my most valued friends have cleaved unto me, and have held up my hands; and (4) There has been a marvellous adaptation of the word to my case; and I would

hope, some divine application of it to my soul. As for instance: Tuesday last had been a day of heaviness—I had to preach—after asking for a message, I looked round my little study, and found all my Bibles had been removed. I said to myself, “there is my old Bible in the closet.” I opened it, and there the first words that caught my eye, and impressed my mind were those written in 2 Kings xviii. 30, “THE LORD WILL SURELY DELIVER US.”

It was as though these words silently said in my heart, “The Lord will deliver thee out of thy trials.” I sat down in meditation and prayer for a few moments, and walked on to the house of God, thinking on the character, the conflicts, the conduct, and confidence of good old Hezekiah. He was not a perfect man; but a brief review of these things, were, I hope, useful to me; they may, dear reader, be some good to you. It will be well for us if the description given of his character be applicable to us. The four essential pillars of conformity to the image of Christ, are written of Hezekiah's character. First—“He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord.” What a blessed testimony to be borne to the character of any man! True godly sorrow for sin, a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, an earnest seeking for cleansing, for forgiveness, for justification through the precious blood of Calvary, a holy fellowship with the saints of God, and some sincere devotedness of heart and life to his service, are things which certainly accompany salvation; and are right and acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

The second thing in the context is the conflicts, or opposing powers to which the righteous man is exposed. Hezekiah had not been long on the throne before enemies of a violent and of an inveterate character rose up against him. First, there was “SHALMANEZER” with his mighty host. The learned tell me that one interpretation of “Shalmanezzer” is “the taker away of our peace.” Many such Shalmanezers hath Zion's children found in every age. I have met with some; the enjoyment and quietness of my soul's peace hath often been taken away for a time; in fact, I may say, that for years I have not known what true peace is, only when I have been permitted to get nearness of access at the mercy-seat, or when a Christian brother hath kindly opened his heart to me, and a spiritual flowing out and going forth of soul hath been realised; or, when an unction from the Holy One hath rested upon me in the public ministry of the word. I do sincerely hope these three sacred spots and places I have often found; and then the truth of the prophet's words have been proved—“THIS MAN,” (the one glorious Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus) shall be the peace when the Assyrian shall come into our land. Peace in the conscience through the applied blood of the LAMB, peace in the church through the reigning and ruling power of the Holy Ghost, and peace in the family through a patient endurance of the common trials of life, and a committing of our way unto the Lord, these are mercies we have enjoyed; and although wicked spirits, jealous feelings, cruel efforts, and bitter foes have, at times, disturbed us, yet entirely removed it never can be where truly from heaven it is bestowed.

Shalmanezzer (the historian tells us) died in the midst of the wars; and whither went his soul? Ah, it is a fearful thought, it is a tremendous sentence, “the wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God.”

After Shalmanezzer there came up “Senacherib,” (the bush of destruction) And is it not said, “he emptied the fenced cities of Judah?” And did not Senacherib's master (the prince of the power of the air) empty poor Job of his family, of his possessions, and of all his comforts? Has not this bush of destruction swept down many churches, and, for a time, taken from the Lord's people many mercies? Oh, Christian man, the exhortation of Peter is not to be disregarded—“be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour.” Before you pass from this painful history of the

persecution raised against Hezekiah, it will be well for you to read carefully the 12th verse of the 18th chapter of this second book of Kings; and may the Lord deeply sanctify it to your mind and mine, and then, with double emphasis we shall exclaim, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

The conduct of Hezekiah, and of his people, under Senacherib's and Rabshakeh's cruel tauntings and daring persecutions, is worthy of close attention. Hezekiah had commanded his people by no means to provoke his foes; but to be still and to see the salvation of God. As much as possible we have resolved to follow this track, and to say with David, "Let my sentence come forth from thy mouth." Attempts at self-justification, or self-defence (except under peculiar circumstances) are neither wise in, nor profitable to, the children of grace. You are to remember, that as no mercy can be received by you except it be specially sent from heaven, so, no enemy can rise up against you, no affliction can overtake you, except it be permitted by heaven. He that keepeth Israel will never suffer a dark day to come, nor a dreadful foe to rage, except there be a cause for it. The root of that cause may be found directly in yourself—there may be some dross to consume, some deep lesson to learn, some idol to be removed, or some hidden purpose to be accomplished: for of our God it is most truly written,

" Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will."

If, then, there is an end to be answered by all our trials, and if they can only come and go at heaven's command, it will certainly be our wisest course to do as Hezekiah did—rend our mantle, fall down in the dust, go into the house of the Lord, call upon his holy name, send unto his prophets, and say, "Lift up thy prayer for the remnant that is left."

Now the confidence expressed is the closing part of this my most imperfect epistle. Hezekiah had said, (Rabshakeh had heard of it and ridiculed it) "The Lord will deliver us." This expression of confidence may be applied to the circumstances of the whole of the dear Redeemer's living family, let their position, let their persecution, let their poverty, let their trials be what they may.

Go back, for one moment, to the three-fold feature of character in Hezekiah—"He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord; and he trusted in the Lord God of Israel, and he did cleave unto the Lord, and departed not from walking in the fear and in the fellowship of the great God of our salvation." Oh, my reader, is this thy character? Is this thy condition? My very soul doth most ardently beseech the Lord to give me grace thus to live, thus to labour, and in such a posture to be found when the time of my departure doth arrive. But oh! what a mercy, when in the midst of persecution, perplexity, and trial, to be enabled feelingly to say, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us; and HE WILL DELIVER US."

To the jealous and careful Christian it may be helpful to notice what it is that gives life, strength, and exercise to this most holy confidence. First. A living faith taking hold of a promise-making God, in a revealed promise will give life to this confidence. Secondly, a retrospect of Jehovah's faithful dealings with his people in every age will greatly strengthen this confidence. And lastly, an unctuous sealing home of the promise by the power of the Holy Ghost, will give a blessed exercise to this confidence, which I venture to affirm none but highly-favoured souls can ever understand.

I have seriously questioned in dark and dismal seasons of soul, whether my confidence was a fruit of the Spirit's saving work in my soul or not: but this I can say, calmly and confidently, that there have been times when I have sunk down under the heavy pressure of unbelief and slavish fear, to such an extent, that life itself has been a burden to

me; and in those seasons after solemn prayer, there has been granted unto me what I will term a holy relief by the incoming of some precious promise, whereby, as Peter says, "we are made partakers of the divine nature;" and then a quiet confidence hath fully possessed my spirit, and a fervent longing to live in the very heart and arms of Christ has been drawn forth. Two seasons of this kind I will mention. In the very early part of 1849, I was preaching in Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, and other parts, carrying a heavy burden on my heart arising out of difficulties and dangers at home, which all that know anything of the path I have had to travel in, will understand well. I had carried this burden until I felt I could carry it no longer: and one night after preaching in brother Jacob Bourne's pulpit at Crittleton, I went into my bed-room in that truth-loving man's house—Philip Smith's—and there on my knees did I cry most earnestly for some token for good, some heavenly relief. I turned round to the table in the deep distress of my mind, and opened my Bible right on Psalm xci.: and the eye of a living faith in my soul (as I have ever since hoped) fixed on these words—"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him." &c.

Such relief, rest, and solid peace entered into my mind as enabled me to lay down in thankfulness, and sleep sweetly. Nearly four years have rolled on; and that promise has never yet been fully realised. I have been watching, pleading, and hoping; but the vision tarries. The last season was on Lord's-day evening, September 5, 1852. In the previous week, tidings reached me from the country of a deeply painful character—it seemed really as though Salmanezar, Senacherib, and Rabshakeh were all coming up against me to destroy me at once. Oh, the deep and dark anguish of my soul I cannot describe. Inward rebellion, self-pity, slavish fear, and then a little softness, resignation, and sighing to the Lord made up some part of the travail of my soul. Sunday morning came. I had neither text nor frame of mind for preaching: but after sorrowfully crying to a holy God in Christ, these words came to my mind with a supporting power—"THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT, THE DAY IS AT HAND! let us, therefore, put off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light."

The words seemed to interpret themselves—(under a little holy anointing, as I desire to believe)—in this way: "The dark night of your manifold calamities is very far spent: the day of your holy and happy deliverance is near at hand: therefore, put off these dark distrustful thoughts; put off all confidence in the flesh; and put on faith, hope, prayer, and devotedness of heart to the Lord thy God. I went and spoke from the words as well as I could of "the night being far spent," in a very general way. In the evening, I had to administer the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; and, never, perhaps, did I approach that table more dependent upon the Lord for grace and strength to help me through. By little and by little, the light of day did beam on my mind; and as I retired homeward, such a sense of the love, faithfulness and mercy of a dear Redeemer came into my heart, that I wanted to pour forth my gratitude in secret tears at his dear feet as Mary did of old. I went out into the garden, and there the words came into my mind with a loving quickness—"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him"—and these words were added, "and I will be with him IN TROUBLE." Returning in-doors, I attempted to eat some supper, but my heart was too full. I swooned into a silent sitting down of soul at the feet of Christ. I could inwardly say, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend;" I was not at all concerned whether this was for life or for death; it was to me a happy realization of Watts' words, when he says,

" Jesus, the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms!  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace  
If Christ be in my arms."

It was such a season of silent and happy fellowship with, and leaning upon, the sinner's best Friend, as I think I never knew before. Oh, I felt I could bear all reproach, all persecution, all poverty, all trials, and in perfect patience possess my soul. Now these are supernatural operations; and, if I have not been deceived, they are pledges of the divine favour and faithfulness toward, dear reader, your exercised, but willing servant in the gospel of Christ,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

### Glorifying God in the Fires.

WE have been exceedingly comforted on reading the following letter from our most faithful brother in Christ, John Freeman, now of Cheltenham, proving that our extracts from "GOODWIN'S CHILD OF LIGHT," have been made a special blessing. We do not believe there is a work in existence (the Bible excepted) more calculated to be substantially useful than is "Goodwin's Child of Light walking in Darkness:—

Beloved Brother in the bonds of the everlasting gospel:—My only reason for writing to you is, the love of Christ constraineth me, because you have been much upon my mind this morning; and I feel toward you the most tender and affectionate spirit of brotherly love and sympathy, accompanied with an earnest spirit of prayer. Knowing that you do in a very deed take a deep and lively interest in my welfare, I will state to you my present state and prospects. When I wrote last, I was down in the low place, and had to abide at home two Lord's-days, laid by under affliction; and what was so much worse, my mind was dark and gloomy; no confidence in my soul that I should recover; but the God of my life did enable some of my mourners (see Isaiah lvii. 18) to cry to him; and the Lord gave one of them this precious answer, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick; and the Lord shall raise him up." I returned here and resumed my labours on Lord's-day, August 1, still weak, dark and sad; and continued so all that, and the next day, until Tuesday afternoon; when, as God would have it, just as Apollyon was thinking to make a full end of me, then, even then, did my God rebuke the devourer. I was pacing the room to and fro, in great agony of soul, when I took up the EARTHEN VESSEL for this month; and, sure I am that the blessed Comforter did direct me to read that inestimable extract from "Goodwin's Child of Light walking in Darkness;" for at the very threshold Jesus met me, and led me to the Scripture there referred to, "I have seen his ways, and will heal him; I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners." This did melt, subdue, enlighten and raise me up, and the blessed spirit of supplication was poured into my heart, and hath continued with me until now. Since then, I have walked out every morning, and such hath been the power and condescension of our covenant God, that he hath drawn out my soul for miles, in the most sweet and earnest prayer; and such has been the near and blessed communion I have felt that it seems all the sighs, sorrows and groans of the last twenty years of my life have now begun to be answered with double joy and rest; and during the three last Lord's-days I have felt liberty, power, and holdness in the ministry; enemies are being proved liars, sheep are being gathered; and the congregation is increased nearly double. I feel assured the Lord hath sent me here; and when drawing near this morning, he told me "All thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places: no weapon formed against thee shall prosper." Join me, my dear brother, and let us exalt our God together.

Your affectionate brother in Jesus,

Regent Place, Cheltenham. JOHN FREEMAN.  
August 28th, 1852.

### Thoughts on Heavenly Glory.

How truly bless'd by "precious faith" to know,  
When we shall quit this tiresome world of woe,  
That there's a world which never ends,  
Fill'd with delights which every thought tran-  
scends.

The first delight and glory in the world above,  
Is great Jehovah seated on a throne of love.  
Perfection's there displayed throughout the place,  
And ransom'd myriads shouting sovereign grace!

There's the great palace of the eternal King,  
And saints the mansions with hosannas ring,  
And every soul with rapture swells the song  
To great Emanuel, to whom doth praise belong.

There! age shall never enter, nought decay,  
The building stands on everlasting day;  
It's New Jerusalem, and ne'er grows old,  
When thousand times ten thousand years have  
roll'd.

There transports of eternal joys abound,  
Which ne'er could have been borne on earthly  
ground.

There rays of bliss from God's bright beams of  
love,

Reflect through all the glorious host above.

There darkness is debar'd, 'tis brilliant noon;  
No candle's needed there, no sun nor moon;  
There day is broke, and shadows flee away:  
What glories blaze from God's refulgent ray!

There life is drank from an immortal stream,  
Flowing from God the Father and the Lamb;  
Death never enters, he is known no more—  
He's dead, and banished from the happy shore.

Sin, sorrow, nor afflictions are not found,  
But peace, and comfort, rapturous bliss abound,  
And close communion with the King of kings,  
Thence all eternal pleasure ever springs.

There Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, prophets, priests  
with all

Who came from tribulation, great and small,  
There sit at ease, conversing face to face,  
In splendid garments wrought by sovereign grace

There is the banquet that shall ne'er break up,  
And streams of mercy ever fill the cup;  
The marriage supper of the Lamb is come,  
And every child is brought and welcomed home.  
There's charming anthems, harps of sweetest  
sound,

High stroked by all responsively profound;  
Thus round the throne adoring millions throng,  
Adore, admire, and sing the song of songs.

Then look, bless'd soul, though in a house of clay,  
A mansion is prepared when this falls to decay;  
Keep then, in view, yon splendour's bright and fair  
And stretch thy wings, and pant to enter there.

What's all below compared to bliss on high?  
Should it not make us anxious e'en to die?  
And leave this wilderness, and Achor's vale,  
And go to dwell where glories never fail?

WM. ODLING.

"When thieves break into a man's house, though overpowered perhaps for the time, he will cry out secretly for help, and raise if he can, the whole town upon them. So the poor believer, when assailed by Satan, and sin, will post to heaven with full speed, in earnest prayer, that Jesus may come to his rescue, as Abraham recovered Lot."—MAJOR JOHN ROWLANDSON.

## Trouble in the Conscience.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THAT WHICH A  
WICKED MAN MAY HAVE, AND  
THAT WHICH A RIGHTEOUS MAN HATH.

[We continuo (from page 207 in last number) our extracts from that invaluable work, Goodwin's "*Child of Light walking in Darkness*," now publishing through Houlston and Stoneman. We are in possession of written evidence proving that our re-issue of this most precious volume hath been greatly honoured of God. Thus encouraged we hope to proceed. The following DISCRIMINATING DIRECTIONS are of vital importance to all whose real peace of conscience is a matter of deep concernment with them.]

You that are troubled in mind, think not your estates to be good simply because you cease to be troubled; but only then when the issue of your trouble is healing your spirits by some sound ground of comfort, and when guidance in God's ways, and more close walking with God is the issue of it; for God may slack the cords and take you off the rack when yet he hath not pardoned you. A traitor who was cast into the dungeon, and had many irons on him, may be let out of the dungeon, have his irons taken off, have the liberty of the tower, walk abroad again with his keeper with him, and yet not have his pardon. Nay, usually before execution they use to take the irons off, and let them have more freedom. Thus it is with many. I thank God, says one, I have had much trouble of mind, distress of conscience, such and such sins terrified me, and I could not sleep for them; but now I am well again, and now they do not trouble me: yea, but is this all? Thou hast cause to fear that thy irons are but taken off against execution. It is with men in point of trouble of mind, in the guilt of sin, as in the power of it—in justification as in sanctification. A man who hath had a strong lust stirring in him, if he hath gone a year or two, and findeth it not to stir, he therefore thinks he is utterly freed from it, which may yet be but a *restraint* of it, not killing of it,—a *cessation* not *mortification*; so it is often in this trouble of mind, which ariseth from the guilt of sin, because a man finds not those doubts, and fears, and terrors in his heart which he had wont, therefore presently he thinks all is well; when, as it may be, but merely a *truce*, not a *peace*; a laying down of arms only for a while, to make greater preparation against the soul afterwards; a reprimand and a little enlargement in prison, not a pardon, if this be all the issue of it.

That you may further conceive the meaning of this, in one that is God's child, and in a wicked man, though both may be, and are, troubled in mind and conscience, yet there is a main difference, both in the main cause of

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their trouble, and also in the issue and removal of their trouble. A wicked man's trouble is for the anguish and present smart he feels in sin, and in God's wrath lashing his conscience, and out of fear that his sin will not be pardoned, but that he shall endure these tortures for ever in hell; so it was in Judas, Cain, and many others: but a godly man's trouble (though it hath often all this in it, yet the chiefest of his trouble is a further thing) it is not only the smart, the sting of sin, but also the filth, the foulness, the offence of it done to God, that wounds him; for he hath an heart after God's heart, and therefore looks on sin with the same kind of eye that God doth; and as God accounts the offence done to him the greatest evil in sin, so doth a godly heart also. It is not the sting of this serpent only, but the poison of it that disquiets him; neither is it only the want of pardon of sin, and the fear of God's everlasting wrath, which mainly troubleth him—but the want of God's favour, the parting with him, whom he sees so excellent and glorious, the want of seeing his face; his desire is to live in his sight, and to have God to be his God. Now, such as the wound is, such also is the remedy; therefore, the one being but troubled with the sting, the smart of sin, pull but that sting out, take that load off, and he is well enough—as jocund, as pleasant as ever: it being present ease that he seeks, and to that end confesseth his sin, and doth anything for the present to come out of it, as Pharaoh. (Exod. x. 17.), "Take away this death only;" or, at the utmost, his aim is but pardon of sin, and peace with God, that he may be freed from the fears of undergoing that for ever, the earnest whereof he feels in his conscience now; and hence, therefore, the remedies they often have recourse unto are suitable: they are but like rattles to still children with; they run to merry company, and to music, &c., as Cain fell a building cities; and so they put off the terrors of their consciences. It is ease they seek, and no more; or they run to a formal performance of duties; even as poor souls under Popery, when they were stung by the friar's sermons; they set them penances and good deeds to be done, which stilled them awhile; and for them they thought they should have pardon; so men run now to holy duties, but with the same opinion that they did then, as bribes for a pardon. "What shall I give, says he in Micah, "for the sin of my soul?"

But now, the wound of God's child being deeper, not the sting of sin only, but the poison of it—not the smart, but the offence done to God—nor the fear of his wrath, but want of his favour—therefore, accordingly, ease from those terrors pacify not him;—no, not simply peace with God will content him, or a pardon.

He says not only, "Oh, miserable man that I am, who shall deliver me from this

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death only?" but, "who shall deliver me from this body of death?" If news were brought him that God would pardon him, and not call him to reckoning for any sin, and no more were spoken to his conscience, he would still be troubled, till he had assurance of his good-will also; if it were said, God will indeed pardon thee, but he will never love thee as he did, he will not look on thee, thou must not come into his sight—this would grieve more than the other would content it; and he would be everlastingly troubled. I may allude to that which Absalom said in compliment of his father, when he was banished from him, to express the true desire and greatest trouble of a soul in this case, as you have it in 2 Sam. xiv. 32.

Absalom was pardoned the fault, but it contented him not—"Let me see his face, or let him kill me." So it is with a poor soul: ease, pardon, knocking off his bolts, content him not, till he enjoys communion with God, till he sees his face in his ordinances: "This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face" (Psalm xxiv. 6); that is, this is the mark, the genius, the disposition of that generation. This you may see in David, when his conscience was wounded for that great sin; what was it troubled him? Not the want of pardon of sin, for the prophet told him God had pardoned him—not the mere stings of conscience and ache of his broken bones; "but that against thee, thee have I sinned," so as ease could not satisfy him. But further, (verse 10), "Create in me a clean spirit," which he speaks, because he having chewed the cud of that unclean act, it had left a soil in his fancy, "and renew a right spirit within me." Oh, give me grace and "truth of heart" to thee! and oh! let me live in thy presence, and see thee, and have acquaintance with thee (verse 11): the want of this was it that troubled him, which, till he had obtained, he could never be at quiet; for he sought not ease or pardon only, but healing of his conscience by the favour of God, and his love shed abroad; so as take ease of resting in ease, as if you hearts be right you will not—you will wait till the "Sun of righteousness arise, with healing in his wings." Are you now in darkness, full of terrors and God's wrath? You will not rest till that darkness be dispelled by the arising of the light of the Sun of righteousness on you, and revealing God's face in the face of Jesus Christ, till his righteousness be conveyed to your hearts by some of his wings, by some promise, by some ordinance of his; for the wound being the unrighteousness of sin, nothing but Christ's righteousness will heal it; the wound being the want of God's favour and of the evidence of his being your God, the want of his face and good-will, nothing but the revealing and arising of this in your hearts will heal you; for look what the wound is—such is the plaster; and in-

deed this only heals; for though, by other means, the sore may be skinned over, and ease gotten, yet it will break forth again; so (Isaiah lvii. 17, 18), "I will heal him;"—and how? By restoring comforts to him. "Restore to me the joy of thy salvation," says David, "that the bones that thou hast broken may rejoice;"—and how heals he him? "I create of the fruit of the lips peace." He doth it by some promise or other.

If the want of the sense of communion with God, and absence from him, disquiets a man, then the heart rests not till it hath found its Well-beloved. (Cant. iii. 1—5.) If doubts that no grace is in the heart, then the heart rests not till some grace in truth be evidenced, and some such promise made to some grace brought home.

Still look what the trouble is, such also must the plaster be, and then it is healing. Wert ever in the dungeon? What was it freed thee? Was it Christ's righteousness laid hold on, God's face revealed, thine own grace with some promise brought home to thy heart that came with a commission to deliver thee? Then it is right: otherwise thy bolts may be knocked off, and this but against thy execution.

### An Appeal

TO ONE LIVING IN THE NEGLECT OF ORDINANCES.

MY DEAR SISTER AND FRIEND.—I hope when you consider my love for your precious—your never-dying soul, as a jewel of inestimable value to my Saviour and your Saviour, to my God and your God, called by the same sovereign free grace, sanctified by the same Holy Spirit, washed in the same precious blood, heirs of the same great and precious promises, partakers of the same spiritual blessings, inheritors of the same kingdom, recipients of the same salvation, children of the same Father, and pre-ordained to the same eternal glory—I hope, I say, when you think of these things you will excuse my freedom of speech in what follows.

But, my dear friend, when I look back upon the period in which you were surrounded with difficulties, troubles, and distresses; when I think of what your walk was then, at a time when opposition and persecution strove hard against you, and compare it with what it appears to be now, I feel bound to speak with plainness and freedom; for in the midst of all this, and when weakness of body accompanied these things, you seemed to be fat and flourishing; then did you often draw near to the Lord, and live a life of faith upon, and love in, the Son of God, and then were you like a young fir tree in the courts of the Lord's house—then was your seat in the sanctuary seldom unoccupied, your love to the Lord, and concern for your immortal

soul surmounted every difficulty, stood firm against all opposition, rose above and passed over every hindrance which came in your way. But alas! alas! you listened to the evil, peace-destroying, God-dishonouring suggestions of the enemy, and so became faint with the struggle.

Often have I waited for your appearance at the Lord's house on the week evening, and disappointment has filled my heart that you have not come. Sad has been my feelings when, Sabbath morning after Sabbath morning the eye of the preacher has wandered over the vacant seat, and when, without doubt, the heart of your minister, like the breast of your friend, has, on your account, been filled with sadness.

But what painful words do I write now? that the saints of the Lord except on ordinance evening, behold you not in the house of the Lord! I can easily think, my dear friend, the excuses the enemy of your soul will find you—that you have changed your residence, and that on account of the distance you cannot come. I have no doubt but your other excuse is that you sometimes go to hear other ministers.

The former is but a lame excuse, while you have, or could have, (with a little perseverance on your part), your time on the Sunday afternoon at least at your own disposal. The walk is not so very far if you take your time; but, allowing it to be too long for your strength, conveyances are very cheap, and plenty; so that you see, my dear friend, your first excuse becomes at once invalid. I have no reason to doubt your word as to the latter, nor do I in the least do so—but, my dear sister, I stand in doubt of your constancy to your God! I appeal to yourself: have you not told me that our dear pastor's ministry has, upon the whole, been more profitable to your soul than that of any other? Whence, then, arises your laxness to be found beneath the sound of his voice, if your attachment to that ministry is not grown cold? I know God is not confined to men or places; but has he, in infinite mercy, condescended to find you a fold—provide you pasture therein, and give you an under shepherd to feed you withal? nothing but an impossibility to attend, should keep you away.

What idol—(I would ask you as in God's sight)—hath bewitched you? Ye did run well, what doth hinder? I beseech of you, my sister, to entreat your God, that he would give you grace to set your foot on the neck of his cursed foe. Is the kingdom of God worth no sacrifice? did Christ make none for us? Is the peace of your soul of such small moment with you? Again do I appeal to your conscience: Is there peace within? Let me beg of you, in all Christian love and affection, to consider in your closet, before God, this weighty matter; and O! that you might, by divine grace, be enabled to say, in

the face of all that stands between, "Return unto thy rest, my soul, for the Lord hath redeemed thee." Confer not with flesh and blood, neither your own self-pitying heart, nor that of another; but, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass." Lay all your case before him; ask him for Christ's sake, to mark out your pathway for you; and when he hath shewed it unto you, beg for grace and strength to walk therein. If you ask believing, you will surely receive; he cannot belie himself—"His promises are all yea, and amen, in Christ Jesus;" one of which is, "The soul of the diligent shall be made fat;" and another is, "The Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." Knowest thou not, my sister, that thy body is a temple of the Holy Ghost? I know there is no real pleasure in this world, either for you or me; let us endeavour so to walk, that it deprive us not of that which we have in Christ Jesus even in this life, if we do the things which he commands us.

Onward to Zion, my sister, ascend!  
High on its throne sits thy Saviour and Friend!  
What hast thou found in thy way to beguile?  
Satan is hidden in ambush the while.  
Cull not the roses that lay in thy path;  
They but lead down to the chambers of death;  
Death to thy confidence, death to thy joy,  
'Neath their soft foldings are thorns to destroy.  
Dost thou accumulate tinsel and dress?  
God will refine with the fire and the cross;  
If thou eat grapes with the foes of thy soul,  
Bitterness shall be thy portion withal.  
Whence is thy laxness—that thou art not seen  
Where God doth walk his dear children between?  
Where his love-tokens especially are given—  
Where he doth oft bestow foretastes of heaven?  
Be not offended, nor think I am bold;  
I am but jealous, since thou art grown cold!  
Once thy young feet in the pathway seem'd strong,  
Whence do they flag, if their vigour's not gone?  
Do the sweet charms of Emanuel decay,  
That a short distance can keep thee away?  
Where is thy zeal—thy devotion—oh where,  
When we assemble, that thou art not there?  
Rise from the earth, the vile dust shake away!  
Think of thy vows, go to God, and repay.  
Go, and thy body before him present;  
Naught but affliction thy feet should prevent.  
Thou art responsible!—think of that word;  
Every bless'd Sabbath's a gift from thy Lord;  
Where's the example thou settest at home?  
Strive to induce thy dear brother to come;  
Let not the hindrance which lays in thy way  
Cause thy sweet labours of love to decay.  
Dost thou rely on thy heavenly Friend?  
Blessings divine shall thine efforts attend:  
Christ did not halt till his task was complete,  
Else even Jesus had met a defeat!  
Halt not, my friend, till thy warfare is done;  
Work while 'tis called to day—night's coming on.  
Night! oh, the awful word! night in the grave!  
There is no Saviour to ransom, to save.  
Stripe upon stripe, if thou turn from his way,  
As thou hast known it thy God will repay.  
Deep must the snares be of satan and sin,  
Which can detain thee again and again.  
Where are the weapons thy King did prepare?  
Hast thou mislaid them? go, seek them in pray'r!  
Lean on the arm of thine husband, thy God,  
And thou shalt triumph by Jesu's rich blood.

Your's in Christian love,  
August 7, 1851. H. M. ALLINGHAM.

### What is Election ?

WE give the following as a specimen of that admirable series of papers called "Cottage Tracts," now publishing by Aylott and Jones, edited, as we believe, by an excellent clergyman at West Wrattling, in Cambridgeshire. The following is found in No. 28 of the Series.—Ed.

"The horrid and frightful consequences which Arminians draw from the doctrine of election we abhor more than they do.

"As nothing is more contrary to the nature and perfection of God than sin, it is absolutely impossible that he should be the author or approver of it; it is the abominable thing the Lord hates. (Jer. xlv. 4.)

"The divine decree of election to salvation never did or could damn any; God is the alone Author of election and of salvation. Reprobation or damnation is the alone consequence of sin, which would take place if God had elected none; the justice of God required that all who actually sinned, or their surety, must suffer the penalty. Election was in Christ to salvation, grace, and glory before the foundation of the world. (Ephes. i. 4.) Reprobation or damnation would never be heard of if sin had not entered into the world.

"The word 'reprobation' is never mentioned in all the Scripture—nor is the scriptural word 'reprobate' ever mentioned as the consequence of election, nor as its opposite, nor in immediate connexion with it, or depending on it, or as what necessarily follows it. I grant it is put in opposition to what men profess to be, or ought to be.

"The sole cause of election is God's free love and good pleasure; the sole cause of reprobation or damnation is only sin; election is no cause of any creature's misery, or of any man's sustaining any loss whatsoever, nor can it in its own nature, possibly be so. But certain it is, that mankind in general partake of multitudes of privileges in this world for the sake of God's elect among them.

"As, 1—The gospel preached unto them peace, plenty, health, liberty, prosperity in the world. The wicked usually have the greatest share of these, and shall have the continuance of them so long as the elect is among them. 2. The gospel, wheresoever it comes is the foundation of the sinner's hope, because it proclaims the nature and perfections of God, of Christ's person, offices, grace, sacrifice, satisfaction and salvation. Of the Divine Spirit's person, work and operations. 3. Of the Holy Scripture, the knowledge of which is of infinitely more value than all arts and sciences put together. And as the gospel is for the elect's sake, and will continue till all these are gathered home, so all gospel worship and ordinances are continued for their sake. For the elect's sake awful judgments are either removed, prevented, or

shortened (Matt. xxiv. 22); and when the last vessel of mercy is gathered in, the whole will be burnt. God's electing love, the glorious gospel of the grace of God, and Christ himself, are the most valuable blessings, which never did or could do any hurt to mankind, but which actually keep the wicked from that black despair which would render them unfit for any service in life. The decree of election renders no man incapable of performing spiritual worship, or of believing or obeying, or of repentance and salvation. It is original and actual sin, man's native enmity and hatred of God and all goodness, that render men of themselves utterly incapable of performing these truly; and whereas, to know in this world who is not elected, is a secret in the bosom of God only, as God has never made it known to any prophet, or apostle, or minister, or any Christian whatsoever that we read of, much less can he be supposed to make it known to any reprobate out of hell; therefore, no man can warrantably say of himself or of any other individual person, that he is not elected, or that God is resolved not to give him, or her, a heart to believe, repent, and be saved; because we know God saves sinners, even the chief of them, by electing love and grace.

"It is not the judge or the jury that condemns the criminal; these only, after a fair trial, find them guilty; it is only guilt that brings punishment; the law of God in itself is holy, just and good, (Rom. vii. 12), and does not curse or condemn any man until it is broken. Divine justice could not condemn until the law was broken; therefore, reprobation did not take place before a law was given and broken. Suppose that out of twenty found guilty, the king should pardon ten, he is not the cause of the other ten being executed—it would be his clemency that pardons any; their breaking the laws of the kingdom condemns them. The doctrine of eternal election makes God more merciful than the Arminian doctrine of universal redemption; because that doctrine which absolutely ascertains the regeneration, effectual calling, the sanctification of the spirit, as well as the eternal salvation of an innumerable company which no man can number, of all nations, kindreds, people and tongue, of his rich mercy (Rev. vii. 9), must represent God more merciful than the Arminian scheme, which cannot ascertain the salvation of one man now living, who may be a child of God to-day, and a child of the devil to-morrow, and so perish everlastingly on that plan.

"The judicious Dr. Gill, on reprobation, in his 'Cause of God and Truth,' says, 'Always consider men as sinners in the decree of damnation, and that God appointed none but sinners, and no man but for sin, to everlasting torments; and where is the cruelty of this? Permission of sin no more proves God to be the author of sin in the reprobate, than in the

elect. That God created souls to be inevitably damned, and put them into bodies that they might be fit objects for his eternal wrath are things we abhor and detest; nor can they be fairly deduced from the decree of reprobation; nor is creation the means of damnation, nor damnation the end of creation. God made no man to damn him, but he made him for himself, for his own glory.'

"Election of man to salvation, cannot possibly, in itself, be of any bad consequence to any creature, any more than the election of Christ or the election of angels is. The doctrine of election is a soul-comforting doctrine to God's children, and hath no tendency in its own nature to distress the mind of any man. The dark conclusions which the Arminians draw do not belong to the doctrine. The divine Father's loving the elect with the same love wherewith he loved his Son, and choosing them in Christ to be holy and without blame before him in love, must be a comfortable doctrine (John xvii. 21—24; Eph. i. 4). What insures holiness must insure glory; election doth so, and glory must follow (Isaiah xiv. 17; 2 Tim. ii. 10). As there is no salvation for any who have actually sinned, if a perfect atonement and satisfaction are not actually made to the law and justice of God for those sins by Christ; Christ, the elect's Surety, hath actually made an atonement, and given full satisfaction to law and justice, in the room and stead of his elect, their sins being laid on him, imputed to him, borne by him in his own body on the tree (Isa. xlii. 21; liii. 6; xl. 1, 2; 1 Pet. ii. 24). Therefore Christ demands their deliverance (Job xxxiii. 23, 24), and he saves them from sin as well as from hell, (Matt. i. 21). No other doctrine but election can justify, and no other persons but the elect in Christ Jesus are delivered from all charges and all condemnation. (Rom. viii. 1, 33, 34.)

"From the whole, as there never was or will be any final or eternal salvation, but as the alone effect of God's mercy; so there never was or will be any reprobation or final eternal damnation, but as the alone effect of sin and of God's hatred to it."

"When the Persian poet would set forth the advantages of good company, he tells us how that once when in a bath he fell in with a piece of sweet scented clay, and upon inquiring from it the cause of its sweet odour, it replied, 'I was for some days in the company of some amber, or I had still been only a despicable piece of clay.' So, we are told that those much about courts acquire a courtly polish, which none can imitate. And thus, better assimilation still, if we see a man humble and gentle, and full of loving forbearance and truth, we take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus: and has had much and familiar intercourse with One who is very meek and lowly of heart."—"Basket of Fragments and Crumbs, by Major M. J. Rowlandson." BINNS and GOODWIN, Bath.

## ELECTION.

ELECTION! oh the glorious plan!  
In choosing guilty, ruin'd man:  
Election was ere Adam fell,  
And did secure the saints from hell:  
Election acts (in Christ) apart  
The objects of Jehovah's heart:  
Election! it will ever stand  
When all the non-elect are damn'd:  
Election! ancient standing this,  
It doth secure the heirs of bliss:  
Election fixed Jehovah's Son  
The church's Head ere time begun:  
Election reigns in spite of sin;  
Oh may its power in me begin:  
Election makes me own my guilt,  
And plead the blood that Jesus spilt:  
Election puts free-will aside,  
In spite of all its boasting pride:  
Election, men will never love  
Till they are taught it from above:  
Election brings a chosen race  
To trace the wonders of free grace:  
Election makes us cry undone,  
And trust alone in God's own Son:  
Election men will still despise,  
And say this glorious truth's but lies:  
Election Christ the Lord did preach,  
Where'er he went he this did teach:  
Election, Paul he did proclaim,  
And preached it through a Saviour's name:  
Election all the prophets knew,  
Wrote of its truths and glories too:  
Election, Pharisees reject;  
They hate to hear of God's elect:  
Election strips them, brings them down,  
That grace alone may wear the crown:  
Election, God's eternal plan,  
It stands opposed to boasting man:  
Election, boasting puts aside,  
And shows a Jesus crucified:  
Election, angels do confess,  
And own their standing all to this:  
Election, devils can't deny,  
Because Jehovah, pains'd them by:  
Election, all the saints esteem,  
And give the glory all to Him  
Who chose them from a ruin'd race  
To glorify electing grace.

Hulme, Manchester. ROBERT DAGGATT.

## Practical Late Worshippers.

[RESPECTED SIR—By allowing the few verses on late worship to appear in your VESSER, you will oblige E. M. Surely the time is come when such persons should be advised, for conscience sake, not to annoy or disturb minister, people and worship. I have noticed some late ones, before they sit down, hide their face by their hand: is this shame—or are they seeking a blessing on what is left of the service?]

SOME showers of grace, Lord, send us down,

Now we are met to praise and pray:

Our early hours let mercy crown,

That we may hear some joys away.

Zion is now a house of prayer,

But often made the gate of heaven;

Often I wish my brethren there,

To sing, with joy, of sin forgiven.

But sad example, Lord, we shew,

When thy most holy day appears:

Satan suggests—Too soon to go;

And thus we slight both praise and prayer.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should think

Thy holy day too long for me:

The soul is standing on the brink

Of death, and God's eternity.

A solemn moment waits us here;

That gone, we stand before our God;

While Jesus bids his saints draw near;

Sinners, they fall beneath his rod.

1852.

E. M.

## A Letter by the late John Stevens.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS:—Having been down into Lincolnshire to blow the gospel trumpet, I have met with many of the Lord's people; and one of them a Mrs. Bottomley, of Donington, who gave me a letter of the late Mr. John Stevens, which is so excellent I should like to see it in the EARTHEN VESSEL. It has never been published. Mrs. B. is a daughter of Mr. Magnus, to whom addressed, late of Boston, in whose keeping the letter has been for years. Trusting it will be useful to the church of Christ, I am your's faithfully, in the Lord Jesus,  
Trowbridge, Aug. 27, 1852. JOSEPH FLORY.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I was glad to hear of your welfare by Mr. Sharp, and sorry to find you are yet unprovided for as to the desirable privilege of the gospel ministry; our God is a sovereign, and doeth as pleases among the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth. We have to admire his wisdom and grace in ordaining the salvation of his chosen, in so sovereign, in so safe a manner. The righteousness in which you are hoping to be found is complete; is given; is unforfeitable; is everlasting, and I trust received by faith, and enjoyed with real peace of conscience; no changing events of providence can for one moment effect its prevalent influence in our endless justification. "Ye are complete in him," is truth's continual voice without imitation, and without any injustice to the divine law, or sinful sanction of human folly; we have sinned, but Jesus died, yea, is risen from the arrest of death and seated in refulgent brightness, and reigns in power immortal as our head and ever-loving Saviour; yes, he ever lives to make intercession for us, and to baffle all the hellish projects set on foot by the prince of darkness, and his willing agents to injure a people they cannot destroy; He holds the keys of death and hell, nor can his wisdom be perplexed, or his power prevented. His gracious dominion is seated in the hearts of his people. Through the rich virtues of his atoning blood, each subject of his kingdom is made willing to trust his life in his hand, nor will such remain being unnoticed of God, or not useful to man. You have tasted, I trust that the Lord is gracious, and have found the pleasures of a contrite spirit, and a living hope. The prayer of faith will ever be regarded by the God of promise, because it is not only the fruit of his own gracious influence, but is presented on the great altar of Immanuel's mediation. In the Lamb that was slain, grace has abounded over all the horrid sins and blasphemies of an elect world. He is more able to save, than our sins can be to damn us; he is more willing to save than us, than we are to be saved; his mediation has more honoured the law of creation, than our sins could dishonour it. O, glorious grace, O, precious blood, may all our powers unite to praise the eternal triune God for such a sea of grace, without either bottom or shore.

You have set sail, Sir, and have not only your vessel insured, but are assured no shipwreck shall befall you to injure your vessel or damage any of your valuable loading. The Lord grant you a fair wind and a final entrance into the haven of eternal rest.

I must now abruptly conclude as Mr. Sharp is just come in and cannot stop.

Ever your's in Christ Jesus,

JOHN STEVENS.

London, Nov. 1812.

### A GOOD WORD

#### To the Editor and his Correspondents.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have long been desirous of dropping a line into your hands, because I dearly love you, in the truth as it is in Jesus; and as your labours are not in vain in the Lord, because the Lord has blessed the words of eternal truth which you have spoken from the Fountain of truth in your *Vessel*, which I have read. This is why I esteem you as a friend to my soul. You must look over my infirmities, for I feel in myself a cold and lifeless lump of clay; but though I feel barren, and cold, and empty in myself, yet in Jesus I am fruitful, and have my cold heart warmed by his divine love; and in him I possess all that a living soul can need for time and eternity; but when Jesus hides his face, I mourn his absence as one that is bereft of his dearest friend: as one whose comfort is gone: yet his love is the same towards me: and though I a feeble worm change almost every minute in my feelings, yet Jesus changes not; his love is the same: he cannot change: he is at one eternal stay: he says,— "Because I change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Oh, my friends, here is love; not that we loved God; no, far from that, when we were enemies to him by wicked works, and should have remained enemies to the present moment, had not the Lord (in his tender mercy and compassion to our poor, lost souls, when he saw us polluted in our blood), passed by us, and said unto us "live," and we became living souls, alive to feel our own deadness; our eyes open to see our lost condition; so that we feel our own weakness and ignorance, and our short-comings and mis-doings, which makes us cry out with Paul, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death! Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Here is solid ground to rest our weary souls upon in the midst of temptation, knowing that we shall have the victory through Christ ere long, and shall be removed into a land of pure joy and happiness, where we may drink of the river of the water of life freely. No want there; no temptations there; no doubts and fears to try our faith; no evil heart to grapple with there; for we shall be fashioned like our blessed and glorious Redeemer, who is pure love. If this be the blessedness of the state of the children of God, why so many sad fears!— why so many doubts about the Lord's faithfulness!— why so many desponding thoughts! where is there any solid ground for fears! are they not all groundless! "If the Lord be for us, who can be against us!"

But who can rejoice when oppressed— laden with sorrow and anguish!— Who can rejoice when in this state of mind! But there is ground

for rejoicing even here; for "through much tribulation ye shall enter the kingdom of heaven: knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; a hope that maketh not ashamed." But hope of what? Of deliverance from this wall of tears, to inherit everlasting life in a land where there are pleasures for evermore. This is the secret and end of tribulation; it is the path which the Lord has marked out for us to tread in to that land of pure delight, where all tears will be wiped away from all eyes. This is the portion of all who are weary of sin, and flee to Christ for want of a shelter.

Your's, in the bonds of love, F. M.

### The Gospel on the coast of Essex.

MY DEAR EDITOR:—May the grace, mercy and truth of a triune and covenant-keeping God be with you, to lead, guide, strengthen and establish you in all things. Knowing, as I do, that you love to see and hear of the success and prosperity of our beloved Zion, I herewith send you this little scrap, and if you think it worth while to put it on board your little bark, with all its faults and failings, you can do so, or cast it aside among your waste. There is an island off the sea coast of Essex, that goes by the name of Fowlness, on the which, I trust, the dear Lord has a few followers of the dear Lamb, the which are poor in this world, but rich in faith, and heirs of a better and a more enduring kingdom. Truly may it be said, the Lord's people are hid in caves and dens of the earth; and as that place in bygone days could scarcely be equalled by any for acts of profligacy and wickedness, and seemed to be living without God, and without hope in the world; but the dear Lord, of his own infinite mercy, knows when and where to find out those precious gems, (made so by his grace,) that shall help to adorn his sacred crown to all eternity; he sought out two or three, and quickened them by his own Almighty Spirit, and they were manifestly prisoners of hope; and the cry of their souls was, "Come over, and help us." And the Lord, in the order of his all-wise providence, was pleased to hear their cry, and send them help, and to strengthen them, by sending them ministers to teach them the way of the Lord more perfectly; so that in February, 1850, the Lord inclined them to send an invitation to a friend and faithful minister in the gospel, to come over from Burnham, to speak to them in the name of the Lord; and accordingly he went in the strength of the Lord and preached unto them of Jesus and the resurrection; that he is All in all in sinners' salvation. The dear Lord was pleased to own and bless, as well as to back the word with his own power to the hearts of a few poor sinners; and one, like the poor widow in the gospel, had waited long for the consolation of Israel, and did not wait in vain, for in the Lord's own set time they became prevailing Israels.

But here I would pause, and say, "What hath God wrought?" In this case, as in all others where the Lord by his power begins to shake the territories of satan, in carrying on his own work in a poor sinner's heart, there hell, with all her legions, begins to roar and foam out their poisonous venom against the saints of the Most High God, and against his cause; and satan maketh the dregs of iniquity and wrath boil like a pot. But, bless the name of the dear Lord, he hath declared that the wrath of man, ah, and woman too, shall praise him, and the remainder he will restrain; and so it proved in this instance; for he was, through the Lord's mercy and power, enabled to stand, and to follow the Lord. But the Lord was pleased to cut the snare, and the poor man was delivered; the devil with his instruments was nonplussed, and

God was in all abundantly glorified. The truth still sounds forth, and is made so precious to their souls, that they desire to honour their dear Lord and Master, by walking in his own appointed ways—and persuaded of the ordinance of baptism by immersion, they desired to attend to the same, the day being appointed—the 18th of July—the ministers on the occasion were, Mr. Westhorpe, of Great Wakering, and brother Newman, from Burnham, met at the little cause.

Brother Westhorpe gave them an encouraging address from the 2 Cor. v. 14—"The love of Christ constraineth us." Holding forth that the love of Christ in a poor sinner's heart will constrain him, or her, to many things to love his truth, his people, as well as to follow him and attend to the ordinances of his own house, knowing that to obey is better than sacrifice. After the conclusion of the morning service the candidates, seven in number, all males, six belonging to the island, and one from Burnham—all, I believe, from what I could learn, were blessed with gospel liberty; they then went to the sea side, and took up that cross, by the Lord's help, which is ridiculed by the world, abused by professors, and set at nought, I am sorry to say, by many of the Lord's own people.

Brother Westhorpe opened the proceedings by singing a hymn from Rippon's Selection, and then invoked the divine blessing; then a short address suitable for the occasion; then brother Newman gave a few words of address to the people. The first one on the occasion (or that ever was baptised on the island) was an old man, above eighty years of age, being enabled, by God's grace, to put on the Lord Jesus Christ by immersion in the eve of his natural life. The old man, among the all things that he said while standing in the water waiting to be plunged beneath the liquid element, said, "Do not suppose that I am come here to wash away my sins; no, that was done more than eighteen hundred years ago; and besides, here is not water enough in all the sands to wash away one sin." Our brother Newman then baptised, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, amid a vast concourse of spectators; but all by the goodness of God was peace and good order.

They then returned to their little Bethel; and service commenced by singing one of dear old Kent's hymns. Our friend Newman then gave them a sound gospel discourse from that infallible word recorded in Acts ii. 47, last clause, shewing in a very scriptural way and manner the difference between the Lord's adding to his church and men adding. Men often add to the visible church some that are a plague, and a pest, and fire among the Lord's people; but the Lord adds those that he hath purposed to save with an everlasting salvation.

The service then concluded. They then assembled around the table, and to them was broken the emblems of Christ's body and blood. The friends then dispersed to their respective places of abode. Some from Burnham, some from South Chard, some from Prittlewell, some from Rayleigh. The Rayleigh friends when on the road, called at our friend Westhorpe's house, where we were served up with a sumptuous tea at our worthy friend's expense—the Lord bless and reward him for his hospitality to the saints.

And now, my dear brother in Christ, I leave you and yours' in the hands of Him that is faithful to his word and his people, and may the divine blessing rest upon you and me, with every individual member of our beloved Zion, is the prayer of one who is, and desires to feel more so, less than the least of all saints. I subscribe myself a lover of discriminating truth, with you, in the best of bonds.

Rayleigh, Essex, Aug. 19, 1852. A SPECTATOR.

P.S.—What I referred to above about the devil's roving, was one of the candidates' wife: the devil blowed up the fire through her so hot against her husband; but the Lord gave him strength to persevere, and he was pleased at last to slay the enmity of the woman's mind.

# Record of Recent Events & Notices of New Books.

## Mount Zion Chapel, Hill St., Dorset Square.

On Lord's-day evening, August 29th, 1852, brother FOREMAN immersed seven believers—in the name of the holy and sacred Three, according to gospel precept, and apostolic practice—six females, and one male disciple; thus proving, that to obey is better than sacrifice; and many present were made to feel, that with such services God is well pleased. Our brother's text on this occasion was Mark i. 1; observing, that unless they who profess themselves believers in revelation, take the *whole* of what is revealed—they cannot fairly blame the deist or infidel who rejects the whole. The Bible is the only book which will bear to be read again and again; all others weary the reader, and become stale, after a second or third reading. Sheep feed in pastures, and this book is the pasturage of Christ's sheep. The different books are like separate fields; each yielding rich pasturage, and a safe resting place. Sometimes the gate of one or the other of these fields is locked, and the sheep must leave that, to graze in another—leave David field, and go to Isaiah, or John field. All these fields contain Jesus and eternal life to feed upon. This text contains, subject and department.—The gospel and the beginning of it.

Subject.—The word *gospel* has its varied significations. God's *spell*, in opposition to all human and pretended spells. It spells away death from guilty sinners. It is the ministry of life, not of condemnation: the covenant of grace, as opposed to that of works. The gospel of Christ, not of Adam, nor Moses; the word of life, of reconciliation; Christ chosen, and the people in him, and the publication in his name; the Son of God, and the only way to God. How is he so? It is not for us to know the how; the fact as revealed is sufficient for us. The Father is the source of all, and it is his will to reveal himself in Trinity of Person, that we, by a Mediator, may approach to Deity; and to constitute Christ a brother to us, that we may receive the adoption of sons. All these blessings are revealed to us by the Spirit. In the gospel, all deserved curses are removed, all undeserved blessings are secured to the believer. It is a declaration of what Christ is. Talk of what you will in connection with the gospel, it is all in Christ, in names, relations, and characters. It testifies of every thing in Christ, and that all in him is his people's.

A religion without Christ is a shadow without substance, a shell without a kernel. Are we believers? all is ours: are we hungerers? we shall be filled.

Department.—The beginning of the gospel, not the beginning of grace, love, peace, faith, type, prophecy. No. The Old Testament tells of Him to come; the New of Him who came and fulfilled. Is not the beginning of a thing a part of the whole? And shall we say otherwise of the gospel? What is the beginning related by Mark? The baptism of John, a predicted messenger of the Lord Jesus, to prepare the way for Him. The light of daybreak is the beginning of day, but it is the same light as that which shines when the sun is up. So the ministry and bap-

atism of John was the same as the further developments of the gospel economy. No alteration, no difference, made by the Lord Jesus or his apostles. We like the beginning, as we like all that follows. Shall we disdain to follow in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus? He was baptised by John, and there was no alteration practised or attempted by the apostles or any else in their time. In the baptism of God the Son, God the Father sanctioned it by a voice from heaven, and God the Holy Ghost descended visibly and rested upon the Lord Jesus. There can be no higher authority, no greater sanction.

Now observe apostolic practice in four instances. Peter, full of the Holy Ghost, bade 3000 repentants to be baptised on the day of Pentecost. Was he in error? Philip, sent by the Spirit to preach Jesus to the eunuch, baptised him on a profession of faith; and Philip must have preached baptism to him, or how should he know it? Was that delusion? Peter, sent by the angel to Cornelius to tell him what to do, baptised him and his household when the Holy Ghost had fallen on them all, marking thus their qualification. Did Peter mistake his mission? Saul of Tarsus was bidden to arise and be baptised by Ananias, who was sent by God to him for this purpose. Was he in error? Dell, and his pupil Silver, may say so, but the word of God, and the Spirit of God, prove the contrary. W. H.

## Departure of Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure for Australia.

FAREWELL MEETING AT UNICORN-YARD CHAPEL.

[Our brother M'Cure (late pastor of the Baptist Church at Hadlow, in Kent) has left England for Australia. The following brief report of his farewell meeting will shew that a deep sympathy was manifested towards him and his family. We sincerely trust his mission to the colonies will not only prove a spiritual blessing to multitudes in those large settlements, but that it may be productive of such means as to enable him to fulfil every engagement he has made to his bereaved friends. —Ed.]

MANY of our friends have been made aware of the intention of our brother Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure to leave England for the distant shores of Anstralia. On Monday, August 30, a numerous and well attended meeting was held in Unicorn Yard Chapel to bid adieu to him, and to commend him, his dear wife and six children to the care of Him who holds "the winds in his fists, and the waves in the hollow of his hands."

Mr. Hazleton supplicated the divine blessing on the occasion; a hymn was sung, and Mr. Thomas Jones, late of Chatham (the chairman) stated the objects of the meeting; in which he told how he first became acquainted with Mr. M'Cure; how he valued him as a brother labourer in the vineyard; and concluded by giving it as his opinion that in the steps our brother had taken he believed him to have acted honestly and conscientiously, and that it appeared to him it was the will of the Lord he should leave his native shores, and go to Australia, to blow the gospel trumpet there.

A verse having been sung, Mr. Philip Dickerson proceeded to address the company on the subject of emigration, and the duty of Christian churches to provide true gospel ministers for our antipodean brethren. In entering upon his subject Mr. Dickerson said he fully agreed with the chairman in all he had said, that they met under solemn circum-

stances—they met to commend one to God who had himself commended many to God, and one who had others depending on him for support, and for whom he was responsible. He (Mr. M'Cure) was about undertaking an enterprise attended with many dangers, difficulties and trials, which he supposed none would deny. Upon the subject of emigration he confessed himself to be a novice, and that he could say but little; but in his estimate there was a necessity for emigration. One circumstance he had noticed, of which he would make mention. The number of deaths during one week in the past month was 1084, a larger number by some 150 or 200 than usual, owing to an epidemic prevailing at the time. The number of births registered during the same week in London was 1639, which, without considering the unusual number of deaths, was an increase of births over the deaths of 555 IN ONE WEEK, which, multiplied by 52, shewed an increase of 28,860. So that, if from London alone 30,000 a year should emigrate, we should be still quite as numerous. Looking at this alone (continued the speaker), it would seem to be necessary, as the increase must necessarily render employment exceeding scarce. He also looked upon emigration as necessary for the population of that widely-spread land of Australia—a place, perhaps fifty or five hundred times larger than our own little island, one of the finest countries in the world, and where the land is teeming with every thing necessary for good cultivation. Again, the speaker considered emigration necessary to carry out the design of God. Why it was left till the middle of the nineteenth century for this to be, he could not tell. Beside which, he (Mr. Dickerson) could not dismiss from his mind the idea that the church of God would beset up in that distant land; he could not suppress the thought that God there had intended to raise up a people to his name. He fully anticipated that the church there would rise far superior in numbers and influence. He therefore considered emigration necessary to make room for the increase of population, and to furnish support for that increase.

In support of the second part of his subject, (the duty of Christians to provide truthful teachers for the colonies), Mr. Dickerson read a letter from Mr. Dowling, printed in the GOSPEL HERALD some time since, wherein the want of Christian ministers abroad was strikingly set forth. But (said Mr. Dickerson) how are we to bring jarring opinions together? For many years there has seemed to be an agreement on one point only—that is, to keep their money in their pockets. Was a society formed to place money in their pockets, plenty would be found to say, "I'll be Treasurer;" and "I'll be Secretary." Though the thought might provoke a smile, he felt persuaded it was not a smile of approbation; but rather, if such a thing were, a smile of grief. He attributed the neglect of these things to a want of love; and after commenting at some length upon Mr. Dowling's letter, Mr. Dickerson concluded, by saying that the present was an opportunity of doing something whereby they might shew their love to their brethren; by doing something for their brother, J. B. M'Cure.

A portion of the 776th hymn, Denham's Selection, having been sung, Mr. M'Cure rose to state some of the leadings of providence, which had induced him, with his wife and six dear children, to depart hence for Australia. The following is the substance:

Christian friends: I need not say that I stand here with very peculiar feelings. You will not expect me to say much. I am pleased and gratified to see such a goodly company here to-night. I am requested to state my reasons for going to Australia. I can't think of going fully into particulars at this time. It was on reading the letter of Mr. Dowling's, which our brother Dickerson has read to you to-night, that my soul was first filled with desires to leave my native land to preach the gospel of our Christ in those distant lands; "Lord, I said, if it is thy will, I should like to go." I spoke to

my wife; but she was decidedly opposed to it. I knew that if it was God's will for me to go, he would open the way: and I therefore felt resigned to leave the matter in his hands. You will ask, how came those desires to be renewed, after the lapse of seven or eight years? I will tell you. For eighteen long months I prayed God to avert that calamity which has cost me my all. But no: the winds of adversity must blow, and the circumstance came; and then the desires to proceed to Australia were at work again within me. I shall never forget the time. I again spoke to my wife, and I found her willing. I turned aside, and I said, "O Lord, is this thy hand!" The insurmountable difficulty which had before stopped me—that which I had looked upon as a sign as to whether I was to go or not—was now removed. The next day I had to go to London. Having arrived there, and riding along in an omnibus, thinking about it, and looking to the Lord for direction, brother Minton (a deacon of Mount Zion Chapel, City Road) entered the omnibus. I said I had thought about going to Australia; told him I should like to tell of a Saviour's love there. He encouraged me. Afterwards I saw brother Dickerson, and he likewise encouraged me. It was laid upon my mind to lay it before my brother ministers of the Kent and Sussex Association, to which I belonged. They advised me to do so, and came to a resolution to assist me in obtaining my object. To whomsoever I spoke, they encouraged me. I thought I could see the Lord's hand. Mountains of difficulty arose; yet I felt that the Lord had given me the desire, and that he would appear for me. When I had not £20 towards the passage money, (£30), I went and engaged berths for myself and family. Many things encouraged me, and I still went on. Many said they should like to go with me; and I received so many letters on the subject, that I found it impossible to answer them all. I went to the Secretary of the "Christian Emigration Society," and mentioned to him the facts of the case. He said, "Way not unite with us!" I said, "Is it possible?" "Yes, (he replied), we should be pleased." He mentioned it to the Committee, and they appointed me minister to the ship. I thought, why should the choice fall upon me? for there was another minister going with them of their own sect. But so it is. Matters were arranged, and the rules drawn out. There is to be public reading of the word of God, and prayer morning and evening; preaching of the word every Lord's-day, morning and evening, and on Tuesdays: and public prayer-meeting every Friday. Sunday School every Lord's-day afternoon.

"God moves in a mysterious way,"

was then sung,

Mr. George Wyard, of Soho, then addressed brother M'Cure, on the nature of his work and undertaking, wherein he expressed the greatest sympathy for him; and gave it as his opinion that it was the Lord's doings.

While another hymn was being sung, plates were passed round the chapel, and a collection made, to aid our brother to pay his way over there; at the close of which

Mr. C. W. Banks, in a very affectionate and impressive manner, addressed the throne of grace on behalf of him who, with his wife and children, was about to quit, perhaps for ever, his native shores.

Mr. M'Cure then gave a short farewell address. He said: Allow me to present you my heartfelt thanks for the great kindness which you have manifested towards me; and to many, also, who are not here to-night; but who have assisted me with their kind counsel and advice, I desire the same. My desire is, that I may be enabled to stand fast by the truth which I have so long prized. I believe I am going as sent by God, and this encourages me. I trust that when I arrive, I shall be able to send to my friends some good tidings that shall gladden your hearts. On my arrival at Plymouth, if possible, and also if spared to arrive safely at Australia, I shall address letters to the

**FARTHER VESSEL**, so that you may all be able to hear from me. I say, then, Christian friends, may the dear Lord preserve and keep you, smile upon you in providence, and at last grant you a safe and happy landing on the other side the river Jordan. And oh! dear friends, pray for us. I did not anticipate such an encouraging meeting; and I do think this evening will be ever gratefully remembered by me; and if I shall be spared to arrive safely on the shores of Australia, I shall be happy to tell of the happy meeting in Unicorn Yard Chapel. Farewell! Farewell!"

Mr. Jones, on behalf of the assembly, bade adieu to Mr. and Mrs. M'Cure and their six children, and pronounced the benediction.

A resolution was afterwards proposed by Mr. Palliser, seconded by Mr. Wyard, and unanimously carried, recommending Mr. M'Cure, as a respected baptist minister. The meeting concluded at about half-past nine.

The "Hyderabad," the name of the beautiful vessel in which our brother and his friends were embarked, was towed out of dock by the "Goliath" steam-tug, on Thursday, September 2, amid the loud and enthusiastic cheering of the friends of the emigrants. On Friday the 3rd we went to Gravesend, and took our final farewell of Mr. M'Cure and family. We left them in good health and spirits. They are accompanied by members from other Christian churches in London.

The "Hyderabad" sailed from Gravesend at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, September 5. Unless compelled otherwise by some unforeseen occurrence, it is the intention of the captain not to stop his vessel until she arrives at Port Philip.

We have lately read some articles written by intelligent men on Australia, and emigration. They are of a cheerful character. Australia is, no doubt, destined to be a mighty kingdom, teeming with its millions of industrious, devoted, and, we hope, spiritual subjects. We have no room now to enter into the subject, but we give the closing paragraph of one of the papers above referred to: it says—

"The general conclusion, then, at which we arrive is, that the great duty of England is to promote emigration to Australia. By performing this, she will secure her highest interests, both present and prospective. While she will lessen oppressive competition at home, she will be creating the best customer that earth can supply her. Such, indeed, incomparably, at this moment is Australia. It is, therefore, her duty to send forth a vast multitude of her respectable agriculturists, operatives, and artisans, with a large sprinkling of her best middle-class people. In particular, and above all, there must, if things are ultimately to go well with her, be a very large infusion of individuals and of families under the full influence of Christian truth. We know what this would involve to parents and to families—to pastors and to churches. No matter: it must be done!"

### Blunham, Bedfordshire.

SEPTEMBER 5th was a day of rejoicing at our little Ebenezer. After a long winter, and a series of troubles and difficulties, the dear Lord has remembered us, and smiled upon us, by blessing the labours of our beloved pastor, Mr. Frazer, and causing the place to become too strait for us, so that we have enlarged our chapel; and we bless our God it continues to be well filled. Strangers are flocking from around to hear the word of truth; saints are comforted, and sinners saved; Christ is exalted, the sinner debased, and God glorified. For the first time, in our new pool, our young pastor administered the ordinance of baptism to four—two males, and two females, upon a confession of their faith in Jesus before a crowded congregation. Mr. Frazer spoke from, "Why

baptisest thou!" showing first, what is meant by baptism; secondly, who are proper subjects for baptism; and, thirdly, why we do baptise, the honour God has put upon the ordinance, and the honour promised to the obedient subjects—viz., "They that honour me, I will honour." 1 Sam. ii. 30. Yours, in Jesus, and in the path of tribulation,  
A WEARIED PILGRIM.

### Baptising and Preaching at Rochdale.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Believing you are always glad to record in your little **VESSEL** of Truth anything respecting the prosperity of Zion and the honour of God; and being myself a constant reader of the **VESSEL**, I feel assured you will do me the kindness of inserting the following in the October number.

ROCHDALE. September 5th, being Sabbath Day, and the morning appointed for administering the ordinance of believers' baptism, a numerous and attentive congregation was assembled within the walls of Hope Chapel, when our beloved pastor, Mr. J. Kershaw, delivered a most solemn, impressive and instructive discourse on the occasion; shewing most distinctly that the ordinance of baptism was an act of FAITH and OBEDIENCE, and that feelings ought not to be the first thing consulted in the matter; for feeling, pride and worldly concerns, are often great hindrances to the weaklings in Zion; and it is written, "If thou believest, thou mayest." We had a grand day, and the hearts of the people were truly revived; and, still further, some of our hearts were gladdened to hear Mr. Kershaw read from the pulpit a notice that Mr. Corbitt, of Manchester, would (God willing) preach in the Independent Methodist Preaching Room, Church Stile, Rochdale, on Monday evening, September 6th, 1852. Mr. Corbitt accordingly made his first appearance in the pulpit at Rochdale, apparently weak in body, but strong in the Lord. The place was well filled with attentive hearers, and the word was well received; and all appeared engaged and entertained. Some rejoiced; some wept; some expressed their satisfaction by their liberality. The sermon presented a solemn and delightful picture: the glories of our triumphant Lord being clearly painted on the dark ground of the sinfulness and weakness of his church, and continued to diffuse the grandeur and glories of his divine perfections; until, like the majestic sun, the whole of the darkness and deformity of the church was swallowed up in the glories of her triumphant Head; and we truly returned thanking God and taking courage, hoping that this may be a prelude to a gracious and lasting union between Rochdale church, and that branch of the church over which Mr. Corbitt presides in Manchester.

Wishing you every divine blessing in Jesus, I subscribe myself, your's in him,  
A LOVER OF PEACE IN ZION.

[How strange it sounds! Mr. Kershaw announcing Mr. Corbitt to preach in the Independent Methodist's Chapel, in the same town! We hope there may be "a gracious and lasting union between Rochdale church, and that branch of the church over which Mr. Corbitt presides in Manchester." But there is something singular in the way in which this union commences. Without any fear of contradiction, we affirm that two more faithful men in gospel matters cannot be found in the North of England. We say, then, let these two powerful oxen be yoked together, let them pull together, let them pray and preach together, let them set the noble example of brotherly love, Christian unity, and ministerial oneness of eye, and thousands would exclaim,—"How good and how pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity." John Kershaw need

not fear John Corblitt — John Corblitt need not envy John Kershaw : they will both of them be in heaven presently. They are both servants of one Master now. Oh, like the ancient apostles, may they love and help one another. And may the Almighty Spirit of truth abundantly help them both ; so prays the poor EARTHEN VESSEL.]

### A Useful Gospel Gathering at Cheshunt.

ON Thursday evening, September 2, a very cheering meeting was held to commemorate the establishment of the cause, and especially the commencement of a Sabbath School in connection therewith. Mr. John Foreman presided, and in his usual cheerful and instructive way, commented on the many striking tokens for good, in the progress of the cause; and enforced the value and blessing of Sabbath School instruction. After prayer by Mr. Holmes, Mr. G. Wyard, with much judgment and earnestness, addressed the meeting on—"The establishment of a cause of *truth*, the work and glory of the Lord." Mr. G. Moyle then spoke affectionately on "The communication of the *truth* to young and old—the duty and privilege of all those taught of God." Mr. Thomas Jones faithfully enforced "The support of the proclamation of the *truth* binding on, and honourable to, all lovers of the truth." The meeting concluded by praise and prayer, offered by Mr. Bland.

We understand that Mr. S. K. Bland has accepted a call to supply at Cheshunt for the ensuing three or six months.

### Baptist Chapel, Notting Hill.

ON Monday, September 6, services were held in the newly erected Baptist Chapel, at Notting Hill, for spiritual edification; and for the liquidation of the debt. In the afternoon, Mr. Ball, of Wands-worth, shewed what things separate Particular Baptists from all others professing Christianity. It was, we thought, an irksome task, but very well done. Mr. Ball was the very man steadily to steer through such a heavy subject. C. W. Banks then had to state the grounds on which the Baptists contend for liberty of conscience. He did not appear at all to like the work assigned to him. However, after speaking, in some sense, favourably of other bodies of professing Christians, having been made to believe that they were instrumental in doing some good, he shewed, first, the history of the term, "liberty of conscience;" tracing it to the period when two thousand men left the Church of England, some of whom formed that notable band, called "the Bartholomew Board," or body of non-conformist divines. They were declared to be men powerful in the pulpit, fervent in prayer, and of great devotion to the best interests of the people. They were men that sacrificed their houses, their homes, their gowns, their livings, yea, all their earthly prospects for "Liberty of Conscience." They flung away the unscriptural shackles of men, and flung themselves upon the faithfulness and kindness of the God they served. "Liberty of Conscience" was young in those days, full of vigour, godly zeal, and purity of motive. If she is alive now at all, she is 190 years old, and is very weak and feeble. Some think she has lost her senses : but it is to be feared "Liberty of conscience" is only now a shadow, or a name : but this must be left. The speaker shewed what the term meant, that it had reference to the mode and manner in which divine worship was to be conducted, the doctrines to be declared, and the ordinances administered. He also shewed upon what grounds we contend for "Liberty of Conscience,"—first, upon Old Testament precedents and examples; secondly, upon the Saviour's great commission; thirdly, upon the ground of the Pentecostal pattern; and, fourthly, upon apostolic practice and injunction. The rule (that is, the word of God) by which "Liberty of Conscience" must be go-

verned, was hinted at; but there was neither time nor talent to work these things out farther.

A good company sat down to a good tea; after which, Mr. George Wyard delivered an able address on "The sovereignty of God." It was comprehensive, instructive, and encouraging. Mr. Williamson, the pastor and president of the meeting, followed up this deep point in divinity; and then our dear old friend and brother in Christ, William Allen, gave us a few nice words on internal and experimental matters. Mr. John Bloomfield was expected; but illness prevented. Mr. S. K. Bland closed the meeting by an animating attempt to speak of "the final glories of the kingdom of Christ." His eyes sparkled with his subject; his tongue was fluent; his heart was warm; and his faith stretched her neck as far into distant glory as she could; but something seemed to say, "The veil that hangs between the gospel dispensation in which we now stand, and the glorious Personal reign of Christ, in which we do deeply and prayerfully hope to stand, is too thick to do more than read and repeat what the inspired penmen have written on the outside records of eternal truth." We are happy however to learn that the subject has touched the heart of our good brother, Joseph Chislett, who is now supplying at East Lane; and he has commenced writing on the subject of "The Coming Kingdom." We hope the Lord will guide and honour him.

### A Solitary Religion.

Two more of Mr. Philpot's sermons preached in London, August, 1852, have been issued by James Paul. The first is entitled, "The Leper Diseased;" the second is headed, "The Leper Cleansed." The law of leprosy—the malady—the consequences—and the healing : all these points are dissected, spiritualised, and brought to bear upon the experience of the real Christian in an instructive and happy spirit. They will well repay a careful perusal. We can only give one extract. Speaking of one of the consequences of leprosy, the preacher says :

"*He shall dwell alone.*" A solitary religion is generally a good religion. God's tried people have not many companions. The exercised cannot walk with the unexercised; the polluted with the unpolluted; the sick with the well; the leper with the clean; for how can two walk together except they be agreed? '*He shall dwell alone.*' So speaks Jeremiah in the Lamentations. 'He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him.' It is good to be alone. I am not very fond of company spiritually, though I used to be so naturally; for I can find but few to walk with. And I believe the best of our religion, I might almost say the whole of our religion is what we get alone in the communications that God gives to the soul in secret. We need not crave much company: 'religious society,' as it is termed, is for the most part little else but gossip, scandal, and disputation. In such company we cannot tell out the exercises of our soul, still less can speak of the things God is pleased to communicate of his grace. These are preserved for a private ear, or for the ear of God. The leper especially dwells alone. Oh! may we have this solitary religion! Dwell alone, live alone, talk alone,

pray alone, walk alone. I do not mean, be cold and shy with the children of God, those especially with whom you are in church connexion. But as to the main essential points of religion you will find, as I have ever found, and all really do find who find anything worth having, what we get alone weighs heaviest, wears best, and lasts longest. I am fond of conversing alone with the people of God, but avoid what is called religious company, tea drinkings and the like. It sadly dissipates the mind. We speak things that we would not; we hear things we would not; and handles are often made of expressions unguardedly uttered."

#### THE SURE AND INDESTRUCTABLE NATURE OF

### The Life of Grace.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD.—Being prevented from attending the house of God in consequence of a severe hurt in my right hand, I will try and write to you with my left. How true it is, "we know not what a day may bring forth." Last Lord's-day I was ministering the word of truth and baptising in the name of the Lord at Sharnbrook, and to-day I was expected at Greenwich, where our good brother Field is now stately and successfully preaching Christ to the people. I felt this morning a little uneasiness arise in my mind, but I was favoured with some sweet nearness at the throne of grace, and I arose from my knees with a quiet and happy feeling in my mind that all was *perfectly right*. It is now more than fifteen years since I was kept from the house of God one Lord's-day; and it is just about that time you have been laying on a bed of affliction. How diverse with his own dear people are the dealings of our God and Father! yet to faith all is right; wisdom and love are seen blending their holy wings in regulating all their seeming contrarieties; so that it shall be found throughout the entire history and experience of the saints of God "all things work together for good." The rule or secret by which this is effected is entirely under the control of God, independant of the wishes of saints or the malice of satan.

The most spiritual and discerning of the family of God know but little of the vast amount of divine wisdom employed in balancing the affairs connected with their own little movements, much less the infinite and unknown number of secret operations constantly going on under the skilful direction of Him who guides the minutest affairs, and makes all inferior things subserve his pleasure in perfecting the great object for which all things in heaven and earth exist. I believe the poor left-handed scribbler, with his afflicted friend, S. A. W., are both indispensably needful to accomplish so great a matter as the glory of God in the entire and eternal salvation of the elect church; and the reason

why we are so is from the good will and sovereign pleasure of God in making us so. The security of our salvation is found in what God is *to us*; the comforts of salvation in what he has revealed of himself *within us*. What is it that makes the joy of the believer abound? Not the mere fact of his being saved from hell (great and undeserving as it may be) but the joy of the advanced believer is found in his knowledge of fellowship with, and conformity to, the mind and will of God as revealed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the Holy Ghost made known to the understanding. This, I confess, is all the heaven I know, and all the bliss I crave." Philip. iii. 10. In the possession of a religion like this, what cannot the child of God endure? It is this, my dear friend, that has led me, especially the last two or three years of my life, to be *prayerfully unconcerned* about the many doubts entertained by some concerning my present position, as well as the harsh statements of others who once encouraged me. I am taught, as a soldier of Jesus, to expect this, and, blessed be God, through grace I can well endure it, and profit by it too. But in this I am no debtor to those who do me wrong, but to Him who overrules that wrong, so that my standing in the church may be seen not to be by men but of God. I can never believe that man is approved by God in his work who publicly aims by *witty sarcasm* to stab the moral and religious character of another, and yet feign to acknowledge him as "a beloved brother in the Lord." The ignorant amongst the congregation may *chuckle* at it, but the spiritual-minded *grieve* over it, and in conscience those who practise it well know, God, as a righteous God, abhors and frowns upon it.

You know, my afflicted friend, there is something powerful and constraining in the religion which is of God; and your mind has been nerved to contend for it. What but the existence of this religion in your soul could have kept you alive in the midst of so many deaths which surround you, and the protracted and exercuating pains you have been called to endure, with the many privations you suffer, that thousands of the Lord's dear people are favoured with; and yet your faith and hope still live, and love still fervently cleaves to God, and why? Because God, who first implanted those holy graces in your soul still lives to nourish them, and he will never suffer the "wild boar of the wood" to root them up. An Abraham may be called to the severe test of sacrificing his son at the bidding of God; an Isaac may be deceived and grieved by his own flesh and blood; a Jacob may lament that "all these things are against me;" a Joseph may be sold for a slave and treated as a vagabond; a Moses may be so reproached by his brethren until he complains in bitterness of spirit before the Lord; a Joshua may be grieved at heart to

see Israel fall before the men of Ai, and pettishly ask the Lord if he brought his people over Jordan to deliver them into the hands of the Amorites to destroy them; a Gideon may fear through poverty and weakness; a Naomi may complain from bereavement and destitution; an Hannah may be grieved in spirit by a supposed wrong in the Lord's dispensation; a Samuel may mourn for the disobedience and deception of Saul, the "Lord's anointed;" an Eli may die suddenly, with the tear of sorrow on his cheek from the felt conviction of his wrong; a David may weep over his own sin, the rebellion and death of his wicked son, and the treachery and deceit of his avowed friends; a Solomon, with all his wisdom and riches, may be taught the humbling lesson, "Vanity of vanity, all is vanity;" the good widow may prepare her last little meal, and be ready to die; an Elijah may run away, through fear of a woman, and then ask the Lord to take him home, for he was no better than his fathers; an Hezekiah may be terrified at the blasphemies of a vaunting Rabshakeh; an Isaiah may cry out of the depths of soul-abasement, "Woe is me, for I am undone;" a Jeremiah may give vent to his soul in sorrowful lamentations; an Ezekiel may be found amongst the captives of a tyrant king; a Daniel may be persecuted for the close observance of the law of his God; and the three Hebrews may invoke the wrath of an enemy by refusing to bow down to an idol-god; a Job may be afflicted by satan, mistaken and abused by his friends, and set up as a mark for the arrow of God; an Herod's vengeance may fall upon a number of unconscious (yet redeemed) infants; a Stephen may be stoned by his enemies, and his last breath shall be employed in calling upon God to forgive them; a Paul may be assailed by an infuriated mob, and imprisoned by the iniquitous priests and elders; a Peter through fear may deny his Lord, and tears of sorrow mingled with joy may flow from his inmost soul, the one from conscious guilt, the other from a sense of pardoning mercy, both conveyed by that penetrating look of his much endeared, though injured Lord; a beloved John may suffer much, and finally become an exile upon a desolate island, where savage beasts may roam; yea, as the apostle says, "Time would fail to tell." The historic proofs and the individual testimonies that might be produced to shew the sure and indestructible nature of the life of grace in the soul of the weakest believer—and what a mass of living evidence will be adduced to confirm this fact, when the vast multitude of the redeemed shall surround the throne of glory with palms of victory in their hands, enrobed with God-like purity, and blest with eternal peace.

Wishing you every covenant good, I remain  
your's in Jesus, D. ASHBY.  
*Higham Ferrars, June 13, 1852.*

## When wilt thou answer my Cry?

"My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

No vision surprising I crave,  
No voice to my natural ear,  
No strange revelation to have,  
No wonderful language to hear.  
I know thou art not in the wind,  
In the hurricane, tempest and storm;  
'Tis with a still voice to the mind,  
Thy miracles thou dost perform.

But I cannot, I dare not assert,  
That thou my Beloved art mine,  
Although thou hast melted my heart,  
Although at my sins I repine;  
Though Thomas reproaches may hear,  
Like Thomas, Lord, I must intreat,  
Some manifestation to share,  
Of thy side, and thy hands, and thy feet.

Reveal, thyself, Lord, unto me,  
As thou dost to thy children reveal,  
Oh let me thy countenance see,  
Thy presence and love let me feel.  
Let me hear thy soft whisper within,  
There is nothing can gladden me more,  
That this heart which is wounded for sin,  
Thou hast wounded that thou may'st restore.

When the scroll of my sins is unrolled,  
And I sink, Lord, almost in despair,  
The fountain then let me behold,  
My Saviour, in thee I'm all fair:  
In my bosom say "Let there be light,"  
Bid the winter give place to the spring,  
Let the voice of the turtle delight,  
And melody welcome my King.

I wait at the posts of thy doors,  
Hope delayed seems just ready to die;  
I knock—I have oft knock'd before—  
Oh, when wilt thou answer my cry?  
Say, "Son, all thy sins are forgiven,  
I suffered for thee on the tree."  
Oh, when will this foretaste of heaven,  
This rapture, be granted to me?

Bright Star of the Morning appear;  
Sun of my Righteousness, shine on me now,  
The sound of thy chariot I hear,  
Oh why is its coming so slow?  
The wilderness longs for thy light,  
The desert desireth to bloom,  
The harvest already is white,  
Redeemer and Ransomer, come.

"My name is blotted out of the earth, but still it is written in heaven. God hath taken my only son from me, but he hath given his only Son for me, and to me. He hath broken off my hopes and expectations as to this world, but my hopes of heaven are fixed, sure and immovable for ever. My house and heart are both in confusion and great disorder, but I have still an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure."—"The Balm of the Covenant."

## Opening of Daore Park Chapel,

BLACKHEATH, KENT.

ALL things great and good, now in course in the world, had a small and mean beginning. The Author of Christianity was born in a stable and reared among the poor. The first church was composed of a few humble fishermen; and the earliest propagators of the glorious gospel are described as ignorant and unlearned persons—yet, has the little one become a thousand, yea, *thousands*, and the small one a great nation. “The stone which the builders rejected, is become the headstone of the corner;” and of things foolish, things weak, and things despised, has God raised up a monument of glory which will stand immovable when the renowned heroes of bloody fights, and the proud competitors for earthly empires shall be utterly forgotten. The Almighty is constantly giving proofs of his wisdom and power, baffling the understanding of the prudent, turning the counsel of the crafty to nought, and creating glad surprises for his own people, whose largest expectations are ever exceeded by his wonderful doings. It is the privilege of saints to see and understand the loving-kindness of the Lord. It is their prerogative and duty to trace his majestic footsteps, to make record of his mercies, “that the generation to come might know them, even the children which shall be born, who shall arise and declare them to their children, that they might set their hope in God, and not forget his works.” Psalm lxxviii. There is not a Christian of twenty years’ standing in the church who could not dictate a *Bank of Faith* many times as large as Huntington’s; and it is more from fear of imputed egotism than from sheer inability to write, that we have not heaps of books full of grateful testimonies to the efficacy of prayer and the condescension of Jehovah in binding up the broken-hearted, giving liberty to the captives, making the wilderness like Eden, and the desert like the garden of the Lord. Oh! for grace to rejoice with trembling, to praise without pride, and make our boast in the Lord without the fetid taint of vain-glory.

In October, 1850, nine persons, three of them merely visitors to the neighbourhood, met on a shopfloor at Blackheath, after the hours of business, to pray, and promote their mutual edification in the love and virtue of Jesus Christ. One of the visitors expounded a portion of Scripture; the few found it good to be there, and they continued to meet from week to week in the same place. Often did one and another venture to ask that, if consistent with the purpose and good pleasure of Zion’s King, they might have gospel means on Sabbath days, and be enabled to set up the banners of truth in this locality, that others might hear the joyful sound of salvation full and free, and the name of the Lord be magnified.

Even while they thus prayed, they doubted whether the boon was not too great for them to expect, and whether their unworthiness might not preclude a hope of the instrumentality and honour to which they aspired. Entreaty without effort is a lazy and presumptuous trust in unpromised miracles. He that would reap should sow. They looked around, they tried many doors—all were fast. Two or three friends came down from London and encouraged them. Further essays were made; and after numerous disap-

pointments they succeeded in taking a dwelling house in Church Lane, for three years. This, with some expense, was properly fitted up, and in March, 1851, was opened for divine worship. Sermons were preached by the minister of Enon Chapel, Chatham; Mr. Atkinson, of Woolwich; Mr. Wyard, of Soho; and Mr. Milner, of Shadwell. Regular services were henceforth kept up; good men came week after week to talk of Jesus, of his atoning blood and saving power. Nor did they talk in vain—their “doctrine dropped as the rain, and their speech distilled as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass.” Deut. xxxii. 2. Hungry souls were fed, and knowledge was increased; and at length the enquiry was heard, “What doth hinder me to be baptised?”

Progress and duty being thus clearly indicated, it was resolved to follow out the New Testament order. Five persons were baptised at Deptford, one week evening in October, 1851, when Mr. Felton, minister of the place, delivered a sound practical sermon on the significant rite; and on the following Sabbath fifteen believers, who had previously related to each other what God had done for them, were united in church fellowship. The work went on, the place of meeting became too strait for those who wished to attend, and the little band said among themselves, “The God of heaven he will prosper us, therefore we his servants will arise and build.” Neh. ii. 20. Aye, but where will you build? The god of this world has great authority over it, and uses his authority like a fiend as he is. There are vast estates in this Christian country (so called) on which it is as a law of the Medes and Persians that our glorious Christ should be unacknowledged, unworshipped, except on a patent system devised by men. You may have leases at will to set up theatres, casinos, brothels, and gambling bells, but not a yard of ground can be allowed at any price for a conventicle, *alias*, a spot on which two or three may meet together to pray for those blessings without which England would have been at this day “a desert of wild beasts, an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls.” Religious liberty, which some simple folk deem perfect in Britain, is still as a caged bird, and little district despots snap their fingers defiantly at grave acts of parliament specially providing for her liberation.

It would fill a volume to tell what rebuffs and forbids these earnest men had to endure while seeking a little space on which to pitch a tabernacle for the quiet performance of religious services; but they would not seem to magnify their difficulties, nor expose the illiberality which they hope Britons will become ashamed of and utterly renounce. Suffice it to say, that after concluding the time was not come, and they were not to build the house, help came through an unexpected medium, and a piece of ground, spacious and every way eligible, was obtained at a moderate rate. On Whit-monday, May 31, 1852, the first stone was laid by John Vickers, Esq. Addresses were delivered on the ground by Mr. Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle; and Mr. Milner, of Shadwell, and other ministers took part in the services of the day.

On Thursday, September 9th, the chapel was opened for its designed use. Mr. Foreman preached in the morning from Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

Mr. Dickerson preached in the afternoon from Psalm xxvi. 8. The opening services were continued on Sunday the 12th; when Mr. Jones preached in the morning from John iii. 30; Mr. Wyard in the afternoon from Isaiah xl. 31; Mr. Bowes in the evening, from Rev. xxii. 2. The congregations were good on the whole, and the services edifying.

On Thursday evening, a public meeting was held in the chapel to receive a financial report, and state the scheme of the promoters for borrowing money to make up the deficiency. John Vickers, Esq., presided, and much good practical advice on chapel building, and the redemption of chapel debts, was given by the Chairman, also, by Mr. Pearce of Lesness Heath; Mr. Ball, of Wandsworth; Mr. Lasey, Secretary to the Baptist Building Fund, and Mr. Bland, Architect, Lisson Grove. It is probable that the valuable information produced on these important points will be condensed in a future paper; in this it is proper we should keep to the particular case in hand. It was stated that the entire cost of the chapel will not exceed £900. The amount of subscriptions in hand and promises £250. The difference was proposed to be raised in loan shares of one pound each, such shares to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum; interest to be payable half-yearly, and the convenience of the shareholders to be consulted as much as possible, in reference to the place where they may wish to receive their interest. Not less than one-twelfth part of such shares shall be paid off year by year, until the entire debt is extinguished. The share certificates may be transferred at the will of the holder; and in case a holder of shares has need of his money, he will have preference (according to the date of his notice,) in the application of the fund for the redemption of the debt. The scheme was generally approved, and 340 shares were subscribed for. It was then resolved that the share list should remain open for one month only; applications to be made to the Trustees:—Mr. William Beach, Willow Walk, Bermondsey; Mr. Churchward, St. Thomas's Street East; Mr. S. K. Bland, Lisson Grove; Mr. Price, 3, Charlotte Place, Grange Road; Mr. Whittaker, Blackheath.

Let it not be supposed that because Blackheath is one of the most respectable suburbs of the metropolis, the little baptist church at Daere Park is made up of rank and wealth. On the contrary, it is strictly after the model of the primitive churches, as described by the apostle 1 Cor. i. 26. The generous-minded men who have engaged as Trustees, and made themselves accountable for the expense, have (with one exception) no interest in the matter, living, as they do, many miles away; but as lovers of Zion, and having faith in Him who desires it for an habitation, they come forth to the help of the Lord and their brethren. May they be blessed in their deed! The chapel will seat 450 comfortably; 500 may be accommodated if they come. All who have seen it have been pleased with its elegant and simple style, and the economy which characterizes its every part. Some of the neighbours who have no sympathy with the peculiar views of Particular Baptists, have kindly assisted in different ways, or the money cost of the building would have been much greater than it is.

This brief statement of facts is furnished as a

tribute of praise to Him "from whom all blessings flow." The little flock at Daere Park ask the prayers of their Christian brethren everywhere, that their beautiful edifice may prove a Bethel—a house of God; that Ichabod may never be written on its doors, nor Anti-Christ in any shape lodge within its walls. That the gold and the silver required to deliver it from debt may be duly supplied, and that all who pass by, who can rejoice in the extension of Zion's borders, and know the circumstances under which the little temple was raised, may devoutly repeat the fervent sentiment of its founders—"What hath God wrought?"

#### The late Mr. Smithers.

For many years Mr. Smithers has been the pastor of the Baptist Church meeting in Squirries Street, Bethnal Green. For some time past he has been declining in health; his voice had failed; and other evidences of inward decay appeared. On Lord's-day morning, September 12, 1852, in a very peaceable frame of mind he breathed his last. His remains were deposited in the Cambridge Heath Cemetery, on Friday afternoon, September 17. A large concourse of people, and a numerous circle of children and relatives, gathered around the opening grave, while Mr. Samuel Milner delivered a most suitable address from the words of Paul, "I have fought a good fight," &c. Mr. Smithers' age was 61. The funeral sermon is to be preached, as we understand, on the first Lord's-day evening in October by Mr. Milner. Another church is here bereaved: for a faithful and powerful preacher of the gospel, there is a greater field of usefulness in Bethnal Green than, perhaps, in any other part of our metropolis. The Lord direct the church aright.

#### Bishop North gone to Heaven.

DIED at Reading, Berks, August 20, 1852, William North, aged 67. He had been employed to carry tidings for something more than eighteen years; he aimed at the very best—good news from a far country. He used to say, he had more in hope by promise, and in earnest, than all the bishops in England had in possession. He did not stop to consult with talkers on the road as to how he ought to speak, or what he ought to say; but told out what he had received. He was not best liked for his abruptness in these things. He had some painful trials towards his last. His flock that he had been an overlooker to for eighteen years got a distemper among them; if one was healed, another broke out, and so it continued: every effort seemed to fail—to bring health or cure. While under-shepherds fail and die, the good Shepherd lives and says—"I AM THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEE." The Lord grant this little flock of lambs and sheep may find this promise verified to the full in their soul's experience. He had his Master's lot; by some he was highly esteemed for his works' sake; by others he was reviled as a bad man. The worst things some could say was not bad enough; the best things some could say, would not express what the Lord had made him in his preaching to their souls as the savour of life unto life. The miles he travelled—the things he endured—the infirmity of body under which he suffered, endeared

him to those who had longest known him, and known the most about him; and as long as they lived, good old North's testimony (sealed home on their hearts) will live also. Their esteem they showed by purchasing his burial-place in the new Cemetery, at Reading, and following his remains on Tuesday, August 24; singing over his sleeping dust that sweet hymn of Horn's—

"For me to die is gain."

As the sun was setting, scarce a leaf moving, and all silent as death, you might hear the mourners sigh, "For me to die is gain." A few days before his death, the Lord made bare his arm; and removed the burden of his church, and his family, and himself, by these words, "Leave it to me; leave it to me; leave it to me," three times—it was enough. Your's,

Ripley, September 14. HENRY ALLNUT.

### BRIEF NOTICES.

**THE LATE MR. BLACKSTOCK.**—Another servant of Christ is gone home. In the early part of September, 1852, Mr. Blackstock departed this life. He had, for some few years past, preached Christ, and salvation by him, in Salem Chapel, not far from Fitzroy Market; and there he quietly finished his course. Many that have heard him to profit, and loved him for his work's sake, regretted his apparent lack of decision for one of the leading ordinances in the New Testament church. As regards the essentials of gospel principle, and divine experience, he was unflinching. He preached, he lived, he rejoiced, he died IN THE FAITH. We are informed by brother Edgecombe (pastor of the Baptist church, Pent Side, Dover, who has been supplying Mr. Blackstock's pulpit, since his death; and who preached his funeral sermon on Lord's-day evening, September 12th—which discourse we, in connexion with many others, earnestly hope our brother Edgecombe will publish)—that he left behind a testimony of the love and faithfulness of the Lord to his soul, exceedingly comforting to all his friends. Next month, if possible, we hope to be enabled to give further particulars. During the present month, sickness and death have been visiting our pulpits; some of the best men of our age are gone home; others of them are deep in the decline of life. Aged brethren in Christ! your ministerial course is nearly finished! The Lord help you to be faithful unto death! and while you stand as on the margin of time, to be not forgetful to encourage some that are yet wading through deep waters; who are taking their degrees in the school of fiery trials; who many times seem to stand alone; and, almost faint by the way. May the prospect and foretaste of home, comfort the aged, stimulate and solemnize those in the prime of life, and excite a holy zeal and an habitual examination, in all who are coming forth in the work.

**A NEW EBENEZER.**—The old Paragon Chapel, in Webb Street, Bermondsey New Road, has been entirely renovated, internally re-built, and externally re-clothed, and (like Jacob of old) is no longer to be called by the old name "Paragon," but by the new name, "EBENEZER:" for thither the remnant of the late Mr. George Francis's church (so many years in Snows' Fields) have removed with their pastor, our good-tempered brother Chivers. Monday, September the 20th, was the opening-day. In the morning of the day it was quite pleasant to see the lovers and supporters of gospel truth flocking to this very neat and convenient house of prayer, having now on its front, "EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL." Among the multitude assembled, there was our much-esteemed brother James Wells, whom many were glad to see so far recovered from his late affliction. The venerable brethren Allen, (of the

Cave), and J. A. Jones, (of Jirch meeting), were also present, with several other ministers. The service commenced by Mr. Thwaites reading, and the choir singing, one of Dr. Watts's beautiful psalms. C. W. Banks then read the 121st and 122nd Psalms, and implored the divine blessing of heaven on the services of the day, and on the saints assembled. Brother James Wells delivered a steady and serious discourse from Mark xvi. 16, "He that believeth and is baptised, shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." We had three important principles clearly and emphatically laid out: 1, Man's lost condition in the fall; 2, The evidences of salvation; and 3, The reasons why some were not saved: a noble and indisputable testimony in favour of baptism by immersion was given. In the afternoon, brother Charles Henry Cole, of Brentford, was the preacher; and brother Wells closed the day by unfurling another banner in the evening. The house was crowded with hearers, and we may hope both spiritual and temporal benefit was derived.

**ANOTHER DOOR OPEN FOR THE TRUTH.**—On the north side of Bethnal Green, in a neat little avenue, (leading past the front of Cambridge Heath Cemetery), called "PEEL GROVE," there is a comfortable chapel now occupied by the church and congregation under the pastorate of Mr. James Sneath. Their first anniversary was held on Lord's-day, September 19th, when the pastor preached morning and evening; and C. W. Banks in the afternoon, and the following Monday evening. Really, it was enough to make us praise the Lord to see the crowded house; to hear the loud burst of heart-melody; and to witness the unanimity that appeared to exist among the people. We hope this is indeed one of the green and growing beds in king Solomon's vineyard. Between twenty and thirty have been added to the church during the past year. May the Lord long and greatly bless the pastor and his people at Peel Grove.

**"A GIVING AND A TAKING GOD."**—The Funeral Sermon preached at Ebenezer Chapel, Warbleton, on the 22nd August, by that hard-working and faithful servant of Christ, James Raynsford, has been published by Houlston and Stoneman. John Stuberfield, (late of Whating), whose death occasioned this discourse, was, evidently, not only a brand plucked out of the fire, but a well-grounded believer in, and a close follower of, the Lord Jesus Christ. He was a seal to Mr. Raynsford's ministry; and his decease has drawn forth from his spiritual father what we may call a rather unusually useful and instructive commentary upon those notable words, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Without exaggeration, we may say, widows, bereaved friends, and all seriously disposed people will find consolations and appeals in this sermon (which occupies twenty-four pages,) that may, under God, be exceedingly profitable to them.

**"THE POOR MAN'S DAILY PORTION."** A substantial octavo re-print edition of Dr. Hawker's "Morning and Evening Portion" is just issued by John Kendrick, 27, Ludgate Hill; a copy of which we have received. It would make a valuable present from one Christian to another; especially to any who are emigrating. It is complete, and it is correct; in bold type, and beautifully becoming binding. A more valuable companion to the Word of God, and help to the devotional exercises of believers, is not, we believe, in existence.

**"A LETTER TO JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D."** has been recently written by Mr. Cornelius Slim, Minister of Providence Chapel, Maidstone; and is published by James Paul, occasioned by an unchristian-like review of Mr. Slim's work, entitled, "A Lord's-day Manual for the Household of Faith." The Letter is written in a good spirit; but the review complained of clearly evidences the bitter enmity existing in the hearts of these great men against the distinguishing doctrines of grace.

# Passing through Death into Eternal Life.

[The following precious Record of the Dying Experience of the late Mrs. St. JULIEN, has been kindly presented to us by a dear and much esteemed Christian Brother; and we feel persuaded that most of our readers will feel thankful we have given it entire.]

THE disease which our departed sister in Christ, Mrs. St Julien, of Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, laboured under for many years was a rheumatic affection of the heart, yet she exerted herself in her domestic duties far beyond her strength. It was not until the winter of the past year that her health sensibly declined; and after an unwearied attendance on her sick husband during the spring, she suffered from a severe return of rheumatism in various parts of the body. Early in May she went into the country, and at first it appeared that the Lord was about to bless the change to her bodily ailments, but after a few days she became much weaker and was unable to leave the house. At this time she was greatly depressed in soul; and in a letter to a Christian friend thus expressed herself:—"Yesterday was a sad and sorrowful day with me; every bone in my poor body ached, and I have a sad persuasion that I was not in the enjoyment of the Lord's presence—I could only weep and sigh out my desires and petitions. It is a sort of melancholy sweet to say with David, 'All my desire is before thee, and my groaning is not hid from thee.' I often doubt whether the Lord intends to recover me of this sickness; but my only care is, how it will end with me, for I do not hesitate to tell you that my soul is all my care. I have not rendered unto the Lord according to his mercies; he has been most gracious unto me, and blessed me with mercies and friends above many, but I have been most ungracious and unmindful of them, and the only plea I have is this, which dropped into my soul this morning, 'And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter;' so I feel if the Lord will turn and look on my poor soul, whether in sickness or health, life or death, all will be well." This plea the dear Lord condescended very shortly to answer. She related to the same friend, that, whilst reading an account of the last days of the excellent Mr. Toplady, the Lord shone into her soul in a wonderful manner, and she was favoured with such a view of Christ's love and the Spirit's work in the soul as she had never before enjoyed. The whole of the memoirs of this servant of the Lord were made very precious to her, and she often remarked that she felt certain the Lord had sent her into the country more for rest of soul than of body, and she loved to speak again and again of his sweet and tender dealings with her in this retirement. Here she had also a beautiful dream, which was evidently the portraying of God the Holy

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Ghost on the soul: She was standing in a lonely spot, before her was a field divided into three distinct portions, one of which was rough and barren, another covered with unripe corn, and the remainder with full-grown wheat. A lovely person, whom she felt and knew was the Lord Jesus, stood near her, explaining that the field represented the condition of the soul of the believer.

She was removed to her home in June, much weaker in her body, and from that time to the hour of her death she was wholly confined to her room. Her sufferings were very acute at times, especially from pain, or spasm at the heart; her mind was for the most part calm, and her soul staid upon the Rock of her salvation, until some weeks before her departure, when she was suffered to pass through a long and dark season for the trial of her faith; in these hours she expressed herself as feeling like an infidel, without a spark of comfort in the promises of God, and unable to obtain a glimmering ray of hope or joy, adding, that it must be an Almighty power alone which could revive her hope and pour joy and peace into her benighted soul. In a letter at this time she writes, "I desire, with gratitude to the Lord, to tell you that through his mercy I am getting better. I feel much shaken, and have suffered greatly both in body and soul, and feel more as though coming from a field of battle than a bed of sickness; every article of my faith has been tried, and the Lord has shewn me what a great show of religion there is in the Christian, which, when He comes to unwrap and unroll, lays in a very small compass."

She had been, in a measure, prepared for the loss of her beloved pastor Mr. Blackstock a week before the event occurred, by a remarkable dream, which made a great impression on her mind, and on the morning of his decease, she awoke repeating those words, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy Master from thy head to-day?" She keenly felt his death, she loved him with the deepest affection, and highly valued his ministry, and often expressed an ardent desire that her last hours might be as peaceful and solemn as his. When our brother Mr. Edgcombe was supplying at Salem, dark clouds still hovered over her soul; he was led to visit her, and pray with her, and the Lord was graciously pleased to bless it to her; she was greatly cheered, and once more enabled to take refuge in her glorious Hiding Place. She spoke many days afterwards of the sweet savour which was left on her soul's feelings

by this visit, often repeating, "The Hope of Israel! the Hope of Israel!" Can you find them for me?

About this period her bodily disease assumed a more alarming character, and in addition to other sufferings a constant cough, and distressing sickness, with great difficulty of breathing, which prevented her holding conversation for many minutes together; but until Saturday, October 9, she buoyed herself with a secret, though faint hope that the Lord would raise her up, and her apprehensions of death had been, hitherto, somewhat gloomy. On the afternoon of that day, a Christian friend, who had been with her during the greater part of her illness, observed her in earnest prayer, saying, "O Lord, help me; O God, forsake me not."

She was then prevailed on to take a little nourishment, but soon after rejected it; and whilst still so exhausted by the effort, that her whole body shook like a person in an ague fit, she smilingly said, "I suppose that was caused by the food, but never mind, it's all right, quite right. 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' The Lord suffered it to remain as long as he saw fit, and who can say what benefit it may have done to me." She was then again observed in prayer, and twice repeated in an emphatic manner, "'Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world!' oh what words! what words! to be mumbled over Sunday after Sunday by those who do not know him." It was remarked, 'Yes, they are indeed solemn words, but it is precious to feel that *that* Lamb has taken away all your sin.' "Ah! yes," she replied, waving her hand, "taken them all away to a land not inhabited." After a pause, she opened her eyes, and eagerly asked, "You would not be afraid to see me die, would you? You would not run away if you thought I was dying? I know my complaint may take me off suddenly, but if it were the Lord's will I should like to have a short notice of my departure, that I might take a last farewell of you all before I die;" but, she added, "It is not dying, it is only a departing; if we did what we *ought* to do we should die daily, for Paul says, 'I die daily.'"

On Sunday evening, October 10, she was seized with a most distressing and severe attack of spasm at the heart, and a sense of instant suffocation; her breathing was very short, and her poor face covered with a death-like cold perspiration. When a little relieved she looked up, and in a calm and gentle manner said, "This is death." She was answered, "But Christ has overcome death." "Oh yes," she quickly replied, "that's very true; but this is death, *decidedly* death; but it will soon be over; it's *all* right, *quite* right, the coward flesh shrinks," and soon afterwards "O death, where is thy sting?"

Two chapters in John's gospel were read to her, and on coming to those words, "I

have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now," she raised her hands saying, "Oh! so sweet, so considerate!" During the whole of the following day she was too weak to hold any conversation with those around her, yet it was evident that she was enjoying sweet communion with her God; at one time she said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "I desire to depart to be with Jesus." At another, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." And then, "To be sure, to be sure, what is there besides? where else can a ruined sinner flee?"

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

Once when in much pain she cried out, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." Upon which her husband said, "But it's all right with your soul, is it not?" At this remark she smiled, and waved her handkerchief two or three times. During one of the severe spasmodic fits, she was raised in bed by her husband, who said, "Lean on me, and may you soon lean your head on the bosom of Jesus." "Ah!" she fervently replied, "not my head only, but my heart too: if I had rested more on that dear bosom, I should not find it now so hard to part with an earthly friend."

Tuesday, October 12th, was the last day she passed on earth; and there was, on that morning, such a wonderful display of Almighty grace and power, that those around her were impressed with the most solemn awe. About an hour after one of the heart attacks, she addressed a friend in a calm and heavenly frame; and exerting herself in an unusual manner, smilingly said, "It won't be long *now*—it's *very* near, very near: last night I felt a little revived, and thought there was a *little* hope; yet, I did not hang upon it: no; oh no, I did *not*. But not *now*—not now; I feel a change—a great change;" and laying her hand on her chest, added, "this must be death; I cannot be mistaken; winter is all past; mine is summer, all sweet summer in the soul." Then after a pause, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that your fight be not in the winter." She then asked for her husband, and took her last farewell of him in a solemn manner, calling fervently on the Lord to bless, comfort, guide, uphold him, and keep him from temptation, and graciously to cause his face to shine upon him." She fell back, quite exhausted, intense bodily suffering came on, and lasted upwards of an hour; after which, up to the time of her departing, which took place between twelve and one that night, she lay in a constant dose, frequently aroused by attacks of spasm. During some of these, the enemy was permitted to harass her soul; once she was heard to ejaculate, "Bow down thine ear, O Lord,

for I am poor and needy." At other moments, the Lord sweetly shone upon her, and she spoke from time to time of his faithfulness and love. Late in the evening, she observed to a friend, "It's hard work to die, but we shall soon meet in a bright and happy world; my soul is staid on Jesus."

During the afternoon of the last day, some peculiarly sweet vision was before the eye of her soul, as she spoke of a small garden all round her bed, planted with trees, and, as she emphatically expressed it, "nothing else;" but as some lines of a dear Christian sister had been made very sweet to her a short time previously, there may have been a connexion in her mind with the vision and these lines, which were as follows:

"And though the north wind for a time  
Blow very keen, and no sun shine,  
Our Jesus never will forget  
The smallest shrub his hand has set.

"He watches over them with care,  
To make them flourish strong and fair;  
And though the cedars may be tall,  
He loves the weakest shrub of all."

The last employment of her soul which her friends around her were enabled to recognize, was that of earnest prayer to the Lord for her dear husband and his son; and then, leaning her head on her hand, she made a parting sign with the other, and thus this suffering saint fell asleep in Jesus, after having been baptised with the life-giving, soul-renewing fire of God the Holy Ghost nearly fourteen years; she was also called to suffer with her mystical Head, and to "fill up that measure of suffering which is behind of the afflictions of Christ, in her flesh, for his body's sake, which is the church;" and having been made a partaker of these afflictions, and made conformable unto his death, she has now obtained the prize of her high calling of God in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory, honour, dominion and power, for ever and ever. Amen.

### The late Mr. Blackstock.

MR. BLACKSTOCK had been an invalid more than five years, from a complication of disorders; and about three years since, was considered by his medical attendants, to be dying; but, after being confined to the house the whole of the winter, he was in the spring season in a measure restored, though not to perfect health.

Early in the present year, he was to all appearance in the last stage of dropsy, when the Lord so extended his healing power as to raise him to perfect health for a short time; until the intensely hot weather set in, which so weakened him, that he felt he should soon be laid aside again if it continued; but he had not for several years been afflicted with that painful malady, of which he had three attacks in quick succession during the last few weeks of his life, and in the first of which he ex-

pressed a persuasion, that it was in this way his earthly tabernacle would ultimately be brought down; but said, that the Lord seldom revealed to his children when the time of their departure was so be. The last of these attacks came on in the forenoon of Friday, the 20th of August, and caused him to retire to his chamber, and there remain until near the time to go to chapel, on Lord's-day morning, when there was an abatement of pain, so that he was enabled to preach apparently as usual, excepting that he was obliged to sit. But it was not long after his return from the pulpit, ere the pains returned upon him, so that on reaching home he was obliged to go to his chamber, and there remain until the time for the next service, when the same dispensation was repeated; and again on the Wednesday evening, which was his last labour in the Lord's house, and on which occasion he expounded part of Psalm 107th, much to the edification and comfort of some present. It was not until about an hour after his return from chapel that the affliction assumed a more threatening character, he then became seriously worse and was a great sufferer from pain night and day, excepting at intervals, and during the last hour of his life. Not a murmur however, or a repining word escaped his lips, but patience, meekness, and submission to the will of God, with the most affectionate gratitude to all in attendance upon him, characterised his behaviour. There was at the same time a most abasing sense of his sinfulness and short comings of the divine glory, and he deeply deplored that he had been so poor a servant to his heavenly master, and was much in solemn prayer to God night and day for the liftings up of the light of his countenance, and renewed applications of the blood of atonement to his conscience. He did not however appear to be left to doubt his interest in the atonement or his adoption into the family of God, his breathing often being such as "O my Father, do come! do—do come! and

"O if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul would fly with winged haste;  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate  
Nor dread the danger as she pass'd."

And that importunate hymn of Toplady's commencing "Rock of ages" by which he often breathed his desires but (which most selections have) "shelter me," best suited him, until near the last when he could chime in with its blessed author and say "cleft for me." Indeed there was not a desire he was heard to breathe which the Lord did not appear to have graciously satisfied and granted unto him the request of his lips. Several times he burst out in blessing and praising the Lord and calling upon his soul and all that was within him to bless and praise his holy name. He said he was a witness that

"Jesus can make a lying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

and four times shouted "victory! through the

blood of the Lamb." His fatherly concern for the church was at times painful, and his commission for the ministry he felt to be most sacred and binding. He desired his love to all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. His sufferings on Monday the 30th, the last day of his life were too great to allow of conversation: his expressions were little more than ejaculations to God. About half an hour before his departure he expressed a desire to be placed on his knees on the floor; some in attendance thought him too far gone to warrant the attempt, but his afflicted wife, moved by his imploring looks, intreated that it might be tried; pillows were placed on the floor, and he was with great difficulty lifted on to them, and he was held in that position some minutes, during which period his eyes were lifted up to heaven and his lips moved, but he had not power so much as to whisper; therefore his errand at the throne of grace was unknown; the result proved that it was an acceptable act with the Lord for when re-placed on his bed he was free from pain and enabled to look around, and say "you have done right," which were nearly the last words he articulated; he so calmly sunk into his long and desired repose, that it was scarcely perceptible when the spirit escaped his prison.

**The Conversion of the late Alexander Magnus**  
(A CHOICE FRIEND OF THE LATE JOHN STEVENS).

DEAR MESSRS. EDITORS.—Will you have the kindness to insert in your pages the following letter, written by Mr. Alexander Magnus, to Mrs. Straw, of Lincoln? I had it from a daughter of Mr. M.'s, who would be glad to see it printed, thinking it might be useful. Such being my conviction, I have re-written it. Your's truly,  
*Gravesend, Kent.* J. FLORY.

"MY DEAR MRS. STRAW.—When at your house, and reading over the Bishop of Lincoln's publication, wherein he endeavours to refute the doctrine of Calvinism, to prove that man is a free agent, and may be saved by his own power if he will, I said in your hearing, I believed it was not the truth; that the Bishop had learnt it from his own corrupt reason, and not from the Spirit of God. But what I said, or he, or she may say, availeth but little: but what saith the Scriptures? they are the touch-stone by which we all must be tried. I send you herewith a summary of the doctrines myself and a few people in Boston, by the Spirit's power upon our minds, are enabled to believe, and subscribe to, with all our hearts; and which are as different from those of the mighty, as light is from darkness; you will be kind enough to take it under your own care, and when opportunity offers, send it back to me again, as there were but few printed, and are now very scarce. We, then, acknowledge that man is totally unable and unwilling as to the performance of spiritual acts in his natural state, being dead in sin, and without the Spirit of Christ; so that it is a natural impossibility for him to love, and acceptably to serve God prior to

regeneration taking place, or his being born again; that regeneration is instantaneous and wholly of God, the creature being passive; and that the habit of life and light then received, is the root of all holy and spiritual dispositions of heart.

"And now I will give you a reason why I believe in those truths; or, in other words will relate to you what we professing people call our experience. To you, I say, because I conceive you are enquiring how you may be saved, and because you will not think me insane, superstitious, a fanatic, or call me by those names usually ascribed to persons who live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world; and in so doing, single themselves out from the gaping multitude.

"When the Lord first converted me, and I took up the cause of religion, I used to say, if any one think me mad, let them propose any question on business, or relating to business, or the concerns of this life, and they shall find I can reason on them as well as I ever did, but with this difference—I can now give God the glory for the abilities, and not, as before, impute it to my own understanding. I am still of the same mind, and believe I can do nothing but as the Lord shall enable me; but being influenced by his Spirit, I can know and do all things. About thirteen years since, I went to London on business, and from thence to a place on the Kent Road, about fifteen or sixteen miles from town, (I think it is called Dartford), to see a young person, (the late Mrs. S. Pearson), who had a little before lived with us, an apprentice to Mrs. M. I had conceived a most violent passion for her (not to criminality). I remember you visited your sister when she was in the house, and I suspected you of noticing my conduct. She, after leaving us, made a profession of religion; and when I waited upon her, was reading the Bible. I asked her how she could confide in that book? called her a fanatic, &c. &c.; said I did not believe it, though I had some distant idea it was the truth; and I wished I could. I staid only a few hours with her, and returned to London. In the night I dreamed I was called up to the top of a house, to give my opinion of a parapet wall that had just been built, as to its strength and durability. I said I thought it was strong and permanent; when in a moment it tottered and fell, myself in the midst of the ruins. A person standing by in a priest's garment pointed to a part of the wall that had not yet tumbled, and directed it to fall and crush me to atoms; this had such an effect upon my spirit that I awoke in the greatest terror, calling, Oh! my children! oh! my children! I sat up in the bed, and in the power of the Spirit (not my own) I poured out my soul to God. It might be said of me as of Saul—'Behold, he prayeth.' I believe it was the first time in my life; (with sincerity); and the manner of it was far, very far from what I have since been able to perform. I wept a flood of tears, calling upon God to deliver my soul from this death.

"From that time, I would not have declared I disbelieved the Bible, could I have obtained all the world calls good or great. Nay, I am persuaded, had I have been tied to a stake, I could have suffered myself to have been drawn limb from limb, sooner than I would have made such a confession. I then (jailor like) began to enquire

what I must do to be saved. I thought I certainly must do something towards it; and I went groaning all the day long, calling upon God, happy if I could find a place to be alone in. Many a time have I found consolation in a ditch bottom. I asked Mr. Goe—our pastor—some questions relating to the truth of the Scriptures. He could not tell me, but would consult Mr. Partridge—the vicar. I was no better; they seemed both blind guides. I then told my case to a Mr. Silance, once captain of a ship. He had made a profession for many years. He said it was the Spirit of God working upon my mind in conversion; that I was to be aware of false preachers; meaning the Calvinists. He was a Methodist. I went to his place of worship, but could find no comfort there. I was distressed beyond measure: they preached such jumble of nonsense not to be borne. It was neither law nor gospel—salvation by grace nor by works; but a mixture of both. They plagued me to death.

“I then followed our cousin Tom Waite to Frampton, but was very little better. I remember, as we travelled upon the road, asking how I should pray: that I would thank him to instruct me. I wanted to tell God how distressed I was on account of my sins; to beg his forgiveness, and to entreat the power of his Spirit to enable me to resist the evil propensities of my nature; but wanted words to express myself. It is so long since, I have almost forgot the express answer; but to the best of my recollection, he informed me, the Lord would teach me in time. He said the world would laugh at me; that it was only a few months since I ridiculed him and his profession, and, indeed, all religion; telling him when he spoke of divine grace, it was divine nonsense. Once, on my return home from hearing a preacher, I found him at my house in conversation with your sister. He enquired what was the text, and how I liked the sermon! The preacher had taken those words, ‘We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.’ On repeating them, I burst into tears, and exclaimed, ‘Oh! have I been upon this earth fifty years, and only now begin to live for heaven—having then begun to feel particular attachment to professing people, this was the first Scripture proof I could take to myself as an evidence of my salvation. Not being satisfied with his instruction, I sought out another person, who taught in Walnut Tree Pasture, said to be a Calvinist. Here I was a little comforted; but the preacher not being what the people altogether approved—for some of his bearers were old professors—the root of the matter was in them—they parted; and the place was about to be shut up, when I, being a young convert, in my first love, and full of zeal, undertook their cause, and engaged to procure a preacher. It happened just then, the young person before mentioned, had become a wife, (Mrs. Pearson), and was then at Boston with her husband. To her I made known my wants: she informed me there was a Mr. Stevens, at St. Neot’s, she had heard of edification; that he was about to leave his situation. I sent for him: he came, preached Christ the wisdom and the power of God to salvation. This was what exactly suited my case: I wanted a better righteousness than my own. I cannot express to you the joy and comfort I experienced under his ministry; it may be said of me as of

John Bunyan’s pilgrim—the burden fell from my back, and I was immediately at liberty.

“This person was prevailed upon to stop, by offering him one hundred guineas a year; although the revenue of the church was only about twenty-four pounds. I exerted myself in the case; the church was formed anew—that is, the members, not the walls. I was baptised into it on the 21st of December, 1806; have had sweet communion with my God ever since; sometimes in my closet; on the highway; as well as in the temple. At other times, I am left to myself; when I go mourning all the day; but again he relieves me, and I am comforted. Thus am I ever dependent on the Lord; and cannot, for the life of me, endure the thought of saving myself by any power that I can put forth. The doctrines of grace I love; they are the delight of my soul. The Lord had certainly predestinated me to salvation long before I was born. He knew what a wretch I should prove, and was determined to call me by the power of his Spirit, and not suffer me to run headlong into hell; but it was not necessary, or did it add anything to his glory, in calling me to the knowledge of himself on the 14th of August, 1800, but for *bringing forth*, and consolation while on earth. He could have done it as well at the last moment of my life as when he did. What a sweet and beautiful display of election you have, when Christ hung upon the cross between two thieves, when the Spirit of God enabled one of them to call upon him for salvation: why did not the other make the same application? According to the Bishop’s scheme, he might if he would.

“Thus, my dear Mrs. Straw, I have given you an imperfect account of the hope that is in me; but could I remember all the workings of my mind it would fill a volume! But were that possible I would not make it known to every one—it would be of no use—and indeed the Lord instructs us not to cast our pearls before swine, lest they turn again and rend us; but to a sister or brother in the faith we have no objection to tell it in Gath, publish it in Askelon, and even in Lincoln, and before the bishop too, if necessary for the glory of God and the praise of his name.

“Give my love to brother —, let him read this poor imperfect serawl: it is said he too has had a dream; probably the Lord is working upon his mind and will as he did to the thief—enable him to call upon his name. If so, and though it should be at the last moment of his existence, he shall be saved; for, be assured, salvation is all of grace, and for Christ’s sake. There is no works in the creature that can accomplish it—they are its fruit, not its root. Now do not think that I am such an enthusiast as to believe or put any confidence in dreams; I have dreamt of falling from the mast head of a ship, twenty and thirty times have been frightened, awoke, and gone to sleep again, and thought no more of it; but it is the effects of things I look at, particularly when it will cause a man, a wretch like myself, to seek and love my Creator.

“That the Lord the Spirit may enable you and your’s to see, embrace and enjoy these truths, is the sincere wish of, dear sister, your’s affectionately,  
ALEXANDER MAGNUS.”

## An Affectionate Address

TO THE DISTRESSED AND DIVIDED MEMBERS  
OF THE PROFESSING CHURCH OF CHRIST.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN AND SISTERS in the faith of our glorious Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is the God of love and the Prince of peace, and who hath called his children unto the adoption of sons—the sons of peace—who said unto them before he left this world to prepare the kingdom of peace for them,—“Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.”

Well, then, it is to these my fellow heirs of the kingdom of peace, that I now address myself; and in doing so, I would say, peace, peace be with you, and the God of peace be in our midst; for having this peace in our souls, both toward God and toward man—having his divine peace—even the God of peace—in our midst, we turn the edge of the enemy's sword, and deprive him of his victory in the battle.

And now, dearly beloved, whom I love with a great affection for Christ's sake—I must tell you, that as I sat in my house, sorrowfully and prayerfully reflecting upon the very trying circumstances which have taken place in our midst, these words seemed to speak in my soul, “Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.” “Whoso toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye.” Well, thought I, if this is God's word,—and we are bound to believe it is, since it is in that blessed book which is his will and testament to the sons of peace—how sad is our condition at the present! God hath said,—“Touch them not,” whilst we, or some who are amongst us, are, with the dark spirit of rebellion, running hither and thither to find materials for the forming of weapons with which to wage war against the Lord's anointed. Yes, brethren, it is against the man whom God hath chosen and anointed to preach unto us the gospel of peace, that we are forming weapons of war.

And now, dear brethren and sisters in the covenant of peace, is not our present state as a church sad and distressing? and are ye not waging war against God? for he hath said—“Touch them not.” But the spirit of contention and anger cries out in the midst of us, “Nay, we will touch; and not only will we touch, but we will pursue our own course until we have cast him down from his excellency; we will heap shame, disgrace and reproach upon him, until we have cast him down from that excellent place upon which God hath set him—even upon the walls of Zion.” But forget not, dear friends, that God hath said, “The weapons shall not prosper.” Shall they not prosper? God hath said so! Oh! forbear, then, to fight any longer; for where is the use of thus fighting, while God holds his anointed in the hollow of his hand? Where is the use of

this invasion, while the Lord fights for his servant? “They shall not prosper,” saith Him who cannot lie. But the tongue of slander saith, “What, though one weapon fails? we will try another and another, as long as the enemy shall continue to form them.” But God saith, “No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper: and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn.” Hasten, then, beloved, to lay them all down at the foot of the cross, lest they turn to your own confusion. How will your heads hang down when God puts it in the power of his servant to condemn every tongue that shall rise in judgment against him! and, rest assured, he will ultimately do this; for he hath said so; and his word is faithful and true to all them that trust in him. “Whoso toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye,” saith Him who covers his servant with the shadow of his wing.

But what is the language of war and contention amongst us? Is it not this? “Thou, O God, hast given this commandment, but we will not obey it: no, we will cast it behind our back, we will trample it under our feet, until our jealousy, our anger, our pride and revenge, our envy and our animosity be satisfied.” Oh, brethren, are we the sons of peace? is the peace of Jesus with us? is the peace of the gospel in our hearts? What spirit hath disturbed it, or driven it away? Are we not grieving the Spirit of our God? Who, then, shall we blame but ourselves, if he withdraw himself from us? “Do my prophets no harm,” saith the Lord. Are ye not wrong, then, in thus afflicting and distressing the man whom the Lord hath honoured to be his prophet? and is he not God's prophet? is not the word of the Lord with him, and his blessing upon his labours? Ask your own selves, brethren, is he not manifest in your conscience as God's servant? has he not been his messenger many times to you? has he not been often sent to you with a “Thou art the man;” and with a “The Lord also hath put away thy sin, thou shalt not die?” Nay, doth he not from time to time go in secret before the Lord, and obtain—and that often with many cries and tears, and much wrestling prayer—messages from God to us? messages which doth often do our souls good?—messages which cheer our spirits when we are well nigh crushed down to the borders of despair by some temporal or spiritual trial? and have ye no sympathy with this man, but that ye must join the enemy in persecuting and slandering him? Oh, brethren in the Lord, this is not well in you; it is an unseemly sight for the sons of peace to be at war amongst themselves, and thus to light up the fires of persecution, slander and discord within their own borders? Zion hangs down her head, and mourns in sackcloth at this. Our heavenly Father frowns darkly upon ac-

tions so satan-like, even when they conspire amongst the enemies of the cross. The voice of our beloved cries out, "Why persecute ye me?" At doings like these, the Spirit of God is grieved, at conduct so unsightly and base. Shall we, then, be careless of our Father's frown? have we no concern for the continuance of the Spirit of God in our midst? Is it nothing to us, that we persecute the Saviour in his servant? Have we no sympathy with the poor, mourning, shame-faced daughter of Zion — and do we claim the title of the sons of peace? Alas! alas! how unlike the Spirit of the Lord Jesus; and what a gross violation of the commandment which he gave us, — "A new commandment," saith our great Forerunner in the paths of righteousness — "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another."

Sad proof, indeed, is our present state, that love to one another have amongst some of us waxed cold. From whence, then, did this spirit of envy and pride, and contention creep in amongst us? Came they not of our own lusts, that war in our members? Does not the spirit that lusteth to envy and strife dwell in some of us? Let us submit ourselves to God, then, and be determined, in his strength, to resist every spirit in our hearts but the spirit of the gospel; so shall the enemy flee from us, and peace be established in our midst. Oh, my brethren, refrain from any longer wounding the apple of your heavenly Father's eye, by thus pressing down with affliction and sorrow his servant; do not this uncharitable conduct bring into affliction and bonds the shepherd whom God, in answer to many prayers, hath given us to feed our souls with the wholesome truths of the gospel? Know ye not, my brethren, that God will avenge his own elect, who cry day and night unto him? Yes; he will avenge them, although it be his own children that do them wrong. Can ye ask your Father for messages of peace, while ye enter his house with war in your hearts against his message-bearer, and those whom he hath set over us? Is there one amongst us who has at all times a conscience void of offence? and if we have not, how unfit are we to cast stones! Is there any contention amongst us — let it be, who shall most honor the name of our Jesus. Is there any striving for places? let it not be, who shall stand in the highest, but rather, who shall sit in the lowest place, that our Father might exalt us; and O! that we might seek to be clothed with the garment of humility; for then shall our God lift us up, and honour us by coming down to dwell in our hearts. Why have we set up ourselves as judges over our brother? How dare we rake up that which God hath put away? Shall we connive at sin, then? God forbid!

But how dare we bring false witnesses to multiply and judge for that fault which God hath put away and forgiven? How dare we join ourselves to the ranks of the enemy, and use their fire-arms to shoot at the Lord's anointed? Can each one look within, and say he has not only a clean heart, but a right spirit? and if he cannot, may he not justly expect chastisement for what is wrong? Oh, brethren, let each one of us be determined, in the strength of Him who is the strength of his people, to put away envying and strife from amongst us, for this, of a truth, is the forerunner of all confusion, and the lap on which every evil work is dandled. Let us, with meekness and in the fear of God, commit ourselves into his hands, and beg for grace to mortify the deeds of the body, that the enemies of the cross say not "Aha, so would we have it;" and that we might live as the sons of peace, each one putting on the bowels of compassion and forbearance toward his brother, that the good pleasure of the God of peace may smile upon us, and that the prosperity of heaven be in our midst; so will the Lord turn our captivity as the rivers in the south, and cause us again, as in former times, to go forth in the dances of them that make merry: and oh! that the language of each soul might be — under all circumstances, as in God's sight —

"Now, by the bowels of my God,  
His sharp distress, and his complaints,  
By his last groans, his dying blood,  
I charge my soul to love the saints."

Your's, for Christ's sake,

Sep. 10.

H. M. ALLINGHAM.

### Strength in God.

My God, my support, and my Guide,  
In thee my Redeemer I view;  
I'm well when thou art by my side,  
Thou'rt Alpha and Omega too.

With thee I will venture abroad  
On the lands, or the wide-spreading main;  
My Saviour, my trust, and my Lord,  
Thou hast help'd me, and will do again.

With thee I can never know fear;  
For fear in thy presence would flee;  
If I stand 'neath thy outstretched arm,  
I am safe; for, lo! I'm with thee.

What joy shall I feel in his love  
When my soul on its pinions shall soar  
To those regions of light far above,  
Where my Saviour will reign evermore.

I long for the hour to arrive  
When my Jesus shall call me away  
From the clod of corruption and earth,  
To the realms of ethereal day.

J. A. DEAN.

## Ministerial Communications.

To Mr. John Stenson.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—By the time this reaches "Addison Place," you will most probably have returned from your visit into Northampton, and Huntingdonshire. I hope you feel the rather benefitted than otherwise; though I fear your hard labour in preaching six or seven times in so many days, would not add much to your natural strength. But, I know that your desire in visiting the country was not to lounge, but to labour; not so much to increase your own store of knowledge and wisdom, as, under God's blessing, to distribute of that he has given you so largely to possess, as his own property in you for the use of the church.

I have often thought, could those churches, who are blessed with a good minister of Jesus Christ, know how many hearts are made glad by a friendly visit of their pastor amongst the little churches, they would surely then be willing a little oftener to forego the pleasing sight of their own minister in the pulpit, under the hope, that many of the same family were being blessed to hear truth from those lips upon which they themselves so often hang with delight. Do not mistake me: I am advocating the cause of the *necessitous*, not that of *wantonness and gossip*.

I hope the Lord favoured you with a happy and profitable meeting with the friends at Ellington. I feel towards them that close concern and affectionate desire for their welfare, that I am glad to hear of every little advance in their favour. It was amongst them I was first made to feel and mourn over my fallen state; and it was under the ministry of Mr. Tite, now of Potton, I was made to rejoice in saving mercy as shewn to me a guilty sinner. I can look to many spots in that locality, where the joys of salvation have so filled my heart, and where I have been lost in the wonder of such undeserved favour, until I have wept aloud. This will explain to you a little of my concern for them; and my concern has of late increased; for they have had a severe proving or testing time. But it will only be the "wood, hay, and stubble" that will burn; but the *smoke* arising thence is very unpleasant. I did hope on Monday to have seen you again before your return, but I felt bound to submit to other claims. Did I not recollect your aversion to letter writing, I should beg of you to give me a little record of your pulpit ministrations while in the country.

May you find increasing delight and enlargement in the work of God, that saints may find increasing profit, and the God of all grace be honoured. My wife unites in christian love; believe me your's, in gospel bonds,

Higham Ferrars.

D. ASHBY.

(Mr. John Stenson's reply to this next month.)

## Authors of the Present Day. No. 1.

WE are gathering together a few works written by men and women of the present age. But very few—who are clear and consistent in the truth—write at all; among the many that do write, there is not only a mixture, but a want of depth and decision in matters of vital importance connected with the spiritual well-being and ultimate salvation of the soul. Nevertheless, there is much good matter to be found in some modern productions. We may be useful, perhaps, if we examine works a little closer, and extract the most spicy morsels. Mr. William Abbott, now of Blunham, Beds., has sent forth a number of little works for Sabbath Schools. One of them, published by Hall & Co., entitled, "THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN," has been forwarded to us. Mr. Abbott evidently has a mind for works of more magnitude. Just read the following sentences from the "Young Christian:"

"Where there is a spiritual life there will be a sensitiveness of sin and danger. We wish to find a sense of the bitterness of sin, as well as of the joy of salvation. A truly sensible sinner is a hopeful character; for the light that shows sin will also show the Saviour; that spirit of mind that mourns over sin will seek unto the cross for the pardon of sin. Such a spirit will not lead you to think that you are better than others, but will show how hard and sinful your heart is; that you have the deceitful heart, the desperately wicked heart, the heart of stone. You will desire to have the heart of stone melted to contrition, the wicked heart cleansed by the Saviour's precious blood, and the deceitful heart made sincere by the renewing and sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit.

"A sense of sin must precede a sense of pardon; sin must become our trouble before pardon is our comfort; we want first the tears of penitence, and then the smiles of joy. Tears merit nothing, but express much—expressive of grief, gratitude and affection. There is beauty in tears, eloquence in tears, sweetness in tears. Beauty, which God regards; his touch of love produced them, and his eye of favour notices them. Eloquence that moves the Father's heart, that leads to kind expression, and affectionate embrace. Sweetness; tears shed under the influence of love—shed at the cross—give relief: these end in the sweets of joy and peace, and lively hope."

Of heaven our author says—

"Heaven will be the scene, salvation's song the service, Jesus' glory the brightness, his love the happiness, angels and saints the worshippers, and eternity the length of it. This is the grand Jubilee sabbath—the glory rest."

## Some Painful Signs of these Present Times.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—How cheering to a minister of the gospel to listen, from time to time, to his christian brethren, pouring out their hearts in prayer to God the Spirit for his divine, and, allsufficient teaching, to be given to his servants, that they might be able to bring out of the treasury things new and old!

I cannot listen to such importunate prayer without being melted in my own soul, and led more than ever to think of the importance of our work, and also of the glorious realities, and rich fulness, there is in revealed truth, for the instruction, feeding, and comforting of the Lord's dear saints, in this wilderness state. But I feel that the beauty and simplicity of truth, yea, the mind of the Spirit is lost in many expositions given by what is called orthodox ministers in the present day. I would not for a moment think or write disparagingly of the piety, learning, and sound judgment of men called Commentators: but is there not too much leaning on the thoughts and written expositions of these men, instead of expecting an answer to prayer in divine teaching? Is there not too much stereotyping our views, our expressions, and our declared sentiments? Are we afraid of declaring our dependance on the Spirit's teaching? Is the orthodox preaching of the present day, a true sign of its scriptural character? Are all the expressions we use in setting forth truth, truthful? Is it written, "if any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God?" And are we to be indifferent as to the construction we put upon, or give to these Scriptures? Is it not too true that some are "willingly ignorant" and cannot endure sound doctrine? Is not this the day when men have "itching ears?" And why all this confusion, this Babel state of things, but to demonstrate to the true-taught child of God, the truth of God's word; to prove to him he is living in the last days, and that he might feel the force of the exhortation, "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partaker of her plagues:" "for the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God." I leave out the italics, or read it as a prophecy that will shortly have its fulfilment. Oh, the longsuffering and forbearance of God! but the time of judgment must come, and why begin at the house of God? If all were oneness, truth, righteousness, why begin there? Because all is confusion, departure, the systems are leavened not with "grace and truth," but with human philosophy, vain tradition, creature ability, universality, yea, any thing but that truth which will stand for ever. But, dear Brethren, you may be ready to say you are invading our territories, why trouble us? because it is written, — "woe to them that are at

ease in Zion." I know a minister, who, not long since, took a plain text, the latter part of which seemed unfavourable to his creed, he said, "I must confess I do not understand these words:" he left them untouched. I was in company with another minister lately, I entered into conversation on a blessed part of God's truth. I said, do you ever set this before your people? His reply was—"I have never thought of it."

I was listening a few weeks since to a London Minister, whose name stands high; he took for his text a most delightful prophecy. I expected to hear great things, or at least scriptural things, but to my sorrow it was a confusion, a great part of which was unscriptural, consequently false; the beauty of the text was not seen; or, if seen, was not dwelt upon, although fully explained as to its generic principle by the prophet in the succeeding verses.

Now, my dear brother, how is it that some appear to be afraid of truth, so that they touch it not, and others so mutilate it as to make it speak contrary to the spirit of prophecy? Is the Spirit a divine teacher? Does he teach one man this view of the text, and another an opposite view? I trow not. What then is the cause of our multifarious opinions on the word of truth? — Is it not leaning to our own understandings? Doth the trumpet give a certain sound? Ours is a great work. I tremble while I write. Who is sufficient for these things? I know it is argued, we agree on the great fundamentals; we hold Christ as the foundation, and it does not matter about non-essentials. What, are there any non-essentials in the word of God? Is not all scripture given by inspiration of God? And is it not declared to be profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works? Is the sure word of prophecy to which we do well to take heed, is it non-essential? Is it not because we seek teaching from human authors instead of the divine Spirit? It pertains to the church to handle the good and wholesome truths of God; but the woman representing that church had also leaven, she infused it into the meal, until the whole became a poisoned and corrupted mass.

I pray God, the Eternal One Spirit, to lead us into all truth, that we may easily detect error, to make us separate the precious from the vile, that we may be his mouth unto his people, and at last may be able to say, "I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." I am, dear Brother, your's,  
JOSEPH CHISLETT.

West Street, Watworth.

## The Death of Enoch Wood :

A STRIKING WITNESS TO THE POWER OF  
REAL RELIGION IN THE SOUL.

ESTEEMED FRIEND.—I forward you some account of the last moments of my late son Enoch. How true the words of the poet—

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

This was emphatically the case in respect of my dear child. True, he was of a more than ordinary solemn disposition than most at his age ; yet until the Lord laid him aside by affliction, I was an entire stranger to the work of saving grace that had taken deep root in his immortal soul. On July 2, as I was attending upon him, he requested me to give him the Bible. I did so. He read a few lines ; then returned it again, saying that he could not see. “ But do you know, father, that I am reading this blessed book ;” though he seemed inclined to say more, but on this occasion did not. The same evening his sisters being around his bed, he addressed them thus—“ Now, my dear sisters, I hope that you will be good children. The Scriptures say that ‘ there is none good, no, not one.’ They also declare that ‘ he that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved.’ Yes, Jesus said, ‘ him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.’ ”

I entered his room at this moment. He cast his eyes upon me and said, “ My dear father, you have been a good father to me ; but I must leave you, and brothers and sisters also. I hope that we shall all meet around the throne of God in glory where my precious Jesus is.” I said, “ Is Jesus precious to you ? ” He replied with such solemn energy and power as quite astonished us—“ O my precious Jesus ! precious Jesus ! more precious than a thousand worlds to me.” I asked him if he considered death nigh ? “ Yes,” he replied, “ but what is death ?—what is all this world ? It is all vanity and sin. I have been a great sinner, but have found mercy in Christ. This is the right way, father, there is no other way than this. What an awful condition are we in by nature and by practice ! ”

His brother John just then came into the room. He said, “ My dear brother, I am telling them of my departure out of this sinful world. The first time I knew the Lord, was at the age of fourteen ; I was at my work in the shop ; the Lord said, ‘ Son, give me thy heart.’ I did freely give it unto him—he changed my heart. I used to think that God would not consider me such a great sinner as I afterwards found myself to be. Some people talk of what they can do for God. What can vain sinful man do ?—nothing to merit the Lord’s favour ! No, it is all, all of grace from first to last. Sin, sin, what hast thou done ? Our first parents were seduced by sin ! What havoc sin made amongst the

Israelites in the wilderness—they rebelled against the Lord, and provoked his servant Moses ! Yes, Moses was a persecuted man ; my father is a persecuted man, but the Lord will reward him ; my Jesus was also persecuted while here below ; ‘ Jesus suffered the Just for the unjust,’ that he might bring such vile sinners as us to God ; he was tempted of the devil in the wilderness ! Oh what must his sufferings be when in the garden he sweat drops of blood, and as he hung upon the cross of Calvary ? My sufferings are nothing compared to his : he also left us an example to follow his steps ; he came to John to Jordan to be baptised of him. John forbid him, but Jesus said, ‘ It becometh us thus to fulfil all righteousness.’ Jesus also said, ‘ He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved.’ Precious Jesus ! he died and rose again for our justification. It is an hard thing for brothers and sisters to part, but the Lord’s will be done. He is the great Master ; I am going unto him to sit at his right hand, and hope one day to meet you all there.

‘ Nor Gabriel asks the reason why,  
Nor God the reason gives,  
Nor dares the favourite angel pry  
Between the folded leaves.’

“ Oh the precious things my dear father hath said at the house of that good woman, Mrs. Timms (where we meet for divine worship). We think the natural sun looks very glorious when he shines so brightly, but his bright beams are nothing in comparison of what I now see in Jesus—the curtain of heaven is drawn aside. O my precious, my lovely Jesus ! O father, I can never praise him enough for what he has done for me—he died for me. Then he repeated with such solemnity—

‘ The highest heavens are short of this,  
’Tis deeper than the vast abyss ;  
’Tis more than thought can e’er conceive,  
Or hope expect, or faith believe.’ ”

Immediately after this he sung aloud, “ The trumpet shall sound, and the dead be raised incorruptible, and we shall all be changed.” Then he shouted out, “ O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up, get thee up to the highest mountains.” He continued singing—

“ Sound the loud timbrel o’er Egypt’s dark sea,  
Jehovah hath triumphed ! his people are free !

Then followed, “ Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! ”

Being quite exhausted, he lay down for a few minutes : his face shone as the face of an angel. Yes, like Stephen, he seemed favoured with a view of Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Again he rose up, saying, “ I want to get to that thousand years.”

I must pursue. He then repeated, “ Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.” He then fell asleep, and slept the greater part of the night. The following day he said but little, except, “ I

want to go home, I want to go home." On Lord's-day morning (the day on which he died) his sister being with him, he requested her to ask Mr. G——, when he came, to come up to see him—"I should like to see him," he added. "Elizabeth," said he, "did not Christ come to seek and save the lost sheep?" "He did," she replied. "Aye," said he, "He was determined to have me."

The last audible words he uttered were,—  
"Jesus, for me he died."

He appeared like one in sleep for near five hours, and then departed without a struggle or a groan in the 19th year of his age. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;" "Let me die the death of the righteous, let my last end be like his."

I have given you a sketch of what he said the few days he was confined to his bed. It would be a vain attempt to relate all; he talked more like an aged pilgrim than a youth in giving advice to us all. I cannot describe my gratitude to Almighty God for such unspeakable mercy to my dear child; I could only, like Manoah and his wife, look on. The Lord did wondrously. I little expected the Lord had done such good things for him—he doeth whatsoever he will; what he doeth is best. "The Lord knoweth them that are his;" he will seek and save his sheep; good is the Lord; may this event be rendered a real blessing to me and my family. It was cause of rejoicing when the Lord so unexpectedly, so powerfully, laid hold of the heart of my eldest daughter under a sermon preached by Mr. G——. My path hath been a tribulatory one: since then I have had to sigh and cry for the abomination of Jerusalem; I have seen truth fallen in the streets, and equity could not enter; and because iniquity abounds the love of many has waxen cold. I have had to grieve like David on account of some with whom I took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company, but what a mercy that

"There is a Friend that sticketh fast,  
And keeps his love from first to last,  
And Jesus is his name."

I have found him a Friend that loveth at all times, and a Brother born for adversity, and I have proved the truth of his word which he spoke to my soul years gone by—"Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." And this I can say, to the honour of his dear name, he has been with me, and at times has indulged me with nearness of access unto him. And now another dear child snatched as a brand from the burning! yes, housed in the haven of eternal rest! "O bless the Lord, my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." I cannot, dare not repine. "Father, I thank

thee because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," yes, from the evil to come: blessed be his gracious Majesty world without end. Amen.

I would just add that last evening (Sunday) Mr. J. Gardner preached the funeral sermon from Psalm lviii. 14. Wishing you much of the divine presence, I am, in the bonds of Christ, your's affectionately, Wm. Wood.

Hollinwood, near Manchester, Oct. 4, 1852.

### The Kingdom of Christ.

The following is the first of a series of articles by our brother Joseph Chislett, now supplying at East Lane, Walworth.

FROM the great number of books that are now being written, and from the multitude of periodicals that are monthly presented to our view, we can gather what are the sentiments of the great mass of professors in this (at present) highly favoured land. It has long been impressed on my mind, that there is a very great contrast between the truths of the Bible, and the preaching and writing of a great number of professed ministers of the gospel.

There never was a day when there were so many Doctors of Divinity, as in the present; and I believe not even in the dark ages (as they are called) was there more confusion, than at present exists. It is true, we have more light and knowledge in the living church of God; but error, darkness and superstition have not disappeared; and to every right-thinking observer, it is rapidly increasing. Such a state of things is quite against our natural and Christian feelings; but not against the declared word of God. He who saw the end from the beginning has declared, "But as the days of Noah were, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away—so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be."

This is a day of great profession; men will tell us they are favourable to religion, but it is religion in their way; a religion that says, "Peace and safety;" a religion and a religious ministry that keeps them in "willing ignorance" (see 2 Peter ii.) of God the Spirit's power in regeneration; of the coming judgments of God upon all the families that call not upon his name, and of the glorious coming and kingdom of the Lord, for which we are taught to pray "Thy kingdom come."

This prayer is very often repeated:—but is it understood? is that sweet and blessed prospect of its fulfilment believed in, or expected to be fulfilled? Scripture is its own

interpreter, and this portion must be understood through others on the same subject. Does this prayer refer to the gospel dispensation? If so, it has never been answered in any part of it, or in any place. From the time the dear Lord taught his disciples to use this prayer, the church has been but a minority in the world; the world has persecuted the church. Satan has been, and now is, the god of this world; "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." Our Lord calls him "the prince of this world." This being true, then, satan leads the majority of the inhabitants of this world "captive at his will." And his will being done by the majority, and the minority, who desire to do the will of God, meeting with constant, determined opposition from the adversary, the will of God is not done in earth, as it is done in heaven fully, by every one, without any opposition.

But further: when John commenced his public ministry, he said, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand;" but when the Lord Jesus taught the people, and demonstrated his divine Person by his miraculous works, he said, "The kingdom of God is come unto you." Thus the prophecy of John was fulfilled; the gospel dispensation had commenced — (see Luke iv. 18, 19). He would not, therefore, teach his disciples to pray for what they were already in the possession of. Does it refer to an experimental knowledge of gospel grace? It is true, the disciples often displayed much ignorance, and the blessed Teacher as often manifested forbearance and charity; but this he declared, "It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom;" and in Matt. xi. — "Father, Lord of heaven and earth, I thank thee, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." And again, "The kingdom of God is within you."

Does it refer to the kingdom of heaven, or place of departed spirits, where Jesus is, in Person, as he ascended? Certainly not. When Stephen was being stoned to death, "he saw the heavens opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God;" he did not say, "Come, now;" "thy kingdom come," but, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Paul speaks (Col. i. 5,) of the "hope which is laid up in heaven;" and in Hebrews x., "Ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance." And Peter speaks of an "inheritance reserved in heaven."

It cannot be, that He who was infinite in wisdom, could thus teach his disciples to pray. They knew its import; they felt its importance; their hearts glowed with joy in the prospect of its fulfilment.

(To be continued).

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 "The soul must be dismounted from all high thoughts of itself, and then Jesus is exalted to reign."—Major Rowlandson.

Evidences and Effects of Divine Life.

MY DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND IN THE GREAT ALL IN ALL.—I hardly know where to begin, or what to say in reply to your more than sweet favour of yesterday; of a truth my little heart feels somewhat enlarged towards you, and I can join dear Paul's prayer, Eph. i. 16—23 for you, thankfully referring to the *exceeding greatness* of his *power* to us-ward, &c., mutually giving us to participate in the fulness and freeness of all the apostle, in that chapter, so blessedly refers to; but dear brother what *language*—1st. *His power*, sufficient to *control* all other powers; 2nd. *greatness* of his power, sufficient to *subdue* all other from without and within; 3rd. *exceeding* all other which is pre-eminent amounting every where to a surprising, surpassing power; here I am lost, here I am saved. What can I think? what can I say? what can I do? I feel like having a draw back because you my brother can go so far beyond me in those great matters; but

"Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise
 Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,
 As fair as ever, and as fit to use:
 So both the flower doth stay, and honey run."

And this constitutes no small support for the poor pilgrim, even here below, to remember that although so many have fed, are now feeding, and will feed upon the everflowing fulness of our adorable Lord, Mediator and King, yet there is no diminishing his greatness, goodness, or glory: the sun is as large, bright, and beneficial as ever, so our dear Jesus is as gracious as ever, rising, ruling and reigning for the everlasting benefit of his tried, tempted, troubled people: and as I never heard a worldly man say one sun was not enough for this world, so let us never doubt the sufficiency of the Sun of Righteousness.

For

"'Tis Jesus fills our hearts below
 With holy faith and fervent love;
 From Jesus all our joy shall flow,
 In the blest realms of light and love.

"Jesus, his love, his grace, his name,
 Four gladness round the heav'nly throng;
 These all their golden harps proclaim,
 These swell the notes in every song."

Consequently, I don't see why we may not hope in Him who is our Sun to enlighten our dark, dreary souls, and our Shield to defend us from every attack of sin, self, satan and the world. And this is just what I daily need; for unless he rise upon me, and shine within me, I am as dark as pitch: I read, and try to read the stars; but I am apt to think all the stars put together would not make a sun; so the sweet and precious promises of my Lord do me no good, unless Jesus — my sweet Jesus — brings them home with melting application to my hard heart; then light, heat and motion are soon the blessed results of his rising upon me. Don't you find it so? I know you do often: what a mercy! a proof of life: an evidence you love

the light, and not darkness, and though there is not comfort with it, yet there is sighing in prison, and longing for deliverance and the Deliverer too. Then I may copy out these sweet lines—Lord bless them.

“Jesus, on thee, shall quickly shine,
With beams of favor all divine,
That heavenly, bright and morning Star,
Which ancient faith beheld from far;
Shalt, with his own illustrious ray,
Burst forth to give thee lasting day,
Before thy ling’ring heart shall move,
And urge thy pace, thy strength improve,
Nor suffer thy faint steps to slide
In error’s path, or lose their guide;
But all his radiant light and love,
Shall point thee to thy rest above.”

But, brother, how do you get on at the throne? When you go, do you ever get free from the archers? will they be still till you come away? I find them very annoying—I shut my pulpit door when I go in, but they get in somehow—I pray the Lord to send them away, if it is only for a little while, but they will be as busy as possible shooting or shouting. They are many and lively. The world, the devil, the flesh, and sin make me fret daily; I cannot do the things that I would; for

“This grievous load of tainted clay
Retards and sinks the downward way;
For when before the throne in prayer
I bow, corruption hunts me there;
And love itself can scarcely bind
The roving folly of my mind.
If hope divine excites my praise,
Or sense of God’s abounding grace,
Then sense and pride will intervene,
And stain my gratitude with sin.”

And among it all, I feel as though there is much mercy to me. I have, as you know, a large vessel—a very light one—and a rough sea to wade through; therefore much ballast is necessary to keep the vessel from capsizing, only I am so foolish as to wish for a different kind of ballast to what the owner will have. I am struck with surprise sometimes at the different things used. In Liverpool I saw salt taken in; here in Ipswich I see gravel is used, dirty gravel! why, one would think the vessel would never swim, but sink; but the wisdom and knowledge of my gracious Lord regulates both quantity and quality, fits me for the deep waters, guides my vessel; and as storms are the triumph of his art,

“Though now the storms of sorrow roar,
And raise in cares a troubled sea;
Yet, when I land on yonder shore,
There shall be calm enough for me:
Why then for tempests should I care?
Since they but drive me sooner there.”

May every Bible-recorded blessing attend you, cheer you, clear you, cleanse you, comfort you; and may manifested love from Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, enter and abide with you always. Then

“How blest will hours serenely glide
Midst wrecks and horrors all around!
Nor shall death’s cold and rushing tide,
That placid sense of life confound.”

Your’s in love and truth, T. Poock.

Visits to the Dying Chamber of the late Mrs. Mary-Ann Oliver.

By R. DE FRAINE, OF LUTTERWORTH.

DEAR BROTHER.—From your appeal to me in the September number of the *Vessel*, I thought it probable that your numerous readers would expect a narrative of the life and death of our late friend, Mrs. Oliver. It appeared to me the most prudent course would be to consult the family of my late friend. Having done so, the aged mother of our late beloved sister requested me to inform you they think the account of Mrs. Smith appropriate and sufficient. I coincide with their opinion upon the subject. Yet, as I am writing, I send a few thoughts suggested by the painful affliction and removal of our much esteemed friend and sister.

The dear Lord said to his disciples, “Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.” Our late friend, Mrs. Oliver, was in her usual health last October, not thinking, nor expecting, the terrible furnace to be heated in a few months. It was toward the end of November, last year, she took cold, and had much pain in her mouth. Mrs. Oliver worshipped with us in December, and was at the ordinance of the Lord’s Supper the first Lord’s-day in this year; the pain in her mouth continued very severe, and early in April our friend consulted a surgeon; the medical gentleman very candidly told her she had a bleeding cancer in the jaw-bone on the left side of the mouth, and of course there was no hope of recovery. What a solemn exposition of those words, “Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”

In my constant visits to my late friend it was deeply impressed upon my mind that these poor bodies must go to the grave, “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.” Often in her affliction did our dear sister remark to me, “Ah, my dear friend, this is an humbling sight, ‘I have said to corruption, thou art my father; to the worm, thou art my mother and sister. Indeed it was a heart-affecting sight to witness her extreme agony with constant discharge, and her earnest pleadings with the Lord for strength to bear all her sufferings in sweet submission to her Father’s will. That her earnest supplications were answered, the patience given abundantly proved.

Our late friend was always very plain in her dress and habits, giving her substance liberally to support the cause of God and truth—a striking contrast to many members of Baptist churches, who spend their money in flowers, frills, and flounces, decorating their persons until they appear more fit for the stage than the house of God. I tremble for these superfine professors, and fear that when the Lord puts them into a hot furnace, their experience will be very different to our late friend Mrs. Oliver. “Let your moderation be known unto all men, the Lord is at hand.”

My visits to my late afflicted sister often suggested to my mind the folly of an inordinate concern about the things of time. For years she had been devotedly attached to her dear aged mother (now in her eighty-sixth year) little thinking her aged parent would witness her dear daughter’s mortal remains taken out of the house to that house appointed for all living, but it was

so ordained by infinite wisdom, and our dear aged friend is wonderfully supported by the Lord under this trying affliction. How needful it is for us poor sinners to possess the spirit and power of that exhortation, "Ret your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." I fear the darkness and bondage of some of the Lord's people arises from a worldly spirit. There is too much anxiety to accumulate the rust and dust of this poor perishing world; and it is presumptuous to expect the visits of Jesus where mammon is the household god. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "For the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

But the most pleasing and precious subject manifest in my visits to my late dear friend was, the triumphant power of Almighty grace in supporting a dear child of God in the depths of human suffering. Mrs. Oliver possessed a strong mind, with a very high degree of sensitiveness. Persons so constituted, generally are in bondage through the fear of death, but my dear friend was so wonderfully supported in her painful affliction, that she could tell me, "I have no fear of death, I feel I am upon a Rock." What a noble manifestation of omnipotent grace was this! The outward man perishing by a terrible process, while the inward man was renewed and invigorated day by day.

The dear Lord maintained in her a powerful, precious living faith; she was enabled to take hold of God in Christ as her covenant God and Father. Christ was very precious in his glorious Person, offices and complete work to her soul, and the divine Spirit brought all his grace into exercise; so that, resting firmly in love, blood, power and inviolable faithfulness, she could say, in deep suffering, "God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

Jehovah's promise to his tried saints is, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." This precious word of promise our late friend experienced in its fullest measure; for on one of my visits when she was suffering the most severe torture, she looked at me, and said, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." And at another time she feelingly said,—"The eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

It is very humbling and encouraging to the minister of the gospel to witness such fruits of the Spirit in those persons who for years sat under his ministry, and have told him many times of the blessing attending his labours to their souls, and have been the first to stand by him in his troubles and conflicts.

Another surprising manifestation of divine power and goodness in the dear departed was, the dear Lord was pleased to preserve her consciousness to the end. I feared lest the dreadful sufferings she endured would affect her brain; but her dear Lord was above and beyond my fears in his marvellous displays of mercy; for on the

day she died I saw her a few hours before her departure; and although from the state of her mouth she could not articulate, she signed to me, (in the way the deaf and dumb communicate), "I feel it is all well: read and pray: feel my pulse." I did indeed rejoice to find my tried friend calm as a summer's evening, ready to depart; and her precious longings after her precious Jesus were soon realised, and now she beholds him face to face.

Mrs. Oliver's affliction and death has been to me another blessed confirmation of the fact, that when the dear Lord sends his children extraordinary trials, he will give them extraordinary strength to bear them, and, in his time, a glorious deliverance out of all their troubles.

Should these lines meet the eye of any of the dear Lord's suffering saints, the writer would, from what he has seen and felt of the goodness, mercy and faithfulness of Jehovah, say to such poor afflicted souls, Thy God will surely help and deliver thee.—

"Let not thy heart despond, and say,
How shall I bear the trying day?
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy day, thy strength shall be."

In reference to the life and death of our late beloved sister, we may truly apply Rev. xiv. 13, "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Lutterworth, Oct. 9.

R. DE FRAINE.

Salvation by Grace.

A FEW thoughts of Christ, such as the Holy Ghost hath, through mercy (principally) blessedly caused the writer to experience in the glorious expectation of a personal realisation of the residue, when he shall have exchanged mortality for immortality.

When I'm led to view the fountain,
(Precious fountain of Christ's blood)
Then my sins, which were a mountain,
Drown'd they are beneath the flood.

Made sin, the blessed Saviour stood
With the enormous weight of all
The sins of those whom soon he would
Out of a state of nature call.

By imputation they were his,
And full atonement he hath made
For sins already numberless,
The Father on the Son hath laid.

Thus non-imputed sin is now
Unto all those who to him flee;
And thus the Spirit makes us know
We are by him set ever free.

His righteousness is freely given
To all the needy here below;
They are made by imputation
Spotless in what he doth bestow.

Great, mysterious, and bless'd
Is the delightful plan of grace:
Live in hope, though now distress'd,
We shall one day see his face.

There at his feet to view his face,
And in that bless'd eternity,
Shouting that we are sav'd by grace,
Glorying in the Eternal Three.

Smeeth, Ashford.

JOHN EPS.

He hath done all things Well.

MY DEAR SIR: Permit me to offer to you, and your numerous readers, the following remarks, as a feeble attempt at what I should be rejoiced to see carried out more efficiently by your various contributors. I speak not altogether from my own feelings; but I know that at least I express the mind of some others when I say, that, owing to the controversy (I had almost said jangling) of some, the "Vessel" has not at all times contained that heavenly food which it otherwise might and would have done, if the apostolic exhortation, "be at peace among yourselves," had been acted upon. I believe that controversy was never designed by the great God as a primary instrument in the purification of his church, and the bringing to light his hidden ones. It is often too much like a vain attempt to purify the foul streams of a corrupt fountain; till the fountain itself be made pure, of necessity the streams must be filthy: also, I apprehend from what Paul says, 1 Cor. iii. 3, that the carnality of our hearts is the sad cause of our strife, as well as of our death and darkness; hence, when "the Spirit shall be poured out upon us from on high," giving a vitality to our religion, a zeal for the glory of God, and a love to precious souls, unknown to us in a state of lukewarmness; this, which has a tendency too often to make us "bite and devour one another," shall be for ever cast out; then will the church below bear a greater resemblance to, and enjoy a greater meetness for the church above,

"Where our Redeemer lives all bright and glorious,
O'er sin, and death, and hell, and all victorious."

The great Head of the Church bless you, guide you all your life long, and make you wise to win souls. So prays your unworthy brother,

Alford, Lincolnshire. ISAAC NUTSEY.
September, 1852.

"HE hath done all things well." So spake the wondering Jews when the Man of Nazareth came travelling in the greatness of his strength through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis, "making both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak."

Yea, "He hath done all things well," blessed be his matchless name; and though eighteen hundred years and more have past away since those wonderful and telling proofs were given of a power divine, yet still as great, yea, infinitely greater wonders are achieved, by his almighty grace. Still doth he make the deaf to hear, the dumb to speak, the very dead to live; and still at times, as a temporary calm occurs in their voyage across the stormy ocean of this life; when the glorious Sun peeps cheerily through some opening cloud, the saints do sing the ancient chorus—"He hath done all things well."

Alas! that our lips should ever be silent in his praise, or our hearts insensible to his goodness. Amid all the outward tumult, all the inward fear we have ever experienced; there has been wisely and surely, though oft mysteriously, working an under-current of *unchanging love*, which at last broke forth, and our kind and loving Friend, whom we had almost feared "had forgotten to be gracious," has stood forth again revealed to our astonished souls in his all-surpassing loveliness; and we, made happy in his love, have been constrained to cry out, "Bless the Lord

oh my soul," "Surely I will never again doubt his faithfulness!" "Ebenezer,"

"Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home."

Or if our wandering thoughts recur to the great transactions of the boundless past, aided by the light of revelation, do we see

"E'er time began, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man,"

Our blessed Jesus entering into covenant for the rescue of his bride, the church; nor does he shrink at the stipulated terms; no, in the greatness of love he says, "Lo, I come! in the volume of the book it is written of me, to do thy will, O God." And ever since the sealing of that solemn compact he has been to us a "faithful High Priest." Heb. ii. 17. In his humiliation, though "his judgment was taken away," yet was he "dumb as a sheep before her shearers;" in the battle he stood firm; even in Gethsemane, and on the cross he swerved not, until he could say, "It is finished."

Oh! my friend, "He hath done all things well." We see it, too, in the calling, quickening, cleansing, sanctifying, guiding of his chosen; his unalterable affection is clearly portrayed in every line of their history from the cradle to the grave; their mercies daily received, their privileges of worship, meditation, communion, their very conflicts and cares, afflictions and sorrows, afford fresh proofs of his goodness. The light we possess, the joy we experience (though seldom unmixed) the support we daily receive from heaven, the precious promises he has made, the transcendantly glorious prospects which he presents to the eye of our faith, all tell in living characters his goodness. O my brother, and ye poor weary wanderers in this wilderness of sin and sorrow who may read these lines, help me, in spite of earth and hell, of unbelief and fear, of sin and death, to celebrate his goodness, for "I am confident of this very thing, that He who hath begun a good work in you will carry it on unto the day of Jesus Christ," and that because "He hath, and ever will, do all things well."

"So soon as a soul begins to look after Christ, satan and the world labour to make his way troublesome. The devil is the great hunter of souls. So long as the game goes well with the hunter and he is going into his snare, he makes no noise; but if once the hare or the game begin to decline the snare and to go another way, then he whoops and hallooos and makes a noise that he may scare it into the snare again. And so, as long as men are going into the devil's snare he makes no noise; but if once they begin to turn aside from his snare, then he raises town and country, and a great noise is made to scare the soul in again; he knows that a candle may be easily blown into light when it is new put out. Paul met with no buffetings of satan till he had been taken up into the third heavens and seen the glory there. So long as Paul went on in his pharisaical way he met with no opposition."

A History of the Old and New Dissenting Churches in the Metropolis and Provinces:

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE PURITANS AND PRIME MINISTERS IN THE GOSPEL KINGDOM.

No. I.

OUR attention has been called to the above department of historic literature. Great portions of it lay deep; and to bring it forth will require much research; but its extreme value will well repay the labour. Many of our readers can assist us. We earnestly solicit their aid; and hope to furnish some useful and interesting articles under this heading, for time to come. We commence with a brief notice of

The Puritan Church in Deadman's Place; where Cobbler How was Pastor.

Before proceeding to the memoir of How, it may not be uninteresting to give a brief sketch of the Church in Deadman's Place, to which he belonged. This interesting little band appears never to have exceeded forty, but was more frequently within the number found by the apostle Paul in an obscure corner at Ephesus, as recorded in the 19th of the Acts.

Deadman's Place, says Strype, is a long, dirty, straggling street, running to Oliver Mount, and is said to have received its name from the number of dead buried there during one of the plagues that desolated London, prior to 1666. The foundation of this church has been the subject of much dispute, being attributed to several individuals. From their own records, it appears to have been constituted about 1621, having for their pastors or teachers, John Hubbard, or Herbert, John Canne, Samuel How, and Stephen More.

HERBERT is described as a learned man, and is said to have received Episcopal ordination, but embracing the discipline of the Independents, he left the Church of England, and took upon him the pastoral care of this society. He was afterwards driven by persecution, with his church, to Ireland, where he died. After his death, the church returned to London, and chose John Canne as his successor.

MR. CANNE was originally a minister in the Church of England, but subsequently united himself to the Brownists, was driven by the severity of the times to Amsterdam, and there he became pastor of the ancient church, of which the learned Ainsworth had been teacher. Here his necessities forced him to enter into a secular engagement to obtain a livelihood, and he applied himself with considerable success to printing. His controversial writings, which were very numerous, obtained for him great reputation among the Brownists; and when the persecutions against them subsided, he visited his native country. On his return to Holland, he published his collection of marginal references to the Bible. He was the author of three sets of notes, which accompanied as many different editions of the sacred text. A few words from the preface of this great work, which has established so high a reputation in the recollection of posterity, exemplify the nature of his biblical views: "I do not know," says he, "any way whereby the word of God (as to the majesty, authority, truth and perfection of it) can be more honoured and held forth, and the adversaries of it, of all sorts, so thoroughly convinced and silenced, as to have the Scripture to be its own interpreter. Did men, in their expositions on the Scriptures, speak less themselves, and the Scriptures more, the Scriptures would have more honour and themselves less." After the death of Charles I. he returned to England, where he pub-

lished a vast number of works, and was committed to prison for certain notions he entertained with other "fifth monarchy men," as they were termed, that the personal reign of Jesus would succeed the dethronement of king Charles. At the Restoration, he returned to Holland, where he is supposed to have died.

Upon Mr. Canne returning to Holland the first time, he was succeeded in the care of the Church by

MR. SAMUEL HOW, vulgarly called "Cobbler How," probably from the profession he followed for a livelihood. The date of his settlement is supposed to be 1633. He was well known to the congregation of Puritans in Coleman Street, where he is said to have frequently officiated. He had no school learning, but worked daily at his trade, to administer to his necessities. His manner of studying on a text was, as he sat in his shop mending his shoes, to lay his Bible beside him, and when he thought fit he looked therein and considered thereof. Mr. How continued to serve his people in the work of the ministry for about seven years. He is said to have been famous in his day for vindicting the doctrines of separation, upon account of which both he and his people were forced to meet together in the fields and woods to avoid them.

He possessed great zeal and diligence, but was most unguarded in conversation, and thereby laid himself open to informers, by whose means he was cited into the spiritual courts, and excommunicated. Hereupon Mr. How absconded; but being at length taken, he was shut up in close confinement, where he died, greatly lamented, in the year 1640. His friends designed to have him buried in Shoreditch churchyard; but as he died under the formidable sentence of excommunication, it was not lawful to deposit his remains in *holy ground*. His friends were therefore under the painful necessity of burying him in the highway, near St. Agnes la Clair, where several of his congregation were afterwards buried by choice. A better close to this account cannot be given than in the honourable testimony borne to his character by Mr. Roger Williams, of Providence, in New England. "Among so many instances," says he, "dead and living, to the everlasting praise of Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Spirit, blowing and breathing where he listeth, I cannot but with honourable testimony, remember that eminent Christian witness and prophet of Christ, even that despised, and yet beloved, Samuel How, who being by calling a cobbler, and without human learning, which yet, in its sphere and place, he honoured, who yet, I say, by searching the Holy Scripture, grew so excellent a textuary, or Scripture learned man, that few of those high Rabbis who scorn to mend or make a shoe, could aptly, or readily, from the Holy Scriptures, outgo him; and however, (through the oppression of some men's consciences, even in life and death, and after death in respect of burying as yet unthought and unremedied) I say, however he was forced to seek a grave or bed in the highway, yet was his life, death, and burial, being attended with many hundreds of God's people, honourable, and how much more on his rising again, *glorious*."

Our Suburban Churches.

A PLEASANT MEETING OF PASTOR AND PEOPLE AT PHILLIP STREET, KINGSLAND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I could not feel it to be right to allow the following scene to pass by without an attempt to record it to the credit of my friends and for the benefit and encouragement of others in the Lord's vineyard.

On Saturday last, September 18, I returned from Jersey and Guernsey, where I had been staying for some weeks, and our friends in the church and congregation at Phillip Street, desirous of expressing their joy at my safe return, invited me to a social tea among themselves on Monday evening the 20th. I went; and though the rains fell in drenching showers, yet I never witnessed a more cheerful company of smiling countenances and happy hearts than had that evening assembled to greet my return. It was a living picture of the 133rd Psalm.

But after tea, when we had nearly concluded singing a sweet hymn, I was much surprised and greatly moved by one of the brethren bringing in something large, and placing it on the table before me. After the close of the hymn, our deacon proceeded to present to me in the name of the church and some of the congregation, a very handsome and costly writing-desk, furnished, which they had made for me during my absence as a token of their Christian affection and esteem, which was accompanied with a most touching and affectionate address, full of encouragement and consolation in the retrospect of all our struggles as a church, and of sympathy, attachment, and esteem in the midst of all the mysterious tribulations that the Lord had permitted to fall upon me in providence, together with heart-felt congratulations for the faithful appearance of the Lord on my behalf, and changing my darkness into day, and concluding with expressions of great pleasure and thankfulness for the spirit of unity and brotherly love which now prevails in the church.

After this, several spoke of the goodness of the Lord in leading them to Philip Street, while dead in sins, and then bringing them to the knowledge of Jesus as the life of their salvation. Others blessed God for reclaiming them from their backsliding state by the word of his truth preached there. While others rejoiced in a growing acquaintance with Jesus as the portion of their inheritance for time and eternity. Much encouragement was expressed in the prospect of our removing to Wenlock Hall, New North Road.

The meeting was, altogether, of a most interesting and heart-cheering character, and every soul seemed to exhibit its hearty amen to the sentiments expressed. To me it had peculiar features of beauty and interest: the getting up of the meeting—the circumstances—the gift—the expression and manner in which it was presented—my total ignorance of all that was going on—all combined to render it a season of pleasurable recollection to my mind. And my hearty prayer is, that the Lord will enrich the souls of his people with the super-aboundings of his almighty grace, that his presence will go with us to our new habitation, and prove that though in our removal our enemies meant it for harm, yet the Lord meant it for good.

T. PERRER.

Kingsland.

Zion, Goldington Crescent, Pancras Road.

A MEMORIAL OF THANKFULNESS TO OUR COVENANT GOD.

On Wednesday, October 13, 1852, we (the people of Zion) were once more called to witness the ordinance of believer's baptism as instituted, by our blessed Saviour, sanctioned by the Spirit of our God descending upon him, and God the eternal Father confirming it with a "this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Our beloved pastor took for his text 1 John iv. 1, "But try the spirits whether they are of God," showing there were many false spirits, but only one true Spirit, which was the blessed revealed word, mind or Spirit, of the triune Jehovah. Some confessed that our pastor spoke as with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Many, we believe, found it good to be at Zion; for, out of the number assembled, about 700, a more orderly and more interested company there could not be. There was one poor old pilgrim at the advanced age of eighty-eight years; another (had passed the age allotted to man) of seventy-three years; and six others, who publicly professed their love to Christ by following in his footsteps. Mr. Gwinnell, of Greenwich, baptised four, he not having any pool, and we having four standing for baptism, it was agreed between our pastor and him that it should take place at the time stated. Truly we may say with one of old, "what hath God wrought?" Truly the dear Lord is working by the instrumentality of our pastor; and we humbly trust the nervous debility under which he has laboured for a considerable time is in a great degree removed; we hope it has been sanctified by the blessed Spirit of our God, and he is giving him to see and feel that he has been exercised and troubled for the comfort of some of the Lord's dear people, which he is now making manifest by blessing his labours to the souls of many. Oh! that the dear Lord may, in his infinite mercy, keep us, as a people, wrestling with him for his blessing to rest upon us the few remaining days allotted to us in this time-state; and when time shall be no more with us, may pastor, church, and people meet in that great assembly above, where congregations ne'er break up,

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

So prays your's in covenant bonds,
6, New Goldington Street, T. DOWLAND.

A SPIRITUAL RIDDLE.—I have been married for an endless number of years, but I only went to church to have the ceremony performed and the banns put up, seventeen years ago; on which day I was born. Three years after my marriage, I was blest with two children, (twins), a boy and a girl; the boy when born was five years older, and the girl two years younger, than their father. The boy married the girl when only a year old; the girl had a child when six years old, but of which the husband was not the father; and most mysterious of all was, that the girl outgrew husband and father, and reached maturity before either her husband or father. I cannot promise Samson's wages to the soul who interprets my riddle; but I hope the dear Lord will bless such an one with a savoury knowledge of its hidden treasures.

G. C.

New Churches in the Provinces.

[Interesting accounts of the origin and progress of new causes, like the following, will be thankfully received.]

GREAT CHEVERILL.

GREAT CHEVERILL, Wilts, is a village of some note, about five miles southward of Devizes, here a little cause for God and truth is found, its rise and progress may not, perhaps, prove uninteresting to some of our village readers.

In the year 1816, Mr. Mark Sawyer, who has ever taken great interest in the cause of God, and is a strong advocate for the truth as it is in Jesus, opened his house for preaching, which continued about eight or nine years, but the cause not succeeding, it was given up, and no dissenting cause was then to be found here, till in the year 1832, Mr. Sawyer again opened his house, to make another trial to set up the standard of the cross. Some few rallied round it, the cause seemed to wear a better aspect, so that in the year 1833, Mr. Sawyer built a very neat little chapel, at the cost of £165; £80 of which he received by donations, subscriptions, and so on, leaving £85 which he himself bore, in addition to this our friend bore nearly the whole of the expence of maintaining the cause. In the year (February 19th) 1834, a church was formed here, when thirteen in number united in church fellowship, but as yet they did not see baptism to be immersion, therefore they at that time were independants; this continued till the year 1843; a change having taken place in their views on baptism, the church was broken up, and formed into a Particular Baptist Church, on strict communion principles, September 17, 1842. The church was by this refining reduced to eight in number: in the following year Mr. Sawyer had the pleasure of seeing one of his daughters decided for God, and added to the church by baptism, (this is Mrs. Rudman, of Plymouth,) the cause here has been very particular as to who they let into the pulpit, standing decidedly for truth; this rendered it difficult sometimes to get the pulpit supplied, but amid all this they kept their standing and the Lord opened the mouth of our friend Sawyer so that the little cause was not left destitute. For some time past the church here has been under a cloud, many trials to contend with, the chief support (Mr. Sawyer) being laid by affliction, but still the Lord has been in the bush, and the spark has not gone out; and now we hope the set time to favour Zion is come. The pulpit has been supplied during the past twelve months chiefly by brethren Wilkins, Blanchard, Rawlings, Farmer, Pepler, &c.

August 22nd was indeed one of the highest days ever known at Cheverell, the Lord was pleased to shine graciously: at about half-past eight o'clock in the morning a goodly

number of persons from neighbouring villages were gathered together by the river side near Littleton, at the mill in the occupation of our brother Farmer: after an hymn was sung our brother Wilkins gave an address suited to the occasion founded principally on the words of our dear Redeemer where he has said "If ye love me keep my commandments," prayer being then offered, another suitable hymn being sung, our brother Wilkins led our friend Sawyer's youngest daughter into the river, and buried her in the name of the sacred Three, others were expected to come forward, but were unavoidably detained; the greatest solemnity seemed to pervade the whole crowd: many were in tears, deep impressions, we trust, were made by God the Spirit, upon the hearts of some whilst many of the dear family of heaven could say "It is good to be here." Brother W—— preached in the morning to an attentive congregation, when the dear Lord enabled him to bring out of the rich treasury, things new and old — the dew sat upon the branches of many who heard, which was evidently seen by their manner and appearance in the house of God. In the afternoon, our brother received the candidate into the church, several friends from Devizes and other churches joined with the little band, to commemorate the death of their dear Lord; our brother W. again addressed a goodly congregation in the evening, when he was helped to encourage the pilgrims on their way, shewing who was their guide and friend; that the God who had brought them so far would never leave nor forsake them, no not even unto the end.

Thus was spent one of the happiest days ever known at Cheverell. Those who could not that day come forward were more than ever desirous to do so; accordingly, as soon as arrangements could be made another day was fixed, which was yesterday, October 10th. At the appointed time half as many again as were on the previous occasion, were seen gathered together at the same place, an hymn being sung, a stranger to almost every one present addressed the audience, from the words "Why baptisest thou?" (His name was Doel of Southwick.) His answers to this question were much to the purpose. After prayer and another hymn, our brother Wilkins again was seen in the stream, assisted by the husband of one of the females who was to be baptised, he first led his wife into the water, after which brother Wilkins baptised her, she being led out, another female was led in, this being done, brother Wilkins then took the husband by the hand led him down into the depths of the stream and baptised him as he had his partner a few minutes before. This was a very interesting sight, to see both walking in the commands of their Lord and Master. Our brother Wilkins preached in the morning from the "Gos-

pel" its ordinances, and effects; in the afternoon he received the three candidates into the church, when the church enjoyed a refreshing time from the presence of him whom they then commemorated. Our brother Farmer preached in the evening, it was indeed a good day to the souls of many, and we hope the Lord will give the little church here to experience many such seasons. We believe impressions were made not soon to be worn off. May the dear Lord restore to his former usefulness our dear friend Sawyer amongst them as a church, and may the little one become great, and Zion universally prosper, is the fervent desire of one who rejoices in the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

SHOULDER-OF-MUTTON-GREEN, EAST WICKHAM, KENT.

THE Chapel in which we meet is situate in the parish of East Wickham. It was built in 1851, and opened for worship on the 4th December, in the same year. A church was formed on Monday, January 26, 1852, consisting of 11 members; 9 persons were baptised on February 15th, 8 of whom were united to the church. An ordination service was held on Good Friday, when John Player was publicly recognised as the pastor. On the third Sabbath in May 5 persons were baptised and united to the church. At the opening the following ministers officiated: Mr. John Cox, of Woolwich, preached in the afternoon, and Mr. James Blake, now of Sauthurst, Kent, in the evening. At the formation of the church Mr. Wallis, of Bexley New Town, and Mr. J. Cox officiated. At the ordination Mr. John Cox gave the charge, and Mr. Charles Box, of Enon Chapel, Woolwich, preached to the church in the evening.

Opening of Zion Chapel, Oundle.

On Tuesday, September 28th, this very neat and nicely situated Baptist Chapel was opened for the worship of a Triune God. Mr. John Foreman, of London, an able and willing helper of the good cause of God, preached in the morning from Rev. iii. 7; when the *character*, signs of *office*, and the *exercise* of the God-like authority referred to, where very truthfully described with that marked plainness, and touching manner, God has so honoured his servant with.

After the sermon, Mr. F. told the friends he really wished to encourage them in so good a work; and he told his friends in London this; and they readily collected £11 6s. 3d., and sent it down by him. This was indeed well done, and the friends evidently thought so; and aimed to follow so good an act; for £11 3s. 9d. was collected that morning at the doors.

Mr. Murrell, of St. Neot's, preached in the afternoon; and truly, the savour and power that accompanied the utterance of the truth from the lips of this widely known, and beloved servant of the Lord, will not soon be forgotten by me, and I doubt not by many more. Ah, it was indeed a season, when my soul seemed to melt into tears of holy joy, and longed for some secret corner to pour out my thankful heart to God for a *felt possession* of such vital, soul-supporting Bible-truth, I could have shouted aloud, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." This, to a really truth-loving heart is a thousand times more valuable than all the taste-

fully arranged, and well-balanced arguments upon some speculative points of divinity, or the mere repetition of the best doctrinal truths, which often reminds one of the monotony of an *auktion-mart*. No: it is (so to speak) when truth is broken up into small portions, so that it finds its way into the heart, until the soul is astonished to find itself possessed of so much. The grace of faith is discovered *there*, hope *here*, love *yonder*, and true peace is possessed within.

In the evening, Mr. Irish, of Warboys, read and prayed. Again Mr. Foreman preached. The chapel was very full, and so was the sermon—full of truth and instruction: yea, full of Christ and salvation. Say more I cannot; only, I believe the Lord filled the hearts of the people with gratitude and willingness to help, for the collections, and receipts of dinner and tea, amounted to £47 8s.; so that by the end of this year they hope to reduce the £350 (cost of the building) to £250. Several ministers have promised our brother Mountford the use of their pulpits, and as much help from their friends as the Lord may move them to give. Some—perhaps—may say, "He shall not have the use of mine." Well, try, my good brother, and not be angry, should a request from the little church at Oundle, to the church at ———, reach you some morning. The least we can give to the "poor and needy," is a *kind word*, though we may not feel at liberty to relieve them; these are not so expensive, often, to a godly man, as angry words are. I once knew a minister, who, when a few people were building a little chapel, said, "Ah, they will be coming to beg of us, but they shall not have a farthing." The chapel was built, and soon paid for, without asking for that help; and in a few years a larger one was needed by the same people; and it was soon obtained; and that same minister was one amongst the first to give them £15, and it was very thankfully received. Thus—perhaps—conscience told him how very unkind he spoke before, and he must *pay* for it this time.

Praying the Lord to prosper and bless his one church, by uniting their hearts in one holy bond, striving together for the faith of the everlasting gospel, I remain your's,
D. ASHBY.

Higham Ferrars.

Brief Notices and Reviews.

SUTTON-AT-HONE.—The fifth annual meeting of Bethesda Chapel, Sutton-at-Hone, Kent, was held on Monday evening, October 11th. We were happy to see the place well filled at tea; it was really a pleasing sight; every countenance seemed to bespeak Christian love and union. The service was opened by singing that sweet hymn,

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs."

Brother Robinson offered up a solemn and suitable prayer; brother Neville, the pastor of the church, then gave a report as to how they were going on in money matters: we were sorry to hear the females had not been so active as they had formerly been. Brother Nevill announced the subject for the evening's discussion—namely, "THE WAY TO LIVE A HAPPY LIFE." After speaking a little of the misery sin had brought into the world, he spoke of a threefold happiness—Temporal, Moral, and Spiritual; shewing that per-

fect happiness could not be obtained in this world; at the same time directing us where, and how, happiness of a perfect nature could be obtained and enjoyed. Brethren Bowers, Martin, Smith and Robinson were called to speak a little upon a happy life; each confessed they were better able to shew bow misery and unhappiness were obtained. Brother Robinson said, "Lasting pleasures none but Zion's children know; and only as we could have a faith's view of Calvary's mount, and there see what was accomplished by Jesus for the happiness of elect millions, and be enabled to say, 'FOR ME—HE DIED FOR ME; none but those could be truly happy.'" A hymn was then sung; the benediction pronounced by the pastor; and the meeting closed. That it may leave a lasting impression on those present; be the means of much good; that the cause and interest in this place may flourish; Zion's children be blest, and Zion's King glorified, is the earnest desire of

THE LITTLE ONE."

JIREH MEETING.—The Fourteenth Anniversary of Jireh Meeting, Brick Lane, London.—Believing that the information will prove gratifying to the many friends of our aged pastor, who has now entered into his seventy-fourth year, and the forty-fourth of his public ministry, we beg to state, that, while our former anniversaries were peculiarly marked with tokens of the divine favour, yet the recent one, on the 26th of last month, was, on many accounts, more cheering than any that preceded. Our esteemed friend and brother, Mr. Henry Hanks, of Drayton, Cambridgeshire, preached two excellent sermons to crowded congregations; in the morning from 2 Tim. ii. 19, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure," &c.; and in the evening from Hosea ii. 14, "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness," &c. In the afternoon, many went away, being unable to get in, when our much-esteemed brother, Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, preached a most interesting discourse from Exodus xvii. 15, "And Moses built an altar, and called the name of it Jehovah-Nissi;—the Lord my banner." The collections were far beyond our highest expectation, amounting to upwards of £26. It was indeed a day of sunshine throughout, and the name of our place, "Jireh," "The Lord hath seen, and hath provided," was fully verified.

W. H.

GUILDFORD.—Dear Editor, and brother in our Lord Jesus Christ: May great grace dwell in you, and much of that perfect love which casteth out all fear, flow largely or abundantly into thine heart from this time forth for evermore.

Will you be so kind as to give these lines a place in the VESSEL as a part of her cargo for next month, that she may carry it to her destined shores, that the lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus may see that the dear Lord is still blessing our little Hill of Zion at Guildford, with more fruit of the everlasting gospel of the Son of God? Bless the Lord, he is still mindful of us according to his word, that where he hath recorded his name, there will he come and bless; and sure I am that he hath recorded his name here: for the unworthy writer of these lines can testify of a truth that he was born there; and, bless the Lord, he is not the only one to testify of the same, whereof we rejoice.

On Lord's-day September 19th, came two, a brother and a sister, publicly to put on the Lord Jesus Christ, according to the command of our Lord, laid down in his holy word of truth, who had previously witnessed a good confession before the church, of their being called out of nature's darkness, into Christ's marvellous light; and our beloved pastor, Mr. Spencer, was led to speak most blessedly and sweetly from the Acts of the Apostles, (chap. xxii. 16—viz., "And now, why tarriest

thou?") A soul-comforting season it was; I hope long to be kept in remembrance.

On Lord's-day October 3d, Mr. Spencer gave the welcome guests the right hand of fellowship, with a suitable portion of Scripture to each one, which I venture to say will not easily be forgotten by them. Then we all sat down, and commemorated the death, burial and resurrection of our dear Lord and Master; by receiving of the sign, looking to the thing signified, and so we had all things common.

But what appeared to me most striking in the discourse, was the last clause of the text, (viz.,) calling upon the name of the Lord. Oh, I thought, how many professors in our day call upon the name of the Lord with the lip, while their heart is far from him; they cry, "Lord have mercy upon us:" again—"We beseech thee to hear us good Lord," &c., and at the same time know no more of their miserable state as sinners, and their need of a Saviour to save them, than the brute beasts that perish. I say, they are enemies to God, to his truth, his ordinances, his ways and his people; they are the sons of the sorceress, who make a sport of holy raptures and heavenly ecstasies, begotten in the soul by the knowledge of redemption in the blood of Christ, and the forgiveness of sins.

I say to such (if the grace of God prevent not), they will mock on till they howl in destruction for despising salvation by the blood of the Lamb. But we, dear brother, with many more, by the grace of God, will sing of, and rejoice in Jesus the God of our salvation, notwithstanding the sport they make of us, who, we trust, are made obedient children through the obedience of Another.

May the Lord be pleased to direct the minds of his servants more and more into the mysteries of the truth as it is in Jesus, in this truth-despising day, and enable them to cry aloud and spare not, to lift up their voice like a trumpet, and shew God's people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins; so that the heavens may sing, and the earth be made joyful, because the Lord hath comforted his people, is the prayer of D. HAYDON.

Guildford, Surrey.

LIMPLEY STOKE, NEAR BATH.—Lord's-day, Sept. 19, was a day which will not easily be forgotten by the friends here. Just before eight o'clock in the morning crowds of people were seen flocking in from the surrounding neighbourhood to witness a baptising which was to have taken place in the river, but so much rain had fallen in the week, that the water was too high, consequently we repaired to the canal, and a most imposing scene it was; a vast assemblage of people were convened on the bridge and banks: the solemn service commenced by singing

"How great, how solemn is the work!" &c.

The divine blessing having been invoked by our deacon; Mr. W. Hawkins, of Bradford, addressed the multitude upon the nature and design of the solemn rite; we sung again; then our beloved pastor, Mr. W. Huntley, led eight candidates into the water, (two males and six females) and immersed them in the name of a triune Jehovah. The dear Lord did seem to smile upon his own ordinance; the natural sun shone forth delightfully, and the glorious Sun of Righteousness seemed to arise and shine upon the souls of his dear quickened family present. The many weeping eyes which were there gives us to hope that some broken hearts were among the crowd. In the afternoon seven were taken into the church, the other one unites with a neighbouring church. Our chapel was crowded to excess, and very many seemed deeply impressed with the interesting service. Amongst the candidates was brother and sister, and sister-in-law, man and wife, two from our Sabbath school, one had been among the Wesleyans for twenty years, and one was the eldest daughter of our esteemed minister, making the third of his children he has had the pleasure of baptising. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

ANNONCE, Essex.—We had a quiet and comfortable tea-meeting here in Zion Chapel on Monday evening, October 10; after which C. W. Banks, of London, preached us a short sermon. Our minister, Robert Everard, is labouring here under rather discouraging circumstances. Abridge is a dark village, eight miles from Ongar: Zion Chapel had been some time closed; and we have no other place of worship, (the old and the new church excepted) near us. It seemed as though the Lord sent our minister, Robert Everard, to open this house of prayer again, and to lift up the standard of the cross in our midst: a people have been gathered to hear; the gospel has been faithfully preached; but we have neither church formed, nor ordinances administered; still, we hope better days are yet to be seen in our little Zion. We hope some of the elder brethren will now and then come and speak to us the word of life, it may be helpful to the cause, and confirming to our preacher. From **ONE WHO LOVES ZION.**

BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

HAWKER'S MORNING AND EVENING PORTIONS.—A reprint of this valuable work has been published by John Kendrick, 27, Ludgate Street, Saint Pauls, and 4, Charlotte Row, Mansion House, London. The works of the late Dr. Hawker are held in too high esteem by all lovers of truth to need much commendation; and perhaps none of them has had a greater circulation, nor have been found more useful than the "Poor Man's Daily Portion." We have in the present day immense quantities of religious works, but how few of them possess the power and unction of the Spirit! this work, which is now before us, is the pure simplicity of truth, richly perfumed with the graces of the Spirit; all the marrow of the Scriptures appears to be selected, and a sweet pithy meditation written upon each one for the morning and evening of every day throughout the year. To begin with, we have "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" and to end with, "the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen." Every Christian family ought to possess a copy of this work, and no religious library is complete without it.

THE BAPTIST POCKET BOOK AND DIARY FOR 1853: (Houlston and Stoneman, Paternoster Row,) is handsomely got up. The information it affords is valuable, and the price low. Every baptist, especially ministers, should possess one.

THE MUSIC OF THE CROSS: or, the Songs of the Ransomed. By David Ives, Baptist Minister, Gold Hill, Bucks. The **THIRD PART** of this new hymn book, designed for the Lord's Supper, and for meditation, is now publishing by Houlston and Stoneman for the Author. About eight or nine more parts will complete the work. We will give a specimen: the following is hymn 106.—

"The hart when hunted hard
Pants for the water brooks;
So doth my soul, O Lord,
Long for thy cheering looks:
My heart and flesh cry out for thee;
Oh! when shall I thy glory see?"

"Hither and thither driven,
By vexing earthly care,
My spirit looks to heaven,
And seeks refreshment there;
From God the everlasting King
The pure, the living waters spring.

"With guilt and folly pressed,
I plead his pardoning grace;
On that my heart can rest,
That fully meets my case:
If sin has mighty power to kill,
The grace that saves is mightier still.

"When disappointed love
Hath rent my inmost soul,
I lift my heart above,
For Jesus to condole;
An everlasting Friend is he,
A brother in adversity.
"Still will I choose the road
By which the saints repair
Unto the house of God,
And pay my homage there;
There with the voice of joy and praise,
I'll join to keep the holy days.
"For there I see revealed
My Saviour crucified;
I know my pardon's sealed,
I feel my wants supplied;
And there his countenance divine
Beam light, and health, and joy on mine."

THE LAMP IN THE VALLEY: or, Confirmation in the English Establishment Disclosed, as to its Nature, Origin, Delusion and Tendency. In Conversations of Ten Young Persons. By W. HAWKINS. London: HOULSTON AND STONEMAN. Mr. Hawkins is becoming quite a popular writer. His works are small in size, cheap, neatly got up, and are of such an interesting character as are sure to procure for them extensive patronage. "The Lamp in the Valley" is a series of pithy dialogues, shewing "the Church of England Confirmation" to be "opposed to apostolical confirmation" in every point. This "Lamp in the Valley" is only a penny tract of thirty-two small pages; but there is combustible matter enough in it to blow up the whole system of the national and universal confirmation scheme, should a divine power accompany its perusal. There is no question but its circulation will be immense; and its usefulness very great. Some most solemn facts respecting the anti-scriptural character—the popish origin, and the evil tendency of the rite of confirmation, are here produced. The work is evidently the result of much research, and of a mind both zealous and decided for pure gospel truth. We are persuaded Mr. Hawkins's labours, in this instance, will be highly appreciated by our non-conformist churches.

"SOMETHING FOR NOTHING:." Words of Welcome to all who Hunger and Thirst after Righteousness: the substance of a Sermon preached in Eynsford Chapel, Kent, October 10th, 1852. By J. Whittemore, Author of "Pietas Privata." London: RICHARD BAYNES. The following is part of the introductory Advertisement to this Sermon:—"A few months since, a Negro preacher in one of the Northern States of America, on being examined by the Presbytery, previous to his receiving ordination at their hands, was requested to give a definition of the term Grace. This he did in the following brief but comprehensive sentence: 'Grace,' said the coloured brother, 'is something for nothing.' This incident has suggested the leading title of this tract, as being in harmony both with the text and with the substance of the following discourse." Sermons of this description, if delivered under the heart-reaching, soul-stirring, and conscience-awakening powers of the Holy Ghost, must do much good. We believe more of this kind of preaching is needed in our day.

PORTRAIT OF REV. J. WEST.—Mr. Collingridge has published a noble lithographic likeness of Mr. West, the rector of Winchelsea. He is a bold and unflinching defender of the faith; and this portrait—which represents him in the pulpit—is an exact copy of the man himself.

THE SERAPHICAL SHEPHERD ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT: being a Faithful Account of the Heart-solemnizing and Soul-ravishing Views the Shepherd had of the Glories and Terrors of the Last Great Day! A Weighty Narrative that ought to be carefully and prayerfully read by all sorts of Saints, and all kinds of Sinners." Such is the striking title of a penny pamphlet recently published by HOULSTON AND STONEMAN. It is a powerful description of things that must shortly come to pass, rightly founded and affectionately declared.

Grittleton Anniversary.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE STATE OF CHURCHES IN OTHER PARTS OF WILTSHIRE.

BROTHER BANKS.—Our anniversary took place on Tuesday, September 11; the weather was in our favour, but there was an anniversary at Acton Turvill the same day; Mr. Hunter, of Bradford, and Mr. Beard, of Malmesbury, were preaching there, which we feared would be an injury to both places; but through the tender mercies of a gracious God, we were pleasantly disappointed; for, as soon as the time arrived to commence the services it was delightful to see so many Christian friends collecting together from the neighbouring towns and villages—a waggon load, besides other conveyances, came from Malmesbury; others from Chippenham, Corsham, Castle Coomb, Hurlavington, Hawxbury Upton, Nettleton, and various other places, so that a goodly number of the Lord's dear people collected together.

On my entering the chapel I was delighted to see the seats occupied, and others fast entering to fill vacancies. After singing, brother Foreman read Isaiah xxvii., expounding largely that and the preceding chapter. After breathing out his soul to Almighty God for his presence and blessing we sang, and then brother Foreman named his text, which was, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." John xxi. 15. As a well-instructed scribe in the kingdom of God, our dear brother was divinely enabled to bring forth things new and old, doctrinal, practical, and experimental divinity, such as the souls of God's people love. Every eye was fixed, and every ear attentive; truth was proclaimed, many were instructed, others comforted, and God, we hope, glorified.

The afternoon service being ended, the congregation regaled themselves in the lawn and pleasure grounds of Joseph Neele, esq., who had his gates thrown open for that purpose, which we take as an act of great kindness. About 160 sat down to tea. At half-past 6 in the evening, service commenced; and in a very short space of time the old venerable sanctuary, (which has stood the storms of 132 years) was filled with an attentive congregation. After singing, brother Foreman read, and, in his usual way, explained as he read. He then offered his prayer, which we could heartily join in, and sincerely hope it will be answered in the experience of those for whom it was offered up; singing followed, and then our brother read for his text, "I will not leave you comfortless." (John xiv. 18.) Many will not soon forget the striking remarks made by the Lord's servant respecting the trials, afflictions, and temptations, through which the Lord's people have to pass; the Lord's care over them, and kindness to them in supporting, upholding, delivering, and comforting them; making darkness light, crooked things straight, and rough places plain.

I can say we had a good day, good food for body and soul, and a good collection, all from a good and gracious God, by whom we live, and move, and have our being, and to whom we desire to give all the honour and glory. Bless his dear name, he is better to us than our fears, and stronger than our foes; he knoweth our frame, and remembereth we are but dust. We often forget, neglect, and forsake him; his goodness is passing before us, and communicated to us, but

how unobservant are we of his hand! how neglectful of his word and command! yet how patient, long-suffering, and forbearing he is towards us! Oh that his goodness may lead us to repentance—and sometimes it does; our hard rocky hearts are broken, and melted into tenderness, and we weep to the praise of the mercy we have found. We would not wish when in our right minds to offend his dear Majesty, nor to be unobservant of his hard, nor unthankful for his blessings, but to worship and serve him in our bodies and spirits, which are his. I have been watching his gracious hand for the last five-and-twenty years, and can truly say that goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. I have had sore trials and conflicts from the world, from satan, and my own heart's lust; present things have been painful, and future things gloomy, but he has given strength for the day, and grace for the trial, and having obtained help of God, am continued to the present moment out of a deserved hell, and through rich mercy have no fear of ever going there, but hope to go to heaven

"To taste his grace, and see his face,
And never, never sin;
But from the rivers of his love
Drink endless pleasures in."

We all, as a little church, desire to remain
your's in Christian love, JACOB BOURNE.

Grittleton, September 21, 1852.

TEA-MEETING, SOUTHWICK.—Dear Mr. Editor.—Knowing you feel an interest in Zion, in her peace and prosperity, I have thought it may not be unreasonable to give you a little detail of a pleasing and profitable meeting held here on Tuesday last, October 5; it being the time of year when a sort of holiday (on account of a little country fair being held near) is observed; the friends here, for years past, have had a tea meeting in order to attract the attention of the young, and keep them at home. We did so again this year, when upwards of an hundred sat down to tea, chiefly young persons, after which we held a public meeting in the chapel. We had a good attendance, and I hope good will follow. Having no pastor (as you are aware) our friend Culverhouse (who for many years has been often engaged in supplying many of the neighbouring pulpits around, as well as among us at home) presided at the meeting. After singing and prayer the unworthy writer was first called upon, when he gave some little account of the goodness of our God towards us during the past year, &c. Another verse being sung, our brother Wilkins, of North Bradley, gave us a very warm, affectionate, and yet very solemn speech from the words of the Shulamitish woman, where she said, "I dwell among my own people." His remarks were very appropriate. Another verse being sung, our brother Huntley, of Stoke, addressed us in the words of the Psalmist, "How good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;" and the unity of which he spoke I believe was realised among us. The next friend was our brother Hedges, of Bradford, who spoke to us from the words "kindred in Christ," when he showed that endearing relationship, and we felt that we had part in that matter. Another verse being sung, brother Pierce, of Hilperton, addressed the meeting, showed us the advantages and privileges we enjoyed, how we were honoured by such brethren assembling with us, and farther spoke to us of the "silver trumpets," and the "certain sound" which had characterised the meeting.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"

being sung, brother Pierce concluded in prayer; every thing went off well, a good spirit seemed to

prevail throughout the whole; and I think I may say it was one of the best meetings of the kind ever held in Southwick. Wishing you every blessing, I am, dear sir, your's truly,
WILLIAM DOAL.

CHIPPENHAM BAPTIST CHAPEL.—MR. EDITOR.—The Lord hath been pleased to hear the prayers of his people, and has sent us a pastor, a sound experienced preacher of the gospel. The teachers, with a few friends of the Sabbath School, had a tea on Thursday, October 7. Our dear pastor was with us; and we found it very good to be there: the cause has been very low; but I believe the Lord will bless the labours of his servant. W. B.

A WEEK IN WILTSHIRE.

FRIDAY, October 1, 1852. Dear reader. As I ride homeward this morning from the borders of Wiltshire to the smoky and busy metropolis, I will write a brief review of the past week's observations and labours among a few of the churches in these western plantations. Reached Trowbridge safely last Saturday evening, and was comfortably housed in brother Jonah Purnall's room, which he sets apart principally for the bearers of tidings. We had three services on Lord's-day; in the morning from Paul's words to the Romans, "I am sure that when I come unto you I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." Something was said about the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, and of the grounds of Paul's confidence; but, upon the whole I should say, so great a text and so small a sermon never scarcely met together in Trowbridge before. The place seemed cold, the people appeared fidgety, and as to the preacher he looked frightened, for as soon as service was over, he ran out of the back way of the chapel, and, as though not knowing whither he went, walked right into Bethesda chapel, where some ministers and a few people were standing singing their last hymn; but Bethesda, as well as Bethel, was far from being crowded.

In the afternoon things wore a more cheerful aspect. A good company of anxious countenances fastened on the preacher, when he read for his text, "Let them shout for joy, and be glad that favour my righteous cause."

It was a warm effort to shew, first, that the cause which Christ had in hand was the setting up of the gospel kingdom on the earth; the planting of the kingdom of grace in the souls of His given ones; the fulfilment of all his Father's purposes; and the ultimate establishment of the glory-kingdom, inhabiting the same with the whole election of grace: this is the Redeemer's *ΚΟΙΝΩΝΟΥΣΑΙΣ* CAUSE; great is the opposition which comes against it, but the man that sincerely favours the righteous cause as the apostles did in preaching the gospel, as Lydia did in receiving the truth, as Naomi did in directing Ruth into the fields of Boaz, as David did in fervently seeking and praying for the peace of Jerusalem, all such favourers of the righteous cause shall, some day or other, shout for joy and be glad when they behold Zion in her beautiful garments, like a loyal and a loving army with banners.

There is living in Trowbridge a venerable brother of the late pastor of East Lane (our deceased brother Moody.) This good man comes into the school-room after sermon, with such a cheerful countenance, and presses me to his house to tea; and thither we went. Ah, this Mr. Moody of Trowbridge, is not a preacher; but he has lived many years; he has silently watched and observed many things; and his deep thoughts, when brought out in his homely and honest way, I found to be weighty and well worth taking care of. Many of our parsons, perhaps, little think how closely their preaching and their practice are put together by some of these silent watchmen on the walls of Zion. But the time for evening service was coming on, and I had no text; so I walked in the garden, prayed, and searched; these words were made to enter with light and comfort into my poor wounded

and weeping spirit, "Ye, therefore, now have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you. In that day ye shall ask me nothing," &c. John xvi.

With these words we closed up the services of the anniversary day of the Trowbridge Bethel, where it is expected brother Edwards, of South Chard, will soon be settled as pastor. All the folk there think him well suited; and they are hoping, under his ministry, to see better days. Mr. Warburton is still at Zion; Mr. Webster is called to settle at Bethesda; so very soon all the Baptist churches in Trowbridge will be furnished with pastors, and should the Lord smile on their labours all will be well. The Lord forbid that either of them should ever have to repent of being connected with that great cloth-making and gospel-criticising people.

John Warburton has not stood in Trowbridge upwards of thirty years without sowing a deal of gospel seed, nor without bringing many sons and daughters to Zion; his ministry has been abundantly honoured in the conversion of sinners, and the consolation of saints: but hard prejudices and party spirits grow as fast in Trowbridge, as in any other part of England; and I am persuaded that a sound, faithful minister, going to settle at Trowbridge, will have no easy task to perform before he gets thoroughly settled down. If, however, the Lord give him a loving, praying, patient heart, a studious, fruitful and powerful mind, and an undaunted perseverance in the practice of the gospel, he may there gather in a large family of believers. You may judge a little of how easily prejudices are excited in Trowbridge, when I tell you, the first thing on Monday morning came the following letter by post.

"Dear Sir: I have heard you preach this afternoon; and can receive you as a brother in the bonds of the gospel; but you rather hurt my mind by speaking what I thought (perhaps I judged incorrectly) against that dear servant of the Most High God, Mr. Warburton, in saying about ministers' preaching experience, and not the doctrines of the gospel; but if so, sir, you are quite mistaken; for this is what that dear man does preach most solemnly, and most blessedly too. Also, about contention, you said, (or, at least I understood it so), that the man that did thus preach, prosperity would not, did not attend the ministry; but where, in England, is there a ministry that God has owned and blessed, more than that dear man of God? And, dear brother, if you had such men to contend with as that dear man of God has had, I think you would have done like him. I do not say, for one moment, but what, when contentions arise, there is fault both ways; and, dear sir, some of these men that have been separated from that church have been the most disagreeable men that ever I met with in all my life. I have stood a member there these 30 years, and can solemnly declare to you, that I never saw such men in the church in my life before; they were condemning almost every body's prayer, and almost every preacher; as for you, and your preaching, it would go to rack with them.

"Dear brother, if I am wrong, forgive me.

"A LOVER OF THE DEAR SAVIOUR YOU PREACHED
September 26th, 1852. ABOUT."

On the Wednesday evening, when I preached my farewell sermon at Bethel, I declared my attachment to good old parson Warburton; (as they call him there); and assured them I had made no direct reference to him whatever. There is a people in Trowbridge, who will not, or cannot, settle down comfortably under parson John; but where they will find a minister to suit them I cannot tell. They are like children that have been spoiled, and nobody can manage them. Brother Doal, one of the deacons of Southwick, gave me a kind invite; I could not go, all my time being engaged. I mention this, in order to bring Southwick once more under the notice of good brethren who are looking

out for a field of usefulness. Southwick is not far from Trowbridge; it has an excellent Baptist chapel; and I think that is the only place of worship in the neighbourhood. The pulpit is vacant; they have good supplies; but they are praying the Lord to send them a faithful, fatherly, zealous man; one in whom the pastor and the preacher are alike prominently combined.

North Bradley Baptist Chapel, where the gospel was preached in former days, by such men as Master Wilkins, Warburton and others, has again been enlarged; it is now an excellent country place of worship, with fine school-room, vestries, &c. It was to be re-opened on the 3d of October, and to continue for three days; many ministers of the general cast were announced, among whom was Howard Hinton, of Devonshire Square. They do say that the gospel in North Bradley has had an intermitting fever, and an hectic consumptive cough, for some time. I should be glad to hear that it had recovered under the skilful administrations of some heaven-born and heaven-bound, sound-hearted and straight-footed divine. The wealthy farmers, who attend that long-established house of prayer, might comfortably support a laborious minister; and as mother-church is almost fast asleep in North Bradley, a zealous minister of Christ might here find plenty to do. Is it not a dishonour to the great men in North Bradley, that they can only have their minister on Sundays, while on all other days he is a servant of Moses?

The friends at Bethel provided an excellent tea on Monday; and a good lively meeting was holden afterwards; friends from Ilperton and Bath came to unite with the friends at Trowbridge. I should have been pleased to have seen parson John, of Zion, and parson Hawkins, of Bradford, and some others of the black cloth; but if they were there, I did not see them.

One of the immediate suburbs of Bradford, (Wilts) is called "BEARFIELD." It is on a very high hill. I think William Huntington once had a little chapel here; at any rate some of his people met here for worship, and I have heard he used to visit and preach for them. In Bearfield also there is a handsome little Countess of Huntingdon's chapel, with nice parson's house and burying-ground, school room, and all complete; and true enough the gospel, as her ladyship liked it, used to be proclaimed there. Strange to say, the pulpit, the endowment, and all the rest of it is now in the possession of one who is what they call a typographical Wesleyan-Arminian, or, a literary linsey-wolsey, free-will preacher. I wish the countess of Huntingdon was alive. I have no doubt but she would soon send this very half-way, or medium-deny and half-octavo man to beat the bushes in some other field. Reader, you must forgive me; but I cannot suffer the gospel to be shut out of a place built and endowed expressly for the proclamation of Christ's most holy and undivided gospel, without crying out most bitterly. "Ah!" said a friend to me, as we stood and looked over this beautiful sepulchre, "Ah, sir, there has been some black work here." O master, Oh, when; how could you sell the truth as you have done?

In Bearfield, however, another house for prayer has been opened; in fact, a Baptist chapel has been established; a church has been formed; and my kind friend Lambert, of Bath, is the pastor. I have his promise to give a faithful account of the mysterious circumstances and providences connected with the origin and establishment of this cause; and when my friend fulfils his promise, I do hope to subjoin thereto a brief report of the nature of my visit to, and labours at, Bearfield; which will never be blotted from my recollection while the powers of reason and reflection are maintained: this I may here note, that a more conclusive testimony that God condescendeth to speak through me, I never had.

Thursday morning, September 30th. Took my farewell of Trowbridge, and Trowbridge friends this morning; am now on the rail for Chippenham, from thence to Malmesbury, and on to Crudwell.

On arising this morning, my mind was depressed with the prospect of coming difficulties; and I certainly repented of spending so much time in preaching the word, when urgent demands require (as sense and reason say) my diligent labours at home; a legal and a sorrowful spirit took possession of my breast; these words came to my mind: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness." My mind was carried back to the period when, at seven years of age, I was taken from my father's house, and from a tender mother's care, and placed under other hands. From that period to the present, I have been like an orphan, hanging only on the good providence of God, which (through dangers, deep afflictions, sins and sorrows of no ordinary kind), has never failed to give me a lodging place in the wilderness, some bread to eat, and water to drink; and not unfrequently have I had such a sense of pardoning mercy in my soul, as constrained me to cry out with the poet—

"Oh, for such love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious, human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak."

Preserving mercy took me safe into Malmesbury, where Thomas Taylor met, and drove me to Crudwell; and once more in that retired village I found many kind friends, and spoke to them as well as enabled, the words of peace and faithfulness. I here take a liberty, without leave; but it is with a desire to do good. Thomas Taylor's heart and soul is in the cause of God: the Lord is sending him hither and thither to point poor sinners to the bleeding Lamb. If any quiet little church needed a tender, humble and careful pastor, Thomas Taylor, of Chedglow, near Malmesbury, (with God's blessing), would be the man for them. I should rejoice to see him settled with a truth-loving and a truth-living people. At Crudwell, there is one William Rudman, a Christian, a florist, a gardener, and a lover of Zion. He has nearly suffered the loss of all things, for the truth's sake. Should this meet the eye of any one who requires a real good man in the line mentioned, I could confidently recommend my dear friend Rudman. Reader, forgive me for thus encroaching. A lover of good men; and, as one whose real delight it is to serve them, and the cause they espouse, I am still, thy willing servant,
C. W. B.

The Venerable Pastor Martin

STILL IN THE WORK AT MALMESBURY.

[ONE of the oldest (and we may truly add, most useful) Baptist ministers now living in this kingdom is the venerable Martin, of Malmesbury. We feel a grateful pleasure in being enabled to place the following note on record. An history of the ministerial career, and of the origin and progress of the church under Mr. Martin's pastorate would be a valuable literary boon indeed.]

On Sunday, October 17, 1852, seven persons were baptised in the river Avon by Mr. Beard, Mr. Martin being disabled by ill health and age; he has been minister of the baptist church and congregation forty years, and now is in his 74th year. A great concourse of people were spectators, about two thousand, and all behaved with the greatest propriety. Mr. Martin, the pastor of the church, preached in the afternoon from Levit. xx. and part of the 24th verse, and took the baptised into the church.

THE BAPTIST ALMANAC AND DIRECTORY for 1853 is just published. It is one of the most complete little Manuals for the Baptist's pocket that ever came under our notice. Beside the calendar, the name, private residence, (a useful thing for country churches), situation of chapel, and times of service of every Baptist minister in London, is given.

The Truth of the Gospel Vindicated;

OR,

A TWO-FOLD EXPOSURE OF THE CREED AND CHARACTER OF WESLEYANISM.

By the late ROWLAND HILL, and SAMUEL COZENS, the present Pastor of the Baptist Church at Willenhall in Staffordshire.

TWO PAMPHLETS, with war-like titles, have recently been forwarded to us. We shall not only furnish our readers with recommendatory notices of them, but, also, with some extracts; believing that a more noble contention for pure gospel truth—nor a more honest exposure of the deadly errors of arminianism, has not been issued for many a day. The first is entitled—

“*The Old Fox! Or, John Wesley, the Impostor, Detected.* By the late ROWLAND HILL.” Published for the Editor, by PIPER BROTHERS and Co., Paternoster Row; and sold by D. SEDGWICK, 81, Sun Street.

When John Wesley laid the first stone of the City Road Chapel, he read to the people what Rowland Hill calls a “wretched harangue,” wherein there was not only an entire omission of gospel doctrine, but the insertion of such gross and unscriptural sentiments, that Rowland Hill could not withhold a protest against the proclamation of theories so dangerous and destructive to the best interests of his fellow-man. This pamphlet is “Rowland Hill in the rough,” it is true; nevertheless, it clearly proves that he had such a love for the Lord Jesus Christ—such a firm hold of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel—and so high a veneration for that faithful and useful ambassador of heaven, George Whitefield, that he could not, nor would not allow either the Master or the servant to be misrepresented, without boldly standing up in their defence. It appears, from this pamphlet, that John Wesley took to himself the honour of commencing that great work which God did by the instrumentality of Whitefield. John Wesley called himself “the great apostle of this mighty work.” This was more than Rowland Hill could brook: and, therefore, lays open not only the falseness of such an assumption, but also the rottenness of Wesley’s commencement of his mission. Read the following paragraphs—

“Dear Mr. Whitefield being convinced of sin, and of salvation through Christ alone, first went forth, and in the Spirit and power of Elias, preached, not himself, but Jesus the Lord. For some time the largest churches throughout London were open to him; and thousands upon thousands flocked to hear. This latter circumstance giving umbrage to some of the unconverted

clergy, the pulpits became gradually shut against that great messenger of God; on which, he acted as the prophets of old, and as our Lord Jesus himself, and as the apostles, and as our own English hishops, reformers, martyrs, and divines had anciently done before, by preaching in the open air to as many as had ears to hear. The first time Mr. Whitefield did this was in Islington church-yard, on the churchwarden’s refusal of the pulpit, which had been promised him. Thus did that excellent man break the ice! Mr. Wesley was the person, for want of a better, who, when the way was well paved to his hand, trod in Mr. Whitefield’s footsteps, by venturing, after some time and much hesitation, to preach in the fields and streets. From this short and incontrovertible state of the matter you may easily see with how little regard to truth Mr. John is pleased to set himself up as the mighty beginner of this work.

“But how did he proceed? Having thus sallied forth upon his mission to preach, he at once stopped short in a strange demur, to consider what sort of doctrine he should inculcate. According to what he observes of himself concerning his avowed ‘hatred of enthusiasm,’ this matter was presently decided by the well-known fact of his CASTING LOTS FOR HIS CREED! Pelagianism turned up, as the doctrine he was doomed to preach. Being thus solidly landed upon a quag, we find him floundering away, through thick and thin, waxing every year worse and worse, in exact conformity to St. Paul’s remark concerning evil men and seducers. In order to prove this more fully, it may, perhaps, be necessary to review some particulars relative to Mr. John and his communication. Here I must be short—a few instances will suffice.

“Once upon a time, we find him sitting in a Norwich stage coach, wrapt in a profound meditation. His own journals furnish us with the tale. Though I have not those curious registers immediately at hand, I can recollect, with sufficient precision, the substance of several delectable anecdotes. Musing in the said Norwich coach, the first thing that occurred to his consideration was, ‘Whether a person might not be a sincere Christian, and deny the phrase, *imputed righteousness*?’ This he did not doubt. He then advances farther, (as the wheels roll on), and asks, ‘If a man may not be a Christian, and deny the thing?’ [*I.e.*, that a man be a Christian, and, at the same time, deny the things in toto which only constitute a Christian. Well may common sense marvel at the power of Satan in a spiritual fool.] He then directly determines, that a person certainly may. Thus, at two strides, he completely gets rid of the righteousness of Christ.

"Now mark how, at two strides more, he dexterously lands at Deism itself. For he next asks the same questions, *first concerning the phrase, the doctrine of the atonement; and gives them both also up; advising us, in a scrap of Latin, 'to cast away a mere contention about words;'* for such, it seems, are the most fundamental doctrines of the gospel, in his estimation. THE ATONEMENT AND RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST he considers as mere words: and all contention for them is, in his idea, no more than vain jangling about empty terms. Let us rather, says he—"come into the good old way, viz., be that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him:" as if we could either fear God evangelically, or work righteousness in spirit and in truth, without living faith in the obedience and blood of his dear Son. But such is the theology of Mr. John.

"Thus proceeds he, in his mighty work! preaching in public, the result of his private stage-coach meditations! and as it is ill worth our while to trace him in any measure minutely, we need go no further than that most awful period of his ministry, when, in the year 1770, he brought his said stage-coach heresies openly on the carpet: and, if there be any meaning in words, positively recanted, and renounced the grand PROTESTANT DOCTRINE OF JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH ALONE, and explicitly avowed the Popish heresy of salvation by the merit of works, as the wholesome truth, with which he and his lay-lubbers are to go forth to poison the minds of men, and debauch the simple from the doctrines of the Bible, and of the Church of England."

In seven-and-thirty distinct paragraphs Rowland Hill severely criticises both the doctrines and the doings of Wesley, which he designates an "*horrible system of divinity;*" and after commenting upon the creature-merit creed, says, "THIS IS POPYERY WITHOUT A MASK!" After all, we think Wesley was a thousand times more open than his followers are in these days: for they put on the mask of a pretended gospel; and over most of their pulpits it might justly be written, "POPEERY UNDER COVER." In proof of this, we turn now to the second pamphlet on the same subject. It is entitled,—

"*John Wesley, the Papa of British Rome; and Philip Pugh, the modern Pelagius, weighed in the balance of eternal truth, and found wanting; or, Mr. Pugh answered.* By SAMUEL COZENS, Baptist Minister, Little London, Willenhall."

Mr. Cozens certainly enters upon his work in a most nervous and truthful spirit. Rowland Hill's exposure is most sarcastic, and a floating on the surface; but Samuel Cozens dashes into the very heart and soul of the subject; and, after holding up the deadly errors of Wesley, he turns to THE WORD OF GOD, and from that pure and precious armoury, fetches ammunition enough to blow the arminian scheme to the four winds. Take one sample in the following paragraph:—

"The PIRATING scribe, Wesley, gave a version of the New Testament, to his disgrace as a scholar

and a divine. This Pharisee wrapped himself in his own filthy rags, and trampled upon the Redeemer's robe of righteousness. I will give you his own words: "The imputed righteousness of Christ is not scriptural, is not necessary. It has done immense hurt; it has encouraged men to work all uncleanness with greediness" Wesley's 'Preservative against unsettled notions in religion,' page 43. And on page 311, he lets out the dreadful enmity of his heart against the only ground of a sinner's acceptance in the sight of God, viz., the imputed righteousness of Christ. His words are, 'I could sooner be a TURK, a DEIST, yea, an ATHEIST, than I could believe this, viz., imputed righteousness.'

Now observe, first, Wesley says, 'It is not scriptural.' Then Christ, is 'the Lord our righteousness.' Then Jeremiah affirms he is again and again. If Jeremiah is true, and true he is, we conclude we have righteousness now, henceforth, and for ever. As long as eternity shall last the eternal Jehovah shall live, and as long as he lives he will live the Jehovah our Righteousness. Could he cease to be one moment, then that very moment the church would cease to be righteous; but as he cannot cease to exist, the church cannot cease to be righteous, because her positive righteousness is in the Lord and not in herself. If a thing is given to you, you possess that thing in all its real worth, in all its intrinsic value, and in all its native qualities. Christ is God's gift to the church; and, consequently, whatever he is and has is hers; for instance, she must have peace if the Prince of Peace is given to her; and redemption and salvation, because the Redeemer and Saviour is her's. Again, if 'it is not scriptural,' the Sun of Righteousness has never risen, and will never rise in the firmament of Zion; if 'it is not scriptural,' never shall one say, 'In the Lord have I righteousness and strength;' if 'it is not scriptural,' Isaiah, or rather the church, was most awfully deceived when she sang, 'He hath clothed me with the robe of righteousness;' if 'it is not scriptural,' Christ never brought in everlasting righteousness, never went to the end of the law for righteousness to EVERY ONE that believeth; if 'it is not scriptural,' 'where is the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works;' if 'it is not scriptural,' Christ is not made unto us righteousness; if 'it is not scriptural,' Christ was not made sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in him; if 'it is not scriptural,' why did the Lord clothe our first parents in coats of skins? The 'coats of skins' with which the Lord is said to have clothed our fallen parents was an emblematic fact, preaching this doctrine:—As the body of man received raiment taken from slain creatures to defend it from warring elements, so his soul, stripped of original righteousness, needs to be covered from divine wrath by a 'garment of salvation' taken from one who was to be sacrificed in order to its bestowment: this, in the language of the New Testament is 'putting on Christ;' if 'it is not scriptural,' the Queen will never stand at the right hand of her royal Consort in golden robes; if 'it is not scriptural,' Joshua never had a change of raiment. If 'it is not scriptural,' there is no best robe for the prodigal. If 'it is not scriptural,' there is no wedding-garment to qualify for the marriage supper of the Lamb. If 'it is not scriptural,' there is no fine linen of perfection for the saints. If 'it is not scriptural,' there is no breast-plate for the soldiers of the cross. If 'it is not scriptural,' there is no diadem for the triumphant heirs of mercy. If 'it is not scriptural,' it is vain to hunger and thirst after righteousness. In fine, Mr. Wesley, by saying Imputed Righteousness is not scriptural, gives Jehovah the lie, who says,—'THEIR RIGHTEOUSNESS IS OF ME.' We may ask, 'If righteousness be not imputed to a sinner who has neither help nor hope in himself, how can such a sinner be made righteous, and in a moment too (as the thief upon the cross) in the presence of a holy God? If a man has none of his own, he must have a derivative righteousness; and from whom

can it be derived but from Christ? If this derivative righteousness be not in himself, and does not virtually render him inherently and absolutely perfect, which has never been the case with any mere man upon earth since Adam, it must be a righteousness imputed to him. If it be imputed, as the scripture declares it to be, what kind of righteousness can thus be imputed? Surely no other kind than what man requires. Now man requires, for his justification, a righteousness commensurate with the revealed will and law of God. God revealed his law to show man the measure of the obedience and righteousness which God demands. The righteousness, then, imputed, must be an obedient conformity to his will and law. But what righteousness can we find in the world, thus capable of imputation to man, and thus conformable to the will and purity of God, but for the active obedience of our Lord and Saviour? And how can he be Jehovah our Righteousness, but for this necessary end and purpose? The abolition of our sins by the blood of Christ renders us without fault; but something more than this is necessary to constitute our claim, and perfect our title to heaven and glory. We must, then, either receive this title by the imputation of Christ, active merit, or enjoy eternal life by the bestowal of the Father, without any title at all—which last appears to derogate not a little from the worth and utility of the Saviour's humiliation, in being made under the law, and becoming obedient to it in all its requirements. And yet further: the title must be infinite and everlasting; because the object of its attainment is the infinite and everlasting life of all believers. And where can they find an infinite title, or an everlasting righteousness, but in Jehovah the Redeemer? But, as the infinite merit of his death could atone for infinite transgression, and redeem from death eternal; so, by a parity of reason, as well as by express revelation, we may conclude that the infinite merit of his life no less purchased the infinite reward, which his people enjoy with him for ever. Considering the doctrine in an experimental view, what an inexhaustible fund of comfort does it provide for, and convey to the believer's mind. If Christ be our Righteousness, it must needs be a complete righteousness; because 'his work is perfect.' Let this, then, comfort thy conscience, amidst all thy doubts and fears, thy perplexities and troubles: thou hast Him for thy Righteousness, who can eclipse the glories of all created righteousness in heaven, and can put to silence all the accusation of sin and hell. Arrayed in this spotless robe, heaven for thee shall triumph, and hell be dumb for ever. 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth.' Rom. viii. 33."

With "the sword of the Spirit," and with powerful arguments, Mr. Cozens goes through his task. We are anxious to return to his work next month, and quote a brilliant extract or two, relative to some of the grand principles of our faith, especially as we find other productions of his pen are in issue. We have, since writing the above, received another tract, being a second reply to Mr. Phillip Pugh, by S. Cozens; which is but the commencement of a series. We should hope that while Phillip Pugh and Samuel Cozens are thus freely circulating their controversial epistles, that some of the good people at Willenhall will, (by the blessing of heaven), be led to discover, and to discard the doctrines of men, and experimentally to embrace, to espouse, to honour and to enjoy THAT GOSPEL which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Mr. Cozens's portraiture of Arminianism (in

this second reply) is too good to be confined to the readers at Willenhall. We will give thousands an opportunity of perusing a portion of it. Addressing his antagonist, he familiarly says, "Sit you down a few moments, and I will tell you WHAT ARMINIANISM IS—HAS DONE—IS DOING," &c.

"Arminianism is the source of all error. Angels and man, in their state of innocence, found their own free-will too weak to stand upon. Satan, the first fallen free-willer, entered the garden and captured the will of our first parents, and all their offspring to this day are led captive by the devil at his will. This father of lies filled the minds of our first parents with lies, and our fathers inherited lies from them; and we, their children, go astray from the womb speaking lies; and as no lie is of the truth, satan the father of arminianism, is the source of all error, (Jer. xvi. 19; Psalm lviii. 3,) and, of consequence, the parent of all pain, and the propagating sire of apostasy; hence there is not an error in the mental, nor a pain in the physical, nor a spirit in the infernal world, but are there as the legitimate children of Arminianism. ARMINIANISM is the Generalissimo of the anti-christian world, in whose service are all the "wild asses of the wilderness," and all the "bulls of Bashan," and under whose control is the generation of vipers, Matthew iii. 7, and the spirits of devils. Rev. xvi. 14. Arminianism elementary is personified in the imperious prince of darkness—it reigns in hell—rules in Rome—officiates in the synagogue of satan—is the head of the anti-christian body—the physiognomy of "the man of sin,"—the mind of the false prophet—the seducing voice of "the great whore"—the soul of the beast—the spiritual filth of Sodom the devoted—the mystic bands of Egypt, the house of bondage—the towering wall of Babylon the great—and the Baal—the god of the unconverted world. In fine, it is the very spawn of hell—the depths of satan—the flood of the serpent—the doctrine of devils—the creed of reprobates, and the theme of apostates. Shall I now tell you what Arminianism has done? I will. It drove angels mad—exterminated Adam and Eve from Paradise—filled the mind of Cain with murder—the heart of Esau with revenge—the mouth of Ishmael with mockery—the lips of Judas with a kiss—and the profession of Annanias and Sapphira with deception. And what is it doing in or by you? Why, preaching down the sovereign grace—the electing love—the everlasting mercy of God—the eternal redemption of the elect by Christ—the effectual operations of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of the elect—the final perseverance of the saints in grace, and their certain glorification with Christ their living Head and Lord."

Twelve nervous reasons are then given for rejecting Arminianism *in toto*: but we must, for the present, conclude.

A Christian Layman on Faith in the Promise.

"And these all having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."—*HENRY vi. 18, 19.*

In humble dependance on the Spirit of God, I would attempt to make a few observations on the above portion of the sacred word; and oh that God the eternal Spirit may be pleased to reveal his mind and will in this truth for the comfort and support of God's believing family. And before we enter on it, we would make a few remarks on the precious grace of the Spirit set forth so richly in this chapter, namely, faith—the faith of God's elect.

In the gospel of St. John we have this striking truth—"As many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." Now what power is this? The apostle Paul, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, tells us, Gal. iii. 26, "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." By which we clearly see that true and living faith is a revealing grace. Hence let no one take it for granted that they have faith if it has never revealed anything to their soul; it is not a dormant principle; where Christ is true and living faith is; and where living faith is there Christ is; 'tis the hand that receives and welcomes him, and the eye that sees and adores him, and the heart that embraces him as "the Altogether Lovely, the Chiefest among ten thousand;" it is declared to be the "substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen, for by it the elders obtained a good report.

I have no doubt but that Isaac as a gracious and loving father had spoken to Jacob and told him of his fathers taking him to Mount Moriah, and what God revealed to their souls on that memorable occasion. But all that the saints may tell us of the deep things they have experienced is no consolation to us till "faith comes." Look at Jacob, when he arises from his clay bed, and listen to his voice,—"Surely God was in this place, and I knew it not; this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." What his father had related to him, was now under the Spirit's teaching, an eternal reality; it was the day of Jacob's espousals. Faith and Christ entered his very soul, and he arose from the ground quickened by God the eternal Spirit. It is written that "Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God;" and I consider this a test of all visions, there was the Word and promise of God, in Jacob's vision. What faith reveals in the soul, is sealed by God the eternal Spirit; for Jacob had not forgot Bethel even when his eyes were dim. Oh how mightily faith worked in these our elder

brother; it was indeed the power of God in them, so that whatever were the apparent difficulties that surrounded them, it was the mighty lever whereby every mountain became a plain.

I cannot quit this part of my subject without giving an extract from a letter by that dear servant of God, James Osbourn, late of Baltimore, on faith, because it is so sweet. He thus writes:—

"When faith comes to be quite lively and active, and is treating with the King of kings for us, it acts as an intrepid advocate; and displays so much profound knowledge in those deep things which it is concerned about, that the King gives audience, and seldom, if ever, sees fit to rebuke or discourage so able an advocate, but attends to the claims sued for; and sure and certain is this faith, when thus alive, and active to bring to our souls great gain, and to make us bold and glad. Mountains sink to plains, and heart-rending troubles almost or quite disappear, when faith is in such good health, and doing business at the supreme court.

"At such times as these, all things around us and in us wear a different aspect to what they assume when we are under a cloud, and walking without the sun. By day and by night, if Christ is at hand, and faith in exercise, we feel ourselves well off, and gaining ground more or less.

"Indeed it is almost impossible to keep our souls from singing when faith presents us with a full view of Christ with his glories on, and we received in his fond embrace. This is no time to be mute, but to sing and rejoice, knowing that great will be our reward in heaven. And it is a blessed thing for us, that while here below we have been made any way acquainted with that quietness and peace which the saints above enjoy without molestation; for, as the Holy Ghost is given us an earnest of the future inheritance, so, of course, the consolations of the gospel are pledges and assurances of that everlasting rest which remaineth for the people of God. Indeed what the Lord hands out from the great storehouse of grace to his saints here is a part of the whole lump above; so that they who partake of the first fruits, however small the portion, shall at last be brought to inherit the whole crop; for the Lord of the harvest never divides the inheritance, but to whomsoever he 'giveth grace he giveth glory.' Psalm lxxxiv. 11." See 'Tidings of Joy from the Hill of Zion.'

In considering the two verses, there appears two things before us, namely,

1st. The Jewish dispensation.

2ndly. The promise.

First. The Jewish dispensation. I cannot better introduce it than in the words of divine inspiration. "For, the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with those sacrifices, which they offered year by year, continually make the comers thereunto perfect; for then would they not have ceased to be offered." Here we at once perceive it was a typical and shadowy dispensation. But here as in the gospel dispensation, the words of our gracious Lord to his disciples are applicable, when they said, "Why speakest thou in parables?" He answered, "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but unto them it is not given." For then, as it is now, many rested in the forms and ceremonies of that dispensation, as many rest in the ordinances under

the present dispensation, outer court worshippers. But, oh my soul, look at the provision of a covenant God in Christ,—“All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.” Blessed promise! and remember, it is “Yea and amen in Christ Jesus.” Oh ye members of his mystical body, ye broken and contrite spirits, remember this, and plead it at the court of heaven, even a throne of grace. See this promise blessedly and triumphantly fulfilled in the worthies recorded in this chapter,—“These all died in faith.” Their faith was an eye that could see a glorious Christ through the types and shadows; hence looking at the songs of Solomon as an epitome of the experience of the saints of old, she exclaimed, “I have sat beneath thy shadow with great delight, and thy fruit was sweet to my taste.”

Yes, cloudy as the dispensation was, the shadow was so bright and luminous that one exclaimed, “The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet till Shiloh come; and to him shall the gathering of the people be.” Another said, “Unto the upright, there ariseth light in the darkness.” Another exclaimed, “He is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, a hiding place from the tempest, and a covert from the storm.” In the Paschal Lamb, they saw the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world, and the redemption by the blood of the Lamb, without blemish, and without spot, exclaiming, “He is white and ruddy, yea he is the altogether lovely.” The eye of their faith was to a coming Messiah; but they died without the sight, and as the words say, “received not the promise.”

Secondly. The promise. After what has been said, who can say there was no glory in that dispensation that has passed away? But said the Apostle, “Shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious?” “For if that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth is glorious.” The Apostle had declared, “He was determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified;” clearly kept this object in view, through the whole chapter, reaches the climax in the two first verses of the next chapter, his object being clearly, to encourage hope and strengthen faith in these believing Hebrews, as though he would say, “The day has dawned, the shadows have fled away, the object, the long desired object of patriarchs, prophets, kings and saints of old, has come and finished the work his Father gave him to do, in the everlasting covenant, and is now set down at the right hand of the throne of God.” By which we clearly see the promise referred to in the text is the Incarnation of the Son of God. “The seed of the woman that was to bruise the serpent’s head.” “Consider him,” said the apostle, “that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself;” his

life, his obedience, his fulfilling all righteousness, redeeming the church with his most precious blood, together with the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and the dispensation of the Spirit to the present day, is that better thing which God has provided for us, whereby the Gentile church shall be nourished and built up on your most holy faith. And, further, “There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob, and so all Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.” This is the perfect union spoken of in the words, “That they without us should not be made perfect,” as Dr. Watts has said,

“The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.”

Oh my soul, consider your high privilege, your Advocate is on high, the veil of the temple is rent in twain, the way into the Holy of holies is made manifest; you can come with a bleeding Saviour in the arms of thy faith and find acceptance there.

Oh believer, plead with thy covenant God for a large measure of the inward teaching of God the eternal Spirit to guide you into the holy and sanctifying power of divine truth, where there is sweet fellowship with the Father and the Son in love and blood, in the holy anointings of the Spirit, where there is nothing fleshly, nor carnal, but where “Christ is all and in all.” J. TAYLOR.

Authors of the Present Day.—No. 2.

THE PURPOSES OF GOD PRECEDING ALL HIS WORKS.

It is an omen of no small import, in the present signs of the times, that we have a few comparatively young men in the ministry, whose labours are not confined to the pulpit; but who, from the press, are sending forth plain, yet powerful testimonies explanatory and confirmatory, of the great principles of the gospel. Mr. Samuel Cozens, of Willenhall, has for some years been as busy with his pen in private, as he has been bold with his tongue in the pulpit. We consider it no small honour to have been acquainted with him from the very commencement of his public career. We have had opportunities of watching his spirit, which has incessantly and perseveringly glowed with a holy zeal (associated with a penetrating and comprehensive mind) for the honour of that adorable Lord and Master, whose faithful servant we believe he is. It is impossible but that his efforts must—sooner or later—place him in a position in the churches of extensive usefulness. Our aged sires may be prejudiced; our junior and small-minded brethren may be envious; our individual opinion may be treated with contempt—(especially after the deep injury which some have lately attempted to inflict upon us)—nevertheless, when contention for

divine truth proceeds from an honest heart, from a tender conscience, from an enlightened mind, from a sanctified spirit, from a holy zeal, and from a pure God-glorifying, Christ-exalting, sin-crushing, error-exposing motive, it must, it shall prevail. Jealous and wicked Haman shall be hanged upon his own gallows, while honest Mordecai shall go forth from the presence of the king arrayed in royal apparel, and the whole city of Shushan shall rejoice, and exclaim, "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom THE KING delighteth to honour." For twenty years, at least, have we, through grace, been in love with, and labouring for, THE TRUTH, in obscurity, in affliction, under reproach and trying circumstances of no ordinary character have we struggled; but, up to this moment, the helping and upholding hand of a gracious God has gone before, and with us; and we therefore desire to encourage every good man, who, upon good principles, seeks the spiritual good of his fellow-men. Such a friend to Zion is Samuel Cozens. Another pamphlet of his, entitled, "Divine Decrees," has recently been issued. It is what we may call an essay on the unbroken connexion existing between the purpose and providence of God. It is bold in its style; practical in its argument, and well based on Scripture. We give the following extract, simply adding that the work is published by W. H. Hughes, of Willenhall.

"What a strange being man would be without a purposing mind! And pray tell me what sort of a being that God is you worship! Take away *purpose* from man, and you unman him at once; take away *purpose* from God, and that very moment you ungod him. We contend that the purposes of God precede the actions of God, and that no purpose depends upon the action, but the action upon the purpose. And as all external, physical, and visible actions are the working out of the internal actions of the mind, so all the external displays of God's providence is the working out, the opening up, and the manifesting forth of the purposes of his eternal thought. For instance, God purposed to create the world, and the world was created: take away the purpose and no world had ever been created. He purposed to make man, (Gen. i. 26,) and man was made (27th verse). Take away the purpose, and man never had been made. He purposed to save Noah and a definite number of all species of fowls, of cattle, and of creeping things, (Gen. vi.) and Noah, his family, and the species were saved. (Gen. viii.) Take away the purpose, and they had not been saved. He purposed to destroy the world, (Gen. vi. 7.) and the world was destroyed. (Gen. vii. 23.) He purposed to deliver just Lot, and Lot was delivered. Had there been no purpose, the angels had not been sent to drag him out of the city of destruction. He purposed to destroy Sodom and the neighbouring cities, and they were destroyed. He purposed to confound the Babel builders, and he confounded them. Had there been no purpose, they had not been confounded; and who can tell where the Babel would have terminated? (Gen. x. 7—9.)

"He purposed the Egyptian bondage, (Gen. xv. 13, 16,) and the Israelites were bondmen in Egypt. He purposed to destroy Pharaoh, (Exod. ix. 15, 16,) and Pharaoh was destroyed. (Exod. xiv. 28.) He purposed to bring the Israelites into the land of Canaan, (Exod. iii. 8), and into the land of Canaan they came. (Joshua iv.) He purposed to drive out the nations, (Exod. xxiii.) and the nations were confounded, conquered, and vanquished by the prowess of Joshua (see book of). He purposed the Babylonian captivity (Jer. xxv. 11) and the Israelites were carried captive. (2 Chron. xxvi.) He purposed to deliver them after so long a time, (Jer. x. 14), and at the expiration of which they were delivered by Cyrus. (2 Chron. xxvii. 23, 24.) He purposed to redeem the church, (Dan. ix. 24, 27), and Christ died, and paid the price of their redemption.—Acts xx. 28; 1 Cor. vi. 20; 1 Peter i. 18, 20. Had there been no *purpose*, there had been no redemption. The promises exhibited this purpose; the patriarch believed in this purpose; the priests presented this purpose; the prophets predicted this purposed redemption. If predestination is such an ugly word, such a fearful word, such a dangerous word now, it was not then; for if the death of Christ was not predestinated, purposed, pre-determined, how is it the Old Testament is so full of promises, types, and predictions of the fact? He purposed to save a people out of every kindred, tongue, nation and people; and the apostles were sent into all the world, to take out of the mass a people for his praise.—Psalm lxxii. 8, 11. He has purposed to destroy the world by fire, and by fire it shall be destroyed.—2 Peter 3, 7. He has purposed to turn the wicked into hell, (Psalm ix. 17), and into hell they shall be turned.—Rev. xx. 15. He has purposed to glorify his people, (Rom. viii. 30,) and they shall enter into peace.—Isaiah lvii. 2. His purpose shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure, in worlds unknown, in nature, providence, grace and glory."

DEATH OF MR. W. ROBERTS.—This good man was for many years the faithful and useful pastor of Dane Hill and Newick, in Sussex; and, for the last three or four years of Chelsea, near Leighton Buzzard. He suddenly fell asleep in the arms of brother Jonathan Mose, of Crowborough, on Tuesday afternoon, November 9th, 1852; aged 72. The following hasty note is all we can this month furnish.

"DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I reached Chelsea, near Leighton, on Tuesday, to preach for brother Roberts. He was rather unwell, but seemed cheerful, and rather revived; but while chatting with him, about four o'clock, his head dropped, and in less than two minutes he was a lifeless corpse in my arms. He preached three times on the Sabbath, was at the prayer-meeting on Monday evening, was happy in his own soul, and seemed to enjoy the meeting. He had often longed for a speedy exit, and the Lord granted it. I pass through London on Monday to go and bury him, and to improve his death. * * *

"Your's in tribulation.

Nov. 13, 1852. "JONATHAN MOSE."

The Kingdom of Christ.

(Continued from page 266.)

THE Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments abound with declarations respecting this kingdom, its King, and its subjects; all as future, and therefore we pray, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." Such a period has not existed, and passed away; such a state of things does not exist now; and therefore it must be future. See Daniël vii. 21, 22—"I beheld, and the same horn made war with the saints, and prevailed, *until* the ancient of days came, and judgment was given to the saints of the Most High; and the time *came* that the saints possessed the kingdom." The horn having eyes, not *yet* being in existence; the Son of Man having not *yet* come in the clouds of heaven; (verse 13); the saints not having as *yet* the kingdom, proves it to be yet future.

It will be seen to be future from the teaching of our Lord (Matt. xiii.) The leaven of evil is still working; the tares are still growing with the wheat; the enemy is still sowing; the angels have not *yet* been commissioned to gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them that do iniquity. We are taught the same in Romans viii., "If children, then heirs—heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ." If Jesus Christ is heir to this kingdom, then he is not yet in possession of it; and if the children of God are heirs, and joint heirs with Christ, then they have *yet* to be put into the possession of that to which they are legally entitled.

Again: "The whole creation groaneth, and travaileth in pain together, until now." The saints possessing life, the earnest of immortality, the first fruits of the Spirit, groaneth; sighs over much that is within, as well as without; they are still subject to, and under the bondage of corruption. Death still reigns; it is stalking forth, and doing its office in the mansion, as well as in the cottage; it holds in its grasp the bodies of the saints, and will do so until He comes, who hath the "keys of hell and of the grave;" "who shutteth, and no man openeth, who openeth, and no man shutteth."

The kingdom of Christ, then, for which we are taught to pray, is the establishment of Christ's university on earth, when satan shall be bound, the restoration of creation from its groanings, Israel at home in their own land, and the saints immortal seen on earth, and in heaven, with Christ, superintending the government of earth; during which time, many shall come from the east, and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac in his kingdom. Then, and not till then, shall the promise made unto the disciples, be realized, (Matt. xix. 28), "Verily, I say unto you, that ye which have followed

me in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

Some ask, do you admit Jesus to be King now? I answer, Yes; he was ever a King; he was born as a King; he said to Pilate—"To this end was I born." He entered Jerusalem as a King; was crucified as a King. But he was a rejected King; and as the rejected King of Israel, he now sits on the throne of the Majesty in the heavens, exercising power; he governs heaven, controls earth, and legislates for his church.

As King, also, he will return, destroy the governmental systems of the nations, and undertake the minute governmental regulation of Israel and the earth, without resigning the sphere of his glorious majesty above.

When God legislated for Israel of old, he really descended on Sinai, but he did not relinquish the throne of his glory in the heavens; when Moses and Elias appeared in glory on the mount of transfiguration, they actually stood upon an earthly mountain, and were seen by earthly eyes, but their home was in the clouds of glory, into which they ascended; and thus, in the day of Christ's manifested glory, the saints who are associated with, or under him, are distinctly "the saints of the Most High, or of the high places," and the kingdom is called the kingdom of heaven, because it is administered by heavenly hands.

Satan is now the prince of this world, and will be more manifestly so by-and-bye in the person of antichrist.

Now the general opinion (since the days of Constantine, when men began to apply prophetic passages of God's word belonging to Israel's future glory to the outward prosperous state of the Gentile church) is, that Christ's kingdom is already established, and that it will be consummated by-and-bye, when the gospel shall influence every heart, and men shall universally believe and be saved: and in order to support this theory, plain, naked truth is perverted and made to bend to the pre-conceived notions of a worldly church. Papists tell us this kingdom will come and be fully established when they have subjugated all men to their church and to the pope's sceptre. Protestants tell us it is to come, but will be fully established when protestant truth shall universally prevail. The Bible tells us, "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool." Psalm cx. 00. "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed. And the kingdom shall not be left to other people; it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever." J. CHISLETT.

(To be continued.)

The Danger of Trifling with Temptation.

"And the Lord sent fiery serpents among the people; and they bit the people; and much people of Israel died. And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole; and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live."—Numbers xxi.

SOME of the readers of the *Vessel* may not be aware of the tragical scene which occurred in this metropolis during the past month. A man, who held the appointment of keeper to the reptile house in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, came on his duty October 20th: he had been drinking freely through the previous night, and was somewhat intoxicated on entering the gardens. About 8 A.M. he commenced a series of rash familiarities with some of the venomous serpents. After removing an Africa Cobra from its cage, and twirling it about his head, he replaced it without having received any injury, and took out an Indian Cobra (Rattle Snake). This he also played with for some time with impunity, allowing it to crawl round his body, beneath his waistcoat. Shortly afterwards, however, whilst he was holding the serpent before his face, the reptile made a dart at him, and inflicted a wound on the upper part of his nose. For about twenty minutes after the receipt of the wound, there appear to have been no striking symptoms, apart from his agitation and alarm at the occurrence: but after this time he began to stagger in walking, and ceased to speak intelligibly. He was conveyed to the hospital, and died ninety-five minutes after the infliction of the wound!!

What a solemn lesson does this event teach the child of God, when he is enabled, by the Holy Ghost, to look into his own heart, and view therein the awful scenes which are transacted from time to time in its inmost recesses.

If a spiritual man once suffers himself to tamper with sin, in thought, in word, or in deed, the old serpent will never let him stop in the mad career, until he has inflicted a mortal wound on the believer's conscience. If David is carried away by a lustful thought, whilst reclining on his bed at eventide, the crafty serpent will further urge him to walk on the roof of his house, and there feed the fire within, by presenting to the dear man's sight a beautiful creature! the soul now dandles this sin upon the knees of its mind, his inquisitiveness is aroused, and he cannot rest until he sends a messenger to find out the fair woman, and bring her to the palace. The solemn transactions which follow are left on record for the warning and instruction of every one of Zion's children, and the inscription over the whole is this, "Let him

that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

God the Holy Ghost has declared that "whoso breaketh through a hedge a serpent shall bite him." This hedge, I apprehend, is no other than the honest dictates of an enlightened conscience; and when the believer commences a series of "rash familiarities" with the old serpent, his heart is soon benumbed, his reasoning powers are blunted, his judgment is obscured, and the Holy Ghost is grieved in the soul, and the man sinks a thousand fathoms in a minute; conscience becomes defiled:—her voice is drowned in the noise, and in the rush and gush of these foul waters, which are now bursting forth from the soul.

As soon as sin breaks out in a lustful thought, or in a base desire, from its hiding place—the foul catacombs of the heart,—God the Holy Ghost instantly shines into the conscience through that bright mirror—the law, and condemns sin in the soul: if, however, the stubborn child clamours "I will go after my lovers," the same Eternal Spirit may prick the conscience again; and if the poor Ephraimite is to be shortly recovered from his bosom idols, this gracious and faithful Witness in the believer will condescend to throw out a *motive* for the tempted soul to catch hold of: "How, then, can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" How! dear saint, how? Why needs this query in thy soul, if there were not a sinful bias lurking in thy heart, and tempting thee to rush headlong into the fire which the devil has placed before thee? How! here was the straw thrown out by the hand of Omnipotence for the drowning man to seize hold of; he grasps it, hangs upon it, takes breath, recovers his strength for a moment, and with that little, but no less Almighty lift, he rouses himself like a giant, returns to the battle, and comes off more than conqueror through Him, whose servant he was, and whom he served. But the old serpent does not leave him, but he pays the saint back his cruel wages, for not consenting to work in his filthy black-smith's shop, by throwing him into prison through the lies of his worthless female vassal; and thus poor Joseph is charged with the very sin which his faithful God had just now delivered him from.

What a contrast, O believer, does this picture of two of the brightest saints present to thee! Oh, that our souls may ever be alive to the unfathomable depths of our own vile inclinations, base desires, gross heavings, and carnal lustings, whilst we are enabled to survey, with the steadfast eye of faith, the depth of the riches of that transcendent grace which plucks such sinners from the fangs of the old serpent, to place us as jewels in the diadem of our glorious and blessed Immanuel, who is God over all, and who, with the

Eternal Father and Spirit, is Israel's God, Husband, and Keeper.

"Thy garden is the place
Where sin can not intrude,
For should it dare to enter there
T'would soon be drown'd in blood."

Nov. 9, 1852.

MIZPAH.

The Christian's Ups and Downs.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"*Jehovah Jireh*," & "*Magdalena's Voyages*."

"But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members."

A CHILD of God is running on in some favourite pursuit, he receives a check from God the Holy Ghost, either by an unkind look from a beloved companion, a harsh word from a friend, a misjudgment of another, or by a fit of illness in himself, by a disappointment where he least expected it, or by a glance into his own vileness, &c., &c; then there comes a sinking of heart, a damp from the Lord the Spirit. This blow is God's. It is effectual as far as it goes; it casts down some strong hold, some exaltation of creature sensibility, some twig of pride, some rank weed of self-will or self-love. The flesh is corrupt, in it dwells no good thing, yet is every blow at nature, a knocking down of the old man. The old man is never killed; the wild ass is never slain, yet is that ass so belaboured by a blow here and a blow there, that he is, sorely against his will, kept under, from time to time; and when the ass is down, the lion is up. When nature is thwarted, grace prevails, when the old man has had a smart blow downwards, the new man gets a good spring upwards, and so are these two like buckets in a well; the one up, the other down; both cannot be up together; both cannot be down together. The old man is made up of self-will, unbelief, works of the flesh, fear of man, love of the world, vain glory, pride, &c., &c. The new man is created anew in Christ Jesus in his faith, whereby he lives in love to God, and to his fellow-men, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, assurance of faith, zeal for God, and in the works of faith and labour of love.

Faith—Unbelief.

With reverence may my soul now tell
My state: as buckets in a well,
When Christ is uppermost in mo,
Vile unbelief and doubts all flee.
His precious blood, his beautiful grace,
By mercy undeserv'd I trace;
Down goes the odious counterpoise,
And up rise all my heavenly joys;
My fears, my dread, my sense of guilt,
Are drowned in drops which Christ has spilt:
I lose myself as him I view,
And my assurances seem now.
But when, alas! my views are dim,
And faith lets go her hold of him,
Down sinks my joy, I, Christ let go,
And all is wretchedness and woe.

Ministerial Communications.

(Concluded from page 252.)

MR. STENSON'S REPLY TO MR. D. ASHBY, OF HIGHAM FERRARS.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS.—"The words of the wise are (not only) as goads," but are as lessons to the lowly—monitors to the meek—cordials to the contrite—jewels to the just, and powerful incentives to hearty obedience and holy diligence. I rejoice in the solemn conviction and satisfactory assurance I have, that "the word of Christ dwelleth in you richly;" in all spiritual wisdom and sanctified knowledge; even as your speech, which is savoury, (and stinketh not of the flesh which is corrupt), sheweth. That wisdom which descendeth from above, teacheth you to think thoughtfully, to speak soberly, to act advisedly, to walk worthily, to war wisely, to write warmly, to pray prayerfully, to preach positively and practically, to judge judiciously, to stand steadfastly in the strength of God's salvation, and to desire earnestly and affectionately the welfare of the church of God. When I had read your note, the desire to carry out your well-meant and kindly expressed intimation filled my heart, and my cry went up to the Helper of my soul—

Lord, teach thou me to honour thee,
And well indite all I shall write;
Let every line bear some sure sign
Of truthfulness and faithfulness.

In attempting to give you a brief account of my "pulpit ministrations" while in the country, I feel a strong conflict within, for Legion says,— "Hold thou thy peace;" while Love says, "Keep not silence."

May Legion, then, be quick destroyed,
And Love divine be much enjoyed.

I think I told you the exercises of my mind the whole of the Mouday prior to my leaving home. They were these.—While meditating on the journey the Lord had intended me to take, this Scripture entered into my soul with peculiar power, "According to the word of the Lord God of Israel"—(2 Kings xiv. 25),—when I was led to ask myself—Are my matters according to the word of the Lord? If so, they will be as Absalom said, "good and right" 2 Samuel xv. 25. And as the enemies of Mordecai, the man whom God had determined, and therefore "delighted to honour," informed against him, in order to see whether his "matters would stand" Esther iii. 4; and they stood in the wisdom of God, so will it be seen, notwithstanding all the opposition of carnal policy and persecution of cursed pride, that wherever "the root of the matter" is found, it will stand "approved of God," who "seeth not as man seeth, and judgeth not according to man's judgement." Having then, I trust, obtained "the answer of a good conscience," that my matters are "according to the word of the Lord," I proceeded to ask, Are my movements also according to the word of the Lord? For, it is not enough to know that matters *within* are right, but we must also know whether our movements *without* are regulated according to the word of the Lord, or not. It is blessed to realize the truth of the testimony Micah's carnal priest bore to the enquiring children of Dan,— "Before the Lord is your way wherein ye go." Jud. xviii. 6. Believing, then, my brother, that my movements were under the

all-controlling hand of our covenant God, I could confidently and cheerfully say,

My steps are ordered right,
Since Jesus leads the way ;
My Leader rules the darkest night,
And crowns the brightest day.

I was then led to infer, that, seeing my matters and my movements are "according to the word of the Lord," so, likewise, my mercies, which are many and sure, are all according thereto. And I prayed that my mind might therefore be "according to the word of the Lord" — solemnly stayed upon settlements of wisdom and love, and sweetly satisfied with all Jehovah's wondrous will and way.

With these, and kindred feelings fresh rising in my soul, I left Chelsea on the Tuesday morning for Northampton, where, blessed be the name of the Lord, I arrived in safety; spent the day in company with our good brother Leach at our friend's house, (Mr. Perrin), and found the conversation of our brother truly profitable—being "as becometh the gospel of Christ," and, consequently, soul-edifying, and God-glorifying. He is thoroughly furnished to every good word and work, being well trained for war, ready to the battle, and equipped with the whole armour of God. In the evening I preached in his chapel, from the following words—"And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." Gen. xxxii. 27, 28. We had a good gathering of people; and judging from the "signs following," I am led to believe that the mighty God of Jacob, even the Holy One of Israel, was in the midst of us, making the place of his feet glorious. I feel truly thankful, that the Lord, in his abounding goodness, has been mercifully pleased to keep my brother Leach sound in the faith once delivered to the saints, strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus, and steadfast in holiness; setting up none other standard for the people, than "Christ and him crucified." May the Lord of the harvest render his labours of love eminently successful, comfort his soul with covenant communications, keep him from falling into any error, sentimental, doctrinal, or practical; and, finally, reward his well-spent toils with the heavenly salutation,—*"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."*

On Wednesday morning I left Northampton, accompanied by my brethren Leach, Perrin and son, for the Wellingborough station, where my warm-hearted friend and brother, Robert Bird, met us. I remained with him the whole of Wednesday and Thursday, and experienced the kindest possible reception and treatment, both from him and his wife. Nor had I any cause to regret being once more found in the company of those that formerly stood in membership with the church at Carmel. The following lines are unquestionably true—

Nor distance of time nor of place
Can ever from mem'ry erase
The pleasures we formerly had,
When Christ with his word made us glad.

I preached at Wellingborough on the Thursday evening, from the following solemn statement,—*"The prophet which prophesieth of peace, when*

the word of the prophet come to pass, then shall the prophet be known, that the Lord hath truly sent him." Jer. xxviii. 9. I endeavoured, under divine direction, to draw a line of distinction between the character, circumstances and condition of the false and the true prophets; but more particularly shewed the full application of the text to our Lord Jesus Christ, the great prophet of the church,

By whom the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

The attendance, for a week evening service, was good; and a spirit of hearing was manifested. I trust the word spoken was attended with some real profit to the souls of those that were enabled to mix faith with what they heard.

On Friday morning, according to pre-arrangements made, you kindly fetched me from Wellingborough, and took me to Fineden, where my heart was indeed gladdened, and my spirit refreshed by our visit to the bed-ridden, but beloved, Sarah. Her case reminded me of a similar one I visited last year with my dear brother Futter, at Weymouth. How firm her faith! how perfect her peace! how heavenly her hopes! how just her joys! how submissive her spirit! how cheerful her countenance! how truthful her testimony! Surely the anointing oil of the Lord is upon her, while atoning blood, applied with almightiness of power, declares her to be an adopted daughter of the God of Abraham. The Rock of Israel be her refuge, and the Tower of David her confidence.

Having arrived at your hospitable house, I was glad to meet with our friend Mountford, whom I had not before seen, but of whom I had heard: the Lord grant unto him not only a door of spiritual understanding and a door of solemn utterance, but a door of sacred usefulness also.

Touching the evening service at Higham, I need say nothing, as you were present on the occasion. The text you, no doubt, remember—*"And then shall he send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven."* Mark xiii. 27. What a glorious declaration! Indicative of the solemn certainty attending all the sacred commands of our adorable Redeemer. The Lord increase our faith in his divine testimonies; and may the high behests emanating from his eternal throne ever challenge the instant obedience of our faith and love.

On Saturday I left your house for Ellington, having been most kindly entertained both by yourself and your good wife, for which accept my grateful acknowledgements. I preached at Jireh three times on the following day, and administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in the afternoon. I felt a happy oneness of heart with the holy family throughout the day; and I was much pleased to find the attendance far better than I had expected. How truly blessed is it when we can realise what Jesus saith, *"One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."* Oh! that the churches, with their pastors and deacons, regarded this matter more deeply. Two persons, somewhat advanced in years, living at St. Ives, some ten miles from Ellington, having seen *"the announcement on the wrapper of the Earthen Vessel,"* came to hear me, they having

formerly attended my ministry at Carmel. They spent the day with us, and after the evening service went on their way like giants refreshed with new wine. The Lord of hosts was propitious unto us, and poured out his blessings on the people his holy arm had gathered. We were conducted into the land which is *wide, quiet, and peaceable*, and where the pasturage is *fat and good*. (See 1 Chron. iv. 40.) The Shepherd of Israel hath a goodly flock at Ellington, the purchase of his precious blood, the possession of his heart's desire.

Our subjects during the day were based on the following passages. In the morning, "*And Jacob set up a pillar in the place where God talked with him, even a pillar of stone, and he poured a drink offering thereon, and he poured oil thereon.*" Gen. xxxv. 14. In the afternoon, "*I have made the earth, the man and the beast that are upon the ground by my great power and by my outstretched arm, and have given it unto whom it seemed meet unto me.*" Jer. xxvii. 5. And in the evening, "*The house of the Lord.*" 2 Kings xii. 14.

On the Monday evening I preached again to them from the following words, "*Then they were glad.*" Jer. xii. 13. And though it was a busy time with the farmers getting in their hay, yet we had a good sprinkling of truth-seekers and truth-lovers gathered together, waiting to hear what God the Lord should be pleased to say unto their souls. We noticed some of the many causes the righteous have to be glad, such as on account of the work of grace within them, wrought even as David saith, "*Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work.*" Psalm xcii. 4. They are made glad when the way of salvation is opened up to their faith in the bleeding side of the Lord Jesus; (see John xx. 20.) they are made glad by the willingness of others to accompany them to the house of the Lord; (see Psalm xciii. 1.) they are made glad by the witness-bearing of the godly to the mighty and righteous acts of the Lord; (see Psalm xxxiv. 2, 3.) they are made glad by the defeat and destruction of the daring adversaries of the cross, and the deadly enemies of those deeply-tried souls that dearly love the God of truth; (see Esther viii. 15—17; Psalm xxxi. 7, 8; Psalm lxiv. 2—10.) they are made glad by the daily increase of the church of God, (see Acts ii. 41—47) and by the providential favours and bounties of the God of heaven. (see Acts xiv. 17.)

The next day I returned home, rejoicing in the goodness of the Lord which had attended my goings out and comings in, for verily the Lord had made his "goodness pass before me in the way." But I must tell you that on the Wednesday I suffered considerably from violent irritation in the right leg, and at night, it being much swollen and inflamed, I had recourse to fomentations of cold gin and water, thinking I had been stung, but in vain. The next morning I put on a bread poultice, but on removing it about three hours after, I was somewhat alarmed at the appearance, the swelling and inflammation having greatly increased. I then sent for our medical attendant, and told him what I thought it was; but he said, "No, it is no sting; but you have been overheated, and the effect has fallen into your leg; and you must lay up, and take great care, or you will have a bad leg." He then told me what to do; and on Friday there were two

blisters on my leg, having the appearance of a severe scall: however, by the blessing of the Lord attending the means employed I was greatly relieved on the Saturday, the swelling and inflammation being reduced, so that I was able, (unexpectedly) to reach Carmel on the Lord's-day, and was wonderfully helped of my God throughout the day.

I have thus very hastily given you a rough sketch of the scenes through which I have been called to pass. And now I desire to commend you to God and to the word of his grace, praying him to bless your labours at Sharnbrook and elsewhere abundantly, and to recompense you with "*a full reward*" for all your toils and sufferings in his service.

Present my Christian regards to your good wife, and beg her acceptance of my grateful acknowledgment of all her and your kindnesses shewed unto me for His name "*whose I am.*" I desire to be remembered of you before Him whom we love for His work sake. JOHN STANSON.

Chelsea.

Letter of Admission into a Church.

DEAR BROTHER LODGE.—Having, by your kind permission, for some time past had the privilege of sitting down with you at the Lord's table, and finding such seasons refreshing to my soul; and after laying the matter before the Lord, I trust, as directed by him, I have come to the decision of soliciting you to allow me to cast in my lot among you; to have my unworthy name added to your number; and in doing so, it is your right to expect, and my duty to relate, what I hope has been the Lord's dealings with my soul; and in so doing, as far as my memory will assist, and I trust in the fear of the Lord, I truthfully state a brief outline of many years sojourn in this wilderness.

It was my inestimable privilege to be blessed with a God-fearing mother, with whom I constantly attended the means of grace. By her pious instructions, and parental care, I was kept from many snares which were laid by the enemy of souls to entrap the feet of youth. Being rather of a thinking turn of mind, I frequently used to ruminate over the sermons, and conversation which I was in the habit of hearing. But nothing very striking occurred, till I was about the age of fifteen years; at which period, there was a young person of my acquaintance proposed as a candidate for baptism. This filled me with dismay; for I had for some time seen a solemn beauty in the ordinance of baptism; and though very ignorant on the subject, I was convinced there was a pre-requisite required in rightly attending to it, which I felt I did not possess.

On the evening of the day on which it was administered, the minister preached from these words, "*Ye are God's husbandry.*" This was a time never to be forgotten. In the discourse, he drew a line between those who were, and those who were not God's husbandry: to the latter, I felt myself belong; and other painful sensations I felt, are still fresh in my memory. I had often kneeled down to pray; but now I began to pray in earnest. I prayed when about my work, and when alone, but dared not disclose the working of my mind to any, though surrounded with Christian friends. I continued in this state of mind nearly two years, when I heard a sermon from these words, "*All that the Father hath given me shall come unto me; and him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.*" Under this sermon I was much comforted, and a little light gleamed into my poor soul. After this, those words were sweetly applied to my soul, "*A good hope through grace.*"

This was indeed a lift by the way. I was led to see the hope I had, however small, was a good hope, because it was through grace alone I hoped for acceptance before God.

After these things, my path seemed to become comparatively easy, and I was more concerned about adorning the profession I made, by my outward deportment, than I was about feeling the inward exercises of the life of God in my soul. Before I was nineteen years of age, I was baptised, and joined the church of God at Chatham, but did not continue with them long, in consequence of removing to some distant locality. From this time, for many years, my life was a chequered scene, both in providence and grace; during which time, I heard different ministers, but never found a settled home in hearing. In this dark season, I was often harassed with the thought, that I was like the thorny ground hearers; the cares of this life had almost choked the good seed; yet often was my soul led to wonder, and adore the long-suffering and forbearance of the Lord toward such a guilty wretch; not that he ever suffered me to fall foully, or into disgrace in the eyes of man; but oh! the backslidings of my heart, which has been manifold—forgetfulness and ingratitude, instead of praise and thanksgiving for his great mercy in saving me from the lowest hell. But now, to the praise of the glory of his grace would I ascribe it all:

"Determined to save, he watched o'er my path."

About twenty years ago, I was brought to reside in this locality, and for some time attended among the General Baptists; but was by no means comfortable. I could not feed on husks, for, bless the Lord, though low sunk, he had not left me without a spiritual appetite. Some time after this, I was privileged to sit under a sound gospel ministry; and I trust the dear Lord set his hand a second time to the work, and I began to feel more of a tender conscience, and a holy contrition before the Lord; but in the pride of my heart, I began to think I should soon be a better Christian. But the Lord soon, in love to my soul, hurled me from the pinnacle of presumption on which I had seated myself, by shewing me, that I still had within a desperately wicked heart, and that he required truth in the inward part. I now found myself low in the valley of humiliation, crying and confessing, "Behold, I am vile; create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me." Oh, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. But I found no peace; nothing that I dared to rest upon, until he had brought me into the stripping-room, and took from me all the rays of creature righteousness, and mercifully, gradually and sweetly gave me the hand of faith, whereby I was enabled to lay hold of the hope set before me in the gospel; and, blessed be his holy name, in his own time, and in his own way, I hope he has seen, and pitied me in my low estate; and by the application of his atoning blood, has set my feet on a Rock, and established my goings. But still I am often bowed down; I find a wicked heart, a tempting devil, and an alluring world, often bring carnality into my soul, and I go mourning without the sun. I could tell of many sweet and precious promises which have been applied to my soul, I trust, by the Holy Spirit: but to conclude. My present standing is this: I see myself a vile and worthless sinner, helpless, and hopeless; but through rich, free and sovereign grace, I am brought to cast myself wholly, and entirely on Christ for salvation, and trust to his redeeming love for the perfecting that which concerneth me in glory.

Dear friend, I have thus endeavoured to give you a reason of the hope that is in me, in weakness and fear; if this meet with your approbation, I hope we shall be enabled to walk together in love, and in the fear of the Lord. E. D.

"Secret prayer is as the keel to the ship—it bears up all the rest. All of the Bible saints, and those that have been eminent in God's church since, have been great dealers with God, in this trade of secret prayer."—Major Rowlandson.

A Song of Thanksgiving

Addressed to Salem, at Meard's Court, Soho, on Mr. J. Bloomfield becoming her pastor.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. Many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."—Psalm xl. 3.

We thank thee, oh, thou King of saints,
Thy churches are thy care;
'Mongst thousands in the wilderness,
Our Salem has her share.

Four years and upwards though bereav'd,
Thy skirt was thrown around,
And gospel tidings were received,
And Salem manna found.

Forgive the faults in Salem seen,
And every breach repair;
Dwell as between the cherubim,
And let the ark be there.

What we so long had waited for,
And sought thee oft by prayer,
Is quickly done as thou foresaw,
When thou, thyself, appear.

When thou wilt work there's none can let,
No power can stay redress;
The time to favour Zion's set,
Cut short in righteousness.

All hail! thou great victorious King,
Ride prosperous in thy car;
Be thou our glorious Sun within,
Be thou our Morning Star.

Look on the man thy church has chose!
May he be fitted well
'Gainst satan to deal heavy blows,
And shrike the gates of hell.

Long may thy servant sound thy name,
And blow the gospel horn,
Reiterate thy glorious fame,
And some in Salem born.

Rightly the word of truth divide,
Its order and connexion keep;
And while he preach Christ crucified,
May trembling sinners weep.

Like as the former ox, may he
Tread out the precious corn,
Then shall our hearts rejoiced be,
Our love to Jesus burn.

In Salem may living bread be found,
Peace as a river flow,
While angels, hovering all around,
Shall seek our joys to know.

Quickly, O Lord, fill up the breach
Thy providence ordained;
In Cheltenham send a man to preach
That shall the truth proclaim.

Thus, Lord, thy wise designs fulfil
Beyond what tongue can tell,
And help us in our songs to thrill
That thou dost all things well.

All hail! thou great victorious King,
Ride prosperous in thy car;
Be thou our glorious Sun within,
Be thou our Morning Star.

F. FRANKLIN.

"Some may think that such an act of faith, believing that love is in the affliction, precludes its afflictive character. O, if my chamber, my pulpit, my garden, and all places where my bursting bosom and aching heart has been, could speak, how would they negative such an idea! No; it is far otherwise. But when it is once believed, though not yet experienced, that love is in the affliction, then commences a further act, 'I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.'" *Shindler's "Burning Bush."*

Record of Recent Events & Notices of New Books.

The Baptist Church at West End, Tring.

NO PLACE of its size, in England, holds more Baptist places, or followers of the truth, than doth the quiet little town of Tring. The Baptist church at Mill End, Tring, is of very ancient date (at present without any stated pastor). Akeman Street Chapel (where Mr. Glover is the resident pastor, but is incapable of fulfilling that office fully) is a commodious place of worship, and within its walls THE TRUTH has for many years been proclaimed; but they are also looking to the great Head of the church for a faithful minister of Jesus Christ to be settled among them. At the West End of Tring stands a neat Baptist Chapel; and the cause there is of more recent date. It has passed through some heavy storms. Had not "the good will of him that dwelt in the bush" been there, we think the house would, ere this, have become a den of thieves and robbers; but, blessed be God, the bush is not consumed; some God-fearing souls still assemble there for the worship of a Triune Jehovah; and the following report will shew that their hopes of prosperity are not altogether without foundation.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—It is by desire of the friends at West End Baptist Chapel, Tring, I forward you a statement relative to our present position and prospects; in so doing, we trust, the Lord our God will be glorified as a God of faithfulness, who sitteth as King upon the floods, who rideth upon the wings of the wind, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and bringeth to pass his counsels both in the dispensations and kingdom of his providence and of his grace.

From the commencement of our beloved minister and brother Skelton's ministry among us, our number of attendants forming a congregation have steadily increased; the ministry has been made searching and experimental, acceptable and edifying, self-debasing and Christ-exalting in and unto our souls: as a church we are at peace among ourselves, which we appreciate and feel as a great blessing from the Lord. Our dear brother S—— has also accepted the pastorate; a spirit of unanimity, holy love, and gospel affection prevails among us; each individual member of the church being made to long after each other's welfare in the things of God; striving together in an endeavour, through the power of the Holy Ghost, to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace; having, withal, the glory of Christ in view, as the one object of their soul's ardent desire; praying, hoping and waiting to see his glory manifested in our midst in building up believers by the power of his Spirit in their most holy faith, and so causing them to grow up into Him, their Head, in all things, and in causing poor, lost, and ruined sinners (who are dead in sins) to be quickened and converted unto him by the power of his Spirit; and by the same power constrained with holy willingness, first, to give themselves up unto the Lord, and then unto us in his name, by openly declaring what God has done for their souls; and by an open profession of their faith in his name cast in their lot among his people at West End, that thereby they may yet see the Lord adding unto them

such as shall be (because they everlastingly are) saved.

Such being our prospects and hope, while retrospectively viewing his appearance on our behalf as a church, we soul-feelingly and gratefully exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" and in humble, hopeful, waiting faith, expect to hear the Lord say unto us, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Blessed be the Lord, although we have had much casting down, and very much to deplore and contend with, both in church affairs and in our own souls, yet he seems to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for (or instead of) the spirit of heaviness; and with all humility in our own souls, and thankfulness and praise unto our God be it said, if there be those who have been watching for our halting and have been waiting for our overthrow, they must be disappointed, while in our present position the Lord our God is glorified and we are encouraged.

It is with pleasure we state that our Sabbath School, [wherein the children are taught the letter of the word, and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, (in instruction and information of the Lord; Beza's translation; Ephesians vi. 4), giving such information and precepts as being taken out of God's book, are holy and acceptable unto him; note thereon:] is increasing both in teachers and the taught; and in the midst of which, through the vigilant superintendence of our good brother Smith, order and regularity prevail, and in aid of its funds, a public tea meeting was held on Tuesday, October the 12th; on which occasion about 140 of the friends partook of tea in the chapel and vestry, the evening of the said day being spent in the worship of the Lord in the chapel, when our beloved pastor delivered a lecture on "The signs of the times, in connection with the second coming, and glorious appearance of the Son of God," in the hearing of an attentive, and very numerous audience. It was a most solemn and sweet lecture; and we trust was listened to with a degree of solemnity in the minds of both young, middle-aged and old; and we hope in some future day to find that the power of God was present, to make the same as bread cast upon the waters, that the benefit of it may be found after many days. We are encouraged to hope and believe there is the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, and that a little cloud appears like unto a man's hand, in token of showers from above, of which I hope to be enabled to give a further account in the Lord's own time. Your discourse delivered among us on Tuesday evening, November 2nd, although it was your's then to be the subject of excruciating pain from your eye, was well received—that is, heard by many with some profit, who well are made to understand the difference between the gospel preached merely as a report and a preparation, and its being preached also, and received by the power of God as a divine provision, and for confirmation to their souls, and who are made to love and esteem that minister of Jesus Christ, who in preaching the gospel, can show, and does show, that a necessity of divine appointment, divine gratification, and divine arrangement, is laid upon him by his God, by whose qualification he is enabled to come to, and meet with, the dear Lord's people in the various places where they live, when under convictions of sin, when at the mercy-seat, when under clouds of darkness, when in the midst of fierce temptations, and when, as poor back-sliders, they lie bleeding in their wounds; and while your bore testimony to those things in the midst of your pain, I believe the Lord was present to bless the word to the souls of many.

Wishing you God speed, believe me, your's lovingly,

AUFERER.

Mr. Bloomfield's Recovery.

MR. EDITOR.—DEAR SIR.—In answer to your kind enquiry as to the health of our beloved pastor, Mr. J. Bloomfield, I feel very great pleasure in stating that the Lord, in very great kindness, has been pleased to raise him from a bed of deep affliction. In preaching his first discourse after his affliction he was, as might be expected, weak. He told us he had suffered a great deal; that as a church we were much upon his mind; and at one time he thought he should not have seen our faces any more in this life, but the Lord was pleased to grant many manifestations of his covenant favour to his soul, and on him he depended.

We, as a church, feel very grateful to the great Physician for making his bed in his sickness, for being his heavenly Nurse, for granting him love-visits, for administering the comforts and consolations of his word and Spirit, and for bringing him among us again to minister in holy things, in his wonted zeal and strength. His sermons since have been very precious, delivered under the rich anointing of the Holy Spirit, to the joy and revival of our hearts. Christ is still the main topic of his ministry. It is Christ above the fall, and Christ below the fall. It is Christ before his incarnation, and Christ after his incarnation, sufferings and death. What can be more suitable to poor, sensible, contrite sinners?

The Lord is still adding to our numbers such as, I trust, are real members of Christ's mystical body, and heirs of eternal glory.

May the good Lord bless and comfort you under all your trials and afflictions. He is a faithful and unchangeable Christ. It is his Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom, which he has purchased by his blood, and meetened you for, by his Spirit. Yet a little while, and you shall see him in his glory, and be glorified with him. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," but his words will never fail. Yours's, in our covenant Head, the Man of the anction,

F. FRANKLIN.

The Dying Experience of Jane Rudman.

JANE RUDMAN departed this life in the possession of a good hope through grace, at the age of eighteen years and a few months, on Lord's-day, October 24. She was always a moral girl; and nothing took place particular until she was about twelve years of age, when her mind was impressed by hearing a funeral sermon preached by my much esteemed predecessor, good old father Dymott, of Hilperton, Wilts.; and nearly two years ago, when I was reading in the sanctuary 2 Cor. 4; when she heard the third verse it came with power, and her heart was filled full of trouble in consequence of sin. "If our gospel is hid it is hid to those who are lost." She then thought that she was a lost soul.

Soon after this we had baptising, and poor Jane was at the water as a spectator, in a very sorrowful state of mind. Oh how she did long to be one with the dear Lord's people; but she was afraid that, whilst they were the Lord's and going to heaven, that she was satan's, and soon she would be sent to hell. Baptising day to her was a day of deep soul travail and perplexity.

Soon after, the Lord was pleased to visit her with his afflictive rod; but this was in mercy, though she feared it was in judgment. I was requested to call to see her, which I did, and she told me she had no hope, and was afraid she should be sent to

hell, for there she had deserved to go, for her life had been a continual life of sin against God. In vain I attempted to comfort her, and left her comfortless, but not without a hope that the Lord in his own time would give her consolation; and with my heart uplifted to the dear Lord, if his will, that he would do it soon; believing as I did that the sickness would end in death, as it was that of consumption. I called several times, and found her no better in mind and much worse in body. She would often tell her mother, (who is a member with us) that her death-bed would be an awful one, as she feared she should go to hell, and believed she would have to hold in her and scream, for she had no hope. Many days, weeks and months did she spend thus, which led her dear mother to cry mightily unto God on her behalf; ultimately the Lord heard and answered prayer, for he was pleased to bring these words to her mind—"Thy sins are forgiven thee."

I remember calling on her soon after, and found her very different to what I had ever found her before. I said, "My dear young friend, how are you now? have you had any pleasing view of Jesus? or any Scripture brought to your mind?" She looked afraid to speak, and presently said, "The words came to my mind, 'thy sins are forgiven thee.'" I said, "And what effect did they produce? are you now afraid you shall be lost, Jane?" She said, "No, I am not afraid I shall be lost now; but still I am afraid they did not come with that power as they do to others." I said, "They came with power enough to drive the devil away, and removed fear, and gave you a good hope, neither of which you yourself could do." And truly we had that time a good interview; and I left her, after speaking a few words of consolation, with my heart filled with gratitude unto the Father of all our mercies for pouring in the oil of consolation and joy.

Many pleasing interviews had I with this dear young sufferer after this. (as her suffering and weakness of body were great.) Once in particular I called, and she said her mind had been very dark again for a long season, but these words were brought to her mind—"None of these things move me," and comforted her. On another occasion, about three weeks before her death, I called on her, and her mind had again been brought very low. She put Dr. Rippon's hymn book into my hand, and wished me to look at hymn 288, second part, for it had been so blessed to her mind; we wept together for joy. The last time I saw her was on the Thursday before her death. She had been expecting me on that day, and was afraid she would not be able to speak or listen to me, as she was in such pain, but the Lord removed pain from her during my little stay with her. I bowed the knee, and uplifted my heart unto God on her behalf, and left her with the impression I never more should see her in the body. She then called one of her brothers, and said, "My brother, how nice it would be if you could pray with me!" when her mother was weeping, she said, "My mother, you must not, you SHALL not weep for me; I am going to be with Jesus."

Thus died this young pilgrim in her youthful days, ripe for glory. I preached her funeral sermon on Lord's-day last (according to her request) from the word, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," to a very full house. We noticed, 1, the Speaker; 2, the character addressed; 3, the gracious language uttered; and a solemn service we found it to be. May my dear young readers be led by God's Spirit to consider that they are not too young to die. Reader, if called to die, can you say you have a hope beyond the grave?

Wishing you, dear brother, every blessing, I remain yours in gospel bonds,

F. PEARCE.

Hilperton, near Bradford, Wilts.

Mr. Shirley's Farewell Address to the Baptist Church at Sevenoaks,

AFTER A PASTORATE OVER THEM OF FORTY-TWO YEARS.

[The following exceedingly interesting communication we are fully authorised to insert; and which we believe, will be acceptable to many thousands of our readers.—Ed.]

MY DEAR SIR.—Led lately, by the good providence of our God, to make a brief sojourn at this town, I found my visit had happened at an eventful era in the affairs of Zion. I have thought you might be willing to record the particulars to which I allude, and therefore send them to you to be dealt with as you may see fit.

Dear brother Shirley has been enabled to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ in this locality for the protracted term of forty-two years, and to feed and watch over this little branch of the redeemed church with fidelity, and greatly to the spiritual profit of the people. For some months past, the growing infirmities of extreme age were visible to his friends, and forbade the hope that their beloved pastor would long continue his valued labours in the Master's service. It therefore created no surprise when the good old saint signified his intention to resign the charge—the duties of which he felt himself unable to fulfil—though it was to the flock a painful necessity. It might be noted, that of all whom Mr. Shirley took the charge on his settlement at Seven-Oaks, only one remains on earth; and numbers who at that period were young, have grown grey under his ministry; and some who were children then, are now parents, who bring their dear offsprings to the place where they themselves have learnt the way of salvation.

Our aged brother thought he could not pronounce his resignation verbally, and therefore made the church acquainted with his intention, through Mr. John Palmer, a deacon. The church felt, that under the circumstances it could do no other than accept it; and then expressed its desire that he would meet as heretofore with them at the Lord's table, till the Great Head of the church would send them a suitable pastor. In the afternoon of October 24, we sat down as disciples of the Lord in obedience to his command to remember his death till he comes. "The breaking of bread" was made the more interesting by the presence of brother Shirley, whom we had little expectation of seeing amongst us, but who was strengthened in body, and enabled to give out the hymns, and engaged twice in prayer; also, to send round the memorials of Christ's dying love.

He then spoke with much unction of the Master of the feast as the Man of Sorrows, whose bruised body and sprinkled blood it proclaimed; also of the finished salvation wrought in time by Jehovah-Jesus for an elect people, *i. e.* the poor and needy, whom he had loved before time. After pausing, he,

in a tone which bespoke the heavings of his heart, announced that it might be the last time he would be able to be amongst them, and therefore would, if his exhausted body would permit, make a few farewell remarks. He spoke, first, of his deficiencies as a minister and infirmities as a man, which he often deplored; then of his earnest desire for the spiritual interest of each member of the church; and also with great fervency of the glorious Christ he feebly preached, being such as he could now live upon in old age, and in whose promise he could trust as he crosses Jordan; he referred in touching terms to "the bond of love," by which, as a church, they had been cemented for so many years, and which still he believed not only existed, but reigned amongst them, and exhorted them to "be at peace among themselves;" he made some solemn remarks on the "perilous times" we live in, when "cunningly devised fables" and man's wisdom are substituted for Christ and his word; and dwelt on the necessity of Christians being on their guard against error—to "prove all things," testing them as the Bereans did by "searching the Scriptures daily, whether" what they read or heard "were so," and not to forget their high vocation, but as an evidence of the reality of their profession to "be careful to maintain good works."

It was a solemn and gratifying occasion to witness the tears rolling, in some instances, profusely down the wrinkled cheeks of the old and grey-headed during the delivery of the address. *Solemn*, as they had arrived at an important epoch in their history as a church, and *gratifying*, as it was glorifying to Christ; evincing, as it did, simple love to Him, and proving the reality of the work of the Spirit, one of whose fruits is LOVE—a fruit that "never faileth."

That all the churches of the Lord Jesus Christ may be thus "knit together in love" is the prayer of your's in gospel bonds,

ABRAHAM SHEKLETON.

Sevenoaks, Oct. 28, 1852.

Mr. Kershaw at Trowbridge.

ON Tuesday evening, October 26, 1852, a public tea-meeting was held in Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, where Mr. Kershaw, of Rochdale, presided; the pastor, Mr. Warburton, being absent through illness; when more than three hundred sat down to tea.

At seven o'clock a public meeting was held, which was begun by Mr. Kershaw giving out the 100th hymn and engaging in prayer; after which he said he should carry on the

meeting in the same way as he had done at home, and in Manchester, and other places, namely, making it to partake as much as possible of a social character; and then stated that he had been glad to see that they had a Sabbath school connected with their chapel. Now these Sabbath schools had been of great utility—thousands having thereby been taught to read the word of God who would not have been able to have done so without them. They, however, require great attention from the teachers, and conferred a great honour upon them, whether male or female. I shall be glad to hear your school is so increased as to need more room to accommodate them in teaching and bringing the children under the word of salvation. We owe a debt of gratitude both to God and to our fellow creatures. Infidels and sceptics are doing all they can to keep down God's truth; and does it not become us to be up and doing to labour with all our might to stem the torrent of sin and of iniquity? Are you who love the Lord doing your duty to your families and to your neighbours? Many of you have had a liberal education, be mindful of the children of the poor, come and do what you can to thus honour the Lord, the children will never forget you, but will say of you in future life, 'such an one was my teacher in the Sabbath school.' Think of this, and come forward, and do all you can. You have heard your pastor speak of an old Scotchman at Rochdale, with whom I also came in contact, and count it one of my greatest blessings to have had his acquaintance. He gave me many lessons, and amongst other things used to recommend a certain bottle, which I recommend to you: the old man used to say it was composed of three ingredients, and if these were put together, well shaken, and properly taken, they would, without fail, produce wonderful effects. The ingredients were regularity, punctuality, and perseverance; shake these well together, and drink thereof every day. I have done so for the last forty years; it performs wonders, and I hope to drink of these as long as I live. Some teachers come *regularly* to the school for weeks, and, perhaps, for years, and yet want *punctuality*: they are, perhaps, ten minutes behind, yet by this he loses his power and ability to reprove those who come in after him; but where a teacher is five minutes before the time, and *never* behind, none can tell the good effects thereby produced. Then we want *perseverance*. A man may engage in the work be *regular* and *punctual* for a time, but by-and-bye he grows weary in well-doing, and begins to be slack in his attendance; then is the bottle found to fail; but if as we have said it be duly mixed, well shaken, and properly taken, it performs wonders in the school and elsewhere. You have heard of Abraham Booth, the author of the *Reign of Grace*. Well, he had a son named Isaac, who held a situation in the

Bank, and so *regular, punctual, and persevering* was he in his going and returning that the shopkeepers knew the time of day by seeing him pass, and he thus became a clock to them. Be concerned, then, be punctual and persevering; if you fail in these your reputation will go down.

Having said thus much on Sabbath schools, I now make some observations of a more general character:

In your domestic affairs let every day do its own work, and eat its own victuals, and every thing be put in its proper place, else there will be confusion and bustle. Without economy in cooking it will be bad work at the end of the week; and unless everything be put in its proper place you will have to say, 'Where is this?' and 'where is that?' Young people, think of this.

In Sabbath schools thousands are taught to read the word of God, and other books, but something more is wanted. When the marriage act was passed, our young folks would have our chapel licensed, and I had a new employment—I had to tie the knot that could never be untied but by death; but then there was the signing of names, and the registrar would turn to the young man and say, 'you must sign your name *there*,' and then to the young woman and say, 'you sign your name *there*,' when she would blush, and hide her beautiful face in her bonnet, and say, 'I can't write.' I then saw the necessity of having a school to teach writing, which we opened on Monday evenings for females; the boys and young men coming at other times. They not only learned to write, but also to figure and to spell, and some of them are now filling respectable situations.

I will go a step farther, and though the subject be delicate, our language shall be good. We well know what has often happened when a young man is in earnest, (as every young man ought to be, and it is awful when such is not the case, God will visit such with his rod.) He addresses himself to the young woman, mutual affection is formed, the young man removes from that place, but takes with him his affection for her who is near and dear to him; he takes up his pen and writes to her; she receives the letter, but cannot read it, and is then in a labyrinth, and asks, 'who can I trust with secrets?' She applies to some female; but how she wishes she had learned to write! My wife has to read many such epistles; but then comes the answer; and again application is made to some person to write that which is a delicate thing to make known to a third person. Oh, how strong again is the wish that she had learned to write! I remember to have said this once in Manchester; and when I had finished, a person got up and said he wished the Legislature would pass a law that no female should be married that could not write. If this were the case how many night schools we should want! Do

you have a night school to teach writing? There was an old Baptist minister who was forty six years over one place, and had a congregation of 600 or 700 persons, and was a blessing both to the church and neighbourhood. In that chapel was a member, a blacksmith, who had seven sons, six of whom became ministers; and I remember to have heard Mr. Gadsby say, he believed five of them were God-fearing men. They were settled over churches in Broomsgrave, Bridgenorth, and other large towns. I know that grace is not hereditary, but who shall say that God has not a right to call the children of God-fearing men? Well, this old minister once called on me; he was not very parsonic in his appearance; his hat was not worth more than half-a-crown; still he was not poor, but he lived amongst the poor, and his ministry was adapted to them. We sat together two hours; and I shall never forget all the things he said to me. Amongst other things, he said, "Be sure you will be watched and belied; but never go finding and proving; lies go first, but truth follows after; and lifts up a bold front, which makes lies ashamed." I am afraid the tongue often runs too fast. I had a neighbour, who I hope knew the best things—and yet she was passionate: and when her husband, who was a worthless fellow, came home drunk, she found fault with him, and then he often beat her; so that she was seldom free from bruises. One day she went to another woman, and said to her, 'I wish something could be done to prevent my husband from beating me.' 'O,' said the other woman, 'I will tell you what can be done: I will mix you up a bottle of something, and you come for it to-morrow.' She went; and her neighbour then told her to put the bottle into the pantry, and when her husband came home quarrelsome, go and take a mouthful of this mixture, and keep it in your mouth all the time he is quarrelling. She did so; and there was no more beating. But by-and-bye the medicine was gone, and she went for more; when her neighbour said, 'Why, don't you see, it all depends upon your keeping your tongue still?' 'Oh no,' said she, 'I thought there was some charm with it, so that he could not strike me whilst I had that in my mouth.' One other thing I will say, speak civil of no man; especially not of those who are absent. On one occasion, a party of women were met together for tea and gossip. Presently one said, 'I must go;' and so soon as she was gone, the rest began to vilify and find fault with her; and so with the second, and the third. By-and-bye, a quaker lady had to leave; and before she left, she said to the rest, 'Deal moderately with my character when I am gone: don't be too severe upon me.' What a shrewd reproof? They blushed, and were ashamed. I would rather my tongue should be doomed to silence, than

that I should act in this manner. Think on the things that have now been said, and act upon them.

After singing a hymn, Mr. K. resumed his address, and said, 'We now come to more solemn things than those of which we have been speaking. They were worthy of your attention. We then began with the young, we now do the same. Let them hear the voice of the Lord, speaking to them, and saying, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," &c. If you are spared to four-score years, you will find it to be labour and sorrow, as I have seen to-day in your pastor, as to his bodily constitution and infirmities. It is a great blessing to be led in youthful days to remember our Creator, and to prove partakers of divine grace. We have sundry characters left on record who have been thus led. Joseph, before his father sent him to enquire after the welfare of his brethren, was thus led, and the hand of the Lord was with him, and made him a type of our Lord. Samuel was a child of prayer, and was taken by his mother to the temple, and by the grace of God became a bright example. David, when with his father's flock, remembered his Creator; and when a shepherd boy, penned many psalms, and sung them to his own music. Daniel was devoted to the service of God from his youth; and Josiah was tender-hearted before the Lord, and in his youth demolished idolatry. In Abijah, though in the house of wicked Jeroboam, was found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel. There may be many good things in our young friends, yet not *this good thing* which was found in young Abijah. Like the young ruler who came to Christ—he came on law ground, and the Lord met him on law ground, and said, "Go, sell all that thou hast," &c.; but he looked at his wealth, and said, "No; I cannot." Yet Jesus loved him, though not as having a broken heart; so we love the young that are obedient to their parents, keeping good hours, and doing all they can to oblige their parents and friends. We love them then, but not in the bonds of the gospel. But when God plants the good thing in their hearts, this is seen by a hatred to sin, a love of holiness, and a seeking after the peace and prosperity of Zion. Timothy knew the Holy Scriptures from his youth; he knew them not only in his judgment, but had them written on the fleshy tables of his heart by the Holy Ghost, and thus became a living epistle, read and known of all men.

Teachers, when you come to teach the letter of the word, drop an observation as to its meaning, and ask the children if they understand these things, especially the account of Dives and Lazarus; of Dives we are told, his body died, but the spirit died not; but lifted up his eyes in the horrors of the damned. On the other hand, though Lazarus was but a beggar, yet angels were dispatched to wait

upon him, and gladly hovered round his dying body, to carry his precious soul into Abraham's bosom.

When the Lord called me by his grace, I could have no rest, and would gladly have taken refuge in infidelity; and oh, how happy should I have been could I have believed there was no hereafter. I one day said to my parent, "If my body dies will there be an end of me?" He answered, "No: the soul will live for ever; and if unforgiven, sink down to hell!" How this thrilled through me. Yes, there is a future day, and a day of judgment—eternal and eternity! How solemn is this. May it be laid on the minds of the young, the middle-aged, and the grey-headed. Oh, that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end. We know that "faith comes by hearing," and these things may drop into some poor soul. My parent often talked to me, and I could not get rid of what he said. The Lord does crown our efforts, and I am thankful to God I was laid hold on whilst young. I was desperately in love with sin, and when my father used to drive me before him to chapel, I would say to myself, "By-and-bye, when I am grown up, then I shall have my liberty; and then no more chapel for me; but I shall have my pleasure, like other youths." And when I could ever, then I got out of the way on a Sunday morning; but when the Lord laid hold on me, and his spirit strove with me, I would enter the chapel in tears. I joined the church before I was seventeen; six of us were baptised in a field three miles from Rochdale, and there were two thousand persons present. Mr. Gadsby's voice could have been heard a mile. We returned to a house where the church was planted, and we broke bread together. Since then, three other churches have been formed out of us, though not by splits. I don't know, neither do I want to know, how many members we have now. David numbered the people, and the Lord was displeased.

We hired a room, and invited your pastor — Mr. Warburton — to come and preach to us. He came, and continued with us until he was directed hither; and before he left, he said, "Though I leave this place, yet John Kershaw will be raised up to supply my place." I was then not twenty-one years of age. Friends laughed, and thought it impossible. However, having been called out to preach fifteen months before, I was now called in as the principal supply. I have seen persons walk out of the chapel when I went into the pulpit; and others came and looked in at the door, and if they saw me, go away again. This went on for two or three years, but the power of the truth prevailed, and those who left came back again, and confessed they were wrong. I remember I went in 1817, to live in what had been Mr. Warburton's house; and in September of that year, the other Baptist

minister in the town died, and another was chosen, who was called a great orator. The congregation was increased; every pew was doubled in price; and it was said now, What will become of Hope Chapel, with its £600 debt, with only a poor weaver, with a family of small children, for its minister? and the devil preached the same doctrine. However, I had the old Scotchman for my friend, and he used to say, "Let us pray for the other Baptist friends; and if their chapel should be full and cannot hold the people, perhaps some of them will come to us; but whether that be so or not, God will bless us." Thus was I helped, although not relieved; but God settled the matter by giving me the text—"God seeth not as man seeth, but God looketh at the heart." Well, thought I, God knows my heart, and there I was enabled to leave it.

However, before two years had passed the deacons at the other chapel gave up their books, office, and members, and came to us, and thus have we continued to this day. Your parson has many spiritual sons, but he has one son in the ministry, besides myself, and I have no doubt the grace of God is in the young man's heart. At first he was rough, and used terms not becoming the pulpit; and I felt it my duty to tell him that by so doing he hurt the minds of many, and reminded him that the preacher sought out acceptable words. I also said to him, God never honours a style below the Bible, therefore study to show thyself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." I am for a preacher to be able to quit himself like a man, and use language which the critic cannot overthrow. Vulgarity does not become the pulpit: my friend is beloved at Southill; I believe that to be the place for him, and hope God will honour him there till his dying day. I speak these things with the best feelings. In my early days I had advantages which few ever had in my old Scotch friend, who, when he heard me make blunders in the pulpit, would put them into his pocket, and afterwards ask me what I meant by such and such things? We used also to read the Bible and other books together, so that it became the talk, and even in the public house, that the old Scotchman was young John Kershaw's teacher. And so he was, and my spiritual teacher too; I wish all had such an one.

Since then I have had several invitations to settle elsewhere, but my answer has been, I have bread, and cheese, and peace, and quiet at home, and my wish is to live, and die, and be buried amongst my people, and to have this inscription over me:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm
On thy kind arms I fall." &c.

This embodies my religion. But time admonishes me to close. May the Lord honour what has been said.

"The Burning Bush not Consumed: or, a Covenant God the Life and salvation of his Church: A Discourse, the substance of which was delivered at the Baptist Chapel, Matfield Green, Kent, Lord's-day Morning, August 26th, 1852, by ROBERT SHINDLER, Minister of the Place." London: HOULSTON AND STONEMAN. Cranbrook: R. WATERS.

THIS is a neat, well-arranged, and rather interesting discourse. Mr. Shindler evidently thinks before he speaks; and speaks of things he has experimentally handled, and tasted, and felt. Should the Lord spare and preserve him, his usefulness will, without doubt, be much extended. Under the third head of this discourse, when speaking of "the greatness of the spectacle," why the burning bush was not consumed, he says:

"Some of the Jewish writers affirm that the bush Moses saw actually became more verdant, and emitted a moisture, whilst the flames enveloped it. Whether this is correct or not, I cannot say; but it is not only possible, but probable; for in this it would more exactly suit what it was designed to represent—the oppressed Israelites, who, the more they were oppressed, the more they multiplied and grew. But I know it to be true in the highest sense. The more sanctified afflictions a man has, the more he is dead to this world, and alive to that to come. The hotter trials become, the closer we cleave to Christ, the deeper our souls are rooted in him; and, therefore, the more fruit we bear to his glory. Many a child of God has wondered how it is that so keen a feeling of the fire of sin can make him more fruitful. It is not our enemies that give us victory and triumph; no more is it our sins that properly produce our fruitfulness; but as our enemies must be known to be enemies, ere we shall fight with and overcome them, so our sins must be known to be sins, truly and only sins, before we can in truth run unto him whose blood cleanseth from all the guilt, and whose might can subdue all the power of sin.

"Therefore, if the feeling of sin and temptation, the enduring of persecution, trials and afflictions, occasion us many and frequent errands to the throne of grace, and cause that we must trust in the Lord with all our heart, and lean in no wise to our own understanding, and so our souls grow in grace, then does even the hot and fierce fire, which seems so every way calculated to consume, become not only a wondrous mystery, but a marvellous blessing. In the fire is growth; in weakness is strength; in having nothing, we have all things."

"The Creation of Light. A Sermon Preached by Mr. T. Chivers, of Ebenezer Chapel, Bernumsey New Road, in aid of the Christian Blind Relief Society." London: HOULSTON AND STONEMAN.

WE suppose this is the first printed sermon of Mr. Chivers's; it is a plain dissertation on creative, spiritual, experimental, and evidential light. Mr. Chivers has endeavoured to meet the true child of grace, in his weakness and fears, with a view to encourage and confirm him in the ways of the Lord; and such labours are certain of success. We give a sample of Mr. C.'s method in the following extract.

"Now, say some, 'I wonder whether I have eaten of this bread of life?' Let us see whether you have or not. Have you ever found the word

of God to meet you in your necessities, in your anxieties, and in your troubles? When all other helps have failed, have you found the word of God to be a firm support? Have you not often said, 'I really do think I love the Lord; I am afraid to say I do, but I think I do because I love his people. I have found some excellent things in that sermon, or that sweet hymn, or that passage of Scripture, or in that Christian experience. I did eat and it seemed to strengthen me; therefore, I do think after all I have a little hope in mercy. I have eaten the bread of life, and found it sweet unto my taste—sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb; and the words of thy mouth, O Lord, do I desire more than all the world's riches!' And though you cannot say, 'I have eaten, and feel myself as a giant,' yet you can say you have desired the word of the Lord more than your daily necessary food; and the Lord looketh to the desire of the lowly and the enquiring mind after eternal truths."

"The Veil of the Covering spread over all Nations. What it is; and how removed; with a discovery of that Mountain of fat things full of marrow, and wines on the lees well refined. A Sermon, preached at All-Hallows, Lombard Street, June 23rd, 1653, by JOHN WEBSTER." Published by JOHN NICHOLS & SON, Chandos St., Strand.

THIS sermon occupies sixteen pages of godly matter, such as is good for gracious souls to read. No part of divinity, either in doctrine, experience, or practice, is shut out. The fact that the fourth edition is now selling by Messrs. Nichols, will shew that there are many left in our Sardis yet who appreciate such a pennyworth of excellent gospel.

"Some Particulars of the Last Illness and Death of the late Mr. Ebenezer Butler, of Woolwich, Kent." By WILLIAM MATTHEWS.

TWO EXTREMES are found in this tract: first, a guilty conscience, sinking the soul almost into despair; secondly, a saving view of the glory and grace of Christ, filling the same soul with heavenly raptures. We may quote a few lines from both these points. When Mr. Matthews first visited him,

"He said he had not slept for three nights: that he was sure he should die, and as sure he should go to hell if he did; that his were no common sins, but sins against light and knowledge; against the counsel, advice and example of the best of fathers; pray, he could not; and it would be of no use if he could, as the prayer of the wicked is sin, therefore it would only be adding sin to sin; but wished me, if I could, to pray for him, and with him. I shewed him that his was not a hopeless case; that the word of God gave him sure grounds to hope for mercy in Christ Jesus; who was not only 'mighty to save,' but 'Almighty,'—able to save to the uttermost all that came to him. And who invited all that laboured under sin, and were heavy laden with the guilt of it, to come to him, and he would give them rest. I told him that it was not so much

for sin that he would be damned, as for rejecting the remedy that God had provided for man's salvation. 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.' If he rejected the blood and righteousness of Christ as not sufficient to cleanse him from his sin, and to justify him before God; he, by so doing, committed a greater sin than all his others put together, and that would seal his damnation past all hope. At the mention of this he shuddered, and looked aghast. 'God forbid,' said he, 'that I should condemn Christ; but would it not be presumption in such a sinner as I am to hope in his mercy; to believe that he died for such a wretch as me?' I replied, 'By no means. For the promise of God, who cannot lie, was, *whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved.*' That it was God's command to trust in his Son for salvation, and he blessed them that did so, as much as it was his command to Adam not to eat the forbidden fruit, or death should be the consequence, &c. * * I went to prayer with him before I left him, in which I found liberty and peace. Next morning I saw him again. He had a few hours sleep after I left him over night, which had refreshed him; and although labouring under great fear and doubt as to whether God would have mercy upon him, he was not so shut up as he had been; but nothing would satisfy him, he said, unless he could get an answer from God. I replied, nothing short of that ought to satisfy you; yet it pleases God sometimes to help his people 'with a little help.' 'In waiting upon him their strength is renewed.' Isa. xl. 31. Although no promise comes into the heart to comfort the soul, they find that in pouring out their trouble to God in prayer, confessing their sins, and begging for mercy, the mind is relieved, their burden is lighter, their despondency less, their heart not so hard, nor their soul shut up in such thickness; which encourages and strengthens them to keep on in constant prayer: he immediately said, 'I felt all that last night.' 'Well, then,' I replied, 'that is an answer from God.' 'Prove it to me,' said he, 'from God's word.' I then quoted the Psalmist's words, 'In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, (How?) and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.' Psalm cxxxviii. 8. 'He calls, being strengthened in his soul, an answer from God. It is the first step from destruction; and is an earnest foretaste, or first fruit of deliverance "from wrath to come." This revived and encouraged him to hope in God's mercy, and to keep on in prayer. * * He kept on in prayer day and night, sometimes full of fears and despondency, a little hope or 'may be,' that God would pardon him. His longings after Christ, and his thirst and hungerings to be washed in his blood and covered with his righteousness was most intense: he could say with truth, 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul panteth for thy God, for the living God. When shall I come and appear before God?' * * On Monday he suffered great pain of body, and the devil beset him with sore temptations, so that at times he was overwhelmed with fears and despondency; yet not a murmur escaped his lips, nor the least impatience; but he said the Lord was just in all that he had laid upon him, that he deserved it all and ten thousand times more; and that he cared not what he suffered here so long

as the Lord would have mercy upon his soul as last. To allay his burning thirst he was ordered to drink cold water, which he much enjoyed, a mouthful at a time; he said it was the sweetest and most refreshing thing he had ever tasted; and he hoped he should not be like Dives in hell, lifting up his eyes in torments, begging for a drop of water to cool his burning tongue, and not get it."

DEATH OF JETHRO TURNER.—On the same day on which the late Mr. William Roberts (Nov. 9), was called to take possession of the long-promised inheritance, the aged and venerable JETHRO TURNER, of Fletching Common, Sussex, who had for some time been an itinerant servant of Jesus Christ, entered into his rest. Long had Jethro been known and welcomed in different parts as a scriptural, yet very simple and plain settler- forth of those things he had both tasted and handled. He swerved not from those things as far as his own judgment was informed, and has descended on the eve of fourscore years, into the grave; though suffering the loss of all things, yet without having sold his birthright for a mess of Esau's pottage. There is a remarkable thing connected with this two-fold death; inasmuch as the aged Jethro was one of the little band about Dane Hill, who used all their efforts to purchase the discharge of Mr. Roberts from the army.

A FEW WORDS

To the Readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

EIGHT years' labour is now—through the sparing mercy of God—brought to a close; I desire to be thankful to the Lord for having sustained me under all the trials connected therewith: I would also acknowledge the benevolence of many who, in a temporal point of view, have helped me from time to time. I leave those to laugh at the imperfections of the work, who know nothing of the labour, the perpetual anxiety, and the thousands of fears where-with my poor soul hath been afflicted during the long apprenticeship I have served to the readers of this work. Although the circulation has been, during the whole year, nearly, and sometimes quite seven thousands per month; and although friends have, here and there, contributed to its support, still, I am (as the Lord knoweth) bending under an almost intolerable burden; this is the only reason why the promised Supplement, or a double-number, has not been given. My mind has long and deeply been exercised with the persuasion that if I was to go forth into the dark and desolate parts of this kingdom, and there distribute, or sell, the many thousands of books now on my hands; and preach the Word of life, as the Spirit of truth and power might enable me, that the Lord would bless my labours, and, ultimately, enable me to pay every man his due, and then withdraw from that responsibility which has almost buried me in death and disgrace. Acting under this impression, I have resolved, if the Lord and my health permit, to go forth as early as possible; not as a beggar appealing to the churches, but as a distributor of the truth in tracts and books, wherever a gracious Providence may direct. I know, in adopting such a course, I must endure hardness, meet with many rebuffs, and oftentimes be greatly cast down. Nevertheless, the sweet anticipation of being enabled to declare that the EARTHEN VESSEL, and its Editor, are free from all temporal demands, fires me with zeal, and forces me onward to the heavy task. Reader! if you continue to take this work, during 1853, you shall (D.V.) hear whether this plan is adopted, and how far it is made to prosper; and if you have any communication to make to me, address your willing servant, under great oppression, as follows:

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